

OLD BUCKWELLIANS NEWS



November 2004
Number 11

No stopping the Bucks

THE prospect of tracing 100% of one or more year groups is now starting to look realistic. There are now nine year groups where the numbers still to be found are less than ten.

My appeal in the last edition seems to have spurred a lot more of you into writing, and I am very grateful for this.

Year group reunions continue to thrive. The intrepid "49ers" now meet up several times a year and recently Faith (my wife) and I were honoured and delighted to attend a superb barbeque hosted and laid on by Brian and Isobel Page, together with tremendous amount of help from various others. If any other year groups want to start getting organised please feel free to ask me for help in contacting people. I cannot release personal data directly but I am always happy to

pass messages.

Hunting down Old Bucks all round the world continues to be a fascinating and sometimes amusing occupation. Including the lists of untraced ex-pupils with the last edition provided many useful clues on the whereabouts of our missing colleagues. As a result we have traced a further 149 since the last edition. I still believe we could make more progress. In many cases, for example, it becomes very easy to trace an Old Buck if I receive information about one of his relatives or associates – particularly their name. For example, an OB with a common name may be impossible to find but if I knew his wife's name the search would become much easier. As you may know, it is sometimes possible to trace Old Bucks by searching on the internet. Entering BHCHS in Google gives plenty of clues, but

not all of them relevant. Did you know, for example that there is an annual reunion of the Big Horn City Historical Society each year.....?

Finally, thanks again to all who have been so tremendously supportive and encouraging to me in the efforts to develop and maintain our thriving network.

Graham Frankel



Comment from the Chair



IT IS very easy to reflect on the past, relatively easy to view the present but surprisingly difficult to muse on the future.

Looking back into the past, I see the school in a number of dimensions. Physical (the building, the setting, the playing fields and even the appearance and smell of the polished wood floors throughout the school along which we used to slide either our briefcases or ourselves for greatest distance!). Human (pupils, staff and parents). Moral and cultural (the ethos, the ambi-

tions and the joy in achievement, so well summarised by the school motto, whose meaning has deepened for me over the years). Focusing on the present, these dimensions exist still. The building, though not ours anymore, still stands as a monument, perhaps even a memorial, to all that was wished for each of us and from which we have for so long benefited. The boys, albeit older and some even looking it (!), the staff and for some of us, our parents. Most of all, the friendships and mutual respect still so evident whenever we meet.

And the future? Difficult in so many ways to predict, yet for me in one area at least blessedly reliable. Members of my Year Group, like so many others, have kept in touch, not because we thought we ought to, but because nothing could be more natural. Whether at monthly visits to local (or not so local) hostels, annual walking trips or pilgrimages to 24 hour Sports Car races, whether at Christmas dinners or New Year events or whether just meeting up in person or by phone, the friendships and understanding grow ever deeper.

The feeling of togetherness that I experienced when I first attended the OBA Annual Dinner at Chasneys' is the same as I still feel every October at the Met Police Sports Club.

The committee and I can of course engage in initiatives. We can and will work on communication and networking whether by the excellent *Old Buckwellians News*, our website or telephone calls so that news of individuals and societies and functions can be more widely known by those who are interested. We can encourage a feeling of belonging by "pushing" Association ties or the new OBA polo shirts. We can engage in events such as the successful and charming rededication of the School Sign. Whatever we do, for me it needs to always match the values that I believe, in significant part, I gained from the School.

The recent rededication ceremony of the School Sign provided a marvellous link from the past, through the present and into the future. The children of St John's Primary School who were our hosts for the evening were a splendid example of all the hopes that the staff at BHCHS had for us. How proud those staff would have been if even some of us had turned out to have

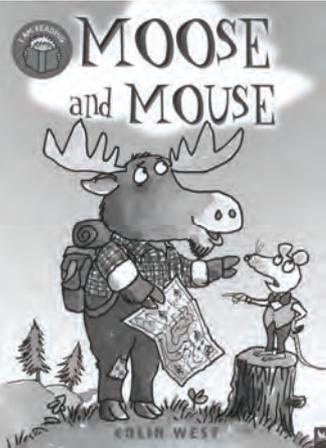
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the modesty, manners and confidence which I saw in those primary school children. I hope that you are well and that the Association is all that you would like it to be. If it isn't, then you know where to find me!

Kind regards and best wishes to all.
Alan Woods

News & Notes



Moose and Mouse

Colin West (1962) is a highly successful writer and illustrator of children's books. His work was featured earlier [OB News November 2002] but his latest volume appeared recently. *Moose and Mouse* is about two friends who are very different both physically and mentally. Published by Kingfisher at £4.99 and strongly recommended if you are looking for gift ideas for your children or grandchildren.

Clearance Sale

Over the past five years, *Old Buckwellians News* has become a detailed archive of the activities of Old Bucks and staff, as well as information about the school itself. If you missed any of the early editions this is your opportunity to catch up. We normally charge £2 each for back numbers but if you order five or more editions you will qualify for a discount of 25%.

Get your back numbers now and help clear some space in the editor's loft!

Another Happy Prize Winner!



Congratulations to the winner of our second caption competition, Barry Wynn (1958) shown here (right) collecting his prize of a Fujifilm Digital Camera from Graham Rutherford (1954), Marketing Director of Fujifilm. Barry thus becomes the second successive winner from YOS '58. Can they make it a hat trick? At BHCHS Barry was Chairman of the Sixth Form Council, Roding House Captain, Captain of the First XI Football team and member of the First XI Cricket team. See p.3 for Barry's winning entry.

Rock Solid Experience

Need to hire a live rock band for weddings or other events? Old Buck Stewart Mills (1960) could be the person you need. His band is called *The Rock Solid Experience* and you can hear samples of their music at www.trse.co.uk or contact Stewart at stew-mills@blueyonder.co.uk

Spud's Career Change

Someone has asked me if there was any truth in the rumour that JH Taylor was a tea taster prior to becoming Headmaster of BHCHS. After extensive research I can confirm that this is **true**. He had a job as a tea taster before starting his degree course at Oxford Univer-

Old Buckwellians News



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

Membership rates:

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(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. Original photographs will be returned.

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

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School Sign Preserved



Peter Tidmarsh welcomes the guests. Also in the picture are Jeff Harvey (1952) and Eric Beaumont (1943) whose grandson Matthew is a pupil at St John's and was one of the helpers

Our old school sign has now finally been professionally refurbished and will be on display in the library of St John's CE School in Buckhurst Hill. We are very grateful to Peter Tidmarsh (1976), who is Headmaster at St John's, for this suggestion. The installation of the sign was marked with a very pleasant ceremony at-

tended by Old Bucks from all generations. Drinks and food was served by an impeccably behaved group of Peter's current pupils - all of whom were children or grandchildren of Old Bucks.

It was a delightful evening, and very pleasing to know that the sign itself has now been restored and has found a permanent home.



Postal Problems?

It appears that some copies of the last edition were not franked by the Post Office and may have incurred an additional charge on delivery. Please report any such problems to the Editor for investigation.

Caption Competition

Sponsored by.....  FUJIFILM

Here is our third competition and your chance to win a valuable Fujifilm Digital Camera. This photograph was taken by **Bob Crick (1953)** during a mock election held in 1959.



Wynn's Winning entry



Here is **Barry Wynn's** entry for our last competition: *Schoolboy who exposed alien teacher, explains..... "I suppose it was the aerial sticking out of his head that first made me suspi-*

Show me the number of my days.....

MANY Old Bucks, and some who are not so old, have admitted to a compulsive curiosity about how many of their year group are deceased. **Prof David Strauss (1957)**, who is based in San Francisco, leads a research and consulting group that specialises in life expectancy. His main work is as an expert witness in UK litigation on the life expectancy of people with serious injuries - children born with cerebral palsy, people with catastrophic brain injury from traffic accidents, etc.

On his web site, appropriately named www.lifeexpectancy.com he provides calculation tables that will allow you to work out your own life expectancy. Apparently I can look forward to editing at least an-

other 39 editions of *OB News* - provided there are enough of you out there to keep sending me material.

David points out that the figures in his table are overly pessimistic for Old Bucks because (a) survival rates are considerably better for people with higher social economic status and better education, and (b), mortality rates are falling and the government projects that this trend will continue.

He added a final comment: "the Expert on Life Expectancy tells you this: regular exercise, even if it's only a mile or two of brisk walking per day, is a really important factor for longevity. Lots of medical studies have shown this. (But please don't ask this expert how much exercise *he* gets!)"

BUCKS FIZZ

Appointments, promotions, and other news



Congratulations to **Dr Steve Coombes (1980)** on his appointment as Reader in the School of Mathematical Sciences at the University of Nottingham. Steve moved there from Loughborough University recently. His research interests are in mathematical biology and neural systems.

Steve's appointment marks a further advance in the efforts of Old Bucks to launch a takeover bid at Nottingham. We have at least four others currently occupying senior positions there: **Prof. Martin Seabrook (1957)** Head of Rural Economy, **Prof. Alan Dodson (1962)** Head of Civil Engineering, **Prof. Roger Patient (1963)** Professor of Genetics, and **Prof. Ted Cocking (1942)** who is an emeritus professor undertaking important research in world agriculture.



Congratulations to Lesley and **Nick McEwen (1976)** on the birth of Annabelle who weighed in at 8lb on 31st May. A sister for Nicholas (12) and Christopher (8). Nick attended BHCHS from 1976-82, and played a key role in the Old Bucks revival, being the originator of our web site.



Stephen Robinson (1977) has been selected as the prospective Lib Dem candidate for West Chelmsford at the next general election. Will we finally achieve our goal of Old Bucks serving as MPs for the three main parties simultaneously?

Alan Haine (1962), a Methodist minister, recently reached the semi-final of *Counterpoint*, Radio 4s music quiz. He was very unlucky in the semi-final, being forced to take a set of specialist questions on Johnny Cash, a subject he would certainly not have chosen. I was reminded by various peers of Alan that this was not the first time he had taken part in a radio quiz. The earlier occasion was on a School Cruise, when BHCHS emerged victorious from among all the other schools participating. In this *Cruise Quiz*, one of Alan's questions was: "In the Beatles song, who swept up the church after the wedding?" To which Alan promptly replied: "The verger."



Stephen Wilks (1960) was recently appointed Deputy Vice Chancellor at Exeter University where he is a Professor in the Department of Politics. He has also had two spells as Head of the Politics Department (1992-95 and 2003-04). In addition he is Chair of the Economic and Social Research Council and is a member of the Competition Commission.

Second Innings

Some members of the U15 cricket team from 1957 had a reunion recently. Thanks to **Peter Nicholls** for sending me the photo and for hosting the reunion. Can you spot the one difference between the 1957 line up and the "second innings"?



Top photo, left to right: Phil Batten, Peter Nicholls, Alf Smith, John Hurn, Ted Moore
Second innings: Phil Batten, Peter Nicholls, Steve Shorten, John Hurn, Ted Moore
Steve wasn't in the cricket team, but was a classmate of the others!

Farmers Celebrate Fifty Years of Hockey

THE FIFTIETH visit to Ramsgate of *The Farmers*, formerly the touring side of the Old Bucks Hockey Club, was celebrated in style in April. Gold bow ties were worn – and photographed by the local press – in three matches at Jackey Bakers sports ground, home of the Thanet International Festi-

val until its demise four years ago.

The anniversary dinner in a restaurant overlooking the harbour was addressed by Ron Ely, a key figure in Old Bucks hockey in the 1960s and the driving force behind the memorable exchange visits with Dutch club Push Breda. Retiring president

Geoff Gosford, who returned from Spain with wife Josie for the event, was among the other speakers.

Details of the 2004 Christmas drink in London will be announced on the club web site:

www.thefarmershockeyclub.co.uk

Dick Thomas

Small World 1

Alan Day (1946) and **John MacGillivray (1947)** were near neighbours in Woodford Green while they attended BHCHS and used to cycle to school together. They had last seen each other more than 40 years ago. When I traced John earlier this year in Dorset one of his first questions was "have you found Alan Day yet?" I confirmed that I had and that Alan didn't live a million miles away from him. As soon as I had obtained Alan's permission to pass John his phone number, I told him they currently lived precisely 2.2 miles apart.

Karl Legg (1977) is a pharmacist in Felixstowe. He told me that **Gregg Helmore (1979)**, who had recently moved to Suffolk from Loughton recognised him when he went into his pharmacy.

Terry Sullivan (1960) writes... "I was very sorry to read of the death of **Adrian Phypers (1971)**. I had no idea he was an Old Buck but I had met him on several occasions in the City where we worked for rival Discount Houses. We did not meet professionally but in various City pubs after work because for some years Adrian ran the Discount Houses Darts League and he regularly turned up at fixtures, often those not involving his own company. The DHDL was a thinly disguised excuse for inter-company beer drinking sponsored by the employers so Adrian had a vital role in the prosperity of City innkeepers! Next time I'm in the City with the darts players I'll raise a glass to Adrian."

Robin Boram (1943) tells me he met **Howard Bennett (1941)** on holiday two years ago and kept in contact with him, but it was only after several meetings that they realised the BHCHS link.

Old Buckwellians Association: Latest Accounts

RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS ACCOUNT			
FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER 2003			
	2003	2002	2001
Receipts			
Subscriptions (net)	3898	4145	9748
Interest - National Savings - gross		250	477
Bank deposit - gross			2
Building Society - net		6	93
Capital Reserve - net	421	132	111
Sales of Association ties - see balance sheet			
Donations & sale of old Newsletters	155	251	304
	4474	4784	10735
Payments			
Cost of newsletters & website expenses & admin	4260	3614	3828
Annual dinner 2003	237	125	122
Cost 2717 Receipts (net) 2480			
Deposits for booking for AGM and Dinner 2004	200	100	-
	4697	3839	3950
Excess of Receipts over Payments	-223	945	6785
Corporation Tax			15
Net difference of Receipts / Payments	-223	945	6770

BALANCE SHEET			
AS AT 31 DECEMBER 2003			
	2003	2002	2001
General Fund Account			
Balance as at 1 January 2003	36128	35183	28413
Add surplus/ deduct deficit for the year	-223	945	6770
Balance as at 31 December 2003	35905	36128	35183
Assets			
Building Society			14358
National Savings Deposit Bond			10122
Stock of ties £298 less sales £85	213	298	428
Cash at bank			
Current Account	1416	1975	2981
Deposit Account	34276	33855	7665
Current Liabilities			
Creditor			-323
Corporation Tax			-48
	35905	36128	35183

Paradise Lost Again

Tony Neville taught English at BHCHS from 1962 to 1965. It was his first job after university. He then moved to George Gascoigne Secondary Modern in Walthamstow and McEntee Technical School, before switching to further education, eventually becoming Head of Humanities, Science and Languages in a West London College. He retained his interest in literature and, after retiring from full-time work in 1997, decided to try his hand at writing. Tony says: "having seen many of the petty compromises and corruptions of working life at first hand, I found myself drawn to comic satire." Tony's earlier play "A College Near You" was a joint winner of the Independent Radio Drama Award for 1999.



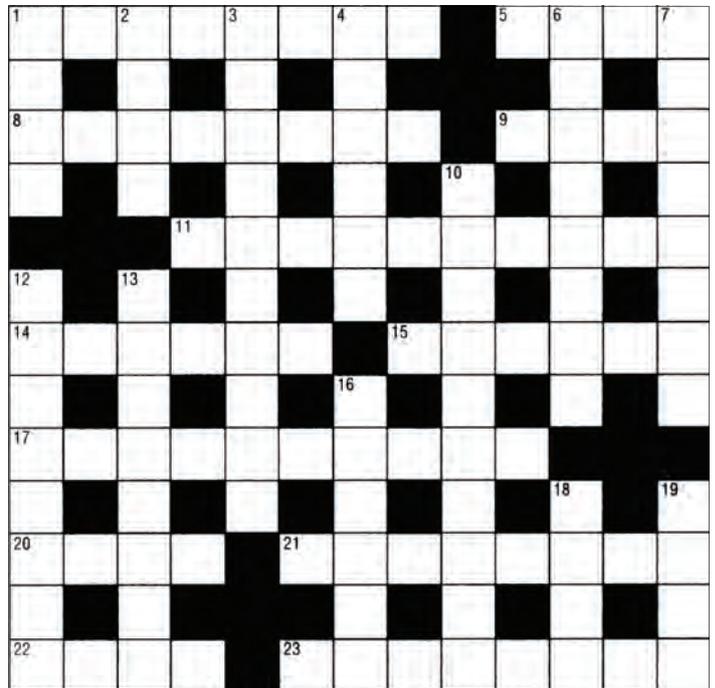
Paradise Lost Again is a satirical parable for our times. Tabloid trivia and celebrity game shows, business sponsored colleges, over-indulged and under-educated children, corporate wheeler-dealing and government spin....many of the symptoms of our super-market culture are here. The play presents a fast-moving take on the break-

OB NEWS CROSSWORD

No.4 "Curriculum"

By Mike Ling

A change for this edition: a general knowledge crossword with some subjects relating to topics we may have covered at BHCHS - or then again, perhaps not!



ACROSS

- 1 Shakespeare: Ophelia's father in "Hamlet" (8)
- 5 Architecture: Large recess, typically at a church's eastern end (4)
- 8 & 18 down. Poetry: Milton's *magnum opus* (8,4)
- 9 Botany: The cannabis plant, or its fibre (4)
- 11 Geology: Denoting natural mineral springs, containing iron salts (10)
- 14 Geography: African city, formerly known as Salisbury (6)
- 15 Nature: Small willows with long flexible shoots (6)
- 17 Food: Of bread, made from more than one kind of cereal (10)
- 20 Literature: The pen-name of the essayist Charles Lamb (7)
- 21 Medicine: Adjective for the condition of swollen veins (8)
- 22 Patriotism: The composer of "Rule Britannia" (4)
- 23 Music: Old woodwind instrument (8)

DOWN

- 1 Poetry: He wrote "For fools rush in, where angels fear to tread..." (4)
- 2 Music: Stringed instrument like a small U-shaped harp (4)
- 3 The Arts: Producer/director/broadcaster who devised TW3 (3,7)
- 4 Religious history: Saint reputedly killed by Huns at Cologne (6)
- 6 Theology: Bishops, or other high ecclesiastical dignitaries (8)
- 7 Food & drink: Strong black coffee, Italian style (8)
- 10 Nationalities: Old inhabitant of the country now called Ethiopia (10)
- 12 Mythology: Female monster with lion's head, goat's body and a serpent's tail (8)
- 13 Cult SF: Female companion of Zaphod Beeblebrox in "Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy" (8)
- 16 Science: In biology, a prefix relating to body organs (6)
- 18 See 8 across
- 19 Currency: Basic monetary unit of several Latin American nations (4)

Solution on page 17

down of traditional social ideals and the consumer values that drive our society.

The story features a surreal selection of high-minded idealists, including Plato's Philosopher King, Jesus Christ and Karl Marx, struggling to survive in the

modern world and out-manoeuvred at every turn by Satan variously disguised as Dr Spinner and the Minister of New Values. Forget New Labour, forget the Apocalypse; the Evil One has already taken over!

Paradise Lost Again has been awarded a prize by NewPlays.co.uk in 2004.

A Language too Far

By Mike White



I TAUGHT French at Buckhurst Hill County High School from 1963 to 1965 - my first teaching post. After BHCHS I went to the French Lycée in London where, from 1965 to 1973, I taught English to boys and girls who were mostly either of English mother tongue or were good enough at English to benefit from classes geared to native speakers.

Having reinvented myself as a teacher of English because I did not want to continue grinding through the rudiments of French for the rest of my working life, I came round to thinking, after a number of years at the French Lycée, that I did not really want to be a teacher at all. I remember that I used to arrive early for my O level English class which began at 9 am. on Fridays and sat in the classroom reading the job advertisements in "The Times" while the members of the class arrived in twos and threes. They knew I was looking at the job adverts because from time to time I would say things like "How do you fancy me as a ... ?" mentioning some unlikely field of activity, and they would make more or less ribald comments on my unsuitability.

One day, however, I came across an announcement of an examination for the recruitment of English translators for the United Nations. Applicants had to be of English mother tongue and be able to translate into English from French and from at least one of a number of other languages (Arabic, Chinese, Russian and Spanish). I had a degree in French and Russian and sent in an application. Shortly afterwards there was a very similar advertisement for the recruitment of translators to work for UNESCO in Paris, to which I also responded.

I took both exams, doing in each case the translations from French and Russian. I had no knowledge of Arabic or Chinese but considered having a shot at one of the Spanish texts, eventually deciding not to risk it as I hadn't touched Spanish since taking the subject at O level twenty years earlier.

To cut a long story short, I passed and was offered a job at UNESCO which I accepted. While working for UNESCO from 1974 to 1977 I brought my school Spanish up to operational standard and started learning Arabic. At that time translations from Arabic into English were done by members of the Arabic Translation Section and were checked for style in the English Section by revisers who had no knowledge of Arabic. After a couple of years I started to translate texts from Arabic myself and also to revise English translations done by the Arabic Section.

In 1977 I became the first English translator in another United Nations agency, the International Maritime Organization (IMO) based in London where I worked for a number of years, translating mainly from Spanish, with quite a bit of French, some Russian and a little Arabic.

Following the first Gulf War there was a sudden increase in the workload of the United Nations in terms of Arabic texts to be translated and I was loaned by IMO to UN Headquarters in New York to help out for a few weeks in the summer of 1991 and 1992. Some of the work was fairly monotonous (I remember, in particular, a 20-page list in Arabic of Kuwaiti-owned vehicles which had allegedly been stolen by Iraq, together with engine numbers, registration numbers and other details) but generally I enjoyed the work and really liked New York. From that time on I began to think seriously about taking early retirement from IMO and working on a freelance basis, which I did in 1993.

Since then I have worked on short-term contracts, mostly for organizations in the United Nations system, in Geneva, London, Rome, The Hague, Vienna, Paris and, of course, New York. For the past three or four years I have worked almost exclusively in New York

where I now spend almost half my time.

My discovery of the BHCHS Register has revived my memories of my time there, which are mostly good. Apart from French I taught a bit of sixth-form Russian which did not amount to much and took part in teaching a series of lessons for the sixth form on non-exam subjects of general interest. I think these were coordinated by Brian Harris. In any case, he suggested that I might like to give some lessons on subjects of my choice related to the Soviet Union about which I knew quite a bit. Those lessons, which I gave in the school year 1964-1965, seemed to go down quite well.

Apart from that, I occasionally had to preside over games of football and cricket and even refereed at least one football match (fortunately at a junior level) on a Saturday afternoon. I say "fortunately" because I found it very difficult to make decisions on the hoof about what was legitimate and what was not and had only the vaguest of notions as to the difference between a penalty and a free kick. That was probably why Tom Leek did not call on me very often.

I have good memories of classes at all levels. In my first year it was 5B that I found the heaviest going; most of them were not highly motivated but they obviously learnt something from me. I remember that, when they took their mock O level, I did a scatter graph of the French marks of all the fifth formers with those of 5B in a contrasting colour. They showed great interest in this and were pleased to see that, apart from one or two stragglers, they compared very creditably with their contemporaries in other forms.

In the last couple of weeks before the real exam we went intensively through some past papers and practised dealing with questions they were likely to face in the oral. At the end of the very last lesson I said to them, on the spur of the moment: "Here's a useful word that hasn't cropped up this year: 'impermeable', it means 'raincoat'". I wrote it on the blackboard and they noted it down. Purely by chance it came up in the exam. When I met them later they refused to believe that I had not had any



prior knowledge of the exam paper. But of course, it was just a fluke. Overall, I felt pretty satisfied with their exam results.

My most lasting memory is of a class I taught in my first year as 2A (I was their form master) and again in the following year as 3A. They were bright, unfailingly friendly and keen, and attentive at least most of the time - a real pleasure to teach. When I visited the school the year after I left, Jim Irving, who had been lucky enough to inherit them in the fourth year, told me he had been impressed by how much they knew and by their willingness to speak French.

I don't know how long I shall continue to work as a freelance translator. For the time being I am pleased to go to New York several times a year. I sometimes think of the remark of a friend of mine who said that a freelance contract as a translator in some foreign location is a bit like being on holiday except that one doesn't feel under any pressure to enjoy it. I do enjoy it but there is also a certain amount of pressure, for example when working alone on the night shift covering Arabic for all the translation services of the United Nations who are waiting for my translation of some document for the Security Council so that they can translate it into Chinese, French, Russian or Spanish and go home. In such circumstances I get tired of saying: "Don't call me; I'll call you when it's ready." And of course I always have in the back of my mind the awareness that, if I make a mistake, it will be repeated in all the language versions except the Arabic original and may cause serious embarrassment.

I have recently started learning Chinese, but that will probably turn out to be a language too far.

Cold War Warriors

By Ivan Moss (1962)

THE ARTICLE in the last *OB News* "In Uniform at Last" detailing the exploits of 20F Squadron and their role in the defeat of Herr Hitler revived memories of a closely guarded secret from the Cold War. Having seen off the Nazis we could all hope for a more peaceful world. Unfortunately those older Old Buckwellians with long memories will no doubt remember the dark days of the Cold War. Who can forget the fear of hearing the air raid alarms sounding in 1963? It was only a test but the real thing was just four minutes away.

It is not well known but next to the school was the secret base of a crack military unit that made the SAS look like a bunch of pussycats. I am now able to reveal something of the secret history of 2324 Chigwell Squadron Air Training Corps. To my memory at least five pupils were members of this elite unit during the sixties including George Collins later to become Air Vice Chief Vice Marshal of the RAF (see page 17, *OB News April 2003*), my brother David, Nigel Salter who if memory serves correct ended up studying sheep at Lampeter and another whose name eludes me. This last chap to show how hard we all were would open the swing doors on the top corridor by putting his hand through the glass and then spraying everyone with blood from his cut wrist.

How did this elite unit help in the Cold War? Our propaganda machine was second to none. Never mind the *Horst Wessel Song* or the *Internationale* who can forget those immortal lines:

2324 are the best

We're the greatest in the west

To many pupils the old RAF site next door was a derelict eyesore. To us it was a training ground in urban warfare. On the drill ground we became a disciplined force, instilling fear in the enemy by our deadly displays of American drill. To confuse the foe the order would ring



Our triumph at Rainham as we seize the enemy battle standard. Those who sat at the feet of Pete Sillis will recognise this as a conscious imitation of the Americans raising the flag on Iwo Jima after one of the bloodiest battles of WWII.

out, 'to the rear diddy bop' to be followed by a 'to the left hit it', and we did. Here we tested new devastating weapons. It is amazing what you can do with a bicycle pump and petrol. The last remaining hut was in fact our headquarters now long since gone. Now it is anyone for tennis.

Our exploits were legendary. Not least were the many planning sessions held at The Gardeners Arms at the top of York Hill in Loughton to be followed by a hasty Chinese at Banzai Bills at the bottom of the hill. If only we knew we were on the verge of discovering the science of bistromatics.

From here we set out to RAF West Raynham using it as an advanced base for our night assault on RAF Bircham Newton (I still bear the scars), infiltrating Margate from RAF Manston to practice urban warfare and first go on the dodgems, and being flown into action by the RAF at Odiham as we pursued the enemy, simulated by a rabbit running across the airfield.

Our most famous exploit was hushed up at the time as it nearly triggered the third world war. We were assisting the RAF on one of their deep penetration reconnaissance missions. To confuse the enemy these took place

in clapped out piston engine aircraft flown from Gaydon in Warwickshire. As further cover we headed west over Wales before turning south down the Irish Sea. It was then we spotted a Russian trawler, trawling for secrets. Not having an anti shipping nuclear missile we had to use our initiative. We launched our boiled eggs down the flare chute only to see them narrowly miss by about a mile.

To show our versatility not only did we learn to shoot but the crème de la crème also learnt to fly gliders. No doubt so that in the dark of night we could swoop

down far behind enemy lines causing mayhem and confusion. Who can forget that first solo flight? Solo in the air before I had gone solo in a car.

But it wasn't all fun and games. We suffered losses. One of those long forgotten episodes of the Cold War was when the KGB tried to infiltrate Russian Geese onto Rainham Marshes. We were there and a short but ferocious battle ensued leading to many dead and wounded but we triumphed.

And what did we learn from this experience? How many Old Bucks with their strings of 'O' and 'A' levels know how to construct a 'bed pack' in accordance with Queens Regulations? Only the impeccable logic of our armed forces demand this precision instrument which is constructed from two sheets and four blankets! When the time comes I shall be ready.

**Ivan Moss Corporal Retd.
2324 Chigwell Squadron
ATC**

Name Trends

Someone suggested it would be interesting to see which were the most popular names for BHCHS pupils over the decades.....

	1940s	1950s	1960s	1970s	1980s
1	John	1 David	1 John	1 David	1 Paul
2	Brian	2 John	2 David	2 Paul	2= Mark
3	Peter	3 Peter	3 Stephen	3 Mark	2= Stephen
4	David	4 Michael	4 Peter	4 Andrew	4 Andrew
5	Alan	5 Alan	5 Michael	5 Stephen	5 David
6	Michael	6= Brian	6 Paul	6 Simon	6 Richard
7	Derek	6= Roger	7 Richard	7 Ian	7= Matthew
8	Anthony	8 Richard	8 Robert	8= Peter	7= Simon
9	Geoffrey	9 Robert	9 Andrew	8= Richard	9= Daniel
10=	Ronald	10= Anthony	10 Christopher	10= Christopher	9= Jason
10=	Roy	10= Geoffrey	11 Graham	10= John	11= Michael
12=	Kenneth	10= Graham	12 Philip	12 Robert	11= Robert
12=	William	13 Ian	13 Ian	13 Michael	13= Darren
14=	Donald	14 Christopher	14 Geoffrey	14 Philip	13= James
14=	Terence	15 Martin	15= Alan	15= Martin	15= Christopher
16	Colin	16 Colin	15= Anthony	15= Nicholas	15= Ian
17	Dennis	17 Stephen	17= Keith	17= Anthony	17 Martin
18	Robert	18 Keith	17= Martin	17= Timothy	18= Nicholas
19=	James	19 Andrew	17= Nigel	19 Neil	18= Stuart
19=	Keith	20= Barry	20= Colin	20 Jonathan	20= Anthony
21	Raymond	20= Terence	20= William	21 Jeremy	20= John
22=	Edward	22= Paul	22 Roger	22= Gary	20= Lee
22=	Eric	22= Philip	23 Nicholas	22= Graham	20= Adam
22=	Victor	24 Raymond	24= Brian	24= Kevin	20= Scott
25	Barry	25= James	24= Jonathan	24= Matthew	25 Jonathan
26=	Richard	25= Malcolm	24= Mark	24= Nigel	26= Neil
26=	Frank	25= William	24= Trevor	27= Alan	26= Dean
27=	George	28 Robin	28= Adrian	27= Lee	28= Gary
27=	Gordon	29 Barry	28= Malcolm	30= Brian	28= Timothy
27=	Malcolm	30= Clive	28= Neil	30= James	28= William
		30= Kenneth		30= Stuart	

From Woodford to the West

Johnny Coppin (1957-64)



JOHNNY COPPIN is a very successful singer/songwriter, composer, and broadcaster.

He remembers that his early inspiration for singing was at BHCHS where he sang in the Madrigal Group and School Choir as well as developing an interest in pop music with local band *The Shifters*. He sang with many groups while studying architecture and then in 1971 became a full time musician with the cult folk-rock band *Decameron*. His solo albums include *Forest & Vale & High Blue Hill*, *Edge of Day* - a collaboration with world-famous writer Laurie Lee, *Force of the River*, *West Country Christmas*, and *Keep the Flame* recently released. *Decameron* and Johnny celebrated their 35th anniversary on 2nd October at Cheltenham Town Hall with a selection of songs taken from their catalogue which has just

been reissued on CD.

His clear voice together with his ability to write fine songs make his music essentially English in character while at the same time having universal appeal. Jack Russell the Gloucestershire and ex-England wicket-keeper is a big fan, and often leads the county side in singing one of Johnny's rousing Gloucestershire songs!

Johnny has supported Gerry Rafferty, Jasper Carrott, and *The Albion Band* on tour and appeared at Festivals and concerts in Britain, Ireland, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Spain, and USA - including the prestigious Cambridge, Edinburgh, Lisdoonvarna, and Nyon Festivals. He has played on the European folk scene for many years, and regularly tours the UK with *A Country Christmas* and *Edge of Day* - his tribute to Laurie Lee.

Johnny plays solo with guitar and piano - and regularly works with his own trio or band. Members of his band have included Phil Beer (from *Show of Hands*, *Albion Band*) and Matt Clifford (who records with Mick Jagger, and Jon Anderson of *Yes*). His current musical sidekicks are fiddle player Paul Burgess from *The John Kirkpatrick Band*, and guitarist Mick Dolan who has worked with Steve Winwood, Mick Jagger, and *Fairport Convention*.

TV appearances include his own programme *Song of Gloucestershire* for the BBC and *Stars in a Dark Night* for Channel 4. His radio work includes *Kaleidoscope* for Radio 4 - *West Country Christmas*, the *Arts Programme*, and *Folk on Two* for Radio 2 - plus many appearances on British local radio as well as producing and presenting the *Folk Roots Show* every week since 1996 for BBC Radio Gloucestershire (currently every Sunday from 3-4pm)

His music for theatre includes *Songs on Lonely Roads* (the story of composer/poet Ivor Gurney) as well as writing and directing the music for the Festival Players Theatre Company every year since 1991 - their productions of Shakespeare tour all over the UK and culminate in the Three Choirs Festival each summer.

He has edited two poetry anthologies - *Forest & Vale & High Blue Hill*, and *Between the Severn and the Wye* - poems from the border counties of England and Wales. His third book was *A Country Christmas* - a collection of prose, poetry, carols, songs and folklore.

You can contact Johnny by email: johnny@redskyrecords.co.uk or see his web site:

Staff News

John McLaughlin History/Geography 1959-62

I was pleased to hear recently from John McLaughlin who was my first year teacher of both history and geography.

John writes....I look back on my three years at BHCHS with great affection. It was the start of my teaching career and it laid excellent foundations for the future. I was able to make my initial mistakes in a supportive atmosphere with good help and guidance from, in particular, Spud Taylor, Tom Leek and Peter Sillis.

I remember clearly the classes that I taught and still have copies of the little blue books of class lists for my time at the school. There are special memories of the 2Y/3Y of which I was form master and the 2A/3A which was one of the brightest groups I taught in my whole career.

I was interested to read of the references in the last *OB News* to Martin Gorham, who mentioned Barry Wynn, Philip Lewis and Christopher Rowland from that latter group.

I shall look forward to hearing further news in subsequent edi-

JG "Jock" Wilson Chemistry 1948-58

I am grateful to John Lakeman (Chemistry 1964-89) for putting me in contact with Mr Wilson's son who provided information about his father's subsequent career.

Jock Wilson left BHCHS on appointment as Head of Chemistry at Glynn Grammar School, Ewell where he remained until his retirement in 1968. During his time at BHCHS and then at Glynn he co-authored two chemistry textbooks. The second of these (written with JP Newell) was published in the late 1960s and will be remembered by many Old Bucks as it became a standard text for A Level Chemistry for a number of years.

Mr Wilson died in 1973.

Deadly Weapons

Dr Sidney Alford (1946) has a career that many schoolboys, dabbling in the Chemistry Lab, may have dreamed about. He is an explosives expert, running his own consultancy company since 1985. At an age when others of his year group are probably starting to limit their activities to the back garden or golf course, Sidney is still travelling the world sorting out problems ranging from how to safely demolish a building to dealing with unexploded bombs. This is from a recent expedition to Laos.....



DATAFILE

Year of Start *	Intake	Number Found	Deceased	% Found	Overseas	Members	% Members
1938	94	31	29	64	2	20	65
1939 #	90	53	15	76	4	33	62
1940 #	84	50	10	71	3	38	76
1941 #	98	56	21	79	8	40	71
1942 #	93	56	19	81	8	40	71
1943 #	95	61	13	78	1	51	84
1944 #	90	56	17	81	6	35	63
1945	96	64	22	90	7	53	83
1946	106	66	15	76	7	44	67
1947	108	76	12	81	13	44	58
1948	101	61	14	74	8	40	66
1949	103	79	12	88	11	61	77
1950	100	72	5	77	7	46	64
1951	102	71	10	79	4	39	55
1952	98	67	7	76	8	43	64
1953	121	87	5	76	10	54	62
1954	113	85	4	79	11	56	66
1955	109	86	6	84	10	52	60
1956	100	83	5	88	11	50	60
1957	104	84	9	89	10	50	60
1958	129	111	6	91	7	67	60
1959	101	88	2	89	5	61	69
1960	100	78	5	83	8	42	54
1961	100	86	5	91	19	58	67
1962	97	86	3	92	11	58	67
1963	81	70	1	88	5	34	49
1964	77	69	3	94	9	37	54
1965	82	74	1	91	5	33	45
1966	86	74	3	90	11	41	55
1967	99	84	2	87	7	38	45
1968	82	73	1	90	4	44	60
1969	97	85	1	89	6	30	35
1970	89	83	0	93	10	42	51
1971	92	83	2	92	7	41	49
1972	89	76	0	85	5	33	43
1973	76	70	0	92	5	33	47
1974	76	66	0	87	8	19	29
1975	64	52	1	83	4	16	31
1976	132	94	3	73	7	27	29
1977	132	87	6	70	7	22	25
1978	123	95	1	78	10	31	33
1979	131	76	3	60	6	19	25
1980	120	68	2	58	4	7	10
1981	126	70	2	57	0	10	14
1982	112	72	0	64	3	14	19
1983	113	67	1	60	2	4	6
1984	123	63	1	52	0	4	6
1985	91	55	0	60	3	3	5
Totals	4825	3499	305	79	327	1757	50

Notes

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

Intake for these years is estimated.

You know you are living in 2004 when.....

- You accidentally enter your password on the microwave.
- You haven't played solitaire with real cards in years.
- You have a list of 15 phone numbers to reach your family of three.
- You email your mate who works at the desk next to you.
- Your reason for not staying in touch with friends is that they do not have email addresses.
- You've sat at the same desk for four years and worked for three different companies.
- You learn about your redundancy on the 11 o'clock news.
- Contractors outnumber permanent staff and are more likely to get long-service awards.
- You read this entire list, and kept nodding and smiling.
- You got this from a friend that never talks to you anymore, except to send you jokes from the internet.
- You are too busy to notice there was no number 8.
- You actually checked that there wasn't a number 8.
- Now you're laughing at yourself! Finally, you fwd this to your friends and put it in your house magazine.

And the real clinchers are...

A Question of Class

By Duke Maskell (1950)

The following is (with a few small changes) an excerpt from an article on class and education which appeared in the January 2003 issue of a free literary/political web magazine, *Words in Edgeways*, found at www.edgewaysbooks.com. For the complete article, go to the website, click on the 'Magazine' button at the top of the page and then the button for the first issue. Any issue can be downloaded with a single click.



THE SUBURBAN Essex grammar school I was at (Buckhurst Hill C.H.S., founded 1938, since 1989 the Guru Gobind Singh Khalsa College) had two distinct social catchments when I was there in the fifties - one, "local" and middle class, the other moved from bomb-damaged "slums" in East London to newly built council estates. All the pupils at the school had passed "the scholarship", and there's no reason to suppose that in 1950 the examination or its marking favoured the working class, or that the boys off the council estates who passed it were less clever than their middle class counterparts. Nevertheless, it was, predictably, the middle class boys who regularly did best in the yearly competitive examinations; so the "A" stream was predominantly middle and the "C" stream predominantly working class. The sixth form was, of course, composed overwhelmingly of boys from the "A" stream. But going into it from a "C" stream didn't seem to be a disadvantage. The boys there from the "A" stream, who all through school had got much better marks, did not seem to be cleverer or to know more in proportion as their marks had been higher. Without doubt lots of boys who had left school at 16 with "O" levels could profitably have stayed on into the

sixth-form and gone on to university.

But what is the meaning of the fact that they didn't? Perhaps it ought to be called as Charles Clarke and the *Telegraph* leader writer agree to call it, a case of "low achievement" and "poverty of aspiration". But that wasn't how it seemed to the "C"-stream itself. There was a good deal about our suburban grammar school that suggested a socially transplanted public school: religious "Assemblies", the "House" system, the school song, (from memory) "Fair set above the Roding stream/

By wide and grassy leas/Our House stands fairly to the winds/Twixt Essex lanes and trees ...", regular homework, regular competitive examinations, an elaborate system of punishments (including for offences committed on the way to and from school, such as, for example, not wearing an identifying school cap), prefects (with powers of punishment and their own common room), a staircase for sixth-formers only, school uniform (colours those of the first Head's Oxford college), teachers' gowns, compulsory cross-country, cricket and football matches that were all friendlies, outside any league This was all alien to the council estate; and however else it might be construed, it could hardly not be construed as an invitation (or something more pressing) to undertake a kind of social migration, not just to take a different path from that of one's parents but to make oneself a different type from them. The school presented the

council estate with an opportunity, made it an invitation which, it was hardly surprising, the council estate, on the whole, preferred not to take. But was it obviously and simply *wrong*? Was its preference for remaining what it was and where it was so contemptible? Had it nothing of the character of loyalty in it, for example? To see nothing in it but "low achievement" and "poverty of aspiration" (another bad report, fifty years on) is to be stupidly unimaginative (a state which education is supposed to remedy). It bears out what D.H. Law-

did prefer its own to the school's but that it was capable of giving the school lessons on the subject. The school had become dissatisfied with the turn-out for after-school House football matches. Players were being selected but sloping off home instead, so that games were regularly having to be played without full teams. It was letting team-mates down, letting the House down and showing a kind of disrespect for the school as a whole. And to show how seriously the matter was being taken, in future, boys who wouldn't play for their House team on school days would not be permitted to play for the school teams at weekends.

At which threat, the council estate first sniggered, then laughed outright, then clapped and cheered. What did the school think? That they *wanted* to play for its teams, rather than their own, with their mates? Did it imagine it counted for something in their lives? Or as anything but a set of demands they found insolent, arbitrary and incomprehensible? Didn't it know? Apparently not.

Of course, education doesn't have to take the precise form it took at Buckhurst Hill C.H.S. in suburban Essex between 1950 and 1958 (good though I believe it was). And there are, no doubt, forms it could take which would make it more attractive to the council estate. It might, perhaps, have done more, in more cases, to bend itself to the estate rather than the estate to itself but in my own case, I must record that, in cooperation with my parents, scarcely any school could have done more. Without the Headmaster's encouragement (and two years in the fifth-form) I don't think I would have gone to university.



Duke Maskell with his family c. 1951

rence says in his essay on Galsworthy about the scholastically educated being emotional bores and comes from the habit of looking at these things as statistics and "social problems" only, without catching any glimpse of the persons involved. Is this a habit of the educated? (If it is, what could better vindicate the council estate's preference?)

There was an incident in about my third or fourth year which made it clear not only that the council estate

Kate Coulson: An Admirable Lady

Following the announcement of Kate Coulson's death at the age of 88 on 9th February I was inundated with tributes. As an obituary to this remarkable lady I can do no better than publish a selection. Before you read these comments, just take a look at the span of years from the first to the last. Like all these contributors I have my own memories of Kate. More particularly, during the past few years, Kate helped considerably with information. She would love to have done more, but sadly her memory and health were failing. Even so, she gave us a remarkably lively interview for OB News last year. The fact that I was unable to publish much of what she told me is perhaps an indication that she was still very much the Kate we remember!

Robert Druce 1940

I remember the Norton only too well; and also Kate's kindness - including coping with an egg-sized lump on my forehead, the result of a bit of over-enthusiastic body-line bowling.

Campbell Matthews 1944

She was an 'institution' even in my time at BHCHS.

Cliff Potter 1945

I was absolutely shattered when I read your message. I shall never forget how kind she was to me when I first started at BHCHS mid-term.

Sidney Alford 1946

A week ago I was in the jungle, where the Ho Chi Minh Trail runs though Laos, getting rid of some unexploded American bombs [see photograph page 10]. There were lots of usually friendly dogs in every village. I was advised that, were I to be bitten, I should at once get an anti-rabies injection. I remember, during my early years at BHCHS, cycling to school one day and being bitten on the leg by a dog which had chased after me. When I arrived I reported at once to Miss Coulson, fearing that rabies was already taking over my organism. Her reassurance that such a possibility was of pretty low probability formed my impression of a very kind and reasonable person, never forgotten.

Mike Hare 1950

I can endorse the good things said about her in the article in OB News recently.



Kate Coulson and JH Taylor in 1961

Photograph: Dick Greening

She was very kind to me on one occasion when I was taken ill during School hours. First impressions were that she was rather stern but once you got past the front I found her extremely warm hearted.

Les Smith 1953

She was very kind to me especially when I was, with regularity, up before Spud for a caning. I particularly remember when a bully boy in the year above me had a go and as Mr. Smethurst

was separating us I gave him a mighty blow on the nose, breaking it rather well. I had to report to Kate and give my version of the incident. As I left the office, filled with trepidation and doing a passable impression of a jelly, she called me back and said "Well done, he deserved that."

Ian Rouse 1954

Breaking my wrist while trying to catch a cricket ball during sports afternoon - and of course Kate was instrumental in doing the necessary and packing me off to hospital. As this was shortly before 'O' levels, I quickly had to learn to write left handed.

Roy Tindle 1954

I remember that when Adrian Sargood and I set up the Scientific Film Society it was Kate who sorted out the essential details of access to the school projector and, of much greater importance, reimbursement for the return postage costs. As with everything else that she did these tasks were performed without fuss and she transformed our concept into an effortless operation.

Nick Lammas 1955

Like every OB, I have a particular memory of Kate. At the school fete, I took the money from my stall and held out a handful of assorted coins to Kate, and she immediately stated confidently, "There's 12s and 9d there." And of course there was!

Terence Atkins 1958

At the memorial service in Theydon Bois it was mentioned how Kate had stressed that her length of time at BHCHS of 33 years was in fact 33-and-a-third. As she started at BHCHS in '45 and retired in '78, one could say this was a triple record!

Brian Marshallsay 1958

Kate was a tough old biddy at times but when it came to the crunch she was very caring to "her" pupils like when I was stung by a bee during Games. She will be missed and remembered fondly.

John Trowbridge 1959

I remember her as a very kind lady and super efficient secretary. I often thought she ran the school all on her own. Once when one of the Bazlinton twins (can't remember which one) and I were about to get the cane for charging about amongst the coats in the cloakroom she came out with our reprieve.

Martin Turner 1959

Kate was a good soul. I have seen her a few times since leaving, not as fierce as she seemed!

Peter Sharp 1960

Sad news indeed. Thanks for letting us know, Graham. I remember once when I was at BHCHS my mother having cause to come to the school for some reason, and having a long chat with Miss Coulson. She remarked afterwards as to what an extremely nice woman she was. The slightly stern exterior belied a heart of gold, and she was a great servant to the school. RIP Kate.

Mike Ling 1961

I remember well her ministrations on my behalf when on at least two occasions I had a badly cut knee, and in those summer months when they seemed to cut the playing fields every day and my hay fever rating shot through the roof! The passing of an era and a bit more of our history.

Ron Smith 1961

Another link in our "indestructible" past gone.

Not a lady I knew well - we hoped not to as I remember. She did give me my first ever pay. I was the Chemistry lab assistant in the lower sixth and she paid me each month. I think I abused their trust - but hopefully not too much. I remember her more now I am talking about her. Oddly enough my mother-in-law, now 92 and not well at all, knew her - she also worked at BHCHS for Kate.

Simon Porter 1964

I have many memories of Kate from school, most of which are tinged with varying degrees of fear! I count myself fortunate however to have made her acquaintance again under very different circumstances a few years ago. After leaving teaching I became a postman in 1997, and I found myself delivering mail to Orchard Drive, Theydon Bois, and of course the inestimable Kate. Once I had summoned up the courage to introduce myself she was totally charming and obviously was aware of her reputation at BHCHS as "the dragon" - an epithet which she had, and still, obviously enjoyed. I last saw her a few years ago, after a fall, but she was still a very determined and energetic lady!

Rick Walker 1968

Kate (nothing other than "Miss Coulson" of course in those long distant, rather more formal days) was known by all of us to be a major force within the school, exceptionally efficient and caring. Somehow the title "School Secretary" does not quite capture the central role she played in the life of the school whilst I was there.

Toby Braddick 1971

She was feared, yet loved in my time at BHCHS - I bet she gave St Peter a tough time at the Pearly Gates if things didn't meet her expectations!

Ian Docking 1976

The interview with Kate Coulson [OB News, November 2003] finally answered the question I've had for years.....Why did she get a power drill as a leaving pre-

Indelible Memories

By John Whaler

This was the address given at Kate's memorial service at St Mary's, Theydon Bois where she had been an active member of the congregation for many years.



John Whaler

IF YOU require a monument look around you. The numbers here this afternoon leave no doubts about the respect and affection felt for her by so many who knew Kate. And there were *many* of them. Kate was School Secretary at Buckhurst Hill County High School from 1945 to 1978 - 33 years during which thousands of boys and staff had the good fortune to know her. They, I know, look back and agree that there was something quite special about her. The Chairman of BHCHS Old Boys Association has driven up from Wales to be part of this tribute. He has asked me to include the views of the students themselves in my observations today. I was one of the teaching staff for 18 of Kate's years at BHCHS. And there are many of us here today, 26 years after Kate's retirement, and 15 years since the school itself had to close.

The school magazine for 1945 reported: "We have had the good fortune to secure Miss Coulson's services from the South West Essex Technical College where she was Secretary to the Vice Principal." Kate described her early ambitions in an interview last year with the Editor of the BHCHS Old Boys news bulletin - she had wanted to train as a pharmacist, but the fees were too high; she decided to train as a nurse - again, too costly; so, as Kate put it: "like many other young women during the War I started work in an office." This was at the South West Essex Tech, from where she hoped to join the navy, but the college wouldn't let her go. Then to BHCHS.

Here she was Secretary to two very distinguished Headmasters - Jack Taylor (for 21 years) and Hugh Colgate (for 12 years). These were two very different Head Teachers with whom two quite distinctive working relationships had to be forged. (Interestingly, early in her time at BHCHS, she wanted to train to be a teacher herself; but Mr Taylor refused to endorse her application saying, as Kate put it: "she was worth twice as much as a teacher.")

Kate was always proud of the achievements of both boys and staff, academically, in sport, and in those special hidden corners of school life where sheer strength of character can display itself. Her recollection of the detail of all that was best (and worst) in those she had known at school was astonishing. Alan Woods tells me that he never heard a pupil at the school say anything disrespectful about Kate. He agrees with me that she could be tough (one former pupil told me "she could certainly make us jump"), but only if they failed to come up to standard. Yet she was also sensitive and compassionate; many recall her kindness and concern when help was needed.

If you had dealings with Kate, you never forgot. If Kate felt that you met her levels and expectations *she* never forgot. She stamped her personality on the school and all who worked there, staff and pupils. What an admirably formidable lady! She suffered unwillingly those perceived as lazy or lackadaisical. She was a paragon of conscientiousness, efficiency and (as mentioned already), loyalty. Add "directness" to these qualities, (because Kate always expressed her views clearly and pretty forcibly) and you have quite a catalogue of those lamented old-fashioned values which have been so sadly diluted by time.

At all levels of human activity the exceptional people are those who are hard to fit handily, routinely, into a particular mould, and whose presence left strong and indelible memories, respectful and affectionate. Such a person was Kate Coulson. We shall miss her.

All the World's a Stage

Drama through the decades at BHCHS: Part three 1953-1955

1953: Androcles and the Lion

WE RESUME our journey through the history of drama at BHCHS, with a production of Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion*. Frank Winmill's efforts received somewhat restrained compliments in the review written for *The Roding* by Harold Whiting. The central character of Ferrovius was

interesting to note that Terrence Hardiman, who had appeared in his first school play the year before, was not involved in the 1953 play.

Junior drama in 1953 saw the production, by Mr PA Gray, of a pair of plays. The first was *The Stolen Prince*, previously performed at the school in 1940. This was the launch of another successful acting career, with the ap-

1954: Midsummer Night's Dream

The following year, Mr Whiting produced *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Here, the school witnessed the emerging talent of Terrence Hardiman, by then in the lower sixth, as Theseus. Ernest Wigley, in his review, referred to his "confidence of acting and suggestion of nobility." But other actors were also highly com-



Androcles and the Lion 1953. Photograph from Dennis Carney

taken by David Clarke who was described as having "the appearance and voice for a successful attempt to realise the part," but that "he lacked a ripper acting experience and a surer technique." David tells me he was only chosen for the part because he was the tallest actor available, but because he was only two inches wide he needed considerable additional padding to give him the correct stature. Other leading roles were played by John Drinkwater, Malcolm Barnes, Terry Hooley (who played the amiable lion), David Hoffman, and Colin Howes, who was "excellently cast as the humanitarian naturalist Androcles." It is

appearance of Jim McManus as a "very superior small boy who, with his sister, lost the baby prince, to the consternation of a motherly Royal Nurse played by (Ken) Lyon." Other notable parts were taken by Michael Barratt, Owen Easteal and Stuart Maitland. The second junior play was *Michael* adapted from Tolstoy. There were convincing performances by Peter Cowling and Peter Crisp as a Russian peasant and his wife, and from Richard Gedge as their daughter. Peter Coleman (who sadly we have been unable to trace) was highly praised for a very long speech he successfully gave in the leading role.

mended. Mike Stewardson, as Hyppolita "did well in an awkward part with the help of his good voice and personality." Mr Wigley went on to praise some other performances. "It is now the fashion to play Helena with the comedy at the forefront. For a boy to tackle such a part presents peculiar difficulties. If he is young enough to have the right voice, he may not be experienced enough to have the right touch of assured comedy. The odds were against him but (Bill) Jamison made a courageous attempt to realise the part. (Stephen) Rees, having the advantage of a "straight" part and fewer inches, did with his clear enunciation and good acting make a suc-

cess of the part of Hermia. (John) Dodkin was a very good Lysander and (David) Lee looked and acted well as Demetrius. (Colin) Howes was an effectively fussy and elderly Egeus, and (John) Taylor made the most of the small part of Philostrate." Further praise was given to the characters that played the fairies, the leading roles here being played by John Drinkwater, Roger Lowery, and Jim McManus.

The success of this production seems to have been matched by the Junior Dramatic Society with their customary double bill. Mr Gray's efforts were profusely congratulated in Frank Winmill's report. Jim McManus was clearly the star of the first play: *The Farce of the Worthy Master, Pierre Pateilin*, giving a "virtuoso performance" in the part of a rascal lawyer. Other highly commended performances were from Simon Lowe, Brian Hancock, Michael Nott, Edward Dent and John Taylor. The second play was an even greater success as a production. *The Reluctant Dragon* (by Harcourt Williams, from a Kenneth Grahame story). The dragon was played by a combination of three actors, with Roger Adams providing the head, Trevor Nice the voice, and Robert Browning the rear end. Described by Frank Winmill as giving a "plaintive, harassed, rather public-school dragon a most engaging personality. Mr Winmill also acknowledged excellent performances from a "notable team of actors" including David Morris, Roger Lowery, Owen Easteal and David Hughes. But he reserved his highest praise for Mr PA Gray "who literally adorns everything he touches, for the colour and life he infused into his productions and for the happy co-operation that seemed to exist between all concerned."

A Triumph for Hardiman

The 1955 production of *The Tempest* was described by



Scenes from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* 1954. Photographs from Barbara Adshead

the reviewer Ernest Wigley, as "a triumph". His account of Terrence Hardiman's performance as Prospero leaves no doubt about the talent that, as we know, developed ultimately into a highly successful professional career. "Terrence Hardiman's Prospero deserves first praise. It was a performance that grew in power as the evening advanced. Clear, almost flawlessly-spoken, he rose to dominate the proceedings." Several of the supporting cast were also commended. In particular David Clarke's Alonso, Michael Stewardson's Antonio, John Drinkwater's Ferdinand. Stephen Rees, as Miranda, lived up to her description "admir'd Miranda" and her name. David Onwood's Caliban was "deservedly popular" and Bill Jamison, as Trinculo, "delighted the audience". The singing of David Sewell as Ariel, the accompanying music of Donald Ray and the off-stage singing of the madrigal group

added further to this outstanding performance. Mr Wigley concluded that this was "perhaps the most remarkable school performance I have seen." Reading his report makes you feel regret that video technology wasn't more advanced by then. The importance of this production is reflected in the

fact that it was the first occasion when photographs from a school play were used at the front of the *Roding* magazine.

The Junior play that year was entrusted to a new producer, Gordon Mead, who had been teaching geography at BHCHS since 1951. Instead of the customary one-act plays, he decided to present a full-length production, *Lady Precious Stream* by S.I. Hsiung. This was a Chinese traditional drama, and clearly the participants enjoyed themselves. According to Frank Winnill they "romped merrily through the play to give us all a delightful evening." Notable individual contributions were from John Rogers, John Gerish, Francis Day, Michael Nott, Robin Harrington, Graham Marson, Ian Forsyth, John Hudd, and Jim McManus (who deputised for someone else at short notice).

Behind the Scenes

The reviews in the school magazines make very little mention of events behind the scenes. The efforts of those people who dealt with scenery and lighting tend to be overlooked. John Hambley (1950) was one of the backstage stalwarts who was involved during this time. He tells me that like Phil Hughes [*The Play's the*

Thing, *OB News* November 2002] he was enthralled and intrigued by the complexities, intricacies and limitations of the Main Hall stage lighting board. John told me of one occasion when he attempted to create a switch that would speed up the dimming of some spotlights. Having experimented at home he successfully made the required switch. But he failed to take account of the difference between the domestic requirements of domestic lights and theatrical spotlights. The result was that the spotlights exploded in a shower of sparks during a dress rehearsal. John says he cannot remember what happened after that, but he was not flavour of the month!

But to return, finally, to the conventional on-stage drama, Terrence Hardiman's triumph in *The Tempest* did not conclude his acting at BHCHS. His decision to sit the Cambridge scholarship examination gave the school a further opportunity to enjoy his skill. This will be covered in the next edition, when we shall continue the story of school drama into the late 50s.

If you have any memories or photographs you would like to contribute for later parts of this series, please contact



The Tempest 1955

A Good Education (Part Two) By John Surrey

Many readers commented that they had been interested to read the extract from Professor John Surrey's autobiography that was published in the last edition. John wrote this originally for his grandchildren. Here he concludes his account of six years at BHCHS.



THANKS TO Mr. McCollin's teaching, the visits he organised to various industrial plants and commercial exchanges, and his insistence that we must understand the technological, political and economic roots of the industrial, agricultural and transport revolutions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, I passed the exams and won the School prize for economics. The latter was not too difficult with a new subject and few pupils. Sir 'Plum' Warner, the distinguished former cricketer who was awarding the prizes in the assembly hall, asked why I had chosen a famous art book (*The Story of Art* by Gombrich) rather than an economics textbook for my prize. I replied that I had a stronger personal interest in art and that it was the first book in my collection, and then withdrew quickly from the stage to avoid further embarrassing questions in the public gaze.

At the parent-teachers evening at the end of the summer term, Mr. McCollin seeded the idea with my parents that they should allow me to stay on a further year to take the new 'A' level exams in Economics, Economic History and Geography, try for a place at university, and also take the exams for entry to the executive grade of the civil service. My parents knew nothing about university — after all, no one they knew had ever been there — but they were easily persuaded that it would be better for me to be an executive officer than a clerk in the civil service — hitherto the height of their ambitions for me.

Although swollen with Mr. McCollin's confidence in me and the deal he had brokered with my

parents, I worried about the mountain of work involved in completing three 'A' level courses in one year rather than the normal two, plus European History as an extra (and for me difficult) subject for the civil service executive exams. The outcome was put in further jeopardy when I entered the Upper Sixth in September 1950 and was appointed School prefect and captain of Forest House. The duties these carried included playing cricket and football for the House teams as well as the School teams, cross-country training twice a week in winter after school, athletics training in summer after school, and organising and running House meetings. I also continued to attend meetings of the Art Society and the School Magazine committee, which I had been on since the age of fourteen. Then there were the normal duties of prefects - including supervising daily detentions! I was, in a nutshell, swamped with extra-curricular activities at a time when I had an unrealistic academic burden. It was my own fault, but I did not want to upset the headmaster, whom I respected and liked, by turning these things down.

The School's approach to education was not confined to formal education, but also attempted to prepare boys for later life by encouraging them to take an interest in sports, art, music and current affairs. The House system put each boy into one of four Houses all the time he was at the School. In this way, he got to know boys in each year up to the Upper Sixth, attended House meetings, and either played for the House teams in various sports events or turned out in support. Games and physical training were part of the curriculum and therefore mandatory, but there was no pressure upon those who did not like sports, music or art to show more than token interest. It was all done by encouragement and voluntary effort by teachers and the standard achieved by school teams was high. Many boys stayed after school to participate in various activities and the school teams usually played on Saturdays. From the age of fourteen to eighteen, the school playing field was for me virtually hallowed ground, even though the football pitches in winter, when not snow- or ice-

bound, were slippery slopes of thick clay, which weighed down one's boots like lead, and the cricket pitch hardly bore comparison with those when we were playing away games against public schools in the area. I am sure there would have been a revolt had anyone tried to sell off our playing field to some commercial concern, or ensure the School was empty by 4.00 p.m. on weekdays and closed on Saturdays, as has happened at so many comprehensive schools since the mid-1970s.

As far as athletics were concerned, I was not bad at some track and field events, but hopeless at gymnastics insofar as that involved swinging precariously on ropes and somersaulting over high boxes, hopefully landing with all parts intact on the other side. My performance in the gym improved only when such antics were abandoned with the introduction of basketball. On the track, I concentrated on the 100 yards in the juniors and the 220 yards later on. In field events, I liked mainly putting the shot and throwing the javelin, but was not much good at the high jump and pole vault. In all these events, I was an enthusiastic runner-up, not among the best in the School.

For the House Championship, it was important to get everyone in the House out for the six-mile cross-country race and for after-school training in the three winter months which preceded it. Being in the winter, the training runs were completely or partly in the dark over a course that included hills, fields, farm tracks, ditches and river crossings. As there were no track-suits and trainers in those days, we ran in a vest, shorts and thin plim-solls, often in snow, ice or rain. Hands and ears always felt frozen and the longer it took to complete the run, the less chance there was of getting a hot shower afterwards and the later you got home. We had a good school cross-country team, which did not include me: I was merely one of many 'also rans', there to increase the placings which counted for the House Championship. Nevertheless, we 'also rans' always ran the six mile course as fast as we could. This was in contrast with what I saw in March 2000, when our local com-

prehensive school initiated a one-mile run on flat ground without obstacles such as ditches and river crossings for boys aged 16- 18. As far as I could see, all the boys were walking rather than running, and generally walking slower than me.

The contrast was particularly strong when I compared the one-mile walkers with our six-mile runners after the devastating winter of 1947-48, when three months' overlay of thick snow and ice suddenly thawed and the Roding valley was extensively flooded. The only concession made was that the crossings of the river Roding, then some 8-10 feet deep, were ruled out. Half the course was through ice-cold flood water up to our knees and there were quite a few ditches to be crossed, in which the water was up to my chest. Teachers were placed at strategic intervals to rescue anyone who needed rescuing, but the great majority completed the course, there were no casualties except a few who fainted in the water, and there were no complaints afterwards that I heard of.

At soccer, I had more enthusiasm than close control of the ball, but I was relatively good at tackling, heading and had a strong and fairly accurate kick. These were sufficient to get me into the School junior team and later into the senior team, always playing at right back. Myself excluded, the school team contained some very good players, including especially the centre half (Bill Howard) who always seemed to be in the right place at the right time and provided strong support to his two backs. Home games always left us exhausted due to the sticky clay of the Roding valley and it was a long job to untie and clean our boots out in the raw wind before we could go inside and have a shower.

I learned to play cricket in Loxford Park (near Southbourne Gardens) when the wartime barrage balloons and allotments went and the park was again opened for playing. Lots of informal games of cricket were played there, especially at weekends and in school holidays, often until 8.00 p.m. with short breaks for lunch and tea in between. Cricket gear was in short supply, often old or makeshift. There were no prepared pitches and those we made

for ourselves were bumpy and treacherous. They were a school of hard knocks, but there was a good supply of schoolboy talent. Two boys I played with regularly were in the London County Council Schools team, one a fast bowler and the other a batsman. Each game was played with serious application and intent to win. The hard school of informal park cricket got me into the School's junior team as an all-rounder at fourteen and the senior team at sixteen. Some of the senior team also played in the Essex under-19 side, which then rejoiced in the name of 'Young Amateurs of Essex', conveying something of the ambience of cricket in the Home Counties at the time.

Cricket gear was expensive, so I had to make do with what my parents could afford. I got a pair of cricket boots only after I was invited to make up our teachers' side and was stumped after slipping over due to wearing old plimsolls. I got a cricket bat as a reward for doing well in the matriculation exams. Having no expectation until the last minute of staying on in the Sixth Form, at sixteen I became keen to play men's club cricket. In and around Ilford, there were a number of premier clubs with their own cricket ground and facilities, but by reputation, they were snooty and expected players to have all their own gear, which I did not have. Anyway, I went on my bike several times to watch Becontree Cricket Club play on their council-owned pitch. I liked what I saw, applied to join and was invited to play a couple of games on probation.

From then on, I played cricket for the School on Saturday and for Becontree on Sundays and Bank Holidays. I immediately liked the club players and the way they played. It was not that they were individually more talented than my school team, but they played harder. That is to say in trying to win they sought to get the opposing team out for the lowest possible score rather than a score they cheerfully hoped they could surpass; and if there was no chance of winning, our batsmen would 'dig themselves in' to avoid losing. After each game, we had a pint of beer in a local pub to celebrate a win or forget losing.

Mr. McCollin's arrival at the school in June 1949 opened up my other great outdoor interest of youth hostelling and fell walking. He arranged and took boys on youth hostelling trips, taught us map

reading and gave well-informed commentaries on the geographic, geological and economic background of the areas we visited. Unfortunately, it soon became evident that the few other teachers who accompanied us were not much good at sorting out the things that often go wrong on such trips, so Mr. McCollin increasingly delegated that role to one or two Sixth Formers, including myself. On the fells and on cycling tours, it is essential to have someone reliable at the back to ensure no one strays far behind or gets lost, to look after anyone who gets into difficulty, and to provide general support around the youth hostel, for example ensuring that boys are in bed and up on time, do their prescribed tasks, and are all present and correct before the group departs. Despite my various other extra-curricular activities, I gladly found time for the trips, including cycling round Wales and climbing Snowdon and Cadet Idris, two weeks hard fell walking in the Lake District when the upper fells were still snow covered, and weekend excursions to the North and South Downs. This generated a lifelong interest in fell walking which I pursued whenever I could up to the age of sixty, when a medical condition forced me to give up.

I consider all these extra-curricular activities a joyous part of my youth and splendid supplementation of my formal education. However, they were to be something of a self-imposed handicap when I entered the Upper Sixth, my final year at the School.

As to my performance in my final year, I suppose the outcomes were hardly surprising. Despite all the training, I was never going to do well in the six mile cross country race, but the ignominy was considerable for a House captain. I came 104th (almost last) compared with 44th when I was fourteen. Forest House did not win the House championship and there was no prize for coming second. The School cricket and football teams had good results, but to no significant extent due to my contributions on the field that year. I failed the civil service executive exams, with apologies to my parents. I passed only two of the 'A' level exams, both with mediocre marks, and failed in Economic History which was my best subject.

My only success was in gaining a place at the London School of Economics (LSE), I think largely because I had read and admired the writings of the eminent eco-

nomist historian who interviewed me (he was the kind of broad-minded intellectual I admired). The place at the LSE was conditional on my gaining three 'A' levels. Here, I should add that I so much wanted to go to the LSE, due to its then towering position in economic thought, that I did not bother to apply to any other university. It was the LSE or nothing.

My 'A' level results came through in mid-September 1951, by which time I had laboured on building sites for six weeks and felt much the better for it. Around my birthday in the previous March, I had registered for the compulsory two years' national service and passed the medical (as I found later, no one was failed unless a conspicuous part of their body was missing, had high-up connections, or were celebrity sportsmen with supposedly flat feet). I quickly considered the options when my 'A' level results arrived and realised that I could just finish national service in time to go to the LSE at the beginning of October 1953 if I joined up immediately and if I gained the 'A' level in Economic History within a year. I therefore lost no time in visiting the recruiting people, successfully resisted their pressure to get me to sign on for three or five years as the only way of getting into the RAF (I told them I would rather go into the Guards or the Pioneer Corps than serve more than two years), was finally accepted by the RAF for two years' national service, and was off to Padgate for 'kitting out', all within days of receiving the unwelcome 'A' level news.

To sum up, the education I received at Buckhurst Hill was good in the immediate post-war circumstances and excellent later, because of both the academic side and the extra-curricular activities. It was certainly good enough to get me through the matriculation exams and gave me confidence that, with a bit more effort, I could go to the university college of my choice, the LSE. The experience of being totally over-committed in the Upper Sixth, though shattering at the time, provided a salutary lesson which stood me in good stead later on: I was determined never to let it happen again.

A postscript is necessary on the fate of the School, and I draw on an account written by the headmaster at the time of the events that led up to the closure of the school in 1989:

"In the late 1970's there was a dip in the West Essex birth rate. Essex

County Council was under Government instructions to take out of service surplus school places. Accordingly, in 1986 they decided to close Ongar Comprehensive School and combine Buckhurst Hill CHS, Loughton CHS and Epping Forest CHS into one eleven-to-sixteen CHS on the Loughton CHS site and name it Roding Valley High School. The closure took effect in 1989, too soon for our school to avoid it by applying for grant maintained status, and too soon for the new buildings to be completed. Roding Valley High School opened on four different sites. The Buckhurst Hill building was sold to the Sikhs, who treasure our honours boards in the school hall as an inspiration to their own students. The birth rate had meanwhile risen sharply again, and children from the Buckhurst Hill area are bussed to Epping. Essex County Council tried without success to buy back the school from the Sikhs. The Council is now building a new comprehensive school in Debden. The staff at Buckhurst Hill CHS were scattered between other schools in the area."

With education planners like those, who needs enemies? In short, Buckhurst Hill CHS disappeared into a planner's Black Hole. Let us hope that the children of the local Sikh community derive as much benefit from the school as those of us who attended it between 1938 and 1989.

When he received his 'A' Level results, John immediately went into the RAF on national service, then re-took and passed the 'A' Level exam in Economic History, and in October 1953 started at the London School of Economics. Subsequently John joined the National Institute of Economic & Social Research. He then went on to set up an energy research group in the Science Policy Research Unit at Sussex University where he was awarded the title Professorial Fellow. In this position, John was, for many years, a senior advisor to successive governments prior to

Crossword solution

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Where are they now?

Derek Hudson (1938)



I have happy memories of BHCHS and some of the pranks we got up to on the train to and from Ilford and South Woodford. I left BHCHS at the start of the war and then attended grammar schools in Canterbury, Eastbourne, Hitchin, Birmingham, Melton Mowbray and Romford. I moved around quite a lot living part of the time with Aunts and more distant members of the family as my parents were separated and subsequently divorced. I left the Romford school at the age of 16 and spent a year in Accountancy before returning to Acton Technical College where I passed the external Matric exam. I returned to accountancy but was called up into the Royal Naval Air Service and spent two years in England servicing the naval versions of the Spitfire and Mosquito. Once that finished I went back into accountancy and qualified as a Chartered Accountant in 1951. I remained in the profession, based in the UK but managed business trips to Holland, Bahrain, Kuwait, Delhi, Bangkok, Kuala Lumpur and Singapore. I married in 1955 but sadly my wife died at the end of last year. We had three children, two boys and a girl all of whom are pursuing successful careers in the Actuarial and Accountancy professions. I have six lovely grandchildren of whom I am very proud. These days I live in a flat overlooking the river at Kingston upon Thames and continue to work in my profession on a part time basis.

Ivan Paternoster (1938) I started school in Walthamstow at Chapel End School, and from there went to Sir George Monoux Grammar School, September 1938. I lived just around the corner from that school. In September 1939 I was evacuated with that school, and in early 1941 was with them in Leominster, Herefordshire. By that time

my parents had been bombed out and had moved to Theydon Bois. They arranged for me to come home and transfer to BHCHS. I began in spring term '41 in 3c. Autumn term of '41 I was promoted to 4b, and finished from 5b in 1943, now back in Walthamstow. The only name I recognised from the website was Everitt, who I believe was our only student from out near Ongar. Names of students are vague and mostly only nicknames. From 3c Dick Wheatley is one name, and I met him years later in Walthamstow where he was then working at the Town Hall. Later when I worked with Unilever there was one ex-student from a year or two behind me who also worked there. I forget his name. Spellings may be inaccurate, but remembering seating in form 5b with Mr May as our Form Master, here are some surnames, Walker, Bryett, Cousins, Lightfoot, Bracey, Pitteway, and Everitt. Reading from the website of Joe Shillito having a mosquito named after him brought back a memory.

While evacuated with Monoux school we had a short history teacher affectionately called "Little Bud" or Buddy Watson. I was surprised to see him walking down Roding Lane heading for school, to become our history teacher. He dictated notes, and I had my brother's note books from Monoux which were about word perfect. I was an inferior athlete in most sports, above average in cross-country, but still not a star. There were two Essex junior champions in the school at that time. I believe it was Bryett who was the sprinter/all rounder. In the A class was the other, I forget his name but I believe it was javelin throwing. With two friends from our church club, I joined the Herts and Essex Wheelers Cycling Club around 1949. I was one of their slowest riders at 25 miles, but did better as the miles increased. I rode in the North Road 24 hour in September 1951. After about 30 minutes I had another rider on a two-wheeler pass me. The man who started one minute behind me was a tri-cyclist, so I knew I had been overtaken by 2 minutes after just 30 minutes. I finished up being the first Herts and Essex rider to pass the 400 miles in 24 hours. A few months later in Lagos, Nigeria, I was told there was another crazy cyclist I should meet. He was from Sheffield and working

with the Nigerian Railway. I was new with Lever Bros in Apapa, Lagos. As we got talking I learned he was that rider who started two minutes behind me in the North Road. With other interested cyclists we started a cycling club, with just my bike to ride. From this contact I was to meet the young American woman who became my wife in 1956 in Detroit, MI, USA. Probably in the mid 1980's in Tahoua, Niger, I met a young man who had gone to BHCHS some years after I had. He was out with a different mission group, but gave me the first news I had had in years of Roding Lane. I do not remember his name. I believe he was the son of a preacher and he told me there was a Christian student group meeting at BHCHS, and I believe his Dad was involved. Perhaps that is enough for you to identify that young man. I had not heard of the merger with the Loughton Lizzies. My sister, Sheila Paternoster, went there for a time before we moved back to Walthamstow.

[Can anyone identify himself as the person that Ivan met in Tahoua? – Ed]

ville in *Open all Hours*) for the princely sum of 30/- a week! After a few weeks and many miles later I took another fill-in job as a junior clerk with a firm of shipping agents in Fenchurch Street and finally started my chosen career in early 1947. National Service in the Royal Air Force intervened in September 1948 and as I was already under training as a draughtsman I was sent for a trade test to none other than RAF Chigwell – small world! Somehow I managed to pass the rather stiff test and consequently spent my National Service as a Draughtsman on an enhanced rate of pay – 8/- a day! By the time I was demobbed in 1950 my old firm had reorganized and moved to Chadwell Heath in Essex, the drawing office going to Walthamstow, and they could only offer me a position in their sales office which I accepted intending to look elsewhere to further my career as a draughtsman. For various reasons this did not occur until five years later, by which time I had met my future wife Joy (at that time a Nursery Nurse at Dr. Barnados in Woodford Bridge), married, (my old school chum Gordon Beaven was



Peter Mason writes.... This was taken in May 04 when I was about to be taken for a flight in an ex-RAF Bulldog by a friend of mine who flew down from Biggin Hill for the day. We flew down over the Severn Estuary into S.Wales - he let me fly it most of the time which brought back memories of my own flying days - and on the way back we did a few aerobatics including a gut-wrenching 3.5G loop (No, I didn't need the sickbag!)

Peter Mason (1941) When I left BHCHS in 1946 I managed, through a family friend, to obtain a position as a junior trainee draughtsman with a London firm of scientific instrument manufacturers. Unfortunately the vacancy was twelve months away so in the meantime I took a temporary job as a cycle-borne delivery boy for a Chigwell grocer (shades of Gran-

our best man) moved to Woolwich and we were already awaiting our first addition and needing to increase our income! In spite of the five year break from a drawing office I managed to obtain a position as a telecommunications draughtsman with Siemens Bros & Co. of Woolwich (later AEI Ltd.) and after the arrival of two further sons moved to Selsdon near Croydon. In 1968 AEI was bought out by GEC

who offered me a similar position in Coventry but as we didn't wish to interrupt our sons' education I instead joined Mullard Ltd. at Mitcham (part of the Philips empire) where I later became totally involved with the then relatively new technology of Computer Aided Design.

In the meantime my eldest son Paul had joined the ATC Squadron at RAF Kenley where I also became involved as a Civilian Instructor, subsequently obtaining a commission in the RAFVR(T) and eventually becoming the Squadron's Commanding Officer, enjoying many happy years of adventure training with the cadets in Snowdonia, summer camps at various RAF stations etc. I also managed to persuade my long suffering wife to allow me to spend part of my redundancy payment from AEI in realizing a lifelong ambition and subsequently qualified for a private pilot's license at nearby Biggin Hill.

After twenty one years with Philips they decided to close the Mitcham facility and I was once again redundant at the age of fifty nine! Wondering whether we could afford my early retirement I was approached by the nearby civil engineering (about which I knew nothing) firm of Balfour Beatty who were interested in my CAD experience and I consequently joined them almost immediately, working mainly on the Channel Tunnel project, until my retirement in 1995. Various part time and voluntary jobs followed until in 2001, we moved to a new bungalow just outside Chippenham in Wiltshire, where we are both happy making new friends and taking part in new activities more suited to our septuagenarian status! A far cry from those early years spent "by

Derek Farthing (1944) I was at BHCHS from the summer term in 1945 (I should have been in the previous September intake, but we were evacuated at the time) until the summer term of 1949. I was actually one of the trial pupils for the "Remove" stream, removing a whole year from the timetable by condensing the syllabus from 4 years to 3, so that we could take the School Certificate and Matriculation examination a year early - which we did! As a result, I spent 2 terms in the Lower Sixth (Modern), when I left to go to training college, as I then went on to become a seafarer - and travelled virtually all over the world before finally returning to UK in July 1959, and getting married in August 1959 - and we are still together, which is not very common these days. We have been Suffolk residents since 1961.

Mike Verlander (1951) I have been living in SE Asia for about 7 years, initially in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia then Jakarta, Indonesia for the past 5 years. I work for a German company which makes machines and equipment for the pulp and paper industry and cover the SE Asia area plus Australia and New Zealand for sales and applications. It's a long story how I came from a poor Manchester geography degree to what I do now and I won't bore you with it!

Richard Lucas (1956) Having spent a fairly rebellious time at BHCHS (I remember several meetings between my posterior and Spud's cane wielded by a strong right arm, as well as numerous Saturday detentions) I left in 1962 after one year in the sixth form. There followed a series of fairly mundane jobs including office boy, estate agent, petrol pump attendant and salesman. In 1969 I moved to Dorset where I met my wife who was training to be a teacher. I decided that teaching was where my future lay too. I began my teacher training at Weymouth College of Education in 1971, qualifying in 1973. After 5½ years of teaching in Dorset, I was appointed as a Deputy Head in East London and 18 months later was appointed as the Head Teacher of what was to become one of the largest primary schools in England. In 1996 I was appointed as a "parachute" Head, being sent into the most challenging schools to support them and "turn them round". I took early retirement in 2002 and became a consultant head teacher undertaking the same role, but on a freelance basis and am currently employed in Greenwich where I have just taken my seventh school out of Special Measures. I am sure that anyone who remembers me will be astonished that the poacher has turned gamekeeper!

David Cox (1957) I am married to Sue (née Cawthorn) from Woodford CHS. Two children aged 28 and 31. We have lived in Bournville, Birmingham since 1970. I am a Professor and Associate Dean at the University of Central England and part-time Chair of South Birmingham Primary Care Trust. I've been a born-again cyclist since I was about 30 and regularly commute and ride with a local club at weekends.

Peter Goody (1957) Having been privy to some of Graham's tenacious searching for Old Bucks I encourage you all to help. I have

been named by Alan Vickers, Phil Chesterton, and latterly Ray Orpin so I can confess to being one of the BHCHS ex-pats now living in Norfolk. I started in 1957 enduring a continual London Transport nightmare journey each day, 102, 145, 38, 167. The encouragement to continue being to share some of the journey with girls from Woodford County High! Having spent 30 years in BT it shows my time with FAS, and Miss Blomfield, Eric (I'm always in a hurry) Franklin and latterly Mr. Tilley, was not wasted. I remember with distaste cross country runs but enjoyed supporting Roding House in Hockey, Baseball and Shot Put. Entered the GPO and soon (by luck) joined one of the élite Outside Broadcast teams. First job, based at Wembley Stadium transmitting most of the World Cup matches. Tennis, horse racing, cricket, royal occasions, all pass into history. Many moves later ended up an office bound manager sorting staff problems and paperwork. So I took early retirement to become a business manager for a local charity in East London. Now fully retired to Norwich and enjoying cruising the Broads.

Colin Redman (1957)



On leaving school at the tender age of 16, I began a surveying career with a firm in Westminster and pursued my studies on day release at South West Essex Technical College, now known I believe as Waltham Forest College. My family moved to Sussex in 1963 so I completed my day-release studies at Chichester in Sussex and Ewell in Surrey whilst employment took me firstly to Brighton and Worthing. I qualified as a Chartered Surveyor in 1967 and my career reverted to London. Having run my own business for a while, I found myself at Cluttons in the 1970s, where I became a partner. For 26 years now I have been employed by The Grosvenor Estate where, during the 1990s, I was

fortunate to have led the team managing the London Estates. Four years ago I largely left surveying behind to take up the position of Director of Trusts for the Grosvenor family - a fascinating position that takes me to some of the lovelier parts of the country and keeps my mind exercised in the worlds of art, investments, sporting estates, agriculture, archive, family matters and still some urban estate management. I consider myself blessed to have had such an interesting career and often think back to my days at BHCHS and how fortunate I was to receive such a good broad education, to get me started. I have read in recent years about Grahame Eales and Dave Thame but I often wonder what happened to some of my old school chums such as Peter Reason, Peter Chew, Peter Cook, Dave Conway, Rodney Jude and Stanley Banks. Other names I remember are J Boon; M Carroll; R Cumber; R Peters; G Derrett; R Orpin; M Seabrook; C Boyden; E Pflanz; D Cakebread; R Delahaye. Does anybody have any news of them? Along the way I married Andrea, a Sussex girl, and we have a daughter of 29 working in investment management in the City and a son of 26 who sells promotional goods to companies. Andrea and I moved to central London two years ago and we are thoroughly enjoying life in the capital.

I would love to hear from any of you on colin.redman@grosvenor.com

Paul Harris (1960) I was at BHCHS from 1965 to 1967 - having moved from Bournemouth Grammar School. I did Maths, Physics and Chemistry A-levels, and when I left, went to Queen Mary College, University of London to do a BSc (Chemistry) and then a PhD in synthetic organic chemistry. I then got a job at Boots The Chemists in Nottingham as a Research Chemist, where I have been, on and off, ever since. I moved towards Computational Chemistry and Molecular Modelling, then got "TUPed" to BASF when Boots Pharmaceuticals gave up the ghost, only to be made redundant in 1998. I then rejoined Boots The Chemists - this time in their IT Department, running teams within Technical Support. In 2002, the whole IT function was outsourced to IBM - and I now work for IBM Global Services. My wife, too, is a chemist - teaching A-level. Our daughter is now 28, having read Mathematics. My interests include walking and back-packing, cycling and tandemming, brewing wine and beer - and music of most descriptions; - and a rapidly-increasing interest in retirement!

Simon Tatnall (1970)



I left BHCHS in 1977 and drifted into a bank – big mistake! My artistic temperament was stifled and the restrictions were intolerable. I found the rigid 9-5 (7-7 with travelling) lifestyle terribly stressful and had a huge Reggie Perrin-like desire to escape. I did not concentrate too well. I once 'lost' £20,000. My instructions should have read ...blah blah Park Avenue... but I had put blah blah Park Bench! The money did not arrive. People were rather cross with me. When my wife became pregnant we discussed a role swap and decided it might work for us. As a teacher working locally she would see our child more than I would as a bank clerk. I would have the time to write the music flowing through me. She did see Emma (my first daughter) more than I would have done.....I did not have time to write music! Looking after children (if done properly) is a full time job. Being a conscientious 'House Husband' I got up at night, I washed, I cleaned, I cooked and I took Emma (then Lawrence...then Jennifer!) to playgroup. This last was a revelation! They were called 'Mums and Toddlers' groups in those days (20 years ago) and this confused my daughter a little. I was the centre of attention and all the mothers wanted to look after me! I was actually involved in the round of coffee mornings and the support that mothers of small children give to each other like babysitting etc. In those days house husbands were rare, and ones that chose to do it rather than having it forced on them due to unemployment, even rarer.

Eventually Jennie (last daughter!) went to school.

Now was the time to explore the music. Luckily I made a mistake! I believed that I could not go to Music College without 2 grade 8 distinctions. I found theory easy and knew that was no problem but where to find another subject? I played the oboe at Buckhurst Hill in the orchestra and dragged it out of the attic and dusted it off. Three weeks later I put it back up there again – the neighbours thought I was the local duck strangler!

What next to try? I remembered my mother hearing me sing and saying 'your voice could be good with a bit of training'. Off I went to a singing teacher who told me I had a lot of potential. Two years of hard work (3-4 hours a day) later I got the grade 8 distinction I thought I needed. I gained a place at Trinity College of Music to study composition which was based on my portfolio and not on my qualifications! Zip forward 5 years. I have a degree from Trinity but also have started to sing professionally which would never have happened without the mistaken belief in Grade 8 distinctions. Zip forward another 2 years. I have worked for so many small opera companies and travelled all over the country so thought it would be easier if I started my own company to sing locally. If I had known then how much hard work it is running your own company I would probably not have started. But now I have been recognised by the Medway council as their local professional opera company and have received lottery funding for a tour of Kent villages and the work is flowing in. If any readers are within an hour of Gillingham, Kent we are worth coming to listen to as I have some wonderful singers.

The children make me incredibly proud. Emma has an English degree and is studying for an MA in creative writing. Lawrence is half way through a music degree and will be a professional trombone player. Jennie may follow in my footsteps (leaving out the bank bit!) and become a professional singer. My wife is wonderful. She gave me the freedom to explore my musical career and we approach our 25th Anniversary next year.

I still compose and get some commissions so if anyone out there wants some original music let me know. And finally if anyone wants a classy concert with professional singers performing opera and show songs we will travel to most places. My rates are incredibly reasonable and old boys and masters get a discount unless they were the ones who threw board rubbers at me!

Cyril Johnson remembered

I had several responses to the item in the last edition about Cyril Johnson, the history teacher who was tragically killed in a flying accident while on National Service and whose son Keith Johnson (unborn at the time of the accident) contacted me recently for information about his father. Here are a couple of the items.

Fred Haslock (1939) wrote this letter to Keith Johnson (*I am grateful to both parties for their permission to publish this*)

I read in the May 2004 edition of *OB News* that you were looking for information about your Dad.

He was my history master for a year. I joined BHCHS in 1939 as an eleven year old. The school did not reopen, because of the war, until 1940. Mr Johnson taught me in my second year. He was a lovely teacher, very knowledgeable, kind and helpful. He was young, very athletic, and full of energy.

On one occasion we had a quiz in class, it must have been the end of the summer term. One of the questions was: "Name the capital of Egypt." My hand shot up. "Cairo," I said. Then, being over-confident, added "and it is spelt C-A-R-I-O." Your dad gave me a point for Cairo then took away a point for "diabolical spelling." I felt hard done by. Later in the quiz I answered a difficult question correctly and he gave me an extra point. I guess he was making up for the mark I had lost earlier – he was always a very fair man.

In the early days at the school all the staff were men and most of them young. Gradually they were called up but we looked forward to their return. None of us expected the war to last as long as it did.

Your dad was the first member of staff to die, and it came as a very real shock to us. He was so popular and so greatly liked and respected. When the Headmaster broke the news to us at Assembly I wasn't the only one in tears.

There was a small framed photo of your dad on the wall in the corridor just outside the Assembly Hall. It was there when I left the school in 1945 and was still there when I returned in 1950. I did not return again for another twenty years but by then the photograph had gone. At first I was angry, but then I realised that by then nobody at the school would have known your

father. All the original staff had left and the longest serving member of staff was the school secretary, who had not started at the school until 1945.

I have found a reference to your father in the school magazine for July 1943 when he was serving in Rhodesia. I have enclosed a copy of this article.

It was lovely to hear of the link to Mr Johnson. When I was a pupil we knew little about the private lives of our teachers. I must have known, when I heard about your father's death, that he was married and had two children, but it did not register with me at the time.

I can still picture your dad in class, as I can many of our old teachers. He was one who really earned our respect and affection, and history was far from being my best subject.

With sincerest best wishes.

Geoff Carver (1939) wrote...

When Spud announced in a morning assembly that Cyril Johnson had been killed in a flying accident I can remember feeling extremely sad. CJ had been a favourite teacher, a man whose enthusiasm for his subject was contagious and who certainly evoked in me a life-long interest in the subject.

Cyril Johnson, as I recall, was tall, athletic and quietly humorous. He smiled a lot - perhaps a wry smile sometimes - and was a patient teacher. However it was unwise to attempt to take advantage of his good nature because he maintained a firm discipline although I can only remember one occasion when he really "lost his cool". On sports afternoons, usually Wednesdays, he combined the multiple roles of referee/umpire, coach and goad to the unwilling/un-athletic.

I hope there will be other contributors helping to build up a picture of the man who, for me, was inspirational and unforgettable although, at this distance in time - over 60 years - the finer details become a little hazy.

From the Editor's Postbag.....

Confusing and wasteful

David Lincoln (1955-60)

Thanks for sending me a copy of *OB News*. It is interesting to recall the names of fellow students from what is now the distant past. It brings back memories of dirty uniforms, ink and chalk, muddy soccer pitches, poor teachers and generally undisciplined pupils. For me, not a pleasant period of my life nor unpleasant, but very confusing and wasteful.

I don't wish to subscribe to *OB News* but I am happy for you to give my address or telephone number to anyone who might request it before I move from "F" to "D".

[I traced David Lincoln in Australia after a couple of tentative clues from Mike Davies and Mike Nash – both 1955 – led me to the remarkable discovery that I live almost directly opposite one of David Lincoln's sisters! – ed]

RAF Initiation

Geoffrey Hawker (1940-45)

Peter Godfrey's article (*OB News*, May 2004) "In Uniform at Last" reminds me of another ATC unit, namely 1591 Flight, formed at the School in 1943 under the command of Pilot Officer Bateman. We were short on numbers, so under 14s were recruited "sans uniform" - at least until it was decided that we were to be inspected by a visiting Squadron Leader (or it may have been Wing Commander), whereupon spare uniforms miraculously appeared and we youngsters were rushed into them!

Training consisted mainly of foot drill (no weapons) in the Playground, practising the Morse Code in one of the Science Labs and lectures on "theory of flight" and "navigation", the latter involving the preparation and display on the School notice board of weekly star recognition charts. There were also

the odd weekend trips to Fairlop and, in the summer of 1945 a well-remembered fortnight's "camp" at an RAF Station in Norfolk (Halton or Coltishall - I cannot now remember, but the journey on a special steam-driven troop train all over the pre-Beeching East Anglian railway system is still fresh in my mind).

For the rest, one's first flight was, of course, memorable, as was our introduction to the Short Lee-Enfield rifle and the wretched Sten gun. We only once reached the firing range where we were issued with .22 rifles - but there weren't enough of those to go around, so the two biggest boys (myself included) had to use .303s - the "kick" was awful, but the experience stood me in good stead when later conscripted for National Service.

Left or Right?

Michael Standen (1948-54)

Among the items in the last *OB News* I particularly noted the obituary of Vera Crook. When I arrived at BHCHS I had the good fortune to be in Form 1C. In the hierarchical world of the period that sounded (in a three-form entry) bottom of the pile. But for some reason that year the first forms took the first letter of the form teacher's surname - 1C was 1 Crook, 1W was 1 Watkinson and 1G 1 Goodyear. I was to go on to 2R (the Remove?!) and then things settled into 3A. I dimly recall reflecting that if I went 'down' to 4B it would mean my school career would spell CRAB. It was to be 4A in fact.

In the decades since, Vera Crook as a teacher stayed in my memory, kind and understanding as she was. For many in 1948 having a woman teaching in a boys' secondary school seemed somewhat *infra dig*. This never occurred to me. The one discrete rather than warm general memory I

have of her was being asked to stay behind at break. She must have pondered my handwriting and come to the conclusion that my primary school had forced me to use my right hand when I was by nature left-handed. Metaphorically maybe - but the right hand was the right hand which I demonstrated by using my left. Her theory evaporated but after my embarrassment at the time, it came to me that all had been done with kind intent. Teachers teach us by what they are as well as by the lesson-plans aimed at the key-stage targets of the present dispensation.

Mistaken identity

Tony Pettit (1945-50)

Sorry to have to say but the last edition contained a rather fundamental error in the article *All the World's a Stage*. Yes, there was a Pettit in the cast of *The Zeal of thy House* but it was me, Anthony R. Pettit and not my brother John Dennis Pettit (Jack) who could not have acted himself out of a paper bag. He was, however, a super athlete, cricketer etc, and long since departed these shores and every other shore for the great unknown.

The part I had the dubious pleasure of playing was that of the Lady Ursula de Warboise and in flowing robes over grazed knees and wearing one of those conical hats with gauze all over the place, I had a terrible time with sundry senior pupils bent on no good at all...thank goodness for all the cross-country run training and the ability to punch above my weight. I was never asked to act in any subsequent productions as my voice broke along with my teeth. Oh, those were the days. I must be one of those who absolutely loved my time at Buckhurst Hill and can still sing the School Song.

Keep up the good work.

Naughty boy made good

Roy Skinner (Physics 1970-78)

It's amazing to see what happened to all my old students. I can't believe that naughty little boy Dave Murray is now in charge of aeroplanes as a squadron leader. I am blown away! I would be glad if Old Boys wanted to contact me.

skinnerr@murdochcollege.wa.edu.au

Joyce Newport

Roger Stevens (1951-55)

On reading the May 2004 edition of *OB News* about a female teacher I realised that my Aunt Joyce Bard later Joyce Newport taught at the school during the war. She later moved to Cornwall and became headmistress of a school which I believe was probably private as it was attended by diplomats' children and the like. She was involved all her life with the Royal Geographical Society and was awarded a gold medal for her work.

Sadly she died about ten years ago.

Plea from Epping

David Collis (1956-61)

I would like to bring to your attention - and other interested OBs - the situation concerning the possible redevelopment of St. John's School in Epping. The local school here is failing, but the council in their wisdom wanted to demolish the local sports centre, build a new school (to incorporate a new sports centre) on *green belt* and 200 new houses on the old school site. So far the plans to build the new sports centre have been voted down - what happens next I do not know.

Why build a new school when Buckhurst Hill is sitting there apparently grossly under-used? Apparently, a sizeable number of pupils are bussed in every day from East London to St John's School, Epping so Buckhurst Hill would be closer.

(Continued on page 22)

(Continued from page 21)

To my mind it would make greater sense for Essex County Council to re-purchase our old school and leave the Green Belt green. If anybody had the sense not to go to St John's they could be bussed from Epping hopefully to a decent school.

I do hope your readers find this proposition of interest – we could do with some golfers coming through!

Libellous captions

Colin Woodfine (1958-65)

Having mulled long and hard over your last edition, I have decided that I can no longer give you a free hand to abuse your organ. No!! Not that one - your News thingy. How could you invite the intelligentsia of this fair land to mock a poor school-boy, by submitting lewd, scurrilous and possibly libellous captions to an innocent moment in his life? It is beyond the pale! The story behind that incriminating photograph must be told.

Casting my dim memory (it has not changed a bit) back those forty-odd years. I recall those long sultry days of summer prior to the end of term. The annual plague of demob fever was running rampant through the denizens of the Roding Valley. Previous Sunday lunch times had been spent listening to the educational radio programmes such as *The Navy Lark*; a weekly diary following the heroic goings-on of our illustrious Senior Service. Oft the intrepid crew of *HMS Troutbridge* would visit the exotic location of Onabushka (spell check no good here). Wishing to show affinity with the noble inhabitants the 'gang' planned a celebration in their honour. The brains of the outfit, according to one master, was a certain Ian 'Footso' McKinley (so called because of the size of his plates) - an itinerant passing through. whilst his father was stationed at RAF North Weald. He was assisted by Richard Thomas, whose true sadistic nature only came to light some years later when

he joined the mob (or HM Customs and Excise as it is euphemistically known). The third - yes you have guessed it - was myself; a mere pawn in their manipulative hands.

There was to be an Onabushka Day at BHCHS.

Not knowing the National flower we took the liberty of choosing chickweed to embellish our buttonholes. This was fortuitous as there was a particularly fine crop growing in the abandoned allotment at the back of my house. It was then that we lit upon the idea of conferring the Honour of the Garter on the unsuspecting Mr Pembleton (see photo evidence, thanks to Graham). I can only assume that he was chosen for this accolade because he was such a nice bloke. Anyway, a speech was written (I just wish we had rehearsed it), the chickweed distributed and the class prepared for the arrival of the guest of honour. He was totally unfazed by the mass of floral tribute sprouting from every part of the room and took in good humour the attempted presentation. It was at this stage that things went horribly pear-shaped as 'those at the back' failed to respond to the speech as planned. Instead, they instigated their personal diversions from the school syllabus to produce a contemporary, but vertically challenged version of the Tower of Babel. Proceedings were swiftly brought to an end and all participants invited to return to their desks. I recall on a second occasion that we presented another master with a box of 'Soviet Krispies' to celebrate the Russian space success. A box of Cornflakes was painted red and a photograph of Yuri Gagarin inserted. Who was that lucky recipient? The gang was soon to be separated under the guise of streaming, but I have long suspected a cunning collusion on behalf of the authorities to nip subversion in the bud. Having my buds nipped at that tender age certainly had a profound affect on the rest of my school days. Somehow the element of fun was lost. Well, I feel a lot better now.

More mistaken identity

Bryan AV Brown (1945-1950)



The real Bryan AV Brown: a self-portrait taken in 1950

I am delighted to say that someone has stolen my identity. In the photo of the 2nd XI football team of 1948-9 [OB News May 2004] I am wrongly captioned as not only having been picked for that team but represented by a fellow pupil who was clearly more handsome than I.



Not Bryan AV Brown. Who is he?!

This also means that I have got my name in print which, as a person devoid of sporting achievement, civil accolade or even having been escorted into a van with a blanket over my head, is a rare achievement in itself. Alas I cannot identify the football player sitting in my seat.

Having reached the 70th year of my life, which is a doubtful celebration shared now by the immediate post war intake of 1945, I am in good health which I put down to being poor at sport. I define good health at 70 as still being able to put my socks on whilst standing up. Since I was a good 6ft tall early on in my life, due I think to the provision of a compulsory intake of daily

school milk, I was at first useful in goal since I could actually reach the cross bar. I did not enjoy this position, as it could entail standing still in a snowstorm that prevented me seeing up field or attempting a diving save into the mud bath of the goal mouth and sliding on an extra yard like a surfboard. Disgruntled science masters co-opted into supervising such games would turn out in overcoat scarf and hat and occasionally turn reluctantly to face the direction of play and no doubt constantly ask themselves "what am I doing here?"

Then there was that great heavy wet leather ball! I had seen an Ilford full back called Fleet head a high lobbing ball straight back up field where it came from. I tried it once and think that it did halt any further growth. I collapsed onto the floor and remembered too late that so had Fleet. I did also have a meeting with a javelin. We were shown how to return them by sliding them back along the grass. The master forgot a key step in his instruction and when I stopped one with my foot I found that it was point first. Still no problem. A quick spit and wipe and let's get on. It made National Service a doddle. Having complained of the cold at Hednesford I was sent to the Middle East. For years when asked where I did my two years and I said "Basra", and no one had any idea where that was. They do now!

Coming Soon

Thanks to everyone who sent me interesting material for the item about the school swimming pool. The feature originally planned for this edition is now held over until next time. And readers of Tony Jolly's Gin Corner will be pleased to know this is planned to return in the next edition. I am grateful to Tony for agreeing to defer his column. Finally, apologies to a number of others who were expecting to see various other items - all are listed for future publication. Your comments about OB News and ideas for future articles are always welcome.

Small World 2

Mel Nosworthy (1954) writes.... "Whilst I was in the Royal Navy, I was at a hotel in Singapore having a few drinks with a motley crowd and discussing school dinners. Someone mentioned "spuds" and then went on to mention "Spud Taylor" the Head Master at his old school – BHCHS." We believe **Alan Banks (1956)** was the other party.

Simon Porter (1964) remembers a fishing trip in Hartlepool, more than 35 years ago. He decided to take a break from fishing and walk around the pier. He bumped into **John Whaler (staff 1959-89)**. John was not fishing, but just enjoying the air. Simon tells me he didn't know who was more surprised, but that John regained his composure more quickly and chatted amiably. It was a small incident but it served to increase Simon's respect and admiration for John.

Roy Tindle (1954) writes... "I was sad to notice that **David Adshead** had died recently. His last year was the year that I joined but we met up again at New College, London - where I briefly read theology. Again he was in the final year. I remember how we regaled the entire student body with a very faithful rendition of the School Song. It was surprisingly well received - they threw food at us."

Earlier this year, I continued the rather gruesome task of checking death records at our local family records office. I discovered that **Keith Brewster** and **Robert Browning**, both of whom started at BHCHS in 1952, had died within a few months of each other in 1990. Checking their details in the school rolls revealed that they were born on the same day and sat in consecutive desks in Mr Harris's form 1B.

Obituary

Alan Clark

*Alan Clark was a pupil at BHCHS from 1944-49. After leaving school he joined Bensons advertising agency. He served in the Parachute Regiment during his National Service and became a colonel. After this he returned to advertising and eventually became Managing Director of Masius Wynne Williams and then their President. On retiring in 1986 he started a new company, The Brochure Works, and finally retired in 1995. He is survived by his wife Suzy, three children and two grandchildren. We are grateful to **Roy Goswell** who has provided this tribute to an old friend whose final illness prevented the two from meeting up after many years.*

HAVING faced up to Alan Clark's terrible illness and subsequent death, I have reflected on memories of happy days at BHCHS and the immediate years after leaving school. We shared a fascination with cycling and joined local clubs to enable us to participate in races.

Our first was the Hainault Road Club where, as juniors, we raced in time trials and at Matching Green in the regular Sunday fast and furious dashes around a disused WW2 airfield. Our interest and attention was focussed on the European scene and our heroes were Fausto Coppi, Gino Bartali of Italy and the Frenchmen Bobet, Robic and Jacques Marinelli.

From this focus on the European scene we left the time-trialling and massed start racing of the Hainault Road Club and joined the elite British League of Racing Cyclists' Romford Road Club where several professional riders such as Dave Bedwell and Derek Buttle took us under their wing as promising juniors. Winter training rides to the south coast in all weathers were the order of the day and we enjoyed the team spirit of this famous club.

Working together at advertising agents S.H. Benson, where we were placed by the school careers advisors, enabled us to pursue our sport, sometimes cycling to the office in Kingsway.

Our first competition was the Junior Weston Super

Mare two day stage race. It seems improbable that we cycled down to Weston Super Mare and back during Easter 1949 battling a strong head-wind and rain the whole way down and then went on to race 50

miles per day for two days. Needless to say our result was not good and our performance was not the usual Romford success (Romford riders had won the previous year's race!)

I had lost touch with Alan many years ago, and we got back in touch through the Old Buckwellians Association in 2002. We had planned to meet last year but due to hospital visits and illness we missed out. We again planned to meet this summer, when as Alan put it in a letter "we old codgers would discuss past events for some hours". Unfortunately it was not to be, to my regret.

We did enjoy those happy days and they are a lasting memory for me of a good friend, team-mate and colleague.

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

William D Colvin (1938) died in 1990. He lived in Ipswich.

John Chapman (1939) died about 1968 (information from Gordon Forster).

Michael R Spinks (1940) died November 2003 from cancer. He lived in Ilkley, West Yorkshire and had been a member of the OBA since 2001. [More information about Michael in *OB News May 2002*].

Peter Bullman (1941) died about 1984 (information from Bob Horne).

Donald Knights (1941) died in 1995 - information from his brother Ken Knights (1943)

Bert Warner (1942) died May 2004 after a long illness - information from Fred Manning. Bert lived in Epping and had been a long-standing member of the OBA.

Ken Shave (1942) died May 2003. He lived at Minehead.

Colin Clapp (1944) died 16 Mar 2004. Colin

lived in Harlow and had been a member of the OBA since 2001. He was the younger brother of Drummond Clapp (1940).

George Milburn (1945) died in March 2004 while nearing the end of a six week holiday in New Zealand. George was a former Head Prefect and a long-standing member of the OBA.

Michael P Hills (1948) died March 2004. Lived in Colchester and we had traced him only a month earlier.

Keith R Brewster (1952) died in 1990. He lived in Leeds.

Robert J Browning (1952) died in 1990. He lived in Gloucester.

Andrew Crowson (1954) died May 2000 from cancer (information from his sister).

Audrey Howell (Lab Technician 1972-77) died May 2004 after a short illness - information from Heather Wilson.

Joseph Bright (1977) died suddenly on 20 June 2004 (information from Dave Johnstone).

Len Murray



STEPHEN Murray (BHCHS 1970-77) and his brother David (BHCHS 1971-78) lost their father, Lord Murray of Epping Forest and Telford in the County of Shropshire, OBE, on 20th May 2004.

Len Murray was General Secretary of the Trade Union Congress from 1973 to 1984 and was a key figure on the national scene during that period, before being granted a life peerage. A long-term resident of Loughton, he served as a Governor at BHCHS from 1963 to 1975. As such, he knew Jack Taylor and his successor, Hugh Colgate, and his wife, who were personal friends.

Eminently approachable, he

was well known in the community in which he lived. An active Methodist, President of the Loughton Historical Society and a member of the Labour Party, he accepted local as well as national engagements, like opening the new Debden Park School and officiating at the launch of a book by Stan Newens on a well known local trade unionist. Both he and his wife were Patrons of St. Clare's Hospice.

A voracious reader with a love of poetry and literature as well as a deep interest in politics, economics and history, he had a considerable personal library and believed profoundly in the importance of education.

Of the 400 or more people who attended the Memorial Service at Loughton Methodist Church on 1st June, there were many from all walks of life on the local scene as well as national personalities.

He is survived by his wife Heather, his two sons and two daughters and six grandchildren.

Stan Newens

Ches Warren

CHES WARREN, whose death last November at the comparatively early age of 69 was reported in the May edition of *OB News*, was brought up in Woodford and started at the school in 1945. He was a stalwart of the Old Bucks Cricket Club during the 1950s and 60s being a truly fast bowler (for this standard of cricket), a hard hitting lower order batsman and a more than passable fielder. He was a firm believer in the social side of the game and was always at the forefront when entertaining opponents, either at home or away matches. During this period, he also played rugby as a wing three-quarter for Upper Clapton Rugby Club, who, at that time, were a force to be reckoned with.

Ches married Carol in 1961 and set up home in Loughton where they lived for the next 26 years. During

this period, he worked for Esso and was delighted to be able to take early retirement at the age of 52. He and Carol moved to Somerset to enjoy a very happy 16 years, following up his newly acquired hobby of horse riding. He eventually bought his own horse and had a ready made stable girl in his wife!! He rode to the West Somerset Fox Hounds and was a prominent member for a number of years.

In January 2003, Ches suddenly developed renal failure caused by Myeloma and spent a distressing year in and out of hospital, culminating in his death in Musgrove Park Hospital, Taunton on 25th November. He leaves his wife of 42 years, Carol, sons Nigel (in Chesterfield) and David (in Sweden) and many friends who will feel the world is a poorer place for his passing.

Brian Astley

Grahame Eales

We were very sad to hear about the sudden death, in May 2004, of Grahame Eales (1955). Grahame was a long-standing member of the Old Buckwellians and Secretary of the Association for several years during the late 1960s. The following obituary was published in The Times.



GRAHAME EALES, solicitor, was born on May 19, 1944. He died of a ruptured aortal aneurysm on May 4, 2004, aged 59.

A partner and matrimonial lawyer with the firm Philip Ross & Co in the West End of London, Grahame Eales had played his part in furthering the aims of the Solicitors Family Law Association, which was set up in the early 1980s.

In the wake of the Divorce Reform Act of 1969, and Special Procedure Divorce in the 1970s, the association sought to promote a spirit of conciliation during the breakdown of marriages, hoping to change divorce proceedings from being a battleground into an inquiry into the facts, which would consider the needs and resources of the parties, particularly children.

Among the association's helpful precedents and guides for family law practitioners was a code of practice for its members which became the foundation of the protocols that were introduced into litigation by the reforms of 1999. In addition, clients' solicitors were themselves enjoined to be extremely careful not to address each other in any way which might inflame the situation.

Eales's own modus operandi as a solicitor was of a piece with an approach which put the best interests of children at the forefront of divorce proceedings. He was a sworn foe of legal jargon, and got swiftly to the root of any problem.

Qualifying as a solicitor in 1968, he became a partner in Lickfolds Wiley & Powells, where he acted for a number of high-profile clients, notable among whom was Lady Buck. In 1992 Eales joined Philip Ross where he worked fruitfully with Walter Houser, a prominent founder member of the Solicitors Family Law Association. There Eales was active in matrimonial practice until his death.

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

We are grateful to Mike Horsnell at the Times for sending this obituary.

Ron Passfield

AFTER leaving BHCHS in 1948 Ron worked in an insurance office in London. Following National Service in the Medical Corps in Germany he returned to the City. He met and married his wife Audrey in 1957.

Subsequently he worked for Audrey's father in the family

dairy business. Ron had to retire from work at the age of 51 as a result of multiple sclerosis and died just after his 71st birthday on 28th February 2003.

Ron and Audrey had three children and three grandchildren.

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