

OLD BUCKWELLIANS NEWS



November 2006
Number 15



DID you know that there were, in all, 310 teachers during the fifty years of BHCHS? We are now in contact with 112 of them. Maybe we should publish a complete list in a future edition? Many ex-staff have been extremely helpful and supportive in all sorts of ways. In recent months, some excellent archive items have been sent in by former staff. John Robins' cine films are covered in more detail on p3. I would also like to mention a splendid collection of photos and programmes sent in by David Pattrick (English, 1973-88) in response to my appeal for

more material relating to drama at BHCHS. Viewing all this left me full of renewed admiration for the phenomenal efforts of our staff in all the extra-curricular activities that were part of normal school life: sport, music, drama, trips and many more. We have read, and will continue to read how our teachers often provided a catalyst for future lifelong interests and even careers - we have much to be grateful for.

More news items from former staff are always very welcome. Invariably, many of my

conversations with Old Bucks include a question "do you know what happened to....?" The person named was their favourite teacher.

Graham Frankel



Mike's a double winner See p 10 & 22



Jolly hockey sticks in November 1964

See p 14



The big match: nearly all in the photo are Old Bucks - do you recognise anyone?

See p 3

Inside this edition

Chairman's Corner	2
An Uncommon AGM	2
The Year of the Orient	3
Glimpse into the Past	3
Bucks Fizz	4
Reunions Near and Far	6
Mystery Old Buck Saves the Day	6
Explosive Experiences	7
Crossword	7
Loughton CHS Centenary	7
A Writer's Life for me	8
Gin Corner	9
Chasing Bones in Donegal	10
Poetry Challenge - The Winner	10
1949 - A Vintage Year	11
Caption Competition	11
All the World's a Stage - pt 5	12
A Voyage of Discovery	14
BHCHS Athletic Heroes	16
Where are they now?	18
OBA Accounts	20
Letters to the Editor	21
Crossword Solution	21
Is Britain a Civilised Society?	22
Obituary	23

Chairman's Corner



WELL, no Red Arrows today to inspire me, although the SAS training Chinook shuddered overhead last night on its way back to Hereford. And no inspiration to speak of from our national football team during the World Cup either! However, since I last wrote a piece for Chairman's Corner, a number of Old Boys enjoyed watching the O's win a crunch game at Brisbane Road, with much-appreciated hospitality from Barry Hearn. And then in the last game of the season, a number of us watched the O's clinch promotion at Oxford.

We held our Annual General Meeting in the prestigious

surroundings of the House of Commons, courtesy of our member MPs, and enjoyed a record attendance (well, record for recent years, anyway!) There was a mix of views as to whether we should return in 2007 or return to the School, so with an English compromise, we shall hold the AGM at Roding Lane at least every other year, so do please come along next year! There was also interest expressed in a visit to the School and we shall set this up in due course.

Our Annual Dinner will take place at the Metropolitan Police Sports Club on Thursday 12th October, when our guest speaker will be William Kennedy. Dinner this year will be organised by our new Dinner Secretary, Chris Moody, although Graham Frankel, needless to say, has also done a great deal of work towards the event.

And mention of Graham reminds me that our extraordinary network continues to grow. We are grateful for all your messages of support and, as always, to those who provide us with clues that will help us track down those not yet contacted. We have now traced 4,011 pupils (83% of the total). This leaves just 811 still to be found. Surely it won't be long

before we reach the elusive 100% for a single year group? Will it be yours?

Incidentally, the Committee still awaits all those thousands of bright ideas which I requested for the Association, and which I know are teeming in your fertile brains, so do please let us have them! Whilst we await your thoughts, we have moved forward with one excellent idea, which is to transfer on to DVD, some footage from old cine film generously lent to us by John Robins. This will firstly better preserve this precious history of the School, its pupils and its staff, and secondly will offer a us the opportunity of producing DVD copies for such members as might be interested. As I write, this work is quite well advanced.

And almost lastly, I still have available some of the much-admired polo shirts (email me at alwoods@attglobal.net), and OBA ties are available from Malcolm Beard.

As I said at the AGM, your Association is in excellent condition and stands comparison with almost any other example.

As ever, I send my very best wishes to you.

Alan Woods

An Uncommon AGM

FOR the first time in the history of the Old Buckwellians Association the AGM was held in London in the plush and dignified setting of the Houses of Parliament. We are grateful to David Evennett, MP (BHCHS 1960-67) for hosting the event and also to Mike Gapes, MP (BHCHS 1964-71) for making the initial arrangements. Mike had foreign busi-

ness that kept him from attending our meeting, but we had a good attendance.

Having completed the formalities in excellent time thanks to brisk and efficient chairmanship by Alan Woods, several of the group were able to continue talking in more relaxed surroundings. The financial report and accounts are shown on

page 20 but perhaps the most significant item on the agenda was the election of a new member on our small committee. **Chris Moody (1962)** has kindly offered to take over the organisation of the Annual Dinner. More about Chris in the next edition but we are delighted to welcome him aboard.



Old Bucks at the 2006 AGM



Chris Moody

Old Buckwellians News



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The Editor

Graham Frankel
46 Mandeville Road
Hertford
Herts
SG13 8JQ

Tel: 01992 422246

E mail:

graham@genesishr.co.uk

BHCHS web site:

www.bhchs.co.uk

Webmaster: Pete Berrecloth

The Old Buckwellians Association

President: Trevor Lebentz

Chairman: Alan Woods

Vice-Chairman: Malcolm Beard

Treasurer: Chris Waghorn

Secretary: Graham Frankel

Dinner Secretary: Chris Moody

The Year of the Orient



Post-match celebration: left to right Dick Nichols, Mike Dean, Barry Hearn, Alan Woods

IT WAS all Arthur's fault (Andrew Pummell's father). Arthur had a magnificent Aerial Square Four (apparently it used to throw spokes at speeds of over 100 mph) and I had been to infant school with his son. Andrew lived round the corner in Woodford Green, so it was natural that we remained friends. As a consequence, on the bright morning of 6th March 1962, I was invited to join the family to see Leyton Orient play Sunderland as the former battled for promotion to the old Division One. I was hooked.

Over the years, I have seen the ups and downs and downs of the club. I was there when they passed the bucket round the Main Stand in an attempt to save the club from bankruptcy on a cold Sunday morning in 1967. I was there when we turned round an early 2-0 deficit to beat the mighty Chelsea in the FA Cup in 1972. I was at Chelsea to see us outplayed 3-0 by Arsenal in the semi-final of the same competition in 1978.

Having persuaded Barry Hearn to speak at the OBA dinner in 2004, it was natural then that I would be entrusted (lumbered) to organise Barry's promise of a day out for the Old Bucks at the O's. We had been promised the game of our choice, so early in the season we picked the Wycombe game not knowing that, by March, both teams would be fighting tooth and nail for promotion.

It was Mike Dean's idea to meet at the Three Blackbirds in Leyton High Road. Mike and I had popped in there for a 'swifty' after a Cup game several years ago. At the time it seemed to be big, friendly and comfortable. Now it's just big and they had no bitter. However, it was to this venue that sixty odd Old Bucks convened for 'The Big Match'.

It was lovely to meet so many people; those that I had only previously communicated with via email, Don Morris who I had not seen since 1968, our illustrious President, Trevor Lebentz, and our Chairman,

Alan Woods, and his inevitable 1962 posse. I had thought that Trevor had made the journey from his home in Spain especially to see the Orient but, as it turned out, he had been to Norwich the previous Saturday and was going to see West Ham the following Saturday. Noted!

The Club had kindly accommodated us all in the old Directors' Box in the East Stand, so we did our final warm up in its bar.

The game kicked off in front of a full house and an ultimately tense game was settled early with a goal from



Orient's new striker, Paul Conner. Barry Hearn joined us for his half time team talk (in aforementioned bar) and again at full time for a thorough debrief (no prizes for guessing where).

There was much talk of doing it again next year and I haven't been here since 1952 and I haven't seen him for forty years and where is The Secretary?

There seems genuine interest in repeating the experience next year, though we should not necessarily rely on Barry's generosity again. If there is real interest in repeating the event, I have already been entrusted (lumbered) with organising it.

So what of Andrew Pummell?, I hear you ask. I last saw him at the Woodford Green Cricket and Hockey (aka Warff) Club in the early seventies playing clarinet with Johnny Arthey's Pasadena Roof Orchestra. No point in trying to trace him though, Graham, he went to Sir George Monoux.

Dick Nichols (BHCHS 1962-69)

Before the Wycombe match I received this message from **Stuart Low (1952)** in Sydney.....
How I wish I could be over to see the O's match. I have supported the Orient since the mid fifties at a time when they were in Div 3 (South). I went through the times of Groves, Woosnam, Welton, Groombridge, Heckman, Hartman, Blizzard, Charlton, Facey, and so many more. Of course I shouldn't forget Tommy Johnston who I remember scoring a hat trick against Aldershot. That was a golden period when, from memory, we won a series of games 4-0, 4-1, 7-1 and 8-3. I was there when a 16 year old John Chiedozie was almost hacked out of the game by a brutal opposition. In those days they had crowds of up to 29,000. Of course most of it was standing then. Now I look sadly and think that a crowd of 4,500 is a good turn out.

I met Tommy Johnston in a local club over here in Australia. He moved out here some years ago and was a friend of a friend. I told him I remembered his hat trick against Aldershot and that he had his arm in plaster after having broken it. He replied that it wasn't plaster but just a protective bandage and then proceeded to get out of his wallet a cigarette card of himself in the Orient colours.

In my study at home I have my Orient wall. Pride of place is a framed pencil portrait of the legends of the Orient together with a banner, cap badges and mini-kit (unfortunately only a plastic one). On my desk I have my Orient mouse mat and my Orient ruler and pen are in my Orient mug. Even my screen saver is a scrolling "The Year of the Orient" - maybe this year!

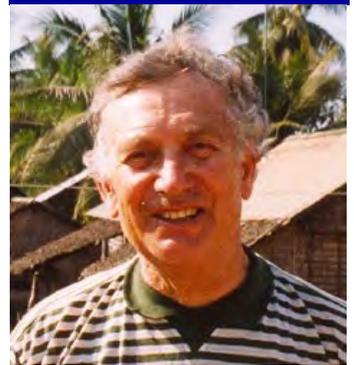
First thing on a Sunday morning in your winter I log on to see how the Os have fared and in the past how many times have I given great sighs of exasperation when a great start to the season has seen them drop out of contention in their mid season slump?

My wife thinks I am pathetic or crazy or even both but when you have followed their ups and downs for fifty years it is in the blood. I would love to have a programme of the "Old Bucks" match if it could be organised.

As we now know, the season ended triumphantly for the Os, who finally secured promotion for the first time since 1989.

We also managed to secure a programme from the Wycombe match to send to Stuart.

Glimpse into the Past



JOHN ROBINS (French and Latin, 1964-70) was an excellent teacher and enthusiastic participant in many other school activities – in particular organising a series of trips to Europe. Now retired, he is still a keen traveller and photographer.

John introduced some important technical innovations into the school, and he produced a series of cine films - all with sound - that comprehensively capture the daily life of BHCHS. John has kindly agreed to allow us to transcribe his films onto DVD, thus enabling us not only to preserve the material but also to make it widely available for viewing.

Clearly, this will be of particular interest to the pupils who were at the school during the period when the films were made (1966 – 1970), but others will want to see the films or obtain a copy, because there are several interviews with some of the longer serving members of staff who will be remembered by pupils from the 1950s to the 1970s.

We hope to arrange a social evening, probably next summer, where we could view the films projected onto a large screen.

Before making any definite plans, we need to get an idea of the level of interest. Email or call Graham Frankel if you may be interested in attending the viewing or buying a copy of the DVD – no commitment at this stage of course. Also, we will need to find someone to take responsibility for organising this event. If this is something you would consider, contact me for a no-obligation discussion.

The Editor

BUCKS FIZZ

News and notes about Old Bucks

Richard's Short Spin



In May **Richard Lewis (1961)**, who is a consultant respiratory physician at Worcester Hospital, cycled from Land's End to John O'Groats to raise funds for his local hospice in Worcester. Starting with a target of £10,000 his sponsorship eventually exceeded £14,000.

During his thousand mile ride he managed to use four bikes, destroying one in the process.

Richard told me that he was surprised to realise that someone he cycled with was **Chris Ellis (1958)**, who is a consultant in infectious diseases at Birmingham's Heartlands Hospital. Chris was at BHCHS for two years before he left to go to Arundel school. For more about Richard's cycling trip and the hospice he is supporting see www.justgiving.com and type in Richard Lewis.

May Marries at 95



We were delighted to learn about the marriage of **Walter May (French 1940 - 47)** to Cynthia Brown in October 1995. We hope to publish a full report in the next edition. Many of his former pupils remember him as a remarkable teacher and brilliant linguist.



Success for two Old Bucks in the recent District Council elections. **Stephen Murray (1970)** (Independent) and **Malcolm Woollard (1940)** (Liberal Democrat) on being re-elected as Councillors on Epping Forest District Council in the May 2006 elections. Meanwhile, **Brian Rolfe (1947)** was just completing his year as Mayor of Epping.



Ben Hills' Latest



Ben Hills (1952) is one of Australia's leading investigative journalists. Ben's latest book is the story of Japan's Crown Princess Masako, a brilliant woman who sacrifices her career to marry a love-struck prince. One review describes it as a Japanese version of Charles and Camilla. *Princess Masako* has just been published by Random House. For more details about Ben and the book see his web site:

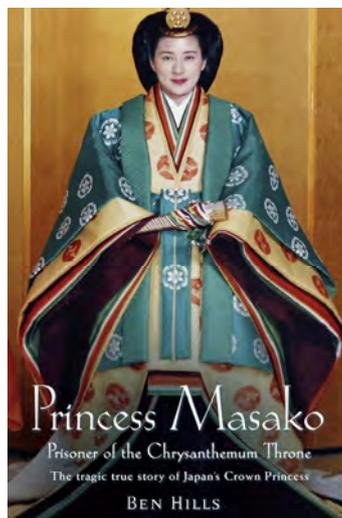
www.benhills.com



John Rippin (left) and **Don Ray** will be performing another of their two piano recitals at Chingford Parish Church on Saturday 27th January 2007 at 7.30pm. These concerts have become a focal point for many music loving Old Bucks in recent years. All proceeds are given to a children's hospice.



Jamie Dalton (1985) got together with his brother Julian and two friends to form *9 Eye* earlier this year. Jamie (top left in the photo) plays guitar and keyboards and is also the producer and engineer for their recordings. For more information see the band's website at: www.9eye.co.uk. Jamie tells me his initial interest in music was largely down to the teaching of **Tim Litchfield (Music 1987-89)** who, in Jamie's words, "was everything a superb teacher should be - an inspiration to all whom he taught".

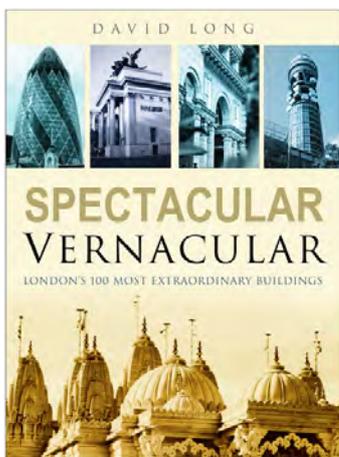


London Oddities



Writer and journalist **David Long (1972)** tells us his third book, the first under his own name, is now available from all good bookshops - and of course Amazon - along with a sequel due to be published next year.

Called *Spectacular Vernacular: London's 100 Most Extraordinary Buildings*, Volume 1 is intended as much for those who think they know London as for visitors, and details some of the capital's strangest and most surprising structures, new ones as well as old, revealing their secret histories and their many curious or



eccentric associations. Some of these are open to the public, at least if you know who to ask. Others remain strictly off-limits, thus heightening the sense of mystery which surrounds them. And many more are so familiar that few of us, says the author, even stop to consider, actually, how strange they are. Just yards from the Royal Albert Hall, for example, a 300 foot-high tower attracts few glances because even most locals don't know it's there. A few miles away London's widest building at nearly 1,000 feet has been favourably compared to the Winter Palace at St Petersburg. And on the river at Chelsea a medieval hall, once owned by Sir Thomas More and moved brick-by-brick from the City a century ago, is even now

being remodelled as London's largest private house.

Elsewhere in the book there is some even weirder stuff, including an arts centre built of old shipping containers, London's only lighthouse, an Arab tent recreated in concrete for a Victorian pornographer, even a privately owned tunnel used for running cable-cars under the Thames. Best of all, David says, there are no signs that the building of such extravagant oddities is set to stop. Transforming the City skyline, 30 St Mary Axe - aka the Gherkin - has become as recognisable as Tower Bridge or a red London bus, whilst to the north-west more than 2,000 volunteers have laboured to create a vast Hindu Temple of Italian marble, Bulgarian limestone and English oak. Then of course there are the ones that were planned but never built: a giant pyramid on Primrose Hill; a replica of the Coliseum covering Trafalgar Square; an airport designed to sit on top of King's Cross Station; and of course Wembley's own Eiffel Tower - which its creator insisted would be even taller than the original had he only been allowed to finish it. Fascinating.

Greg Tours USA



Gregory Cox (1964) has recently been touring the USA playing the title role in the Merchant of Venice for Actors from the London Stage - a company set up by Patrick Stewart - which performed in theatres from Massachusetts to California and involved some teaching and workshops to university students too. On return to London they played at RADA to great acclaim and Greg hopes to be involved in further productions with them in 2007.

Gold Medal Regained

Our Chairman, Alan Woods, regained his British Masters Hammer Throwing title at the National Championships in Birmingham in July. Last year, he was dissatisfied with an injury-riddled Silver, which ruined his sequence of Golds every year this century!

Farmers Hockey News

Dick Thomas (1958) writes..... **Frank Hardy (1952)** returned to hockey action with The Farmers in April when the former touring side of the Old Bucks HC made its annual visit to Ramsgate. Still turning out regularly with Evesham - more than 45 years after his debut for the Old Boys - Frank played alongside **Bob Harris (1957)** and Bob's brother **Paul Harris (1961)** in a match umpired by **John Dockett (1955)** and **Geoff Gosford (1947)**.

The Farmers 2006 Christmas drink is pencilled in for Tuesday 19th December at *Penderel's Oak* in High Holborn, London. Check the web site www.thefarmershockeyclub.co.uk for more details nearer the time and a photo by **Steve Hyam (1956)** of **Pete Lodge (1953)** and Frank Hardy meeting again after many years at the 2005 event.

New Arrival



Congratulations to **Charles Forbes (1979)** on the birth of Logan on 6th June 2006. Cameron (9) and Henry (8) seem very happy with their new brother. In his spare time Charles is General Manager of Portman Travel in London.

Back from the Dead

I had been informed that **Tom Pratt (1939)** had died in about 1982. So it gave me great pleasure to find him earlier this year - alive and well and living in Wales.

OBA Far East Venture

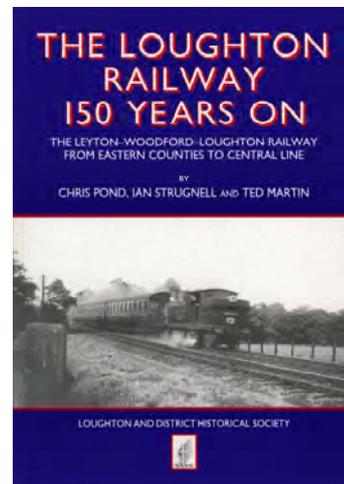
I am grateful to **Ron Colvin (1941)** for pointing out that OB Funds appear to have been invested in the vibrant Asian economy. For an explanation of this log in to www.bhchs.com

Ashes Tour to Oz

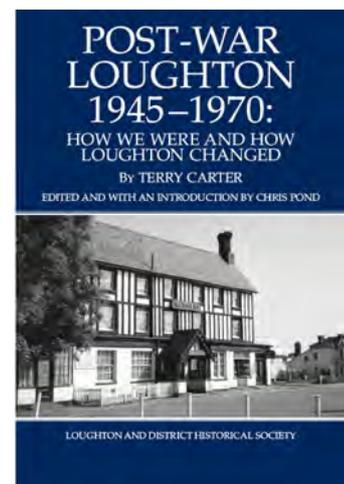
John Drake (1949) has accommodation for one available for the Brisbane and Adelaide tests in November/December. This will be twin accommodation in 4 or 5 star hotels (sharing with John). For more information call John on 01245 248545.

Two Local Books

Several Old Bucks are involved with the Loughton & District Historical Society and in the last few months the society has published two volumes both written by former pupils of BHCHS. *The Loughton Railway 150 Years On* was co-written by **Ian Strugnell (1960)** and traces the



history of railways in the Loughton and Woodford areas. The book has been selling well, and will be of particular interest to railway enthusiasts. *Post-War Loughton 1945-70* is a more recent publication from **Terry Carter (1952)**. For more information about either of these books, or to order a copy see the Loughton Historical Society website www.theydon.org.uk/lhs/ Alternatively email Chris Pond at loughton_ponds@hotmail.com



Chris Giles

Thanks to everyone who responded to the feature *Remembering Chris Giles* in the May edition. Cathy Giles, who is writing a book about her brother, has now been contacted by several people. One of these told me: "Being several years below Chris Giles I didn't know him at all well, but he is someone I will never forget and even now I think about him every time I hear a piece of music featuring a French horn."

Reunions Near and Far



The class of '67 are now all hitting 50 and most recently Nigel Clark hired a Routemaster bus for a trip via Buckhurst Hill to Cambridge in May for his family and friends. Nigel writes... "Fortunately the rain just held off for the picnic and punting and although some of us had not met for 20 years or more it seemed like only yesterday we were playing cards in the lighting gallery or the librarian's office. Some (!) grey hairs, a little less on top and a little more round the middle but we were all instantly recognisable and soon

sharing memories - "Jumbo" Johnson sneaking a fag while teaching Chemistry when Hugh Colgate walked in; running the coconut shy with "Duffy" Clayton at the summer fair; wiring the Wimshurst Machine up to the door handle of the Physics Prep Room for example." Old Bucks in attendance were (l to r in picture) Patrick Wilson, Mike Vernon, Andy Ratnage, Mike Walker, Adrian Calcraft, Glyn Palmer and birthday boy Nigel Clark. Mick Watson was also there but unfortunately missed the photo call.



Described as "a bunch of fine looking men" (who am I to argue?) from 1981 met at the Three Colts Pub, Buckhurst Hill recently. They are (l to

r): Nick Cook, Chris Gillett, Mark Houghton, Paul Cook, Martin Hutchins, Richard Kitney, Scott Randall.



A group of Harry Samways' Latin students meet regularly to demonstrate to their wives how little they remember of Virgil and Ovid. On this occasion Martin Westbrook amused the assembly by bringing along a painting he had recently acquired at a church bazaar. Not a work by Mr Samways, nor even Mr Smethurst. This was a rather fine water colour

by **John Cartwright (History 1966-89)**. Shown here (l to r) are Bill Allan, Faith Frankel, Graham Frankel, Lorraine Allan, Trevor Reynolds, Martin Westbrook, Helen Westbrook and Margaret Reynolds. The Latin A Level crowd are all from YOS 61. Their wives are all honorary Old Bucks but attended Wanstead, Loughton, Trinity, and Bolton School respectively.



Eric Faulkner (1962) is one of five from his year group that have emigrated to Australia. Eric was recently visited in Neutral Bay by **Ian Mac-**

donald (1962) and his wife. Shown here (l to r) are Nicola (Ian's wife), Miu (Eric's girlfriend), Eric and Ian. Read more about Eric on page 19.

Mystery Man saves the day

By **Kevin Murphy (BHCHS 1985-90)**



lift to Epping, to catch the Underground to Snaresbrook, where my brother, Michael, could pick me up and give me a lift to Wanstead Park station, so that I could catch a train to Gospel Oak. The plan would only work if I could find some kind soul to take pity on me and pick me up. Fortunately, luck was with me. Standing at the bus stop by McDonalds, I held out my thumb and looked appealingly at all the drivers heading towards Epping. The fifth car stopped and I hopped in. The driver asked me where I wanted to go so I told him - Epping Station. He said he could give me a lift some of the way.

On the journey I told him my tale of woe and during our conversation we discovered that we had both been pupils at BHCHS (me 1985-90 and my rescuer in the late 50s). As a result, he kindly took a detour through Epping to drop me at the station rather than cutting off through Ongar as he had planned. We shook hands when I left the car, but unfortunately I didn't catch his name. My luck continued. There was a train waiting on the platform, and the rest of the journey worked like clockwork. I reached Parliament Hill with 45 minutes to spare.

Meanwhile, my wife sat it out in the car on the M11. She was heading for Leytonstone, where she had arranged to meet an old friend from university. It took her another six hours to reach the Harlow roundabout, followed by a further hour to get from there to Leytonstone.

And my race? I finished 81st in the race, and I was more than happy with that, especially as I wouldn't have made it at all but for my knight in shining armour.

IN FEBRUARY this year I was rescued by a knight in shining armour in the guise of an Old Buckwellian in a black BMW.

My wife and I had left our house in Bury St Edmunds to travel to Parliament Hill where I was due to compete in the National Cross Country Championships for Woodford Green AC. There were major problems with the M11. Up until the Stansted junction we made good progress, but then there was a traffic report on the radio - a lorry was blocking the M11 between J7 and J6. We thought we would be OK as we were planning to leave the motorway at Harlow. How wrong we were. We came to a complete standstill, and we soon learned that the motorway had been completely closed. Minutes rolled by. Minutes turned into hours.

At about 12.30pm I began to panic - my race was at 3.30pm. We came up with a plan. I would run along the hard shoulder for four miles to the Harlow roundabout and then hitch a

Explosive Experiences

By Brian Waite (BHCHS 1949-54)

Further memories of life at the Waltham Abbey gunpowder factory, prompted by Les Tucker's feature in the last edition of OB News. More about Les on p18.



WHEN I left BHCHS in 1954 I took a job as a scientific assistant at the Explosives R&D Establishment, the erst-while gunpowder factory at Waltham Abbey. This was in the days of National Service and serving one's country in such a capacity was a welcome alternative to serving it on a barrack square. On one of my first visits to the canteen (where there was waitress service no less, and flowers on the tables, quite a change from BHCHS's Spartan dining hall). I shared a table with a youngish lady who asked me if I recognised her. I said honestly that I didn't and was then embarrassed to learn that she had been at BHCHS for some time as one of Miss Coulson's assistants and had just left to take a job in the ERDE offices. Unfortunately I can't remember her name now, but if anyone can identify her I would like to know.

I was first initiated into the mysteries of making 10 pound batches of TNT in big enamel buckets (it is quite safe when wet!) and the more modern explosive RDX but soon afterwards I was transferred to the rocket motor section which was headed by a Czech scientist who had actually worked with Von Braun, Hitler's rocket expert.

One of the largest motors was intended for the Blue Streak missile and was fuelled by a mixture of an oxidising acid and kerosene. I was part of a team making temperature and pressure measurements when the acid line sprang a leak, spraying us all with fuming nitric acid. We were

wearing some protective clothing but there was a concerted rush to the open air shower which had been provided for such an event. Unfortunately it had room for only one person at a time and there were three of us; I still have a small scar as a memento.

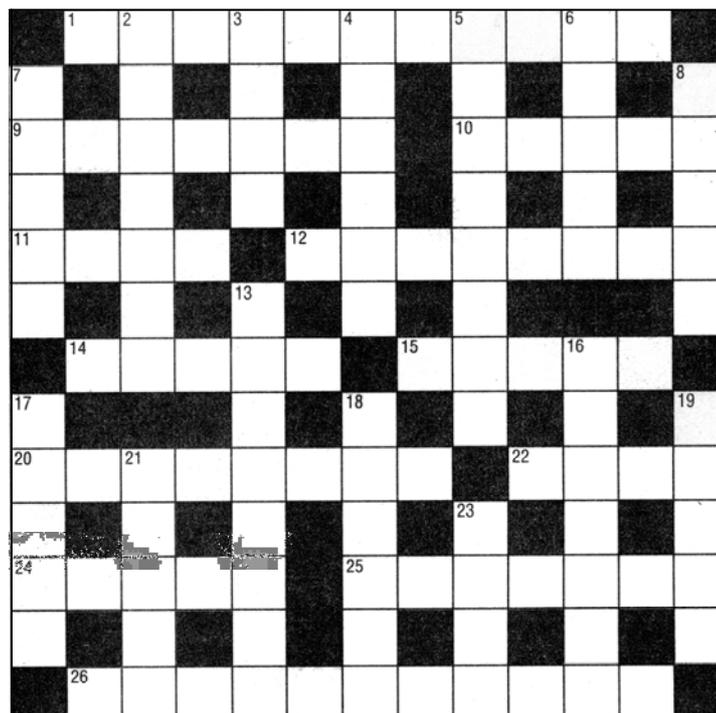
Another experimental motor was fuelled by hydrogen and oxygen. The hydrogen was delivered on large trailers each carrying a battery of enormous bright red cylinders arranged horizontally and secured by chains. I had climbed on top of the trailer to unfasten the chains when a colleague opened the valve of the top cylinder preparatory to connecting it to a feed pipe. An immensely long roaring bluish flame immediately shot out. It missed him, but I found myself momentarily sitting astride a hydrogen cylinder which appeared capable of imminently taking off into the stratosphere and making me the first BHCHS former pupil to go into orbit. Luckily the culprit hadn't let go of the valve key and had the presence of mind to immediately turn it off again, when the flame died as rapidly as it had arrived. All the insouciant gentleman could say was "Never mind, there must have been a bit of grit in the valve." No Health & Safety inquiries in those days!

I was nominally employed at ERDE for nine years but they sponsored me to do a degree and then a doctorate at University for the last six of them and at the end I got transferred to the UKAEA so I never returned to Waltham Abbey, but I cannot forget the rickety old bicycles painted in camouflage colours provided for getting between the two main parts of the site along the canal towpaths and the MOD police at the gates who were armed and kept their ammunition in an old biscuit tin with a picture of the Queen on the lid.

OB NEWS CROSSWORD

No.8 "Beck & Call" By Mike Ling

The answers to the asterisked clues are connected in more ways than one.



ACROSS

DOWN

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1* Ripper District? (11) | 2* Central Park? (7) |
| 9 Explosive cocktail? (7) | 3 Carry (4) |
| 10 Medically, a small growth (5) | 4 &18d* Piccadilly market? (6,6) |
| 11* Northern shape? (4) | 5* Along the same lines as 4, shaken, not paler (8) |
| 12 Captivate (on the way in) (8) | 6 Girl of excellent character? (5) |
| 14 Dostoyevsky's fool? (5) | 7 Pulpits (5) |
| 15 Scottish hut or cottage (5) | 8* District of initially unlimited potential, now exciting you! (5) |
| 20* Central part of Mr Rowan's tea dance? (8) | 13* Centrally, an air base (8) |
| 22 Alliance (4) | 16* Spanning two lines, the old one smokes! (7) |
| 24 Showing aggressive masculinity (5) | 17 Inundate (5) |
| 25 Game using a top, sticks and string (7) | 18* See 4 down |
| 26* Centrally, a next-door neighbour of 20 (11) | 19* see 23 down |
| | 21 Mother of pearl (5) |
| | 23 &19d* Centrally watch a beast act on impulse (4,5) |

Solution on page 21

Loughton CHS Centenary Celebration

ON 13th May the 100th Anniversary celebration event took place at Roding Valley High (the former building of Loughton CHS). Susan Lawes, a member of the OGA Committee, reports that the event was a great success. The main hall was filled to capacity for lunch taken by 240 former pupils. During lunch, as well as short

speeches by special guests, there was a roving microphone allowing participants to share some school memories. Later on, a further 45 ladies joined for tea, and the event finished with a concert given by the Crofton Singers. Everyone who attended received a bone china mug as a memento. Should we start planning for our 70th in 2008?

A Writer's Life for me!

By Peter Haining (BHCHS 1951-57)

Peter Haining will need little introduction to many readers. Describing his published output as prolific is a bit of an understatement. With more than 200 books published during the past 40 years, he is a leading authority on crime and horror fiction. He has also specialised in writing biographies, including Sherlock Holmes, Dr Who and, as he describes in this article, the French sex symbol Brigitte Bardot.



BUCKHURST Hill County High School set beside that rolling stream into which we all hurled our despised caps the day we left, taught me a lot about life, if it did not succeed in my education. My memories of the old place are tinged with a mixture of the bittersweet and the uncomfortable: some of the teachers I remember with admiration, if not always affection; while my contemporaries ran the whole spectrum of types from the intimidating to the openly friendly and a few who were downright brainy. I had the misfortune to join the school a term late as my parents had moved from Enfield to Loughton in the winter of 1951, which was not ideal timing with the new intake already ensconced and playground wise. Indeed, it proved rather traumatic in more ways than one. On the plus side I had been transferred from Tottenham Grammar School where, as an already keen Arsenal supporter, I had to put up with endless taunts; while on the minus side I had been put on a bus from Debden by my mother on my first morning that deposited me at Buckhurst Hill Station, leaving me - as those who remember their geography - a walk that seemed to go on for many miles (I guess it was probably just a bit more than one, but it seemed so much more to a nervous eleven-year-old) to the school. I arrived late,

was reprimanded by Kate Coulson (not for the last time) and had to suffer the indignity of being (metaphorically speaking) led by the ear by the Head not amused at being interrupted from whatever he was doing in his study and presented to my new form master, the formidable 'Wocko' Watkinson, who was in mid-lesson. A Welshman with a pencil-thin moustache, I was soon to learn that in those pre-Politically Correct days, he could hurl a Blackboard Eraser across the room and part the hair of an inattentive boy with practised ease. The looks on the faces of my new classmates that first day left me in no doubt that this new boy was going to be the butt of a lot of jokes. And I was. Looking back through my Report Book - which my wife unkindly unearthed from wherever I had long ago hidden it, when I told her that the esteemed editor of the Old Buckwellians News was getting ever more impatient for some deathless prose from me - proved to be sorry reading. 'Will need to make a greater effort' featured in Form 1B, to be followed in subsequent years by 'he seems a little bewildered by the subject,' and an equally regular, 'greater effort is needed.' They didn't know the personal hell I was going through with certain of my classmates who taunted me unmercifully (as is the way of the young, of course) with the fact that my dear mother insisted on keeping me in short trousers after everyone else had 'long bags,' and the gap between my two large front teeth had earned me the nickname 'Plute' (after Pluto, the Disney character, if you are asking) which followed me all the days of my incarceration at the school on the hill. There were bright spots among this gloom, naturally: my friendship with Jerry

Baum, John Billett, Tony Langford, Brian Low and David Perry to name just five, and the encouragement I received from 'Pag' Gray, 'Philo' Franklin and the inspirational 'Tommy' Leek. His love of sport found a keen recipient in my puny chest and that accusing blue Report Book shows that I was a member of the school football teams from under-14 to the School First Eleven. Duggie Gower was, I recall, the outstanding player throughout those years - if given to leading by demand - ably assisted by two of his side-kicks, 'Moggie' Morris and Kenny Rimmer. It was advisable not to get on the wrong side of that trio. I also played cricket, but enjoyed athletics more, competing with David Morris to be the fastest over 100 yards, but united with him in the relay team where BHCHS gave many of the other grammar schools in the district more than a run for their honours.

By this time I was in love with the written and printed word and got a number of articles published in the local parish magazine about trips I had made abroad and (for a reason that still puzzles me) one on 'The Value of Happiness' in which I was giving out advice! I also discovered such illicit pleasures as the

Yankee 'hardboiled' crime novels by Hank Janson with their come-on titles, *Hotsy*, *You'll Be Chilled* and *The Filly Wore a Rod* (nothing to do with horse racing, I can assure you) all with voluptuous, scantily clothed females on the covers which were 'top dollar' trades in the playground. With visions of the kind of pliant beauty I might get on the cover of my book, I even tried my own (shaking) hand at writing one, but without success. I was always, though, on the lookout for any magazine that my friends might take which carried the magic words, 'The Editor is pleased to consider contributions.' I seem to recall successful efforts for such diverse publications as *Fur & Feather* - an article on racing pigeons for which I was advised by an 'expert' classmate - and *Peace News*: again helped by a fellow pupil who actually brought the Communist *Daily Worker* into school every day and, surprisingly considering what a bastion of middle class society values the place represented, never once had a copy confiscated even when he was found reading it! The versatility I learned in those days scribbling out articles and stories - a great many of which came back from their recipients - plus a determination not to give up in the face of rejec-



Peter Haining, front row second from left, in the Athletics team of 1957. On his left is captain David Morris (see p 17)



Old Bucks touring side in Amsterdam 1963. Back row (l to r): Amsterdam FC Official, Mick Crisp, Bob Horne, Dave Pegrum, Ben McCartney, Les Bassett, The Ref. Front row (l to r): Duncan Horne, Colin Wood, Peter Haining, Trevor Lebentz, Lew Tovey, John Rivers

tion stood me in good stead in my later career and I still advise youngsters today whenever I speak in schools to follow this same route if they are planning a career in journalism. Despite the despair several of my teachers expressed for my future - one argued, 'his written work shows great care, but he has not a lot of ability here' - I managed to obtain GCEs in English Language, English Literature and History. No dreams of University fired my imagination, however: I wanted to be part of the school of life and in particular the world of print. With the realisation that I would never be good enough to play for my beloved Arsenal (and footballers' wages were a pittance then) I betook myself to the editor's door of the local newspaper, *The West Essex Gazette* and - to use the current jargon - using a mixture of cuttings and enthusiasm blagged myself a job as a junior reporter. The generally miserable years of my schooling gave way to the delight of finding and writing stories - a delight that has sustained me (and paid the bills) ever since. To be fair, I must acknowledge the support I received from my wife, Philippa (herself the daughter of a newspaper editor in Chelmsford) who already knew about the heady mix of lineage, hot type and a pint or three at the end of the day to reminisce on stories found and deadlines just met. For several years after leaving BHCHS - until my career took me to London - I was able to play football for the

Old Bucks and thoroughly enjoyed some great games in muddied kit on the banks of the Roding (before the days of the grand Pavilion!) with the likes of Trevor Lebentz, Richard Sheppard, Colin Wood, Mick Crisp, Les Bassett and the irrepressible Horne brothers, Duncan and Bob. We won the League Championship one year - my scoring seven goals in one match being a league record of which I remain proud - and I also went with the Old Bucks on several Easter tours including a notable one to Holland in 1963 where we scored a superb 6-2 win over an Amsterdam FC XI played in pouring rain in the city's Olympic Stadium. My subsequent job as a feature writer in Fleet Street followed by being head-hunted to be editor of the New English Library publishing house before I finally became a full-time writer in the early Seventies, prevented me from keeping in contact with the Old Bucks - although I was coerced one year by Trevor Lebentz into returning for an Annual Dinner to propose the toast of the school. I remember looking across the table as I was speaking and seeing 'Spud' deep in contemplation. Or perhaps he was asleep? Or even puzzling to himself 'Who the hell was that boy?' It was a pleasure, though, to discover some years later that a few of my old school friends remembered me (and could read, for God's sake!) when I dedicated a biography of Brigitte Bardot, 'To all the boys of the class of '56.' As a result I received letters from

a few who recalled how we had lusted over photographs of the gorgeous French sex symbol and fancied going out with her. In our dreams! I did once return to the school after it had closed with my wife and a couple of friends. As we drove across the playground at the rear of the building block, I spotted something that made me stamp on the brakes. A solitary football boot lay in the middle of that wide sweep of tarmac, bearing every sign of having been abandoned long ago. It was a rather poignant reminder of days when football had been my saving grace - yet I could not imagine who could possibly have thrown it away. A cap, yes, but a footie boot...Life, they say, often provides its little revenges. One teacher whose name I will not disclose was particularly virulent about me. 'You'll never amount to anything, Haining,' he glowered at me one day when I was struggling yet again to master what he was trying to teach (no clues given here). Less than three months after I had left school and was doing the jobs usually assigned to young reporters such as covering the local magistrates' court, a name came up on the list for one Friday morning case that brought me up with a shock of recognition. Recent recognition. When the name was called and a familiar face appeared in the dock I looked across and our eyes met just for a moment. I glanced again at the list and tried not to grin as I opened my notepad and began to take down the evidence: The charge was stealing a packet of sausages from Sainsbury's.



Tony Jolly's...

Gin

CORNER



THE location after which this column is named has seen a lot of activity resulting from a lengthy span of sun and heat. Just sitting there (even with a cup of tea!) and gazing across the Cheshire countryside and trying to ignore a partially scorched garden, does wonders in removing stress. Having undergone knee, hip and facial operations, all within the last 15 months, there has been a good deal of stress to remove from getting to walk naturally again and also not to look like an applicant for a Dr Who part. However, relying also on the philosophy of "be grateful, things could be a heck of a sight worse" and recalling Dame Margot Fonteyn's quote "Take everything you do and say very seriously - except yourself", Gin Corner has established the mindset of "enjoy life like mad". As inferred above, Gin Corner sees liquid refreshments other than Gin consumed in a civilised manner eg cordials, coffee, wine and **real ale** and **not** the pressurised "Accountant's Ale", as made by the large breweries, which is full of chemicals, and made with storage and price considerations foremost in mind. "RA" is something with which only a minority seem to be familiar. Many friends of mine have discovered RA and realised that each product of every RA brewery tastes different, thus simulating the situation with wine from the world's vineyards. Indeed many females have taken to it and become fans of a specific ale such as Adnam's Broadside, Young's Waggle Dance, Shepherd-Neame's Spitfire and the products of other RA brewer's such as Brakespeare, Weetwood, Fullers and many more. The number of local beer festivals is on the increase throughout the country and those attending include civilised men and women of all ages and from all walks of life - the aim is to discover an appealing drink, thus nobody aims at getting drunk. RA is easy and cheap to make at home; my beers fall into two groups, those of around 3.5% at 20p per pint) and 6% (23p per pint). Cheers!

Chasing Bones in Donegal

By Boyd Gray (History, 1976-80)



IT WAS good to see some old names from my days at Buckhurst Hill way back in the late 70s. I was especially delighted to see Peter Sillis. Peter gave me my first job in teaching and it turned out to be a real blessing as I learned a lot about history from working alongside him. He was a real gentleman and an excellent teacher. Other names I recognised were Frank Silver, John Rippin and Michael Maxwell, and I see Dave Stancer has a son just married. My own son got hitched in May this year. One down, two to go! I wonder what has become of other members of staff from my time there, people like Pete Downey, John Cartwright, John Loveridge, Bob Graves and Eric Franklin.

What are my memories of Buckhurst Hill? My first tutor group. I wonder what happened to pupils from my first form group, pupils such as Bromboszcz and Blewett. Isn't it dreadful that we called pupils by their second names then, so I do not remember their first names. Some of my fondest memories are of the many long, loud and good humoured debates which took place in the staff room every lunchtime in those days when staff had a

lunch hour that could be enjoyed just relaxing and chatting and listening to raconteurs like Bob Graves! Oh, and my short lived career as a games teacher. It never looked like it would progress too far after the day when I was demonstrating how to play baseball with a softball and returned a ball with such force that it floored the bowler! One other serendipitous event from BHCHS days. I was asked to be the second teacher on a school ski trip but the party leader left at Christmas so, on only my second year of teaching, I took over as party leader of a BHCHS school ski trip to Italy with Dave Keskeys as support. This began a life long love of skiing plus a very good friendship. Dave is Godfather to my oldest son and was a guest of honour at his wedding in May.

After leaving Buckhurst Hill CHS, I taught at Kingdown School in Warminster, Wiltshire for 21 years before moving back to Ireland in 2001. I am now in semi-retirement having decided I didn't need the pressure of yet another educational initiative. I re-trained in IT and work part time for the Northern Ireland Housing Executive chasing up benefit dodgers! This leaves me plenty of time for my main passion which, not surprisingly given my history background, is genealogy. Chasing old bones as my wife calls it. I researched my own ancestors for several years and now use my new-found expertise plus the internet to assist members of the Scottish-Irish diaspora, living mainly in the Americas and the Antipodes, to find their ancestors.

With any luck my hobby will in time develop into a living!

I was very grateful to Dave Keskeys (Art, 1976-80) for helping me to find Boyd Gray. More updates from former staff are always welcome. We are in contact with Phil Blewett and Martin Bromboszcz and hope to hear from them - Ed.

Poetry Challenge!

Competition Result

Thanks to all those who were brave enough to enter our very first poetry competition.

The judges given the task of picking the winner were: **Bryan Rooney**, Head of English at BHCHS 1967-85, **Paul Rattenbury (1939)** and **Peter Godfrey (1939)**. Both Paul and Peter are accomplished poets with many published works.

The judges did not have an easy task, and after much deliberation by email they declared the winner to be none other than our crossword compiler **Mike Ling (1961)**. We have now sent Mike his prize of £15, kindly donated by **Colin West (1962)**. Colin is a highly successful children's author who illustrates his

own books. His recent book *The Height of Absurdity* was recently published by Walker Books. For more information about Colin's work see his web site at

www.colinwest.com

Mike Ling's winning entry, with illustrations by Colin, is shown below. A note about the judging of this competition. The judges did not know the identity of any of the contestants until they had decided the result. Neither the Editor, nor Colin West, had any part in the decision making. The judges decided to award one runner up prize, and we shall publish the second placed poem in the next edition of OB News.

Bad Hair Days

By Mike Ling



A follically-challenged young builder
Whose name was Barrington Briggs,
Got self-conscious on site re his visage
So he sported a series of wigs.

On Monday he flaunted his Mohawk
(that's more like Mohican to you);
A Carpet of closely-cropped stubble
With spikes of bright green and blue.



Tuesday's was more of a Teddy Boy-
He's got all the gear to match,
And Wednesday he went for the rustic look
With a barnet of straw-coloured thatch.



Thursday, he became the fifth Beatle
Without the drum or guitars
And Friday he went for an Afro-
A hit in the old Motown bars.



But at weekends he went back to nature
And "Mitchells of Walford" appeared
He may not have much on the crown of his head
But he's started growing a beard.

1949 was a vintage year, because ...

NATO was unveiled, Clothes rationing came to an end, the Berlin blockade was lifted, the League Champions were Portsmouth, Spurs were the Cup Holders, the County Cricket Championship was shared between Yorkshire and Middlesex and.....

.....in September a bunch of reprobates turned up for their first day at BHCHS. Incredible as it now seems, that was 57 years ago – and what a welcome we had; most of us still carry the scars from the knotted

That was how the writer came to find himself at The OBA Dinner in 2001 and found there 3 former schoolboy acquaintances from his intake. One had been at my 21st Party, one I recalled from the old days and the



Colin Harris (l) with Terry Freeman

lighted that he was able to combine a family visit with our gathering and we were even more pleased that he apparently bore no grudges!

After all these years some might say "What's the point? What do you have in common with guys you only associated with at school well over 50 years ago?"

To some the answers might be quite surprising - it is really a sort of club and conversation is not limited to the 'Do you remember?' sort of chat - it ranges through all aspects of life and our individual experiences gathered over the years.

For some a single visit might be enough but for quite a few of us it is an enjoyable link with the past. What frequently shows is the value of the years that we spent at an exceptional seat of learning by Roding Stream and which in addition gave us each a solid foundation for the journey through life. Hindsight is a wonderful thing

Chris Waghorn



As they were - some of the 49ers taken in 1950. Back row (l to r): Mike Page, ?, John Rogers, Teddy Oakes, Tony Cullen, Hugh Davidson. Front row (l to r) ?, ?, ?, ?, Robert Williamson

handkerchiefs wielded by the gangs of second and third years whose delight it was at break times to ambush the nervous new boys and wreak havoc.

We have, for the most part, all been too busy building and living our own lives, raising families, following careers etc. to have had the time or opportunity to keep up schoolboy friendships; there have been exceptions of course but for the most part, there was during that time no contact with our former peers.

The revival of the Old Buckwellians changed all that – all of a sudden



49ers reunion in 2003

forgotten names and faces came back to mind and pictures of days gone by intruded back on the memory.

third I remembered not at all – nor he me! But there was plenty to talk and reminisce about and at the end of the evening the idea of meeting more of our contemporaries came to mind. Thus did the Forty-niners as an entity come into being.

Our inaugural meeting was held in July 2002 and the nine stalwarts present included Michael Cooper who set the record for the longest distance travelled - not that he had much in the way of competition having travelled to Chingford from Australia. Over the years John Beard also visited from Down Under and Brian Peck 'dropped in' from California!!

Graham's statistics suggest that there were 101 starters in 1949. Sadly there are 13 who are known to have died in the interim. There are 12 who are known to be living abroad and there are but nine who have yet to be traced. This leaves a starting line up of 69 UK based Forty-niners who can be found anywhere between Bridlington in the north, St Austell in the south, Cardiff in the west and Norwich to the east.

We now meet twice a year and so

far half of the home contingent has been to at least one gathering and one has attended all eight. The highest attendance so far was in October 2005 when 24 guys made the trip.

Our most recent 'soiree' featured another 'first' as we were very happy to welcome, as honorary Forty-niner, Colin Harris and his wife Mary. Colin was one of our Form Masters and a Maths teacher and, like us, he started at BHCHS in September 1949. Leaving the School in 1953 he took a teaching post in Winchester where he stayed until retirement and where he still lives. We were de-

Caption Competition



HOW about this for a nostalgic reminder of those hard working and rarely acknowledged providers of our daily grub. This is one of a superb set of photos taken by Dick Greening (1954) in about 1961. There will be a **cash prize of £25** (kindly donated again by the OBA Vice Chairman Malcolm Beard (1941). The prize will go to the person who, in the opin-

ion of the judging panel, submits the best caption for this photo. Only one entry per member please. Send your entry to the Editor by 31st December 2006. In 1961 £25 would have bought you 500 school dinners but I imagine the lucky winner will think of an alternative way of spending the prize money. **See page 22 for the result of the last competition.**

All the World's a Stage

Drama through the decades at BHCHS: Part five 1958-1963



The Makers of Violence, 1959: Mike Stewardson and Terrence Hardiman

Taming of the Shrew

In the last chapter we covered the final triumphant performance by Terrence Hardiman before he began his studies at Cambridge, and we noted the loss of some key staff who had nurtured drama at BHCHS during the 1950s. In 1958 Frank Winmill also moved on to head of English at William Morris. In his final year at BHCHS he took on his third senior production: *The Taming of the Shrew*. We have no archive photos of this production but Derek Dutton's review highlighted the performances of John Lowe and Michael Alcott. John, who had successfully coped with playing a

female role in *The Rivals* took the part of Kate and was a "humorously (in the Elizabethan sense) obstinate gal". Petruchio, her eventual tamer, was played with "robust efficiency" by Michael Alcott. The review also gave honourable mentions to Robin Harrington for his "dry, sceptical Grumio", Basil Dimitriou who played "an earnest, bewildered Hortensio", John Lewis who, as the Haberdasher, "was a little master of the right sartorial gesture", Keith Brewster, Graham Rutherford, Duke Maskell, Peter Cowling and Robert Connell.

Only a few months later, at the end of the summer term, several of the principal play-

ers were involved in the sixth form play, *Morning Departure* by Kenneth Woollard, produced by Peter Cowling. John Ingram praised several of the performances, particularly those of Basil Dimitriou and Duke Maskell. He also drew attention to the excellent set (sadly, doesn't seem to have been captured on film) which included the inside of a submarine complete with escape chamber. The set was constructed by Owen Eastal, Mike Verlander and Martyn Oates.

The following year's senior play, *Julius Caesar*, is another where we have not yet found any photographic records. Neither, sadly, have we managed to trace John Lowe. John's acting ability had been admired previously by several reviewers but in this production Mr Wigley commented that "he acted Cassius with something like

professional skill and with adroitness of timing. He spoke and looked very well and nearly acted all the others off the stage." It would be interesting to know whether John developed his acting career after leaving BHCHS.

The Makers of Violence

At the start of the 59/60 school year a play was performed that must have been a unique event in many ways. Terrence Hardiman, whose recent achievements on the stage were still very much in the memory of pupils and staff, rounded up a group of former pupils and returned to the school for a production of *The Makers of Violence* by Robert Gittings. For one of the leading roles he brought in a friend at Cambridge who had not attended BHCHS – Derek Jacobi. Another innovation was the first ever female to



The Makers of Violence, 1959: David Charlesworth being held down by Basil Dimitriou



Rehearsing for *Pygmalion*, 1960: Peter Morden as Eliza Doolittle

appear on the BHCHS stage – this was Terrence Hardiman's sister Diane. Others in the cast included several of the leading lights of BHCHS drama during the late 50s: David Charlesworth, David Lee, John Drinkwater and Basil Dimitriou. The performance of the two leading players must have given notice of their future success. In his review for the *Rodrig* John Ingram wrote: "both actors displayed the mastery, assurance and clarity which can only be found rarely on an amateur stage."

The amateur stage at our school was about to undergo some major improvements in time for the senior play in 1960. A new apron stage, improved lighting and new curtains were installed during the spring at a cost of £681, most of which was raised by the school's own efforts.

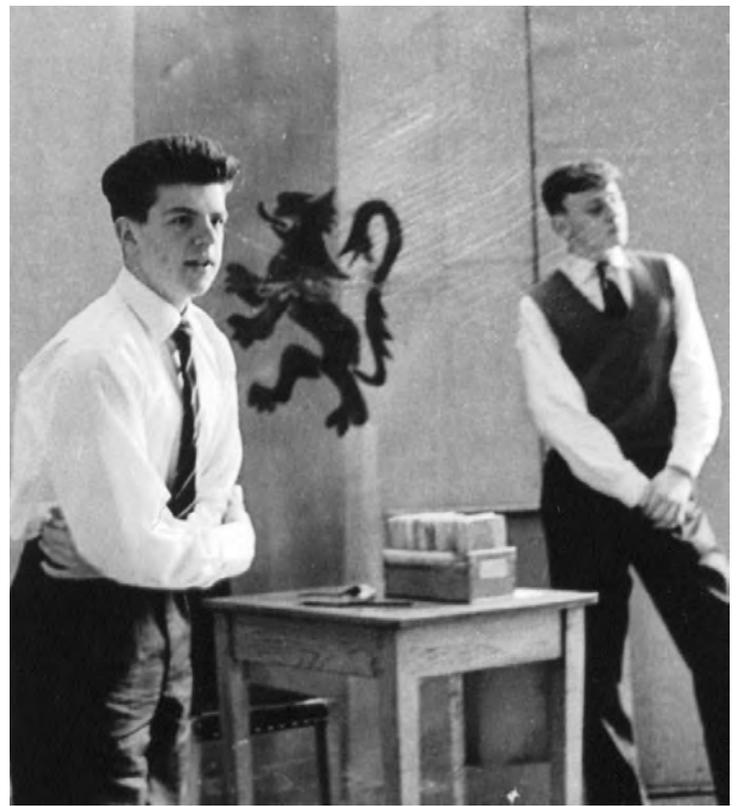
Pygmalion

After two consecutive years of Shakespeare, Derek Dutton turned to GB Shaw's *Pygmalion* for the inauguration of the newly refurbished stage. This production appears to mark a new trend of collaboration between staff members in school drama. Whereas earlier productions

appeared to be mainly down to a single member of staff, this was a team effort in which Derek Dutton was supported by John Ingram and Norman Beer. It was clearly a success, judging by Peter Sillis's review. He described Peter Morden's performance as Eliza Doolittle as "quite first class" and with an "absolutely convincing.... metamorphosis from the cockney Eliza to the well spoken Miss Doolittle." Other performances given a creditable mention were Alan Ellis, who "obviously relished his exacting role as Henry Higgins," Roger Goodwin as Colonel Pickering, and Peter Robjant ("with his mobile grimacing face") as Alfred Doolittle. Roger King's portrayal of Mrs Pearce the housekeeper was a "masterly character study with a Lancashire accent", and there were also honourable mentions for those who played various other female roles: Tim Chowns, David Lloyd, Michael Norgett, and Colin Mannakee.

Henry IV part 1

The following year saw the inevitable return of Shakespeare as well as a revival of junior drama at BHCHS. Again, we are sadly lacking



Pygmalion, 1960: Roger King (l) as Mrs Pearce and Roger Goodwin as Colonel Pickering

in any photographic record that would allow us to revisit the excellent performances in *Henry IV part 1* of Peter Robjant as Falstaff ("tottered and capered brilliantly"), Graham Rutherford as Prince Hal ("a fresh and interesting interpretation"), Roger Goodwin as Hotspur ("had authority and stature"), and Brian Mountford as King Henry ("always impeccably spoken"). The producer was John Ingram.

The junior play was a performance of a Wakefield Mystery Play given in conjunction with the madrigal group and produced by Norman Beer.

Murder in the Cathedral

Derek Dutton's production of *Murder in the Cathedral* was his last – he left BHCHS at the end of the 61/62 year to become Headmaster at Richmond Grammar School, Yorkshire. Eliot's challenging drama was highly praised by John Whaler in his review. The large cast included a Womens' Chorus, for which 25 juniors were coached by Ralph Maishman. Brian Mountford's portrayal of Becket was "a considerable achievement, eloquent in its conviction, as deeply felt as it was well spoken." Other lead-

ing roles were taken by Roger Goodwin, Ray Cochrane, Martin Frizelle and Roger King.

The Life of Galileo

In the school's jubilee year, the school play was possibly even more adventurous than that of the previous year. It was a certainly a challenge to the puerile intellect of one future *OB News* editor, aged 13¼. *The Life of Galileo* was a joint production by Ralph Maishman and Alan Anthony and involved a cast of 30 with speaking parts. Martin Frizelle, in the leading role, was required to be on stage for almost the entire three hours of the play. His command of the stage and his lines drew high praise from Brian Harris the reviewer, who also commented favourably on several other performances including Gordon Waite, Ian Bardrick, Howard Jones, William Kennedy, John Hannah, Chris Hassall, Max Weaver, Mike Horsnell and Ian Jobson.

In the next chapter of this series we will reach the enlightened age when, finally, the boys of BHCHS were required only to impersonate men, and not women.

Devonia: A Voyage of Discovery

By John Smith (BHCHS 1961-68)



WE SET OFF from Southampton en route via the Bay of Biscay towards our first port, Lisbon. The weather was exceptionally mild for the time of year (November), and we made record time towards Lisbon. I think the maximum speed of the ship was 12 knots, and we exceeded that. After the 'evil' Bay of Biscay' 3 kilometres (or miles) deep, and usually rough, but on this occasion a mill-pond, we sighted land around Cape Finisterre. It was far off on the port bow (nautical term). Howard Rootkin had a telephoto lens for his Nikon camera (I think a 400mm) and got some good shots of said land feature. We arrived in Lisbon on the afternoon *before* we were supposed to be there, and got an extra excursion ashore.

Being Bucks boys, we were required to wear school uniform whilst ashore. This requirement didn't apply to many of the other schools aboard. The cabs in Lisbon were all painted black with a green roof. We



Prince Henry the Navigator statue, Lisbon (thanks to Howard Rootkin and his 400mm Tamron lens)

travelled on foreign soil with great bravado! I seem to recall that at one point, one of our party was standing near the kerb, and a taxi ran over his foot. Richard Needle I think. To return to the ship, we boarded a cab and informed the cabbie of our in-

tended destination: Alicante! I guess this was correct, as we arrived back at the Port.

The following day, our first intended day ashore, we were in company with 'Duffy' Clayton (he of Mathematics), wearing a backpack, and striding the streets of Lisbon with chest puffed out in true British fashion.

We were all impressed by the statuesque feature of Prince Henry the Navigator and his adventurers. The suspension bridge across the Tagus river was a work in progress. Duffy led us up winding streets that became ever narrower, with washing hanging from first and second storey windows.

That evening, as we left port, I got into a shouting match with some local lads. They were shouting "Benfica" whilst I responded "Tottenham!" Naturally, I won. We departed Lisbon and proceeded south towards the straits of Gibraltar. Don't recall how long this took, but we passed Gibraltar in the evening, with Dolphins leaping in our bow-wave as dusk diminished the light.

At this point I should mention the "blue farts". This observed phenomenon was due to the disruption of the sea caused by the progress of our ship. The disturbance, commencing with the bow-wave, caused marine entities to 'phosphoresce'. Somewhat like a blue-green football momentarily appearing in the surface water alongside the ship. Freaky!

Our next port was Palma, Majorca. Again we were allowed to explore the town in our chosen groups. We discovered that even as fourteen year-olds, we could buy alcoholic drinks in the bars. I recall, vaguely, drinking vodka and lime.

The beach bars were accommodating. The weather was sunny. The locals were rugged up as if for a winter's day (which technically, it was) whilst we felt that it was pleasantly warm. I arrived back at the ship to ascend the gangway. I was stopped by a local who had arrived to return my camera, which I had apparently abandoned after two Vodkas. Impressed by this good-natured behaviour, I thanked my benefactor, and proceeded to climb the gangway with a wide-stepping gait that set the gangway rocking! The Lascars supervising our re-boarding were not impressed, and said words (not comprehended by



Feeding time in Palma. L to R: John Spinks, Rob Goudge, Bill Allan

me) to the effect that I should cease my unruly behaviour.

It should be said here, that said Lascars (ship's crew) appeared fond of me for no reason that I could fathom. I appeared favoured at mealtimes, with extra servings, and copious smiles and comments (largely not understood), but conveyed with apparent great conviction.

Aboard ship there were various entertainments. There were 'dances' in the evenings, with pop music. Soft drinks were presented in steel cans, which needed to be 'Karate chopped' but which were quite resilient to said activity, and caused soreness to edge of hand!

Songs could be requested, and I recall a request of *Babylove* by the Supremes for Martin Parrish. I don't know why, but 'it seemed like a good idea at the time!' Ivor Yeshin attempted to teach us a 'Rocker dance'. This required much expanse of deck to transverse sideways.

On one occasion a fancy dress competition was arranged, with a very enthusiastic representation from the boys of BHCHS.

There was also a games room in the bowels of the ship. This was resplendent with a number of table tennis tables. I recall that 'Del' Shannon was very good at table tennis, and could 'shift up' to win points. I recall developing a plan to defeat his game



Fancy Dress Night. L to R: John Smith, Rich Needle, Mick Ball



Peter Gill and Tom Leek - an unmade bed?

play, by playing like a possessed person at all times.

Later in the voyage, when finally the seas became less tranquil, the table tennis tables would sway with the motion of the ship. At such times, the movement of the tables could mean that a poor shot would find the table, whilst a good shot would miss!

The ship's movement in heavier seas meant that ascending the staircases was an amazing experience. Sometimes it was hard to climb the stairs as the ship climbed a wave. Other times, the ship was descending, and one could climb a set of stairs with one bound!

I recall a personal liking for standing in the ship's bow, watching the waves climb towards the anchors. In heavier seas, I found that on occasion, I had passed under a rope intended to indicate that one should not progress beyond this line of demarcation. This was intended to ensure we would be safe. I recall first observing this rope after spend-

ing time at the bow, presumably having ducked under it to get to the bow!

There were crewmen on deck with twiggy brushes. The purpose of these brushes only became obvious once the ship's motion became extreme and lunches were liberated to the four winds.

After Majorca, our next port was Cagliari in Sardinia. We travelled by coach to Antioch. Our buses achieved considerable pace, perhaps 70 to 80 miles per hour between cactus lined roadways.

Having arrived back in Cagliari, we ventured to the beach, accompanied by the good sir, Dave Clapton. At the beach, we found it was a private affair. Mr Clapton embarked on an attempt to have us allowed to use the beach: discussion with a local ensued in which our good sir attempted many of his languages to encourage discourse. He tried all sorts of languages, but none was successful. Accordingly, we were

unable to use that particular beach, so moved on to another. I was very impressed with Mr Clapton's efforts. I thought his best chance, being a head taller than any of his adversaries, was to thump them! He was however, very good-natured in his representations on our behalf, and showed good humour in fine example.

From Cagliari we sailed to Ajaccio, Corsica where we anchored off-shore. There was a boat drill, whereby we were put into the life-boats and lowered to the sea. We proceeded to race around the Devonia. The boats were powered by occupants with levers driving a screw propeller. My boat came last! Ashore we saw Napoleon's birth-place. Memories of a small house. I was impressed with the culture of the 'Vendetta Corse' and the many shops that sold large fold-out knives.



Duffy Clayton demonstrates his skill at deck hockey

From Ajaccio we sailed to Genoa. Here the trip became more arduous. The sea finally showed some spirit. At lunch, I sat at table with my tray. I noticed that the opposite porthole revealed a succession of sky and sea. I returned my tray untouched. At one point Mr Clayton left the class on some errand. A commotion was heard from the corridor outside, as Mr Clayton collided with a Fire Extinguisher which was dislodged - no doubt due to the ship's motion. We went to class but soon returned outside. Many souls were seen leaning over the rail, with nasty emissions descending from their positions towards the waterline! All was not well! One of our number, heaving over the windward side, was rewarded with sounds of distress from passengers on a lower deck!

After a period of 'all was not well' a crew nurse came around with a tray of fresh cream cakes from first class, to encourage us to eat. Everyone scarpered for the rail! There is nothing



Dave Clapton - eagle-eyed ref

ing quite like the feeling of 'mal de mer'. One wishes desperately for terra firma, and the absence of sea-borne motion.

The next day we arrived in Genoa, and disembarked to find the train station. We were bound for Calais, via Italy, Switzerland and France. Mid-evening the train stopped at a station. Locals were selling goods to the train's occupants. Our berth contrived to buy a bottle of Chianti, which was subsequently and rapidly consumed.

As the train passed by moonlight into Switzerland, Richard Johnson, who had visited that country previously, advised that the moonlit slopes were Jungfrau, or Jungfrau Joch.

During the evening, Mr Clapton, in agitated form, came through the berths. He was seeking a smoker. He had apparently been looking out of the window and copped a cinder in his eye! Naturally, all in our berth were innocent!

The following day we left the train and took the ferry from Calais to Folkestone, and then back home.

Two weeks away. Unseasonable good weather for the most part. A lifetime of disjointed memories.

Editor's notes:

1. Read more about John Smith on p. 19.
2. Confession: I hope none of the victims see this article, but I was the person who managed the rather unfortunate feat with my mal de mer.



The Toffs. L to R: Philip Davison, Paul Burnell, Ron Lowe

BHCHS Athletic Heroes: Part 1 - Jump Leaders

This is the first article in a series that will aim to give an overview of sport at BHCHS. With the benefit of the excellent archive provided by the school magazines, we can take a broader perspective than that allowed by our own individual memories of those who were our peers. Sadly, the *Roding* magazines were not published after 1973 and it has, so far, not been possible to recover more than a sprinkling of later records. We know that *Sports Days* continued up until the school's closure, and there were some very fine athletes in the later years. These will be covered in future articles. Here, I shall focus on jumping events during the first thirty years of the school's history.



The late Derek Wheatley (1938) winning the Senior high jump in 1945 described in the *Roding* magazine as "amazing, grasshopping, high jumping".

THE FIRST Sports Day held at BHCHS took place on 24th June 1939. The school population consisted entirely of first formers and staff, and the house system had not yet been established, so the competition was simply one between the three first forms. The imminence of war was apparent in the school magazine's report of the prize giving by Mrs JH Taylor:

She then made a most interesting speech in which she expressed the belief that the spirit of sportsmanship inculcated by such contests as she had just seen would go far to relieve and even solve the problems of international misunderstanding.



Des Slade (1939) at the Med Fleet Sports in 1949

McCartney called for three cheers for Mrs Taylor, and these were very heartily given by both boys and parents.

Despite the war, Sports Days continued at BHCHS until 1944 - that was the only year when the event was not held.

In the early years, surprisingly per-

haps even in 1945, the jumping events were limited to only "junior" and "senior". But in 1946 the pattern of events was set at Under 13, Under 15 and Over 15. This format continued until 1969. Even so, the triple jump and pole vault did not appear until 1947 and 1948 respectively.

Who were the greatest jumpers in the school's first thirty years? Even with the benefit of fairly comprehensive records the answer is not entirely straightforward. We could take a broad view and look at the overall number of events won by individuals. This is shown in the table (col. 4) which also indicates how many of

tion the vagaries of weather conditions.

Of course, the competitors in the earliest Sports Days would inevitably be record setters. But it is interesting to see that some of those early records survived unbroken for a surprisingly long time. When **Des Slade (1939)** jumped 5' 2" in 1943, although the event was classified as "senior" he was in the 4th form and therefore at the U15 level. His jump was equalled in 1964 by **George Asser (1960)**. A curious fact here - the guest invited to present the prizes at the 1964 Sports Day was none other than Des Slade. Although Des's original record was equalled on that day it was never beaten - at least not during the period for which we have data available.

While on high jump, we should mention some other notable performances: the 4' 7" jumped by **Alan Webb (1947)** in the U13 event in 1949 was not equalled until 1958 by **John Myers (1956)** and not beaten until **Terry Megnin (1965)** raised the bar by another inch. In the senior high jump, there was a steady increase in the winning heights until the late 50s. **David Wilkins (1952)** won the high jump event on five occasions during his school career. In 1958, he set a new record of 5' 5" in the O15 event and then the following year added a further 2 inches. His new record was equalled by **Kwamina Ackah (1955)** in the following year but this height was never beaten, at least not during the following decade.

Turning to the long jump, we can also find some remarkable performances. **Sid Bryett (1938)** has already been mentioned as one of the

Name	Events Won	Records Broken
Colin Griggs (63)	10	1
John Myers (56)	9	5
David Morris (51)	9	3
Sid Bryett (38)	7	6
Geoff Sykes (58)	7	0
Ron Docking (55)	6	1
Michael Collins (48)	6	0
Ted Moore (54)	6	0
Roger Patient (63)	6	0
Terry Megnin (65)	5	2
David Wilkins (55)	5	2
John Coulston (51)	5	0
Derek Hayward (47)	5	0
Rowland Little (50)	5	0
Ken Chambers (44)	4	3
Kwamina Ackah (55)	4	1
Clive Barber (57)	4	1
John Sands (47)	4	1
Graham Rutherford (54)	4	0
Roger Williams (53)	4	0

This table shows the total number of jumping events won by pupils who won four or more events, plus the number of records they broke

early stars, and his legendary sporting prowess was by no means limited to the athletics field. Not only did he win seven jumping events, of which six were records, but his record of 19' 5" in 1945 remained intact until the great John Myers beat it with 19' 10" in 1961. **Colin Griggs (1963)** was the only other athlete in the later years of this period who consistently jumped in excess of 19 feet.

The U15 long jump record was broken in four consecutive years during the late 40s. When **Brian**



Alec Hardy (1940) at the School Sports Day 1945

the wins either equalled or broke an existing record. But this is not necessarily a fair representation. For example, the early star performers such as Alec Hardy, Des Slade, and Sid Bryett did not have triple jump or pole vault available to them. Then there is the fact that not all the athletes stayed at the school for the same number of years. Not to men-



Colin Deeker (1944) vaults 7ft 10in to win the Essex Schools Junior Championships 1949

Trowbridge (1944) jumped 17' 6½" in 1948 and added 18 inches to the previous year's record he might have imagined that this would survive for a while, but in the following year **Eddie Cook (1946)** jumped 17' 7½". This remained unbeaten for seventeen years until Colin Griggs with a jump of 17' 11". It is a little surprising that John Myers, who jumped prodigious distances at senior level, did not win the long jump event at either U13 or U15. The U13 long jump had relatively few record holders in the first thirty years. When **Peter Freeman (1949)** leapt 15' 4" to beat the previous record by five inches, he surely wouldn't have imagined that this would remain unbeaten for sixteen years. Terry Megnin then set a new record, in 1967, of 15' 7½" which was then further improved in the two subsequent years by **Les Watson (1966)** with 15' 8" and then by **Peter Andrews (1967)** with an amazing 16' 9". This jump equalled two of the earlier winners at the O15 level.

Triple jump was dominated by a few outstanding athletes. **Ken Chambers (1944)**, who won the event three times setting a new record on each occasion, was the first to reach 40 feet which he did in 1950. This record survived for ten years, before it was broken by John Myers who had only just celebrated his 15th birthday. Myers, who was surely the supreme triple jumper ever seen at BHCHS, then went on to surpass his

own record three times in subsequent years, finishing in 1963 with 43' 8".

The first outstanding performer in pole vault was **Colin Deeker (1944)**, who was in the 4th form by the time the event was first contested as part of the BHCHS Sports Day. In 1948 he won the U15 event and the following year he jumped 9' 7" to win the O15 event. His record survived until 1957 when **David Morris (1951)** became the first (and only) vaulter to reach 10'. At the U15 level, there were only two record holders in the first thirty years. Colin Deeker's vault of 8' 6" in 1947 was beaten only once – by **Ron Docking (1955)** with 8' 9". There is a similar story in the U13 pole vault. The first winner was **Robin Alberry (1946)** with a vault of 6' 0". This was only beaten twice. In the following year **John Sands (1947)** achieved 7' 3" and then **John Peters (1948)** equalled the record in 1950. Nobody else reached 7' at the U13 age group.

We have seen some of the leading specialists in the individual jumping events, but perhaps finally a mention should be made of some other outstandingly consistent performers: **Michael Collins (1948)**, for example, won two events at each of the three age categories. **Geoff Sykes (1958)** won the pole vault on five occasions as well as his two wins in the high jump. **Ted Moore (1954)** had the unusual distinction of win-

ning the high jump and pole vault events in both of his first two years at BHCHS. The six titles won by **Roger Patient (1963)** included high jump victories at all age groups as well as three wins in pole vault, of which two were at the U15 level. Then there was the one athlete who managed to win each of the jumping events at some stage during his school career. **Rowland Little (1950)** didn't break any records, but he won high jump at U13, long jump at U13 and O15, and triple jump and pole vault at O15.

I am conscious that I have made no mention of the rivalry engendered by the house system. No doubt that will be a topic for review in future. But there was also an element of brotherly rivalry among our jump heroes. I am sure **Derek Hayward (1947)**, for example, in scooping up his five titles, was conscious of the fact that in both long jump and triple jump he exceeded the winning performances of **Alan Hayward (1942)**.

We didn't quite manage father and son jumping champions. **Malcolm Beard (1941)**, whose name will surely appear in later articles, just failed to win any of the jump events, whereas his older son **Graham Beard (1969)** won both high jump and long jump on at least one occasion.

There is a very sad footnote to this review. Several of the jumping champions to have emerged in the period are no longer with us, and three of the outstanding performers died at a tragically young age. David Wilkins died in a car accident in 1962. He had left BHCHS only three years earlier and was training to become a teacher. David Morris qualified as a doctor, emigrated to Canada, and died there in the mid 70s when he was about 36. John Myers also became a doctor and died from cancer in 2000 at the age of 54. All three have been remembered by their peers as thoroughly decent individuals despite their phenomenal athletic ability. Happily, we are now in contact with several of the other great performers mentioned. Colin Deeker was finally tracked down in New Zealand in 2003 (rather appropriately by **Ian Docking (1976)** nephew of Ron Docking mentioned above). Kwamina Ackah was one of the first people to respond to the creation of our web site and contacted us from Ghana.

I need to find records of athletics results from the period 1970 - 1989. If you can help please contact me - Editor



The late John Myers (1956) - supreme triple jump champion at BHCHS, taken in 1960

Where are they now?

Are you one of the many readers who has not yet appeared in these columns? How about sending me a brief update on your activities since school? If you are thinking of writing, don't leave it too late. Items for publication in the Spring 2007 edition should be sent in by the end of December 2006.



Les Tucker (1939)

A couple of months after leaving BHCHS in July 1944 I was flattered to receive an invitation from Her Majesty to join her Armed Forces, slightly soured by the accompanying warning as to the consequences of declining the invitation. So began my acquaintance with Drill Sergeant S., ferocious persecutor of right markers, and his fawning acolytes. Where are you now Sergeant, maybe on the great drill square in the sky, still yelling. After an extremely unpleasant two months a group of us were selected for further training. I had been looking forward to two 'gap years', free from homework, exams etc. I was therefore taken aback to find that the Army too had classrooms and even more to find it also had exams. Nevertheless after the rigours of the previous months the initial atmosphere in the classroom (incidentally, in Deepcut Barracks which have achieved some media notoriety recently) was almost festive. This however was not to last. The Army had a robust attitude to education. We were treated to an initial address from a sergeant major, the gist of which was that we had been selected as those who could be expected to pass and therefore anyone failing would be treated as a malingerer and spend the rest of his two years in the 'pan room', where large cooking utensils were cleaned in greasy water - hardly the dreaming spires. In those days such threats were not taken lightly and the mood changed from festive to one of quiet contemplation. Never in the succeeding weeks was there a greater dedication to learning, or at least information uptake - a counterpoint to Frank Mattick's perceptive article on education (OB News November 2005). Nevertheless the

course was almost enjoyable, including problem solving, although this had to be by the book, so no free thinking there.

At the end of the course there were a number of 'one off' postings and I counted myself lucky to be assigned to a group of Ordnance officers, albeit somewhat queasily as the area concerned was the Salisbury Plain, which military folklore of the time had it was in terms of isolation and living conditions the nearest the British could get to what was later to enter the language as a gulag. In fact the work, dealing with the legacy of the ancient Board of Ordnance, was varied and interesting, affording the opportunity to contact a wide range of units and people, some Regulars but mostly National Servicemen, some performing duties of startling responsibility considering their age. But they were right about the living conditions. It was customary to decry National Service and National Servicemen and opinions must vary widely according to individual experience. My own experience was that although there were undoubtedly lapses the majority of National Servicemen, as with generations before them, stoically did as best they could jobs they would rather not be doing in places they would rather not be, without the luxury of choice, and the Army got good value for its, extremely low, money.

I wanted to further a career in international trade and after the Army I joined a small firm of specialist metals export merchants in the City and started a three year course in international trade and marketing at what was then the City of London College. After that I had a spell working for a firm of Birmingham metal bashers. Then I joined an international oil company on the oil economics side. At that time the company was still virtually an adjunct of the Foreign Office and decisions were taken on the basis of elegantly written memoranda. The work comprised, after due training, the provision of the information for these memoranda - civilised employment indeed and a long way from the Salisbury Plain. But the times were changing with increasing rapidity, both in society and in the company and it is interesting to look back on how the organisation coped with a changed world and the various crises which punctuated the work - the Abadan Crisis,

the OPEC crises and so on and then the euphoria of the discovery of North Sea oil and gas, which saved all our economic bacons, employees and the Nation. More importantly I married a fellow employee, Jean, in 1967.

Throughout this time I had gradually developed an interest in industrial archaeology and the history of science and technology. What determines the varied interests we develop? In my case perhaps a family history of working in the Industrial Revolution activities of foundry pattern making, locomotive building and heavy engineering in the West of Scotland. The Open University had become a strong presence on the scene and on a hobby basis I took a degree including elements covering the above. Towards the end of my employment I had noticed that London University offered a part time four year diploma course in industrial archaeology at Birkbeck College and I was able to commence this whilst still at work and then continue it after retirement at the end of 1998.

After retirement I looked forward to a life of leisure, outdoor activity, mainly footpath walking, family activities, catching up on the books I had bought but not read and some occupation where I could employ the knowledge which I had acquired over the years. I made initial enquiries at the local museum and they referred me to the Royal Gunpowder Mills at Waltham Abbey which after more than two hundred years of Government ownership were undergoing extensive refurbishment prior to opening to the public as an interpretative centre and I became a volunteer. In the first year the work largely involved fresh air and exercise - 'scrub bashing' in the extensive grounds and guiding visitor groups. After a financial crisis caused by the stock market crash and the consequent departure of permanent staff, volunteers had to take on more duties. I was asked to take on the duties of archivist.

This has involved a whole range of activities - sorting and establishing databases for documents (for example hand written staff records going back to 1787), maps and photographs, initiating projects, writing for journals, answering enquiries from volunteers, academics and the public, giving talks to special interest groups, studying and recording the

history and industrial archaeology of the buildings, machinery and processes employed.

So after a brief interval of 50 years I am again dealing with the legacy of those ancient gentlemen sitting in their base in the Tower in the 16th century worrying about the Nation's increasingly threatened security and concluding that what they really needed was a better supply of gunpowder.

I have had the good fortune to be happily married to Jean for 39 years. We have two children, Ian (BHCHS 1981-86) and Moira.

Thanks go to Graham, who thought of Friends Reunited two years before Friends Reunited and the benefits it has brought. I recall the varied expressions which flitted across Mick Dunlop's face as he stood looking out of the guards van on the Swanage Railway - first wonderment, why was the aged figure on the platform staring at him, then struggle as his memory grappled with triggering misty 50 year old memories and finally the flash of recognition - have you read this far, Mick?

Finally, what of the old school? I came to BHCHS from a large city centre institution situated in grim surroundings. It provided an excellent education, but at a price - to attend it was not a happy experience. In contrast BHCHS was in an uplifting sylvan setting, run humanely with decent schoolmates and gave me the educational base on which to build lifelong learning. I will always be grateful for this.

Terry Tester (1945)

After leaving BHCHS I spent about 18 months travelling up to London from Buckhurst Hill and working in a solicitor's office in Bishopsgate. I soon realised this wasn't for me and decided to join the Army. I came home from work one day and gave my mum the forms to sign. She said I was throwing my education away, but she signed the forms. I joined the "Paras", saw active service in Korea and then took part in the Suez conflict in 1955-6. I then left the forces in 1958. In civilian life I spent many years involved in Trade Unions and was full time official of the T&GWU during the early 80s when we were trying to stop Sunday trading prior to the abolition of the Wages Councils. I have lived in Harold Hill for over 40 years and am married with a grown up son and daughter.

Graham Pearce (1952)

After leaving BHCHS in 1959 earning money proved to be a bigger attraction than further education, and I obtained a position as a laboratory technician in the Research Division of Glaxo Laboratories, as it was then called. I soon realised that without further qualifications I was not going to progress very far, so with a mixture of evening classes, day release and finally full time education at the University of Aston I passed the external Graduate of the Royal Society of Chemistry (RSC) examinations. Later I qualified as Associate, and then Fellow of the RSC and received the grand title of Chartered Chemist.

In 1969 I moved to Sandwich in Kent to work in the Quality Control Department of Pfizer and a couple of years later transferred to their Research Division. Initially I was promoted to Team Leader investigating the analytical aspects of new drug development, but gradually became more involved with the registration of new drugs for clinical trials and marketing. Soon I was heading a group that was responsible for the preparation of the Chemistry/Pharmacy section of all Pfizer UK dossiers for worldwide registration. This involved close collaboration with a similar Pfizer US group in Connecticut. I worked on several successful new drugs which later became multi-million dollar sales blockbusters. In the final few years before retirement in 1999, I was greatly involved in the worldwide registration of Viagra, when my group achieved many notable firsts, both for Pfizer and the industry, including the first fully electronic registration, filed simultaneously in both the USA and Europe. I was lucky that during my years at Pfizer the company grew from being a fairly undistinguished also-ran to become the largest pharmaceutical company in the world.

I have been married twice and my second wife and I celebrated our silver wedding anniversary in 2004. I have two daughters from my first marriage, who are both married and have to date presented me with five lovely grandchildren. I am enjoying retirement very much and we are keen travellers. During the last few years we have visited the USA, the Caribbean, South Africa, South America, Australia, New Zealand, the Far East and several countries in Europe. We are both fairly sociable creatures and belong to several different clubs and societies. Any free time seems to get used up doing various maintenance jobs around the house and re-designing and looking after the garden. I currently live in Walmer in Kent just a few minutes walk from the beach.

Peter Bodley (1955)

I'm still working for ECM Publishers, Inc. in the northern Minneapolis, Minnesota, suburbs as managing editor of three weekly newspapers. I've been at it here now for more than 35 years (that reminds me of Kenneth Williams in the *Round the Home* and *Beyond Our Ken* radio shows, which dates me).

Last time I was back in the mother country was in August 2003 during the heat wave of 90-plus degree days when I brought by oldest grandson, then 9, with me for a family wedding up in Norwich. I still have relatives scattered about the country, but only one, an 88-year-old uncle, in the Woodford area, where I was raised. His home abuts the Woodford Wells cricket ground.

Thanks to the Internet (BBC web site) and a cable channel here, called Fox Soccer Network, I still keep track of soccer in the UK. Fox Soccer Network televises a lot of the Premiership games each week - and the team I have supported since I was a youngster, Leyton Orient. Maybe they will win promotion this season.

Chris Hennah (1956) tells me he has now retired from Qinetiq (without an astronomical payout) and now has more time to play.

Ian Jobson (1956)

I spent thirty years working for the Bank of England in various parts of the organisation which, when I joined, prided itself on offering a "40 year career." Initially I was posted to the Printing Works at Debden, not at all what I had expected when I joined the Central Bank. However my time there was most interesting both as far as the work was concerned and the people I met. From 1972 to 1991 I worked in Threadneedle Street administering Exchange Control, internal management consultancy, and buying stationery and machines. My final work was as an economist working from the Winchester regional office liaising with the business community to determine how the economy was working "at ground level." This was a two-way process to inform the monthly interest rate decision and explain it! This was very interesting work but personal difficulties (my 16 year old son died of meningitis in 1996) and increasing work pressure forced early retirement through ill-health in 1999. Throughout most of this time much of my sporting and social life involved running with the Bank's Athletic and Cross Country Clubs. I had been a keen runner towards the end of my time at school and belonged to Woodford Green AC, achieving

some success as a sprinter & 400m hurdler before work and social life took precedence. After playing hockey with Old Bucks and then Loughton when the OB's folded, I took up running again in the 70's, mainly cross country and have continued since, albeit increasingly slowly!

In retirement I developed a portfolio of voluntary activities which kept me very busy and fulfilled: working with children and the disabled as well as the able bodied. Some incorporated practical tasks such as running a club for tandem cycling for the blind and an exercise class for the disabled. Others were more cerebral, I sit on two Boards and four committees which run organisations and provide their funding.

All this changed in September last year when my wife of 36 years collapsed and was diagnosed as having a brain tumour. I became her carer and we went through the processes of radio therapy and decline which culminated in her death at the beginning of February this year. Dealing with this has been difficult and I am in a period of unreality, trying to keep my life "normal", deal with the aftermath and come to terms with the loss of someone with whom I had been in close partnership for 40 years. I have been well supported by friends and family including my peer group, to whom I am very grateful. I had lost touch with school fellows not long after leaving school but, through chance got back in touch when Pete Aston's father died a few years ago. I have had much fun at the annual reunions of our year group since then and, this being the golden jubilee of our starting at BHCHS, a celebratory weekend is at the planning stage!

**Mike Spinks (1958)**

In 2002 I took early retirement from my post as Head of The Cathedral School in Chelmsford and started working full-time for the Football Association as their National Competitions Manager for schools' football in England. As a result I have now visited all 92 league grounds and organised matches at over 30 of them.

Terry Bartlett (1959)

I spent most of my commercial life involved on the London Metal Exchange, from 1970 up to my retirement from the sharp end in 2003. I am still involved in the world of non ferrous metals with a consultancy and directorship in a newly registered company on the AIM. I still have a major passion for both greyhound and National Hunt racing and have owned some very successful animals both past and present. These days I spend much more time at home with my wife of 33 years, Sylvia, who has not enjoyed the best of health over the last 3 years.

John Smith (1961)

Emigrated to Australia (Melbourne) in 1975 with wife Laura.

Still happily married with three children.

Commenced career as Microbiologist with an export meat cannery (exporting corned beef to UK!)

Promoted to Cannery Manager after 4 months.

National Vice President of the Australian Meat Processors association for three years. Chief responsibility: selection of wine list for the AGM. President of a local pony club for four years.

Has a ticket to the next Ashes boxing-day Test.

Presently a landscape gardener.

Eric Faulkner (1962)

Mac and I escaped through the school front gates on our Lambrettas destined for an afternoon of tea and pinball at the café by Buckhurst Hill station. Something told me that missing an hour of French with Jerry Whaler wouldn't destroy my life. Reading my report notes, years later, I realised that Jerry knew I was beyond saving. Tommy Leek knew it too, when I scored bottom of the entire year in geography in the third form.

Strangely, it didn't reduce my enthusiasm for France or travelling the world. On one of my first trips to France, with Mick Gasper and Rob Wright in 1969, I remember sitting under the stars in Frejus listening to Neil Armstrong make his "One small step ..." speech. On my return to England a great friend of mine, Ed Hooper (Are we allowed to mention Chigwell boys here?), talked me into hitching to Istanbul. I was 18, had just come back from a camping holiday in the South of France and had no money, so his Dad lent me thirty quid and we hit the road. We made it all the way there, but ran out of money after a few days in Istanbul, so sympathetic parents wired us enough for a return train trip. At the Bulgarian border the guards searched through the car-

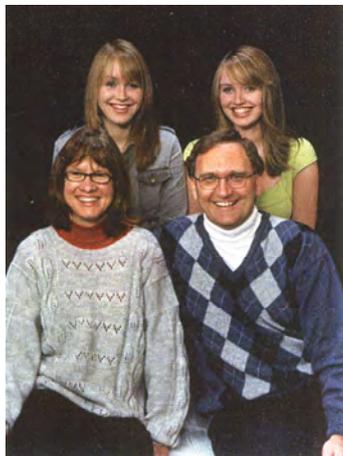
riages for any long-haired types and started throwing them off the train. When my turn came, I refused to go - that is, until a guard stuck a gun in my back. We were ushered off to the local village, where we were all given a marine-style short back and sides. Again, that failed to dampen my enthusiasm for travelling and over the next ten years I travelled to around fifty countries in Africa, Europe and Asia. I arrived in Sydney in 1980 for a working holiday and never left. It is a fantastic place.

I have never managed to be back in London in October for the Old Bucks reunion, but I have read every Old Bucks newsletter and magazine since John Perkins "discovered" me a few years ago. (*Hi John. Yes, sadly I do still support West Ham.*) I remember thinking in the early days of the Old Buck's magazine that at school, the writers all seemed to have been immensely successful academically, or sportingly, or both. They then proceeded to become more successful than Bill Gates or more saintly than Gandhi ... or both. So I considered my humble achievements to be ... well ... pretty humble. I have seen a couple of my old school mates recently ... Mac (Ian Macdonald) and Pete (Brewster) and their wives, have both come over for holidays in Australia and NZ. Mac has traded in the Lambretta, but he still has a Vincent 500. Pete and his wife Kath were on a twelve-month world tour. (How the rich live).

I have been an ad man for most of my working life. I worked at JWT in London and Ogilvy & Mather in Johannesburg and Sydney. In 1988 I left to start my own advertising media consultancy. There are 18 of us now and we work with thirty of the top 100 advertisers in Australia. We also handle projects and run training courses in Thailand, Indonesia, Singapore and the Philippines. Like most of the western world, we are trying to build our business in Hong Kong and mainland China too. I know many people who are retiring in their mid-fifties, but I am not sure that I want to play 14 games of golf a week. It's good to be able to travel and work at the same time, especially now I don't have to carry a rucksack on my back anymore.

John Simpson (1967)

I am now a full parametric ID card holding resident of Hong Kong. Moving to a foreign land is not without stress. BOC outsource assignment management to Price Waterhouse - it's all very efficient but I dread to think what it must cost. People who come here must be either seriously rich or on a corporate support package.



Andrew Larder (1967)

Andrew lives an hour from Vancouver, British Columbia with his Canadian wife and their 16 year old identical twin daughters. He is a Medical Officer of Health (physician specialising in public health) and is consulted on a wide range of public health issues: everything from a man waking up to find a rabid bat attached to his nose, to water quality for communities and avian flu outbreaks. When these issues erupt into controversies, he is frequently interviewed by the media. When not at home he likes to play classical guitar, hike, cross-country ski, and run half-marathons.

Trevor Taylor (1967)

I keep meaning to sit down and list the past 30 odd years but I never do! Briefly - 1973, left BHCHS, applied to Writtle Agricultural College for OND course in Agriculture. 1976, left college, worked on arable farm for 2 years, made redundant (farm sold). 1978, temporary job at Abridge Engineering. I knew a bit about cars having kept a series of old bangers on the road. 1982, got married, started my own business in Great Dunmow repairing and renovating cars of all sorts. 1985, Kimberley (daughter) and Nicholas (son) born - two lovely kids. 1995, divorce! 2002, gave up workshop. Disillusioned, tired of it. I started to work from home building Lotus 7 replicas - sell them to a contact in Belgium. 2006, still self-employed, building rally cars for people.

Lotus 7s still going strong, part-time builder's mate, part-time "white van man." and trying to play blues guitar in a band. I live in an idyllic spot on the Essex-Suffolk borders with the love of my life, Dee (who luckily loves driving two seater sports cars with no roof around France and Belgium).

Kids grown up - Kimberley at Cambridge University studying Ecology, Nicholas on a day release at Catering College in Norwich. I would like to hear from anyone that remembers me, especially Bob Millar - we were mates for a long time and then life caught us up.

Old Buckwellians Association: Accounts

Receipts and Payments: Year ending 31 Dec 2005

	2005	2004	2003	2002
Receipts				
Subscriptions (net)	4520	2773	3899	4145
Interest - National Savings - gross				250
Building Society - net				6
Capital Reserve - net	544	528	421	132
Annual Dinner - net surplus	106			
Annual Dinner - refund of deposit	500			
Sales of Association ties	86	36		
Sales of Association polo shirts	626	464		
Donations & sale of old Newsletters	65		155	251
	6447	3801	4475	4784
Payments				
Cost of newsletters/website expenses/admin	4358	4345	4260	3614
School Sign refurbishment and dedication		440		
Annual dinner		10	237	125
Deposit for booking for Annual Dinner	500	500	200	100
Cost of Polo Shirts	757	567		
Miscellaneous Expenses/Subsidy on Polo Shirts		61		
	5615	5923	4697	3839
Net difference of Receipts / Payments	832	-2122	-222	945

Balance Sheet as at 31 Dec 2005

	2005	2004	2003	2002
General Fund Account				
Balance as at 1 January	33783	35905	36128	35183
Add surplus/ deduct deficit for the year	832	-2122	-223	945
Balance as at 31 December	34615	33783	35905	36128
Assets				
Stock of Polo Shirts Stock remaining	451	25		
Stock of ties b/f £177 - £86	91	177	213	298
Cash at bank				
Current Account	1736	777	1416	1975
Deposit Account	32337	32804	34276	33855
Current Liabilities	0	0	0	0
	34615	33783	35905	36128

IN HIS annual report presented to the AGM in May Chris Waghorn, our treasurer, confirmed that the increase in subscriptions had occurred, as he had predicted in his previous year's report, due to the fact that many of our current members had joined for five years in 2001 and had therefore renewed their subscriptions in 2005.

He also drew attention to the fact that the cost of producing *OB News* and associated expenditure such as postage and

stationery had only shown a marginal increase, despite the introduction of colour printing. Finally, it had been agreed that the cost of the Annual Dinner would be increased by £1 in 2006. This was to ensure that the event remained self-funding.

In view of the current healthy state of the OBA finances there was again no proposal for any increase in the Annual Subscriptions. This means that the subscription has remained unchanged for at least fifteen years.

From the Editor's Postbag.....

Response to "Mr Angry" 1 *Peter Sharp (1960-67)*

I refer to two interesting letters published in the May 2006 edition. *Normal or Genius* came from a person (writer's name withheld) who considers his BHCHS years to have been one of the most unpleasant times of his life. I would agree that our school days were not the best of our lives (does anyone really believe that these days?). For one thing it is preferable to be paid for any non-voluntary, non-leisure activity. But what unfortunate experience/s at the school could have caused the writer to be so scathing about it? Considering the unsatisfactory nature of much of today's state education system, both academic and disciplinary, surely we should be thankful that we received an education on a par with some of today's better independent schools.

Terry Bayford's letter entitled *Connections* criticises publication of information about the academic achievements of the GGSK College compared with other local schools. He describes this as "inappropriate", "unhelpful" and "unprofessional" - a view which frankly savours of political correctness. The facts are the facts, and whether or not *OB News* publishes them will change nothing. I for one am interested to know how the "reincarnated" school is getting on - hopefully better than most of the state sector. I hope that Terry's letter will not deter publication of such information in the future.

The writer of *Normal or Genius* also wants nothing more to do with the OBA and dismisses individuals featured in *OB News* as "a bunch of people bragging about whatever achievements they think are interesting". Perhaps his own post-school life has not been as fulfilling as he might have wished? It seems to me that the *Where Are They Now* contributions display disarming honesty for the most part. The sarcastic description of

contributors as "geniuses", who are not "normal people", is unwarranted.

Terry Bayford also refers to the *Where Are They Now* column. He infers that those with "modest lifetime achievements" will not want to contribute. I suppose that I too would have been deterred had I seen a preponderance of crowing, self-congratulatory epistles from, captains of industry, self-made millionaires, showbiz celebrities, Nobel Prize winners, and Olympic gold medallists. But that is clearly not the case. And in any event, as we reach our later years we surely have to cease agonising about relative wealth and status and about what might have been (I speak as someone clearly in the middle ground based on these criteria). Someone may have worked honestly and diligently in a low paid but reasonably fulfilling job, and built around him a close and well-adjusted family in a modest but comfortable home. That person would have absolutely nothing to be embarrassed about - quite the opposite in fact. That would represent an outstanding lifetime achievement.

Response to "Mr Angry" 2 *John Gray (1941-48)*

I trust you are not dismayed by the gentleman who describes *OB News* as the most boring publication that he has encountered. Obviously there is a considerable concentration of frustration and discontent in that quarter, and he is striking out to revenge himself for his earlier unhappiness.

In fact, he would not have got through enough of the Newsletter to know whether it was the most boring publication that he had ever read, or, if he had, he was a fool to read so far. I did not write this in my initial comment, as I have some sympathy for the writer's position, but I was concerned with your own feelings, which must have sustained a slight dent, de-

spite an editor's implied willingness to accept criticisms. It is perhaps this aspect of the situation that has inspired the rest of the correspondence that you have received on this topic; I have felt the need to show some support for you against the criticism, probably like the other writers, that criticism notwithstanding, your efforts on our behalf are much appreciated.

As a teacher, I used to reckon that, in a class of 30, there would probably be at least one who disliked me, and my resolve was accept the situation and to give this child as much care and concern as any of the others. The same consideration would apply among the hundreds of boys who attended our school; some would find it a painful ordeal, and I greatly regret that all could not share the quality of my pleasurable experience there.

Actually, it was the 'News', indirectly, that led me to carry out my long-time intention of dropping you a line. A couple of days ago, I had the pleasure of watching Sydney Alford's TV explosion of the House of Lords. I had seen him several times before, and recognised him immediately on seeing his picture, but it came as news to me that he was another Old Buck. I can almost conjure up his image as a third former during my last year at school - I have a clear recollection of Trevor Lebentz, and he and Sydney must have been in the same year group. Anyway the result has been this note.

[I am grateful to Peter and John and all the others who responded to the "Normal or Genius" letter. Rest assured, OB News will retain a very broad-minded editorial policy and I know I am supported in this by my colleagues on the OBA Committee. I was pleased that several readers who called me expressed their view that publishing that infamous letter was a correct decision. Sadly, the writer will not see what a stir he caused. - Editor]

Another Tower Prank

Sherwin Hall (1939-46)

In his account of the climbing of the school tower (*OBN*, November 2005), Donald Shephard says he would be glad to hear of other miscreants' recollections of the last few weeks of school. His trio was by no means the first to reach that summit.

In July 1946, with nothing more diverting to do, John Gilbert and I spent the morning carving a plaque to commemorate the seven years we had graced the school with our presence. That afternoon we took the easy route to the tower by way of the trap door in the ceiling of the 6th Modern form room, the way that Shephard & Co descended thirteen years later. Once there, we screwed the plaque to a pillar where, I believe, it remains to this day. In 2001 I did a recee from Roding Lane and, using binoculars, I could see the plaque at the base of the southernmost pillar.

A few days later, we celebrated our last day at school with a lunchtime session in the Kings Head. That afternoon I climbed up to the tower again, this time with Alan Willingale. While sitting there enjoying the view we were spotted by the hordes below and when the bell rang for the final assembly they wouldn't go in. That meant trouble and I recall vividly the deathly hush as I dropped the last few feet from the trap door in the ceiling, almost flooring FAS in the process.

He sent me to the Headmaster who was seriously not amused but I had the advantage of knowing that Spud could do nothing about it as I only had another half-hour of school life left.

Crossword Solution

Harry Beck designed the original London Underground map. The connected clues are all Tube stations.



Is Britain a Civilised Society?

By Tony Nickolls (BHCHS 1953-60)



THE CALENDAR says 2006 AD yet British citizens still cannot do two things: refer to a convenient list of guaranteed Human Rights when they need to; obtain justice without having to pay a small fortune.

After about 400 years of rehearsal Britain seriously believes it is a civilised society. It is not easy to find a standard definition of "civilised society". A common reference appears to be: one where its legal system and government defines and guarantees specific rights (and by implication responsibilities) that all its citizens can call upon.

Most thinking Brits will have deduced that there is a lot wrong with Britain. They will seriously question the human rights record of British governments over the last 20/30 years and particularly the last 5. And it is getting worse. Even the British legal profession defends only two things these days - the size of its monthly pay cheque and the size of individual pension pots.

Tragically, Britain is now a country where 'Rights' tend to be ignored. The only guaranteed 'right' that Brits have, is to do as the Government tells them. All other 'Rights' are slowly being demolished. If the British Government wants to do something and a 'Right' stands in the way then the 'Right' is simply ignored. Unfortunately, as far as I can see, the vast majority of Brits are content with (or ignorant of) that situation and sit on their bums letting it happen.

All Brits had better wake up to what is happening because Human Rights, once gone, are very difficult to regain. One of the most sinister trends in this country is the fact that Brits are increasingly having to prove their innocence rather than other people having to prove their guilt. When things go wrong in Britain no

one with money, power or privilege is ever held responsible and no one is ever punished. Little wonder then that people, particularly politicians, think they can do as they like and there is little discipline in the country.

Britain is now a country where a citizen, if without money, power or privilege, is at a very serious disadvantage. While drafting this article two pensioners, one aged 71 and another aged 73 were thrown into jail for non-payment of council tax. What a civilised country Britain is! That happened regardless of the fact that Britain has signed up to Protocol No. 4 of the European Convention of Human Rights (ECHR). Article 1 clearly states "No one shall be deprived of his liberty merely on the ground of inability to fulfill a contractual obligation."

The British Government prefers that all Brits should go to jail. If newspaper reports are true then the Council of Europe places Britain in the same group as Russia and Turkey when it comes to failing to implement ECHR judgements.

When I left BHCHS I did not know what Human Rights were. Since then a lot has happened and as a result I have concluded that part of a good education must mean that someone learns how to defend Human Rights and accepts responsibility to ensure that such Rights are available and upheld for every British Citizen.

When I started my book 'Rights' were very far from my mind. If one has a problem one does not begin by quoting a human right. Most people just want their problem resolved. The book has evolved slowly. It began in 1994 as a commentary on my problems for my own benefit.

Later, I had the romantic notion that a history of my own problems would help other people and stop it happening to them. Somewhere along the way I realised that most Brits would be in the same situation as me - a complete lack of knowledge, support and help - and so I included details of Ombudsman and the like as well as chapters on 'Human Rights', the 'Legal System' and, of course, 'How to Complain Effectively'. It has to be updated each year. In 2006 it is only accurate to end of December 2002 at which time it consists of 202 A4 pages and records in detail the history of eight of my own unresolved problems, 38 ombudsmen etc and 15 other similar

organisations.

No one was interested in publishing the book. I would have had to finance it myself. Subsequent events have shown that was probably a blessing in disguise. The advance of the internet and web now dictate a totally different attitude to publishing. That is a problem I still have to get to grips with.

Unfortunately, we only have ourselves to blame for the state of this country. Brits simply do not complain enough. We accept shoddy goods and services; depraved Governments; managers who are unbelievably incompetent; a legal system that, even in 2006, is still firmly anchored in the stone age and exists to protect Government and Big Business; a Judiciary that looks and acts like a flock of sheep; police who cannot tell the difference between a rifle and a chair leg wrapped in paper; legislation on the statute book that appears to be idiotic nonsense written by Ape men; and most important of all a "To hell with the complainant it's not my problem" approach to complaint resolution - all with hardly a murmur of criticism.

In ten years of close contact with ombudsmen and their ilk I have not found one that I would rate as efficient. Most of them still protect Government and Big Business and throw the citizen/consumer to the wolves. Brits must be the most patient, tolerant, non-violent human beings on this Earth. However, it looks as if that is beginning to change, but only painfully slowly as always.

The problems that my four grandchildren are going to have to help sort out, if they are stupid enough to remain in Britain, do not bear thinking about.



IS BRITAIN
A CIVILISED SOCIETY?

Caption Competition Result



I wish I'd seen Star Trek - 'Beam me up Scotty' could have been my catchphrase

THE PHOTOGRAPH used for the last competition again proved something of a challenge for our thirteen entrants.

After careful deliberation, the judging panel chose the caption submitted by **Mike Ling (1961)** as the winner. Mike therefore becomes a double winner, having triumphed in the poetry competition (see page 10). For his winning caption, Mike has received the prize of £25 donated by Malcolm Beard.

Here are some of the other entries that impressed the judges:

"So tell me Fred, what exactly were you doing in the Solarium for all those years?"

"I found nothing beat Cherry Blossom Light Tan and a quick burnish with the end of the gown."

"You know FAS even with my eyes closed I can still see old Robbo in his Moscow bus conductor's uniform."

This entry needs a brief explanation for our younger readers. "Robbo" was Mr WG Robinson, who worked at BHCHS for 31 years, the School Caretaker for most of that time.



Then.....

I am unsure precisely when this aerial photo was taken. Certainly it was sometime after 1971 (when the tennis courts were completed) but before any work started on constructing the M11 (it was opened in 1976).



Now....

An image from *Google Earth*. This amazing piece of technology allows you to zoom in on anywhere in the world. To view your house, see www.earth.google.com



Coming Up.....

Features planned for our next edition include:

- ◆ Fire at BHCHS - when the school nearly burned down
- ◆ Young Buckwellians News - early publishing efforts
- ◆ BHCHS teacher's secret rock band experience
- ◆ Record Breakers - the greatest runners in the school's history

Obituary

Steve Dyer

We reported the news of Steve Dyer's sudden death in the last edition. The report that follows was published in the Woodford Guardian. Steve was at BHCHS from 1968-75.



brought these qualities to the game."

Mr Dyer joined the City of London Police as a uniformed officer in 1975 and worked in the areas of public order and divisional policing.

When he was promoted to inspector he became staff officer to the Police Commissioner and was also head of the learning and development centre for the force as well as latterly being head of race and diversity. His last post was chairman of the Police Federation.

Colleague and friend Chief Superintendent Alex Robertson, who introduced Mr Dyer to Bancroft Rugby Club, said: "He was hugely respected by his colleagues and those with whom he came into contact in the police nationally, and that high regard came through by being physically and morally courageous."

In the 1980s he was often involved in the policing of public order incidents, including the miners' strikes and Wapping protests. He also received a Commissioner's Commendation for rescuing people from a Salvation Army hostel on fire in the City of London.

Mr Dyer leaves a wife, Liz, and four children.

TRIBUTES have been paid to a rugby-playing senior police officer who died while out running at High Beech.

Police and rugby colleagues this week described Steve Dyer as a "hugely respected" and "very approachable and likeable" man. He died on Saturday, January 28, aged 48.

Mr Dyer, who lived in South Woodford, played for Ongar and Bancroft rugby clubs.

Bancroft Rugby Club chairman Graham Wiseman said: "Steve was universally liked and had a great sense of fun which served him well in his police work. He was very approachable and likeable. For us at the rugby club he

Alan Beales

ALAN BEALES was a pupil at BHCHS from 1940-45 and trained as a motor engineer after leaving school. Early in his career he worked at Lambs of Woodford where he met his wife June. Later they moved to Chelmsford where he set up his own motor repair business. He became well known in the area for reliability and ability to get to the bottom of the trickiest technical problems.

Alan died of cancer in March 2006 following a long illness.

At the time we traced Alan in 2005 he was already ill, but June tells me he would like to have participated and was particularly proud of having attended BHCHS.

Alan and June had a son and two daughters. Their son has continued the motor business that Alan founded.

Robert Atkins



I RECEIVED the following letter from Bob Atkins (BHCHS 1952-59) in October last year. He had been admitted to St Mary's suffering from leukaemia.

Reading your latest newsletter in the luxury of my 3rd floor suite at St Mary's Paddington, where I am snugly ensconced with my pals, Lukey and Chemo plus a few other drips, I was delighted to see published on p11 the excellent photograph of my class in which I think I can identify all my contemporaries.

I found Don Shephard's detailed account of the 'desecration' of the School

René Seibers

RENE SIEBERS was a pupil at BHCHS only in the sixth form when his family moved into the area in 1967. He spent most of his later life in New Zealand. After we had picked up a clue as to his whereabouts we made several unsuccessful attempts to find him. We recently made contact with his sister who reported that René died suddenly, apparently from a stroke, in December 2004.

Tower utterly compelling and can confirm that Spud appeared quite livid, would have shown no mercy to the perpetrators and cancelled all end-of-term events as his only resort. This included the sports event held at Grange Farm pool and described by Mr Scott as "the Swimming Gayla". Unlike Don, Roy and Alan, I suspect my life's achievements would fit onto a Rizla Paper. Nonetheless, I would be genuinely delighted to hear from them or any classmate who remembers me.

Bob returned home after Christmas and died on 14th February 2006.

After leaving BHCHS Bob Atkins graduated in Law from Exeter University and went on to pass all his Law Society examinations in one sitting. His entire career was spent as a solicitor working in the legal department of the Post Office in London.

On taking early retirement, he moved to Bristol where he lived with his partner Chris Watkins.

The tone of Bob's letter characterises his attitude to his illness. Bob was grateful to survive long enough to be able to achieve a Civil Partnership with Chris. Theirs was the first one in Bristol. Could it be an Old Buck first as well? Our condolences to Chris and to Bob's younger brother Terence Atkins (BHCHS 1958-65).

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

William D Thomas (1938) died in January 2004. He lived in Chippenham.

Dennis Witherick (1938) died in February 2006. He lived in Benfleet.

Eric N Smith (1939) died in November 2004.

Derek B Floyd (1940) died in April 2004. He lived in Barking/Dagenham area.

David CJ Warner (1943) died in February 2003. He lived in Braintree.

Chris Nightingale (1944) died in December 2004. He lived in Canada. Reported by his son Paul Nightingale (1973).

Doug Clarke



Doug Clarke and Shirley at the wedding of their son Richard in February 2005

DOUGLAS WILLIAM CLARKE died on 14th September 2005 after suffering a stroke 3 days earlier. He was one of the original members of BHCHS and Old Bucks Cricket Club. He is survived by his wife Shirley, three sons Andrew, Martin and Richard and two grandchildren Adam 9, and Rebecca 6.

Doug left school in 1945 and started work at Midland Bank, Mile End Road, later transferring to the Buckhurst Hill branch. He later joined Lloyds Underwriters in the City. At 27 he decided to leave banking and become a teacher and went to the College of St Mark and St John, Chelsea. He qualified in 1957, married Shirley and started teaching at a Primary School in Loughton where he was very much involved with the football and sport in general. He then moved to Highlands School in Ilford where the football team won many trophies whilst he was there.

He was a football referee and a cricket coach in the Junior Leagues. Eventually his arthritis got the better of him and he had to give up all sports and all teaching in schools which made him very unhappy. For the last 13 years of his working life

he became a home tutor.

Doug was a very good all round cricketer. He topped the averages in batting and bowling many times during the 50s. Doug and Shirley had their honeymoon in Bexhill on Sea so that Doug could play cricket in the middle weekend when the Old Boys had their annual cricket weekend trip to Sussex, that's how dedicated he was to the Club. They played against BREDE, Doug got 84 not out and 7 wickets for 23!!

Doug's grandson Adam shows great promise as a cricketer and plays in the Junior teams of both cricket and football, for Sawbridgeworth.

Doug had to face many health problems in recent years. He had two hip replacements and only this year he was on a short list for shoulder and knee replacements. He also developed diabetes. In spite of all this he always managed to get to see his beloved Arsenal when they played at home. He was a shareholder and season ticket holder for many years. To his delight his youngest son Richard runs their website.

Michael Cooper (1949) writes....

Doug was one of the founder members of the Old Bucks Cricket Club alongside such stalwarts as Charlie Summers, Jack Sutton and Ken Button. Doug captained the OBCC for many years and was a talented all-rounder. His skills with the bat invariably enabled us to post a reasonable score and his "crafty" spin bowling was very effective. Many a time our fun loving players would have been on the losing side if it had not been for the skills of Douglas Clarke. On the social side (an important part of the team's weekends) Doug, and Shirley were always "in the thick of it all". Those were indeed very happy times for a lot of Old Buckwellians.