

OLD BUCKWELLIANS NEWS



November 2007
Number 17

Look Back in Anger?

WHEN I succeed in tracing yet another Old Buck after a long and difficult search, it is naturally disappointing to get a negative reaction.

Here is a recent example from someone I found living in the Far East: "Dear Graham, I have had no contact with anyone whom I went to school with, and have no desire to re-live those years. I spend my life looking forwards, not backwards. Despite my complete lack of interest in your mission, I wish you the best of luck."

It didn't take me long to recover from the

disappointment, and I began to consider his statement further. It occurred to me that his attitude was a bit like choosing to drive a car without any rear view mirrors. You will probably get to your destination but you may miss some useful pointers. We can learn a lot from reflecting on what we did (or failed to do) in the past. But the main point is that he completely misunderstands the nature of our network.

Re-living the past may be what some of us do some of the time, but it would be very sad if that was our main focus.

Whatever your own personal perspective may be, I hope you are looking forward - to reading the rest of the news.....

Graham Frankel



Retired but happy

See p4



Super stage team

See p 15



Do you recognise anyone here?

See p12



Old Bucks return to Brisbane Road

See p 4

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Chairman's Corner



I HAVE now formally confirmed my intention to stand down as Chairman at next year's AGM and as I write this short piece, we are thinking about a suitable successor. It would be great, to my mind at least, if he shared my sentimental and nostalgic love and gratitude for our old School but whatever your thoughts, if there is an Old Boy that you would wish the Committee to consider, then please let any of us know. I am most keen that we should not have an unseemly struggle to find a successor at the last moment next May.

Our next OBA event will be the Annual Dinner on the 11th of

October at the Metropolitan Police Sports Club and this year, in a break from tradition, there will be no guest speaker. There have been, I am told, a number of complaints that the speeches go on too long but although I have canvassed opinion, no one has actually approached me about it. Nevertheless, there is clearly a view that what members want is maximum social time with old friends and, of course, I can perfectly understand this. In the absence of good data, I hope that this year's experiment will elicit more opinions. As ever, I shall endeavour to keep the necessary formalities as brief as I possibly can.

The AGM was held at the School this year with a good turn-out; my thanks to all who supported the Association. We had been hoping to post a video of the School tour on our website but there are some technical difficulties which our Secretary and our Webmaster are trying to resolve. Nevertheless, all business was properly completed and the new Constitution, which I trailed in my last Chairman's Corner, was unanimously approved. Chris Waghorn has kindly produced

some information cards containing the new constitution and list of OBA officers.

We continue with social events and John Hannah is busy organising a 59ers Dinner for the early part of 2008. In addition we shall be returning to Brisbane Road for the last home game of the season for Leyton Orient (this is now an annual event organised by Dick Nichols) when "we" will welcome Leeds United. We had a very good turnout earlier this year for the crucial League One fixture against Notts Forest where relegation for the Orient was only avoided in the 93rd minute!

I expect that next year's fixture will be sartorially enhanced by the presence of Old Buckwellians wearing the superb new baseball caps described elsewhere in this issue! Polo shirts and our new ties are also available to complement your ever-improving wardrobes!

As ever I can confirm that your Association is in fine form and I look forward to seeing a number of you very soon. In the meantime, I do hope that you are drying out after our record summer!

Alan Woods

Old Buckwellians News



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

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obsubs@genesishr.co.uk

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Please send your news items and other articles for publication to the Editor by email if possible. Original photographs will be returned.

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

The Editor

Graham Frankel
46 Mandeville Road
Hertford
Herts
SG13 8JQ

Tel: 01992 422246

E mail:

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

Shop Window

BUCKHURST HILL COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL
A GLIMPSE INTO THE PAST
LIFE AT BHCHS 1966-1970



Thank You to the author
JOHN ROBINS



More than 250 copies of the DVD *A Glimpse into the Past* have now been sold. The DVD contains three cine films shot by **John Robins** between 1966 and 1970. Total footage of 55 minutes includes some fascinating interviews with staff and pupils. The DVD costs £5.73 (including postage to UK addresses) or £6.84 (overseas). Contact Graham Frankel for orders/enquiries.



Our smart new OBA tie, launched earlier this year, is also selling well. I am told that the photo doesn't really do justice to the tie's superb quality so you will just have to trust me or speak to one of the happy customers.

The tie is 100% silk, and is available for £10 (includes P&P). Contact Graham Frankel for orders/enquiries.



To add to our widespread(!) range of clothing for the discerning Old Buckwellian, we are delighted to announce the OBA Baseball Cap. The idea came from **John Hannah** and we have tried to make the design of the caps as close as possible to the original, so frequently donated into the Roding at the end of the third year. We hope you agree. John has kindly agreed to handle sales and administration for the caps which will sell at cost price of £5.30. P&P, if necessary, will be approx £2. All enquiries and orders for caps to John Hannah by email: thomashenrietta@hotmail.com

BUCKS FIZZ

News and notes about Old Bucks

Mega Bucks Deal

Our roving reporter in Spain (none other than OBA President **Trevor Lebentz**) uncovered this rather amazing piece of information. We had two Old Bucks involved in the takeover of West Ham United by an Icelandic company. **Patrick Wilson (1967)** is Managing Director of Hawkpoint, leading the team that advised West Ham on the deal. Meanwhile, on the other side of the



Patrick Wilson

negotiating table, was **Keith Harris (1964)** whose company, Seymour Pierce, was advising the Icelanders. I guess the £85m deal is one of the biggest involving two Old Bucks - unless you know differently!



Keith Harris

Nottingham Graduates

Roland Watts (1956), who lives in New York, tells me he is looking for other US-based Nottingham University graduates on behalf of the University Alumni Office. If you can help with any contacts please write to Roland directly at: roland_watts@hotmail.com.

Bucking - now official?

"Bucking" is a term that has had a recognised meaning in the Frankel household for the past few years, but according to Google it now seems to be official.....

Google Web Alert for: "buckhurst hill county high"

[Bucking - definition of Bucking by the Free Online Dictionary ...](#)
[Buckhurst Hill County High School](#) [Buckhurst Hill County High School \(ward\)](#) [Buckhurst Hill tube station ...](#)

59ers Hitting 60



The class of '59 have decided to organise a major reunion in celebration of reaching an important milestone. This will take place at Packfords Hotel, Woodford Green on 5th January 2008. Masterminding the event is **John Hannah** (above left) and he is seen here at the planning meeting, variously at-tie-red, with **John Smallbone** and **Andrew Van Stratum** (at least one of them is sensible). At the time of writing, John had reached 30 bookings, but if

anyone else would like to join the party, he is still able to take more bookings. Partners, children, grandchildren are welcome to the event. Also, if anyone from the years immediately above and below (who may have been in sports teams at school with the 59ers) they are welcome too. For more details please contact John Hannah by email: thomashenrietta@hotmail.com ..or by phone: 0115 846 9411 (h)/ 07949 973291 (mob)

Harbour Cruise for Old Bucks in NSW

How about this for a reunion with a difference. While we were looking for yet another Old Buck in Australia (to add to the 88 traced so far) **Stuart Low (1952)** suggested that there may be enough in the Sydney area to hold a social event.



Bill Matthews (left) and Stuart Low at their planning meeting

Together with **Bill Matthews (1945)**, Stuart came up with the idea of a harbour cruise and buffet meal in Sydney Harbour. This event will be unusual in two respects: not just the distance from Roding Lane, but also

in that it will involve Old Bucks from several different year groups. The inaugural Australian meeting will have taken place by the time this edition goes to print, so we hope for a report in the next edition.



Nostalgic tour of the school at the 2007 AGM

Photo Pete Berrecloth

Let there be Light



An unexpected moment of flame for **Canon Graham Kings (1965)** when he accidentally set light to his sermon at Islington Parish Church. The incident, and Graham's amusing impromptu reaction to it, was captured on video by one of his parishioners who happened to be trying out a new camcorder. To see the full video go to the *You Tube* web site (www.youtube.com) then enter "graham kings" on the search bar. You will then see the humorous way in which he dealt with the crisis. The incident caused quite a stir, featuring in the local press (not sure if it made the *Church Times*) and at the time of writing the video has been viewed almost 24,000 times.

Meanwhile, Graham has since wisely banned candles from his church. Regulars at the Old Bucks Dinner will remember that Canon Kings gave an excellent (and non-inflammatory) after dinner speech a few years ago.

AGM Nostalgia

After venturing to Westminster for the 2006 AGM, we decided to return to Roding Lane and our old school for this year's meeting. **Peter Murch (1962)** came up with the excellent idea of arranging a guided tour of the school before the meeting. We are grateful to Pete for organising this. We have now held several AGMs at the school and we are always grateful to Mr Toor, the Headmaster of GGSK College for his hospitality. Mr Toor and his staff always make us very welcome, and indeed all the other Old Buck visitors to the school at other times.

As for the meeting itself, this was short as expected, the main topic being the constitutional changes mentioned by Alan Woods on page 2 and the fact that we are now actively seeking our next Chairman. The photo left shows tour guide Pete Murch (second right) with some of his party.

Plus ça change at the Os



Old Bucks warming up for the match. From the left: John Moss (62), Clive Reay (62), Chris Moody (62), Christian Nichols (son of Dick), Dick Nichols (62), Chris Brooker (62), Alan Woods (62), and Derek Melven (48)

MY paternal grandmother had an ashtray on the telephone table in the bay window of her sitting room. To the best of my rapidly fading memory, it read: *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. At the tender age of ten, and before the admirable educational input from the likes of M. Héry (my French teacher in 1962/3), I wondered what this mysterious message might mean.

On Saturday 28th April, it all became apparent. Nestling in the Old Directors' Box (for aficionados, that's not a beyond expiry date case of strong bitter) was a comradely group of Old Bucks. They were about to enjoy (sic) the first ever Leyton Orient home match in an entirely covered East London stadium and, in front of a capacity crowd, to witness the titanic battle between their heroes and twice European Champions, Nottingham Forest.

Despite a thrilling opening twenty minutes when the Orient took the lead with a fine move finished off with aplomb (sic again) by Matty Lockwood, Nottingham Forest soon showed their class and went on to score three goals to comfortably win the match. Their supporters, seated dangerously close to us and with no security cordon, sang lustily all game, and to their credit, applauded the O's off the pitch at the end of an ultimately anticlimactic day. Mike Dean has since reminded me that one of their poignant chants during the game was "we are going to Wembley, you are going to Shrewsbury". Ultimately, however, neither team will be visiting Shrewsbury this season as Nottingham Forest and Shrewsbury failed to gain promotion.

It was wonderful to see so many Old Bucks. Special mentions go to **Derek Melven (1948)** for flying in from his home in the States, **Graham Wiskin (1973)** for his first ever

visit to a professional football match and **Barry Hearn (1959)** for being typically (marginally) politically incorrect in the bar after the game. And before anybody asks, no, they don't sell Directors'.

So, what has *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose* got to do with an end of season League 1 game? Well, we met in a different pub from last year and the game produced a defeat as opposed to last year's victory. There were slightly less of us in total, though this year we were all paying customers. But, there will always be an Orient, there will always be an Old Bucks and it looks increasingly likely that there will always be an annual Old Bucks day out at the Orient.

Bring on Leeds United. See you there!

Dick Nichols

End of an Era at *The Times*

Michael Horsnell (1956) has just retired from what used to be called Fleet Street after 34 years, mostly at *The Times*. He started by covering the rash of IRA bombs in London in 1973 and ended full-circle with the attempted bombing of the Tiger Tiger Club in Haymarket on June 29. In between were numerous court cases at the Old Bailey and High Court, from the Jeremy Thorpe trial to the Royal butler hearings. Various murders, rape and armed robbery kept his working life going. But the best fun was had at the Gillian Taylor libel case when the court discovered what all of us at BHCHS knew anyway about what it's possible for two people to achieve in the front seat of a large vehicle. A self-confessed technological dinosaur, Horsnell preferred the hot metal days of his career when three-hour lunches were the norm, and

Small World Special



Another remarkable chance meeting of Old Bucks occurred in November last year. **Martin Williams (1957)** was on holiday in Auckland visiting his daughter, who lives there. During his stay Martin's granddaughter was christened at Whangaparaoa where the Vicar of St Stephens is **Peter Cave (1947)**. The photo below shows Martin, his wife Carol and granddaughter Madeline. Rev Peter Cave, seen above in action during the christening, actually attended BHCHS at the same time as Martin's two older brothers, **Howard Williams (1944)** and **Colin Williams (1946)**.



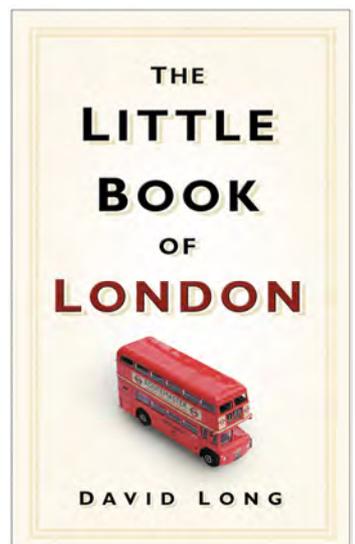
Three in a Row!



David Long (1972) is in danger of overtaking Peter Haining as the most prolific author from BHCHS. This is his third consecutive appearance in these columns. How does he ever get the time to create winning entries for our caption competition?

A great gift for locals, visitors and homesick ex-pats alike, *The Little Book of London* is packed with fascinating, frivolous or just plain bizarre facts and trivia. Did you know, for example, that if the main guns on HMS Belfast were fired they'd wipe out Scratchwood Services on the M1? That the world's first ever traffic island was installed in 1864 so its inventor Col. Pierpoint could cross Piccadilly to reach his Club? - unfortunately when he turned round to admire his creation he was promptly run over by a cab - or that Acton is home to the world's first, last and only spiral escalator, which no-one can any longer figure out how to get working? Published by Sutton at £9.99, signed copies are available to OBs from the author for considerably less.

Contact David via his website for more details: www.davidlong.info



was almost certainly the last newspaper hack to bow out without having used a laptop to file his stories. Horsnell, who keeps in close touch with up to a dozen friends from the golden era of '56-63, plans to chill out for the foreseeable future though he might be tempted to write another book, drawing on the experiences of the 'vile trade' in which he was engaged. Provisional title: *In Praise of Older Barmaids*. He would be delighted to hear from anyone who remembers him from the best school in Essex:

mikehorsnell@hotmail.co.uk
I would like to add that Mike (see photo page 1) has been tremendously helpful to me in all sorts of ways since I started as a novice editor on the first edition of *OB News*. I was relieved to hear he plans to keep his Fleet St contacts.

Red Nose Special



Were you tempted by one of the premium red noses on sale in Sainsburys earlier this year? Bet you didn't know they were the brainchild of **Tom Orton (1982)**. Tom is Business Development Director at a highly innovative marketing agency Logistix.

The company won a contract to produce 8 million red noses complete with a square of white chocolate that turns into a 3D photograph when held up to the light. With me so far? The nose itself was in the form of large red sponge that grew dramatically when removed from its box. The photo, proof I hope that I am not just making this up, shows Tom (centre) with two of his colleagues at Logistix. Inspired by something at school, I wonder?

Robinson Stands Again



Selected at the end of last year as the Liberal Democrat candidate for Chelmsford, **Stephen Robinson (1977)** believes he now has a great chance of toppling the Conservatives. The boundaries at Chelmsford have been reorganised since the last election, when Stephen finished a narrow second when standing for the old West Chelmsford constituency. This time, local party members chose Stephen from a field of five candidates.

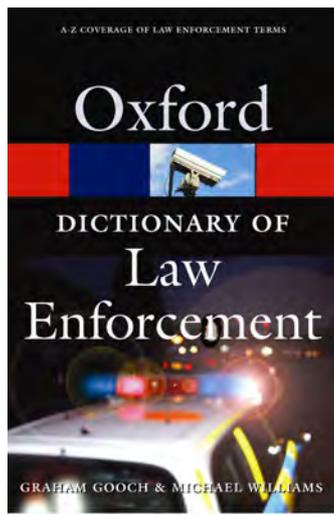
He is an experienced campaigner, having first been elected as Councillor on Epping Forest District in 1990, subsequently leading the Epping Forest Lib Dem group for three years and then serving as deputy group leader on Essex County Council.

Many readers will remember Stephen's father **Colin Robinson (1950)** who sadly died in 2000. Stephen lives in Writtle with his wife Angela and their son Charles aged five.

A to Z of Crime



Recently published by Oxford University Press, another volume in the ever-growing and diversifying collection of books from Old Bucks. **Graham Gooch (1961)** is a lecturer in Forensic Science at the University of Central Lancashire, and course leader of the Police and Criminal Investigation group.



Dibble on Stainer



The latest book from **Prof Jeremy Dibble (1970)** was published in June 2007. *John Stainer - A life in music*. This adds a further volume to Jeremy's extensive output on English composers of the late 19th and early 20th century.

The Old Barge



Simon Davis (1983) manages one of the busiest pubs in Hertford. *The Old Barge* has a delightful river setting and is noted for regular live jazz nights and quizzes that can attract as many as 200. Simon, his wife Sally, and two year old Alexandra will be pleased to see Old Bucks living in the area. With **Andy Hoy (1966)** at the Green Man, Royston and **Jeff Leach (1964)** at the Old English Gentleman, Saffron Walden, we now have a fine range of Old Buck hostleries.

A Slow Round of Golf



Two Old Bucks recently undertook a rather amazing fund raising event. **Michael Dick (1972)**, helped by **Paul Morris (1971)**, decided to play 100 holes of golf in a single day. Starting with breakfast at 2.15am, they proceeded to tackle (mainly in the rain) all the courses at both Kingswood and Walton Heath Golf Clubs in 15 hours. While Michael wielded the clubs, Paul was acting as a long-suffering caddy. Michael's score of 501 (85 over par) was less important than the amount the pair raised for the Variety Club and Cancer Research - a staggering £28,293. The photo above shows Michael and the photo below shows the intrepid pair in 1978.



Joe's Marathon

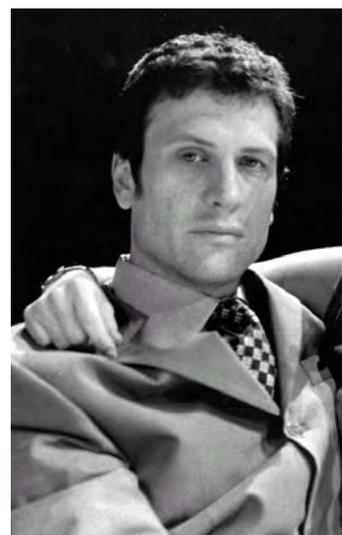
Congratulations to **Joe Happe (1980)** on successfully completing the London Marathon earlier this year. Joe's effort raised £1,700 for *Children with Leukaemia*.

Family Affairs



If you are a follower of various prime time dramas on TV you will probably have seen appearances from these two brothers, both of whom attended BHCHS. **Jason Merrells (1979)** (picture above) has appeared in many productions including *The Bill*, *Casualty*, *Sweet Medicine*, *Cutting It*, and most recently as Jack Rimmer in *Waterloo Road*. He has also been a narrator on several documentaries.

Jason's older brother **Simon Merrells (1976)** (picture below) is also a professional actor. His TV debut was in *London's Burning*, and he has since appeared in *Casualty*, *Heartbeat*, and *Family Affairs* (not with Jason!). Simon was also seen in an episode of *The Bill* in April 2007.



Classy Classic



Featured in a recent edition of *Classics Monthly* magazine, **Mick Read (1962)** is seen here behind the wheel of his Jensen. The article was a comparison between two cars that share the same Chrysler V8 engine: Mick's 1963 Jensen CV8 MK1 and a 1964 Facel Vega II.

These vehicles were not often seen driving down Roding Lane, costing more than the average house when new.

Watoto Challenge

By Chas Musgrave (BHCHS 1954-59)



Chas Musgrave and wife Chris

I left school in 1959 after an undistinguished five years, with very little to show for the privilege it was to attend such a fine institution. There followed a chequered time of employment in horticulture, then as junior in a bank, then more outside work with another old boy – Peter Kershaw (1952) – in his landscaping business, until in the middle sixties I began a seven year course in engineering. That led to an honours degree in engineering and membership of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers. I was to remain in petro-chemical engineering for the next forty years. I married in 1968, and we have five children and three grandchildren, all of whom are our absolute pride and joy.

In 1958 I became a Christian, and much of my life has revolved around service in Emmanuel Christian Centre in Walthamstow. For over 25 years, my wife and I ran a residential summer camp each August, with weeks for children, young people and

families. In 2000 we began organizing teams to visit third world countries to help with local small building projects in such places as Guyana, Panama and Romania. In 1999 I was in the home of a certain Hugh Colgate for a Neighbourhood Watch meeting. To my surprise there was a picture of the school on his study wall, and I discovered that he had been a headmaster there. He immediately introduced me to the *Old Buckwellians News*, and I have been an avid reader ever since.

And then in 2005, I decided to change careers after being invited to head up the UK office of Watoto Child Care Ministries. After recovering from major surgery in September 2005, I became full time UK Director in January 2006, with responsibility for extending the ministry of Watoto into Europe and the near East.

Watoto cares for children in Uganda who have been orphaned by the AIDS epidemic that swept that country in the nineties. Watoto build homes where a loving foster mother, often a widow herself, cares for up to eight orphaned children in a close family setting. These houses are formed into clusters of eight, and the clusters are grouped into a Children's Village. Currently there are three villages caring for about 900 children. Each year some 60 teams from around the world travel to the Villages to build houses,



The Suubi Children's Village

playgrounds, school classrooms, and vocational teaching centres. Earlier this year Baby Watoto – the Bulrushes Babies Home opened in Kampala where abandoned babies are cared for. In May 2007 I took a team of 24 to Suubi Children's Village where we helped build a house for school teachers. Watoto have plans to care for 10,000 children by 2020, including building Children's Villages in the town of Gulu, which was formerly a war ravaged area in Northern Uganda, where children were abducted to serve in the rebel army.

The Watoto Children's Choirs are formed from the orphaned children and tour the world bringing a joyful message of hope for their future. Choirs have sung at the Edinburgh Tattoo, the House of Lords, and in the Rose Garden of the White House. A Choir will be in the UK from September, and are a must. Our website www.watoto.com will have all the details.

So that is about me. After a satisfying life and now coming up to retirement age, but definitely not ready to retire, and thoroughly enjoying the challenges that Watoto brings.

Tony Jolly's..... *Gin* CORNER



as a Christian) wishes to wear a small ring (apparently now a health and safety threat) signifying that she wishes to remain a virgin until she is married! What a massive change in mindset! When an old beggar like me was in the marriage stakes she would have been in the vast majority and not thought of as odd. That's not all, there is the change to the almost majority use of everyday English which was once considered slovenly. With the increase in "texting" as well, it will not be surprising if, in 2020, the PM will address Parliament without any surprised reaction, as follows – "Hi guys! I done good in Brussels larse week, wiv lookin' a' them importn't fings and stuff what we dig". Ah well! I'm not bovered! As probably by then I'll be having a pint with St Peter in a heavenly pub or sweating like mad from shovelling coal in Satan's boilerhouse!

Wha' ever!

Miracles sometimes happen - I hear from a friend just returned from France that he noticed Chilean wines being sold in French shops - a brandy quickly please!

Tony Jolly (1943-49)



The Watoto Children's Choir

Such, such were the joys

By Kevin Carter (BHCHS 1966-72)



SEPTEMBER 1966, shortly after England won the World Cup. The first day at a new school. Dick Gardner, Brian Jones and I, all once of Hereward Juniors in Debden, were wearing caps and blazers for the first time. This made for a perilous journey across our council estate. Arriving a while after the rest of the school, the whole first year assembled in the playground. My first memory is of seeing Peter Gray, who was a good foot taller than most.

It took a while to adjust to the new school's protocols and environment. The formal assembly, teachers in gowns, standing as they entered, being known by my surname, hearing different accents, behaviour more controlled (at least in the early days), polished wooden floors, honours boards and university plaques.

Academically I was not one of the school's great successes (and never contributed a plaque or had my name inscribed on a board). I found fooling around to be more alluring than study and it took some years for me to recognise the opportunities I missed. Even if I had been more focussed, financially, university was never an option. My widowed mother worked hard to put me through school and the teachers gave their best, but I had little interest, especially in the critical year ahead of GCE's. There were far too many distractions in the outside world.

I have few memories of lessons, but many more of the characters, both teachers and fellow pupils, that populated the school. My sole achievement was being a regular member of the school football team, which gelled into a credible force after an abysmal first year (thanks to Ted Moore and Dave Stancer for encouragement and John Drury for continuing to pick me, in spite of my occasional waywardness).

But every teacher persevered (especially Hugh Colgate, Mr Loveridge and Mr Hoskins) and I eventually scraped enough exam passes for the career adviser to suggest jobs in banking, insurance or the Civil Service; I opted for the

latter and spent my immediate post-school years working for the Office of Population Censuses and Surveys: I suspect some of their statistics from that time may be flawed. My wife, Sandra, and I married in 1976, when I was 20, and we were living in Australia three weeks later. We now have two daughters, Louise (22) and Catherine (20), who I am glad to say are far more assiduous than their dad ever was (I won't let them read this bit).

After Australia, we lived in Tanzania for three years and I then spent a year working for IBM in Havant. Somewhat older and wiser I joined the Diplomatic Service in 1984 and have since served in Poland, Malta, China, Germany, Belgium and the Netherlands.

For the last five years I worked as a Project Manager for the internal consultancy unit of the Foreign and Commonwealth Office, advising on the organisational structures and staffing of our Missions (mainly Embassies and High Commissions). During this period I spent about half of each year travelling to places such as Zimbabwe, Ethiopia, Sudan, Yemen, Lebanon, Syria, Iran, Australia, Papua New Guinea, the USA, the Caribbean, Thailand and many others. I also advised on consular prepara-

tions for major sporting events, including recent football World Cups and European Championships and the cricket World Cup in the Caribbean.

In July 2006 Sandra and I were posted to Austria, where I now head the Joint Management Office which serves our three Missions in Vienna. I am also the British Consul. We should remain in Austria for the next four years.

Those that remember me will not be surprised to find that I still follow Arsenal and listen to soul music (occasionally attending concerts with Dick Gardner and Phil Gould). Other interests include Australian wine (especially Shiraz), genealogy and George Orwell. English teachers, particularly Chris Toms and Taffy Griffiths, who thirty five years ago tried in vain to get me to show an interest in Orwell or any other writer, will be astonished. This article also provides an opportunity to thank close school friends Nick and David Wood, Mike Beer and Kevin Jackson and their respective parents for their kind holiday invitations. They did much to whet my appetite for travel, which was to become such an important part of my family's life.

I was saddened to read in these pages that the legendary "Simpkins" had died young. His ability to irritate teachers was unrivalled. I should imagine he collected more Saturday detentions than anyone else in the school's history. My favourite memory is of him raising his hand midway through a chemistry lesson and saying to the teacher "Sir, if we (the class) all jumped on you we could beat you up". John Lakeman came back with a rapier-like reply "Yes Simpkins, you are right. But on the way down I would get some of you ... and I'd make sure you were one of them". My life is richer for having known him.

Editorial note. I wonder who was the all-time Saturday detention champion at BHCHS. Any offers?



U12 Football Team 1966-67 Back row, l to r. Nigel Pink, Mark Worpole, Paul Jensen, John Van Put, Paul Bartlett, Dick Dobney, Peter Lovelock. Front row, l to r. Mick Lovelock, Gareth Davies, Ray Gaffney, Guy Miller, Kevin Carter, Nick Wood, Dave Kaye

Re-tracing their Steps



Ivan and David Moss (please don't ask me which is which) on their nostalgic trip back to the scene of cross country triumphs. Inset shows them as Sam and Eric in 1963

I WAS pleased to hear recently from Ivan and David Moss (1962) who played the twins Sam and Eric in *Lord of the Flies* (*OB News*, May 2007). Ivan recalls how Norman Beer went down on bended knees and pleaded with them to appear in the play. With two sets of identical twins in the same year, Mr Beer may have felt he had a reasonable chance of successfully filling the roles. David Moss remembers his mother commenting on how the boys' clothes progressively became dirtier during the play (deliberately, aided by a bucket of mud kept backstage) but that while the front of their clothes were getting more and more grubby, their backs remained remarkably clean.

Clearly, the intrepid twins are still not frightened of the odd splash of mud, because

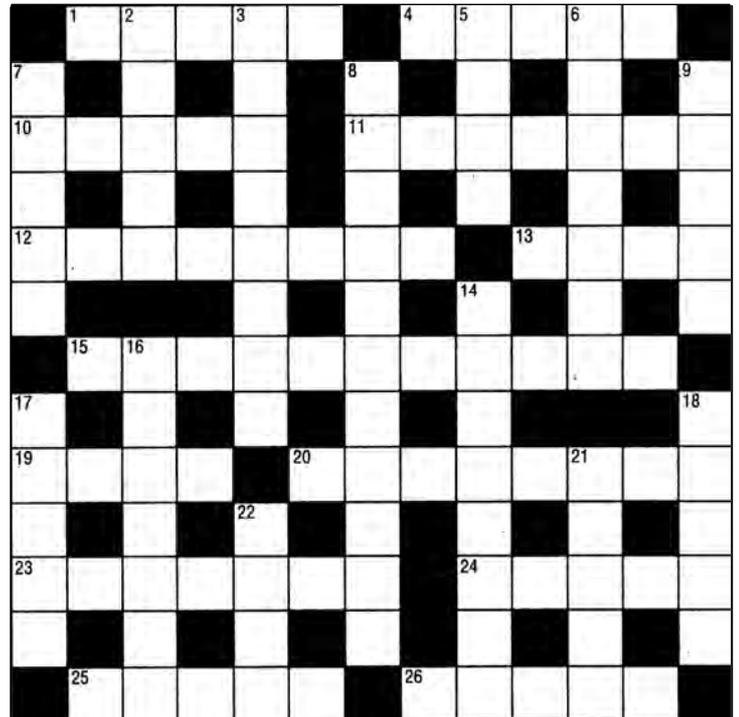
they have recently completed a 150 mile walk around London, following the *London Outer Orbital Path*, or *LOOP*. David tells me that the writer of the worthy guidebook describing this ambitious walk¹ was clearly unaware of the importance of BHCHS. Although he specifically refers to the footbridge over the Roding he fails to mention that this was part of the cross-country route dreaded by so many of us. Their marathon walk gave the twins an opportunity to recreate the moment, in 1965, when they decided to try and break through the twenty minute barrier. The photo shows the twins catching their breath before the final dash along the right bank of the Roding and then the painful crawl up Roding Lane.

¹ *The London LOOP* by David Sharp, Aurum Press 2001

OB NEWS CROSSWORD

No.10 "Number Ten" By Mike Ling

The answers to the asterisked clues have a connection to the title. Solution on page 19



ACROSS

- 1* Land blasted in *Macbeth* (5)
 4 Ostentatious (5)
 10 Last letter of Jerome Garrett? (5)
 11 Track athlete (7)
 12 In short, a branch of technology (8)
 13* The House of Douglas (4)
 15 Quickened (11)
 19 Sally, for example, at the fair (4)
 20 Union or association (8)
 23 Method of folding *Tokyo Times*? (7)
 24 Colour to follow 9 (5)
 25 Bird of regretfulness? (5)
 26* Local match in the Midlands? (5)

DOWN

- 2 Surrey town (5)
 3* Rustic roofer (8)
 5 Leading man of the Royal Court (4)
 6* Low leap over early incumbent (7)
 7* A Pole at Westminster? (5)
 8* Monarch's household manager (11)
 9 Inexperienced (politically?) (5)
 14 Pre-cooking sauce (8)
 16* Preserving in a metal container (7)
 17* Principal rank? (5)
 18 Rhythm (5)
 21 Muslim official in Mogul empire (5)
 22 Hard green stone (4)

Year Group Monitors Wanted!

REUNIONS are an important feature of our network. Not everyone wants to be involved, but I had an excellent suggestion from one of the OBA committee members that could be worth following up. If we could get a person from each year group to act as the co-ordinator for that year this would provide a contact point for anyone interested. For this to be successful we would have to avoid confusion (ie make it clear what the monitor's responsibilities were) and also avoid running into data protection issues (it will not be possible for

me to release personal data from the database to the monitors).

As a starting point I would publish a list of the co-ordinators regularly in *OB News*. If you would be interested please let me know.

This would not be a committee position and would not involve any other regular duties, but obviously it is fairly important that any volunteers need to be on email (and use it regularly!) and probably based in the UK (unless your name is Stuart Low or Bill Matthews!)

HONOURS BOARDS

EVEN for those of us whose names didn't appear, the honours boards somehow capture the essence of the

school's atmosphere. Recent visitors to the school will know that the boards are still preserved in the school hall. The list of Head Prefects makes for rather sad reading - nine of the twenty one distinguished gentlemen have now died, and several of them at an early age (average age of only 51). As mentioned elsewhere in this edition, the prefect system was abolished in 1964 when the establishment of the Sixth Form Council brought democracy to BHCHS. Photo : Ken Bray (1940)

HEAD PREFECT	
1941-2	A.SCHAPMAN
1942-5	A.W.FLOWER
1945-6	A.C.PRICE
1946-7	G.M.BENNETT
1947-8	J.TILLY
1948-9	S.J.GILBERT
1949-50	C.E.COCKING
1950-1	D.C.GORICK
1951-2	R.J.DOE
1952-3	G.MILBURN
1953-4	E.D.CROOK
1954-5	B.E.MACEFIELD
1955-6	T.E.HARDIMAN
1956-7	A.D.WILSON
1957-8	P.G.COWLING
1958-9	D.J.MORRIS
1959-60	J.D.HAMSHIRE
1960-1	M.J.NORGETT
1961-2	M.N.FRIZELLE
1962-3	K.W.W.HURLEY
1963-4	R.S.BYDE

BHCHS Motto Mystery - Who Recycled it?

Much has been written in these columns about our school motto and its origins. Last year I was intrigued to discover that *donata reponere laeti* is not unique to Buckhurst Hill CHS.

A chance search on the internet revealed that at some time in the past it was also the motto of another school. Longsands College in St Neots, Cambridgeshire was formerly a secondary modern and it changed into a comprehensive in the late 1960s. It was around that time it adopted the BHCHS motto.

Rob Watmough, the current Principal of Longsands, gave me some helpful information but we never quite got to the bottom of how the words from the Epistles of Horace got

borrowed by his school. He discovered, from a former Headmaster, that a classicist by the name of Trevor Williams was the first Head of the comprehensive school, but died not many years later.

As far as I am aware, there is no connection between Trevor Williams and BHCHS, but I suppose it is possible that the same tutor who gave JHT the idea for the motto could have taught Trevor Williams. It seems unlikely, given the time difference. I wonder if we will ever solve this little mystery? Incidentally, Rob Watmough tells me he replaced the motto with one that is "more prosaic but readily understood".... *Be inspired.*

Sporting Masters

By Bryan Brown (BHCHS 1945-50)



IT IS not every school day that you look forward to a Maths lesson so that you can grin knowingly at the master. The previous Saturday you had seen him miss a penalty before a crowd of several thousand and you made sure that all the class knew about it. The photo shows, third from the left in mufti, Mr. Ken Goodyear, one time captain of Ilford F.C.

This was in the post-war heyday of football when spectators would walk in droves to the nearest football ground on a Saturday afternoon to watch even an Isthmian league amateur game. Friends would call at your house on the way and as you all turned the corner others would be walking the same way. Gradually the numbers grew until you reached the already crowded ground. You paid an insignificant sum at the turnstile and purchased a modest programme. One glance at the people on the terrace in the picture shows a crowd that many a league club would now envy. In those days men never went shopping on a Saturday afternoon and there was no *Grandstand* on TV.

I liked Ken Goodyear as a Maths teacher. He was as well qualified as any in the school. K.Goodyear M.A. (Hons. Mathematics and Geography), St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. At about the time of the photo he was the Form Master of 1G. He taught both of the subjects that he was qualified in and was obliged to referee football matches in all weathers on the sports field on games afternoons. He would stop the carefree flow of our match to show us how to improve our game, for example by demonstrating how a corner kick should be taken. We were not used to soaring crosses nor to leaping nimbly into the air to head that wet, heavy, laced cannon ball into the net, before splashing down into the mud of the goal mouth.

Somewhere in the crowd behind the team photo is **Ray Ginn (1945)** always identifiable by his giant and very loud rattle which he spun with vigour to spur the team on. I am indebted to him for tracking down the

names of the team in the photo, with the help of his friend Eric Cross of Ilford and England amateur fame. Back row Andy Willets (physio, i.e. the man with a bucket and wet sponge) C. Mills, Ken Goodyear. (In team strip) Fred Fleet, Terry Keenes, J. Cox, N. Thompson, Jim Eyett, J.Mills, Reg Dellow (coach) Jim Yeo (Chairman) Front row seated. Alec Smith, Ron Heckman, Henry Dodkins, McLean, Eric Parker. Henry Dodkins was another amateur England player. If football nowadays can be the theatre of cruelty, watching Ilford then could be the theatre of farce, with a half time lead of 5-1 being turned round into a 5-6 loss! "No-score draws" were unheard of.

However, as time progressed, the crowds at Ilford and others in that league dwindled. Property developers bought up the ground and houses now occupy the site. If you could turn round from the photographers position you would see over the top of the packed "Clock Stand" the tall chimney of George E. Gray's timber yard at the junction of Ley Street and Eastern Avenue. A tram route once ran from Ilford Broadway along Ley Street to Barkingside with a tram garage near to the football ground by the fire station. Towards the end of a match, buses would begin to line up outside to clear the crowds away.

Ken Goodyear was an unassuming man who once, to the thunderous cheers of the crowd in the main stand and out on the pitch in front, held aloft the "Thameside trophy" secured by his winning Ilford team.

Editorial Note: Ken Goodyear only taught at BHCHS for two years, leaving in 1949 to join Beal Grammar School as Senior Mathematics Master. The Roding Magazine of 1949 notes... "we shall be much the poorer by the loss of Mr. Goodyear's kindness, conscientiousness and sense of service. Mr. Goodyear's contribution to school football by precept and by example, skill and sportmanship was a full one." In response to the obvious question, a feature about Tom Leek is on the "to do" list.

BHCHS Athletic Heroes: Part 2 - Track Titans

Continuing our overview of athletics at BHCHS. Since publishing the first part of the series I am pleased to report that some additional archive material has been sent in which allows me to cover running events over the whole of the school's history.

As noted previously, the earliest sports days were limited until the original pupils had progressed to the sixth form. During those war years there were also many disruptions, with some boys being evacuated and not returning, staff absent on war service, and of course the threat of bombs.

At the first sports day in 1939 the only running event (apart from relay) was a junior and senior 100 yards. Clearly, as the number of events gradually increased, there were a disproportionate number of records set. 220 yards was added in the following year, then 440 yards in 1941, 880 yards in 1942. The mile did not appear until 1946, and perhaps surprisingly hurdles events not until 1956.

Despite the fact that **Sid Bryett (1938)** did not win his first running event until 1940 he then went on to dominate running, as he did in long jump and high jump, until he left BHCHS in 1945. There is little doubt that if middle distance races had been included his tally of 13 wins would have been even higher. As in the jumping events, the prodigious records he set remained unbroken for many years. His U15 100yd record of 11.3 seconds, set in 1942, was not broken until **Michael Collins (1948)** ran the distance in 11.2 seconds in 1952. Bryett's senior



Derek Boone (1941) winning the U15 440yds in 1945

100yd record of 10.9 seconds was only beaten in 1951 by **Peter Marsh (1945)** who achieved 10.8 seconds. Bryett's senior 220yd record of 23.8 lasted even longer. It was not bettered until **John Myers (1956)** and **Paul Booth (1954)** both ran 23.2 in 1961.

For most of the school's first thirty years, the sprint races were organised along a consistent age structure, with 100yd races at U12, U13, U14, U15, U16 and O16. 220yd races were the same age groups with the exception of U12 (not included until 1970).

The 100yd U12 had very few record breakers, with the 13 second barrier proving to be the problem. The first person to run 13.0 seconds was

Colin Howes (1947). His time was then equalled on five occasions during the 1950s and 1960s before **Michael Hopkins (1964)** finally achieved 12.7 seconds. Then, in the following year, **Steve Sussman (1965)** ran 12.6 which remained unbeaten in the pre-metric era.

In the U13 event, it was the 12 second barrier that was hard to beat. The first sub 12 second run was that of **Malcolm Taylor (1960)** in 1962. Again, it was Steve Sussman who ended with the fastest time (11.5 seconds).

At the U14 age group, the record 11.0 seconds set in 1949 by **Eddie Cook (1946)** was never beaten, nor equalled, in the pre-metric era.

We have already noted the long standing U15 record set by Sid Bryett and broken by Michael Collins. The overall best time at that age group was 11.0 seconds in 1967 by **Stephen Williams (1963)**.

At the U16 level, Eddie Cook's phenomenal 10.4 seconds remained unsurpassed. In fact, only two at that age group came within 0.5 seconds of the time he set in 1952.

In the senior 100yd event, Peter Marsh's 10.8 second record, set in 1951, was broken in the following year by **Malcolm Taylor (1946)** (incidentally, this is not a typo – there were two fine sprinters at BHCHS with the same name!) But the best overall performance at that distance was 10.2 seconds in 1963 by **Paul Sweet (1956)**. *Paul tells me he thinks the teacher with the stop watch (we think Norman Buchanan) was a bit deaf and may not have heard the starting gun!*

Turning to 220 yards, the outstanding performance at U13 was the 26.1 seconds achieved in 1959 by **Clive Barber (1957)**. Clive was to win three events that year. His 220yd performance, as well as beating the previous record by almost a second, remained unsurpassed in later years.

At the U14 level, there were several notable sub-26 second runs, but the fastest overall was the 25.0 seconds in 1968 by Steve Sussman.

At U15, there was a single sub-25 second performance. This was the 24.6 seconds achieved in 1960 by **Dave Hopkin (1956)** which was almost a second faster than the previous record set by **Bill Waller (1945)**.

In the U16 race there were two outstanding performances. In 1946, the first year the event was held, I wonder if **John Gray (1941)** expected that his time of 24.6 seconds would remain unbeaten for the next sixteen years? Despite being equalled on two occasions – by **Geoff Gosford (1947)** and **Eric Stevenson (1953)** the record stood until the great John Myers set a new record of 23.2 seconds in 1961. No later runners would get within a second of John Myers' time.

In the senior event, as noted earlier, Sid Bryett's 23.8 seconds was not beaten until 1961 by Paul Booth,



Eric Stevenson wins the U16 220yd in 1958, equalling the record of 24.6 seconds set by Geoff Gosford in 1952.



Jeff Meddings winning the U16 440 yards in 1954



Dave Hopkin winning the inter-schools 4 x 100 yard relay at Woodford Green Athletic Club in 1959

Hall of Fame 1938 - 1970

Name	Wins	Re-cords
Sid Bryett (38)	13	8
Brian Jones (62)	12	
Jeff Meddings (49)	11	6
Malcolm D Taylor (60)	11	1
Dave Hopkin (56)	8	3
Malcolm F Taylor (46)	8	1
Chris Chapman (53)	8	1
Stephen Williams (63)	8	1
Barrie Lucas (47)	7	4
Brian Sly (60)	7	3
John Myers (56)	7	2
Steve Sussman (65)	7	2
Brian Sparks (43)	7	
Bill Waller (45)	6	3
Ron Bates (39)	6	2
Dickie Doe (45)	6	2
Douglas Gower (51)	6	1
Stewart Meyer (61)	6	1
Anthony Cullen (49)	6	
Eric Prentice (50)	6	
Eric Stevenson (53)	6	
Ernie Tye (54)	6	
Paul Booth (54)	5	3
Eddie Cook (46)	5	2
Paul Rattenbury (39)	4	2
Keith Grant (56)	4	2
Roy Webb (40)	3	2
John Gray (41)	3	2

This table shows those who either won more than 5 events or broke more than one record during the period 1938 - 1970.

who ran the same time as the younger John Myers.

The 440 yards event was held, for most of the school's history, only at U15, U16 and O16. In the junior event it was again the prolific John Myers who achieved the fastest time overall with 55.8 seconds in 1960. The previous record of 56.2, set by **Barrie Lucas (1947)**, would otherwise have remained unbeaten.

In the U16 event, Barrie Lucas did manage to set a record that stood throughout the pre-metric era. His 54.4 in 1952 was equalled twice – by John Myers in 1961 and **Howard Burgess (1965)** in 1970 – but never bettered.

The senior 440 yards saw several record breaking wins. The age classification of O16 gave the possibility of individuals competing in the race on more than one occasion, and in fact there were two who competed on three occasions. **Jeff Meddings (1949)** set records in two of his three years, finishing with a best time of 53.4 in 1957. **Chris Chapman (1953)** broke Jeff's record in 1959, with a time of 52.8. Despite running in the event twice more, he didn't improve on that, and neither did anyone else in later years.

The 880 yard and one mile races were held only at the O15 level for most of the pre-metric era. However, there was an U15 mile from 1959 and 880yd from 1962. During these



Paul Booth in 1961. As well as breaking the senior hurdles record in that year, he also finished second in the All England Schools Athletics Championships and represented England in several international meetings.

years, the outstanding junior runner was **Tony Skuse (1962)** who set subsequently unbeaten records in both events in 1966.

The fact that the senior 880yd race was O15 gives rise to the curious fact that over the 27 years the event was held, there are only 15 different winners recorded. As with the 440yd, Jeff Meddings and Chris Chapman won the event on three occasions, and this was matched by **John Dunkerley (1961)**. There were three others who won the event twice. Only one runner came close (very close!) to beating the 2 minute barrier. Jeff Meddings' second win in 1956 was timed at 2 minutes exactly, and this was never surpassed in later years.

Neither did we ever have a sub 4 minute miler. Jeff Meddings again won this event on three occasions. His best time was in his final year, when he ran 4min 27.8 seconds. In subsequent years, nobody else ran within eight seconds of this record.

As stated earlier, hurdles did not appear until 1956 so there is relatively little data to delve into. The fastest junior hurdle winner (run over 80 yards) was **Chris Street (1958)** with a time of 12.6 seconds.

As far as the intermediate and senior hurdle races are concerned, it appears (judging by the times achieved) that there was a change to the race distance in about 1963. My guess is that the original distance of 100 yards was increased to 120 yards. It is not even clear exactly when the change occurred



This photograph of the 1984 athletics team was published in the local Guardian, with the following caption "Boys Clean Sweep - A clean sweep of athletics awards has been made for the second year running by Buckhurst Hill County High School pupils. The talented pupils have won trophies for the second successive year for: the West Essex Athletic Championships; the Gazette relay; the West Essex 1st Year Athletics Championships. A proud Mr Nigel Pink, Head of PE at the school, says he is delighted with his pupils' continued success." Thanks again to Steve Coombes for sending in the press cutting.

because the *Roding* magazine of 1963 does not have full details of the Sports Day results. But from the available information it appears that the fastest hurdlers at U15 level were **Len Wood (1958)** and **Terry Megnin (1965)**.

It is a pity that we do not have detailed information for the period 1971 – 1989. It would be tricky to include the later years in the analysis, because apart from metrication there were other changes. The age categories used for many years were abandoned in favour of having a separate event for each year group.

But there is evidence to show that athletics continued to flourish at BHCHS during its later years. Press cuttings from the 1972 Sports Day indicate that eleven records were broken (helped, of course, by the recent metrication) but also that the event attracted 300 spectators. Another press cutting from 1984 mentions five records being broken that year, despite poor weather conditions.

We are also aware of some of the outstanding individual performers from the final decades of the school. The Sports Day athletics programme from 1988 (probably the penultimate Sports Day held at BHCHS) shows that some of the records set in the early to mid-seventies had not been broken. These included two records set in 1971 - for the 1st year 800m by **Ian Titmarsh (1970)** and for the 2nd year 100m by **Nick Abbott (1969)**. Then there was the 2nd year 1500m record set by **Des O'Flynn (1973)**. Des's older brother **Paul O'Flynn (1970)** had also broken several records in that era. Finally, some records from the early 80s still unbroken at this time were those in the 100m and 200m set by **Andy Wilson (1979)**. Andy tells me he wishes he could still get close to 11.4 seconds for 100m!

During the mid-70s some of the other leading runners included **Julian Bazley (1972)**, **Julian Abbott (1973)** and **Neill Cotton (1973)**. Another 1973 entrant, **Lee Kohn**, became interested in running in the second year, and tells me that some of his talented rivals took up smoking while he started to take his athletics very seriously. With the encourage-

ment of Frank Silver, he joined the Victoria Park Harriers, and by 1978 was the school's leading middle distance runner.

There is little doubt about who was the leading runner at BHCHS in the early 80s. **Matthew Barlow (1979)** achieved 10th ranking in the UK when he came 2nd in the 1500m at the AAAs Championships in 1985 with a time of 3min 58.2secs. In the School Sports Days, Matthew was unbeaten in the 800m and only failed to win the 1500m in his first year. This means he won at least 13 events, placing him well up the all-time greats table. We don't know exactly how many records were set, but at least three of the records were still standing in 1988.

Kevin Murphy (1985) was one of the great runners from the very last years of BHCHS. We don't have details of his performances, but he is still competing for Woodford Green AC. I am very grateful to Kevin for sending me the 1988 programme mentioned earlier, and indeed to others who have provided archive material.

I am confident there is more information lurking in lofts, and would be delighted to see anything that would help me fill in more of the gaps. Eventually, I hope we can get the records preserved on our web site. Future parts of this series will focus on the throwing events and cross country.

Finally, can anyone help in identifying any of the mystery runners in the photo on the front page? I believe this was from a Sports Day in the 1950s.



Matthew Barlow (1979) in 1985. Thanks to Steve Coombes (1980) for sending this from the local Guardian. Caption was "following in the footsteps of Seb Coe and Steve Ovett?"

Classroom Missiles

By Brian Potter (BHCHS 1955-60)



Raymond Watkinson

Photo David Charlesworth

IT MUST have been 1955 or 1956. We were in the first classroom from the stairs going towards the Geography Room. Our desks were in six rows, and we were seated alphabetically. The first row was against the wall between the classroom and the Geography Room corridor. In this row, the second desk from the front was occupied by a boy named Bow. There were several windows in the wall adjacent to the corridor and Bow's desk was next to one such window. Our Mathematics teacher was Mr Watkinson. He had a particularly annoying habit of breaking off pieces of blackboard chalk and throwing them at anyone who was not paying attention or who was talking when they should not have been. After a while, we all became accustomed to the launching of these projectiles and kept an eye out for them. One day Bow was not paying attention to the lesson and Mr Watkinson, being aware of this, threw the usual piece of chalk at Bow which met its mark and had the desired effect of regaining Bow's attention. Several minutes later, Bow was again inattentive. The chalk throwing was repeated and once again had the desired effect. However, on the third occasion Mr Watkinson decided that the chalk projectile was insufficient to make his point and decided to launch the blackboard duster instead.

The 1950's blackboard duster was constructed in two parts. The first consisted of a piece of wood about six inches long, two inches wide and about one inch thick with a groove down each long thin side to provide a grip. The second item was a piece of felt, about one inch wide, a quarter of an inch thick, and probably two feet long. It was wrapped round and round itself in such a manner that it too ended up the same size as the largest face of the wooden holder.

Mr Watkinson, being unimpressed at the lack of effect of his pieces of chalk, decided that the more drastic action of using the blackboard duster to get Bow's attention was required and justified. Not only was the blackboard duster heavier, but being both larger and darker than a small piece of white chalk, it was much more visible in its approach. Having been on the receiving end of chalk throwing on many occasions, we had developed quick reactions to take evasive action. Bow ducked in the nick of time. The blackboard duster was stopped abruptly by the window pane, which of course broke in spectacular fashion, much to the delight of everyone except Mr Watkinson whose embarrassment only added to our obvious enjoyment of the situation.

Eventually the bell went for the next lesson which was Religious Instruction. And who was our RI tutor? Mr JH Taylor - 'Spud' himself. No sooner had he entered the room than he noticed the broken glass in the window. There wasn't much that Spud didn't notice. His initial reaction was to appear somewhat angry, or at least very displeased, and, assuming no doubt that it had been broken by a pupil during some horseplay between lessons, demanded to know who had broken the window. We all took great delight in announcing, almost in unison, "Mr Watkinson, Sir!"

Editor's note: Mr Raymond Watkinson left BHCHS at the end of the 1955/6 school year. In the light of the incident described above, the compliment paid to him in the Roding magazine is interesting: ".....we venture to suggest that Mathematics at the Walthamstow High School will be all the better for his direction."

More reports of classroom memories will be welcome.

Caption Competition



Suggest an appropriate caption to this nostalgic photo and you could win £25 (kindly donated by the OBA Vice Chairman **Malcolm Beard**).

The photograph was taken (about 1957) by **Alan Wiltshire (1953)** and the pythonesque line up was (left to right): **Keith Parry,**

David Jennings, Clive Hall - all from Alan's year. To enter the competition send your suggested caption to the Editor (email to: graham@genesishr.co.uk or see page 2 for postal address) by 31st December 2007.

See page 20 for the result of the last competition.

Coming Up.....

Features planned for our next edition include:

- ◆ *History in the Making - PE teacher catches up with his pupils*
- ◆ *All the World's a Stage - drama at BHCHS in the early 70s*
- ◆ *Lacrosse links- past and present*
- ◆ *Athletic Heroes - we move from track to field*
- ◆ *Young Buckwellians News - more early publishing efforts*
- ◆ *The Coronation Fête - fun and games at BHCHS*
- ◆ *Old Buckwellians - origins of the name*
- ◆ *Canadian view - a candid look at the daily life of BHCHS*

Don't miss out - make sure your subscription is up to date

All the World's a Stage

Drama through the decades at BHCHS: Part seven 1963-1967



Preparing the set for Teahouse of the August Moon

Photo Terry Hall

Teahouse of the August Moon

We have now reached the period when the girls of Loughton County High were invited to BHCHS and put an end to the transgender casting that must have given much embarrassment and amusement to the earlier generations. It is apparent from some of the excellent photos provided by Terry Hall that the Loughton girls, albeit few in number, for

Tony Nicholls' sixth form production of *Teahouse of the August Moon* in July 1963, were greeted with interest.

Tony Neville's review of this production singled out the performance of Ian Bardrick (1956) as the "live wire of the play;" it also praised Tony Nicholls for a "surprisingly good" production, which included starring roles for a real life goat and a jeep.



Teahouse of the August Moon - the jeep arrives

Photo Terry Hall



Teahouse of the August Moon - after the show

Photo Terry Hall

The Importance of Being Earnest

The girls from Loughton had arrived and there was no turning back. In the following year they made their first appearance in a senior play, Geoff Parker's production of Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*. According to the review in the *Roding* magazine this was a fine all-round production, with Bob Hyde (1957) and Phil Lewis (1958) "looking extremely dandy" and giving "good accounts of themselves as elegant young men about town, manifestly unfitted for any of the merely practical questions of life."



The Importance of Being Earnest : Philip Lewis as Algernon
Photo Bob Cumber

Gammer Gurton's Needle

The junior play for Christmas 1964 was *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, an early comedy written by an anonymous "Mr S". Somewhat less controversial than the previous year's

production, but Brian Harris in his review praised the "youthfully uninhibited cast" and particularly mentioned the "drinking song crooned by Alan Haine (1962) and the fight between Dame Chat prettily played by Tony Giddings (1962) and Gammer Gurton herself - Michael Dowling (1962)." Unfortunately we don't yet have photos of either this production or the following year's senior play.



The Importance of Being Earnest

Photo Bob Cumber



Strife: The Board of Directors

A Resounding Tinkle

1965 was a year of great innovation at BHCHS. The establishment of the Sixth Form Council saw an end to the prefect system. In a further departure from tradition, responsibility for producing the senior play was taken on by a member of the biology department – Alan Bartlett. The play he chose - NF Simpson's *A Resounding Tinkle* - was challenging and different, the first time BHCHS had (deliberately) tackled the theatre of the absurd. Tony Neville's review praised the acting and the production, even if he was less certain about the quality of the play itself, commenting that the "difference between absurd theatre and mere jumble is not always evident." The same year saw the departure of a well-established and enthusiastic stage team, shown in the photograph on page 1.

Strife

The following year, the English department was back in charge of the senior play, with Geoff Parker's production of John Galsworthy's *Strife*. We are fortunate to have recovered a short sequence from this political drama captured on John Robins' cine films, including one of Andrew Hughes' passionate speeches described by reviewer Brian Harris as "convincing even to a critical Celtic ear".

Several other performances were commended, including those of the Board of Directors with John Rich as the aged chairman, Jeff Ryder "puffing a fat cigar to the manner born", Michael Laver "neck darting constantly with anger and impatience", William Kennedy and Michael Johnson. Andrew Hughes' supporters - played by Andrew Hardman and Peter Sharp - were also noted for their fine performances.



Strife: Andrew Hughes in full flow

Richard III

Andrew Hardman was destined to take centre stage in the following year's production of *Richard III*. I was fortunate enough to have experienced personally (as a minor character, lurking unobtrusively in the wings) how he totally dominated the stage with his menacing presence. The producer, Colin Broomfield, had recently arrived at BHCHS into his first teaching position. He tells me that looking back, and having taught *Richard III* again much more recently, how little he knew about the play back then. He also told me the production was really saved by Hardman's natural dramatic ability and unnaturally dramatic hunchback. I have



Andrew Hardman as Richard III Photo Derek Pembleton

Hardman's performance: "He has portrayed Richard's evil and viciousness but at the same time managed the essential task of engaging our sympathy." Other performances were also



Richard confronts the princes (Phil Hinds and Colin Johnson) Photo Derek Pembleton

often wondered about the curious fact that an outstanding actor in the 50s called Hardman was followed by one in the 60s called Hardman. I was sad to learn that Andrew Hardman had committed suicide in 1997. He did not become a professional actor, but was a Civil Servant in the Department of Employment at the time of his death.

In his review of the play Teifion Griffiths praised

highlighted, including those of Stewart Mills as Buckingham, Tom Barry as Rivers, Michael Laver as Hastings and Peter Moulton as Ely. Two of the secondary roles were taken by budding actors who we will see more of later: Phil Hinds (1963) who played one of the murdered princes, and Roger Palmer (1961) who played King Edward IV. We shall see both move to centre stage in the next chapter of our continuing series.

BHCHS and Beyond: Some Memories and Reflections

By David Walling (BHCHS 1943-51)



THOUGH I would not subscribe to the view that "School days are the happiest days of your life", they do make an important impact on the life of the individual who is growing up and learning in varied ways. I hope this piece may prove an interesting reminder of a past world which we remember with a mixture of feelings, including a measure of happiness. Perhaps some would rather not be reminded.

When my father retired in 1935, we moved to Theydon Bois. In the house next door lived the Coulson family including their daughter, Kathleen, who was in her late teens and seemed a big girl to me. About two years later they moved away. I attended Theydon Bois Junior School and in the later years was joined by Derek Walker (1943) who had moved to Theydon with his family. In a local village school we were deemed to be quite bright, and this had been reinforced when I had been evacuated to a family in South Wales in 1941, an evacuation forced upon us by an unexploded bomb about 80 yards from our house. In the local Junior School in Abernant, a village suburb of Aberdare, there were five of us who were thought so far ahead of the rest of the class that we worked separately, so my parents were asked to let me take the Scholarship (as the 11+ was then called) a year early, in the year when I was ten. My father, who had left school at that age, left the decision to my mother, whose formal education had also been very limited. She decided it could cause problems when I returned home, so I didn't take the exam; but I wonder what differences in my life there would have been if I had done so. Having passed the scholarship on returning to Theydon, I was selected to go to BHCHS in September 1943, where I discovered that there were

pupils who were much brighter than me.

Though going to Buckhurst Hill involved a train ride (by steam train) and a long walk from the station to the school (no buses then, but it probably helped to keep us fit), it was thought worthwhile as the school was developing a good reputation in its five years of existence. BHCHS was a fine school, with excellent buildings and an impressive playing field, and, in my view, should never have been sold off by Essex County Council. It had a young Headmaster, affectionately called "spud" because of his bald head, but respected more than feared; a reasonable staff, somewhat depleted by its being wartime; and a Headmaster's Secretary called Miss Coulson, who was equally feared and respected, though, at the time, I didn't connect her with my former neighbour. I didn't have many dealings with her at school, though on one occasion she introduced me to the delights of 'Milk of Magnesia' when I had very bad heartburn - those school dinners again! The parents of new pupils were presented with a long list of requirements which needed to be purchased for their sons including 'house shoes'. The long corridors of BHCHS had been fitted out with beautiful parquet floors, and the boys were expected to remove their normal footwear and change into



An unfinished pencil drawing of Geoff Hawker (1940) by David Walling

these special shoes which were like leather slippers with firm soles. With some difficulty, my mother managed to find a pair for me. I was one of the few to wear them as they were in short supply in wartime. As they became even more difficult to find, this regulation was eventually



Prefects 1950-51. David Walling is second from the right in the front row.

dropped.

Many new pupils at the school experienced the fairly mild initiation ceremony. In September pupils were allowed to go on to the playing field at lunchtime. This gave second year boys the opportunity to go up to a nervous first year and say, "You're new aren't you?" whilst giving them a good push on the shoulder. The unsuspecting first year would find himself in a heap on the grass because crouching behind him had been another second year over whose back he had been pushed. It was on this occasion that I first encountered Ken Shave (1942), who was in the forefront of the pushers and shovers. Fortunately, I was standing with another second year, Philip Ranner (1942), who was a Theydon friend, so I avoided Ken's efforts. Sadly, both of them are dead. Philip Ranner became a successful businessman with his own firm. He was a Chartered Surveyor and Dispute and Project Management Consultant. In his early sixties, driving home from work one day, he apparently felt unwell and pulled off the road and died at the wheel. He had been married twice.

1943-44 at BHCHS was marked by interrupted lessons. We were constantly having to take shelter as the sirens went. It became so bad with the advent of the V1 rockets (the flying bombs) that the Head decided to ask the LEA if he could close the school early for the summer holiday and bring the pupils back early in the autumn if the situation improved. Fortunately the LEA agreed, for the very next day after the school had been closed, a flying bomb dropped by the caretaker's house. With the school closed, the only casualty we were told about was the caretaker, who was permanently blinded. The

bomb had dropped before the warning siren and at lunchtime when the majority would have been in the adjacent dining hall. JH Taylor, who was a Christian, spoke afterwards of his belief that his decision had been providential (ie divinely inspired), and I think he was right.

I had been put in 1C, the bottom of the three classes in the first year, presumably on the basis of the scholarship results, 'streaming' being based on general ability. At the end of the year we were supposed to have exams to decide into which second year class we were to be put, but because there were so many interruptions in 1944 we did not take end of year exams. Any changes were based on our general work during the year, and the good report I received from my form master, Alf Parlons, undoubtedly helped. Consequently, there were very few changes, but I found myself in 2A. Although it was good to be thought capable of achieving the standard required, the majority of pupils in this class were already well established after a year, and the few of us who moved in were 'incomers'. 2A contained some bright individuals, including the two Johns, Burrow and Ringrose. They came from Loughton, and there was a touch of élitism about Loughton. Unlike John Surrey (*OB News May and November 2004*) I was not conscious of my working class origins (eg both my maternal great grandfathers were Welsh coal miners) because of where I lived and because my father had made a step up from his immediate background. But there was a sense of difference because of different backgrounds. At one point John Burrow was keeping a list of how many times the masters who taught us used the word 'principle', but it was kept as something of a secret from some class members. I

believe Mr Wigley was the winner. Fortunately, I did have a friend in the class in Derek Walker, and we were joined by another new Theydon resident in Chris Roberts. Higher up the school, and much admired, was my House Captain, Charles Rush, another Theydon friend - though strictly out of school. In wartime, Charles Rush, whose father was in the Home Guard, developed and led *The Blackacre Regiment* (named after the road in which he lived), a group of youngsters (of whom I was one) who learned combat skills and imagined ourselves as a secret underground army should the Germans invade. Very occasionally we used the Home Guard assault course which, conveniently, was on farmland which was farmed by Charles Rush's grandfather as a tenant farmer.



Peter Sillis by David Walling

In 1945 another decision was made which was to bring about changes for our class. Because it contained so many bright individuals (I think six became Professors), it was decided that this stream should take the School Certificate exams a year early. We would omit the fourth year altogether, and we were to be called 3 Remove (or just Remove). The idea was that, after successfully

passing the initial exams, there would be three years in the Sixth form, the final year being a Scholarship Sixth which could concentrate on Oxbridge entrance. With the end of the war, staffing was improving, and the likes of Tommy Leek, a centre half for Barnet (then an amateur club) and England, came to teach Geography. Harry Samways

came to teach Latin and George Lees to teach science. Different masters inevitably made different impacts and some were more liked than others and not necessarily by the same people. These were good years, with a feeling of post-war relief, even though rationing still remained and goods were harder to come by than during the war.

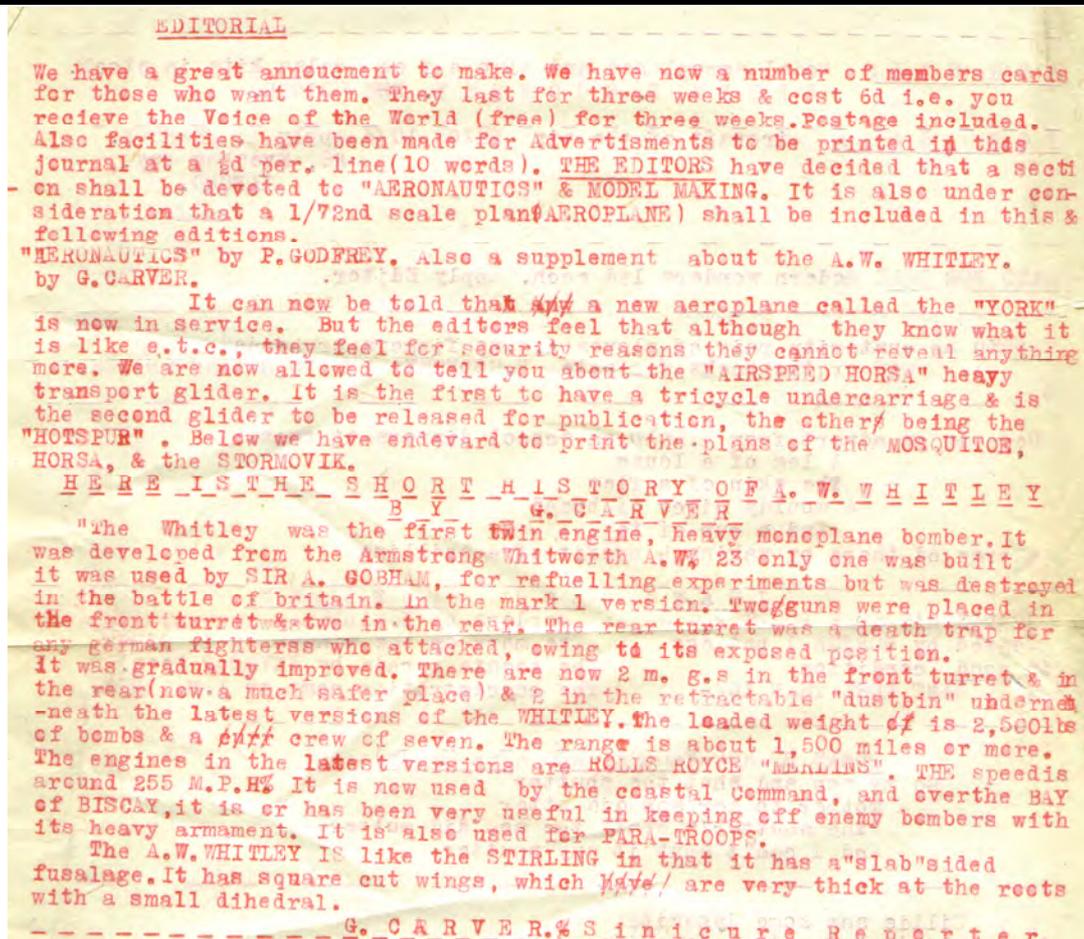
The experiment - for that was what it set out to be - worked well for all but two of us. In order to 'matriculate' you had to achieve at least five credits, one of which was in English Language. I only 'passed' this exam, and, though I had done creditably overall and today would be lauded because we had done so at the age of 15, this magic hurdle had let me down. One other, Duncan Horne, was in the same situation, and we were required to spend another year in the fifth form. I admit that I probably didn't study enough; I was too interested in cricket. Having been taken to the Victory Tests, I was hooked, and devised my own table version, which I played too much at the expense of my studies. There was a certain amount of repetition in this repeat year, but some masters treated us a bit differently. Later, in a rare moment of confidence chatting with Eddie Dolman, the Head of

Maths, when he was telling me that I had just missed by one mark the distinction he had expected me to achieve, went on to tell me that John Ringrose, who had just won an Open Scholarship in Maths to Cambridge at the age of 17, already knew more Mathematics than he did. However, I was successful the second time, gaining distinctions in History and Art. Since I wanted to study English, Geography and Latin (a necessity), it left me with a choice. At the time I had had a surfeit of history and fancied Art, and, as I was secretary of the Art Club, Arnold Smethurst was keen for me to study Art. After an intense battle between Messrs Wigley and Smethurst (Heads of History and Art respectively), the former won, and I took history as my fourth Higher School Certificate subject. Ernest Wigley was probably right, as History was really my first love and pieces I have written have invariably featured an historical element or were short histories of something. It has now found a focus in the fascination of 'family history'.

We shall conclude David's story in the next edition, with some amusing tales from the sixth form and how, for a second time, his interest in cricket gave him a problem.

YOUNG BUCKWELLIANS NEWS

I HAVE received some fine examples of early publishing efforts from pupils, before the days when desktop publishing software made it all so easy. The extract shown here must surely be the first attempt at a school newsletter at BHCHS, being issue one of *The Voice of the World*, dating from 1942 and discovered in his loft by editor **Peter Godfrey (1939)**. Peter points out that there was something of an aeronautical bias towards the content - not surprisingly as there was a war on! The second page of the edition shown here includes a number of jokes and adverts, including the following offer from **Tony Read (1939)** entitled *School Dinners at Xmas*: "A leg of louse
The skin of a flea
A mouldy piece of bread
And a cup of tea.
Charge 6d thereby making a profit of a shilling."
Peter tells me that the final issue of *The Voice of the World* was number two.



Where are they now?



John French (1939)

I am a very modest person. But then, as many dear friends have pointed out, I have a lot to be modest about. I sort of enjoyed my school days and would have no doubt enjoyed them more if I had been of a masochistic bent. I was poor to very moderate at cricket, useless at football, not built for running (oh, the agony of those bloody cross countries). I was 'no athlete'. Nor indeed was I a good scholar. Had it not been for the genius of Messrs May, Steele, Scott, Taylor (and others) who gave me a love of reading and a thirst for knowledge, why, I might have forgotten even more than I have. So for me, Buckhurst Hill County High was a very good school indeed.

But the foregoing is merely background, probably of little interest to you. The matter that I will hope to take up your mind is the contribution that the Old Buckwellians made to the Buckhurst Hill Cricket and Lacrosse Club: not perhaps widely known.

About sixty years ago, the lacrosse part of that club existed but would not be called strong. There were, however, two men who were keen enthusiasts and who recruited six other Old Bucks to the game. Bob Lightfoot and Derek Elliott are sadly no longer with us, but the total Old Buckwellians roll call comprised those two and John Gray, Basil Chase, John Cole, Frank Final, Colin Harbott and myself, and together we were a useful infusion of new and competitive blood. Most of us got into the first team and thereby represented Essex (there being no other team in the county!) We can reflect with satisfaction on the contribution we made all those years ago.

Returning for a moment to that most interesting of subjects – me. I served in the Royal Marines for a couple of

years and then returned to the study of architecture, as indeed did Colin Harbott and Frank Final. Despite the disasters of school sports, I went on to play water polo (only once!), mixed hockey (ditto), tennis, badminton, golf, netball, basketball, Danish handball, squash and table tennis. I enjoyed the country sports of shooting and fishing and was a very fair rifle shot, both .303 and small-bore. So, after all, I enjoyed my sporting life.

Editor's note - John's mention of lacrosse initiated some enquiries that yielded some interesting results. All will be revealed in the next edition!

Quentin Fuller (1947)

It was my father who saw an advertisement in *Radio Times* for Technical Operators to work in sound studios and recording which led to my applying to the BBC and being sent to Maida Vale to join the BBC Transcription Recording Unit. The recording unit (then known as 'TRU' in the BBC) was the specialist recording and editing facility of the Transcription Service which had been founded by an ex Foreign Office diplomat, Malcolm Frost, in 1932 to serve broadcasters in other countries who did not have the resources of the BBC, with ready-packaged programmes on disc. The gramophone records used in broadcasting at this time were sixteen inch diameter coarse groove recordings made at 33 rpm, of which Frost was said to have taken some examples in his brief case on his world tour. They would have been jolly heavy as, like 78s, they were thick and rigid discs! By the time I joined the department in 1959, however, recordings were being made on tape and the final product sent to broadcasters in the form of normal LP discs.

Part of the early training of new staff in TRU involved the transfer to disc process. Two 'channels' containing disc cutting lathes were dedicated to this part of the operation and required a different sort of skill from recording on tape. Blank discs were made of aluminium, sprayed with cellulose nitrate lacquer – similar to the cellulose paint which was originally used on car bodies, but easily marked or cut into grooves by the lathe's cutter head. Setting the lathe to the right depth of cut and groove spacing was down to the judgment of the operator so that the duration

of the programme could be accommodated and the recording would play satisfactorily without causing the pick-up to jump out of the groove! On the early machines which were used for the less prestigious material, there was not much latitude as the pitch of the grooves was fixed for the duration of the side and must be wide enough to allow for the heaviest sounds in the programme which would cause the cutter to swing markedly – even breaking through the wall of the previous groove, if one was not careful. That, of course, would cause the pick-up to keep hopping back into that groove on playback.

My first year's experience in the department was followed by three months at the Engineering Training department near Evesham (and an examination which had to be passed if one's employment with the BBC were to continue). My TRU colleagues and I found that we were unique at that time in having learned most of our tape editing on the first EMI recorders. These had been developed from German Magnetophon recorders, captured during WWII and brought back to England by Laurie Hayhurst, the engineer who recorded Winford Vaughan Thomas's war reports. After the war, Hayhurst had become the engineer in charge of maintenance at TRU, hence the supply of the first of the 'British Tape Recorder No. 1' (BTR1) models to the Transcription service.

Although tape editing was a significant part of the work at all times, the department made a lot of original recordings in the studios, concert halls and music festivals, and I had many experiences of outside recordings, mainly in classical music. As I had a musical background it was a natural progression for me to move into music balancing (audio mixing and control) of classical music at festivals, (Bath, Aldeburgh, Cheltenham, Edinburgh), and the Promenade Concerts. I had a most fulfilling experience of hearing a wide range of music and top quality artists throughout my career and am very grateful for that.

Alongside the artistic aspect of music recording, there was also a constant quest to improve the technical quality of our recordings, and I was privileged to experience the change from monaural recording on a comparatively basic tape (known as H77 in the industry) through the introduction of stereophonic recording and noise reduction systems (Dolby A)

*If you have not appeared here yet, we have an incentive - a prize of £25 for the best (ie most amusing/interesting!) sent in for the next edition.
Deadline 31/12/07*

right up to digital recording and transfer to CD instead of vinyl LP. As a professional, one is aware of deficiencies which may not be apparent to the average listener, of course, and of the reasons for adopting various strategies for minimising them, but I can say that the most rewarding development for the music recording engineer has been the change to digital recording. Even though there may still be compromises in certain directions, the absence of certain artefacts, nearly always detectable in analogue recordings of vocal and pure wind tones, for example, is a great boon. Where am I now? After fifteen years of retirement I dabble in a little speech recording for the sight-impaired – and that is just in the throes of switching from audio cassette to digital mastering! Now, of course, this happens on a computer and hard disc with software control, making it much more flexible in design for our needs. It is never easy to introduce change, however, and there are always problems to be sorted out. But that is the fun of it. Life would be pretty dull if there were no problems to sort out; nothing to apply one's brain to, even if it is a bit rusty these days!

Editor's note - Quentin tells me he realised, only after reading the article by Chris Rowland in the last edition, that he had recorded the Fitzwilliam Quartet at Cheltenham and the Queen Elizabeth Hall without realising the BHCHS connection.

Ken Madgwick (1948)

Thanks for sending the Old Buckwellian's tie at the request of brother Keith - it arrived safely.

We had a quick trip to UK last year, the first in 29 years! Quite a few changes. We even managed a quick trip to the old haunts including the school with Brian Davis' widow, Ann. It brought back many memories as did our foray into the Essex countryside and then down to Kent where I was in practice for 3 years. It is unbelievable that on 6 July this year I had been in my own practice here in West Auckland for 40 years - and still have patients from my first year here.

Ken's brother, Keith (1943) has lived in Canada for as long as Ken has been in New Zealand. More information about Keith in the next edition.

Chris Walden (1959)



Summer of '69: attained 1st class BSc (F) Kent, reading Chemistry (or not in my case - I blagged Hancock's 3rd year lecture notes, but that wheeze failed miserably). Lakeman said before I left BHCHS that I'd fail, and I disappointed him not, however it was with great relish that I whipped his 'arris in a Epping v Wells(?) squash match several years later. Take that, you cad.

(I recall Gillard (biology) telling me in my first term that I was just like my brother. This was meant in a derogatory way; my bruv, 6 years older, was mates with Weisner's older bruv Mick. Clearly they went down a storm with Gillard too. Pity Gillard didn't play squash like Lakeman. Undeterred, the career advanced: Demolition expert - Stanford Rivers school. Sacked after 1 month. Rossi's Ice Cream Salesman. Resigned after being threatened with a knife, by a competitor, in a posh Harlow residential area, after 3 months. Pearces Bakers' delivery driver. Jeez, it was cold that winter at 4am every day. Sacked, thank gawd, after arguing with the gov'nor. Lasted 3 months.

Methinks a career pattern is emerging. Sales Rep for Platignum Pens. Sacked after 1 month for wearing "pink shirt and cowboy boots". I was provided with a brand new H-reg Cortina, and remember impressing the Sales Manager with the observation that "the bloody thing will only do 38 in 2nd". If the cowboy boots didn't get me, the Cortina gearbox sure as hell did. Ho hum. Licensed Trade Stocktaker for Uncle's firm based in Shooters Hill. Now that WAS my scene - lots of numeracy skills required (probably my sole attribute, but hold it in spades), pubs, pubs, and more pubs, including the Blind Beggar in Cambridge Heath Road. Loved it. Resigned - or was it sacked - after 6 months, for being basically unemployable.

Yep - a definite career path is emerging here. In October 1970, I became a self-service forecourt attendant (a contradiction in terms) for a certain A.Pond Esq, worked my way up, joining the board after 12 years. Three years later, at the ripe old age of 37, I resigned, and disappeared westward, never to be seen again, returning only for 2 funerals.

Since then, I have had an absolutely blissful existence working mornings only, running my own licensed trade audit business. One of my long standing clients is the Royal North Devon Golf Club, Westward Ho. You will find a visit to the museum rewarding, as the club's most famous son is JH Taylor Snr, Open Champion. There is a striking resemblance to our JHT.

University did me no good at all, but the BHCHS education provided everything. If any OBs find themselves at or near Berrynarbor, don't pass by - look me up for a pint or two in Ye Olde Globe!

John Glasscock (1967)



The John Glasscock Band - John is on the right, at the keyboard

Since leaving Buckhurst Hill, I signed up for an engineering undergraduate apprenticeship with British Aerospace including a degree at Nottingham University. I then spent a couple of years working in the machine tool industry which enabled me to gain chartered engineer status. In 1981 I started working for the Space and Communications division of British Aerospace. I travelled extensively around the world during the 18 years with the company, including a three month stay in French Guiana finishing with the launch of a satellite on the European launch vehicle, Ariane. I lived in France for two years (Toulouse), returning to the UK to become a project manager for one of the new generation Inmarsat satellites. In 1990, work moved from Stevenage to Farnborough, where I was part of a small team targeted with setting up a new company to

commercially exploit the use of Satellite imagery - spying on farmers to check their subsidy claims, mapping for the oil and gas industry and rural mapping are some examples of the new 'products'. I spent some time in the Middle East (Abu Dhabi, Qatar and Saudi) setting up a subsidiary. In 1998, I left the company and joined BT, where I am today, working in the ICT sector.

At school I was always interested in Music - thanks to the inspiration of John Rippin. Since leaving school I have sung with a choral society for many years and more recently decided to learn to play jazz. I now run a band that does on average a gig a month in the Basingstoke area. We have performed in local pubs, at weddings and birthday parties, charity events, dinner jazz at a local restaurant and school fêtes (what choice do I have when my wife works at a local school.)

I married in 1981 (Barbara) and we have two children, one who finished University last year and is working for Rolls Royce and the other who finishes this summer. We have lived in Hampshire for 16 years (Oakley,

near Basingstoke). I am still in regular contact with a number of school friends (Adrian Calcraft, Nigel (Nod) Clark, Mike Vernon, Gynn (Henry) Palmer, Chris Lait, (Big) John Simpson and Mike Walker) and in less regular contact with a few others.

Simon Leefe (1971)

I left the British Hydromechanics Research Group in November after 18 years of hugely varying and interesting engineering consultancy work. Now I'm doing hugely varied and interesting engineering consultancy work for a Stockport-based firm, Wilde FEA, where I look after the computational fluid dynamics activities. This has enabled a move from the flatlands of Cambridgeshire to the Derbyshire hills which was one of the drivers for moving in the first place.



Still in regular contact with at least 6 OB's and enjoy reminiscing with them about our schooldays. One (and I'm sure John Miller won't mind me mentioning him by name) reminded me of something I had forgotten all about: the flob pit. You may remember the steps, surrounded by railings, down to a basement (boiler room?) from the playground. Whoever was unfortunate enough to kick a football into this area and was therefore responsible for retrieving it, had to run the gauntlet of a volley of "greenies" hacked up by his gleeful team-mates. Boys will be boys.

I remember the friendly rivalry between the Chemistry and Applied Maths departments, with Dr Luker and Mr Lakeman referring disparagingly to "sums", and Mr Franklin describing the less-than-rigorous as a "chemistry argument". Both must have gone in because, whilst my natural inclination and early career were characterised by rigour bordering on the pathological, in more recent years I have increasingly appreciated the benefits of a "near enough" approach. (Towards the end of my last job, I was appointed Lucasian Professor of Handwaving.) I am genuinely grateful that a good educational foundation has provided a solid enough grasp of fundamentals to permit confident approximations that work.

Talking of Mr Lakeman, if you are reading this, you once kindly lent me Miles Davis' *Bitches Brew* album, which was over my head at the time. I have now seen the light! Thank you.

Crossword Solution

The answers to the asterisked clues are all former Prime Ministers



From the Editor's Postbag.....

Over 50 Years Late

David Williams (1950-56)

On the eve of my history exam at Birkbeck College, University of London, I was wondering if there were any other old boys who have returned to education in the twilight of their lives! If I get my History BA in 2010, will that make me the oldest old boy to achieve a degree?

Strange how life takes you in different directions - and sometimes back to the beginning. In the Spring and Summer terms of 1953 my report book shows that I achieved A grades for history - signed by Mr Wigley. One of the comments reads... "He has worked very well and deserves his high grade."...so I hope that rubs off in the examination hall in London tomorrow morning.

As you know, opportunities to go on and take a University degree were limited to around 5% of school-leavers back in the 1950s. Now everyone goes to Uni - including a lot of grey haired old boys like me. There are quite a few at Birkbeck which specialises in part-time and continuing education.

Never thought it would happen though. It was the chance opportunity of becoming a City of London guide three years ago that started me off. I went on a part-time course at City University, passed, got my accreditation and my interest in history was revived. Two years later - and another Certificate of Lifelong Learning - and here I am nervously wondering what questions on the British Empire 1790-1960 can I expect to see when I turn over the question paper at 10 am tomorrow.

Another strange twist is that some of the history I will be examined on - the fall of Empire, Mau-Mau, Nigeria - hadn't even happened when I started at BHCHS.

Do you know of any other old boys who have returned to the classroom...or am I likely to be the last one to get a degree - hopefully!

Punk Memories

Toby Braddick (1971-78)

I was delighted to read Mark Robson's notes on our year group (*OB News May 2007*) and the role music played. I can remember borrowing LP players at lunchtimes in the 5th form to listen to *Tangerine Dream/ Vangelis/ Yes* etc with Jeremy Mitchell, Pete Allmark, Adrian Phypers and co. I have happy memories of going with Jeremy to *The Marquee* club aged 17 to see Pat Travers, a Sunday afternoon trip to Croydon in 1976 to see *Tangerine Dream* with Jeremy, Pete and Tony O'Reilly (a concert I now have on CD as a permanent memento). There were obligatory group trips to Wembley Arena to see *Pink Floyd* and *Yes* and many trips to Hammersmith for various bands. Great times...

Punk Memories 2

David Long (1972-80)

Still the owner of what was formerly Brian Harper's Vincent Bach 'Bundy' trumpet, I very much enjoyed reading Mark Robson's super illustrated memoir of the 1971 generation, a nice blend of nostalgia, information and entertainment. The fact that just two nights before I had been with a number of contemporaries to a Wilko Johnson gig - ex *Dr. Feelgood*, of course - only added to its appeal.

Madrigals

Dave Perry (1952-57)

In the last edition there is a photo of the Madrigal Group of 1955. The boy listed as Tim Chowns is in fact Geoffrey Scott, nephew of Deputy Head, Fred Scott. He is the boy wearing glasses, standing in front of John Hawker whom I remember quite well. I was in the same Church choir as Geoff, St. Mary's Wanstead when I lived next door to him at Cranbourne Ave. Wanstead. I was also in the School Choir for a couple of years with him and led by Don Ray.

Apologies for my mistake - ed.

Madrigals 2 and Hair

Clive Greenwood (1952-59)

From a very early age I loved classical music and therefore enjoyed immensely Mr Ray's playing in the mornings. Bach, Schubert, Mozart and Beethoven were the main fare; nothing so romantic as Chopin nor so exotic as Liszt, as far as I can recall, though Mr Ray might correct me. I well recall Spud entering the Assembly Hall, mounting the stage and taking his seat, whilst Don Ray completed the movement he was playing.

But madrigals - no! I have always liked the unaccompanied human voice, whether it was our school choir or madrigal group - good as I am assured they were - or some folk singer with a finger stuck in his ear. I cringe now whenever the strains of unaccompanied voices disturb the ether, whereas my hair stands on end whenever I hear a recording of Maria Callas.

Having mentioned Spud, is it believed that JH Taylor ever got to know the real reason for his nickname? My mother told me that once she was sitting next to him - probably at a Staff vs Parents' Association cricket match - and discussed it with him. He supposed that the progression was: "Taylor O 'tater O Spud." My mother was too caring to enlighten him as to the true origin.

School Mottos

Paul Joseph (1977-84)

"Donata Reponere Laeti" - rejoicing to repay. If this had been Gordon Brown's school motto, the Treasury may have been an entirely different place over the last ten years.

Is Britain Civilised?

The author of the above article (November 2006) was Tony Nickolls (1953) and not Tony Nicholls (1956). I caused some confusion by mis-spelling the name in one of the letters that appeared in the last edition. I have also decided to close further correspondence on this topic. - Ed.

Caption Competition Result



The arrival in 1952 of the school's new technically advanced Swish-U-Like 2000 automatic caning machine was greeted by a mixture of horror and admiration and meant staff would no longer have to pretend that, 'this is going to hurt me as much as it hurts you, boy'.

Congratulations to David Long (1972) who wins the caption competition. As well as his £25 prize, donated again by Malcolm Beard, he also wins the privilege of joining the judging panel for the next competition. We are now fairly certain of the identity of the two boys in Peter Hodder's superb photograph taken at the Coronation Fete. The boy on

the horse is James Hallums (1951) and the boy grinning at the rear is Jerrold Baum (1951). Despite their uncommon names, neither of these two has yet been traced. I was unable to include the promised feature on the Coronation Fete in this edition, because of the volume of other news, but hope it will appear in the next edition.

Harry Samways: Gentleman and Scholar



Bernard "Harry" Samways was one of the great characters of BHCHS for a quarter of a century. Following the news of his death last year at the age of 95, tributes came flooding in. Some were published in the last edition, here is a further selection:

Tony Jolly (1943)

He was a real gentleman with a good sense of humour and a brilliant teacher - he got me to produce a Credit in Latin in the School Cert after taking me through my "Remove Years". He was an excellent slow bowler too and I enjoyed facing him.

Allan Charlwood (1945)

HBS was my form tutor for two years and eventually aided me to GCE Latin (my third attempt) "If you take it enough times, they give it to you to get rid of you," HBS said when he met me the following term. He made an enormous impact on most of us.

Tony Webster (1945)

He was latterly my form master and was responsible indirectly for my being selected for Essex CCC Young Amateurs in 1949 for which I will be ever grateful. He was a fine man and an excellent teacher. I don't think any Master really understood his pupils more than "Harry".

John Beard (1949)

I wrote to "Harry" a few years ago when I heard that he was still alive. I received a very nice reply, and it was then I found out that "H" did not stand for "Harry". I still have his letter and, if you are interested, I will send you a copy.

Harry Samways was my favourite teacher at BHCHS, and I tried to use him as a role model in my own teaching career. For four years he patiently attempted to teach me some Latin, and never criticized my inability to cope with the subject.

In my fifth year he was also my Form Master, and was always very encouraging, especially in terms of developing my self confidence. In

my last year, when I captained the 2nd XI cricket team, Harry managed the side and I appreciated the way he treated me like an adult, but without leaving any doubt about who was in charge.

He was a real gentleman and always behaved in a very calm and dignified manner. He never seemed to have any problems with classroom discipline, and this was because we all respected him so much.

I will remember Harry with great affection, and I am sure that everyone who knew him will do so too.

John wrote this a few months before his own death and sent me the original letter from HBS in 2000 - Ed.

John Drake (1949)

"Arrius" was a legend. In a school filled with excellent teachers who were also great characters and human beings Mr Samways was, for me, the very best. To feel a genuine sense of loss for someone I have not seen for almost 50 years is, I think, testimony to his influence and impact and the real affection that was felt for him by all he taught.

Alan Waller (1949)

Anyone who was at BHCHS in 1954 will remember how Harry's entrance to a class was so perfectly described in that poem.

A nose around the classroom door appears

Followed by two eyes and then two ears

Spectacles, long nose and two-foot chin

With hair all closely cropped and wolfish grin.

The monster makes a momentary pause,

Rejoicing then upon his victim falls...



Line drawing of HBS by Alan Willingale (1939) circa 1946.

I was the victim more times than I can count. Remember how Harry used to work round the class getting us to translate the Latin set book? Pete Green translates a bit. Harry stops him in mid sentence. Green is usually followed by Greenwood but you never know. Ah, here we go. "Waller! Next sentence." This is tricky. He stopped Pete half way through a sentence. Do I carry on where Pete left off? No. If I do, Harry will say "Dreaming again, Waller. I said 'Next sentence'". But if I jump to the next sentence he will say "Dreaming again, Waller. You've left a bit out." Trapped either way.

This is in danger of not being a tribute. Unlike too many of today's teachers, Harry knew his subject, loved his subject and taught it with skill and dedication. In spite of the alleged inattention, I got a good grade at O level, still remember bits of Latin and am glad that I do. Even his sense of humour was ok if you weren't the butt of it.

Joe Hayden (1951)

Mr Samways was definitely a "one off". I was so impressed by his contorted arguments as to why we needed to learn Latin!

Andy Bassam (1954)

When I heard last year that "Bert" Samways was still alive I couldn't believe it as when I was in his classes he had looked so ancient! I was in his sixth form class for Greek and as it was not an exam subject I did not do much work.

I can remember him saying clearly on one occasion that we would regret our inattention and right enough I have frequently wished I had worked harder as Greek is so very useful for an understanding of English. I shall also never forget the way he tended to preface sentences with "Mind" (a change from "Right", "You know", "You see" and the modern "OK").

Canon Brian Mountford (1956)

Bernard Samways was one of those masters who was interested in what his pupils thought beyond the narrow range of the Latin he taught them. He drove to school from Epping in a Triumph Herald, and on one occasion held a lengthy debate with (I think) Paul Sweet about whether Epping was a suburb of London or a village in its own right; Sweet arguing for the integrity of Epping and Samways saying that we must recognise the social and demographic changes whereby a pretty market town is sucked into the conurbation.

Jon Roberts (1956)

I'm glad to say I wrote to him last year and received a warm and congenial reply (in beautiful handwriting). He'd got me through Latin O level retake, and I let him know that his example had stayed with me right through my own teaching.

Doug Baker (1957)

Latin was not a favourite of mine and the only contribution I made of note was getting a laugh from everyone when Mr Samways awarded me with a detention for writing as a postscript to a poor mark for a home work assignment, "semper in excreta sum".

Rev Michael Turner (1957)

He was an amazing teacher. I owe a lot to him. Not many of his pupils can have spent years listening to lectures and doing oral exams in Latin. May he rest in peace.

Peter Sharp (1960)

Bert Samways was a very good teacher of an essentially dry subject, who knew his stuff inside out and backwards. I can still remember "Gallia est omnia divisa in partes tres" hammered home to us in his distinctive Gloucestershire burr, so something has still stuck. He was certainly one of the old school. Rather in the manner of Tom Leek, he was able to command respect and keep things orderly in a dignified and calm manner, without resorting to aggression or sarcasm.

Duncan Wheatley (1964)

Mr Samways was a delightful man and I remember him telling us he had never made an enemy at the school. I would say that is true.

Editorial Notes:

The poem referred to by Alan Waller is from the epic entitled "The Rape of the Clots" written by Dennis Hale (1947). The complete poem was published in several earlier editions of OB News. Back numbers of these editions are still available.

The photo of HBS is taken from the cine film made by John Robins and was taken when HBS retired in 1970. Owners of the DVD will be aware that the sequence includes HBS giving a tribute to Arnold Smethurst (who retired in the same year). We are very fortunate, therefore, to have a permanent record of the "Gloucestershire burr."

Thanks to all who submitted items for this feature, including many others that space did not allow us to include.

Old Buckwellians Association: Accounts

Receipts and Payments: Year ending 31 Dec 2006

	2006	2005	2004	2003	2002
Receipts					
Subscriptions (net)	7159	4520	2773	3899	4145
Interest-National Savings - gross					250
Building Society - net					6
Capital Reserve - net	445	544	528	421	132
		106			
Refund of Annual Deposit from previous year	500	500			
Sales of Association ties - see balance sheet	15	86	36		
Sales of Polo Shirts - net of sale costs	309	626	464		
Sale of DVDs - see balance sheet	719				
Donations & sale of old Newsletters	58	65		155	251
	<u>9205</u>	<u>6447</u>	<u>3801</u>	<u>4475</u>	<u>4784</u>
Payments					
Cost of newsletters/ website expenses/ admin	4998	4358	4345	4260	3614
School Sign refurbishment			440		
Annual dinner 2006					
Cost of Dinner	£2,800				
Less Ticket Sales	£2,520	280	10	237	125
Deposit for Annual Dinner	500	500	500	200	100
Cost of Polo Shirts	347	757	567		
Cost of DVDs	750				
Miscellaneous Expenses/ Subsidy on Polo Shirts	50		61		
	6925	5615	5923	4697	3839
Net difference of Receipts / Payments	<u>2280</u>	<u>832</u>	<u>-2122</u>	<u>-222</u>	<u>945</u>
	<u>9205</u>	<u>6447</u>	<u>3801</u>	<u>4475</u>	<u>4784</u>

Balance Sheet as at 31 Dec 2006

	2006	2005	2004	2003	2002
General Fund Account					
Balance as at 1 January 2005	34615	33783	35905	36128	35183
Add surplus/ deduct deficit for the year	2280	832	-2122	-223	945
Balance as at 31 December 2005	<u>36895</u>	<u>34615</u>	<u>33783</u>	<u>35905</u>	<u>36128</u>
Assets					
Stock of Polo Shirts	511	451	25		
Stock of ties at sale value	45	91	177	213	298
Stock of DVDs	57				
Current Account	3498	1736	777	1416	1975
Deposit Account	32784	32337	32804	34276	33855
Current Liabilities	0	0	0	0	0
	<u>36895</u>	<u>34615</u>	<u>33783</u>	<u>35905</u>	<u>36128</u>

Obituary

Rev Leslie Beckingham

(RE, 1964-67)



LESLIE BECKINGHAM was born on 8 April 1916. He and his sister and three brothers all became committed Christians. Inspired by the writings of Hudson Taylor and a convention led by a member of the home staff of the China Inland Mission, Leslie entered the CIM training college at Newington Green. However, in 1939 the war prevented foreign Christian work in China and so Leslie became the Pastor at Hainault Road Baptist Church, Leyton, where he met and married, in 1941, Eileen Grimsey whom he described as a 'a most precious gift from God'.

In 1943 he enrolled as an army chaplain and served with the 6th Airborne Parachute Division. He dropped with the Division into Normandy in the early hours of D Day amongst heavy fighting. Sadly, his first task was to bury a fellow chaplain shot on descent. Later he served with the Paras at the Rhine and then in India and Singapore.

After the war, Leslie completed his training at Spurgeon's College and at the same time was student pastor at Theydon Bois Baptist Church. In 1949 he became minister of Hertford Baptist Church, before, in 1953, joining the staff of the Scripture Union. That work led him to see another area of service that suited his careful attention to detail and clarity of expression - teaching. So, after further qualification, in 1960 he joined the staff of Heathcote Secondary School in Chingford, specialising in RE. This

appointment was followed by others at BHCHS and Plymouth High School. Letters from former pupils speak of their gratitude to Leslie for his influence on their lives and vocations. At BHCHS I helped Leslie run the Christian Union and I valued him very much. He often took services at Stratford Baptist Church and easily persuaded me to take a couple myself. He was always cheerful and an inspiration to his col-



leagues and his pupils.

Throughout his 20 years of teaching and then for 15 years into his retirement, Leslie continued to take services. Increasingly, he became a full time carer for his wife as Eileen's health failed and her death in 1999, after 57 years together, was an immense blow, but he continued positively, living on his own and maintaining a meticulous house and very orderly lifestyle. His own failing health led him, reluctantly, to accept more help, so he moved to the outstandingly caring Pilgrim Home in Evington, Leicester, where he died. The family received over £1000 in donations to the Philippine Community Fund, supported by Leslie's family, aiding the education and care of children living on and from the rubbish tips and squatter camps in the Philippines. Mary's brother is with the Foreign office in the Philippines.

John Robins

John Tilly MBE



JOHN TILLY (BHCHS 1941-48) was born in Walthamstow on 7th July 1930. The family moved to Buckhurst Hill in 1936. John's father died in 1940 from blood poisoning after having some teeth extracted. He left his widow and two children, John and Betty. John entered BHCHS in 1941 and was extremely successful, both academically and in sport, particularly soccer, cricket and athletics. He was also extremely popular among his peers and others at BHCHS and so it was no surprise that he was appointed Head Boy in his final year. He won a State Scholarship to read mathematics at St Catharine's College, Cambridge, starting his studies there in 1950 after two years' National Service in the RAF. On graduating John joined Standard Telephones and Cables where he spent all of his working life

apart from two years with IBM. He married Kristin in 1958 and they moved to Wilmington, Kent where they spent all their married life and raised four children: Claire, Conrad, Joy and Catharine. Apart from Joy, who lives in Australia, the other three children still live in the north Kent area. John was awarded the MBE in 1978 for his services to the underwater cabling industry with special reference to his brilliance in mathematical analysis. John died on 2nd March 2007 from Parkinson's Disease after a long illness. Among the mourners at his funeral were Stan Newens and Alex Raworth from his peer group at BHCHS, his cousin David Tilly (BHCHS 1949-54) and many other family and friends. John will be sadly missed, especially by Kristin, his children and his sister Betty.

We have also learned of the following deaths...

Fred Wall (1938) died from leukaemia in March 2007. He lived in Powys and had been a member of the OBA since 2001.

Clive W Sullivan (1941) died in May 2005. He lived in the Southampton area.

Jack Freeman (1950) died on 27 January 2007. Obituary will follow in the next edition.

John Mansfield (1950) died in December 2005. He lived in Harlow.

Michael Warren (1950) died in December 2006. He lived in Spal-

ding, Lincs and had been a member of the OBA since 2001.

Paul Greenslade (1954) died in May 2007. Paul was a long-standing OBA member and lived in Little Baddow.

Richard E Jones (1965) died in October 2006. He had transferred to Godalming Grammar School in 1968 and lived in Hampshire.

Martin Smith (1976) died in April 2007. Obituary will follow in the next edition.

Eddie Norman (1977) died in June 2002 in tragic circumstances.

Christopher Rowland

WITH the untimely death of **Chris Rowland (BHCHS 1958-65)** on 6th June 2007 we lost one of the finest and most successful musicians to have emerged from BHCHS. Most readers will have been aware, from the feature he wrote in the last edition, that he was terminally ill. Prostate cancer had arrived with very few symptoms, and was too far advanced by the time it was diagnosed. Obituaries were published in all the main national papers, giving comprehensive accounts of his achievements and qualities.

We were privileged to have a more personal account from Chris, and many of his old school friends contacted him after the feature was published. Chris told me that he much appreciated being able to catch up with so many people in his last few months. **John Needham (1964)** knew Chris and Cathy well, and has told me that Chris was determined to re-mythologise death, and even days before he died was recording messages for friends who he was unable to contact directly.

Chris's achievements are fully covered in the published obituaries (mostly they will remain available on line via the web sites of the relevant publications.) They highlight his early success as a performer – leading the Sartori and Fitzwilliam string quartets. The Fitzwilliam were the first quartet to record the complete cycle of Shostakovich quartets. Also highlighted was his energy and skill as a teacher which emerged when he joined the Royal Northern College of Music as Director of Chamber Music where he launched many successful careers both individual and ensemble. This energy was also apparent in his organising annual festivals of chamber music at the College. During his final illness he carried on working as normally as possible, and just weeks before his death he attended rehearsals and first performances of two new works dedicated to him. He also gave his last lessons, just over a week before he died, to students who were about to do their finals.

We have asked John Needham to pass on our condolences to Cathy and the rest of Chris's family.

Alan Robinson

ALAN ROBINSON (BHCHS 1951-56) was one of the early generation of Old Bucks who had been supporters of the Association for many years.

Alan was a fine athlete and had he not left school at the end of the fifth form he may well have appeared in the list of all time great runners.

After BHCHS, Alan qualified as an accountant, completing his articles at a local firm. He then moved into industry, initially with International Stores and ultimately with P&O

Containers where he took early retirement from their head office after suffering a heart attack at the age of 51. Following surgery he resumed working on a part time basis with the Trident Trust, finally retiring at 65. Alan died suddenly on 4th May 2007 after suffering an aneurism. He is survived by his wife Margaret, his two sons and one daughter, and four grandchildren.

I am very grateful to Margaret for sending me the press cutting that appears below.



Alan was a member of the BHCHS quarter mile relay team that won the Essex County AA schools' event in 1956. L to r: Philip James, Doug Gower, Alan Robinson, John Coulston

John Beard



John Beard with wife Margaret, sons Mark and Paul and their families

We were very sorry to hear of the death of **John Beard (BHCHS 1949 - 56)** on 3rd February 2007. John had written (OB News, November 2002) about discovering he had prostate cancer, and sadly the disease was later found to have spread. John Beard was an all-round athlete at BHCHS, as well as an able scholar. He was a member of one of the most successful 1st XI football teams, captain of the 2nd XI cricket team, and a member of the athletics team. As readers may remember (OB News, May 2006) he was also a leading light in the boxing team that flourished briefly during the early 50s. After BHCHS, John studied chemistry at Southampton University and obtained a PhD in physical organic chemistry from Birmingham University. His career as a chemist, as a researcher and lecturer, took him to the USA, Jamaica and Papua New Guinea before he and Margaret settled in Australia. He retired in 2000 and lived in Melbourne.

John was one of the first Old Bucks to have discovered our network via the BHCHS web site. He soon became a very active supporter and participant – he did not allow the separation of continents to prevent him attending one of the regular meetings of 49ers. John also remained active through the latter stages of his illness. Two weeks before he died, John sent me the following article.

Some of you may recall the article I wrote for the BHCHS Newsletter after I was diagnosed with prostate cancer about four and a half years ago. I strongly recommended that everyone should have their prostate

tested as soon as possible, especially as one of the main tests involves a simple blood test to determine the prostate specific antigen, PSA, level.

At that time it appeared that my cancer was confined to my prostate, and that surgical removal would give rise to a complete cure. Unfortunately, however, that was not the case, and the cancer had already begun to spread. As a result I underwent 7 weeks of radiotherapy 18 months after surgery. With hindsight, the radiotherapy should have been started much earlier, because it did not stop the spread of the cancer.

My PSA continued to rise and, when it reached 20, I had a course of hormone treatment. This reduced the PSA for a few months, but it soon started to rise again.

The next step was a course of ten chemotherapy sessions, but again these did little to reduce the spread of the cancer to various parts of my skeleton. I have accepted that I have reached the stage where I am not going to be cured, and this emphasizes how critical it is to have ones prostate tested as soon as possible. Fortunately for me there are a number of techniques available for helping to reduce pain. For example, a single high dose of radiotherapy "cured" severe pain in my lower back, and an injection of a radioactive strontium compound, which is absorbed into the skeleton, has led to me being free of aches and pains.

I am also on a course of cortisone tablets, which also helps to reduce aches and pains. My main problem is a lack of energy, but this does not stop me from doing most of the

things I want to do. For example I am still playing golf a couple of times each week, but I use a "ride on" rather than walking. My quality of life is still good.

It may sound strange, but having terminal cancer has helped me to focus my life. It has made me realize what a lucky and happy person I have been. I have a very caring and loving Family, I have two sons, Mark and Paul, who are very responsible and supportive. I have a daughter-in-law, Marcelle, who spoils me all the time. I have two beautiful grandchildren, Shannon and Luke, who continuously shower me with affection, and I have my darling wife, Margaret, who has loved me and looked after me so well especially after the last few months. In addition, I have lots of other loving members of our extended Family, and lots of very good friends. In addition, in mid-March, my youngest son, Paul, is marrying his partner, Sally, so I will be gaining another beautiful daughter-in-law, who I have already grown to love very much.

I now have no inhibitions in being affectionate towards my family members, and they respond in a similar manner. My illness has also prompted me to write letters to my immediate family telling them how much I love them, and suggesting that they keep these letters in a safe place so that they can read them from time to time to remind them about me. I have even bought presents for my grandchildren's eighteenth birthdays.

I have compiled an album of photos from when I was very young until the present, and I want this album preserved so that future members of the family will have some understanding of what I looked like. I intend to do the same with my publications, etc., so that the members of the family can gain a better understanding of my career.

Just think, I would not have been able to have made any of these arrangements if I had died from a sudden heart attack or something similar.

The other lucky thing that Margaret and I did was to choose to live in Australia. It really is the lucky country, and we really enjoy living here.

So, to conclude, I really am a very happy and lucky man living in a lucky country.

Tony Neville



TONY NEVILLE, who taught English at BHCHS from 1962-65, died in April 2007 at the age of 68. Tony read English at King's College, Cambridge before taking his first teaching position at BHCHS. He spent most of his career at Uxbridge Technical College, finishing his career in 1997 as head of the Arts and Humanities Department. He wrote several plays, and two of his works won prizes and were broadcast on radio.

Tony Neville leaves his partner Angie, and two sons and three grandchildren from his previous marriage.

The Old Buckwellians Lodge

Many of you will know that a Masonic Lodge, originally for the benefit of past pupils and staff of the School, existed. It is with sadness that I have to tell you the Lodge has now been dissolved.

The Lodge was consecrated on 11th November 1970 and enjoyed years of great success. We were renowned for the warmth of our hospitality and many of our members went on to achieve high office.

Sadly, deaths, resignations, removals to distant parts and the closure of the School itself resulted in a membership which was too reduced in numbers to remain viable. Accordingly, our last meeting was held on 12th September 2006 when it was resolved that the Lodge would "surrender its Warrant." That meeting was attended, inter alia, by six of the original founders, a sad but notable fact after over one third of a century of existence.

Our sponsoring, or "Mother" Lodge, the Old Loughtonians, offered membership to any Old Buckwellian who needed a home and will be pleased to receive applications from any Old Buckwellian hoping to enter the Craft.

John French, WM 1970; 2005; 2006