

OLD BUCKWELLIANS NEWS



Happy Anniversary

Ever since I started this eccentric caper in 1999 people have been reminding me that we have a limited time ahead of us - given that the school is closed. While not oblivious to such warnings, we have carried on building the network and having great fun in the process.

Our 75th Anniversary celebration was a particularly special and happy event, as you will see from the photos and reports in this bumper edition.

Our continued success depends on maintaining the membership levels. If you attended BHCHS during the 1970s or 1980s we need your help here. Get hold of one or two chaps from your year and persuade them to sign up. If

they want to see a copy to help them decide I'm happy to send a sample. You can easily check who is not currently subscribing on our web site.

Some readers tell me that as soon as *OB News* arrives they immediately check the back pages to see if they are mentioned. Good news for those worriers in this edition – Rob Winwood advises us how to defer our appearance in the obituaries.

I realise I half-promised a football-free edition but make no apology for including Gordon Bassett's excellent feature.

Thanks for all your ideas about topics for future features. One reader suggested a section in the magazine for school 'characters'

who were notorious for their exploits and naughtiness. Another suggestion was to run a series about the various day trips and industrial visits that the school arranged: I am sure there are amusing memories to be recorded. Also, I know that the long-awaited review of cricket is still pending, so if you have any school cricket anecdotes that would make interesting reading, let me know. And keep the ideas rolling in.

Finally, if you are feeling slight pangs of guilt for not sending me any information about yourself for publication, don't bother to apologise – just get writing.

Graham Frankel



Good natured tolerance p30



Tim Litchfield: an upbeat finale p6



All rounder turns to basketball p25



Julian's first book p14



Lieutenant Colonel tours Cyprus p10



Unique celebration p15

November 2013

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Old Buckwellians News



"We do have this one vital thing in common: at some time (it matters not when) we all spent a few years at the School. We will all spend a great many years away from it. It is only through the Association that we have this last frail link."

Roding Magazine, 1956

Old Buckwellians News

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www.bhchs.co.uk

Back issues:

(from November 1999) are available from the Editor for £1 each. Discount of 25% if you order five or more!

News

Please send your news items and other articles for publication to the Editor by email if possible. Original photographs will be returned. The Editor reserves the right to shorten or otherwise amend items for publication.

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Cherchez les femmes! Loughton CHS revival is under way



nostalgia on Facebook led to the welcome arrival of a volunteer to gather up news of former Loughton CHS pupils.

Sue Capes (photo left) who was a pupil at Loughton from 1965-70, is busily setting up Loughton's website and will be pleased to hear from anyone who can put her in touch with any former pupils and staff from the school. There will be a high proportion of

Loughton CHS had strong links with BHCHS, and particularly during the 1980s when the two schools had a joint sixth form - the photo (right) is from 1986. Ultimately both schools shared the same fate, as we know only too well. A recent outbreak of



History Road Show



I was invited to give a talk about the history of BHCHS to the Loughton Historical Society in October. The timing didn't allow me to give advanced notice in these columns and in any case many of our readers live a long way from Loughton. But if there are groups (of any size) that would like to hear the talk I am open to suggestions. It is a pictorial history, and includes many photos that have not previously been published in OB News.

In principle I am happy to take the roadshow anywhere for travel

our readers who had - and perhaps still have! - some kind of family or other connections at Loughton so please help Sue in her quest which is, of course, made more difficult as a result of name changes following marriage. Here is the Loughton web address:

www.loughtonchs.co.uk

and you can contact Sue by email: sue@loughtonchs.co.uk

QUIZ!

Back by popular demand.

Phil Hughes will entertain us with another of his excellent Quiz Nights.

NOTE THE DATE AND REGISTER YOUR INTEREST NOW

Saturday 12th April 2014

Theydon Bois Village Hall

Contact Graham Frankel (see left panel) for more information and to register your interest



Old Bucks Ties - Special Offer

Our 100% silk tie, proudly emblazoned with the BHCHS crest

Now available at only

£7

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Orders to Graham Frankel (see left panel)

BUCKS FIZZ

Choral Corner - busy in East Anglia



I was delighted to hear that **Bernard Butler (1955)** had written a substantial choral piece for the choir he sings with in Worlingworth, a village near Framlingham, Suffolk. As a keen choral singer myself I was keen to hear his composition and he kindly sent me a copy.

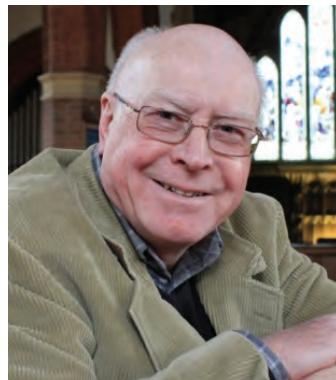
Music for Passontide is based on extracts from St Matthew's gospel and consists of 12 sections for chorus and soloists. Bernard tells me he took on the project because his choir had asked him for an alternative to the popular (some would use a more derogatory term) pieces by Stainer and Maunder.

I didn't know what to expect but I was not disappointed. Bernard's music is wonderfully serene and contemplative, and with haunting tunes that re-appear during the music in different forms. Occasionally I thought I detected traces of Elgar, Bruckner, and even Whitacre but this is not derivative, and has an individual style.

He tells the Passontide story without the drama and anger of Bach's celebrated Passions but instead the music is tinged with sadness at key moments.

This is a highly accessible composition that could readily be performed by most amateur groups. If you would like to hear a sample contact Bernard at:

bbtablet@btinternet.com



Bob Cumber (1957) is chairman of his local choral society, Sheringham and Cromer Choral Society, who are involved in a unique and exciting project. They have just been awarded a grant of more than £30,000 by Arts Council England to commission and perform a new piece of choral music to commemorate the outbreak of WW1 in 2014. Patrick Hawes, former composer in residence at Classic FM, probably best known for his Highgrove Suite which was written for Prince Charles' 60th birthday, will write the 45 minute piece for adult and children's choirs, soprano soloist, orchestra and organ. It will be based on writings associated with Edith Cavell the Norfolk nurse and heroine who was executed in Belgium in 1915 for helping some 200 Allied soldiers escape. The premiere performance is planned for Saturday 12th July 2014 in Norwich Cathedral (where Edith Cavell is buried) with the English Chamber Orchestra. The choir are currently seeking a further approx. £10,000 in grant funding/sponsorship to complete the project. If any Old Bucks are in a position to help please contact Bob directly:

bobcumber@aol.com or visit www.sheringhamandcromerchoral.co.uk for more information.

Are any other Old Bucks involved in WW1 commemoration plans?

Calling Old Bucks in the Canberra Area

Barry Stephens (1951) has lived in Canberra for many years, and as the capital city is celebrating its centenary this year he is planning to organise a meeting for Old Bucks in the area.

This will take place in November. If you are expecting to be in the

News and notes about Old Bucks

Nick Allum - Cricketing Professor



Congratulations to **Nick Allum (1973)** on his appointment as Professor of Sociology at Essex University, where he has been a lecturer and senior lecturer since 2008. Nick came to academic life at a relatively late stage, having previously embarked on a career as a professional musician. After a degree in Politics from the Uni-

versity of East London he obtained an MSc and PhD from LSE. Nick's area of expertise is "PUS" which perhaps needs explanation. His specialism is in the Public's Understanding of Science and in particular the attitude of public to sensitive areas of science such as biotechnology.

Despite his busy academic life Nick manages to retain a connection with Roding Lane, where he can be seen on weekends during the summer consistently taking wickets for Chigwell Cricket Club, where a fellow team member is **Rob Orange (1973)**.

Nick's appointment as professor means at least 43 Old Bucks have reached that level. The most successful year in that respect is YOS 1957 with five professors. If we want a more detailed statistical analysis of the data, I know exactly the man to ask.....

Spring Brother for Autumn-Grace

Congratulations to **Richard Sturgeon (1982)** and his wife Joy on the birth of Jonathon on 30th April 2013. Jonathon's four year old sister Autumn-Grace looks pretty pleased with the new arrival. This photo was taken when Jonathon was one day old, having weighed in at 7lb 10oz.

Richard initially trained as a car mechanic in Chigwell. After qualifying, he changed careers to study horticulture, gaining an RHS Diploma. Then, after ten years, he reverted to cars and now runs his own dealership in Ongar.



Ageless Theatre in Singapore



Steve Lodge (1967), who is based in Singapore, has been involved in a very worthwhile theatre project. *Ageless Theatre* gives opportunities for all ages – but especially seniors – to keep involved in drama. Steve has had his own plays performed by the group and his wife Debbie helps the company in various ways. The programme shown here is from one of Steve's plays - *Skits-O-Phrenia*. Steve is also planning to start a Singapore Chapter of Old Bucks who may operate under the name *Singapore Old Bucks Army* - perhaps SO BARMY.

Familiar Surroundings

Kevin Carter (1966) told me about a wedding his daughter Louise recently attended of a friend in Buckhurst Hill.

When Kevin saw the wedding photos he immediately recognised the venue, unmistakeable from the honours boards in the background.

The happy couple are Harpreet Sangha and Sanjeev Pottay, who are both former pupils of the Guru Gobind Singh Khalsa College.



Mayday Walkers



Simon Leefe (1971) and a bunch of his mates from school, along with some other friends, have a fine tradition of getting together for a walking weekend in one of the National Parks every Mayday bank holiday.

Such is the enthusiasm for this jaunt that **Graham Finbow** (from South Africa) and **Mark Baker**

(from Florida) regularly join the party.

Pictured above at this year's trip to Exmoor are (back row): John Miller, Graham Finbow, Simon Baker, Simon Leefe, Arnold Verrall, Alex Hall, Rick Palmer. Kneeling (front): Mark Baker, Roger Gilford, Steve Guyon. All are Old Bucks except Alex, Roger and Steve.

French Welcome



Joe Dever (1967) called in on his form teacher and English master in France in June. Joe writes....my partner Nadine and I visited Pete Downey and his wife Glyn at their home in Aunay en Bazois, in the Nièvre, Central France.

The weather was splendid and they were the perfect hosts. It was

a wonderful opportunity for me to thank Pete for his inspiring tutelage, and we had a lot of laughs recalling the antics and exploits of the infamous 'x' class 1967-74. We're hoping to revisit them next year.

The photo shows Pete (left) and Joe in the courtyard of Pete's country garden.

Controlling Explosives



Dr Sidney Alford
ALFORD TECHNOLOGIES

One of our intrepid reporters spotted **Sidney Alford (1946)** featuring in a recent BBC4 documentary *Explosions: how we shook the world*. Part of the programme is based at Sidney's disused quarry in the Mendips where he blows things up on a commercial basis, and trains the military in the use of specialised explosives.

Sidney was shown supervising some spectacular demonstrations including a "shaped charge" that effectively drills an instantaneous hole through the length of a solid steel cylinder more than a foot long.

Thanks to Eric Crook for reporting this.

Great was the Company of the Preachers

Listeners to Radio 4's Sunday Morning Worship will have been entertained by sermons from two Old Bucks in the space of a few weeks earlier this year. In January Canon **Brian Mountford (1956)** was preaching from the University Church of St Mary the Virgin

Oxford, where he is Vicar. Then, in March, Rev **Martin Turner (1958)** was on the same programme, from Methodist Central Hall, Westminster where he is the Superintendent Minister. Martin tells me that Brian used to be the prefect on his dinner table.

A Dramatic Reunion

Brian Mountford (see above) met up recently with one of his former co-stars from the BHCHS stage, **Alan Vickers (1957)**.

Alan writes.....Brian came to the Discussion Circle at the Wychwood Library, Milton under Wychwood to discuss his book *Christian Atheist* in March.

This gave me a chance afterwards to meet up with him again. We were both in the BHCHS plays of 1962 and 1963 - *Henry IV Part I* and *Galileo*.

Completely Bikered



Ian Macdonald (1962) bravely ventured on a 72 mile bike ride from Wetherby racecourse to Filey. Ian is shown here (on the right) at the finishing line with his mate Errol. The ride was to raise money for ten charities.



The photo shows Alan (left) and Brian at their meeting.

Brian's book was featured in OB News November 2011.

Various other Old Bucks have mentioned their recent cycling adventures and we have at least two who have completed the Lands End to John O'Groats jaunt in the past year. **Colin Overy (1953)** claims to be the oldest - does anyone challenge that claim?

Australasian Reunion 2013



Stuart Low writes.... This year's reunion was held on 3rd March at our usual venue, The Brewhouse in Kent Street Wharf, Sydney. Whilst not the most exciting of venues it does serve some tasty amber ale and decent portions of good fodder. It is also an easy venue for those who have travelled from overseas or interstate. Despite wet weather, 17 of us met up, and it was great to welcome two new members to our group. Paul Thomas (who was in my year at school) together with Robbie and Andy Ford who came alone. Had the weather been fine his wife and children would have popped in to say hello - maybe next year.

Once again Martin Williams made the trek across the Tasman Sea from New Zealand and revelled in the rain as NZ was in the middle of the longest period without rain for years. Phil and Sheilagh Harper made the journey up from Tasmania and despite living in a town called Penguin both seem to be walking normally - but they both had fish for lunch. Paul and

Robbie came up from the ACT whilst the remainder of us were relatively local.

It was really great to see the camaraderie that has been built up among our group and to see the two new members being accepted as if they had been before. There is something to be said for a school that can still hold the interest of ex pupils so many years after its closure.

Since our last meeting Paul Faithfull and Emma have been married and unfortunately they were unable to join us this year. We were hoping to make a small presentation from the group but Bill Hardwick and I met up with Paul over lunch at a later date presented him with a gift.

Those in attendance were: *Andy Ford (1979), Bill Hardwick (1956), Grahame Clark (1953), Guy Lee (1953) and Ann, Les Bassett (1953), Martin Williams (1957), Michael Cooper (1949) and Jean, Paul Thomas (1952) and Robbie, Phil Harper (1957) and Sheilagh, Tony Brandon (1948) and Pat, Stuart Low (1952) and Sylvie.*

Old Bucks at Brisbane Road



Thanks to **Barry Hearn (1959)** we now have an annual pilgrimage to the Matchroom Stadium at Brisbane Road. This year 28 went to view Leyton Orient's final home match of the season against Oldham Athletic. Orient's promotion challenge had fizzled out some

weeks earlier, but the group had a good afternoon with a spectacular goal being scored by the home team in the 1 - 1 draw. Barry himself joined the group at half time for a chat and expressed the hope that he would see us again next year.

Johnny Coppin features in Radio Times

BBC Local Radio

Face behind the voice

Johnny Coppin BBC Radio Gloucester



Age "I was born on 5 April, but I'm not saying which year!"

Current job Presenter and producer of Radio Gloucester's *Acoustic Music Show* (Saturdays 5.30pm). He is also a singer/songwriter, a composer and musical director of the Festival Players Theatre Company since 1992.

CV Born and brought up on the London/Essex border, he's played in bands from the age of 13. In 1969, he formed the acoustic band Decameron and began a full-time music career. His many albums include *Forest and Vale* and *High Blue Hill* and his collaboration with Laurie Lee, *Edge of Day*. His TV work includes BBC2's *Song of Gloucestershire*. He joined Radio Gloucestershire in 1996.

Best moment "Playing the main stage of the Glastonbury Festival with my own band and recording *Edge of Day* with writer Laurie Lee – a tribute to his poetry."

Worst moment "Trying to perform at the Colchester Arts Centre with jet lag, having just flown back from the

States. It was like treading through treacle, but I got through it."

Off air "I live in the Stroud Valleys with my partner, the artist Katherine Neilson, and 14-year-old son Ross."

First radio memory "Saturday Club with Brian Matthew, followed by Radio Luxembourg and Radio Caroline."

Favourite broadcasters

"Bob Harris for his great musical knowledge and totally relaxed interviewing style; and Jo Whiley and Claudia Winkleman, who both sound effortless and so natural."

Ambition "To run a songwriters' festival. And – always – to write more good songs!"

Dream job "Running a national acoustic radio station playing the whole range of singer/songwriters, folk, Americana, blues, etc."

Secret skills "Playing tennis (to a good club level) and map reading (I don't need or like sat nav) – both skills learnt from my dad, Alan, who is now 90." **David Gillard**

Listen countrywide at bbc.co.uk/radiogloucestershire

Good to see one of the successful musicians from BHCHS still appearing regularly on BBC Radio. Unlike the majority of *Radio Times* readers we have the advantage of knowing the full answer to the first question. Thanks to Dick Thomas for spotting this and also to *Radio Times* for permission to publish.

49ers Meet at Epping



The irrepressible 49ers held another successful reunion at the Bell Hotel, Epping in April. Organisers **Jim Faulkner** and **Tom Smith** again did a great job and

24 of their year group made it to the gathering. Those in the photo are (l to r): John Rogers, Ian Lidell, Bob Combes, Jim Faulkner, Chris Waghorn, John Harman.

The Greatest Homework Excuses

We've had a few good examples of excuses given for not handing in homework but I think this one would take some beating. **John Lakeman (Chemistry, 1964-89)** remembers that someone claimed to have placed his com-

pleted chemistry homework in the cupboard under the stairs. However, when he went to retrieve it he was not permitted to open the door because the family cat was in residence in the cupboard, having just produced a litter of kittens.

Music at BHCHS in the 1980s

By Martin Bailey-Wood (BHCHS 1982-88)

BACK IN November 2012 I posted some old photographs that I had found of the BHCHS/LHS Orchestra trip to Thaxted that I attended in July 1988 on that little known social networking site, Facebook. Tim Litchfield (1987-1989) was the teacher who led the trip along with Ann Satchwell of LHS. This generated a discussion thread between me and Dave Ewart the general gist of which was: "let's try and get an article together". That discussion, combined with the predominance of sports coverage in the spring edition of *Old Buckwellians News*, catalysed me into putting something together, so here goes!

I think it is probably fair to say that in the 1980s music at BHCHS had probably passed its heyday. Rod Raley (Music 1978-86), a very nice and amenable gentleman, was teaching music to the school by himself. This made it difficult at times in the classroom; however, for those boys who were learning an instrument, he gave support, encouragement and no end of time.

I had been learning the oboe for a few years by the time I reached BHCHS and had got to grade 5. This was to become a bit of a poisoned chalice as I then spent a number of years getting my grade 5 theory to allow me to progress further in the ABRSM examinations. But BHCHS was my first real opportunity of playing with other people and so helped me to keep my interest.

The BHCHS school orchestra was by then combined with Loughton, and it was a bit of a mishmash of instruments. We would come together under the direction of Rod Raley and Ann Satchwell to practice every Thursday after school.

Some of the names that readily come to hand were Dave Ewart and Matthew Stanford (clarinet), Clive Tillbrook (trumpet) and Jamie Goodes (now Armitage, trombone) in my year. Also Stuart Nash (clarinet), Harvey French (oboe), Paul Cook (euphonium) and Elliot Skinner (flute) from other years. You will probably have noted that there is a distinct lack of strings. There were some, but not many: Rick Sinfield, Terry Gallienne (violin)



Orchestra trip to Thaxted July 1988 with Dave Ewart back row second from the right draped over two LHS girls. Andrea Bovolenta is third row, second from the right

and Tom Croxon (double bass). There were others too, but I have no head for names.

Combining with the girls allowed us to have those numbers bolstered enough to play Boosey and Hawkes arrangements of *Marche Slave* or *Bring in the Clowns*. We were not the London Philharmonic, but we played and enjoyed (or endured). We would generally get enough together to play at LHS and BHCHS concerts at Christmas and the end of the summer term, when the orchestra would be enhanced with staff: Dave Patrick (English, double bass), Mrs Leach (French, cello) and my parents on violin.

Some of us boys played solos with Rod Raley accompanying at the piano. I was called upon to play Ronald Binge's *The Watermill* or the theme from *Miss Marple* frequently, it seemed. Then there was Jamie Goodes playing *The Acrobat* on trombone and Dave Ewart with Mozart's clarinet concerto.

These concerts also had the school choir performing. Once again bolstered by staff (Mr Reid, Dave Patrick, Mavis Leach, John Loveridge and the late John Kassman to name a few) we made a half decent sound with *Mary's Boy Child* at Christmas or a semi-staged performance of an arrangement of *Dracula* which Peter Downey supported with stage direction. On one occasion we even pulled off a decent rendition of Toch's *Geographical Fugue* the beginning of which has stayed in my

memory ever since (*Trinidad, and the Great Mississippi, and the town Honolulu, and the lake Titicaca, the Popocatepetl is not in Canada, rather in Mexico, Mexico...*).

I attended Epping Music School on a Friday evening at St. John's School in Epping, as did some others, but most boys had their lessons in school and the peripatetic teachers that would come in to teach instrumental lessons (chiefly wind and brass) at the school must not go without mention. Of the peripatetic teachers one stands out in my memory: Ian McGee, wind peripatetic and an accomplished flautist.

It was Ian who introduced me to chamber music. He was a very capable arranger and with his arrangements of well-known theme tunes (*Allo, Allo* and *Emmerdale Farm* for example) we all had our first taste of playing together – for fun. With the support of the peripatetic teachers Rod Raley was able to keep the ensemble playing alive in the School. Ian McGee also taught at Epping Music School on Friday evenings and since leaving school our paths have crossed playing in ensembles together. The last time I met Ian we were playing in a concert together with the Woodford Symphony Orchestra while I was still in college in the 1990s.

The time that Rod Raley gave to us boys who wanted to study music became particularly evident to me when, in the third year, I had to make my options

for O Level. Along with only three others, I wanted to do music. It was looking like we would not be able to. Then one morning after assembly Eric Franklin called the four of us to his office: what had we done, we were decent lads? There we stood: "well boys, it has been decided that if you wish to take Music you may do this instead of PE and Games, now get back to French". I don't think any of us were particularly upset by this decision (in fact Dave Ewart has since told me he was "absolutely chuffed"), but in hindsight I know that Rod must have put up a fight to allow us to take music, instead of sport.

So in my fourth year, we started our O Level music course. Long sunny afternoons studying Mozart's clarinet concerto and clarinet quintet (our set works) while others tried their skills on the cricket pitch. To this day I can give a passable commentary on the opening movements of each. Additionally we worked on our performance and our composition skills, putting together a small portfolio of opuses. That year seemed to pass quickly, especially as it became more apparent that the school's days were numbered. We saw good teachers leave and move on to pastures new.

In our fifth year (1986/7) we continued through the syllabus. Then, at some point during that year, Rod Raley also left. What was going to happen to the rest of our music O Level? I think we were all a bit concerned.

We needn't have worried. A fresh faced, still wet behind the ears, young music teacher walked in. Tim Litchfield [see photo p.1] was young, keen and able to engage the boys within the classroom. He was also a very good trumpeter. In short he was, to use the vernacular, cool!

Tim took us through the rest of the O Level syllabus and I don't think any of us got less than a "B". At the same time he rekindled a new keenness for music in other boys coming up through the school, even though we all knew that most of them would be moving to Roding Valley High.

Most of all he breathed new life into the ailing school orchestra. I remember him working with Ann

Satchwell to increase the standard of our little band of players to something to be proud of. It also has to be said that the sudden keenness of girls from LHS to join the orchestra was in no small part due to the new music teacher at the boys' school, even if it was only to swoon at the new eye-candy! We also started to have pupils join us from Epping Forest High. It was obvious what was going on: the political moves were in place so that the transition to the new Roding Valley High would be as seamless as possible but, even so, it seemed to be Tim who was managing this as far as music was concerned.

Despite getting a "B" in music and English literature, my 1986/87 O Level year was not the best so I took the opportunity to do re-takes through 1987/88 at the sixth form centre. This meant I was still able to be involved with school music – particularly the orchestra.

I had also started playing with other more accomplished groups outside of School and was now principal oboe and cor anglais of the Harlow Youth Orchestra under the direction of George Caird (now professor of double reed at Birmingham Conservatoire) and quite used to playing

big works such as Prokofiev's Symphony no.7, or Walton's cello concerto. But after years of Thursday after school practices, I had built up an allegiance to the school orchestra and I looked forward to the rehearsals. Numbers increased in the orchestra and we started to expand our repertoire. We were still not the London Philharmonic but we were an ensemble of keen pupils and made a respectable sound.

Tim organised the orchestra's first trip away to Thaxted in July 1988. We stayed in a large house with two wings: one for the boys, one for the girls. By this time the handful of pupils (possibly only two) from Epping Forest also joined us. We were becoming a real band of brothers. We could not have been away for very long (a long weekend, perhaps) but it was enough time for us to enjoy being together and playing together. Some memories of that weekend stand out for me: Tim in the quadrangle one morning with three of us boys standing to attention as he played reveille to get the girls up and out of bed; an afternoon in Saffron Walden; a trip to Holst's house in Thaxted.

Dave Ewart has confirmed that there were later trips to Thaxted: another in September of 1988 for cast members of *The Card* and at



Martin and Nicky with daughter Alys and twins Joseph and Hywel

least one further trip in future years (by which time this would have been a Roding Valley High trip).

The BHCHS summer concert of 1988 will always remain with me; this was a concert to be proud of and allowed boys from all years to perform a variety of genres. Dave Ewart did not play Mozart's clarinet concerto, but instead stood on stage playing saxaphone and sang his own song in the first tentative steps (in fact his *only* steps) up the ladder of a pop career that was not to be. No longer was I asked to play *The Watermill* or the theme to *Miss Marple*. Instead Tim asked me to arrange something for me to play with the orchestra. This was my first experience of musical arranging. I looked through my music and found something that seemed easy enough to arrange and gave the solo line (ie me) a clear voice: the adagio from Cantata 156 by JS Bach. I still have the arrangement for oboe, violins and bassoon. I've no idea who played bassoon although I remember Mavis Leach and Dave Pattrick plucking their cello and double bass respectively! This was to be my last musical act with BHCHS.

In September 1988 my family moved to Cardiff as my father's work was re-located. I started sixth form at Whitchurch High School (which boasted a night on full Symphony Orchestra) and played with the South Glamorgan Youth Orchestra. My musical life flourished and has continued to do so, although I never wanted to do it professionally. I am still playing, as an amateur, with the Abergavenny Symphony Orchestra and have always played with various amateur

groups since leaving school, particularly orchestras.

For me, the next generation is now starting on its own musical journey. Both my sons are learning wind instruments (clarinet and flute), one of them is also learning piano and the other guitar. Meanwhile my daughter is forging her path at the Junior Conservatoire at the Royal Welsh College of Music and Drama learning harp. But something I tell all three of them is that music has always given me friends, a lesson I learnt at BHCHS.

Coda

Roll the years forward to 2006. By now I am working for Logica and based in South Wales. I have my young family. I have had to travel to London for a meeting with a senior Service Delivery Manager. I meet her at her desk ready for our meeting. On her monitor wallpaper is a photo of a boy playing solo double bass with his school orchestra. The figure conducting on the podium looks strangely familiar. "Your son?" I ask, making small talk. "Yes, he's playing with his school orchestra" she replies barely looking up. "Who is conducting?" I ask. "Oh, it's his music master" she answers, still not looking up. "What's his name?" I ask. This is clearly irritating her now - how dare this junior service delivery person ask such impertinent questions "is it Tim Litchfield?" She looks up "how do you know him?" she asks with a smile. "He taught me, many moons ago, in another life!" I reply.

One way to break the ice, I suppose!

Thanks to Dave Ewart for contributing to this article



Two photos from Thaxted Sept 1988: cast of *The Card*. Above: Matthew Stanford front row, sitting second from left, Dave Ewart propping up the doorway, Andrea Bovolenta in front of him at waist level



Under the Greenwood Tree

By Clive Greenwood (BHCHS 1952-59)

A tribute to an unsung hero of BHCHS. Hector Greenwood (1904-90)



Hector Greenwood in 1954

CONTEMPORARIES of my brother John and myself (1949-1959) will remember my father for the Parents' Association letters signed by him that they were commissioned to deliver to their parents and probably found a week or so later at the bottom of their satchels. They will not recall him for any scintillating addresses on Speech Day or to the Sixth Form Forum, for he was only a workmanlike, dutiful speaker. I believe he gave two talks to the Forum, invited at short notice on both occasions by Mr Sillis when he had been let down by somebody else - which tells us something about father: his willingness to oblige.

Father must have been elected Chairman of The Parents' Association at one of the first meetings he attended. He then served in that capacity for ten years until I left school in 1959. At some stage - I cannot put a year on it - he was co-opted as a governor and continued as one for a few years beyond my leaving, which was how he came to serve on the selection sub-committee which appointed Mr Colgate as the second HM of The School. I am sure my father's - see later - and HAC's Sir George Monoux con-

nection was purely co-incidental.

As his son, and at this distance of time, I cannot fairly assess the value of my father's contribution to BHCHS. As stated in Mr Taylor's appreciation, which follows, he was involved in the funding of two major projects to improve sports facilities at the School, but I think his real contribution was in building strong relations between parents, staff and the Old Boys, resulting in burgeoning social activities and the range of careers advice that became normal in schools only years later. I visited Mr Taylor at his home in Devon some time in the late 1980s and subsequently asked him to write an appreciation of my father. These are his words, dated 9 Feb 1990, some ten months before father's death:

BHCHS struck a rich vein of good fortune when John and Clive Greenwood became pupils at the BHCHS, for it brought to the expanding service of the Parents Association their father, Hector, who became Chairman of a very active and lively Parents' Association, under whose unassuming but determined leadership the school was enriched by two master schemes, to provide the school with a swimming

pool and a cricket pavilion. In addition he organised many events to add to the school's resources, financial and social.

He presided over innumerable meetings of the PA Committee and I recall the courteous and friendly way in which all business was conducted. Hector was a true gentleman in every way and his business acumen served the school well. He was unflappable and I never heard from him any grumble or complaint that he was giving so much time to the school. His leadership was recognised by his election to the Governing Body where again he adopted his naturally modest approach.

My final memory of Hector Greenwood is of a handsome, kindly and very reliable gentleman to whom devotion to a cause was second nature, best described in Chaucer's account of the Knight:

'He never yet a boorish thing had said'

In all his life to any, come what might.'

'He was a true, a perfect gentle-knight.'

Thinking that this encomium

could be construed as way over the top, I sent a copy to Des Slade, who was active on the committee of the Old Buckwellians during my father's time as Chairman of the PA, expecting some corrective amendment but Des concurred wholly with Spud's assessment of father. Des, describing himself as "close to being a cockney and a bit of a lad" recalls what a "devoted gentleman" father was, and how "he always treated me with friendliness and respect". Des, pointing out the strong relationship between the PA and the OBs, particularly appreciated father's write-up in the school magazine of the PA Bazaar in 1958: "Our good friend Mr Des Slade ... was his bright and breezy self as auctioneer at the end of the evening." The point, of course, was that father treated everybody the same, which probably explains why he drew the best out of people.

Father was born in Walthamstow, into a comfortable middle-class family. Whilst his father had three first names, Arthur Edward Charles, father was simply Hector, a name he was never comfortable with, being known in adult life by his closest as 'H'. He and his two elder sisters were at first taught at home by a governess. But Hector's grandfather had been a gas fitter in the East End of London in the latter half of the 19th century, and his own father trained first as a gemologist, before becoming a successful accountant. World War One rightly brought some corrective balance in society and father was sent to Sir George Monoux School in Walthamstow. After school he attended Pitman's College in London, doing what we would describe now as some sort of secretarial business studies, including French, German, accountancy, typing and shorthand, all of which served him well through his business and social life.

He then became a salesman, working in London. In 1926 he served as a Special Constable during the General Strike. In the 1930s he worked for Rail Anchors Ltd., which job took him twice to India in 1937. When the

company converted to production of war materials he became Company Secretary, based at their factory at Netherton, near Dudley.

After the war, father returned to work in London and we moved to Woodford. In the late 1940s, after being made redundant, he became Export Sales Manager of PB Cow Ltd, makers of numerous rubber and plastic products, including Li-Lo inflatable beds, beach ware, picnic ware, printers' blanket and the bizarrely-named Cow Gum, beloved by photographers as a non-permanent rubberised glue. Each year PB Cow exhibited at the British Industries Fair at Olympia; and each year we seemed to acquire another hydrangea plant for the garden!

Looking back at life during those years, I am astonished that father, who returned home daily at or after 7pm after strap-hanging on the tube from Green Park station, could give so much time and effort not only to the School PA but also serve as Chairman of the Ratepayers' Association and Ward Chairman of the Conservative Association.

Our MP was Sir Winston himself, and father was summoned more than once to Churchill's house in Hyde Park Gate for constituency meetings. In 1956 father and mother were invited to an At Home Day at the Churchills' country home at Chartwell, Kent, as part of a group of 20 or so constituency workers. In some respects it was the highlight of my mother's life; father just took it in his stride, without ascribing undue importance to it. (In passing, I note that when I developed inchoate political ideas and joined The London Schools Left Club whilst still at school, father bore with me in his usual equable way, countering my immature notions with quiet reason, as befitted an avowed Rationalist.)

Mother - Ena Rosie Ethel - of course gave father full support in all these activities, and showed herself to be a meticulous organiser, especially prior to the 1953 Coronation Fete, mapping all the promises of goodies for the various stalls and co-ordinating pick-up and delivery. As a matter of interest, mother knew Edward Wigley when she was young: they were at the same secondary school in Felixstowe and he sang in the same church choir in Old Felixstowe as her younger brother.

Mother and father celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary in 1979, but shortly afterwards, having suffered from angina for years, mother had a heart attack and died suddenly. Father lived on in Felixstowe. In 1985 he flew out to visit me in Malaysia and had a great time; he was loved by everybody he met, Malaysian, British, Australian, American. Sadly, after a prostate operation, he declined, sinking into the mists and fogs of Alzheimer's, such a sad way for such a fine man to go, "one of the most undeserved deaths imaginable", as Mr Taylor put it in his letter to me.

Father often quoted to us as boys the dictum 'Manners maketh Man', ascribed to William of Wykeham: it is the motto of Winchester College and of New College, Oxford. I suspect that his Victorian father quoted it to him. Having traced briefly Hector Greenwood's life and contribution to the School, I now conclude with two stories that give the essence of this kind and decent man.

First: well into his eighties, father was with me looking through a book of his sepia photographs of India in 1937. He paused at one picture, taken in New Delhi. "Oh yes! I remember that spot. I was walking along the road and there was a Moslem kneeling saying his prayers. I walked around him so that my shadow should not fall on him and disturb him." No lessons in citizenship; just 'Manners maketh Man'. I have filed this story in my grandsons' minds under 'Respect'.

Second: only a short time before his death father had to be moved to a new residential home near John in Worcestershire. The matron showed him into her office and invited him to sit down. "Not until you do, my dear," said this Edwardian Boy.

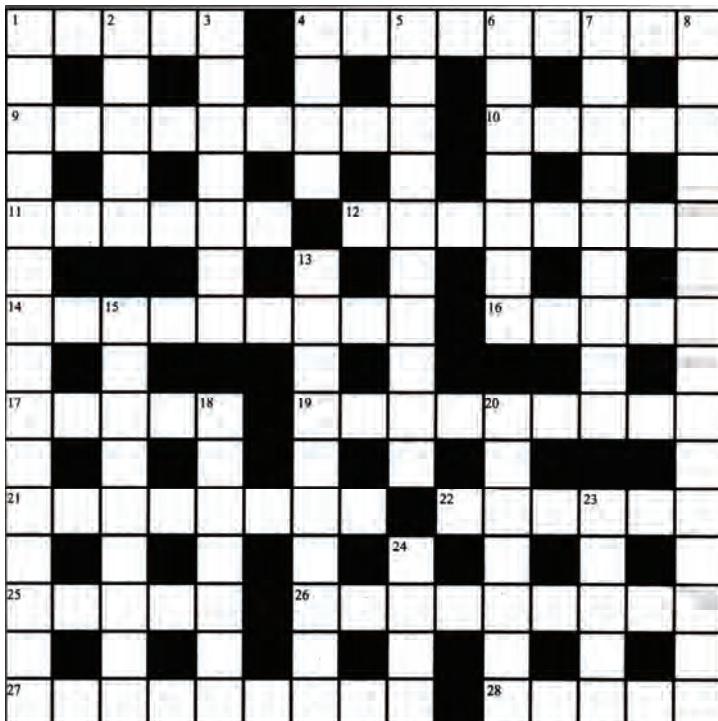


Clive Greenwood

OB NEWS CROSSWORD

No.22 "Mix & Match" By Mike Ling

The clues are a mixture of the straightforward and cryptic



ACROSS

- 1 Legendary king of Phrygia (5)
- 4 To effect a change in someone's beliefs (9)
- 9 Juicy (9)
- 10 Surname of the first American to orbit the Earth (5)
- 11 Meagre (6)
- 12 Legal action serving as a precedent (4,4)
- 14 Reject the validity of something (9)
- 16 In Hinduism, the destroyer (5)
- 17 (Of a vessel) lists (5)
- 19 Not injured in any way (9)
- 21 Pest (8)
- 22 OT Queen of Persia (6)
- 25 Simpleton (5)
- 26 Travelling from place to place (9)
- 27 Appointed (9)
- 28 Honey badger (5)

DOWN

- 1 Misunderstanding (15)
- 2 Relating to a duchy (5)
- 3 Levelled the match (7)
- 4 Colloquially, to complain (4)
- 5 All set (2,3,5)
- 6 Nullifies (7)
- 7 Dividing up proportionately (9)
- 8 Fairy tale characters (6,3,6)
- 13 Document written by hand (10)
- 15 A permanent committee of a larger body (9)
- 18 Strict and austere (7)
- 20 Type of therapist (7)
- 23 Playing card symbol (5)
- 24 Considerate (4)

Solution on page 27

Quiz Corner

It will be clear what this is but who can guess its connection with BHCHS? First correct answer will win a prize. Solution, and full story, in the next edition.



When All Else Fails, Blame the Adjutant

By Lt Col Ian Astley (BHCHS 1979-84)



THIS IS the Adjutant's fault, I kept telling myself and anyone who asked me why we were working much harder than any middle-aged men should be, slogging away on our bicycles firstly up the freezing cold hills of the Yorkshire Dales and then up Mount Troudos. It is true that I spotted an article about last year's Tour of Cyprus and that I suggested to a few people at the Infantry Training Centre (ITC) that we should enter a team or two in 2013.

However, I was cursing the Adjutant during the painful moments of training and competition because he should not have let me get that far. If nothing else, then surely Adjutants are supposed to suppress Commanding Officers' good ideas, especially if they are going to impact on the wellbeing of soldiers?

In retrospect, the Tour of Cyprus (or ToC as we came to know and love it) is one of the best experiences I have had with the Army in a number of years. I had cycled a reasonable amount as a teenager: not just to and from school and scouts, but some longer outings too including a week or so pedalling some 1000 miles to Spain as a 17 year old. For the next 25 years rugby, running, tabbing, and hill-walking were dominant physical activities, and a car and driving licence put an end to the need to cycle. That was fine until a couple of years ago the doctor said that the pain in my back was an inevitable result of these physical pursuits and that I should stop...completely stop.

Thankfully, a sadistic physiotherapist sorted my back out, whilst a bicycle (and more lycra than any self-respecting gentleman should wear) has become an almost

unhealthy passion, replacing the majority of the load-bearing activities I used to do.

The Tour of Cyprus is an annual multi-stage cycling race for professional and amateur teams, organised by the Podilatokinisi Cyprus Cycling Association. Whilst the Cypriot financial crisis had threatened the whole event at one stage, in the end some 120 racing competitors and 70 or so fun-riders entered. These groups comprised people from 11 nations, some participating as individuals but many making up nine official teams. The event was three days long: two mountain stages of 62 and 75 miles, and a flatter faster day of 72 miles.

Initially, I was surprised but pleased with the positive response from the ITC's cycling community to the notion of competing in ToC. Mind you, this was the autumn of 2012, and Sir Bradley's successes over the summer had ignited an enthusiasm for road-cycling in many quarters. Indeed, my Adjutant had recently sold his beloved mountain bike having declared himself a re-born road cycling enthusiast. It did not take long to find a captain to organise the ITC's participation and a bunch of willing volunteers to make up our two teams.

I ended up as the grandfather of the group giving away 13 years to the next nearest team-mate and over 20 years to the youngest. Nevertheless, come 25 March our teams were aboard the plane to Cyprus, bicycles having been nervously bestowed to the hands of British Airways baggage handling crews.

Until our arrival in Dhekelia Garrison, our training had been disrupted by a typical North Yorkshire winter, compounded by the coldest March on record. Consequently, it felt quite alien to be cycling in shorts and t-shirts, as a complete squad, and without cold toes for the first time in about eight months. Adding to the pleasure was the quality of the cycling available in Cyprus: it was fabulous. We reconnoitred the race routes by minibus and trained on the most testing sections. The hills were long and challenging, the roads



The author and the Adjutant

this was the only time in the week before the event started that beer was consumed, and even then only a couple per man. This was in the main due to the professional approach and mature attitude of our squad – which was genuinely commendable throughout the expedition – but it was also a reflection on how uninspiring Ayia Napa is out of season. Our only other indulgence into pre-race relaxation was a barbecue that we put together for ourselves on the balcony of our transit accommodation. That marked the end of our preparatory phase and preceded our move into the event hotel in Limassol the following morning.

The Arsinoe Hotel was 3-star and functional, and our small twin rooms were soon crammed with bags, bikes and bottles of water. Nevertheless, it was better than military transit accommodation, the food was plentiful and the atmosphere began to build with the arrival, throughout the day, of other competitors and teams. It is fair to say that the organisation of the event was all a little bit Cypriot.

As experienced and professional British soldiers, it took us a while to go-with-the-flow and trust that all would be well for the start of the first stage the next day. It was, of course. The organisers with, what seemed like quite limited resources, had done a very good job to arrange road closures, safety vehicles and marshals, feed stations hosted by local villages, route marking, time-keeping, and result collation and publication. There were some hiccups; some teams took advantage of the lack of tight control to give them an advantage on each subsequent stage; and a few procedural problems that took too much effort to unravel, nearly causing a UK-Russia international incident. However, these matters barely impinged on what was a thoroughly enjoyable three days racing.

Each stage followed the same routine: a mass start, controlled behind a safety vehicle through the streets of Limassol; a mass release at the beginning of the day's timed sector; a central feed station at the end of the timed

Given that we were on adventurous training it was deemed crucial that we visited a centre of local culture: Ayia Napa was the team's choice. I can honestly say



The ITC A Team at the end of Stage 3, Lt Col Astley, Capt McNeil SCOTS, Cpl Fox RIFLES, Cpl Thomas RIFLES

sector, hosted by a local village as part of what seemed to be a deliberate tourism pitch (quaint and generous though they were); and a mass, controlled route back into the city, again behind safety vehicles. This model worked well and gave us all the experience of cycling in a large peloton as well as pitting ourselves against the other teams and individuals in some very testing racing conditions.

The two mountain days were certainly challenging. Stage 1 incorporated 3638ft of climbing up Mount Troudos over the first 32 miles, before steadily descending for 30 miles back to Limassol. I found Stage 2 harder. Although less high at 2960ft, this altitude was attained over just 20 miles, following a 25 mile flat opening section, and before 30 miles of steep descent. I did utter to some that this climb was one of the toughest physical things I have done in the last 10 years. It was steep and relentless – a real slog – but hugely satisfying to have overcome and, in the words of Kris Kristofferson, ‘the going up was worth the coming down’.

By the end of day two, as a squad of two teams, we were far from embarrassing ourselves and were even respectably in touch with the leading semi-professional outfits. Indeed, our A Team was awarded medals for finishing third on Stage 1, with our lead rider placing amongst the top 15. Stage 2 results were similar, but we had been squeezed out to fourth place, and so we started Stage 3 determined to pull out the stops and finish third overall.

As promised, Stage 3 was predominantly flat and fast. Howev-

er, this perception was clouded early on as our legs, fatigued from the previous day’s epic climb, had to get us up 1000ft in the first 10 miles. After mile 22, until the 72nd and final mile, practically the whole route was downhill. This was a real joy and made for a different form of racing from the previous two days individual hill-climbing marathons. Groups of similarly able riders soon began to form, and I found myself amongst a crowd of 20 or so.

For the next couple of hours we were (in my head at least) emulating the peloton in the Tour de France. Individuals in turn would take the lead to keep the pace moving, while the remainder drafted the front-runners, cruising along and conserving energy. Occasionally someone would step on the gas in an effort to break away, but the group then worked harder to reel the breakaway in. We felt like we were in a truly competitive race, burning up the miles. The group I was in stayed together until the last few hundred yards when a dramatic sprint finish was unleashed as we all tried to gain a couple of places up the final rankings.

Despite our determined efforts, the day was not as good as we had hoped. In the A Team alone we suffered four punctures and one crash; events which consigned us to fourth position for the stage and in the overall rankings. Sadly, I took credit for two of these punctures, both occurring as I hit a huge pothole in the final 100yds of sprinting. This caused me to lose about half-a-dozen places, crossing the finishing line on the rims of my wheels.

On the bright side, the damage to my wheels was just about enough for me to justify buying new, better wheels when I got home!

The ToC was rounded off appropriately with an evening of presentations and prize-givings, with a buffet that gave us the chance to mingle with the other competitors and relive the previous few days’ events. The hills got bigger and the speeds faster in the telling as the evening wore on. After this official function, as an ITC squad we did the only thing left to be done – traditional for the end of an extremely successful overseas expedition – we went out for large helpings of steak and chips and a number of quiet drinks.

Despite our research into ToC, we hadn’t fully known for what we were letting ourselves in. We had no real notion of what the cycling would be like, how professionally organised the event would be, or how our standard of cycling would stand up to the competition. A few days before we left UK there were mutterings from some who had served in Cyprus and were familiar with ToC that we would be seriously out of our depth. In the end we weren’t. ToC is a proper, internationally represented semi-professional road race.

The ITC’s participation was extremely well organised and the bunch of racing novices, and in some cases cycling novices, that comprised our squad approached the event in a competitively determined and open-minded manner. As a consequence of all these factors we had a thoroughly stretching, but ultimately enjoyable time, and I commend the Tour of Cyprus to you.

<http://tourofcyprus.com/>

More about Ian Astley....

Ian, who is the nephew of the late Brian Astley (1942), entered The Royal Military Academy Sandhurst in September 1989, after reading Economics at Durham University, and commissioned into The Royal Anglian Regiment in 1990. His early service comprised tours in Northern Ireland and air-mobile training in England and America. In 1995 he transferred to the Prince of Wales’s Own Regiment of Yorkshire, going back to Northern Ireland in command of a platoon.

He then joined the MOD’s General Staff and attended advanced command training at the Joint Services

Command and Staff College, Shrivenham in 2001, gaining a masters degree in Military Studies. After that he became Military Assistant to the Senior British Military Representative in Iraq.

Ian spent a further four years commanding a company in Catterick, Bosnia and Belize then became Second in Command for another tour in Iraq. A year in York followed as Targeteer preparing for operations in Afghanistan. From there, promotion to Lieutenant Colonel led him to working on military strategy and research at the MOD, and he took command of the Infantry Training Centre’s Support Battalion in 2011.

Ian is married to Rachel, and they have four exuberant school-age sons. They all love skiing, cycling and spending time at the seaside. Ian also enjoys mountain-walking and playing the piano as well as coaching, refereeing and playing rugby union.

The photo of Ian on page 1 is with his sister Catherine



A Series of Happy Accidents

By David Foster (BHCHS 1944-49)



MY LIFE SEEMS to have been directed by a series of happy accidents. They include the choice of school, a raincoat, standing up my wife on our first date, wining a large client and buying a retirement home.

Like most boys in the mid-forties coming from a working class home secondary education did not come as a right. I had to sit the dreaded Scholarship exam. I attended the village school in Chigwell and it was generally expected that I would do well at this first real hurdle in my life. I did well enough and was given the choice of either Chigwell School or Buckhurst Hill. There was some pressure from various quarters, not my parents, to join the bishops mitre brigade. I resisted this and was accepted by Spud and his team.

I suppose I must have had one of the shortest journeys to school. My father worked for the London and North Eastern Railway and we lived in the cottages just behind Grange Hill Station. I would catch the 8.24am train from Grange Hill to Chigwell and would have just enough time to get to school in time for the bell. There must have been about 80 of us on that train each morning bound for BHCHS, which made excuses easy when the train really was late or cancelled but it was almost impossible to cheat.

I remember dear old Spud as a kindly, considerate and understanding head. There was one occasion when I missed the train. I was running up Chigwell Rise trying to do the impossible and get to school before the bell - it was then about five to nine. A

battered old blue two seater car pulled up beside me. It was Spud. Get in boy, he said, if you are late, you will certainly get a detention. We just made it!

Another occasion was more serious. The parents of a friend of mine split up. His father was in the wartime fire service (AFS) and it was his mother who left with someone else. My friend was sent by his mother with a packed suitcase to stay with us. He was distraught and in no fit state for school the next day. I was sent with a note from my mother that explained all. After Assembly I was summoned to see Spud who wanted to know all about it. It must be remembered that marriage breakup was not nearly as common at that



1947 School photo (centre)

time as it is now. By 10am Spud was in our kitchen having a cup of tea with my mother. I would have loved to have seen that. He agreed that my friend should have a few days off school to get over the shock but that I would bring home each evening some work for him to do. On the practical side he assured my mother that if there was a financial problem he had funds available. I have always had a high opinion of the man for the way he dealt with this and for his grasp of the difficulties of us lesser mortals.

My school career was, I suppose, not exceptional but satisfactory. In common with most youngsters at that time, I left school at the end of the 5th year. Despite

my worst fears I got a reasonable "General Schools Certificate". There was some pressure from school to stay on into the 6th form, but, with a younger brother and sister, the family budget just would not allow it.

Sometime after leaving school, it must have been 1957 or 1958, I met up with Tony Jolly. I cannot remember how or where it came about but it did happen. The subject of hockey came up and as I had played a little at school he persuaded me to turn out for the Old Buckwellians side a few times. Some years later when we had moved to Marlow in Buckinghamshire I joined the Marlow Hockey Club. They asked if I had played before and were most impressed when I said I played a little for Old Bucks. They thought I was an ex-county player. It did a lot for my reputation but, sadly, did not improve my game.

The school was certainly good, but the careers advice in those days was poor. I was shown a few leaflets and given a few addresses. That was about the size of it. I attended a couple of job interviews, but was not considered suitable. In the end I took a job as filing clerk with the London County Council at Debden. It was not terribly interesting or demanding and the prospects were limited. However, as National Service was a mere 18 months away, I stayed there. National Service came and passed. I spent most of my 2 years in the Suez Canal Zone. After National Service I started to look for a job with more prospects, a career in fact. I scoured the Sits Vac columns in the evening papers. Eventually I saw one which seemed appropriate, "Chartered Accountant seeks audit clerk, no experience necessary". I had no idea what a Chartered Accountant did, nor did I know what an audit was but I could certainly meet the final condition. I applied and was granted an interview. As I was leaving for the interview a colleague told me that my raincoat was very tatty (true) and that I would never be offered a job looking like a particularly scruffy tramp (also true). He offered to lend me his brand new one; I accepted his offer and got the



Consulting the senior partner

job. So, but for a kind friend and a borrowed raincoat I might never have become a Chartered Accountant.

I really did land on my feet. The work was interesting, I was good at it. The firm was a small one but they gave good tuition on the job and provided a wide range of experience. I passed the final exam in May 1960 and was made a member of the Institute in October. By then I really did know what a Chartered Accountant was! In 1963 I set up my own practice and remained self-employed until retirement in 1992, although in 1972 I merged my practice with what is now the 4th largest accountancy firm. However, I never was suited to large firms and the way they work so, in 1983, I took back my portfolio of clients and became the smallest firm in the land. There was just myself, my wife and the dog. The dog had a very important role – we only accepted clients that he liked. An important event happened while I



Chartered Accountant at work



On holiday in France

was with the big firm. I stood up my future wife on our first date. I was Staff Partner in our office, today I would be called Manager of Human Resources, but then it was merely Staff Partner. Pat had applied for a job and I made an appointment to interview her. Alas I forgot the appointment completely. She arrived to find that I was out for the afternoon. Fortunately one of my partners stepped into the breach, interviewed her and gave her the job. She was forgiving and we have now spent almost 30 very happy years together. My secretary was less forgiving – she gave me hell for not keeping my diary up to date.

It was in 1983, soon after I had reverted to being a small accountant, that we were introduced to the potential client. He had a good business and would give us the security of a stronger client base with adequate recurring annual fees. He and his wife were invited to dinner so that we

could chat and get to know each other. We stopped work early to prepare the meal. Suddenly we were in darkness – there was a power cut and we were an all electric house. There was no panic as he was not due to appear until 8pm. However, when 7pm arrived and the power had not been restored we were showing a little stress and concern. The one thought was that it could not last much longer as two hours was long enough for the SEB to sort out any problem. Alas, it did last for longer. The prospective client arrived, there were big jokes about not paying the bill and we started on the G&Ts by candle-light. After about the third it was clear that the power would not be restored in time to eat at a respectable time. Both restaurants in the village were closed as there was no power. We eventually found a very expensive one in the nearest town. We enjoyed a delightful meal, we found that we got on very well and at the end the prospective client insisted on paying! Not only that, I got the client and he invited us back for a meal the next week.

We had always liked France and invariably had the major part of our holiday just touring and exploring here. Several times we wondered about getting a second home and eventually we decided it would be a good idea. We looked around many areas of south-west France and eventually bought an old water mill with about a hectare of good fertile soil about 20kms south of Cahors in the Department of the Lot. It then struck us that our French garden was much larger than our UK garden and that we could not cope with both of them. So by happy accident we decided to retire to France.

I retired three years later in 1992 and, indeed it was a very happy accident that brought us here.



We bought THIS? Completion day at the water mill

The house had been unoccupied for twelve years before we bought it. Nature had moved in. There were mice, bats, spiders and snakes, not to mention a whole host of insects. Many of these openly disputed with us for occupation of the house. It seemed part of their genetic code said "St Genies is home". By firmness and ruthlessness we eventually recovered control of the whole house.

One of the main attractions was the garden. There were about 2000 sq metres of neglected vegetable garden and just under



Building a garden

a hectare of meadow. The land was surrounded on three sides by a small river while the cut for the mill extended along the fourth side. It was hard work creating flower and fruit gardens from meadowland. On the one hand the soil was rich and deep but the other side of the coin was that it was full of roots from the 30 or so poplar trees that surrounded the meadow. We worked and we achieved. Within three years we had created a very satisfying garden in about half of the meadow. We worked and we achieved. Within three years we had created a very satisfying garden in about half of the meadow. There was an herb garden, a



Kitchen before restoration



Kitchen finished

parterre garden (with a white rose in the centre and the parterres following the colours in rainbow order), two largish shrubberies, and a rose walk leading to a small island in the river. The vegetable plot was put back into good order and within the year provided most of our vegetables. The soft fruit garden took an extra year before there was any worthwhile production. Self-praise may be no recommendation but we really were pleased with our garden and with ourselves.

A personal yen for many years was to keep bees. In England this was never really practicable as the neighbours were always a little too close for comfort. However, there was now a really good opportunity as we had ample land ourselves and there were open fields beyond our boundaries. Pat was not interested but agreed provided they were kept well away from the house. A hive, with bees, was acquired and I started to learn beekeeping the hard way. My only knowledge came from a short series of talks just before we left England and reading a few books but with no hands-on experience. It was quite exciting, particularly when the inevitable mistakes were made. Bees can be quite unforgiving! However, little by little, experience was gained, fewer mistakes made and there was a small honey harvest at the end of the first year. I now have six colonies and have learned a lot more about the little darlings, but there is still a lot to be learned.

After nine happy years we moved from our old mill to a house on one level. The old house with its many stairs, the large garden and the inherent dampness of living just above water level were all getting to be too much for us.

We are really enjoying our retirement here. The lifestyle is totally different from that we had in the UK. I have probably worked physically harder than ever before in my life and have enjoyed every moment of it. We look forward to many more happy years in "La France Profonde".

Finally, I would be pleased to hear from any old Bucks that remember me, any who live in South West France and any who are beekeepers.

BOOKSHELF



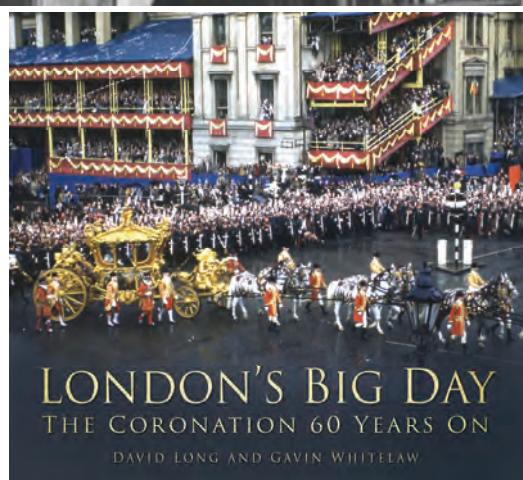
London's Big Day: The Coronation 60 years on by David Long (BHCHS 1972-80)

The blurry black and white images of the young queen inside Westminster Abbey are familiar to us all, the coronation 60 years ago the first to be televised and the first to be broadcast - to very great excitement - around the world. A day of pageantry and happiness in drab post-war Britain, it sparked a huge celebration across the country although images of London on that wet, grey day are surprisingly rare. Colour ones are rarer still, but having stumbled upon a collector with a precious hoard of several hundred photographs of the processions and proceedings,

David Long has selected around 200 of the best to accompany a lively and authoritative account of the events during the period between the death of George VI and the accession and coronation of his daughter Elizabeth 60 years ago.

The story is told with Long's usual eye for anecdote and unusual detail, while Gavin Whitelaw's astonishing images of the streets of Westminster on the big day make this one of the most engaging books on the subject we are likely to see.

Congratulations to David who must now be approaching Peter Haining as the most-published Old Buck author.



Elliot's Rule



Terry Williams

Elliot's Rule by Terry Williams (BHCHS 1949-53)

A thriller from Terry Williams is now available on Amazon as an e-book.

Elliot Patterson, mysteriously recalled from Paraguay to run the secretive Group Baker, is determined to avenge the death of his brutally murdered cousin, Hudson Baker, but is getting no help. The police are convinced the killing was just an opportunity burglary gone wrong and the Baker family are worried that stirring things up will be bad for business – and their allowances.

And this is the least of his problems: Patterson is almost killed in a helicopter crash over central London; his adulterous and grasping ex-wife wants some of his new found fortune; the Group, supposedly richly profitable, is haemorrhaging vast amounts of cash; his aide, the beautiful and enigmatic Lindsay, seems to have her own agenda; the senior board members are scheming to get him out, Hudson's father-in-law is planning a take-over and his driver – the enigmatic John Stone and the one person Elliot could trust – has disappeared.

With action switching between the City of London, Michigan, and East Texas, the story builds into an exciting climax involving shadowy figures in the UK and US secret services, the DEA, criminal networks in the US, South America and Europe.

If you are not into exciting, fast paced thrillers, with interesting locations, intrigue, frequent twists and a satisfying conclusion then Elliot's Rule is not for you.

Hamilton Harty - Musical Polymath by Jeremy Dibble (BHCHS 1970-77)

Jeremy Dibble, who is professor of Music at Durham University, is an acknowledged expert on English composers who sit in the area between top level and obscurity. His latest book is published in October.

Sir Hamilton Harty (1879-1941) is best known as the conductor of the Hallé Orchestra. As its Principal Conductor between 1920 and 1933, Harty arguably made Manchester the most important focus for music in Britain, since the Hallé were considered to be the finest orchestra in the country. This biography chronicles and analyses Harty's career from his emergence as a conductor between 1910 and 1920, when he did much of his conducting with the LSO in London, his tenure at the Hallé; and his subsequent freelance career when he became an active supporter of American music, regularly performing in the US throughout the 1930s.

Hamilton Harty - Musical Polymath is published by Boydell & Brewer. The photo of Jeremy is taken from his appearance in the excellent BBC2 series *Music and Monarchy* broadcast in August 2013 where he was advising presenter David Starkey on the music of Hubert Parry.



The Brilliant Fish and the Clumsy Octopus by Julian Bazley (BHCHS 1972-79)

Another Old Buck is now on the way to becoming a successful children's author. Julian's first book stars the Brilliant Fish, and is a series of fantasy adventures written in verse. No one knows where the Brilliant Fish got his knowledge or how he became quite so brilliant, but he is famous throughout the oceans of the world for his ability to solve the problems of his fellow underwater creatures, big or small. From dolphins to penguins, tuna to whales and eels to seals; through his knowledge, skill and resourcefulness, and by using his vast ocean-wide network of contacts and advisors, whatever the problem, he will always find a solution. And he doesn't charge a penny!

Thanks to his early training at BHCHS Julian pays careful attention to the scan and flow of the verse, making it very smooth and easy to read. It is designed to be enjoyable for parents reading aloud to younger children, or for children aged 6-10 reading to themselves or groups of their contemporaries. It helps children understand the rhythm, flow and versatility of the English language, and to feel that poetry can be fun. It will inspire children to 'play' with words and write creatively themselves.

Julian has also been running creative writing workshops in schools and libraries near his home in Buckinghamshire, but he will be venturing to his old primary school - Staples Road, Loughton - to run a session there in the autumn. More *Brilliant Fish* books will follow.



BHCHS 75: A Unique Celebration



Friday 13th September 2013 was a lucky date for the Old Bucks who participated in our celebration of the School's 75th birthday. The exhibition of photos and memorabilia was organised with a certain degree of trepidation - we had no way of estimating how many visitors would turn up during the afternoon. It soon became apparent that our fears were groundless, and the exhibition room was crowded for most of the time, with just a brief lull before those lucky enough to get dinner tickets began appearing.

The video displays in the exhibition, expertly and painstakingly put together by **Peter Sharp** and **Richard Battersby**, were particularly popular. Even the golfers, competing furiously for the house championship, were lucky with the weather and the threatened rain held off until the evening.

The dinner was also a great success. Selling out all 150 tickets within a few weeks of going on sale was unprecedented, as was the number of Old Bucks who had travelled from overseas (eleven, from four continents).

For the many who were unable to be with us the next few pages are an attempt to give a flavour of the events. We are particularly grateful to **Jeff Goodman** for taking on the role as our main photographer. Additional photographs from **Barry Waud** and **Crispin Reed**.

Space does not allow us to publish all 72 photos included in the static display but on the following pages you will see the "timeline" that accompanied those photos.



BHCHS History Timeline: Part One

1938

15 September 1938
First day of school
Builders were still in occupation and the first Assembly was held in the gym

Mar 1939
First school play

May 1939
First cricket match
After beating Barking Abbey School our team then remain unbeaten during the first season

Sep 1939
School taken over by troops at the outbreak of war. Lessons continue in house groups (in four areas) for 10 weeks

Mar 1940
Fifty boys run the first school cross country

Mar 1938
JH Taylor's appointment as Headmaster confirmed by Essex Education Authority

Nov 1938
Official opening ceremony

Jul 1939
First Speech Day with prizes distributed by Sir Charles Bressey

Dec 1939
School re-opens with house system based on the same areas as the house groups

Jul 1940
Three staff called up for National Service
A severe blow, losing half the teaching staff less than two years after the opening

1944

Jul 1944
Flying bomb lands on BHCHS the day after JHT's decision to finish the term two weeks early

Sep 1944
Inter-House Games abandoned because of the risk of air raids

Apr 1945
Kate Coulson begins her 33 years as School Secretary

Sep 1945
First fatal road accident at BHCHS when John Green tried to overtake a car on his bike in fog

Jul 1946
First Open Scholarship won by Alan Wilingale at Queen Mary College, London

Sep 1944
Peter Sillis begins his 38 year tenure in the History Department

Jun 1945
Inauguration of the Old Buckwellians Association with a cricket match against the School

Mar 1946
Paul Rattenbury finishes first in the Burn Cup cross country against 78 competitors from 10 schools

Sep 1946
Tom Leek begins his 29 year career at BHCHS

1950

Mar 1950
Cross country success
BHCHS wins the *Smeed Cup* for the first time and runner up in the *Burn Cup*

Jun 1950
John Woolner becomes the first ex-pupil to teach at BHCHS helping teach art

Nov 1950
Highlight of the season
School 1st XI football team thrashes Leyton CHS 10-1

May 1951
Basil Chase becomes the first ex-pupil to gain a PhD (Derrick Boatman followed soon after)

Jul 1951
12 boys gain scholarships to universities

May 1950
Roy Penny chosen as captain of the Essex Grammar Schools Cricket XI

Sep 1950
BHCHS now has 7 ex-pupils at Oxford University

Mar 1951
Dickie Doe's triumphs
First home in the *Burn* and *Smeed* Cups & school cross country. Also breaks records for mile and half mile

Jun 1951
GCE arrives
First boys take the new O and A levels replacing the School Certificate examinations

1954

Feb 1954
Duncan Vere becomes first MRCP from BHCHS

Jul 1954
Four ex-pupils gain first class degrees for the 2nd successive year

May 1955
First Mock Election achieves an 88% turnout and a dead heat between Cons and Libs. Did they consider a coalition?

Sep 1955
Alan Hawker becomes the fourth Hawker brother to attend BHCHS

Oct 1956
BCG success
BHCHS achieves highest number of BCG vaccinations of all schools in the Forest Division

Apr 1954
Roger Adams first from BHCHS to gain scholarship to RAF Cranwell

1953/1954
Trips and Tours
A massive feat of organising by Eric McCollin - 10 industrial visits and 9 youth hostel/cycling trips during the school year

Aug 1955
Cricket Pavilion completed
Designed by the father of JCE Taylor (BHCHS 1951-57)

Jul 1956
Significant staff losses with the departure of Messrs Graydon, Barnett, Whiting, Gray, Watkinson, Dolman (service total 45 years)

1960

Jul 1960
Three record-breaking performances at Essex Schools Championships
Chris Chapman (880yd), Paul Booth (110yd hurdles), John Myers (triple jump)

Nov 1960
Parents Association had raised £3,400 (that's £66K in today's money) in four years towards the swimming pool costs

Jun 1961
Outstanding performance by John Myers at Sports Day, breaking four records

Sep 1961
Swimming Pool opens

Apr 1960
Extended stage and improved lighting used for the first time

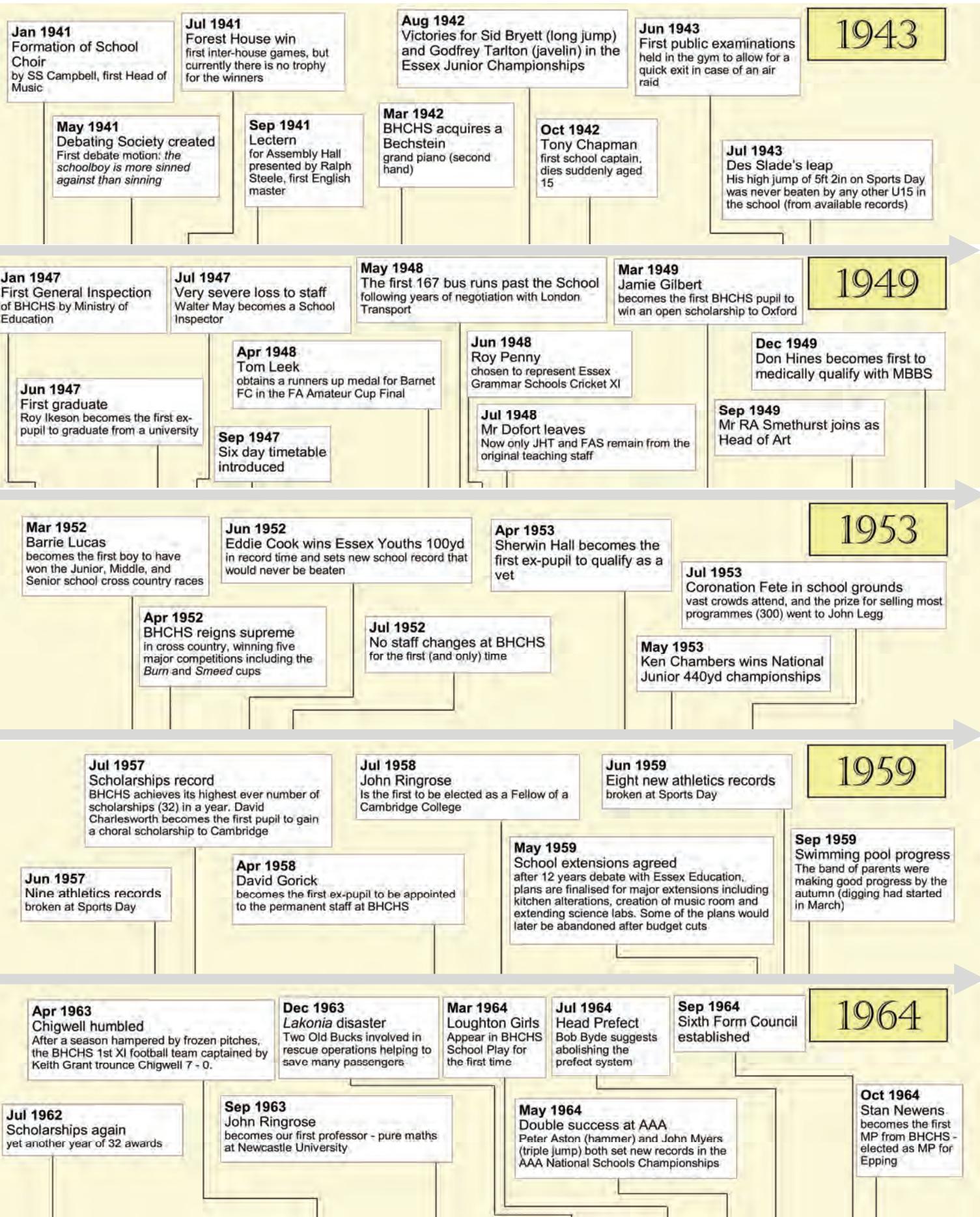
Sep 1960
Colin Bradley is the first former pupil to be made a Governor

May 1961
Record year for chess
Victory in 6 out of 8 matches for the BHCHS team

Jul 1961
Another 32 scholarships equalling the record in 1957

May 1962
Library books a record year - school library now has 9,000 books

Before I receive a torrent of complaints about this timeline I should explain that this timeline was created to support the photos picked from the archive to show on display at the exhibition. I do not claim to have covered all the important events in the school's history, so please accept my apologies if you feel you should have got a mention. Perhaps you could write an article about whatever I missed? Secondly, the timescale is not strictly linear - see my photo display excuse above. Thirdly, there are various frivolous items tucked in among more serious matters. That is my editorial prerogative. Finally, history does not stop at 1964. That is just a question of space - the next edition will contain the rest of the story.



A selection of photos from our Anniversary Dinner. See www.bhchs.co.uk for the full set and captions





BHCHS 75: Rounding off a great day



While many Old Bucks indulged in an afternoon of nostalgia at the exhibition, others preferred more physical activity, and took part in the golf competition held at the nearby picturesque setting of Theydon Bois Golf Club. Nostalgia wasn't entirely absent from the proceedings because the golfers were competing in their house teams. The match finished in a dead heat between Chigwell and Roding.

Trevor's Mystery Trophy



OBA President **Trevor Le-bentz** brought along an intriguing exhibit to add to our display - a rather impressive trophy with the inscription *Old Buckwellians Challenge Cup*. He had acquired this only recently, after receiving a call from an old friend who was formerly captain of the Old Camdenians FC and who now lives in Portugal. This former rival had discovered the trophy at a car boot sale and knew Trevor would be interested.

The origin of the trophy is something of a mystery. There are few people whose memory for Old Buck matters is as extensive as Trevor's but he could not remember anything about this trophy. A likely answer is that it was awarded to the winner of the annual football match between the First XI and the Old Bucks. However, I can find no reference to it in the school magazines. Does anyone have any ideas about it.....?



Looking Ahead

If you were unable to get your ticket for this year's Dinner make a note of the date for next year **now** and be ready to pounce when booking opens:

Friday 12th September

is the date. Bookings will be accepted immediately after publication of the spring edition of *OB News*, which will contain the application form and full details.

"Best Photo" Competition - pick of the bunch



Visitors to our exhibition were asked to judge the best photos from the 72 on show in our "static display". These were the top two, interestingly both featuring Peter Sillis. The top photo, taken in 1964, shows the staff who had achieved at least 15 years service by then. In second place, this delightfully informal corridor scene, taken by Alan Waller in 1954.



Thanks.....

The OBA committee is grateful to the following who helped us make BHCHS 75 a success:

His Honour Judge William Kennedy (photo left) for another brilliantly amusing after-dinner speech, **Brian Jones** who organised the golf competition, **Colin Bird** who donated golf prizes, **Dee Dell** (wife of Roger) who supervised the exhibition during dinner, **Phil Hughes** who helped set up audio systems, **Jeff Goodman** for being our main photographer for the event, **Fraser Donald** for helping us set up the exhibition. Last, but definitely not least, my wife **Faith** for her untiring support, advice, and patience.

Let's Hear it for Barry: The Boy Done Good

By Colin Brown (BHCHS 1955-62)



I DON'T know about you, but for me just a pinch of preening entrepre-lebility goes a long way. Consequently my celebration has been restrained at best when the latest stage in Barry's march to his destiny has been publicised; when, once again, he flaunted his matey-boyish enthusiasm before the cameras to announce that his new snail-racing wheeze was going to be "heeyooge!"

It had become a nagging Hearnia that needed attention.

The opportunity to face down my demons occurred when a TV programme entitled *Barry Hearn, the People's Promoter* was screened. It threatened to be a bit like gawping at a nasty road smash, or reading the *Daily Mail* – you know you shouldn't, it'll only upset you, but a morbid curiosity drives you on.

I starched my wavering resolve, and hit the remote.

There was, disappointingly, no mention of what we all would have been interested in – his time at BHCHS. On reflection, I suppose that attending the best grammar school in the county would not have chimed with the rags to riches theme. Having said that, I was surprised by the number of things he and I do have in common, other than the school. Like me, he started out on a council estate. Like me, he had parents who were working class paragons, and fiercely ambitious for him. Like me, he was told that he wanted to be a chartered

accountant "because you never see a poor one". Unlike me – he did.

We were told how he would be locked in his room by his jailors, er... parents, to pore over his infernal bean-counting tomes, and how, just like that, as it were, he was a chartered accountant; and the world his sea-food platter.

That's it, really.

Despite that, and the preposterous title, which makes him sound like a cross between Lord Demerara and Mother Theresa, I actually enjoyed the programme. We had at-the-desk shirtsleeve homilies to camera, naturally enough, and, to my dismay, we learned that all the fish in his pond have their own numbers, in a ledger. Oh dear.

What impressed me most, though, was how normal and likeable were his standard-named children Eddie and Katie; how, well, nice they seemed and un-

spoiled by their father's presumed wealth and undoubtedly ubiquity. There was also a scene where he addressed one of his finely-honed dartsters, just before a tournament. "Play well," quoth Bazza, "play well, relax and enjoy yourself and all will be well." Or words very much to that effect.

Now, although the likely presence of the cameraman, the soundman, a manic assistant director and perhaps a tutting makeup lady does undermine the spontaneity of that, I do think it a noble sentiment. One must also consider the nature of Barry's competition in some of his enterprises. Presumably counter-terrorism played a role.

So, bravo Barry, you have done – wellissimo – your folks must have been as proud as mine were distraught. Just please be gentle with Brisbane Road – I played there a couple of times. Yes, all right. I know. It was a long time ago.

Neptune's Answer to a Longer Life

By Rob Winwood PhD, CSci, FIFST (BHCHS 1969-77)



intake advice could significantly extend your life!

A 2009 analysis of mortality from all causes for Americans found that an astounding 4% could be directly attributable to low intake of marine omega 3s. Our intake of these key nutritional lipids is much less than that of our grandparents. We eat much less oily fish now (and indeed fish in general). Even salmon, the most common fish we consume, has a 9 out of 10 chance of being sourced from a fish farm, which because of the feed used, have much lower EPA/DHA levels than their "wild" equivalents.

Not all omega 3s are the same! Sadly European labelling rules fail to differentiate between land based omega 3s such as ALA (alpha linoleic acid) and the marine based DHA/EPA. Most food products and many supplements that are labelled as containing omega 3s, do so on the basis of the ALA content. Sadly, adding a few drops of rape seed oil into a

food product allows a claim for omega 3s to be made on the packaging, despite the fact that there are no significant randomised controlled studies for ALA that show any protective effects for major health conditions. Recently, however, the EU has partially redeemed itself by passing legislation that recognises the benefits of EPA and DHA to cardiovascular health and specifically for DHA, for visual and cognitive health.

A recent study in the USA by a highly respected cardiologist showed that, when looking at the blood concentrations of DHA and EPA, those in the highest quintiles lived an average 2.22 more years after the age 65 years than those in the lowest quintile.

You may have heard a recent negative news story linking fish oil consumption to increased risk of prostate cancer. I investigated this on behalf of GOEDomega3 and found the study to be deeply flawed, using an incorrect statis-

tical model and making cause and effect statements which cannot be done from such minor prospective studies. The reality is there is NO real evidence of fish oil causing a problem, in fact the current evidence is to the contrary. Sadly, it seems the world's press had not bothered to look into any of the science behind the author's ludicrous claims. However I was gratified to see a large number of reputable academics specialised in the field went on record to support my defence.

So, if you want to avoid the grip of the mortal coils a bit longer - eat more oily fish or take a fish oil supplement! I am happy to give further information, including the full references cited above. Contact me by email: robert.winwood@btinternet.com

Rob tells me that our school dinners at BHCHS were probably more healthy than those served in schools now. Sadly, the Friday pilchards never found their way to my stomach - Ed

AT THE start of 2013, I was appointed chair of the scientific committee of the global trade organisation GOEDomega3 (www.goedomega3.com). This organisation, based in Salt Lake City, promotes the health benefits of marine omega-3 fatty acids, namely DHA (docosahexaenoic acid) and EPA (eicosapentaenoic acid).

What has this to do with the price of fish you may ask? Well, taking heed of its nutritional

Spurs Go Marching West

By Gordon Bassett (BHCHS 1955-60)

Gordon was inspired to write this after seeing Colin Brown's in the last edition. This means we now find out more about Gordon, but also (thanks to the football photo he discovered) see that Colin's claim to have been in the school team was entirely correct. After captaining the U15 team Gordon went on to play in the 1st XI when in the 5th form. He then left BHCHS for the world of commerce.....



Top row (l to r): David Low, Graham Wilkins, John Berrett
Middle: Graham Herbert; Richard Tarry; Pete Hassall; Colin Brown; Ron Docking
Front: Ray Lovell, Michael Ottley, Gordon Bassett, Ken Stephenson, Stuart Cox
For the record: P19 W10 L6 D3 F73 A40 Top goalscorer: G Bassett

ALTHOUGH I regretted not staying for the sixth form, I kept the school connection as I joined my brother Les in the Old Bucks football team. So, after playing in the 1st XI with guys one or two years older, I enjoyed a greater experience with even older players... Peter Haining, Trevor Lebentz, Roger Mason, Colin Wood, Bob Horne, Johnny Rivers and many other characters over the ensuing few years.

We typically car pooled and went in a convoy round the North Circular Road for many of the away games. I loved being driven by Peter Haining in his red Mini, just off the assembly line as the new trendy car - very apt for Peter. I remember the extraordinary feeling of speed as we were so low towards the ground.... probably helped by Pete driving so fast.

Football has stayed as a pivotal part of my life ever since. When I got married in 1968 to my lovely bride Lorraine Brown, also of Debden, we moved to Feering, near Kelvedon, Essex and started up a new football team, Feering United. Home games were played at the local Vicarage field, changing in a

cow shed. We entered the Chelmsford Combination league and won the League Cup Final in our second season. Football formed an integral part of our social life there, with many other young couples who had moved to the new development. We went on to buy our own Club ground.

In the early 60s, I was part of the exploding British Rock and Pop revolution – as lead singer for two bands, *The Emeralds* and then *The Creed*. No connection with the more famous Platinum record winning Florida group of the same name from the 1990s - we just took the name first.

As *The Emeralds*, we performed at various local dance halls - Morgans in Loughton, Leytonstone Social club, and occasionally as the half-time entertainment between films at local cinemas. I remember once waiting to go on stage, being pounded by Alfred Hitchcock's *The Birds* - they seemed incredibly close as they swooped down on the big screen right next to us.

With *The Creed*, we played as “warm up” to a few bigger names, *The Yardbirds*, Long John Baldry, Gino Washington,

Peter and Gordon, and the *Graham Bond Organization* who featured Eric Clapton on guitar.

We almost played as back up for the *Rolling Stones* at Leyton Baths - but were let down by one of the *Stones* falling suddenly sick. The management asked us to take their place and play all evening. After some negotiations, we agreed on a much bigger fee, and eventually included a few *Stones* numbers.... once we had determined that the 800 or so teenagers weren't throwing rotten eggs. It was exciting but we felt some remorse that we didn't get the opportunity to meet up with Jagger and Co.

During this period I was working for the precious metal company Johnson Matthey (JM) in Hatton Garden. I drove the band's equipment van to London in the morning, worked an 8 hour day, drove on to Eel Pie Island in Richmond, Ronnie Scott's or elsewhere for the evening session, back home to Loughton in the wee hours then up for work again soon after.

After 17 years working at JM in England, I was asked in 1980 if I wanted a transfer to the USA. With three young children and a very brave wife, it seemed the right time to move, and I've enjoyed living just outside Philadelphia ever since.

Again, football quickly became part of my life. Anyone with a European accent was a prime target and warmly accepted into the growing youth soccer programmes. I coached, refereed, and helped run the club. I also played for another 30 years. I finally retired from soccer in 2011, at 67, when I found it increasingly difficult to keep up... in the over 35 league! The other handful of players over 60 years old were all Brits.

I coached all three of my children at football, and actually played with them in later years as they continued soccer after college in local clubs. What a great experience to play competitive soccer with your own children.

In order to recognize my favourite team, Tottenham Hotspur, I



Lorraine and Gordon Bassett

named most of my teams or my children's teams “Spurs” - so I tried to ensure that in the USA they went marching on. Of course, all my family avidly watch the real Spurs whenever they are televised; fortunately that is pretty frequently.

Johnson Matthey was a great company to work for, and I visited many parts of the USA and also had the opportunity for much international travel. I retired from their Wayne, Pennsylvania US headquarters in 2006 as General Manager of the Precious Metal marketing division, where I had been trading mainly platinum and palladium.

I've been doing some precious metal consulting since retiring, but mainly been enjoying some charity driving for senior citizens, singing in a chorus, and acting in a local drama group. Coupled with playing golf, volleyball and enjoying 7 grandchildren, life is busy, but extremely enjoyable. Throw in four long trips to Australia and three to Europe in the last six years, I certainly agree with the adage: I don't know how I found the time to work.

I had a great time at 2012 Old Bucks Dinner, reminiscing about football and our lives with Ron Docking, meeting Roger Dell from my year and chatting with others from the old school. Maybe we can have an Old Bucks gathering in Philadelphia or New York if there is enough interest. I know my brother Les enjoys the ones they hold in Sydney, Australia.

If you are US based and interested in meeting up, I'll be pleased to organize a gathering at a suitable hostelry; please email me at gordonbassett24@comcast.net

Where are they now?

Sherwin Hall (1939)



Congratulations to Sherwin Hall and his wife Elizabeth who celebrated their diamond wedding anniversary earlier this year with a luncheon party held at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Michael Arnold (1946)



Michael trained as an accountant working as an articled clerk and qualifying as a Chartered Accountant. He then joined Arthur Young in 1960 following national service. He became a partner in 1966 and in 1975 was asked to head up the corporate recovery and insolvency practice, building it into one of the largest in the UK. He was involved in multi-million pound cases, and appeared on TV when acting as receiver of the assets of the National Union of Mineworkers. He left the firm in 1989 after the merger with Ernst & Whinney and became a consultant, also becoming Chairman of three plc's as well as taking on other non-executive directorships during the next 20 years. He lives in Cheltenham with

his wife Jane and has a strong interest in horse racing, having been a member of the finance committee of the British Horseracing Board and Hon. Treasurer of the Racehorse Owners Association.

Michael tells me that in his final school report there was a statement – probably by his form master – that read: "I do hope Arnold learns the meaning of work one day." Whoever wrote the comment would have been interested to know what Michael Arnold subsequently achieved in his career.

Malcolm Barnes (1946)



After A levels, I stayed in the 6th Form to sit the exam to enter the Civil Service as an Executive Officer. I was appointed to the Admiralty and took up my first posting in April 1954. In December of that year I was called up for National Service, and spent the next two years doing personnel selection in the Royal Air Force based in London! Not very adventurous. On return to the Admiralty I was sent to work in the accounts office at Chatham Dockyard. The highlights of an enjoyable and fascinating career from then on are set out below.

In 1961 I was sent to the Naval Base in Malta as one of a small team of UK based officers supervising Maltese staff - a hugely rewarding experience.

In 1969 I was seconded to work in the Greenwich Hospital charity, which administered pensions to dependants of deceased naval personnel, and ran the Royal Hospital School in Suffolk set up for naval orphans.

In 1971 I was transferred to the Central Staff of the Ministry of

Defence evaluating procurement of payroll computers for all three services.

I obtained promotion to the Administrative Class in 1973, and took up my first post in Army Finance in 1973. This was my introduction to Parliamentary support, and also involved conducting reviews into pay and conditions for Locally Enlisted military personnel in Gibraltar, Malta and Hong Kong as well as the Brigade of Gurkhas. This involved considerable overseas visits, and negotiations with local officials as well as our own Treasury staff. In 1979 I was appointed Deputy Civil Secretary in British Forces, Germany, and we spent three happy years in Rheindahlen. Two of our four children were born there.

On return to UK I became the finance officer for the Territorial Army, and in 1985 became Command Secretary UK Land Forces in Wilton. This was the beginning of major change in the way the finances for all three armed services were arranged, and involved, inter alia, the introduction of management systems to support the financial delegations to military commanders - a challenging task! I served in this role for seven years, and took early retirement in December 1991.

Since retiring I have spent 10 years as a Governor of Salisbury Cathedral School, and spent four interesting years in Brussels when my wife, a fellow Civil Servant, was seconded to work in the European Commission. We are both now retired, and enjoy spending as much time as we can in Brittany.

David Clarke (1947)



Much gratitude to BHCHS. Three years French at Oxford. Abrupt transformation into hairy battle-

dress. Didn't fancy two years polishing tanks, so opted to learn Russian. Soundest move of life - marrying Janet née Thompson, formerly of Loughton High. Off to Paris for six months with émigré family, then year's post-grad in Slavonic studies Birmingham. Employed teaching Russian to diplomats, soldiers, police etc. from UK, Japan, Australia, even China! When Cold War wound down, a mutual inspection programme was established. Found myself in Russian military uniform visiting UK bases as Major Smirnov, as part of preparations. When real Russians arrived, brought in as interpreter. How many people have taken Russian generals on to the ranges to demonstrate the use of UK weaponry? More interpreting in hospitals, twin-town exchanges etc. Retired to Cotswolds, gardening, bird watching, bell ringing. Still occasional language interest; met a Russian businessman who offered me a job as his UK interpreter for "beeg money". Declined as it sounded like work. In desperation he offered to introduce me to "some very interesting young ladies". Made my excuses and left. A very happy life so far and can still play tennis with the six grandchildren. Good fortune indeed.

Derek Tomblin (1950)



I studied at Westminster Technical College to become a Chartered Civil & Structural Engineer. I then worked for a consulting engineer for three years, then central government for 34 years until being made redundant upon privatisation. I worked as a part time clerk for the Child Support Agency for a year whilst building up a consultancy business, then full time at a power Station for two years. In

1997 I worked for a contractor in Hong Kong on the new Chek Lap Kok airport for a year, being present for the handover of Hong Kong to China. Whilst gradually retiring, I have been involved with various charity projects abroad including a holiday centre for deprived children in Romania, a school in Tanzania and a bridge in Costa Rica with Raleigh International. In 2001 I became a Trustee and founder member of a local charity twinning Hastings, UK with Hastings, Sierra Leone, building 13 bridges, and a health centre extension, as well as other twinning activities.

I moved from Buckhurst Hill/Woodford area to Hastings in 1985. I was first married for 23 years until divorced in 1995, with two children. I then re-married in 2012 (see photo). I still enjoy playing badminton weekly and skiing once per year. I am in touch with David Williams (1950) and attended one 1950 year reunion.

Gerry Burne (1953)

Gerry tells me he is still working 3 days a week and has gone back to electronic circuit design – which he had moved out of in 1969.

David Ablett (1954)



I hated every moment that I spent within the confines of BHCHS and every reminder brings back painful memories.

These days many of the teachers would either be struck off or in prison for their abusive bullying practices. Too late to do any thing now but at least today's pupils will not suffer as many of us did. I can remember a careers night when "Spud" Taylor asked what I wanted to do. I said something in agriculture to which I was told "here we train bank managers and City people". It was the start of

4½ years of mutual antagonism. Taylor was a poor excuse for a head master and his deputy was no better, strutting around like a peacock. It would have done Taylor good to read my web page of my life's work around the globe.

The RI teacher would walk between the desks hitting pupils on the back of the head with a hard-back book. I hope he suffered in his later life. Horne the maths teacher was sadistic. One of the few good teachers, Mr Bell (English) saved me from a fate worse than death one day. He happened to be passing the classroom when Horne threw the blackboard rubber at me. I had had enough of it and threw it back hitting the board with a big clatter. Before Horne could get at me through the desks Bell came in and pulled me out having seen everything. Phew. The French teacher, basically ineffective told me on leaving that I would never speak a foreign language. Eight years later I was behind the Iron Curtain with French as my daily language along with a smattering of Russian. I also became fluent in Portuguese and Spanish and even gave radio and TV technical presentations in Brazil and Argentina in those languages.

I can remember a few months before ending those years of abject misery that I was up before Taylor on Monday morning for failing to turn up for Saturday Detention. When I was asked why I replied: "you can beat me with the cane as much as you like but I am not coming here on a Saturday when I have more useful work to do." He should have had an apoplectic fit there and then to save others from his abuse.

Just a few examples of what a dreadful, terrifying place Buckhurst Hill was.

More about David's career on his website:

<http://www.davidablett.co.uk/>

Geoff Blyth (1958)

Family Blyth is flourishing pretty well. I've stopped boring people about my children's achievements and started with my grandchildren's now, which is a sure sign of sixty-something-ness. I retired from IBM last year and bought the Hammond Organ (with all the trimmings) I'd promised myself all my life. Haven't stopped playing it – loudly – ever since. The neighbours are still talking to me so I must be making ok progress with



it, or sent them all deaf. I'm involved in the running of a choir, and also a vocal octet, a quartet and, on and off, two other choirs. I'm also doing a lot of vocal arranging for the octet and quartet, so all in all I'm putting more work in now than IBM ever managed to coax out of me. My wife Joan complains she never sees me for singing, but since she spends most of her day hacking on the back of a horse I figure I'm still on the moral high ground.

Daughter (Amie) is a Senior Foster-Care Social Worker here in Hertfordshire, dealing remarkably calmly with all sorts of people who frighten the wits out of me. Son (Leo) is in the Norfolk Police Force as a dog handler, and leads a very swashbuckling existence arresting swan-molesters (a specialty of the good folk of Norfolk, apparently) and sniffing out student hash-stashes. Amie has two boys, the older of whom is proving to be a musician (hurrah! – finally, someone to turn pages for me!). Leo married another police officer; they have a son and, eighteen months ago – at last produced our first and - it looks like, only, - grand-daughter, who I am spoiling shamelessly.

Malcolm Jones (1959)

My passion in life (apart from my wife and kids of course) has always been driving and cars. From the moment I emerged from the womb I had a toy car in my hand and as soon as I passed my test I used to take my father's car and drive around every day after school for an hour before he came home from work by which time I was quietly doing my homework!

Over the years I have had some quite nice cars but what I really wanted to do was race so at the young age of 58 I finally doubled the mortgage, bought a 1990



Porsche and converted it into a race car with full roll cage and uprated suspension.

I started with hill climbs, which is a good introduction to the sport and then after two years I switched to proper circuit racing against a field of Porsches. The thrill of driving wheel to wheel, late braking and speed is indescribable. When one sits on the starting grid at Silverstone waiting for the lights to go out and thinking about all the famous drivers who have been there before, one feels incredibly fortunate, especially when one considers how few people ever get to do this.

I have raced all over the UK at Silverstone, Brands Hatch, Donington, Oulton Park and even at Spa in Belgium which has to be the greatest circuit in Europe.

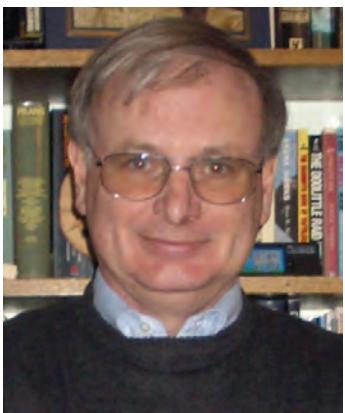
To start racing at such a stage in one's life means being realistic about the fact that you are never going to stand on the podium but I can usually finish somewhere half way up the field against guys who are half my age. I still get the buzz every time I go out and for sure I would definitely recommend it to anyone!



This is a photo of my Porsche in the pit lane at Silverstone.

As you can see it is sponsored by Francesco Calvidini (my bed linen company, we manufacture in Italy and sell worldwide).

The top photo shows me with a Ferrari which I borrowed for a day at Silverstone. I managed to do 650 kilometres in one day, it was so awesome I didn't want to stop. What a machine! I have promised myself one but I will have to sell a lot of bed linen to get it!

Dave Thomas (1959)

Reading OB News always serves to remind me what a privileged education we all had. Although I only attended from 1963-1966, I regularly read articles about those years and the teachers that were at BHCHS during that time. They were all excellent teachers, and many of them have been made more 3-dimensional by the articles showing their outside interests and giving us a greater insight into what made them tick as it were. Several had a significant impact on me.

Eric Franklin – a maths teacher par excellence. He taught us how to get to the root of a problem and then how to solve it from there – an analytical skill I still use today. He could also cope with diversions such as when Johann Siebols had a debate with him about self-starting syphons! Johann walked out of the class and came back again some time later with some rubber tubing, two buckets, one full of water, and an unusual assembly of glass tubes. Johann connected it all up and put the glass assembly into the bucket full of water and water started to flow. Johann's view was that this proved it was possible to have a self-starting syphon; Eric Franklin then proceeded to explain how the very act of putting the glass tubing into the water provided the necessary energy to start the syphon. He took it all in his stride! A superb teacher.

Jon Palethorpe – a real leader. I was good at cross-country and a regular member of the teams that travelled to competitions around Essex. After one of these events, Jon Palethorpe called a few of us together and explained that he was fed up of hearing how well BHCHS used to perform at cross-country and how he wanted us to work with him to win and not just to participate. He motivated us, he trained us, he led us and after

a short while we started to win, and we just continued to do so; I still have all my medals. Mr Motivator!!

Also worthy of a mention is John Whaler for taking the gamble to learn how to teach Russian. I was one of his first pupils and one of the lucky ones who went on the trip to the USSR. I have singled out a few who influenced me, but all of the masters that I had dealings with were first class – I do think we were all very privileged. After leaving BHCHS I went on to gain an MA in Engineering from Cambridge, and joined IBM where I undertook various customer facing jobs, living as far apart as in Edinburgh and Winchester. I have two sons, both now set up on their own, and am now happily retired, living in Winchester, enjoying life and helping to run our local heritage steam railway – the Watercress Line.

Schooldays may not have been the best days of my life, but they were pretty good.

Since writing this article, I have visited Eric Franklin, seeing him again after a gap of 46 years! He still shows the spark that I remember. We talked about many things including his life before and after BHCHS and his family. Add in some reminiscing and two hours went by very quickly. I thoroughly enjoyed our chat and think he did as well. It was well worth the trip.

Brian Sly (1960)

After BHCHS I started a Business Studies course but soon realised this was not for me and trained as a PE Teacher at St John's College, York. Before starting there I worked as a temp in London and met my future wife, Janice. We married in 1970, and after being told "it will never last" - are still together after 43 years.

My first job was at a school in West Yorkshire; In 1976 I took part in a teacher exchange programme and taught in Vermont where I coached the Varsity Soccer team to the State Championship and then was asked to coach the girls' basketball. This proved to be the kick start to my commitment to basketball. On returning to the UK I qualified as a referee and refereed in the English National League until 2009. During this period I also came across Peter Shaw (former PE teacher at BHCHS), who was coaching teams from the Leicester area, on many

occasions. I was given an award for services to England basketball in 2009.

I retrained to teach maths in 1984, after a series of sport related injuries; then was appointed Deputy Head of 6th Form in 1985 and went on to develop vocational education courses. I left the school in 2006 but was still employed part time until 2009.

We had been holidaying in Malta for many years and decided it would be a good place to retire, making the big move in 2009. On arrival I was told the basketball community here had been expecting me and I was to be their Referees Director - so I have enjoyed contributing to the development of the officials for the Malta Basketball Association. I appoint the officials for all games (in excess of 600 a year) and usually attend all the games and am still refereeing!

Janice and I have two wonderful daughters; Gill - who lives in Plymouth and is a teaching assistant - with two grandchildren; and Zoe who lives in Northampton and works as an HR Manager.

Dave McCann (1966)

I will soon be retiring after 37 years with Price Waterhouse Coopers. I spent the last 16 years in Beijing and Hong Kong on an assignment that was originally intended to be for three years.

The years we spent in Beijing were remarkable, a journey that saw us through the Asian economic crisis, SARS, the tumultuous growth of China including the Beijing Olympics of 2008 and the growth of my own firm which had 500 people when I joined and as I leave we have close to 16,000. As the HR partner during that period it was a challenge I could never have anticipated but take some quiet satisfaction on what we have accomplished. Perhaps the most important it saw the growth of our two sons who lived and studied in China and have be-

come global young men. Time now to head home and get on with the rest of my life with my wife. I also look forward to reconnecting where possible with OB alumni.

Tim Marks (1967)

After BHCHS I enjoyed a rewarding career in Foreign Exchange until experiencing redundancy in 1995

Since then I have been responsible for Customer Service – Operations – Logistics functions within the FMCG/Drinks environment

Facing imminent job loss this "not too old Buck" is now looking for the next busy, interesting opportunity in which to further his ambitions – so please get in touch!

E: timbo2256@yahoo.co.uk

Phil Horley (1976)

I recently caught up with Phil who is Head of Music at Sutton Valence School Maidstone. He was in the middle of a busy term leading choir tours to Rome and Cologne, plus a jazz band trip to Paris and Disneyland. His responsibilities extend beyond music. As well as being a Gold Assessor for the Duke of Edinburgh Awards at the school he is now in charge of the school's rifle shooting team which has had great success in national competitions, taking the first four places in last year's national event.

Lee Blissett (1978)

I have worked in financial services and banking for over 20 years now and moved to my current role at Coutts & Co. in 2008. An Americana fan and keen biker since my teens, I've ridden my Harleys all over Europe and across the USA (Grand Canyon, Route66, Venice, Italian lakes, Swiss Alps etc) covering around 150,000 miles. I've covered a further 50,000 miles touring Europe in my American cars with my wife and son for company.

From the Editor's Postbag.....

Playground Football

Les Tucker (1949-54)

Laurence Gold's article on Playground Football in (*OB News May 2013*) had particular resonance for me. On a morning in 1949 I approached the school with a mounting feeling of trepidation. I was due to join a class which had already been in the school for two years and was therefore going to stand out like the proverbial sore thumb. In addition I had suddenly been translated from gritty industrial Glasgow to the leafy glades of Loughton and therefore spoke with an impenetrable Glasgow accent, altogether not conducive to anonymity.

On entering the playground I was intrigued to see that playground football was going on, with a tennis ball. This struck a particular chord. I had come from an area where street football with a much worn tennis ball was the norm. At that time virtually the only vehicular traffic in our road was the half hourly passage of the bus to Govan, the Corporation dustcart and the occasional commercial traveller. Apart from that play was only interrupted occasionally when we had to temporarily make ourselves scarce when the tinkle of a broken Corporation street light bulb echoed.

I was doubly gratified to be welcomed both to the playground football and in class. So 65 years later, grateful thanks for that to whoever you were.

Laurence has taken a fine action shot. I wonder what the authorities of 1949 would have made of the red polo shirt and the shirt outside the trousers. At least he was wearing a tie and the other figure even appears to be wearing a school blazer.

Laurence mentions the skills needed to play with a tennis ball – interesting to see in the same edition in his article *Sport in my Youth* John Gray say: *There was one situation that I am strongly convinced was the source of football skills..... This is playing football with a tennis ball.* I recall reading interviews with football stars of the 1950s where many attributed their skill partly to playing, from an early age, street football with a tennis ball.

Playground Football 2

Peter Oliver (1945-53)

Sport was so much a part of school life at Buckhurst Hill. The stiff photographs of the teams attest to the status and formality of being in the regular teams. But playground football was an alternative subculture and equally vibrant in its own way. The brilliant photo in Laurence Gold's piece in the last edition shows boys leaping in the air in joyful release from class room constraints.

He also mentioned how some boys' playground football skills did not always seem to transfer to the regular pitches.

My recollections of playing playground football are mainly in the playground area at the south east wing of the school. We played there at break-time, lunch-time and after school. It was a very inclusive group. It had boys from the first eleven, second eleven and anyone who wanted to play. We played with just one goal in this remote corner of the playground even when we had the choice of using the whole playground. We played there, I suppose, because we had a willing goalie.

I wanted to pay particular tribute to our regular goalie - Geoffrey Gilbert. He was the youngest of the family of the three distinguished sporting and academic brothers who attended the school.

Geoffrey had muscular dystrophy and could not play any of the more regular variations of the sport, but as a goalie in the bike sheds he was remarkably effective. He had extraordinarily quick reflexes and could catch most shots above knee high. Even those below that height he often managed to kick away.

We played in a way which did not make any allowances for his handicap; and he played with such commitment that sometimes he lunged to deflect a shot and fell. He had great difficulty in getting up but he would not allow anyone to assist him. In fact he would angrily resist anyone's help.

And he was right of course because it was important that he struggled to maintain as much

strength as he could in the depleted strength of his thigh muscles. Every challenge helped. This exercise and his determination to be independent were characteristics which allowed him to survive a great deal longer than most muscular dystrophy sufferers.

As most of his contemporaries now find their own strength and agility fading, his example as a playground sportsman seems particularly relevant. The memory of his determination and independence remains an inspiration as we confront our own growing infirmity.

The playground gave him the pitch where he could perform equally with his more fortunate classmates and prove he was every bit as good a sportsman as any of us.

Geoffrey Gilbert died in 1983. His brothers are John Gilbert (1939) and Jamie Gilbert (1941). —Ed.

Brains in the Family

Duke Maskell (1950-58)

I was very sorry to read of the death of Maurice Onwood (1951). I did English, History and Geography with Maurice in the sixth form, 1956-58, and remained in touch with him until some time in the mid-seventies. Maurice was not only clever but original. I remember Spud saying "There are brains in that family." And I remember wondering myself whether he might not turn out, in later life, to be someone I should be able to boast of having known at school. The Geography class I best remember began with Tommy Leek asking a question and Maurice giving him an answer which lasted, without hesitation or irrelevance or any other kind of mental fumbling—or even any self-consciousness—until the bell rang for the end of the class. We were all amused (none more so than Tommy Leek) and part of what held us all (including Tommy Leek) in perfect, attentive silence was, of course, wondering how long he could keep it up. But it wasn't just that. It was also that it was a very good talk, cogent, interesting, and entirely spontaneous. It must have happened to be on a topic that interested Maurice independently of his studying for an exam, because it was part of

his originality that, when the 'A' level Geography exam did come round, he failed it. (Steve Norton was also in that class. Perhaps he would remember it differently ... or not at all.)

I don't know whether Maurice ever did a degree at a British university but I did hear at some point in the seventies that he was doing a higher degree of some kind, perhaps in social studies, at a university in one of the southern states of America. As Maurice seemed to come at things from a different angle to most other people and as, along with that quality in him, could go, sometimes, a certain social awkwardness, I wondered how he might get on south of the Mason-Dixon line. Up to a point I learned.

The very last I heard of him was through a friend, who, having met Maurice a few times, thought, like Spud, that there must be brains in that family. This friend reported that, on holiday in Paris, he had met an American Sociology Professor who complained at length about "a mad Englishman" doing a higher degree in his Department. The "madman" was, he said, utterly untrainable, could not be got to do the things you had to do to earn a higher degree, would not listen to reason and persistently preferred his own opinions to the opinions of those in authority over him. He couldn't wait, he said, to get rid of him. The Professor gave enough clues for Maurice to be recognizable. My friend—who was Indian—said he knew the English madman and knew him to have no end of the intellectual qualities a university ought to prize and that, if the Professor *didn't*, he wasn't fit to be Professor and ought to go home and resign straightaway.

If anyone has any more recent knowledge of Maurice, I'd be glad to hear it.

Although I had traced Maurice in 2002 he did not wish to subscribe to OB News and I did not learn anything about him. Others will remember Maurice's older brother David who became a Professor of Chemistry at Indiana University and died at the age of 53. —Ed.

Breeding like Rabbits*Mike Davies (1955-60)*

Roy Oliver's reference to Ernie Turner (*OB News May 2013*) brought to mind a funny anecdote. In the 4th form we were all aware that at some time we would have "the talk" but didn't know when or from where it would come. Then one day in Biology Mr. Turner gave us a very detailed lesson on the reproductive system of the common rabbit. Then, with impeccable timing, he waited for the bell to ring and added "by the way it is very similar with humans". We had the talk without even knowing it and I still preferred girls.

Interesting to know if later generations at BHCHS had more enlightened teaching —Ed.

Shared Memories*Colin Selby (1940-47)*

I'm glad you have featured Ray Smith's book (*OB News, May 2013*). It was a privilege to be his editor. Elsewhere in the magazine, the picture of Bertha Rayner shows Sydney Campbell on her left. He was an inspiring music teacher and gave me private lessons until he left. Walter May was another good teacher. I was not one of his better students and I remember he described one of my essays as a 'pig's breakfast' (in French of course). Our essays were marked on his *SWIG* system with scores for spelling, words, idioms and grammar. Bryan Rooney bought our house in South Woodford in 1963 when we moved to Yorkshire. One of the pictures in his daughter's website shows the family posed in front of the swing in the garden of that house [see p30]. When we moved back to Woodford our boys went to BHCHS and enjoyed Bryan's lessons. Ken Joysey's father was headmaster of St John's Secondary School in Epping. I spent six happy weeks at the school when I left BHCHS and was waiting for call-up for national service. I somehow survived teaching the whole curriculum to a first year class. I have a photograph to prove it.

The final verse of the school song comes readily to mind when I read *OB News*. I suppose that having been retired for 24 years and enjoying good health there is more time to remember the amazing foundations laid by the school.

The final verse of the School Song:

*The larger world will make its claim
On us from every side,
And we shall play our several parts
On stages sundered wide.
And yet howe'er our paths may stray,
Or school may distant seem,
A loyal mem'ry we shall share
Of years by Roding Stream.*

The Campaigners*David Baker (1951-56)*

Seeing Norman Flack's letter (*OB News May 2013*), I can add some detail to Gordon Mead's background. The boys' organisation teetering on the edge of Norman's memory was *The Campaigners* and the Clan of which GM was chief was based on Grove Road Evangelical Church in South Woodford. The encounter on the Isle of Wight would have been during a Summer Camp and quite probably John Billett and I were amongst the group of marching boys.

Gordon Mead lived in South Woodford and John Billett and I, living in the same area, frequently accompanied him to school by bike, joined by Eric Franklin.

I also remember vividly (and can almost quote) various monologues including *The Magna Carta*, *The Battle of Hastings*, *Albert and the Lion*.

Footpath Appeal

I agreed to publish this letter from Michele Davies of the Buckhurst Hill Residents Society on the understanding that publication does not imply support from the OBA for the campaign.

Buckhurst Hill Residents Society is asking for your help – when you attended Buckhurst Hill County High School did you use to go to school by walking alongside the River Roding then alongside a path that traversed a triangular scrubland just below Buckhurst Hill Primary school then across the top of the football club to then arrive at Roding Lane? You are likely to have used this path to school if you lived in Buckhurst Hill anywhere below the railway lines – Hornbeam and Chestnut Road, Buckhurst Way, any of the Closes off Buckhurst Way. Even if you only used it in the summer as parts of it sometimes get flooded in winter, we want to know.

The Society is seeking to have this path (from the bottom of Lower Queens Road to Roding Lane) registered as a Right of

Way. Residents tell us that in their living memory this path had been used for over 60 years as way of getting to the green spaces on the other side of Roding Lane – now the park and nature reserve.

This path has now been blocked and we are seeking to have it restored to public use for the community. This would reinstate a green walk alongside the Roding linking London and Essex and secure it for future generations.

If you did use this path before 1992 on your way to school (or at any other times) and are happy to complete a questionnaire to this fact, please contact us at info@buckhursthillresidents.co.uk or by letter to BHRS, c/o Broome Newsagents, 34 Queens Road, Buckhurst Hill, IG9 5BY.

Friends in the Staff Room*Dave Stancer (Tech Studies, 1965-89)*

I have just read the latest *OB News* with more than a touch of nostalgia.

Ted Moore was a good friend of mine. We began the Maes-y-lade trips and worked on many aspects of PE together. We planned the first Metric sports day from his hospital bed (he was having his cartilage repaired). I ran the day and only forgot the bell. We played a lot of golf together and even went on a Golf Foundation Course run by Dai Rees.

Tom Leek helped me through professional difficulties and became a good friend. We also played golf together and I was honoured to play football with him in staff matches. He guided a very raw, but quick, full back through some tricky situations! I also played in at least one of the ex-Spurs matches and that was a real experience. I always understood that Tom had been invited as an amateur to tour Australasia with the pro side - that was how good he was.

John Loveridge and the opera was always fun. He organised lots of trips for staff to the Coliseum where we had backstage tours. I remember Bob Sears appearing in box after box while trying to re-join the main party on stage.

JHT and the custard saga is fresh in my mind - I was there but I never knew it was Ted who passed him the wrong jug. Poor

old JHT was not amused by the incident (never had much a sense of humour to my mind). When he said "Don't see what is funny about that!" there was something of a quick exit by younger members of staff from the music room - we couldn't contain ourselves!

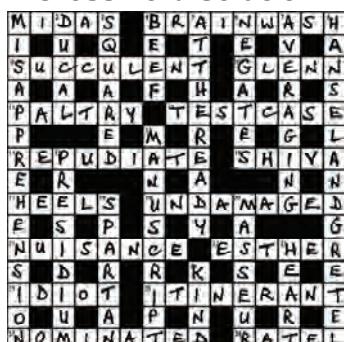
John Pippard was always a wonderful chair of Governors. He was easy to talk to and took a personal interest in what we were doing and who we were. Lovely man.

Peggy Colgate was always very kind and supportive to Mary and me, taking an interest in our two boys and being the most wonderful hostess at the staff party Hugh held in his house.

Report Book Challenge

From time to time readers ask me about whether we could have a series including some gems from Report Books. To get us started, I thought I would dig up my own stunning PE record and ask whether anyone can claim to do any better than my eight Ds and one E.

DATE	PHYSICAL TRAINING	
	Standard	Effort
Dec '61	E.	D.
Apr '62	D	C
July '62	C	C.
Dec 62	D	C
July '63	C	B
Dec '63	C	C
July '64	C	C
Dec '64	D	C
July '65	D	C
Dec '65	D	D
Nov '66	D	C
July '68	C	C

Crossword solution

Obituary

Roy Walker

(BHCHS 1944-50)



ROY WALKER (centre in the 1947 school photo above) graduated from London University with first class honours in engineering and in the same year emigrated to Canada where he remained for the rest of his life.

He had a very successful career in engineering, beginning has a structural engineer and progressing to consultant engineer on major projects in commercial and residential buildings. From the mid 1970s he operated through his own companies in Toronto.

Roy Walker died in October 2012 at the age of 79.

Alec Keens

(BHCHS 1941-46)



AFTER LEAVING school, Alec Keens (centre in the 1943 school photo above) joined the haulage business W Keens Haulage that had been started by his grandfather. He spent the whole of his working life in the company, taking early retirement when the business folded in 1990. He then moved from Theydon Bois to Swaffham with his wife Jean. Alec had kept in contact with Rex Sparling from his earliest days at BHCHS.

The Keens family spanned most of the decades at BHCHS. Alec and Jean had two sons. Their younger son, Martin, was one of the last pupils to pass through BHCHS, leaving in 1988.

Alec also had a nephew at BHCHS. Bill Keens, who started in 1958, was killed just after his 17th birthday in a motor scooter accident on his way to school.

Alec died in November 2012 after a long battle with cancer.

Ken Joysey

(BHCHS 1943-46)



KEN JOYSEY joined BHCHS for the 6th form. Sherwin Hall remembers him as a serious student who probably didn't approve of some of the goings on in the solarium. He won a Scholarship to read paleontology at University College, London.

The main part of Dr Joysey's career was as Director of the Museum of Zoology at Cambridge University, where he began as an Assistant Curator in 1955. During his 25 years as Director he was renowned for his encyclopaedic knowledge of the museum's collections. He is also remembered as an inspiring teacher of undergraduates.

Ken Joysey was a founder member of the Thriplow Society. Shirley Wittering, editor of the *Thriplow Journal*, provided the above photo and told me that his vast knowledge of zoology and natural history made him an invaluable member of the community. He was awarded the honour of Doctor of Science by the University of Cambridge.

Ken Joysey died in November 2012 at the age of 84, leaving his wife Valerie, two daughters and four grandchildren.

Clare Stephens (nee Dawson)

(Mathematics 1943-46)

CLARE DAWSON was almost certainly the last survivor of the BHCHS wartime staff. It seems likely, from the comment of JH Taylor on her departure, that she was on a temporary contract throughout her three years:

Miss Dawson will leave to take up a permanent appointment at Loughton County High School for Girls so that our sense of loss will be lightened by her nearness.

Ian Barclay

(BHCHS 1959-65)



I MET Ian in the early 70s when we were both training to be teachers at Furzedown Teacher Training College in Tooting. I have a feeling he had studied law but because of an illness and a lack of commitment to law, he changed direction. He was friendly with the man who I later married - they were studying drama together (a splendid opportunity for the flamboyant side of Ian's nature). The three of us would spend hours debating the rights and wrongs of the worldsharing songs.... revising into the small hours together for our exams. Ian was very much a night owl like me. Ian was our best man when Len and I got married in 1973 and a very special 'uncle' to our three children as they grew up. He enjoyed the good times with us, but helped us all through the bad times especially, too.

He never did teach, partly because of the restrictive nature of the job which didn't suit Ian. Instead he found a use for his wonderful people skills and became a youth worker. The youth centre I remember in particular was at St Martins in the Fields, Trafalgar Square. He ran a very successful folk club there giving

Following her marriage in 1952, Clare Stephens continued teaching until the first of her four children was born two years later.

She had remained in contact with Vera Crook and it was at Vera's funeral in 2004 that Stan Newens met her and put her in touch with me.

Clare Stephens died in May 2013 at the age of 91.

Ian a chance to entertain the audience with some of his dodgy songs! *The Knot-hole in my Grandmother's Wooden Leg* and *Throwing-up Blues* to name but two.

After his parents died in the mid 80s Ian went round the world for a year before buying a place on the Isle of Dogs and training as a social worker in Tower Hamlets.

He spent Christmas and other holidays with us in Grimsby and eventually moved to be near his 'adopted family' in the late 80s. He worked in the area in social services until he retired. He spent many a happy hour in quiz teams and enjoyed karaoke...Ian performing the Troggs *Wild Thing* was once seen...never forgotten.

He had many a happy holiday in the USA and Thailand but eventually chose to take early retirement and live in Pattaya. He moved there in 2002 and had become a popular member of the community with his affable personality, running the Quiz league, and keeping the bars busy.

He was gentle and kind and patient and tolerant and funny and absolutely wonderful with children. A good raconteur and an excellent listener. He was very intelligent...a member of Mensa for as long as I can remember. He was excellent with computer technology and sound equipment. Len and I were in a folk band and Ian often helped with recordings and was our sound tech on bookings. He was very knowledgeable...well-read yet full of useless information too! A great person to have in your quiz team.

His sudden death was a great shock to us – my family and all his friends here in Grimsby were devastated by the sad news.

Ruth Clark

Editorial note - hearing on Facebook about the death of Old Bucks is always a bit of a shock. Ian died suddenly in January 2013. Ian never married but I am grateful to Ruth for this tribute. Another of Ian's friends, Tony Haughey, told me that among Ian's vast musical knowledge he was a world authority on anything relating to the Beatles - perhaps this interest began at school.

Walter May: The Man with the Magic Chalk



WALTER MAY was a remarkable teacher whose charisma and innovative teaching remained firmly in the minds of his pupils.

He was among the pioneers of modern language teaching, conducting lessons almost entirely in French. Pupils were only allowed to speak in English while they were holding the *craie magique*. His departure from BHCHS, on being appointed an Inspector, was a severe loss. But thanks to the fact that some of his early pupils kept in contact with him we have been able to prolong the memory of this outstanding character.

Walter May died in January, having just celebrated his 103rd birthday. I am grateful to his daughter Bronwen Hall for giving me the following biographical information.

Walter May was born on 5th January 1910 in Enfield, North London. He attended Latymer School in Edmonton before going on to read French and Spanish at University College, London in 1928 where he took a first class Honours degree.

After completing his teacher training diploma, he obtained his first teaching post in County

Durham at Hookgate School where his met his future wife.

He settled in Buckhurst Hill in 1940 having been appointed as senior modern languages master at BHCHS. He taught here through the war years as he was a member of a 'reserved' profession.

In 1947 he moved with the family to Nottingham after his appointment as one of His Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. This involved considerable travelling and he missed teaching but it probably a wise career move in his aim to become a headmaster.

This he finally achieved when he was appointed headmaster of Hornchurch County High School in 1952. Shortly afterwards the school moved in to new buildings and was renamed Hornchurch Grammar School. He remained as headmaster there until his retirement in 1970. It was the only co-educational grammar school in the area and he wanted it to be the best. He was immensely proud of all the school's achievements.

Throughout his retirement he maintained links with BHCHS, even travelling from France on a couple of occasions to attend the annual dinner.

After a few years living in South Wales, he moved to Angers in France where he spent nearly 20 very happy years. He always loved France, enjoyed speaking the language and teaching, although there, he was teaching English to the French.

He finally decided to return to England to be nearer family and friends and moved to Cheltenham in 2003. He died very peacefully on 8th January 2013.

A tribute from David Noble (BHCHS 1940-47).....

I HAD a great regard for Walter May both as a teacher and later on as a friend and, like many others, my life has been much richer for having known him.

I didn't get off to a good start. On my first day at BHCHS in September 1940 I was allotted to Walter's form. The classroom was a little stuffy and Walter asked someone to open a window. The pupil had some difficulty and banged the window with his hand. Walter said: "Careful, boy, you'll bust it!" I raised my hand. "Yes?" said Walter. "Please sir, 'bust' isn't good grammar is it?" There was an awful silence. Walter said: "Noble, I'm grateful to have been corrected; I shall look to you in future to bring to my attention any further grammatical errors that I may make". How much I learned from that rebuke!

The teachers at BHCHS exuded confidence and competence, and set a tone of expectation, a determination to achieve high academic standards, undeterred by such distractions of the war as rationing and "utility". Walter May was a prominent and purposeful member of this band of brothers, and my predecessors and classmates remember him as an inspiring teacher of French - and much else.

Poems in French composed by Walter's pupils appear in the school magazines of that era. There is an amusing exchange of verses between Duncan Vere and Walter in the 1944 magazine, and a delightful sonnet by Robert Druce, confident in syntax and vocabulary, in the same edition. I

am indebted to John Martin and Robert Druce for putting me back in touch with Walter in the 1990s. It gave me the opportunity to thank him for opening the door to France and all things French.

Here is the poetic exchange referred to by David Noble.....

Priez pour les élèves de M. Mai.

Monsieur, vous êtes un très bon maître,
Rempli de pitié, peut-être,
Pour vos élèves qui envoient
Tout le monde et vous aussi.
Je pense que ça, c'est leur esprit.

Mais ayez de la patience,
Je parlerai pour leur défense.
Ils volent des pommes, cela je sais,
Et dans l'école ils jettent la craie :
Mais toujours ils désirent la paix.

Assis devant votre écritoire
Vous voyez une goutte noire
Sur la mauvaise écriture—
Vous n'êtes pas excessivement dur—
C'était la plume, ça c'est sûr.

Si un garçon ne s'arrête
Et ne lève pas la casquette,
N'entre donc pas en fièvre !
Ne frappez pas ce pauvre élève !
C'est sûr qu'il marchait dans un rêve.

Si vous voyez un coquin
Frappant les autres de la main ;
Si vous lui parlez mille fois
Il ne vous répondra pas
Parce qu'il a la tête de bois.

Si j'étais un peu fou
Je n'écrirais pas beaucoup.
Mon petit poème est fini
Mais une chose je vous prie :
Gardez ces mots en votre esprit.

D. W. VERE, IVa.

Faux ! faux ! absolument faux !

Ne pensez pas, mon cher auteur,
Que votre pauvre professeur
Puisse être un animal sans cœur.
Ce n'est pas vrai, écoutez bien—
Tout est possible, excepté rien.

Ennuyé par ses bons élèves,
Hanté par eux dans tous ses rêves,
Vivant sans paix jusqu'à ce qu'il crève—
Que donne-t-il donc comme récompense ?
(Voir sépulcrale du fond de la classe :)
"Des impositions immenses !"

D'immenses impositions ?
C'est impossible, il est si bon !
J'ai tort, dites-vous ? Mais non, mais non.
Tout le monde peut faire une erreur
Excepté votre professeur.

Vous pensez donc, élève si cher,
Que c'est un homme par trop sévère ?
Quelle idée extraordinaire !
Même un poète peut avoir tort !—
Le cœur de M. Mai est d'or !

J'entends un rire, ah, si cruel
Pour un brave homme si paternel.
Vous trouvez donc tout naturel
Que tous ces garçons-ci se moquent
Et disent entre eux : " Il est toc-tock " ?

Quand je vous flanque, mon cher ami,
Ce n'est pas vous qui êtes puni,
C'est moi qui souffre, je vous le dis !
Les larmes me montent vite aux yeux
C'est un grand mouchoir que je veux !

Et maintenant je vous adresse
Un désespéré S.O.S.
Toujours, mon cher, la politesse !
Noblesse oblige ! (C'est ce que je crois)—
De tous mes torts, pardonnez-moi !

W.M.

We have also learned of the following deaths...

Frank Tomlin (1941) died in January 2013. He had been suffering from pancreatic cancer. He lived in Christchurch, Dorset.

Derrick Hare (1942) died in December 2012. He lived in Tiptree, Essex.

Ron Fulford (1945) died in August 2013. He lived in Northwich, Cheshire. An obituary will appear in the next edition.

Alex Kinnison (1945) died in June 2013. He had recently moved to Huntingdon.

David Gardner (1946) died in January 2013. He lived near Gravesend, Kent.

David Emanuel (1951) died in 2012. He lived in Basildon

Ken Hardy (1952) died in April 2013. He lived in Writtle, and had been a stalwart member of the Old Bucks Hockey Club.

Stuart Mallindine (1955) died in December 2012. He lived in Ipswich.

Les Halpin (1968) died in September 2013 after suffering from Motor Neurone Disease. An obituary will

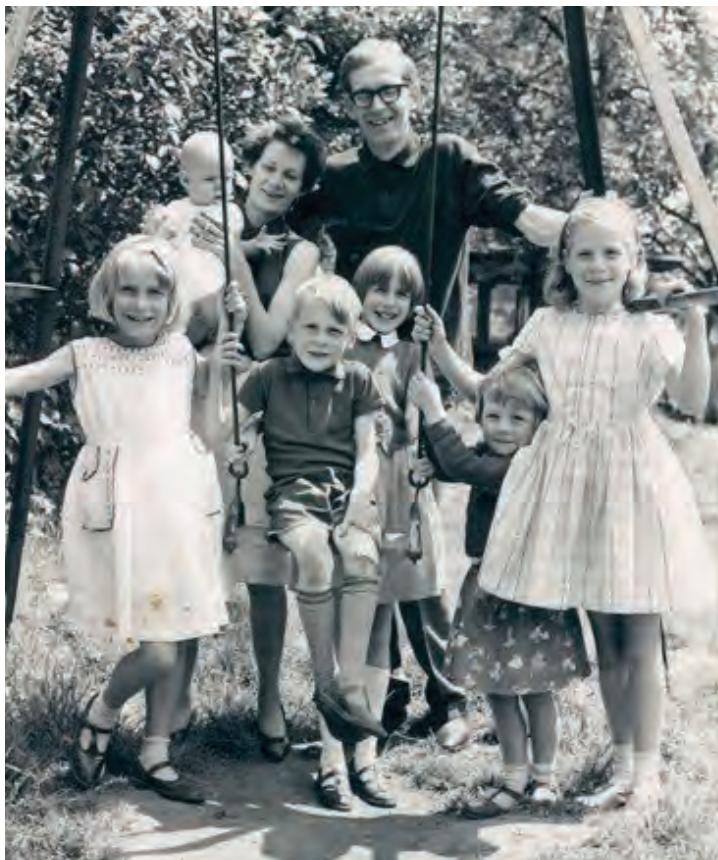
appear in the next edition.

Tom Paisley (1971) died suddenly and unexpectedly in March 2013. An obituary will appear in the next edition.

Roland Birch (1972) died in June 2013 after a long battle with cancer. He was the brother of Harry Birch (1974) and Martin Birch (1978). An obituary will appear in the next edition.

Darren Pollock (1975) died in June 2013. Darren was the brother of Lee Pollock (1977). He lived in Loughton.

Bryan Rooney: Enduring Friendships



Bryan and Pam with the family 1966: Jessica, Olivia, Dominic, Catherine, Rachel, Antonia

BRYAN ROONEY was born in County Meath and went to a Catholic boarding school, before studying for a degree in English Literature at University College, Dublin.

He moved to England and began his teaching career at St George's School, in Walthamstow where he met his wife Pam who was teaching at the same school. He was enlisted into National Service in England when his first two children were very young. He later moved to West Hatch and Newport Grammar school before succeeding Geoff Parker as Head of English at BHCHS in 1967.

Bryan and Pam had five daughters and a son. Dominic attended BHCHS from 1971 to 1978. Bryan's major career change during his 18 years at Buckhurst Hill was when he took on the challenge of managing the sixth form centre at Loughton in 1980. After retirement in 1985, Bryan continued to enjoy his hobbies of writing and bridge, but Pam's declining health saw him steadily

transition into a full time carer. Bryan was diagnosed with prostate cancer in 2009 and this eventually lead to his death.

Bryan's popularity as a colleague is evidenced by the fact that twelve of his fellow staff from BHCHS, several having travelled significant distances, were present at his funeral. This selection of tributes show the respect he held from pupils and staff.

Andy Rumsey (Pupil 1969-1976, Staff 1982-1990)

Bryan was simply the finest teacher I have known, as a student and as a colleague. I first met him in 1969 as a first year pupil. Even then I appreciated the flow of inspirational language and empathy. Further up the school I discovered Bryan's genuine joy in listening to and mentoring his students. Although my talent was for History, my love of English as taught by Bryan and his team made me determined to accept an offer from Liverpool University to read English. Regrettably Bryan was not at Liverpool, and I rapidly transferred to a History degree. Six years on, I returned to BHCHS

as a teacher of History, and enjoyed the opportunity to work alongside Bryan. Often as we look from a different angle, our idols have feet of clay. Not so Bryan: The same wit, the same commitment, the same ability to listen, to share and to mentor.

Most teachers will be able to identify their role models. We are inspected, measured, appraised and managed as never before. Bryan was the teacher who would achieve 'outstanding' judgements under any of the OFSTED regimes which have come and gone. I also know that when the 'outstanding' box is ticked and I am praised for skills in open questioning, student engagement and classroom 'climate' that Bryan continues to lean at my shoulder, ironic quip and cigarette at the ready. My debt, and the debt of so many others to Bryan as a role model, is huge.

Chris Bangs (1964-71)

Like all the English staff he was totally committed to trying to instil his love of literature into his pupils. I was helped and supported so much, particularly in activities such as competitive verse speaking and debating by him. He even invited a few of the schools verse speaking regulars round to his house to rehearse. Being a particularly boorish and truculent teen, it was the first time I had seen any teacher as a normal family man and was touched by his giving up his own time and sharing his private space to help us. I got some idea of what a dedicated teacher he was - though I never shared his love of WB Yeats.

David Long (1972-80)

I re-established contact with Bryan recently when we found ourselves sitting next to each other at the annual dinner. He asked what I was up to and when I told him I was a writer he recalled another of his former pupils whose first job after university had been editing a sex magazine. I explained that this was actually me, and he laughed so hard I thought he was going to expire.

As he was in such a characteristically good mood I thought now might be a good time to confess to having stolen one of his books, one he had lent to me after a

lesson saying he must have it back. For some reason I decided this wasn't going to happen, that I would keep it.

To my astonishment, well over 30 years later, Bryan looked me in the eye and said immediately "Edmund Wilson's *Classics & Commercials*." I said, yes, this was the book, and when he asked if I still had it I mumbled something about sending it back to him immediately. "Did you ever read it?" he asked me. "Yes, I still do." "Then keep it with my blessings. I'm glad it hit the spot."

I should say the book (which I still have) was one of his, not the school's - and of course I shall now treasure it all the more.

Toby Braddick (1971-78)

At the end of the third year, my English skills were considered poor enough to be dropped to a remedial class with Bryan. In less than 15 months, he'd really got me interested and working, so I was able to take the O Level in the autumn exams and get a grade B. He then started us working on English Literature and his way of getting us to enjoy books has stayed with me for the rest of my life. I've often regretted doing maths and science at A Level and wish I'd developed English instead. He was a very good teacher and a nice, fair bloke as well. Bryan probably more than any other teacher at BHCHS made a significant impact in my life.

Hugh Colgate

HAC's tribute at Bryan Rooney's retirement in 1985

Few teachers have endeared themselves to generations of Buckwellians as Bryan Rooney did. As Head of English he presided over the most stable yet most disparate department in the school. As Head of the Sixth Form Centre he helped lay the foundations of one of the most exciting and novel educational concepts we have seen. He produced school plays, school magazines, organised the bridge club, played tennis, was a Staff Governor, and member of the Staff Committee. It is, however, Bryan the man whom former pupils will remember - the soft Irish brogue, the dry humour, the good-natured tolerance and the sense of proportion.

John Lacey

(BHCHS 1944-51)



JOHN LACEY died suddenly on the morning of 21st January 2013 as he was about to attend Colchester hospital for an out patients' appointment.

He was born in Islington, north London and moved to Chipping Ongar at an early age. He went to Chipping Ongar Primary School which I also attended. He was an above average pupil and passed the scholarship to go to BHCHS in September 1944.

During War Weapons Week in 1941 when everyone was urged to turn in scrap metal which could help build ships and planes, he achieved unique publicity by pushing an ancient lawn mower in a procession through Chipping Ongar, as a result of which his photograph appeared in the London *Evening Standard*.

Our paths parted somewhat at BHCHS as he was in a different form, but I recall him doing well at athletics, being very good at the long jump and beating me in the 220 yards sprint final one sports day! He also developed a keen interest in music and was very good at modern languages. He was in the sixth form and afterwards served his National Service in the Royal Air Force.

John began a distinguished career

in the Foreign Service in January 1954 and his first overseas posting was to Luxembourg in 1957 when he could occasionally be heard on Radio Luxembourg, a popular radio station of that time. There followed appointments as Consul, Vice Consul and Secretary at the British Embassies in Ecuador, Brazil and Haiti. He was British Consulate-General in Strasbourg, to be followed, in the 1970s, by posts of Secretary at the British Embassy in Bogota, Columbia and with the British High Commission in Lagos, Nigeria. He was later Consul at Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany, and at the British Embassy in Paris. Before retirement in 1993 he served shorter spells at the Foreign and Commonwealth Office in London.

When he was in this country John attended Old Bucks' dinners and in retirement he continued his love of music, joining a choir where he met his wife to be, Marjorie. Somewhat surprisingly for a man who had travelled much of the world, he did not marry until he was 68 – something of which he was quite proud and often joked about! John and Marjorie married in November 2001 and settled in Clacton-on-Sea where they continued to make music. John was adept at making pipes from straight bamboo and they ran their own recorder group at the University of the Third Age. For someone who excelled at languages at school, not surprisingly John also ran his own French class at the U3A.

John was a lifelong friend and I am sorry I saw so little of him as he pursued a prestigious career in various countries.

Tony Harvey (1944)

Richard Lucas

(BHCHS 1956-63)

AFTER A rebellious and undistinguished start at BHCHS, Richard Lucas went on to become a highly successful head teacher with a reputation for working in some of the most difficult schools in the London area.

Richard first qualified as a teacher at Weymouth College of Education and taught in Dorset for five years before moving to Lon-

don. Within 18 months he was Head of what was to become one of the primary schools in the country. In 1996 he was appointed as a "parachute" Head Teacher focussing on turning round schools that were failing. After taking early retirement in 2002 he became a self-employed consultant continuing to do the same work on a freelance basis.

John Evans

(BHCHS 1961-68)



I FIRST met John in October 1970, when I had just started studying at East 15 Acting School in Loughton. He was working as a bank clerk for Barclays - a career that his parents were keen for him to follow, his father having been a manager. But John was never happy and desperately wanted a career in the arts. One thing about John that may not have been known back then was that he had a talent in several artistic fields. He played the guitar and the piano extremely well. He was also a superb photographer and it was his photography that was his main love. Following our move to Bristol in 1972 and subsequent marriage in 1973, he continued to spend most of his spare time on photography and set up his own darkroom in a spare bedroom. Our daughter Kaya, was born in 1977 and two years later he finally got the chance to study photography when he applied to and was accepted at Barking College as a mature student. We made the move back to Essex and lived in Collier Row until 1984, when we decided to move back to Bristol, and stayed there ever since.

John continued to work as a

commercial photographer throughout this time, doing freelance work for many local companies and photographing various celebrities in the world of sport, music and well-known household products.

He enjoyed many hobbies, including music, gardening, computer graphics and building a brilliant and detailed model of one of our local railway stations - something he spent many hours on but sadly never finished. For some years he was also a voluntary warden for English Nature, spending many days patrolling local woodland whilst walking our dog.

In recent years John's health begun to deteriorate and in the early part of 2002 he was diagnosed with chronic obstructive pulmonary disease. As the disease progressed he became less and less mobile until after a short stay in hospital two years ago, he rarely walked anywhere again and never without the aid of a walking stick. He continued to enjoy the computer and the guitar but his photography became mainly confined to the garden. John fell ill in January this year and was admitted to hospital with severe breathing difficulties brought on by an infection. He remained on a ventilator in intensive care until his death three weeks later.

Having been with John since I was 18 years old and married since the age of 21, life without him now at the age of 61 feels very strange. His death has left a huge hole in my life and that of our daughter Kaya, her partner Andy and our two beautiful granddaughters.

Debby Evans

Dr John Pippard

(BHCHS Governor 1956-81)



JOHN PIPPPARD who died in December 2012 at the age of 93 chaired the governors of BHCHS from 1959 – 1981, a job whose most important function he saw as providing a source of support for the headmaster during the eras first of JH Taylor and later Hugh Colgate.

John was born in London, the son of a professor of civil engineering. His younger brother became a professor of physics, but John was always more interested in biology – the large attic of the house in Claybury Hospital, where our family lived for 16 years until 1971, still housed a collection of glass specimen jars containing marine zoological specimens collected during his teenage years. He studied natural sciences at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, before training in medicine at The London Hospital. After qualifying in 1942 he served in the Royal Army Medical Corps in North Africa and Italy, eventually leading the medical division of the British General Hospital in Klagenfurt, Austria. There he met his future wife, Kathleen, also a doctor, and after a short courtship they were married “in the lines” in 1947.

On return to the UK the focus of his interest moved from medicine to psychiatry and he was appointed consultant psychiatrist at Claybury Hospital in 1955. There he played a leading role in transforming a traditional mental hospital into a therapeutic community, where patients became active participants in their own and each other’s treatment. The excitement of this period of great change was captured in *Adventure in Psychiatry* by Denis Martin published in 1962. Living in the grounds of Claybury was also a wonderful opportunity for his children as the many acres of ancient woodland were there to explore.

All three of his sons (Martin, Andy and David – Clare was not eligible and went to West Hatch!) attended BHCHS in the 1960s. John’s position as chairman of the governors could occasionally cause his sons minor embarrassment: for example, when he was chairing a Speech Day prize-giving and one of the prize winners dropped a silver cup on the steps down from the stage, his comment that he “loved to see someone drop a clanger” was greeted with (appropriate) audience groans.

After retirement in 1979, John took up a research fellowship at the Royal College of Psychiatrists, undertaking a national survey of electroconvulsive therapy (ECT). His report was critical of much current practice and for the next ten years he was in demand to give talks and professional advice to colleagues. Kathleen died in 2005, but he remained physically and mentally active looking after his beautiful garden in Princes Avenue into his late 80s. He knew when with increasing physical frailty it was time to leave and spent the last two years of his life happily at Quaker House, a residential home in New Milton.

John’s humane approach and compassionate understanding helped many patients, and touched the lives of friends, colleagues and neighbours, many of whom were able to attend a joyful celebration of his life at a Memorial Meeting at the end of April in Wanstead Quaker Meeting House.

On a personal note, John was a loving husband and a great Dad. We shall miss his thoughtful comments and advice, together with his gentle humour.

Martin, Andy and Dave Pippard and Clare Harris

Graeme Wilkins

(BHCHS 1957-64)



IN JANUARY this year, I was delighted when, thanks to Martin Williams (1957), we successfully traced Graeme Wilkins in New Zealand. For Martin, this was particularly welcome as Graeme was from his own year at BHCHS who had settled in New Zealand many years earlier. For me, it marked the end of our search for the 1957 year group. Graeme told us that he had left England for New Zealand in 1964 with his parents and had been there ever since, apart from

a three year spell working in London in the 1970s. He was still working in the printing industry and had two daughters and three grandchildren. Sadly, when we found Graeme he was terminally ill and had only a few weeks left to live. Graeme died just a few weeks later.

Graeme’s older brother David was also a pupil at BHCHS from 1952. David was training to be a teacher when he was tragically killed in a car accident on the Southend Road at the age of 21.

Roger Hendrie

(BHCHS 1959-65)



ROGER HENDRIE was well known in the recruitment sector having founded a number of recruitment agencies including Compuvac.

One of Roger’s companies, The Internet Corporation, which was in the FastTrack 100 in 1999 and 2000, ultimately evolved into a successful online recruitment/technology services business and Roger sold all of his interests in

the business in 2005.

The Internet Corporation, best known for Amris eRecruitment (an internet based applicant tracking/candidate management system) has been run since 2002 by Mark Kieve who acquired the business in 2008 following a management buyout.

Roger Hendrie died in April 2013 at the age of 65. He was unmarried.