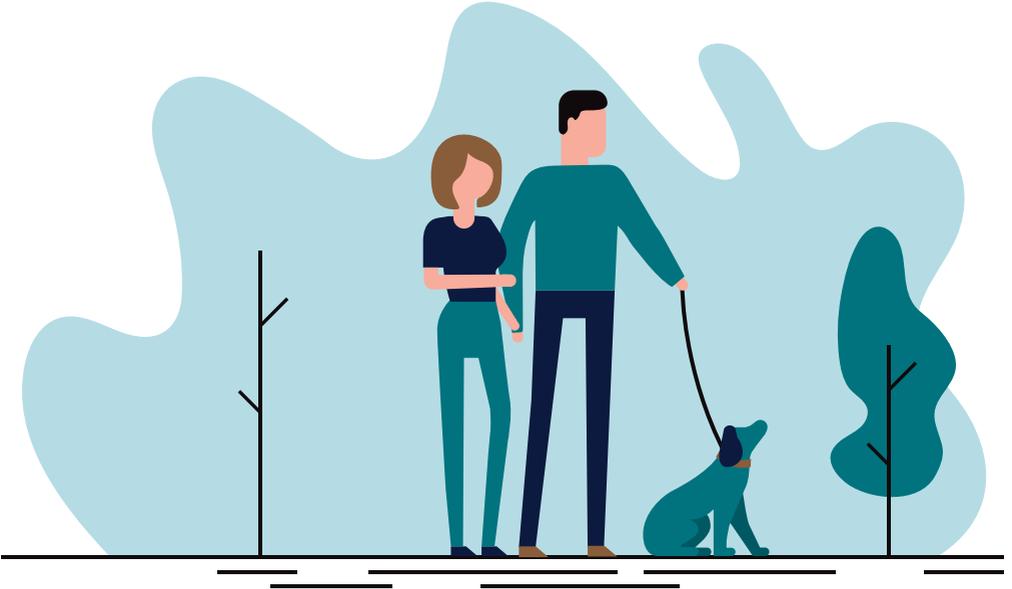


Old Greshamian Magazine

November 2020 • Number 159



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Old Greshamian Magazine

November 2020 • Number 159

Cover: Logie Bruce-Lockhart (Headmaster 1955 – 82)

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rpeaver@greshams.com

The June OG AGM had to be postponed due to Covid-19. At the time of printing the Committee was as shown below.
After the AGM the website will be updated to reflect the new officers/members of the OG Committee.

Old Greshamian Club Committee

Officers

Chairman: Charlotte Coventry (née Goff) (c_coventry@hotmail.com) (O 1996 – 01)

Vice Chairman: Robert Dale (rd@danielconnal.co.uk) (T 1979 – 84)

Treasurer: Kate Olby (née Seymour) (kolby@greshams.com) (c & O 1991 – 98)

OG Governor: Sir James Dyson (OSH 1956 – 65)

Club Secretary/Alumni Manager: Jo Thomas-Howard (jthomashoward@greshams.com)

Staff Representative: Mark Seldon (mseldon@greshams.com) (S 2002 -)

OG Magazine Editor: Richard Peaver (S 1971 – 2009)

Members

Headmaster: Douglas Robb (headmaster@greshams.com)

Development Administrator: Mary Cokayne (mcokayne@greshams.com)

Alex Bartlam (née Buch): alexandra_buch@hotmail.com (c, E & B 1990 – 97) Duncan Baker:

duncan.baker@bakersandlarners.com (W 1993 – 98)

Alexander Cann: alexander.cann@icloud.com (k & H 2001 – 06)

Sam Curtis: scurtis@greshams.com (c & H 1986 – 93 & S 2006 -)

Chris Deane: christopher@norfolknu.co.uk (H 1979 – 84)

Hannah Jones: yonesy_@hotmail.com (c & O 1991 – 04)

Charlie Mack: cmack@greshams.com (k & F 1988 – 2003 & S 2015 -)

James Morgan: morganttp@gmail.com (c & W 1980 – 89)

Stephen Pask: sfapask@googlemail.com (F 1956 – 61)

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From the Chairman

Dear OGs,

Normally as I sit down to write this report there has been a whole host of events to celebrate from the previous year. Unfortunately these are different times and many things have had to be cancelled; the 30 year Reunion for the Class of 1990, Over 60s lunch, Masonic Lodge Dinner, OG Drinks at Fishmongers' Hall, Norfolk Show and a variety of sporting events, to name but a few. Hopefully we can reschedule some of these when restrictions allow.

On a more positive note, we did manage to fulfil some events before lockdown; the 2019 Drinks at Fishmongers' Hall, HOGs Anniversary Dinner, OG Rugby and the OG Carol Service, all of which were hugely successful and well attended.

One of the outcomes of this pandemic has been the increasing reliance on virtual communication. This has shown that it is even more vital for us to stay connected through the powers of technology and our Gresham's Global Connect platform is the perfect way to do it. Launched last year, it has seen a good uptake of OGs and will be really helpful to those looking for support or experience in the workplace.

Sadly the Class of 2020 did not get quite the send-off they deserved and we missed being able to present them with their Leavers Gifts. We will hopefully do this at an appropriate time in the future, and wish them all the very best going forward. Please keep in touch with us and of course each other.

This brings me onto the subject of Virtual Speech Day, which I personally think was absolutely fantastic! The school, its staff and pupils, the speakers, and all the people involved behind the scenes did a phenomenal job. They created a wonderful celebration of not only Gresham's as a place but also captured the true spirit of all those involved there. The way everyone pulled together and embraced the task, despite restrictions, was outstanding and made me feel extremely proud to have a connection to such a school. Thank you.

Finally I hand over to our new Chairman, Robert Dale, who needs little introduction to this magazine. He is already a huge contributor both to the school with his expertise in the field of construction, but also within the OG Club. He has the unenviable task of persuading people to sign up to the Round Norfolk Relay, and is a great supporter of HOGs hockey both on and off the pitch. He will be an excellent Chairman and the Club is in very safe hands!

Huge thanks go to everyone on the OG Committee and in the OG office for their input and support over the past three years. You have all contributed to making my time as Chairman thoroughly enjoyable.

Charlotte Coventry



From the Headmaster



Dear OGs,

I do hope you are well and thriving in these interesting times. Gresham's has adapted and overcome in so many ways during the year and remains in terrific spirits. The gift from Sir James Dyson has enabled a superb building to begin to take shape and we are all waiting eagerly for its completion next summer. Whilst the School campus changes physically the 'can do' attitude of the pupil body remains intact. Please do come and visit us at any stage to see for yourself.

With all good wishes,

Douglas Robb



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Headmaster's "Virtual" Speech Day Speech, 2020



Prime Warden, Mr. Chairman and fellow Governors, Ladies and Gentlemen – and, as always, Logie BL, the real Headmaster of Gresham's! – good afternoon.

This will be an unusual Speech Day speech, and one that I sincerely hope will not become a pattern for the future. This has been an extraordinary academic year. The school and its pupils were flying up to the middle of the Lent term, when storm clouds gathered very quickly and presented a huge challenge to this community. I will not dwell on the topic of Covid-19 – we are rather snow blind by now on this – but I will reflect briefly on the response of the Gresham's community.

Firstly, and most importantly, the pupils have been magnificent. These events could easily have resulted in collective self-pity and discontentment. As I said briefly in our final chapel together in the Lent term, thank goodness that Gresham's is not a narrow exam-focused factory. For those schools that are, the cancellation of examinations this year leaves them rudderless. Our children have spent their years at Gresham's studying for exams, but also developing their character, their resilience and their humour. All of these have been tested recently, but I believe that the leavers of 2020 are incredibly well equipped to face the future. This is an Upper 6th that I have felt especially attached to. I have a daughter leaving school this year and they were my first real intake at Gresham's. I have watched them develop and grow into fine young people (in Pat Walton's case a lot

of growing!). I have watched on as the intellectual, cultural, spiritual and athletic horizons have broadened and deepened. You are a talented, bright and competitive bunch, who have charmed and challenged your way through Gresham's in equal measure and are now set to leave. Leaving school is always a mixed set of emotions. There is room for sentiment, some have been here for 15 years, and there is also the strong sense that you have outgrown the place and are ready for the wider world. What I can promise you is that, no matter how ready you are to leave, you will always carry a piece of this school in your heart. It would be wrong not to particularly thank Tilly Mann and Pat Walton, who have led the school so well. They are passionate about this school but go about their roles with great humour and fun; there should always be room for some fun in your working lives.

Whilst in many ways the cruelty of the last term has been felt most keenly by you as a group, there will be a time to gather and have a party here; you will be moving on to universities and elsewhere, you do have an incredibly bright future ahead of you and you are all equipped to control your own destiny. In the face of challenge comes opportunity. This world is much changed and you are best placed to adapt to these changes and crack on. I will very much look forward to watching your progress with a keen interest. Yours is the future like never before. I congratulate and salute you for all of your efforts at School; well done.

The parents have been tremendously supportive of Gresham's online and have certainly backed this school, for which I thank them. I am sure the last term has been a real eye-opener for many, and whether you now have a different insight into teaching, or feel as though you have seen plenty enough of your children for the time being, I thank you for your ongoing commitment to this School.

The teaching staff have certainly adapted and grafted in ways they could not have imagined before. The scale of the challenge that online teaching presented, and the way in which they embraced that challenge, has been tremendous; I would expect nothing less from them. Thank you for everything that you do.

I would also like to thank the governing body for all of their input and advice. Their time commitment to Gresham's is very considerable, and all voluntary. During the recent planning that has taken place, the depth of skill, knowledge and experience that this group holds has been vital and clear. Under Michael Goff's leadership the school has determined and dynamic leadership at the top, which has been, and will continue to be, vital. It is clear that the strong foundations that have been laid here at Gresham's have never been more important. As I said to Michael when this storm hit us, we had three advantages. We were financially in good shape, with a strong cash position with no

borrowings, and a favourable opinion from the bank. We had dealt with the Teachers' Pension Scheme challenge, thanks to the support of the teaching staff, and we had very good will and support from our parent body. These three things have been crucial to allow us to distinguish ourselves from many of our independent school peer group. This is a storm, but a storm that will pass, and Gresham's will emerge from it stronger than ever.

There are several staff leaving this year and I would like to thank them for all of their efforts. Maria Alhambra Diaz moves to Colchester Grammar. Philip Pitcher moves to Ardingly. Darren Latchford goes to Wellington College Beijing. Susan Sommerville retires. Solomon Lawes moves to Wellington College. Elizabeth MacNamara is moving to Australia. Andrew Fletcher retires after four years from his Indian summer at Gresham's. Henry Chamberlain moves to Rugby after five very good years. Tim Keen, OG, retires after nine years, a big set of shoes to fill in every sense, and in a number of areas of school life. Tim is a colleague who has wise counsel for everyone and always puts the children first.



Fr. Bryan locks the chapel door behind him

Bryan Roberts retires from the chaplaincy after nineteen years, the second longest serving chaplain that this school has had. Bryan has been a great friend to this school. He has been a wise counsel and a spiritual guide to staff and pupils alike.



Colin Scoles hands over

Colin Scoles retires after 23 years as CCF School Staff Instructor. An extraordinary character, whose commitment to custard and black Labradors has made him a larger than life character and an excellent inspiration for 'the young people', as he refers to our pupils. Colin has brought a huge sense of fun to the CCF and shooting teams at Gresham's, whilst affording amazing opportunities for the pupils.

The good news is that both Tim and Ruth, Bryan and Claire and Colin and Dee are staying close by, and so will remain a large part of this community.

Francis Retter left at Christmas to be a headmaster in Germany after 23 years, 15 of which were as Housemaster of Woodlands. Francis has had a huge impact on this school in so many areas. He has been a great colleague, teacher, mentor and friend to so many. I am absolutely delighted that Sophie is still here and Francis is a frequent visitor!

I wish you all a very happy and restful summer. A time to pause, reflect and be grateful for the advantages and opportunities that we enjoy. I thank you all for the extraordinary support that this School enjoys. I certainly feel very lucky to be your Headmaster.



Sir James

*Following the Headmaster's speech, and an address by the Chairman of Governors, **Michael Goff** (F 1968 – 73), messages for the 2020 leavers were sent "virtually" by a group of distinguished OGs, **Sir James Dyson** (OSH 1956 – 65), **Olivia Colman** (O 1990 – 92), **Tom Youngs** (k & T 1995 – 2004), **Ben Youngs** (k & T 1996 – 2005) and **Sienna Guillory** (O 1991 – 93).*



Olivia



Tom



Ben



Sienna

Reunions and Events in the Past Year

Former Staff Drinks

Retired members of staff enjoyed a social evening in the Britten Building in November 2019. These get-togethers, the brainchild originally of **Dr. David Horsley** (S 1976 – 2007), are always much appreciated.



OG Carol Service

Following the success of the previous year's event, **Jacob Jaggard** (F 2012 – 17) once again organised an OG Carol Service at St. Nicholas' church, Blakeney.

Farewell to the Thatched Buildings

In February 2020, prior to work beginning on the Dyson Building, and the resulting disappearance of the Thatched Buildings (albeit no longer actually thatched!), OGs of widely varying vintages returned to bid farewell to the familiar site, which had served over the years as laboratories, "temporary classrooms", workshops, drama studio and tuckshop. Memories were shared, good times were recalled and a fond goodbye was pronounced to a site which had served the school well over almost a century. These buildings, paid for

in 1920 out of his own pocket by the recently-appointed Headmaster, **J. R. Eccles** (S & HM 1900 – 35), had been opened in 1921 by the Master of Christ's College, Cambridge.



Opening of the Thatched Buildings, February 1921



Christine Guedalla (daughter of **Bruce Douglas**, S 1921 – 63) writes: I was brought up in Farfield, where the area round the Thatched Buildings and Vivarium were an important part of my childhood. There were endless opportunities for play. **Hugh Ramage** (S 1929 – 56?) allowed me to keep my white mice (given me by **Dan Corbett** (c & OSH 1945 – 53) – to my mother’s displeasure) in the Natural History room during the summer holidays after the ever-interesting cages and tanks of various reptiles, small mammals, and so on, had been taken home at the end of term, and after my friend Anthea and I had given the place a much needed, we thought, clean. Hugh Ramage was pleased. Escapee white mice later popped out of the pipework in nearby classrooms.

So goodbye, “temporary” Thatched Buildings. I guess you’ve made it to 90 and are well overdue replacement.

London Drinks

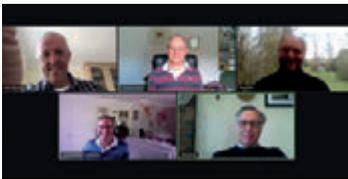
The London Drinks party in Fishmongers’ Hall scheduled for 10th September 2020 was sadly cancelled, for obvious reasons. It is hoped, however, that this event will take place in the autumn of 2021. Details will be circulated nearer the time.

Woodlands Mini-Reunion



November 2019: L to R: Nick Burton, Charles Boon, Rowland Smith, Quentin Bradshaw

Since a school reunion a few years ago, five of us from Woodlands have been meeting up regularly to discuss a wide range of interesting topics from “Old Oak Ham” to the merits of fire extinguishers. Not to let the virus stop our rendezvous this year, it was decided to have a virtual beer together instead of a meal in town. What a change had occurred in only a few months!



April 2020: with the addition of Chris Leckenby bottom L

All of us are “Benson Babes” who witnessed the outgoing of “The Doc” (**Dr. Wilfred Andrews**, S 1950 – 74) and the takeover by the bright-eyed and bushy-tailed **Steve Benson** (S 1964 – 82). Happy days indeed – winning the House Unison competition, cleaning up at sports day, and no doubt many other notable achievements now faded with time.

We all gained from our time at Gresham’s and hope this pandemic will prove to be only a minor glitch in the school’s meteoric progress. One small note of condolence about the loss of the Scruff Shacks – it provided Nick with a couple of fundamentals for 25 years in manufacturing. It also provided Rowland with a salad bowl and Quentin with a long list of presents to elderly relatives. Maybe it is time to resurrect the wall-mounted matchbox holder for the person who has everything?

The Old Greshamian Masonic Lodge

The Lodge is in good heart, and we currently have an OG from Bulgaria who has visited the OG Lodge in Veselin Paskov, and he will be joining the Lodge as a joining member at our next meeting in September 2020 or possibly January 2021, whenever we are allowed to meet again; one thinks it may well be January.

Sadly, like many organisations we have not been able to meet this year for our April or our June meeting, which is always one to look forward to, being at the School. It looks as if we will not be able to meet in September either, as I gather from various rumours going around.

We did manage to install **Mike Platten** (k & OSH 1942 – 52) into the chair in January 2020, but have not met since. I would like to think that in 2021 we will all be back to normal – here's hoping!

Please note the dates for our meetings. The September meeting for 2020 is Thursday 24th. Our other meetings are on Thursday 14th January 2021, Thursday 15th April 2021, and the summer meeting at School is on Friday 18th June 2021.

Our charities work is going well with **David Barker** very much in charge of this, so much so that we donated monies for a prize which is presented on Speech Day to a pupil or pupils for community service (this could also relate to a particular project for the International Baccalaureate). The School decides who wins the prize.

The Secretary is Ian Barber, who lives in Holt not far from School. His details are:

25 Woodpecker Avenue,
Holt, Norfolk, NR25 6TG
Telephone 01263 710649
Email: ian.barber@mapartners.co.uk

We are continually looking for new members to join the OG Lodge and if there is any OG or member of staff who would like to consider joining us, or wants to make inquiries, please do not hesitate to contact Ian Barber at the above details.

I apologise for this short report, but one cannot report on what sadly has not happened.

Mike Stott (W 1952 – 56)
Assistant Secretary

Friends of Gresham's (FOGs)

The last academic year started with great enthusiasm when we introduced FOGS to the parents of new pupils at a lunch on a sunny day in front of the Britten Building. We acquainted many with the FOGS activities and some even volunteered to help!

This was followed later in the week by a convivial parent and staff evening drinks – this is always a good opportunity for new parents to meet current parents and members of staff – the canapés were provided by the school caterers and were superb.

Other activities in the Michaelmas Term included the impressive House Music competition, with FOGS organising a Hog Roast. We also provided a bar at the Bunfire Night, the drinks included locally brewed ales and of course a glass of bubbly!

In December, FOGS held another successful Christmas Fayre in the School Chapel with an excellent variety of stall holders, carols from the choir and music from the brass band. The Chapel beautifully lit and decorated provided a perfect setting for this festive event.

The FOGS membership card that provides a discount in many local shops and businesses has now merged with Love Holt (the former Chamber of Commerce). We hope that this continues to support the warm relationship between the School and town. The new look card has been enclosed with this magazine for those OGs who live in the Anglian and London region. (If your copy does not include a card, and you would nonetheless like to have one, we will be pleased to provide one; if this is the case, please contact the OG Office.)

We are delighted that through organising events we are able to raise funds, which help towards various School projects. These have included a hockey replay analysis programme and fishing equipment for the angling club; there are plans afoot to develop an eco-project in the old firing range.

The normal calendar of events has been touched by Covid-19, but we will let you know when normal service is resumed.

If you would like more information on FOGS or indeed, if you would like to be more involved please call Tim Bennett on 01263 713039 or email fogssenior@gmail.com.

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Development and The Gresham's Foundation



Dear Old Greshamians,

First and foremost, and on behalf of myself and the Development Office, we do hope that you and your families and friends have managed to keep well over the course of this year. We send you our best wishes and hopes that something resembling normality might now be returning for you all.

Our report on alumni relations and development at Gresham's for the academic year is, unsurprisingly, limited in comparison to what has gone before. Many events and reunions that we had expected to hold and report on were postponed; other opportunities for you and your families to come and visit the School were also impacted. Our fundraising efforts have been somewhat restricted as well, yet we have still received very heartening and crucial support from a large number of OGs throughout the year, much of which was in support of the Gresham's Foundation Bursary Fund – our sincere thanks to all who have donated to the Foundation.

Without wishing to dwell on the disruption that this pandemic has brought us, I wanted to take this chance to focus on what has been achieved both before and during lockdown.

With regards to events, the annual OG drinks at Fishmongers' Hall last September was again a great success and very well attended. The School musical in November was a welcome opportunity to say a small 'thank you' to those locally based supporters of the Gresham's Foundation, whilst the farewell to the Scruff Shacks reception in February was a more reflective but nevertheless very enjoyable affair – we are very sorry to have lost such a much-loved part of Gresham's history, but the future is exciting with the new STEAM building now beginning to rise.

We have seen very heartening support for the School and our teaching efforts, particularly throughout the lockdown period. A number of OGs provided virtual, educational content that was shown to and used by our pupils. This included seminars, Q&As and videos on a whole host of subject matters. The School's efforts to support the local community, and specifically in support of disadvantaged children and children of key workers, have also been aided by OG involvement and support. Thank you so much to everyone who has supported in these ways and for all those who have kindly wished the School and pupils well during these testing times; it has meant a great deal.

A notable success this past year has been Gresham's Global Connect, our online platform for you and your peers to engage with one another and explore professional networking opportunities and other forms of support. The platform passed 800 users in the summer, quite a landmark when considering it launched a year and a half ago and that we have close to 6,000 active alumni on our database (i.e. OGs we have some form of contact details for). Half of you on the platform have also offered to help other OGs with work experience or support, which is a very generous commitment.

We see Gresham's Global Connect as being the bedrock of OG peer-to-peer engagement, specifically when looking at the provision of networking and professional opportunities that it affords and something that all OGs could benefit from. More information about the platform can be found on page 173 and you can explore it by going to greshamsglobalconnect.com.

As we look ahead and expect – or at least hope – that our events calendar and development function will return to normal before too long, I wanted to take this opportunity to express our keenness to keep all OGs as engaged with the School as is possible. It is extremely important that we do so. You are lifelong and simply integral members of the Gresham's community. We want to keep you all involved with the School and abreast of its developments and objectives, a great number of which you have helped support in the past. We want to offer numerous chances for you to return to Gresham's and to attend OG events outside of Holt, but also offer you ours and the School's support and help however we can. The first step is keeping in contact with you, and we find that we are increasingly contacting OGs by email rather than by mail, and so if you do not hear from us by email and would like to do so, please provide us with your up-to-date email address – thank you.

On a final note, I would like to again extend our thanks to everyone who offered their support to the School and Gresham's Foundation this past year, whatever the manifestation of your support. Your generosity allows the School to do so much and offer a considerable amount of support to Gresham's pupils and families.

The enclosed *Gresham's Foundation and Supporters' Report* gives an overview of all that has been achieved thanks to your support. I am also delighted to let you know that we will be holding a Supporters' Day event next summer, a new event in School and which current supporters will be invited to.

As ever, we very much hope to see you back at School in the not too distant future, whether at an event, reunion, or if you let us know you are in the area and able to come in, I can assure you of a warm welcome. Until then, and on behalf of the Development Office, take care and all best wishes.

Edward Margetson

Director of Development

+44 (0)1263 714529

emargetson@greshams.com



The Gresham's Foundation

We would like to thank the following Old Greshamians, Parents, Governors, Staff, Friends and Organisations for their donations to the Gresham's Foundation over the past year.

(Donations 19th June 2019 to 4th June 2020)

Mr & Mrs S Adams	The Faye Family	Mr T Millikin
Mr S Ajayi	The Fern Family	Dr K Mitchell
Mr & Mrs T Allen	Mr & Mrs S Fields	Mr J Mumby
Mr T Allison	The Fishmongers' Company's Charitable Trust	Dr E I Newman
Mr A Alton	Mr & Mrs N C Flower	Mr & Mrs R Nicol
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Anonymous Donors	The Gainher Family	Mrs S O'Leary
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Mr N Bankes	Mr A Gillam	Mr A Payne
Mr I Barber	Mr J F R Gillam	Mr P G Peal
Mr R Barclay	Mr & Mrs M L J Goff	Mr R H Peaver TD
Mr C Barnes	Mr S Gorton	The Pollicott-Reid Family
Mr J S H Bedale	Mrs E Green	Mr K S Potter
The Bennett Family	Mrs C Greenway	Mrs C Powrie
Mr P R Bodington	Sir Anthony & Lady Habgood	Mr J Randell & Mrs S Randell
The Braithwaite Family	Mr H Hammond	The Ravilious Family
The Brighton-Watt Family	Mr A P Harley	Mr A Risso-Gill
Miss J Broom	Mr I R Hay	Mr & Mrs G Roberts
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Miss J Bruce Lockhart	The Hollingsworth Family	Mr D H Sadler
Mr L Bruce-Lockhart	The Humphrey Family	Mr P S Salinson
Mr D Buck	Mrs D L Jacob	Mr A W D Sankey
The Burnett Family	Mr & Mrs S Jefford	Mr D G Shove
Mr R Carver	Mr R Johnson	Mr R R P Stearn
Mr P C Caston	Mr D C Joyce	Mr E Stevens
Mr S E Child	Mr J Kemp	Mr G W Stiles
The Chuter Family	Mr D B Kettle	Mr D Templer
The Clabon Family	The Kinder Family	Mr J Tomlinson
The Rev D Clark	Prof D N King	Lt Col J B M Troughton
Mr C J Claybourn	Dr D S King	Ms E Usher
Mr J P Cockcroft	Mr M G T Kitson	Mr I G H Utting
Mr R G Collins	Mr A J E Landamore	Mr & Mrs E van Vredenburch
Mr R L Collins	Mr G Large	Mr A Village
Mr S Coussell	Dr C Liebke	Mrs D Wilson
The Cowan Family	The Li-Rocchi Family	Mr & Mrs S Wilson
Dr A R Dansie	Mr R H Lomax	Dr M Wiltshire
Dr R S Dean	Mr & Mrs S Lowe	The Witton Family
The Doll Family	Mr & Mrs C H Mack	Sir Martin & Lady Wood
Mr E R J Duval	Mr J L MacKinlay DL	The Worrall Family
The James & Deirdre Dyson Family Trust	Mr P A C Margetson	Mr & Mrs A Wright
Mr A A Edwards	Mr P J Marriage	Mr T Yang
Mr W D Elliot	Mr & Mrs J Mauritz	

Gresham's Careers Department

The department, formerly “Gresham’s Futures”, has had an excellent proactive year. Sue Osborne, Head of Careers, has organised lots of careers events which have been extremely well supported by OGs returning to give talks, take part in careers fairs, share advice, contacts and information.

Michaelmas Term 2019

The 6th formers had an International Event in November, providing information about studying in the USA, choosing a degree with an international year out, and studying in Europe.

The Careers Fair took place in December in Big School Hall. This was a packed, busy event with the whole school attending in their Houses in staggered time slots. The fair is designed to give both pupils and parents an insight into a wide range of future employment opportunities and link their Gresham’s learning and education to the qualifications, subjects and skills that employers and job roles require.

There was superb support from OGs at the event, including:

Deborah Wilson (née Fenn) (E & B 1994 – 99), Team Manager, Director at Barclays Wealth and Investment Management.

Miranda Marshall (c, G & O 1975 – 85), Director, Hayes & Storr.

Simon Willcox (k & T 1971 – 78), Business Development, Locker & Riley.

Nathan Lomax (k & T 2006 – 12), Director & Co-Founder, Quickfire Digital.



Simon Willcox



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For further information or to arrange a visit, please contact Admissions on 01263 714614

greshams.com | Holt, Norfolk

An independent boarding and day school for children aged 2-18

Lent Term 2020



Miranda Marshall and Jeremy Elliott



William Osborne

Pupils enjoyed some superb, insightful OG talks.

- Law with **Miranda Marshall** and **Jeremy Elliott** (F 1999 – 2004) from Hayes and Storr.
- Screen Writing & Writing with **William Osborne** (OSH 1973 – 78).
- Investment Banking and Capital Markets with **Annabelle Harper (née Willmore)** (c & E 1999 – 2006) from Bank of America.
- The Payments Industry with **Alex Rolfe** (k & T 1986 – 95).



Business Breakfast

The Business Breakfast on 12th March was the last careers event before ‘lock-down’.

It was held in Big School Hall with a good cross section of Business sectors attending, including lots of OGs and current and former parents. The event was designed to give 6th Formers the opportunity to practice and hone their networking skills and to find out about a good diverse range of working roles in a relaxed breakfast atmosphere. A great event, well attended by community business, with a great audience of 6th Form pupils, who were extremely proactive in networking and genuinely interested in the advice and expertise businesses were sharing.

Thank you to the many OGs and current parents who came and shared their expertise, including:

Aurina Lambert (née Brittain) (O 1995 – 98) – Director & Owner, Aurina.

Sam Barratt – Director, Barratt & Cooke (current parent at Pre-Prep School).

Kate Willcox, Lead HR Consultant at CBR Business Solutions (former parent).

Amy Pearce, Gresham’s Commercial Director.

Miranda Marshall – Director, Hayes + Storr.

Jack Spencer-Ashworth (W 2000 – 05) – Senior Architectural Designer at Hudson Architects.

Ian Barber (k & W 1981 – 88) – Partner at MA Partners LLP.

Debra Hayward – British Film Producer (current parent).

Jessie Hacking (O 2005 – 07) – Project Manager & Engineer at Struik & Hamerslag Luxurious Interiors.

Janie Thompson – Director of Thornham Deli, Ltd. (current parent).

Alistair Cargill (F 1984 – 89) – Owner, Cargill Farms.

Duncan Baker (W 1993 – 98) – MP for North Norfolk.

Summer Term 2020

After May half-term, all careers learning was done on MS Teams.

Sue Osborne organised for the U6th a series of Career Bites and Preparing for Work Sessions. Pupils enjoyed talks from:

- Debra Hayward, Film Producer.
- Max Harris, Management Consultant.
- **Charlie Mack** (k & F 1988 – 2003 & S 2015 -) – Head of Economics, gave a talk on Accountancy and Business Consultation.

- **Natasha Watt** (B 2009 – 13), Global E-commerce Image Production Coordinator, Jimmy Choo.
- **Nathan Lomax**, Co-Founder of Quickfire Digital.



Natasha Watt

The Preparing for Work sessions were excellent, all designed to give help, advice and tips on the next steps for the U6th pupils

- CVs / personal statements with Kate Willcox, Lead HR Consultant at CBR Business Solutions (former parent).
- **Douglas Robb**, Headmaster, gave his 'top tips' for preparing and going forward for the next step of higher education and employment.
- Finance with **Stephen Oldfield** (c & O 1973 – 80) – recently retired partner at PwC UK.
- Use of Social Media with Kimberley Uzzell, Barclays Wealth Management.

On Friday 12th June all of the L6th had a virtual Careers Conference on the different options post 6th form with talks on:

- University – Writing your personal statement; which University and degree course to choose; student finance.
- International Universities – studying in US, Australia; business school; hospitality management.
- European Universities.
- Apprenticeships – the different levels, including Degree & Higher; how to source, apply, qualifications.
- Work Experience – **Joanna Wallace-Brown (née Wallace)** (O 1985 – 87) gave a talk on the importance of doing work experience for going on to University, Apprenticeships & Employment.
- Gap Year – **Charlotte Seaman** (E 2016 – 18) gave a video presentation on her Gap year experience, the positives and negatives, and how it helped with moving on to study at University.
- Apprenticeships – **Jack Small** (F 2015 – 20) started his Accountancy Apprenticeship with Larking Gowen.

So a good, productive year for Gresham's Careers. If you would like to do a talk, can offer an apprenticeship, work experience or summer jobs, or an insight into what is needed for a particular career, please do email Sue Osborne, Head of Careers at sosborne@greshams.com.

Honours and Distinctions



One of the many pleasures of editing the OG Magazine occurs when one is contacted by relatives of former pupils seeking information about their family members. The daughter of the late **John Shand** (K 1930 – 33) got in touch to let us know that her father had won an MC in the war while serving with the Gordon Highlanders. We had hitherto been unaware of this gallantry award, so his name has been added to the online list of those who have received military decorations, and it will in due course will be added in manuscript to the Military Roll of Honour book displayed in the Chapel.

John Cushing OBE (c & H 1949 – 57) was awarded the OBE in the 2020 New Year's Honours. John and his sons **Charlie** (W 2003 – 09) and **George** (W 2005 – 10) were featured last November in an article in *The Times*, which described with awe the “1.5m rhinestones, 2,000 pom-poms and 100m of feathers” that formed a small part of “Britain's biggest festive show”, the



Thursford Spectacular. This event, which attracts visitors from across the land and abroad, takes place in a small village only nine miles from the sea, and has for decades provided employment for, and brought prosperity to, the local region.



Geoffrey Hipperson (c & H 1959 – 65) was elected Mayor of West Norfolk in May 2019, following a year as Deputy Mayor. Geoff has served as a borough councillor for 20 years.

Professor James Durrant FRS (W 1978 – 83) was awarded the Hughes Medal of the Royal Society in 2018. This medal, which is awarded biennially for an original discovery in the physical sciences, was bestowed on Jimmy in recognition of his “distinguished photochemical studies for the design of solar energy devices”.

Marcus Seaman (c & W 1983 – 90) runs The Brisley Bell, which was declared the Pub of the Year at the Eat Norfolk Food and Drink Awards in 2019. It was also named by *The Sunday Times* as being amongst the best places to stay in Britain, as well as being the overall Winner in the “Best for Rooms” category in Sawday’s Travel Guides “Best Pubs of 2020”.

Irenosen Okojie (Prep 1989 – 91) has won the AKO Caine prize for African writing for her short story about a Grace Jones impersonator with a dark secret. Judges for the prize called it “a radical story that plays with logic, time and place”, and praised it as “risky, dazzling, imaginative and bold”. She was elected a Fellow of The Royal Society of Literature in 2018, her writing having been published in *The New York Times*, *The Observer*, *The Guardian* and *The Huffington Post*.



Olivia Colman CBE (O 1990 – 92) won a Golden Globe in 2020 for Best Actress in a Television Series for her performance in the Netflix drama “The Crown”.



Rebecca Reynolds (O 1991 – 93) and her brother, **Ben** (k & H 1987 – 94) were crowned double winners at the Great British Entrepreneur Awards in 2020. Their firm Carousel Lights, a firm supplying decorative lighting and signage, won top place in the Creative Industries Entrepreneurs

of the Year South East and the Family Business Entrepreneurs of the Year South East. The siblings live in Surrey, Ben with his wife Kate and daughters Zola and Skylar, and Rebecca with her partner Henry and son James.

Lydia Blakeley (née Sturman) (E 1994 – 96) was awarded a Master of Fine Art (MFA) with Merit from Goldsmiths, University of London in 2019.



Richard Leman OBE (T 1992 – 97) was awarded an OBE in the 2018 Queen’s Birthday Honours for Services to Hockey. Richard is a double Olympic Medallist, having won a Bronze at the 1984 Olympics and a Gold at the 1988 Seoul Games. At the 1990 World Cup, Richard played his 106th England match, becoming the country’s most capped player in the process. He has also represented Great Britain 70 times and won 40 further caps for England in indoor internationals, eventually amassing a record 228 international appearances. As well as his two Olympic medals, he also won a 1986 World Cup Silver and a

European Bronze the following year. He served as the Great Britain Hockey President and an England Hockey Board member from 2007 – 17. During his tenure, Great Britain achieved their first Olympic medals in 20 years and the first ever women’s Olympic Gold at Rio 2016. He has gone on to represent hockey at the National Olympic Committee and was also elected a board member of the British Octopush Association, serving in that role for 10 years.

Duncan Baker MP (W 1993 – 98) was elected as Conservative Member of Parliament for North Norfolk at the 2019 General Election, achieving one of the highest swings to his party across the entire United Kingdom.

Sebastian Jefferies (k & T 1997 – 2005) was awarded a Distinction in his Postgraduate Certificate in Education (International) from the University of Nottingham in 2020.



Captain Harriet Bennett (c & B 2003 – 10) was crowned the Army Slalom ladies Champion in January 2020, finishing 3rd in the overall Army Alpine Championship after a close-fought competition. She went on to compete for the Army Alpine Ski Team against the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force at the Inter-Services contest held in Meribel, earning the coveted Army colours red jumper. Hattie is serving in the Royal Logistic Corps.

Nicholas Stromberg (F 2006 – 14) obtained a Distinction in his MA in History at Bristol University. He is currently working at the Centre for Sustainable Energy in that city.

Noah Horne-Morris (F 2008 – 14) graduated in 2019 with a 1st Class BA in Creative Musicianship Vocals at The Institute of Contemporary Music Performance, London.



Wenna Pei (O 2013 – 14) graduated in 2019 with a 1st Class BSc in Physics with Astrophysics from the University of Kent.

Hannah Schmidt-Wolf (B 2011 – 15) graduated in 2019 with a 1st Class BSc in Economics and Psychology from the University of St. Andrews.

Jade Munroe (O 2013 – 15) graduated in 2019 with a 1st Class MSc in Pharmacology from King's College, London.

Henry Coleman (H 2013 – 17) achieved a Starred First in History at Christ's College, Cambridge. He is one of the youngest students ever to achieve this accolade.

Amelie Thomas (c & E 2002 – 17) graduated in 2020 with a 1st Class BA in Primary Education from St. Mary's University, Twickenham.



Engagements, Marriages and Births

*We are delighted to announce these happy events.
It is assumed that when they are published in the press, or on social media,
OGs are willing for us to record them in the Magazine.*

Engagements

Juliette Peneva (O 1999 – 2003) is engaged to Matt Visnovsky.

William Mumby (k & W 1998 – 2004) is engaged to Caroline Strindlund.

Daniel Gilbert (T 2000 – 04) is engaged to Claire McAvoy.

Georgie Nicholson (c & E 1992 – 2006) is engaged to Joseph Haworth.

Tom Hawes (k & F 1995 – 2006) is engaged to Dr. Rachael Troughton.

Matthew Lacoste (k & H 1999 – 2006) is engaged to Cil Borlaza.

James Purdy (F 2001 – 06) is engaged to **Dainnah Liberman** (B 2011 – 13).

Tom Ingram (F 2001 – 09) is engaged to Leanne Mullineux.

Tom Mawson (k & F 2000 – 11) is engaged to Alice Higgins.

Jack Brewer (H 2006 – 11) is engaged to Caitlin O'Brien.

Christo Tracey (T 2009 – 11) is engaged to Katy Cole.

Alys Rowley (c & B 2004 – 12) is engaged on to Thomas Pocock.

Max Hunter (T 2006 – 13) is engaged to Clarice Burton.

Tom Denny (H 2010 – 13) is engaged to Sophie Coles.

Sebastian Dusonchet (T 2013 – 15) is engaged to Natalie Smith.

Marriages



Amity Manders (E 1991 – 96) married Werner Hefer in Woodbridge in August 2020.

Amy Dawson (c & e 1998 – 2005) married Paul Browning in London in December 2019.

Deaglan Hall (W 2004 – 06) married Charli Appleton at the Château de Falloux in France in 2019.

Olivia Purdy (c & E 2003 – 09) married Harry Walker in July 2016.

Laura Hammond (c & B 1999 – 2010) married **Tom Cross** (H 2005 – 10) in December 2019.

Births

Congratulations to **William Clarke** (H 1991 – 96) and Gemma on the birth of Indie Cooper Kennedy in May 2020.

Congratulations to **Anthea Ayache** (E 1992 – 96) and George on the birth of Eliana Rose Rabahie in November 2019.

Congratulations to **Woranon (Oum) Samakoses** (T 1994 – 99) and Ploypetra on the birth of twins Sainam and Sailom in September 2020.

Congratulations to **Charlotte Coventry (née Goff)** (O 1996 – 2001) and **Andrew** (S 2012 -) on the birth of Jack in April 2020.

Congratulations to **Louisa Oldham (née Peaver)** (c & E 1991 – 2002) and William on the birth of Rosanna Elizabeth Adelaide in August 2020.

Congratulations to **Francesca Shah (née Wilson)** (E 2000 – 02) and Neil on the birth of Ella Shanta in July 2020.

Congratulations to **Juliette Peneva** (O 1999 – 2003) and Matt Visnovsky on the birth of Ella Marie in June 2020.

Congratulations to **The Hon. Oliver Dannatt** (H 2001 – 03) and Chloe on the birth of Theodora Rose in May 2020.

Congratulations to **Alice Dovey (née Britten)** (c & O 1994 – 2004) and Lee on the birth of Sophia Grace in April 2020.

Congratulations to **Hannah Lacey (née Darby)** (c & O 1996 – 2004) and Tim on the birth of Eliza Frances Rose in May 2020.

Congratulations to **Reeda Ouzerdine** (T 1998 – 2004) and Sophie on the birth of Mia Evelyn in October 2019.

Congratulations to **Dr. Alice Cheyne (née Davies)** (E 1999 – 2004) and Rory on the birth of Beatrice Ottilie Alba in August 2020.

Congratulations to **Danny Giraud** (k & H 1991 – 2005) and Garam on the birth of Hani May in Seoul in October 2019.

Congratulations to **Charlotte Nusca (née Marriner)** (B 2000 – 05) and Carlo on the birth of Ava Isabella in April 2020.

Congratulations to **Georgie Todd (née Reid)** (B 2000 – 05) and James on the birth of twins Hamish Nicholas James and Astrid Elizabeth Nancy in February 2020.

Congratulations to **Sophie Ellingham** (B 2001 – 06) and Alex on the birth of Barkley Willoughby Daniels in May 2020.

Congratulations to **Olivia Walker (née Purdy)** (c & E 2003 – 09) and Harry on the births of Albert in March 2018 and Cecily in February 2020.

Congratulations to **Ruth Owen (née Myerscough)** (c & O 2000 – 09) and James on the birth of Eleanor Seren Elisabeth in February 2019.

Congratulations to **Claire Devitt (née Lawrence)** (B 2002 – 09) and Andrew on the birth of Jack Michael Roy.

Congratulations to **Laura (née Hammond)** (c & B 1999 – 2010) and **Tom Cross** (H 2005 – 10) on the birth of Freddie in March 2019.

OG News

No OG will have been unaffected by the Covid-19 pandemic, an event the like of which has not been experienced in most people's lifetimes. Many stories have emerged of the variety of ways in which Old Greshamians, together with current pupils and staff of the school, have risen to the occasion, finding personal coping mechanisms, fundraising for charities, providing equipment for the National Health Service and care homes, and offering practical support for key workers and local communities. The range of activities, and the number of Greshamians involved, is so large that it would be invidious to single out, and mention, only a few. Suffice it to say that the Gresham's community has reacted to the national and worldwide emergency in ways that are in the best traditions of the school, and reflect credit on everyone involved – Ed.

Henry Jones (W 1935 – 40) was invited, as a former Fleet Air Arm pilot, to RAF Marham and treated to a VIP tour of the F-35 Lightning, a 5th generation multi-role stealth fighter.

John Gillam (H 1944 – 48) lives in France and was thus prevented by the Covid-19 pandemic from visiting Norfolk this year, as is his wont. He writes that his connection with the school goes back to his great-grandfather, **Stephen Gillam** (Gresham's 1838 – 46), who was the son of a farmer and who himself became a farmer. Stephen's sister, Daisy, married Walter Pallett, a prosperous corn merchant in North Walsham. Walter Pallett was sent to Framlingham, but two of his brothers came to Gresham's. One, **Dr. William Horner Pallett** (Bengal Lodge 1902) only stayed two terms. He stayed long enough to play for the rugger 1st XV, but – sadly! – in January 1903 moved to Blair Lodge School at Falkirk in Scotland. He had heard of its reputation for science and, ambitious to go into medicine, thought its facilities superior to Gresham's, in spite of **J. R. Eccles'** (S & HM 1900 – 35) appointment as Science master by

the forward-looking **George Howson** (HM 1900 – 19). In the First World War, William served as a Captain in the RAMC in Mesopotamia, East Africa and India, later settling in Newcastle as a GP.

Anthony James (c, k & H 1945 – 51) was interested to read the article about "The Fake Parson", "**The Rev.**" **Robert Parkins** (S 1945), alias Robert Peters, in last year's OG Magazine. The reverend gentleman's Divinity lessons, says Anthony, "always proved interesting"! In his autograph book he has a signature from Parkins/Peters dated 1945, along with a Latin inscription: *In lumine tuo videbimus lumen*, a quotation from Psalm 36 v.9, which, being translated, means: "In thy light shall we see light".



'The Rev.' Mr. Parkins

George Birch (F 1950 – 53) is still grateful to **Alec Dyson** (S 1946 – 55) for getting him through his Latin ‘O’ Level! After leaving school, George joined the British South Africa Police (BSAP) in Rhodesia, thereafter attending Stanford and Berkeley Universities in the USA before working for Shell.



BSAP Queen's birthday parade

He then moved to Australia, working for BHP, stockbroking and entering Government service. He married an Australian girl and his children and grandchildren now live “down under”. After his wife died, he decided to retire to England and now lives in Tiverton, Devon.



David (next to HM) with L to R Tristan Philpott (S) and Luke Nash (W)

David Sadler (c & F 1946 – 56) has generously donated to the School Library a substantial collection of bird books, which will be a valuable source of reference for budding ornithologists. Whilst at school, David was encouraged in his interest in birds by **Dick Bagnall-Oakeley** (o & K 1918 – 27 & S 1931 – 1940 & 1945 – 1970), an enthusiasm that he maintains to this day. He recently visited Latvia and spotted two new species.



Dick Bagnall-Oakeley



Stephen Frears (F 1954 – 59) directed the acclaimed drama television serial “Quiz” which was screened on ITV in April.

Chris Masterman (k & H 1952 – 60) has brought out his sixth book, *The Convent Girl*. Set in the aftermath of the Second World War on Singapore, it tells of an English boy who meets an orphaned local girl.



Years later, he realises that on the first morning of meeting her, he had fallen in love with her. His subsequent journey leads him to Australia and an encounter with a man whose crimes inadvertently shaped all of their lives.

Tim Laskey (H 1955 – 60) is a fitness consultant, lifestyle advisor and personal trainer, specialising in personal development and natural health. He combines this with working as a horse and dog trainer.



Neville Stangroom (k & OSH 1954 – 62) writes with a résumé of his career since leaving school: “According to the name badge given to me at an OG reunion, I left Gresham’s in 1962, having arrived in the old Kenwyn in September 1954. I can’t say that these years were the happiest of my life, but, as time has passed, I realise how fortunate I was to have had the experience. For instance, my desire to travel was sparked by two trips organised by **Michael Hughes** (S 1960 – 79). Both trips were by ferry and train. We went to Moscow, Kiev and Sochi in 1961, passing through Berlin two weeks before the wall was completed. The following year we visited Venice and Greece.

Although many of my school friends have died over the years, I have been prompted to write this during my 76th year by the sudden passing, in quick succession, of three of my contemporaries: **Nick Leake** (OSH 1959–63), **Professor Peter Sinclair** (k & H 1957 – 63) and **Richard Guest** (k & OSH 1954 – 62). I feel Richard’s loss particularly acutely as he was the first new boy I met when I arrived. He was eight and I was nine, and we remained the best of friends until his death 66 years later on 28th March 2020. The two of us also remained good friends with **Jeanne Conley**, Kenwyn matron, who died in 2019.

On leaving school my first job was as a lowly-paid plantation assistant at East Malling Research Station in Kent. Our farm in Norfolk had a large acreage of top and soft fruit. My brother David was already at home managing the arable crops and I went to learn how to grow and manage fruit. I lived in digs in Maidstone and was lucky to meet a wonderful group of young people, both at work and socially at the local Youth Club, all of whom welcomed me. My workmates had come from many parts of the world to work at this prestigious establishment. I left after one year and then spent a year at Kent Horticultural Institute before returning home. Thirty-five years after leaving East Malling, the then Minister of Agriculture asked me to be a member of the Apple and Pear Research Council. This had been formed to recommend on which research projects the modest funds which were forthcoming from both growers and government were to be spent. I found this appointment very

stimulating for six years, mainly due to the input and friendship of other members, and the excellent chairmanship of Professor Sir Colin Spedding.

My brother and I quickly took over the management of the farm from my father and worked in a successful partnership for the next 40 years. As well as the arable crops, David was responsible for growing the mint, parsley and tarragon for Colman's. I looked after the apples, strawberries and blackcurrants with the invaluable help, for all 40 years, of John Nelson. We regularly produced between 800 and 1,000 tonnes of apples. In those days they were sold through agents on wholesale markets mainly in Edinburgh, Manchester, Hull and London. I was fortunate to deal with honest men on these markets and I used to enjoy the friendly banter over the phone, although prices were often disappointing. Strawberries, which we grew until the early 1980s, were produced mainly for canning and jamming. Our annual crop of 150 tonnes had to be harvested within three weeks during July, which required 150 pickers every day. These were all local inhabitants. I'm still approached by people who remind me that they bought their first bike, or some other treasured possession, with the money earned by picking our fruit. Blackcurrants were hand-picked until we bought our first mechanical harvester in the early 1970s. We're now on our third machine and sending 300 – 400 tonnes a year to Ribena.

Outside farming, I was a keen member of Fakenham Young Farmers Club and

became chairman of both the club and the county. In 1969 I was fortunate to be awarded the P&O Canberra Award. Together with five other young farmers from all over the UK, I cruised to Australia on board the *Oriana*, arriving after 28 days. I then stayed on different farms for a week or two each in my allocated states of Queensland and Tasmania. Our job was to help out on the farms where possible and give slide shows – Powerpoint presentations had not yet been invented – to local clubs and associations. Our trip lasted eight months.

Soon after returning home, I met my wife Di through the Young Farmers and we've been together ever since, although I think that the recent necessity for self-isolation has been a great relief to her. We both joined the local Operatic Society, another group where we were greeted with friendship from members, who came from all backgrounds and professions. I managed to play the lead in both "Half a Sixpence" and "Fiddler on the Roof", as well as smaller parts in other productions. For eight years I played the Pantomime dame. Oh yes, I did! In this role I usually had my friend **Andy Boesen** (W 1963 – 67) as my partner in crime. He and I also did the rounds of most village halls in Norfolk singing silly songs under the now legendary name of "The Fabulous Sugar Beats". We used to get several requests, but despite these we kept singing. I have enjoyed a long association with Holt RFC where, due to my sporting ineptitude, I was a founder member of each team, playing, eventually, for the 5ths. There I was able to

continue my treasured relationship with my old housemaster **John Williams** (S 1938 – 39 & 1945 – 73), whom I still miss.

In 1978 I was awarded a Nuffield Farming Scholarship and I returned to Australia and also visited New Zealand. Because of this we have farming friends around the world and have attended tours in those two countries as well as Canada and, notably, Zimbabwe, when farming was still operating efficiently. Our friends there have now all lost their farms and those who have remained are finding life extremely difficult.

In 2001 I suffered an aortic dissection. I was rushed to Papworth Hospital, where my life was saved by the wonderful surgeons and staff. I made a full recovery, but that year we suffered a disastrous hailstorm, followed by another the following season. We then decided to grub all the apple trees and, soon afterwards, I retired. So far no-one has noticed.”



Bill Studd (F 1957 – 60) and his wife Jenny met up with **Ruary Mackenzie Dodds** (H 1960 – 64) while Ruary and Kari were

stuck in New Zealand due to Covid-19. The connection was made through Bill and Jenny’s daughter Zoe, who is involved in outdoor education programmes for schools, and her fascination for creatures in the creeks led her to Ruary (“one of Britain’s greatest naturalists” – Chris Packham) and his dragonflies (see *Ruary’s fascinating letter in last year’s OG Magazine* – Ed.) (Ruary is, of course, Britain’s leading dragonfly



expert.) They have all been enjoying the recent book *Scholars, Saints and Sinners* (publ. Poppyland) (*again, see last year’s Magazine! Ed.*) by **Chris Armstrong** (c & F 1953 – 61). The picture shows Bill and Ruary in Bill’s 1929 A7 Tourer, which accompanied the Studds when they left Norfolk for New Zealand in 1961.

Michael Womack (k & F 1958 – 65) was, like Anthony James above, amused by the piece about “The Rev.” Robert Parkins in last year’s magazine. He suspects that Parkins/Peters was not the only fraudster to have been employed on the staff! **Willy Schoenherr** taught violin for a short period in the early 1960s and Michael seems to remember that he was unmasked as a bigamist, it having come to light that there existed another wife in Poland. In his final year Michael had German classes with “**The Rev.**” **Mr. Knights**, also ostensibly a member of the cloth. The latter was not cut out to be a schoolteacher, finding

it impossible to keep order with classes of any size. The reverend gentleman's passion, Michael recalls, was "Delphic theological works". Mr. Knights left after a short spell, amid rumours that his ecclesiastical title was his own invention. (*The Professor & The Parson* by Adam Sisman, publ. 2019 by Profile Books, gives a fascinating account of how Logie Bruce-Lockhart was still having to deal with the aftermath of Parkins' misdemeanours many years later – Ed.)



Professor John Redmond (W & T 1960 – 65) has recently concluded his appointment as Dean of the Faculty of Architecture, Design & Planning at the University of Sydney, and is taking up a professorial role in industrial design in the Faculty. It marks the conclusion of 30 years of leadership and development roles in universities, starting with founding industrial design at the University of New South Wales in the 1980s, followed by 16

years at Monash University, first founding, and then being appointed Foundation Dean of, the Faculty of Art, Design & Architecture. This was in turn followed by the challenge of re-developing Australia's first university architecture school – the Faculty of Architecture, Design & Planning at the University of Sydney.

John was part of a group at Gresham's in the early to mid-60s which included **Simon Conder** (T 1961 – 65), the retrospective exhibition of whose Architecture was reported in the 2017 *Old Greshamian Magazine*. John still sees Simon most years and has also seen **Sir James Dyson OM CBE FRS** (OSH 1956 – 65) during a couple of his Australian visits, as well as a number of others, mostly in Tallis. He remembers being invigorated by the move from the very traditional Woodlands to the almost radical new house, Tallis, with **John Coleridge** (S 1952 – 85) as housemaster – a house which seemed to bring together many pupils who were interested in the arts, design and architecture and who, with John's encouragement, supported and energised each other in what was then a somewhat unsupported area elsewhere in the School. He does confess to choosing two A Levels whose timetables clashed, so that he could spend more time in the Handicraft Workshops (or "Scruff Shacks"), designing furniture. By his own admission, he was not a very academic pupil and needed the learning modes of design to really come alive and to thrive educationally.

Gresham's was followed by four years of industrial design at the Central School

of Art & Design, and three years of postgraduate work in environmental design at the Royal College of Art. His career has included: major industry-based research projects at UNSW, winning Australian Design Awards, developing the radical new integrated engineering/marketing/industrial design Bachelors course, and the first Masters course in industrial design in Australia, at UNSW, founding the Faculty at Monash, being involved in starting its international campuses in South Africa and Malaysia and centres in Italy and London, creating the first new Architecture programme in Australia in 30 years, developing the first “discovery”-based PhD programmes in design, art and Architecture in Australia, redeveloping and integrating the Monash University Museum of Art into the University’s academic and engagement activities, in a campus complex of architectural award-winning buildings whose development he oversaw, establishing the Monash Estates Committee with the Chancellor to transform the quality of the Monash Campuses in Australia and internationally.

After the “art school” base of the Faculty at Monash, his last major leadership challenge was at Sydney, to integrate and develop a very diverse group of built environment disciplines and professions into a Faculty (now a University School) with a common aspiration and focus. During his eight years as Dean, his department achieved QS Global Rankings in Architecture/Built Environment at the No. 1 rank in Australia and the No. 15 rank globally.

In his return to a traditional academic role, he is seeking to clarify, and elaborate, the nature, and mode, of discovery-based research in design and architecture PhD programmes, in which the focus is on research in the core of architecture and design using their creative methodologies. Simultaneously he is developing a new design paradigm for medium-size yachts in hot climates – like that of Australia – which responds to how yachts are actually used in such climates, rather than having to accept the compromises of the generally cold climate paradigm that dominates yacht design globally. To assist this project, he occasionally manages to sail his 30 year-old Philippe Starck/Jean Buffet-designed Beneteau on Sydney harbour.

John Youngs (OSH 1966 – 70), **George Cheney** (OSH 1969 – 70) and **John Laurie** (OSH 1966 – 71) had a mini-OSH reunion at the school in 2019.



L to R: John Youngs, George Cheney and John Laurie

George says that his fondest memory of **Logie Bruce-Lockhart** (HM 1955 – 82) was of the Headmaster stretched out prone on a sunny summer’s day in 1969,

discussing his further education and university plans. These had originally been to gain entry to an Ivy League university following his year at Gresham's. However, the Vietnam war was in full swing at that time, and one either attended college, or was "drafted". Logie suggested that George apply to the University of East Anglia. This he duly did, and took his degree there. "To say that Logie had a tremendous impact upon my education and future would be an understatement."

Anthony Hudson (T 1968 – 72) and his team at Hudson Architects beat 30 entrants across Europe to win the sustainability category at this year's RegioStars Awards in Brussels. These awards are an annual competition, organised by the European Commission's Directorate General for Regional and Urban Policy, aimed at identifying good practice in regional development and highlighting innovative, EU-funded projects.

William Mack (F 1973 – 76) won the Holt Farmers' Club supreme barley trophy in 2019 for the third year running.



William Mack with silverware

Dan Lacey (k & W 1977 – 84) helped out a good friend with the sales and marketing for a local brewery in early 2018. Reaching out to pubs and farm shops around Norfolk, it quickly became apparent that this service of helping small local producers distribute their product to local outlets could be expanded to multiple companies. It was on Norfolk Day 2018 that The Norfolk Hub was launched and it has now grown to provide sales and distribution across the entire county, reaching as far as Suffolk and Cambridgeshire, with over 20 producers of craft beer, cider, gin, whisky, rum and liqueurs, supplying to over 300 customers across the region.

Dan is also delighted to have within The Norfolk Hub producer team three Old Greshamians, who run and operate Malt Coast Brewery (**Bruin Maufe**, k & H 1993 – 2002 and **Max Maufe**, k & H 1995 – 2004), Archangel Distillery (**Tony Pointer**, T 1979 – 84) and The English Whisky Company (**Andrew Nelstrop**, H 1985 – 89). In light of the current situation, The Norfolk Hub is evolving the current business model from predominantly sales and distribution to also offering an online proposition to online consumers. Additionally, they will be targeting the local holiday cottage sector to offer Norfolk drinks products to be waiting for holiday-makers on arrival at their destination.

Andrew Fison (F 1979 – 84) ran a multi-million dollar entertainment complex for fifteen years, and is now running his own DJ and wedding service in Beaumont, Texas.

DID YOU KNOW

**SOME OF NORFOLK'S FINEST
CRAFT BEER, GIN AND WHISKY
ARE BREWED AND DISTILLED BY
OLD GRESHAMIANS?**

Visit our website for more details and use the code **TNHOG2020** for special OG discounts on some of Norfolk's finest products.

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THE NORFOLK

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Chris Cushing

Christopher Cushing (c & H 1974 – 85) has been appointed Leader of the Conservative group on North Norfolk District Council, in succession to **Duncan Baker MP** (W 1993 – 98) following the latter’s election to Parliament.

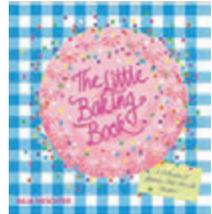
Mark Buckingham (F 1981 – 86 & S 1995 – 2010), has been harvesting the first crop of Ribena berries bred to cope with the impact of climate change – the culmination of more than 20 years of research.



Eliza Miller (née Hill) (O 1985 – 87) teaches Speech and Drama, both at Gresham’s and privately, and has written “a little poem” for her “rock steady convent crew”! Her drama website is: www.wordsandverse.co.uk.

From age nine to eighteen we shared our tales
Through resounding successes and epic fails -
Four girls making up a giggling team
Of good convent girls - or so it seemed!
Jesus sandals and feminine noise
Was replaced at Gresham’s with booze and boys
Rest assured, some work was done -
But the rest was a whole heap of wholesome fun!
After exams we parted ways,
Soon months and years replaced hours and days
But all through this time we were never alone -
Knowing one or the other was at the end of the phone.
Now in our fifties and contented mothers
To boys and girls, sisters and brothers
We connect again and then once more
We become the team we were before.

Julia Meschter (née Barsby) (O 1985 – 87) has published her latest book, *The Little Baking Book*, a collection of “yummy, kid-friendly recipes”!



Julia, a former Nike designer, lives with her husband and three children in Portland, Oregon.



Andrew Nelstrop (H 1985 – 89) was delighted to announce that his “balanced and rich” single malt whisky, “The English Smokey Virgin”, was awarded “Best English Single Malt” at the World Whiskies Awards 2020. St. George’s Distillery is England’s oldest whisky distillery and is family owned and run. Andrew said that



in one of the toughest times the nation has had to face, the award had been wonderful news for everyone at St. George's Distillery. A photograph of Andrew and his wife, Katy, raising

two celebratory glasses at the distillery appeared in the Business Section of *The Daily Telegraph* in June.

Kieran Tuck (c & F 1982 – 91) has been appointed Business Manager with Norwich City's Academy.

Dr. Jan Jansen (W 1989 – 91) has had a distinguished medical, academic and military career. He writes: I was a consultant in general surgery and intensive care medicine in Aberdeen from 2008 until 2017. I had been in the reserve forces (initially the Parachute Regiment, later Parachute Medical Squadron) since medical school, and completed two tours in Afghanistan, in 2008 and 2010 (OP HERRICK 8 and 13). I was awarded a Queen's Commendation for Valuable Service for my 2008 deployment.

My main interest had always been trauma care. Following my deployments, I became interested in trauma research, and was awarded an NHS Research Scotland fellowship, to conduct work into the configuration of the Scottish Trauma Network. I also completed a PhD, part-time, at the University of Aberdeen. I was affiliated with the Health Services

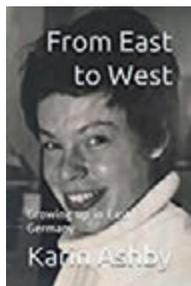
Research Unit, and had a major clinical trial funded by the National Institute for Health Research.

With my focus on trauma care, I had always been interested in a move to the United States. There is more trauma here than in the UK, and larger trauma centres. However, moving across the Atlantic as a doctor is not straightforward. I was therefore very fortunate, in 2017, to be offered a position as a trauma surgeon and associate professor at the University of Alabama at Birmingham (UAB).

UAB is one of the busiest level I trauma centres in the United States. We see more than 5,000 patients per year, around a quarter of them severely injured, and about 800 with gunshot wounds. I direct UAB's Centre for Injury Science, a clinical trials and research unit, with about 25 staff, that conducts research into innovations in trauma care. I am also the associate vice chair for clinical trials for the department of surgery. I am particularly interested in innovative trial designs and Bayesian analyses.

I spend my spare time with my wife and three children, and skydiving. I did my first parachute jump as a Private in the Parachute Regiment, in my early twenties, and took up skydiving when I moved over here. The weather in Alabama is usually good, so we can jump all year round. I currently hold a "C" licence, and I am a coach, which allows me to assist students who have completed their initial training to obtain their "A" licence.

Nicholas Acheson (W 1987 – 92) is Norfolk Wildlife Trust's Wildlife Ambassador.



Keith Ashby (S 1965 – 93) mentions that his wife, Karen, has written a book, *From East to West*, recounting her experiences growing up under the final years of Nazi rule and then Communist dictatorship in East Germany. It was published in June this year and is obtainable from Amazon at £4.36.

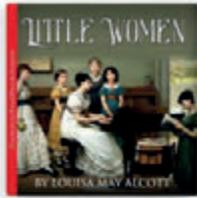
Oliver Woodhead (OSH & H 1989 – 94) graduated from Southampton University with a degree in Philosophy. He went on to work in junior and then senior sales roles for a number of businesses, including Xerox and Vodafone, up until 2013, when he completed an MBA and then moved into senior commercial leadership roles within professional services, and for the last four years as the Commercial Director for the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors. He has now moved to an innovative and well-established management consultancy specialising in change management, called The Storytellers, to work with the Chief Executive as part of the executive team to develop and grow the business. He lives in Kent, is married to Donna (whom he met at university) and has two children, Lucia and Joseph.

Toby Sutton (T 1989 – 94) is co-founder and COO of Scanning Pens Group. He

has taken the business from a budding idea between friends to a flourishing, internationally recognised organisation. Scanning Pens is now a multi-million-pound company with offices in four different continents, over 100 employees, and awards in multiple categories, the biggest award being the BETT 2020 Company of the Year. Scanning Pens has been able to help hundreds of thousands of learners with support to overcome their reading difficulties. When he is not working, Toby enjoys implementing a different kind of strategy while playing his favourite board game, Risk, or playing cricket (he modestly says “extremely badly”) for his local village cricket club. He lives in Wiltshire, has two children and – lucky man – a “superstar” wife (his description!).

Adam Griffin (k & W 1984 – 95) runs the independent record label “Perfect Havoc”, which achieved Number 1 on the official chart with Joel Corry and MNEK “Head & Heart” in July, thus making Perfect Havoc the first Independent No.1 of 2020. This was their third Top Ten single in a row.

Chris Wright (W 1991 – 96) has been appointed Acting Head of Prep. and Pre-Prep. at Duke of Kent School in the Surrey hills. Alongside his teaching, he continues to draw (www.cwright.co.uk) and plays hockey regularly for Cranleigh Men's Firsts. Along with his wife **Rebecca (née Collett)** (B 1996 – 98) and their two sons, Patrick and Ben, he has been rowing (“virtually” – on a rowing machine!) from Cranleigh to Nice in aid of Macmillan Cancer Support.



Little Women
Narrated by Anthea Ayache
Louisa May Alcott



5.0 (10)



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WANT TO READ

PREVIEW

Anthea Ayache (E 1992 – 96) has recorded her first audiobook, *Little Women* by Louisa May Alcott. It has received excellent ratings across the audiobook board, the Apple Books review c o m m e n t i n g

approvingly on “voice actress Anthea Ayache’s subtle British accent...(that feels comforting in just the right way”!



Louise Simpson (S 1992 – 96) has been appointed Head of Exeter School. After leaving Gresham’s, where she was Edinburgh House Tutor and a member of the Biology staff, Louise moved to Ratcliffe College and then King’s School, Rochester. In 2009 she was appointed Senior Deputy Head at Brighton College, working under both Sir Anthony Seldon and then Richard Cairns. In 2010 she

became Head at Bromley High School, a school for 900 girls, before re-locating to St. Paul’s School, São Paulo, Brazil, in 2014.

Helen Curl (c & E 1994 – 2001) works as PA to the CEO and MD of Phantom Music Management, who, among others, manage the heavy metal band Iron Maiden. Part of her job entails running “The Truants”, the charity arm of the band’s work, and to this end they have so far raised over £3m for children’s charities.



Martha Castet-Tovey (S 1987 – 2001) has a painting by **Stuart Webster** (S 1945 – 71) that she thinks may be result of a light-hearted rivalry between him and his colleague **Stuart Dodd** (S 1939 – 70), Head of Modern Languages, who was also a fine, albeit amateur, watercolourist. Apparently it is thought that the two artists produced, in successive years, paintings to go on Christmas cards that they sent to their friends. Martha believes that hers is one of these, and wonders if any other OGs were in possession of similar paintings – hers measures about 7¼ in. by 5¼ in.

Tom Appleton (T 1997 – 2002) has been appointed Music Director of the Aldeburgh Music Club. Set up in 1952 by Benjamin Britten (**Baron Britten of Aldeburgh OM CH**, F 1928 – 30), the club is an un-auditioned choir and serves as the choral society for Aldeburgh and the surrounding area, performing major choral works in Snape Maltings and Orford Church. Tom would be delighted to welcome any OGs in the area who like a good sing, once the current difficulties are over.



Tom Appleton

Tiffany Youngs (née Sands) (B 1999 – 2004) has launched a new wellness brand, Roots Wellness. Six years ago, and eighteen months after the birth of her daughter Maisi, Tiff, who is married to **Tom Youngs** (k & T 1995 – 2004) was diagnosed with Hodgkins Lymphoma. Four years later, she was given just four weeks to live. Ten months after that diagnosis, she was declared cancer free. The moving story of her gruelling treatment, numerous setbacks, and the huge emotional and physical strain to which she and her family were subjected can be read at: [https://](https://www.roots-wellness.co.uk/pages/tiffs-story)

www.roots-wellness.co.uk/pages/tiffs-story. Throughout this ordeal, her courage, and the love and support of her family, shine through. Details of her brand are to be found at <https://www.roots-wellness.co.uk/>.



Tiff

Ben Youngs (k & T 1996 – 2005) made his 250th appearance for Leicester Tigers at Welford Road against Northampton Saints in their annual East Midlands Derby.





Kim Morrison (c & B 1992 – 2006) found that all her scheduled races were cancelled due to Covid-19, so instead she raised more than £2,200 for the Great Ormond Street Hospital's children's charity, completing a round-Norfolk marathon in 2 hours, 59 minutes and 23 seconds.

Kyle Monk (k & H 1998 – 2006) is Head of Insight and Analytics at British Retail Consortium. He was interviewed in April on ITV News to seek his views on the effect of the "lockdown" on British retail business.



Samuel Chan (k & F 1998 – 2007) runs Britannia Studylink, one of Hong Kong's busiest and fastest-growing start-up companies. Established in 2013,

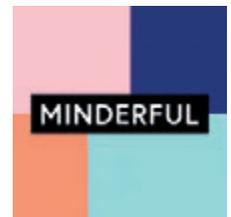
the firm has won numerous awards, including Hong Kong Brand Development



Council's 2017 Top Service Brand Award, as well as the 2019 Premier Hong Kong Brand Award, becoming the first education centre to achieve this. After taking degrees at the Universities of Nottingham and Warwick, Sam decided to start an educational consultancy that specialises in matching individual children to particular schools, paying particular attention to dealing with topics that were often not considered, such as the need to look beyond league tables, and what questions to ask when considering potential establishments. Britannia Studylink now has two offices in Hong Kong working to send 800 pupils to Britain each year, making up almost half of the Hong Kong market. It also has an international branch in Malaysia.

Dr. Nicholas Prior

(k & T 1998 – 2007) has recently funded and co-founded, with two friends, a small tech start up called Minderful



(www.minderful.com), that provides a mental fitness platform for users. All three founders had very different experiences of mental fitness, Nick himself being a doctor specialising in mental health. Their joint experience, paired with a desire to help, made them want to do something that would make mental fitness accessible to everyone.

Oliver Boesen (T 1999 – 2007) has launched his new business, Nought, which makes everyday reusable products – water bottles, coffee cups and lunchboxes – to replace disposable plastics. The products are made from sustainable materials like bamboo, organic cotton and stainless steel, with a particular focus on clean, simple design.



Charlotte Carroll (c & E 2001 – 07) has produced a documentary film, “A Youth”, the winning entry at this year’s Aspen short film festival. After leaving Gresham’s, Charlotte went on to study at LAMDA and the Lee Strasberg Theatre and Film Institute.

Olivia Walker (née Purdy) (c & E 2003 – 09) is Head of History at a London academy. Being on maternity leave has fortuitously spared her having to grapple with some of the problems of remote teaching.

Shula Subramaniam (c & O 1993 – 2009) contacted her erstwhile Classical

Civilisation teacher, **Gareth Burnell** (S 2004 –), requesting his services to play the role of Zeus (typecasting at its most obvious, Gareth having previously intoned the voice of God in a school performance of Britten’s “Noye’s Fludde”)! On leaving Gresham’s, Shula studied for a BA in Fine Art and Art History, before, inspired by her A Level and the school trip to Greece in 2005, progressing to an MA in Reception to the Classical World. She now works as an assistant producer for the presenter of numerous television programmes on the ancient classical world, Dr. Bettany Hughes. Their latest BBC4 series revisits the favourite Greek myths.



Chronos devouring a son,
by Rubens



Shula and Gareth

It turned out that Gareth was required not for Zeus, but Chronos (delete typecasting), and eating his babies at that: “I am still picking the ham out of my teeth!” he says. “I hope that bit won’t make the cut. But it was lovely to see Shula again, and very gratifying that she got the bug at Gresham’s.”



Polly Quick (E 2003 – 09) has set up a new artisan bakery, appropriately named Siding Yard, in part of the old railway station complex at Melton Constable.

Alex Wallace (née Paske) (E 2004 – 09), founder of sports charity Mintridge and a former *Sunday Times* Sportswoman of the Year, was interviewed in *The Times* in November, explaining how asking elite athletes to mentor students has proved a winning formula.

Jamie Wright (F 2005 – 09) is a member, as baritone and “vocal percussionist” of the The Swingles, the modern descendant



The Swingles; Jamie seated front right

of the world-famous and multiple Grammy Award-winning Swingle Singers, first formed in 1963. After leaving the Royal Academy of Music, Jamie worked with Gareth Malone as an arranger and vocal coach for Gareth’s shows “The Naked Choir” and “Gareth’s Best in Britain”. He later joined Gareth’s choir “Voices” for a UK tour and subsequent recordings. As a singer and conductor Jamie’s projects have included: soloist/ensemble in a production of “All the Angels” at the Sam Wanamaker Playhouse at Shakespeare’s Globe, conductor of London Youth Choir Cambiata Boys Choir and Billericay Choral Society, bass at the Tower of London Chapels Royal, and numerous film and TV recordings with The Eric Whitacre Singers, Audio Network and London Voices. Apart from his work with The Swingles, Jamie leads workshops for all ages exploring multiple genres, and has worked with Britten Sinfonia, Garsington Opera, Welsh National Opera, The National Youth Choirs of Great Britain and The Sixteen. Recently he has also developed his own music theory app, Muso.



Dr. Gesa Göttgens (O 2007 – 09) has joined the paediatric clinic team in Mönchengladbach.



Dr. Camilla Foster (c & E 2000 – 10) has completed her studies at Leeds Dental Institute and is now a fully qualified dental surgeon.

Captain Matthew Purdy (F 2005 – 10) and **Chloe Evans** (O 2001 – 12) have been selected to join the training squad for the GB Rifle Team tour to USA and Canada in 2021. Nigel Ball (former Shooting Master) is also in the group.

Izzi Rainey (O 2005 – 10) has set up a mobile post office scheme, operating out of the village store in Guist, near



Dereham. In a part of the country that is not always well served by public transport, this is proving a valuable asset to isolated communities in the area.

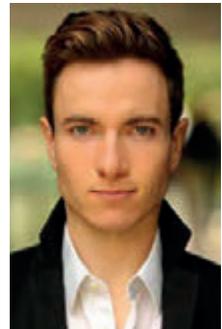
While continuing to run her design company in tandem with **Lara Mullis** (c & E 2000 – 10), Izzy maintains a herd of Highland and Lincoln Red cattle and has launched a “beef box” scheme, aimed at building a closer relationship with consumers who are sometimes presented with negative media portrayals of farming.

Marie Worrall (E 2008 – 10) is on the teaching staff at Greatfields School, Barking.



Bryony Shipsey (E 2008 – 10) is an Intermediate Ambulance Practitioner, working on the front line with her father, who is a paramedic.

George Howard (W 2008 – 10) has been cast as the Clerk of the Court in the London County Hall 2019 production of Agatha Christie’s courtroom drama *Witness for the Prosecution*.



Harry Taylor (k & H 2012 – 19) competed in the 100m at the Müller British Athletics championships in Manchester in September 2020. Racing against an Olympian and British champion, he was only 0.1 seconds off from making the semi-finals.

Henry Howard (k & W 1997 – 2011) and **Captain Hattie Bennett** (B 2003 – 10) were selected for the England Lions rifle training squad for 2020, although the year's activities have subsequently been disrupted due to the pandemic.

Pia English (E 2006 – 11) has been working in a water supply project involving spending time in Rwanda and Uganda.

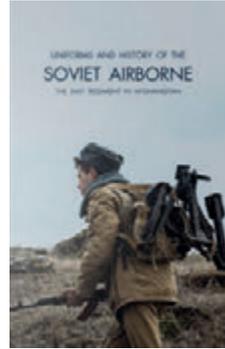
Ves Ivanov (T 2009 – 11) is Assistant Headmaster at a school in Zambia.

Fraser Muir (k & H 2003 – 12) is an Attorney at Law and was sworn into the California Bar at Oakland Federal Courthouse.

Nathan Lomax (k & T 2006 – 12) is Area Chairman of the Sheringham and Cromer Round Table and Round Table Area 6.

Ben Beckett (H 2007 – 12) joined the Bury St. Edmunds team of the investment manager J. M. Finn in 2016, after graduating with an MA in Economic History from Edinburgh University. He has since passed the Chartered Wealth Manager qualification of the Chartered Institute for Securities and investment, obtaining the highest mark in his year.

Vladyslav Besedovskyy (H 2007 – 12) has written a book *Uniforms and History of the Soviet Airborne: the 345th Regiment in Afghanistan* (Safar Publishing, 2020).



Vlad's book illustrates the progression of the conflict and tracks the development and application of Soviet uniforms and equipment from 1979 to 1989. Authentic practices and variations are

exhibited in detail, while accompanying texts simultaneously narrate the minutiae of soldiers' lives in relation to the broader history of the 40th Army. The book is intended to provide an invaluable reference to anyone with an interest in the Soviet Army or the Soviet Intervention in Afghanistan.

Ben Rossi

(W 2010 – 12) has launched One Bag Co., a contemporary bag brand, built on the idea that for every bag



sold, a schoolbag equipped with essential learning materials is donated to a child in need. More information about this socially conscious brand is available on www.onebagcompany.com, or one can follow on Facebook and Instagram [@onebagcompany](https://www.instagram.com/onebagcompany). A discount code for OGs is applicable: OGCLUB15.



Ryan Ordish (k & W 2005 – 13) set himself a challenge to run 180 miles across Norfolk in five days, raising money to send four children in India to school. He has already been supporting three girls for the past two years, and the money raised will allow him to increase this number to four.



Sub Lieutenant Clare Mawson RN (c & B 2003 – 14) was selected to be a member of the GB Rifle Team for their visit to Canada in 2020. By way of contrast, she has taken up boxing, and has represented her ship in that sport!

Ellioté Long (c & E 2007 – 14) is an advocacy and women's rights volunteer at Amnesty International UK.

Alicia Stark (O 2009 – 14) is working as a private chef.

2nd Lieutenant Michael Thomas (T 2009 – 14) has been commissioned into The Royal Welsh.

Dr. Constance Osborne (E 2012 – 14) has qualified as MBBS, BSc (Hons), AFHEA.

Esmé Haywood

(c & E 2006 – 15) of Brasenose College was selected to play for Oxford University RFC in the Varsity



Rugby Match at Twickenham in December 2019. It was available to watch on ITV4 and was the first women's rugby varsity match to be televised live.

William Faye (W 2010 – 15) has been undertaking officer training at the RMA Sandhurst.

Tom Dowd (T 2010 – 15) graduated in 2018 and is now pursuing a career in data science.

Emma Dugdale (E 2011 – 16) has obtained a History and International Relations degree at Loughborough and is now proceeding to the University of Amsterdam to study Conflict Resolution and Governance.

Sally Garner (B 2011 – 16) has joined the Disney Cruise Line entertainment team.

Alice Laycock (c & O 2005 – 17) began her BA in Interior Design in September 2018, since when she has worked on a vast array of projects, including temporary architectural installations, furniture design briefs, and remodelling and restorative work – specifically the repurposing of a deconsecrated church. She has learnt to use traditional and contemporary drafting and visualisation methods, from creating professional technical drawings by hand on a drawing board to utilising CAD software to digitally model her design solutions and produce photorealistic renders. She has also undertaken collaborative projects with Fashion Design, FCP (Fashion Communication and Promotion) and Photography students, as well as a significant freelance job during Spring 2020. Her dissertation will focus on the

environmental and stylistic implications of mass-produced furniture, and her final year project will be based on the restoration of an as yet undecided historic building. She is also Editor in Chief of the NUA magazine *Storehouse*, one of the last remaining independent student magazines in the country. Three departments of students (Editorial, Promotion, and Content) work to create the magazine, which is published biannually, featuring work submitted by students of all courses. Thousands of copies circulate the NUA campus and many are given to local businesses in Norwich and the wider creative community. Alice had not expected to study in an arts university while taking three “traditional” academic A Levels at Gresham’s, but she feels fortunate to have ended up at NUA. The creative community has led her to take part in projects and creative ventures that she would not at all have foreseen herself doing when she left school (illustrated nicely by a photo of herself holding various fruits as part of a modelling job for an FCP student last summer!).



William Dugdale (k & H 2008 – 17) decided to take some time out before university to learn a new skill and fulfil a dream of becoming an RYA Yachtmaster in Australia. Before travelling down under, he worked in a kitchen, a boatyard and as a gardener to raise money to travel.

Ferdinand Lösch (T 2015 – 17) has created an iOS app, “Colorful Memories”, which turns old black and white photographs to their original colour in seconds: App Store Colorful Memories 4+.

Rufus Fox (k & T 2010 – 17) is the JCR Publications Representative at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he is reading Chinese. He is also the co-producer of the College's first podcast, Pembcast.



Blue Wilson

(E 2013 – 18)
plays midfield for Ipswich Town FC. She started her career at the Essex RTC, where she was coached

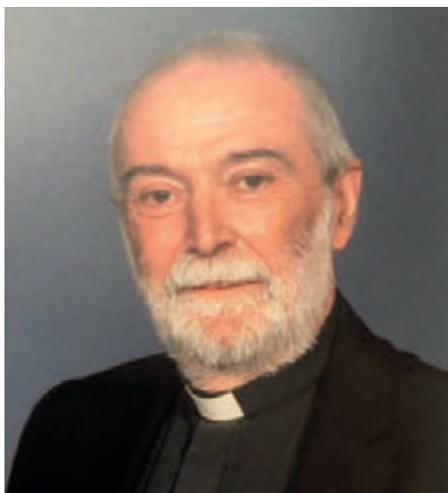
by the Town boss, Joe Sheehan. She then joined Manchester City in the summer of 2018, and was an integral part of their U21 setup, before injury disrupted her 2018/19 campaign. After one season in Manchester, she decided to seek a change and signed for Ipswich Town in June 2019. Blue has become a “key member of the Town squad” and “has impressed with her dominant midfield displays”. She is also a regular at international level, captaining England at both U15 and U16 levels, and was part of the young Lionesses’ squad for their U17 European Championships qualifying campaign. Latterly, she has been called up for a number of England U18 camps.

Ash Faire-Ring (k & F 2012 – 19) has been working as a deckhand in St. Tropez, prior to applying to join the Royal Navy. In his spare time, he has begun to restore *Growler*, a 34ft Thames sailing barge dating from 1922, the ambitious project being funded by sponsorship and fundraising activities.



The “Growler”

The Rev. Bryan Roberts (S 2000 – 20) retired this year, having become the longest-serving chaplain at Gresham’s. His successor is the **Rev. Jack Banford**, previously curate at St. Michael’s church, Aylsham.



Dominic Atkinson (S 2009 –) has won the Boarding Schools’ Association Fellowship Award 2020. This gives an experienced senior member of the boarding community the opportunity to undertake a unique research opportunity. Dominic is Assistant



Head (Co-Curricular) and Housemaster of Farfield. His topic is “How schools manage and make co-curricular provision effective and meaningful in the 21st century boarding school”.

The findings will be delivered at the 2021 Annual Conference for Deputy Heads.



Dick in the classroom

The late **Dick Bagnall-Oakeley** (o & K 1918 – 27 & S 1931 – 1940 & 1945 – 1970) was the subject of an affectionate memoir by Keith Skipper in the *Eastern Daily Press* in May 2020.

Mr. Skipper writes: Richard Percival Bagnall-Oakeley, simply known as Dick to family, friends and countless admirers, was one of Norfolk’s most talented characters of the 20th century.

Dick spent about half his life at Gresham’s, as pupil and mentor. He was asked to hold the fort for a fortnight as Geography teacher. He accepted that invitation – and stayed for rest of his career, a kind of benevolent Pied Piper followed around by constant queries, mainly concerned with nature, from wide-eyed disciples.

Dick was bilingual, equally at home with orthodox speech and our broad local tongue, a facility which helped him get on with folk from all walks of life. There was no hint of mockery or patronising as he unleashed a torrent of Norfolk stories as raconteur, after-dinner speaker and broadcaster.

He represented the county at hockey and athletics as well as rifle shooting. He made himself an authority on migrant birds in North Norfolk and an expert at capturing all wildlife and plant life on film. Enlightening yet humorous natural history talks on television and at lectures throughout the region made him one of the most popular and instantly recognisable figures of his time.

Dick collapsed and died at 65 at the wheel of his car in April 1974, while driving to Inverness soon after retirement from Gresham’s. He was due to give a talk on ornithology. A key part of the Bagnall-Oakeley legacy shone through his old school when I was invited to give a talk about our dialect and humour a few terms ago. Three pupils combined to present a polished version of The Singing Postman’s “Hev Yew Gotta Laight, Boy?” I could hear Dick applauding behind the blackboard.



Benson taking the passing out parade at Sandhurst

“Benson”

30th March 2008 – 30th October 2019

Captain Colin Scoles MBE (SSI 1998 – 2020) has provided the following obituary of a well-known canine member of the school community:

Benson was a “local lad” and came to Gresham’s School in May 2008 and was employed (unpaid) as the Combined Cadet Force’s and Gresham’s Rifle Club (GRC) mascot. It was only later that he was taken to the school’s heart and became the unofficial school mascot.

School duties, apart from the odd unannounced visit to classrooms, included greeting visitors in reception, making all hockey and rugby supporters welcome, design testing for CDT and modelling for the Art department. His CCF duties included accompanying the cadets on D of E expeditions, military training exercises, flying and anything to do with water-based activities, in which, being a Labrador, he excelled.

Every year Benson spent six weeks at the National Rifle Association ranges in Surrey with the GRC, and on more than one occasion could be heard snoring on the firing point. It was in 2009 that the Shooting Master, **Freddie Grounds** (S 2005 –), came up with the idea of changing the Shooting calendar to the “Benson Calendar”, and over the following ten years he raised £10,000 for two service charities (Help for Heroes and Walking with the Wounded).

He also raised money for the service charities by siring puppies; a combination of that and the sale of his calendars, not forgetting his wonderful character, gave him friends and admirers worldwide. To quote the Headmaster, “He lives on in every black Labrador born in Norfolk in the last ten years”!



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A Grisly Relic

In Norwich Castle Museum (though not on public display) a gruesome item bears witness to a violent episode involving an early OG. The mummified hand shown in the picture belonged to **Sir John Heydon** (Gresham's 1573 – ?) (born c.1561), a scion of the extended family of that name who were seated at Baconsthorpe Castle, near Holt. He seems to have been a hotheaded, rash and not entirely trustworthy character, albeit a bold and determined one.



Baconsthorpe Castle

The School Register notes that Sir John was the son of William Heydon JP, of Wroxham, and attended Caius College, Cambridge, after leaving Gresham's. The younger brother of Sir Christopher Heydon, a renowned writer on astrology, Sir John took part in the Earl of Essex's ill-fated 1599 expedition to pacify Ireland, and was knighted by the Earl himself while they were on campaign, permission to grant this honour having, unusually, been granted to Essex by the Queen. A few years earlier, in 1596, at the capture of Cadiz, Essex, at that time the Queen's favourite, had also knighted Sir Robert Mansfield



The storming of Cadiz in 1596



The 2nd Earl of Essex, c.1596

(or Mansell), who was later to be responsible for the mutilation of Sir John, at the same time bestowing the same honour on Sir John's older brother, **Sir Christopher Heydon** (whose name does not appear in the School Register, although one account of his life states that he did in fact attend Gresham's).

A note accompanying the noisome exhibit in Norwich Castle Museum states:

Left hand of Sir John Heydon, severed in a duel fought with Sir Robert Mansfield near Norwich, January 1600; naturally mummified; cut diagonally across palm from little finger towards wrist, skin missing from back of hand; some insect holes.

This tallies with the entry in the School Register, which reads:

About 1599 he was engaged in a desperate duel with Sir John Mansfield near Norwich in which he lost his left hand. This is preserved in the museum at Canterbury. In 1614 he was again in trouble on account of a proposed duel with the young Earl of Essex and was imprisoned in the Fleet. Known as 'Heydon of the one hand'.

A more detailed story behind the severance of the hand is related in a manuscript that was deposited in Canterbury Museum, where the relic was originally put on display. It does not tally exactly with the known facts (for example, Sir John had already been knighted by 1600) but contains interesting details of the incident, together with later comments. It reads:

The hand of Sir John Heydon, Knight, who in the year 1600 fought a duel with Sir Robert Mansfield, Knight, near Norwich city, wch Sir John Heydon dyed of ye wounds he recd in the said duel, (as I'm informed). I had this hand from Mrs. Lomax, whose mother was nearly related to the Heydons.

Further comments in the Museum, apparently dating from the 19th century, accompanying the above note give the following account:

"The relic...is the left hand, carefully dried. It has been severed from the wrist about an inch below the little finger, transversely cutting the wrist bones, which have fallen out of the socket. Sir John, in spite of the averment of the manuscript, did not die of this wound, but survived it some years, to be known hereafter as 'Heydon with one hand'.

"We have no account of the cause of this duel, although the manuscript minutely describes the affair itself, and certain proceedings, which were attendant upon it. The mutilated hand, which is the left, looks as if injured by a sabre blow. This we know could not have been the case, as the combatants fought with their rapiers. More probably it was amputated by a surgeon. The excision is through the metacarpus of the little finger, down through the trapezoid and trapezium bones of the wrist below the third finger.

"The duel was fought near Norwich. The combatants rode some little way towards the scene of action, accompanied by two friends, but they quickly parted company from their seconds,

if such they might be called, and rode off, Sir John Heydon in advance, he being constrained to do so by Sir Robert Mansfield, who suspected or insinuated a suspicion of treachery from the very beginning. And here it is proper to remark, that the manuscript account of this duel is entirely an ex parte statement of the latter knight. At length, upon a hill between two highways, they dismounted and fought. There appear to have been no witnesses present, although certain evidence of two labouring men is subjoined, which confirms parts only of the strange incidents connected with this duel."

"The only description of the duel is from a manuscript headed 'Report of Sir Robert Mansfield' placed alongside the amputated hand, which reads:

"Sir Edwyn Ryché carried me without Ber Street Gate. My dear nephew Knyvett brought Sir John Heydon thither, whereupon we rode away towards Mr. Doyley's, and in a close upon this side the water. I entreated Sir Edward Ryché to go to my nephew Knyvett (a gentleman of Her Majesty's Privy Chamber), to the end we might be dismissed; whereupon we parted, and they both lighted and searched us, and measured our rapiers, and found Sir John Heydon's longer than mine, by a full inch. Then I desired Sir Edwyn Ryché to see if his rapier would fit the other, and it would, but he would not let me have it. Then I said I would fight with my own. My nephew Knyvett refused it absolutely; and thereupon, after many persuasions that I would suffer Sir John's rapier to go back to be shortened, I absolutely refused, and swore that they should not keep me from ending the difference at that time with my own sword; whereupon we mounted on horseback, and I led the way, for so Sir John would have it. By and by, my nephew Knyvett called and told me we were to ride to Rackeywards, as I understood it, but, being ignorant of the way, I was so directed by Sir John Heydon, who led me another way and refused to fight in a narrow place that we did ride through, which had a deep dyke on the one side and ploughed lands on the other side. And then he made me take a way to the top of a hill between two great highways where he would have needs me light, for he would ride no further, although he saw company riding on both sides. (Concern about being seen, as duelling had been outlawed.)

"When I saw no remedy, I fitted myself thereunto, and came up to him, and in the very first thrust, he hurt me in the breast, which I followed and hurt him in two places, whereof one was in the thigh, whereupon he turned his back towards me, and following of him he stumbled, and after I did judge he would fall I struck him a blow on the face, wherewith he fell upon his hands and knees, and he cried, 'That I would not kill him basely on the ground, for he would make me any satisfaction I would demand', which I confess held me from doing him any further hurt until he did rise. And when he was up, without speaking any word he ran me into the breast again, and my thrust missed him, as I thought, by his coming home to me.

"Then we fell to stabs with our daggers, and at his going out I struck him upon the hand with my sword, and another blow at his face, which made him lose his dagger, which instantly he recovered. Afterwards I changed to half sword, and then he cried to me to hold my hands, for he would make me any satisfaction; wherewith I stepped back, and suddenly, before there passed any words, he thrust and hit withal, came to stabs with his dagger, and hurt me in the right arm two stabs, whereupon I never left him, until he cried the third time to hold my hand,



Sir Robt. Mansfield, alias Mansell or Maunsell, c.1570-1652

saying again he would make me any satisfaction, whereunto I answered, I would never trust a treacherous villain the third time, unless he would lay down his rapier and dagger, which at the first in valiant terms he denied, until he saw me press him so hotly, he said, 'if I would not kill him he would lay down his rapier and dagger and make me whatever satisfaction I would', which I promised by oaths to perform, though he in the interim thrust his rapier in the ground to break it. But perceiving it would not break, he laid his rapier and dagger crossways close by his feet, and stepped back as I willed him.

"Then I took up his rapier and dagger, and carried them to the place where I left my purse and inkhorn, and drew out my articles from my breast, where I carried them, and brought them with ink and pen to him to sign, who, seeing me come towards him, fell down, and told me I had killed him, and he was not able to write. Then I did protest to kill him, which I would have done if he had not signed the articles, and thereupon he set his hand, and told me he could write no better, and so I put up the articles in my pocket, and at his request I cast my cloak upon him, and going towards my house with his rapier and dagger I espied two men coming very near, and it made me call them for witness. And then I asked Sir John whether he had signed this paper, which I drew forth out of my pocket, who would make me no other answer but that he hoped there was nothing but the articles, and willed me to remember he had not then read them.

"Then, finding myself very ill, and had no use at all of my right arm, very little of the other, and one of my wounds to rattle, I took both rapier and dagger, and left my ruff, my spurs, and the scabbard of my dagger, behind me; and being mounted, I caused one of the poor men to cast Sir John's cloak about me, and so I came galloping to my house, where I found Sir John Townsend, with many other gentlemen of worth, who can witness of the unbuttoning and unripping of my doublet, and stripping of myself to be laid in bed, in what manner and case I leave to their reports, and myself to justify the truth thereof, further, than by reputation or discretion, I shall be tied within the cares of the least sense be contraried nor with any honesty by Sir John Heydon himself, unto whom I gave his life twice at that time – once, to my own endangering of my life by suffering him to rise, and the second time, when he yielded me his rapier and dagger, whereof the world may be satisfied by carrying it away, and keeping it. In testimony hereof I set my hand."

"Rumours of foul play, reflecting strongly on Sir Robert Mansfield, had become prevalent, hence the comments and inquiries. Sir John Heydon, though grievously wounded, survived the encounter.

"The affair of the duel is strange, when we consider the circumstances attending it, and even in those days, when every gentleman wore his rapier by his side and personal encounters were of common occurrence, it awakened inquiry and comment. Sir Robert Mansfield appears to have set out prepared for every contingency. He had his 'articles', as he called them, carefully placed within his vest, in a most businesslike manner, as if certain of the issue of the combat. He carried his pen and his inkhorn, like a scrivener of the day. His sword, indeed, was an inch shorter than his opponent's, but his attendant knight, if not his second, refused to accommodate him according to his account, with the temporary loan of his own sword, that he might fight on even terms.



Sir John Popham,
Lord Chief Justice

In his account, he insinuates suspicion against his opponent from the very beginning, although we are unable to conclude how Sir John Heydon's refusal to fight 'in a narrow place', or his ultimate determination to bring the affair to an issue 'on the top of a hill between two great high ways', could be more prejudicial to one party than to another.

Sir Robert Mansfield, according to the deposition of one of the husbandmen, Thomas Yarham, exclaimed, 'Old father, search me', and unbuttoned his doublet, but Sir Robert had nothing on his breast but the doublet, his waistcoat, and a shirt. The said husbandman did not see Sir Robert Mansfield put any pen into Sir John Heydon's hand, but he saw a very short pen lie on the ground hard by. The other husbandman, Henry Hardyn of Norwich, confirms this account. He saw Sir Robert Mansfield going towards Sir John Heydon, 'with a written paper in his hand without either pen or ink', and he heard Sir John reply, when requested to set his hand to the same, 'that he could not, nor would not', and that Sir Robert Mansfield made no answer. Also that Sir Robert Mansfield, In spite of his saying 'he was very ill, had no use at all of his right arm, and very little of the other', as per statement, 'mounted his horse, with all the weapons he carried out of the field, without any help'. Sir Robert, having taken Sir John's cloak, left him his own; no attempt, however, seems to have been made by any of the parties present to staunch the blood from Sir John Heydon's wounds, or otherwise assist him. He was lifted up into a cart, and carried home some half an hour after Sir Robert Mansfield had quit the field.

"The Lord Chief Justice's letter is written in a mild and conciliatory spirit, although he could not refrain from rebuking 'such reports as had grown from Sir Robert Mansfield, as in terming Sir Christopher Heydon and his brother 'base knaves', with many unbecoming terms to be given by one gentleman to another'.

"Nothing further appears to have arisen out of this affair, and Sir Robert Mansfield seems in the reign of King James I to have risen in favour with the Administration, and to have held the important office of Treasurer to the Navy, being appointed Vice-Admiral of the Fleet in 1603, and holding that post through to the reign of Charles I, living 'to a great age'.

It seems that aggressiveness was a family trait of the Heydons, because in the same year that Sir John received his injury, his elder brother Sir Christopher and Sir John Townshend were brought before the Privy Council because Sir Christopher had challenged the latter to a duel. They were forbidden to fight, although Townshend was killed in a duel a few years later.

Notwithstanding his brush with death – and the law – Sir John "of the one hand", like his erstwhile opponent, prospered, and in 1613 – 15 he was keeper of the stores and munitions at Sandown Castle, with the rank of Captain. Like Mansfield, he lived to a great age, dying in his nineties in 1653.



Sandown Castle in 1539



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Brooke as a Fusilier Sergeant, 1915

A Greshamian Connection with Rupert Brooke

Captain Herbert Brooke MC (H 1903 – 06)

Herbert Julian Brooke was born at St. Leonards, Sussex, on 25th October 1888. His father, Herbert Richard Brooke, the proprietor of Maze Hill School, was the son of Canon Richard Brooke, Rector of Bath, who was an uncle of Rupert Brooke, the famous war poet.

Herbert jnr. entered Howson's in January 1903, leaving three years later. By 1913 he was in Southern Rhodesia in charge of a farm at Plumtree School in Matabeleland, writing back:

"I am at present managing a rather undefined stretch of country which is called a farm, and am living most luxuriously in a four-roomed house, which is made of poles and dagga (mud). The poles are planted upright in the ground and the dagga plastered between them. I have been here about ten days now and live alone except for the natives. The town of Plumtree is within 14 miles. Horses cannot live here, so the only means of conveyance are mules or donkeys and bicycling. The country round here is heavily wooded: one cannot see more than 150 yards in any direction. Water is obtained by digging wells, and during the winter this is the one and only supply. I live more or less upon what I can shoot, the game round here being chiefly duiker and steenbok and plenty of hares; there are no leopards or lions within 50 miles."

Evidently he returned to England to enlist in the University and Public Schools Men's Force at the outbreak of the First World War. By February 1915, he had attained the rank of Sergeant in the 2nd University and Public Schools Battalion, 19th Royal Fusiliers, and seems to have remained with them until the unit was disbanded in late April 1916. From February 1916, a new system of training for officers had been introduced, after which temporary commissions generally could be granted with a training course which lasted four and a half months if a man had been through an Officer Cadet unit. On 23rd June 1916, Herbert was appointed Temporary Lieutenant for service with the King's African Rifles.

In late September 1917, the 2nd Battalion of the 2nd Regiment (Nyasaland) of the King's African Rifles saw action at Mpingo Ridge, Tanganyika (German East Africa). There Herbert earned an MC. The citation in *The London Gazette* of 18th July 1918 reads:

T./Lt. Herbert Julian Brooke, K. Afr. Rif: For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He crawled out to a dangerously wounded N.C.O. under heavy fire, and carried him on his back to a position under cover where stretcher-bearers could reach him when they arrived. He showed splendid courage and devotion to duty.



German native troops in Tanganyika



2 KAR Officers' Mess

T/Captain H. J. Brooke MC, King's African Rifles, relinquished his commission on account of wounds, 6th November 1919, and was discharged on 1st April 1920. His injuries resulted in the loss of a leg. In addition to his gallantry decoration, he had received a Mention in Despatches.

He returned to Africa to reside at Crediton, Plumtree, Southern Rhodesia. There, despite his handicap, he resumed management of the school farm, growing food for staff and pupils. A 1978 history of the school written for its 75th anniversary records that:

“When meat was required, Herbert Brooke, preceded by a strong smell of tobacco, would stomp downstairs from his room carrying a shotgun. With his curved pipe puffing voluminous clouds of smoke, he would give a cheerful nod to any boys who happened to be about (and) hop on his fixed-wheel bicycle (with his wooden leg rakishly extended...) to hunt for game.”

He also acted as gymnastics, shooting and boxing instructor, serving the school for 28 years before retirement.

Mrs. Mary Brooke, the mother of Rupert Brooke, poet and soldier, who had died on 13th October 1930, left an estate of £22,000, from which she bequeathed £1,000 to Herbert Brooke, “in consideration of the loss of one of his legs in the war”.

Herbert continued to live on his farm near Plumtree, remaining a prominent figure around the district. He died in Perth in 1961 while on a visit to Australia.

Sidney Steer – an Afterword



Sgt Steer outside Big School, 1910

Following the article in last year's *Old Greshamian Magazine* about **Sidney Steer** (S 1901 – 15), the first "rifle sergeant" of the Corps, one of Steer's great-grandsons, Mr. David Baldis, has got in touch to provide some interesting further details of his ancestor's life. In particular, he has supplied a photograph of Sidney and his eldest son Charles, in which the child, standing next to his proud father, is wearing the uniform of his father's regiment, the Scots Guards. The picture is all the more poignant because, as related in the 2019 OG Magazine, Charles, aged 18, was the first member of his father's battalion to be killed

in 1914. The photograph must have been taken in about 1901, the year in which Steer was appointed to the Gresham's School staff, transferring from the regular army to the 3rd (Volunteer) Battalion, Norfolk Regiment. Charles would then have been five years old. Sidney Steer apparently never held a substantive rank above that of private, so presumably he must have served, at the young age of 26, as an acting colour sergeant in his battalion.



Charles and Sidney Steer



Sidney and Gertrude Steer in later life

Mr. Baldis kindly provided a further picture, of a silver case, inscribed "S.G.S.", presented to his great-grandfather by the boys of Bengal Lodge (touchingly misspelt!) in 1911. The case is now in the possession of one of Sidney Steer's grandsons, who also mentions that it is a belief, passed down in the Steer family, that Sidney is to be seen in the early moving picture footage of the 1901 funeral procession of Queen Victoria, where he is said to be the first guardsman at the rear of the carriage. The clip can be seen at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4mWjy-nl8W8>.



Sidney's gift from Bengal Lodge

Richard Peaver (S 1971 – 2008)

Two Remarkable Frenchmen

It is perhaps surprising that, for a school which has over the years welcomed many pupils from overseas, there are relatively few French Old Greshamians. At least two, however, made a mark both in their homeland and abroad.

The Journalist



The Château de Thorens, seat of the de Roussy de Sales

Marcel Duchamp & Comte Raoul de Roussy de Sales (R) 1925 © Man Ray 2015 Trust / ADAGP, Paris and DACS, London 2019

Born in 1896 into an old aristocratic family, **Comte Raoul de Roussy de Sales** (K 1912–13) had an American mother and a father who counted among his collateral ancestors St. Francis de Sales (after whom the Salesian Order is named). Excused military service in the First World War for health reasons, he worked for the American Red Cross, while his younger brother **Comte Richard de Roussy de Sales** (K 1912 – 17), who had preceded him at Gresham’s by one term, served as an NCO in the French artillery. After the war, Raoul embarked on a career as a journalist, moving widely in literary and artistic circles. A 1925 photograph by Man Ray shows him playing chess with the surrealist artist, poet, photographer and philosopher Marcel Duchamp, who had achieved early notoriety with his controversial 1917 artwork “Fontaine”.



Duchamp’s “Fontaine” (replica)

Raoul moved in 1932 to New York as a correspondent for *Paris-Soir*, *Paris Midi* and diplomatic correspondent for the Havas News Agency, his initial task being to report on Roosevelt’s “New Deal”. However, his most distinguished journalism consisted of a memorable series of articles for *The Atlantic*, one of the oldest literary and cultural magazines in the United States, in which he commented on such topics as politics, the city of New York, social consciousness, the growing crisis in Europe, the nature of warfare, the nature of love, and the American identity.

The Atlantic

Equally at ease in English and French, Raoul wrote in a style has been described as “impressionistic” and “poetic”. But it was his fascination with the interior lives of individuals and their relationship to the forces of history that made him an astute commentator on American political and social life. He describes New York thus:

New York is like a toy city at night. There are no windowless walls. There are no walls – only windows. It is like looking through cages. Only in those deep wells where elevators are rising and descending is there shadow or mystery. A powerful, Sibylline murmur rises from their depths.

In 1936, he attended both the Democrat and Republican Presidential Conventions, finding them brash and lacking in substance.

In spite of the delirious and prolonged ovations which greeted certain speakers and references to the candidates, in spite of the pandemonium of patriotic feeling which was let loose on every possible occasion, none of it was very convincing somehow. One could not escape the suspicion that all this tumult was staged and carried on for the sake of making a lot of noise...If the system of the American convention such as I saw it is best fitted to the regimented expression of mass emotion and the dictatorship of whoever stands on the platform, the “roar meter” should become the official regulator of modern democracies.

Conscious of the dangerous rise in mass political movements in Europe, de Roussy de Sales feared that these American conventions signalled a similar loss of reason – “a regression of the influence of individual intelligence” and an “increase of the power of mass emotion.”

In *Love in America* (May 1938), Raoul turned to the lives of the common man and woman to comment on a very different aspect of life. In America, he observed, love is a national problem:

Nowhere else can one find a people devoting so much time and so much study to the question of the relationship between men and women. Nowhere else is there such concern about the fact that this relationship does not always make for perfect happiness.

Elsewhere in the world, Raoul claimed, love is accepted in all its ambiguity and absurdity: “The French point of view [is] that love is very often an exceedingly comical affair.” He saw it as evidence of Americans’ naïve idealism that they expected perfection in love and saw anything short of the ideal as dysfunctional. Love should not be conceived as a theoretical system, he asserted, but as an infinitely variable – and valuable – aspect of human experience:

In addition to his journalism, de Roussy de Sales also held the post of *conseiller privé* at the French embassy in Washington. As an adviser to the ambassador, Comte René de Saint-Quentin, he was a privileged observer of the confused negotiations between



The Comte de St.- Quentin at a Washington reception



Maurice Maeterlinck



Comte Antoine de Saint-Exupéry in 1935

the Vichy government and the United States following the fall of France in 1940. Despite sometimes being confined to his home through ill-health, Raoul kept in close touch with events and with many compatriots who had fled their homeland following the French surrender. Among those who had taken refuge in America were the Belgian poet and Nobel laureate Comte Maurice Maeterlinck, the writers Jules Romains and André Maurois, and the *cinéaste* Jean Renoir. It was at this stage by no means certain that all, or any, of these exiles would lend their support to the Free French movement. Thus when Raoul's friend, the author Comte Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, who had recently arrived in New York, was appointed without his knowledge to the Vichy *Conseil National*, de Roussy de Sales encouraged the famous aviator to rally instead to the Gaullist cause.

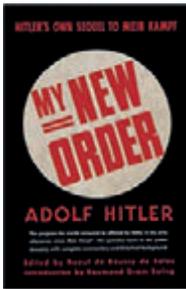
In June 1940, within the space of a few hours, the Comte de Saint-Quentin was first dismissed, and then reappointed, as ambassador by the Vichy government. Despite feeling, as he put it, "like a somnambulist", Raoul hastened to encourage the bewildered envoy. At the same time, however, he described another French diplomat, Comte René de Chambrun (who happened to be the son-in-law of the former socialist Pierre Laval, the Vichy *Président du Conseil*) as being "the only one who looked happy, thanks to a congenital vanity, which bears him up like a parachute". (De Chambrun appeared in the famous 1969 film *Le Chagrin et la Pitié*, attempting to exculpate his father-in-law, who was shot for treason in 1945.)

Pierre Lazareff, the editor of *Paris-Soir*, described the journalist at this time: “Taking small puffs on his pipe, his eyes on his ascetic face half-closed, Raoul de Roussy de Sales, wearing a dressing-gown, in his drawing-room piled high with annotated newspapers and magazines, explains Europe to the Americans”.

One of General de Gaulle’s early initiatives was to appoint five Free French delegates to the U.S.A., one of whom was de Roussy de Sales. Interestingly, Raoul hesitated before accepting, on the grounds that he was too much of an individualist, and reluctant to be “pressganged” (*se laisser embrigader*). He and the other four delegates initially experienced considerable difficulty in persuading their fellow exiles in America to lend their support to de Gaulle, most of them opting initially to remain loyal to the “legal” French government of Marshal Pétain.



Gen. de Gaulle with Free French troops



In 1941 he edited and published a collection of Hitler’s speeches under the title *My New Order*, hoping that, having read them, the Americans might be persuaded to abandon their isolationism and join the war against Germany.

Raoul’s diary, published posthumously in 1949 as *The Making of Yesterday*, betrays increasing pessimism about the general state of political consciousness on both sides of the Atlantic. He had written in *What Makes an American* (1939):

There seems to be an increasing desire on the part of all people to assert more strongly what makes them different and even antagonistic to one another ... It may be that modern nationalism is an instinctive defence against a greater peril – a deadly and overwhelming uniformity ... Nationalism as we know it may pass, but for the moment it is more powerful than any other idea, or even than any religion.

He remained, however, a staunch patriot:

To make a virtue out of loving one’s country is absurd. Nothing is more inevitable. You have only to listen to your inward voice speaking your native tongue. Logically, it might be the part of wisdom not to love one’s country, but more is lost than gained by such denial. However much I dislike certain stupidities in France, it is better to accept them than to achieve an exile’s false impression of impartiality. What are these roots of ours?

Raoul de Roussy de Sales died in 1942, a victim of the tuberculosis that had affected him for many years. His son, Aymon, became a prominent artist, poet and author, spending time both in Europe and the U.S.A., where he died in 2001. Richard de Roussy de Sales moved, like his older brother, to America, dying in Albuquerque in 1994, a year after his wife, Lilian.

“The Man Who Saved Peugeot”

Maurice Jordan (o 1911) was born at Orléans in 1899 into a Protestant family. His grandfather was a professor of metallurgy, his great-grandfather a Swiss merchant and diplomat. Maurice’s father was a General. At a time when many officers were still catholic and monarchist in sympathy, General Jordan may have benefited from the government’s policy of favouring non-Catholics loyal to the Third Republic (although his son’s middle name, Napoléon, may have hinted at bonapartist sympathies).

In the First World War, Maurice served, like his fellow Greshamian Richard de Roussy de Sales, in the French artillery, although, unlike his Gresham’s contemporary, he was commissioned and won a Croix de Guerre. After the war, he studied at two of the so-called “Grandes Écoles”, the École des Mines and the École Centrale, qualifying as a civil engineer. In 1924 he joined the Peugeot company, in which he was to spend the rest of his career, becoming deputy CEO at the age of 34 in 1933.



A 1922 Peugeot advert

At the end of the First World War, Peugeot had been left in a parlous state. A huge swathe of north-eastern France was in ruins, the workforce was much reduced, and the French government halved, and then delayed, the amount of compensation for war damage that they had promised. However, the Peugeot family, who still controlled the company, worked determinedly to restore the firm’s fortunes. In particular, they paid special attention to quality control and did not hesitate to recruit executives from outside the family circle – one of whom was Maurice Jordan (although he was, in fact, connected by marriage to the Peugeot family).

Maurice soon made himself indispensable, and within two years he had been appointed general secretary of the corporation. One French historian describes him as “this cold, terse and aloof Protestant, of superior and rigorous intelligence, who saved the firm from disaster... Tall, always upright, his thin form clad in well-cut suits, his face frozen like the mask of a Spanish grandee, a cigarette holder invariably clenched in his teeth, Maurice Napoléon Robert Charles Jordan was a natural leader. His put his faith in making instant, practical decisions, avoiding the pains and costs of uncertainty”.



Maurice Jordan, cigarette in hand

The young deputy CEO was punctilious, attentive to detail, and had a natural ability for figures. He was in his office by 6.00 a.m. all year round, usually getting through at least three packets of cigarettes each day. His desk was uncluttered by papers, but his telephone was always within reach, alongside a bell for summoning the errand boy. Every day he would leave the office at 6.00 p.m. precisely and devote the evening to his family. He demanded quick answers and swift action, forbidding staff from communicating with rival firms. He had no time for big theories, but paid close attention to detail, expenses and customer relations.

For him, good sense and practicality were more important than taking adventurous commercial risks. He was even wary of encouraging exports, in case overseas customers could not be relied upon to pay up. He disliked both bankers and unionised labour. At the same time, he was not averse to making money for himself, holding a large tranche of stock in the Peugeot credit company and a major agency in the provinces, as well as the firm that held exclusive rights to import Peugeots into Tunisia. Nonetheless, he maintained unwavering devotion to the Peugeot company and family, a loyalty that he was careful to instil into his subordinates.

Jordan's most useful work, however, took place during the Second World War. In 1940 the Germans placed Peugeot under the control of a German commissioner, a member of the Porsche family. In March 1943, with the tide turning in favour of the Allies, car production was halted, and the firm was forced to turn its output to providing war materiel for the Germans. Faced with the prospect of having to surrender machinery to the occupation authorities, and see their workforce compulsorily deported to work in Germany, Jordan and Jean-Pierre Peugeot were forced to start manufacturing lorries and spare parts for the Wehrmacht. In particular, the company was instructed to build a key part of the Fieseler Fi103, better known as the V1 flying bomb.

While one employee managed to copy many of the plans, and smuggle them to London, Jordan dragged out discussions with the Germans, managing to delay the launch of

the V1 until Ferdinand Porsche, in frustration, and despairing of ever being able to co-operate with the French firm, cancelled the order and transferred the manufacture of the aircraft to a German factory. Meanwhile, acting partly on the information from Peugeot, the RAF bombed the main rocket works at Fallersleben.



The Fieseler Fi103 V1 © Bundesarchiv



Jordan in later life



A Peugeot 404

In the post-war period, Maurice Jordan was largely responsible for Peugeot's successful policy of producing top-of-the-range medium-sized cars such as the 1948 203 model and the 404, launched in 1960.

He was managing director of the corporation from 1964 to 1973, retiring in 1973 as a Commander of the Legion of Honour. He died in 1976.

Richard Peaver

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Portrait of a Poet

In the Malta National Museum of Fine Arts, Valletta, there is a portrait of **John Pudney** (H 1923 – 25). A journalist, novelist, editor, RAF officer and one-time Labour Party parliamentary candidate, he is described here as an “author”. He was also one of the (relatively few) war poets of the Second World War, his most famous work being *For Johnny*, with its memorable lines:



Do not despair
For Johnny head in air;
He sleeps as sound
As Johnny underground.

Fetch out no shroud
For Johnny-in-the-cloud;
And keep your tears
For him in after years.

Better by far
For Johnny-the-bright-star,
To keep your head,
And see his children fed.



This poem was used in the 1945 film “The Way to the Stars” starring John Mills and Michael Redgrave.

Among Pudney’s works is *The Air Battle for Malta* (HMSO, 1944), which is presumably why his portrait is displayed in the Valletta Museum, wearing his RAFVR uniform.

From the Salerooms

James Glennie (F 1969 – 74) spotted that paintings by two of Gresham's most innovative artists were coming up for auction in July 2020. In the event, both fetched six-figure sums.



Tuckson on a lecture tour for the Australian contemporary art exhibition, c.1951

An abstract expressionist painting, *Swirly Reds and White* (TP54), executed c.1964 by **Tony Tuckson** (o 1929 – 34) went for A\$184,091 when auctioned by Deutscher and Hackett in Australia. This was only the second time one of his paintings had made £100,000 or more at auction. The accompanying catalogue described the artist thus:

After working in private for over twenty years, Tony Tuckson, Deputy Director of the Art Gallery of New South Wales, eventually exhibited sixty-five of his own paintings at the Watters Gallery in Sydney in May 1970. The effect was cataclysmic, with the reclusive Tuckson proclaimed almost overnight to be Australia's greatest action painter and abstract expressionist.

Tuckson was driven by a relentless pursuit of personal aesthetic refinement, absorbing and processing the diverse artistic influences to which he was exposed in his professional role at the art gallery, in particular his pioneering work with Aboriginal and Melanesian arts.

The art critic James Gleeson spoke of Tuckson's "rare and wild energy without parallel in Australian Art". Tuckson is remembered for his clarity of gestural expression, which is yet to be surpassed in the history of Australian Art.



54 Sqn pilots 1942; Tuckson 2nd from R

Tuckson was Australia's most significant Abstract Expressionist artist, his work being compared favourably with that of Jackson Pollock. However, equally important was his place in art education and appreciation, as he was central to bringing knowledge of aboriginal art to the world, staging the first two major exhibitions of this genre. During the war, he served in the RAF, flying Spitfires in the European and Far East theatres.

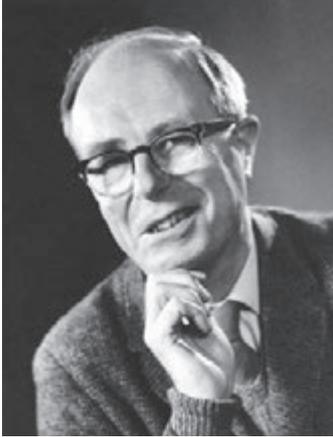


An even larger sum was achieved by a more well-known OG artist at Christie's. Formerly in the possession of Gloria, Dowager Countess Bathurst, an abstract with the bland title 1945 (*still life*), by **Ben Nicholson** (W 1909) realised £635,250.

Ben Nicholson by his mother, Mabel Pryde, c.1913

An Anglican Biologist and Evolutionist

The article on the evolutionary biologist **Dr. David Lack FRS** (W 1924 – 29) in the 2018 *OG Magazine* prompted **Ian Picton-Robinson** (H 1944 – 51) to provide the following extract from “A Reason for Everything; Natural Selection and the English Imagination” by Marek Kohn; Faber and Faber 2005 (ISBN 0-571-22393-1). David Lack was one of many distinguished natural historians to emerge from Gresham’s in the 20th century.



David Lack

In May 1941 David Lack sat above the sea cliffs of Hoy, on a day off from his duties with a heavy anti-aircraft battery, a posting he regarded as a wonderful birdwatching holiday. He was a passionate birdwatcher with a keen interest in Darwinism, but now neither his understanding of evolution nor his beliefs about ultimate causes were fully shaped.

In the years after the war his natural philosophy was resolved into two distinct vectors. He replaced his undefined pantheism with conventional Anglicanism and his early inclination toward random drift (of evolution) with adaptationism, that became steadily stronger as the years went by.

Before the war he had travelled to the Galapagos Islands, where he studied the finches that had steered Darwin’s course to natural selection. In 1835 Darwin had collected specimens of small birds. On his return he passed them to the ornithologist John Gould, who determined that they represented different species of finch. They differed in their bills, which came in different sizes and shapes. Darwin remarked, “It was as if one species had been taken and modified for different ends”. He revealed the mechanism later in *Origin of Species*, but did not elaborate on why one unremarkable species might become thirteen. It fell to Lack more than 100 years later to provide the explanation.



A Darwin’s finch

Fearing that his expedition’s bedraggled collection of live finches might not survive the passage home, Lack stopped in America, where he fell under the ideas of Sewell Wright (chance played an essential role in causing populations to diverge from one another) but later [came to believe] that the finches were better explained by adaptation. Natural

selection was the spine of his research and his popular writings. At Oxford, John Maynard Smith considered that Lack “more than anyone introduced clean, clear Darwinian ideas into ethology”.

Lack was born in 1910, the son of an eminent surgeon, and spent his years surrounded by servants in a splendid London home. In due course he was sent to Gresham’s School in Norfolk, the least illiberal of the established public schools. Among his contemporaries were **W. H. Auden, Benjamin Britten, Sir Christopher Cockerell, Sir Alan Hodgkin, and Donald Maclean.**

Whatever the effects Gresham’s had on the others, it turned Lack into a birdwatcher. This was the great discovery of his teenage years; he pursued it on Sundays, striding across the chilly north Norfolk flats in the Gresham’s uniform of black suit, stiff collar and, most impracticably, a straw hat. It was the substance of his teenage rebellion; he had a basic competence in Maths, so his parents envisaged that he would use this skill to earn his living, probably as a chartered accountant. Instead, he announced that he was going to be a zoologist.

There are similarities with John Maynard Smith FRS, with whom he later worked. Smith was also the son of a surgeon, and lived just down the road from the Lack establishment in Devonshire Place. He was expected to go into the family’s stockbroking firm on the strength of his maths, but decided in mid-teens to opt for engineering, but retrained as a biologist after the war. He and Lack became collegiate friends, and complemented each other – Lack respected Maynard Smith’s superior mathematical skill, understanding enough maths to communicate with him; Maynard Smith admired Lack’s outstanding abilities as a naturalist and had enough grounding to appreciate them.



John Maynard Smith

Both had an antipathy to the anatomy and morphology that dominated traditional zoology. There was no evolution, ecology or genetics. The question that interested Lack was not “how?”, but “why?”. He found these questions in the field and the beginnings of answers in the evolutionary theory.



Julian Huxley

Lack was fortunate to acquire as a patron Julian Huxley, who had a gift of influence and arrangements. He introduced Lack to Dartington Hall, Devon, a radically liberal school. The school encouraged Lack to take children out into the fields and folds of Devon. The children were not obliged to attend lessons, so a teacher had to earn their attention.

While helping a class of eleven and twelve-year olds, he began to study robins, building large aviaries to keep them. Lack displayed a breadth of perspective, interweaving scientific insight and practical craft with strands of literature, history and folklore. He had had a knack for linking up alliances between science and other traditions of knowledge. He had no illusion that animals acted for the good of their species. He was ahead of his time in entertaining the notion of sexual selection and that it might operate by female choice.

His Galapagos trip of 1938 was entirely scientific. He found that the finches were both dull of plumage and song, but they provided Lack with the data that allowed him to interpret the difference in bill sizes and means by which the various species maintained their separate identities. He found them reluctant to interbreed. However, at this time he saw no reason for the bill sizes to be significant, as they all shared a common food supply of seeds off the ground.

During the war, the military authorities took his biological training to be a suitable base for work on the then secret new technology of radio direction-finding. His logical and mathematical abilities proved adequate for him to continue this work for most of the war, hence his posting to the Orkneys. Later he helped to identify the problem of “angels” appearing on radar screens – mysterious vague echoes, when there were no aircraft around – they were flocks of migrating birds; this phenomenon Lack later used to track such flocks.



Georgyi Gause

After the war Lack saw a new interpretation for the differences in the finch bills. Spurred by the Russian biologist, Georgyi Gause, who noted that two species with the same ecology cannot share the same region, Lack noticed that similar species did not occur together; in species which did share an island, the differences were accentuated. The shape of their bills helped them avoid competing for the same resources as other species. He published his findings in *Darwin's Finches* in 1947. The birds became known as Lack's Finches.

This principle he demonstrated with other birds. In the air Common Swifts were replaced above 1,000 metres by Hardy's Swifts exploiting the aerial plankton of high altitude insects. He noted that the number of eggs laid in a clutch, the best a bird could usefully raise, differed by region and season.

In 1945 he was appointed Director of the Edward Grey Institute of Field Ornithology at Oxford. He instituted the study of Great Tits in Wytham Woods, a project that has survived to date. In 1948 he wrote a book trying to harmonise Darwinism with Anglicanism...

Early Memories of the Sailing Club

Ronald Cox BEM (S 1959 – 89), Head of Physics for 30 years, has provided the following recollections, one of sailing at Gresham's and the other a tribute to a longstanding and much valued member of the school staff, who will be familiar to several generations of OGs.



Thirty years have elapsed since I retired from the School after thirty years of service. Possibly the time has come to reminisce about a period when activities were very different from those of today. I joined the School staff in 1959 after ten years' experience at Bradford Grammar School, where I was Master-in-Charge of the Rowing Club. On investigating my new post, I spotted that the River Glaven was conspicuously unsuitable for my former activities. So Logie Bruce-Lockhart had a major problem in fitting me into the games organisation because, as a former grammar school pupil, I had no experience of either rugby or hockey. His solution was to ask me to take charge of sailing, an up-and-coming Gresham's activity in need of increased and serious supervision. My knowledge of sailing was gained during Royal Naval service, where I was a qualified submarine officer (which gave Logie splendid latitude for a joke about my appointment during his annual Speech Day address).

On arrival in Holt, I found an immediate ally in **Major G. T. Howard** (Bursar 1946 - ?), who was a keen part-time sailor, and whose duties were so minimal that he could spend his summer afternoons sailing at Morston. His support for the Sailing Club proved essential, particularly on the expenditure side. Thus all the School's frequent requirements for desk varnish were fulfilled with the supply of expensive varnish suitable for the Sailing Club's boats. Also, he approved of my purchase of a 14ft trawler's boat discovered in Portsmouth Dockyard, and subsequently used as the Club's rescue boat. On the negative side, Major Howard named this boat "Mayday", an unfortunate name when the boat was used on the sea, confusing the Coastguards, who thought they were sometimes alerted to "m'aidez" events.

Further consolidation resulted from close collaboration with the Barton Broad Sailing Club who sailed the Norfolk Punts, the faster monohull boats in the country. (These vessels unhappily met disasters when participating in off-shore races, where the meagre freeboard of their hulls led inevitably to their immersion in rough conditions.) The generosity of the Barton Club, and the financial manipulations of Major Howard, led to the provision of wooden huts for the School both on the Broad and on the staithe at Barton.



Fireflies on Barton Broad, 1964

Before my arrival, the Sailing Club had been in the temporary hands of those with very limited experience, although initiated by more competent masters. I was appalled on my first excursions to Barton Broad to find that smoking occurred on the water, and that returning-to-school singing on the buses was habitual. Disciplinary action became essential, and civilised behaviour was quickly re-established.

The equipment I inherited in 1960 consisted of two Firefly and a few Cadet dinghies, whilst the families owning boatyards on the Broads provided their sons with their own boats. One summer excursion with a School Governor (John Scott) led to his gift of two further Fireflies, and the Club was further supplied, after triumphs in the annual contests at Itchenor in Chichester Harbour, with the awards of two more. So the Club was now fully equipped for inter-club team racing.

At this point, it might be appropriate to state how the continuing success of the School Club turned upon the loyalty and skill of some of its members. Recognition by the School was apparent by the award of Coryphenas to those who had succeeded in annual inter-school contests. The progress and success of Barton sailing continued during my 30-year stay. However certain later developments led to deterioration, the principal being the introduction of Sunday home-going, leading to the abolition of Sunday sailing (the main excursion of the week). Also my successors deemed other Broads than Barton as more suitable, leading to the loss of some of our buildings that had served us so well. Furthermore, the ancient Mayday was seen as old-fashioned and was replaced by craft more speedy (one of which was named in my memory). Lastly, modern safety laws

stipulated that excursions must be accompanied by an experienced adult, one for every six pupils. Possibly I was very fortunate, as trips to Barton often involved 25 pupils with just one master-in-charge, and bad or dangerous behaviour was non-existent.



Winning team 1962 – Capt. J. J. Howard MBE RN on left!

In this account I have omitted the names of my former pupils who served the Sailing Club so well, both in their sailing skills and in their civilised and helpful attitudes. I should recall one unfortunate incident when, approaching sixty years of age, I allowed a heavy outboard motor to slide down a slippery wooden slope into deep water. Two expert swimmers dived down and attached a rope that successfully brought it back to the surface and land, saving the Club a considerable sum of money.

I am very grateful for the School to allow me so many happy years with an activity I so greatly enjoyed.

Memories of Harold Cooke

Lying in a remote plot in the churchyard of St. Andrew's parish church, Holt, is the grave of **Harold Cooke BEM**, one of the most faithful people that Gresham's has employed. As memories of him diminish, it seems appropriate to record a tribute to his remarkable life and service to the School (and the country).



Harold Cooke in 1961

Harold was born in Holt in April 1920, son of a brewery worker who travelled around Holt with a horse and cart delivering barrels of beer. At the outbreak of the Second World War, his enlistment in the Norfolk Regiment was followed, after a few months, by shipment to the Far East, where he fell victim to the disastrous capitulation of Singapore on 14th February 1942. Although incarcerated in the notorious POW camp at Changi he was lucky to escape commitment to the building of the River Kwai bridge. This good fortune (relatively speaking) occurred largely through his first-aid experience with the pre-war St. John Ambulance and

his service position as a medical orderly. Returning to the UK in 1945, at the end of the War, he was employed as a carpenter in High Kelling before joining the School as a laboratory assistant, working initially for the Physics and Biology departments.



The cookhouse, Changi jail

My first contact with him was on my day of arrival in Holt, at the School's house on the Kelling Road. His words, soon after we met, were: "How can I help?", a phrase of great significance as it appeared to typify his attitude to both duties and friendship, an attitude that persisted for his quarter-of-a-century's service to the School.

I was soon fortunate enough to form a close relationship with him sufficient to address him as "Harold" (for which I was taken to task by older members of the teaching Staff). As I was unfamiliar with both Norfolk and the public school system, he soon guided me away from attitudes and activities that might have had unfortunate consequences. Furthermore our personal liaison resulted, on the arrival of **David Olby** (S 1960 – 2018), of his abandoning Biology and confining his Physics duties to lessons, working in games time in the Handicraft department assisting "**Jumbo**" **Burrough** (S 1946 – 82).

Curiously, Harold's tragic military service surprisingly left him with few unhappy memories, as he always enjoyed accompanying the Cadet Force on camp activities. Furthermore he was proud to wear uniform and on Armistice Days paraded in the town square wearing a considerable array of medals, including a British Empire Medal awarded to him ten years before he retired, for his service to Physics teaching. His final years were spent in Halsey House, the Royal British Legion residential home in Cromer, from which he often emerged to tell clubs and groups of his wartime experiences. His death, in January 2002, was closely followed by that of his only daughter Shirley, who worked as a Senior Radiographer in Addenbrooke's Hospital in Cambridge.

Harold's tablet in the churchyard of St. Andrew's Church in Holt suffers from the passage of the years, with its description difficult to decipher.

The Acquisition of the *Ron Cox*

Following my father's retirement from Head of Physics in 1990 after 31 years' service, both he and my three siblings and myself have kept a close eye on all things to do with Gresham's. Having such a close relationship with the school, it was, by fate, about to come full circle in 2019, 29 years after Dad's retirement.



The Ron Cox

We were honoured that the school had replaced the old rescue boat *Mayday 2* in the 90s for something a bit faster and more practical and named it the *Ron Cox* in recognition of his 30 years running the sailing club alongside **Keith Ashby**, **David Beeby** and various others.

One day in early 2019, I was driving through Cromer and noticed the *Ron Cox* being towed through the town, probably on its way to the Broads. To my slight annoyance, the "R" on the nameplate was missing, so I followed the "on Cox" in hope I might be able to stop the driver and point this out! Inevitably, this did not happen.

A few weeks later, to my surprise I noticed a boat very similar to the *Ron Cox* advertised for sale on Facebook. The clue that it was actually the same boat was the background of the photograph, which was the old swimming pool building where the sailing club's boats were stored. For those with a long enough memory, there used to be an outside pool where the shooting range is now, and before that another pool was where the boat hut is now.

A quick message to the master in charge of selling the boat, and without even looking at it, we agreed a price and cash changed hands. At this point I have to thank **Neil Humphrey** (S 1994 –) and the Headmaster **Douglas Robb** for making this happen. It is so fitting that the school allowed the boat to come into the Cox family hands. My brother **Jeremy** (c & H 1970 – 74) went to inspect the boat before delivery. It was amazing to be shown round the boat shed where my brother and I had spent so much time with our father in our younger years tinkering with boats. The smell of varnish and wood is something that never leaves you, and the shed had not changed at all in 50 years! In a fitting moment we then spotted the missing "R" from the nameplate lying on the ground next to the CCF armoury. The boat was now complete.

On reporting the purchase to our father, in Ron's own very modest way, he proclaimed "Well I never!"... a phrase he often uses when he's surprised!



The vessel in its new home

Move on nine months and it was time to put her back in the water. Morston was the launch site of choice, where Dad had taught myself and my brother and sisters to sail in the 60s and 70s. Always with a wise word, Ron would make sure we knew the water channels which can catch out the most experienced of sailors, and, most importantly, the tidal flow, which has over the years claimed many a seafarer.

So, in true form, we launched with my wife Annie as crew. Within 15 seconds we were run into by another boat, a few minutes later the engine cut out and nothing seemed to be going to plan! With patience and calm, we got going again and savoured the pleasure and peace of Blakeney Pit and all its unspoilt beauty, not before running aground approaching Blakeney Cut! Previous local knowledge had briefly eluded me.

During our inaugural trip, the OG network surfaced with one sailor shouting, "I've been rescued by that boat when I was at school", another OG sailor gave a typical two finger salute whilst congratulating us on the purchase, and lastly a meeting on the water with current head Douglas Robb who shouted, "You got a bargain Jeff, and what a great salesman who sold it to you!" (i.e. himself, thank you, Headmaster).

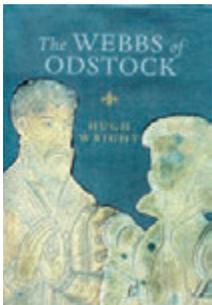


Jeff at the helm

We hope Ron will be able set foot on the boat, subject to his limited physical abilities, but it is gratifying that his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren are going to enjoy a family pastime on a boat named after him for many years to come. My eldest sister sails in America, my brother owned a boatyard in Bermuda and sailed his yacht to Greece, and now I have the pleasure of messing around on the water with my children and grandchildren; long may it continue.

Before training to become a teacher and coming to Gresham's in 1959, Ron served in the Royal Navy and for the British Antarctic Survey between 1943 and 1950, sailing around the world as a navigator and scientist on surface ships and submarines. Just some of his adventures in his naval career included spying on the Russians in the South China Sea, measuring the deepest oceans in the world, salvaging an American naval ship (for which, as a senior officer of his ship, he received a considerable financial bounty), being rescued by an ice-breaker in the Antarctic, captaining a captured German U-boat and learning to fly in the Fleet Air Arm and qualifying as a pilot on the day the Americans dropped the first atomic bomb on Japan, which "scuppered" his naval flying career. Many of these and other amazing seagoing stories have been documented by our family for posterity.

Jeff Cox (c & F 1978 – 84)



The Webbs of Odstock

John Smart (S 1985 – 2006) enjoys a new history of a recusant family in Wiltshire by **Hugh Wright** (HM 1985 – 91)

The Victorian sage Thomas Carlyle wrote that history is the essence of innumerable biographies. Hugh Wright has certainly picked a fascinating family to write about. *The Webbs of Odstock* is the story of an enormously wealthy family who lived in Salisbury and then in Odstock Manor House just a few miles away. Later they also owned great houses in Canford, Dorset and Hatherop, Gloucestershire.

The story starts with two William Webbs, father and son, who founded the family fortunes in the late 15th century. The elder described himself as a mercer, or merchant, making his fortune from the profitable wool trade and imports of wine. His son became the leading merchant in Salisbury, dealing in tin and cloth. He was a European businessman with factors in the Netherlands and Spain. What makes the story of the Webbs so distinctive and interesting is that they were Catholics who held onto their faith openly but discreetly through four centuries.

When Henry VIII split with Rome in 1533 the Webbs' position changed. Many Catholics went under cover and attended their parish church. The Webbs were recusants or 'refusers' and did not attend services. Their position was difficult and sometimes extremely dangerous – particularly in Edward VI's reign (1547 – 1553) and at the time of the Gunpowder Plot in 1605. In 1611 Sir John Webb had to forfeit all his lands to the Crown but the family recovered their estates in the reign of Charles II. How did they manage to survive? They were the opposite of the Vicar of Bray, holding steadfastly to their faith. But they made it clear that loyalty to Catholicism did not mean lack of loyalty to the Crown. There is a picture in this beautifully illustrated book of the inscription on the Webb family pulpit in the hidden family chapel: *God bless and save our Royall Queen the lyke on earth was never seen*. Above it is the Royal Crest and the date 1580. Another reason for their survival was that the family dutifully paid huge fines for their recusancy and effectively acted as a bank for the Catholics on their numerous estates and the surrounding country. They were necessary.

Hugh Wright ends this most sympathetic biography of the Webb family, noting their neglect by historians, with the words: 'Nor to our own day, have they been given the credit merited by their loyalty to their faith, their capacity to survive many misfortunes and their success as ever more influential owners of land.' They have now been given that credit. Beautifully produced by Downside Abbey Trust, *The Webbs of Odstock* is the fruit of many hours of research and painstaking reading of primary sources. Hugh Wright's classical background is invaluable here. This is a work of scholarship which will be enjoyed by historians as a detailed case study of English recusancy, by those with an interest in the local history of the south west and by anyone with an interest in this exceptional family.

John and Sue Smart



Mike Pemberton – an Envoi

Out of sheer necessity I began to isolate when in 2017, after 30 years, my marriage came to an abrupt halt. Since neither of us found a partner who'd put up with my idiosyncrasies or her profligacy we settled for having our own post-marital affair. And, at a socially safe distance of 120 miles, it is working quite well. Of course she is in my Boris Bubble so when she visits, even though I've a super-king bed the two metre rule only allows the clink of champagne glasses at arm's length followed by the intertwining of fingers. More intimate exchanges have to be "behind closed doors" like, as I write, most sporting events; although, at my age, the athleticism of youth is but a distant memory.

After two marriages I've come to embrace my independence but according to our young son who lives with her, my uncoupled wife gets restless. She moved to London while I stayed in the country. As a retired actor and occasional author I need solitude, peace and quiet. And boy, is Norfolk the place for that? Dr. Ian Gibson, then Labour MP for Norwich North, laid an ostrich-sized egg when, in 2006, he implied that, because there were a lot of "same names" in Norfolk, it meant there was more inbreeding than in other counties. The phrase "normal for Norfolk" entered the comedian's lexicon and even a tongue-in-cheek bucolic TV series, in which a number of OGs featured, went into production.

After so many decades, usually with a partner, sleeping alone can be confusing. The other night I was in the midst of a spooky nightmare when my brain woke me saying take me to the loo. Totally disorientated, I found myself in the airing cupboard. Trouble with me is while prepping dinner I'm liable to knock back a couple of glasses of Provence rosé before starting on the serious stuff, though simultaneously quaffing a half litre of chilled sparkling water. My doctor smiles at this self-vindication then orders me to take a two mile walk every day, weather permitting!



Bernard Sankey

The nightmare? Only once in 13 years have I mentioned a nightmare located at Gresham's. It was that of a chemistry class in the laboratory overseen by one Bernard Sankey, who was appointed Second Master from 1963 – 70. Older OGs will remember him with affection. While showing us an experiment he'd caught fire and, like an Exocet missile, launched himself

from a window towards the now extinct Thatched Buildings, immediately setting them alight. At that point, mercifully, I woke up!

In 2014, following an appeal for a replacement cricket pavilion, I wrote: “What, I wonder, will the next fundraising project be? A chapel extension so girl students need no longer sit on boys’ laps or a bronze statue of Sir James Dyson, vacuum cleaner in hand?” Well, the chapel was rearranged to accommodate more worshippers and a memorial to Sir James will soon stand on the site of the iconic Thatched Buildings. When I interviewed Sir James for the magazine (No. 156, 2017) I mentioned driverless cars. *Times* readers may have read Alice Thomson’s profile of him in its Magazine of 19th September, where there was a passing reference to his abandoned attempt at an electric car. I’m not sure even Elon Musk spent as much launching his Tesla.

Sad to say, this may be my last attempt to inject a more satirical strand in our magazine. Trawling through memoirs of ancient OGs whose adventures may have been of interest to their contemporaries is all very well, but has little relevance for Gresham’s students who left the school decades later. So, anticipating the chorus of “Oh my God, what will we do without you, Mike?” or more likely “Hopefully that’s the last piece of tosh we’ll have to suffer through before 25 pages of obits”, this is my 14th and final piece.

I’ve made two very valuable and cherished friends over the years. My first editor was the inimitable John Smart. Meeting with John was a little like encountering an older and not quite so mobile version of Michael McIntyre. Had I still had my agency hat on, he would have gained an instant place as an entertainer alongside clients like Benny Hill, David Jason, dear Barbara Windsor and a whole lot more comedy superstars.



Of equal value is Richard Peaver who succeeded Smart and with whom I’ve had many energised conversations. I can visualise Richard as ‘Q’ in the James Bond franchise or Scrooge in Dickens’s *Christmas Carol* (younger OGs would surely more readily envisage me as Mr. Burns of “*The Simpsons*” – Ed.). As it turns out, both were too generous as well as forgiving with some contributors who grumbled if even one word was omitted from their original narrative. Gradually the magazine, like Jack’s beanstalk, grew and grew exponentially, until it became unviable.

So, yes, I’ve been fired, thankfully neither by Lord Sugar nor Donald Trump. And I count myself lucky I wasn’t earning a grand a pop! My editor, a tactful emissary of this news, sent me an email saying, due to cost both of production and mailing, it is now intended to downsize the magazine by omitting discursive or opinion articles. “That, alas, includes your excellent series of contributions, which have provided amusement, enjoyment (and occasionally controversy!) over the years.” Soothing words but, I must own up to being a controversialist.

Weirdly I dislike confrontation but glory in a well-judged exchange of opposing views. Platitudes and clichés are the assassins of meaningful discourse. While I wish Richard well with his revised remit I’ve a sneaking suspicion this may be a prelude to the eventual transition to an online only edition which would be a fraction of its current cost and have the advantage of being accessible 24/7/365. Meanwhile, if you’re in need of some instant jollity, you’ll find me at: <https://www.facebook.com/mike.pemberton.547>.

Nevertheless, I believe there would be hundreds of OG readers who would miss the print version with its human stories, many of which recalled long forgotten memories in verbal technicolour! Allow me to finish with an oxymoron from one of my most loved Shakespeare plays when, from her balcony, Juliet bids her Romeo goodnight with: “Parting is such sweet sorrow, That I shall say good night till it be morrow.” You never know! Old blue eyes still has a few years left.

Mike Pemberton (OSH 1950 – 55)



OG Travel Grant: Volunteering in Peru

From September to December 2018, I had the amazing opportunity to live in the beautiful city of Arequipa in Peru. Arequipa, known as both 'The White City' (because of the pearly white rock called *silla* of which a lot of the buildings are made) and 'The City of Eternal Spring' (a reference to the 300 days of sunshine a year and pleasant climate) is a unique city rich in culture.

During the time that I was there I worked with Vounteers Peru, a small NGO based in Arequipa, which is dedicated to the emotional and educational support of marginalised and vulnerable children in Peru. One of their projects is Casa Hogar Torre Fuerte, a residence for abandoned, neglected or otherwise at-risk girls between the ages of 2 and 18. Torre Fuerte houses between 25 – 40 of these girls, and provides them with a safe home, an education and a happy, caring environment.

From surrounding areas of Arequipa in the Andean region, the girls often come from poverty-stricken villages where their family can't look after them. The Peruvian authorities send them to the home to ensure they are cared for, but provide minimal funding, so Torre Fuerte relies heavily on the help and support of donations and volunteers. Resources are limited and it is not uncommon for a child of nine years old to be barely able to write. What is more, although the primary language spoken among the girls and staff at Torre Fuerte is Spanish, this is actually the second language for some of them. In rural Peru, where a lot of them were born, the native language of Quechua is spoken and they have grown up with this as their mother tongue.

The house is situated about 40 minutes from the centre of Arequipa and I quickly got used to the jostling, over-crowded 'combi' (mini-bus) rides that I had to take to get there. The city is famous for its friendly and welcoming people, so being immersed in a culture so different from my own I was grateful for the instant kindness and friendships that I soon made.

From the moment I stepped through the door on my first afternoon, I was enveloped in a big hug by one of the youngest residents at that time. I remember being taken aback, and surprised at how welcoming and confident she was. Aware that the girls came from abusive families, or communities suffering from extreme poverty, I expected this to reflect majorly on their behaviour and trust. But I couldn't have been more wrong! This affection continued and grew daily and by entering into such a welcoming and nurturing community I immediately felt like a big sister to them.

Of course, each of the girls were different. Some took more time to be comfortable with me, and were sometimes less open (everything I learnt about their backgrounds



was from them telling me their stories themselves – due to safeguarding reasons I was never actually told specific details of their circumstances before I arrived). It's undeniable that their pasts unfortunately have had a big impact on all of their lives. But what was very clear to me from the start was that they all had two things in common at Torre Fuerte: first, they were being loved; and secondly, given back a childhood of which they had been deprived.

As a volunteer at Torre Fuerte, I spent my afternoons with the girls after they had finished school. My role was to help them with homework, reading, chores and then we would have time to play. Helping them learn, feel loved, and to see them smile was something I looked forward to every morning. In fact, I went to volunteer on the basis of giving something to the girls, but didn't expect to gain so much more myself. I experienced how powerful love and "family" can be when you have nothing else. I refer to family in quotation marks because the "hermanas" (sisters) at Torre Fuerte are the only family to some of the girls.



One afternoon that really touched me was when a boy came to visit his sisters at Torre Fuerte. Like the girls, he was in a home after they all had been taken away from an at-risk environment. It turned out that this particular afternoon when the brother came to visit was actually his birthday, and instead of asking for a toy or new clothes, he asked to go to Torre Fuerte to spend the day with his sisters. It was really beautiful to witness such a special moment.

Something that I really noticed was the bravery and happiness that each girl carried with them, despite what they had been through. Among the laughter and energy it was sometimes very easy to forget about the things they had experienced in their pasts. Torre Fuerte is an incredible home and providing such a stable and nurturing environment to the vulnerable has a massive impact, which is reflected in the growth of the girls' confidence and happiness.



Dreams

However, it is not only giving them a safe place to live, but it is also creating an environment for their hopes and dreams to flourish.

After volunteering in Arequipa, I took the opportunity to explore the countries of Chile, Bolivia, Brazil and Argentina. Whilst travelling, I worked and volunteered on various



different jobs to provide my accommodation. During my entire time in South America I made many new friends, had some wonderful experiences and gained new perspectives on life. I feel very honoured to have been part of the project at Torre Fuerte and am extremely grateful to the OG Club for supporting me on this journey.

Matilda Dale (O 2008 – 13)

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Philip Newell (HM 1935 – 44)

The Philip Newell Memorial Fund

Teaching English in Indonesia



In Indonesia, the tourism sector accounts for a vast amount of its per capita income. Given English's position as a world language, competency in the language is essential for any kind of social mobility. Therefore, I believe helping to improve levels of English among children is a valuable and worthwhile project.



Aside from the project, there are many beautiful places to explore. The Gili and Nusa Islands are a must, and I would highly recommend snorkelling and diving here. Around Gili Air we were lucky enough to snorkel with turtles and some incredibly diverse marine life, as well as swimming among the Gili Meno statues. These statues are made from ph-neutral,

environmental-grade cement, which will eventually be the home of a fully-established reef. In some places, coral is already beginning to grow on the statues, and this will help create a foundation for marine life to flourish and inhabit. The process is twofold, as not only do they help save the reef but also spread awareness about the need to save reefs to the wealth of tourists that visit the statues each year.

There are several islands outside of Bali – the Pianemo Islands, Raja Ampat Islands and Padar Island, which are highly recommended if you have more time to travel. One of my favourite experiences was climbing the active volcano Mount Batur in the middle of the

night, to arrive at the summit for sunrise. If you are keen to venture away from tourist hotspots, I would also seriously recommend travelling to the north of Bali and staying in a rural jungle campsite. Although there are no Western facilities whatsoever, being this immersed in nature and traditional Balinese culture is a truly unique experience. There are beautiful temples scattered throughout, as well as waterfalls and rice terraces. There really isn't any time to get bored, and there is always another hidden gem around the corner.

Most of my trip I spent teaching English to local children on mainland Bali, in a rural village called Tabanan. Tabanan is known for its vast rice paddies and most of the locals spend lengthy hours labouring over their crops, often in extreme heat. Images such as the one on the right are pretty typical examples of what you will see in the villages. Although there is huge variety throughout the area, many are incredibly poor (the minimum wage in Bali is 2,297,968 IDR before tax – about £128.40). Often children are forced to work helping their families from a very young age, meaning they don't always get a shot at continued education.



Ulun Danu Beratan Temple, one of the most famous in Bali



My time was divided between three very different schools: a community school (this was run by local volunteers where the children were under no obligation to ever show up, and was held under the shelter of a temple), a village school (this had concrete buildings in place for classrooms and employed teachers) and a government-run school (here, the school clearly had more funding, which was reflected in the classroom resources, teaching quality and the children's academic performance). In none of the three schools did the teachers speak conversational English, and generally communication did not extend past 'Name?' and 'Where from?'.

The children's level of English in the government school certainly exceeded that of any of their teachers. Although this made our role challenging, it also gave us real purpose, as the children would not otherwise have access to fluent English speakers. Even the teachers were keen to learn and would politely translate questions to ask us regarding

teaching methods as well as grammar, vocabulary and pronunciation queries. In this way, we felt not only could we improve the children's English during class time, but also improve their English teaching provision by providing guidance and resources to the staff, who could continue our teaching after our departure. Teaching was a lot of fun; however, it is tiring and requires quite a lot of preparation. I would recommend taking a TEFL course before embarking on a teaching English project, as it does provide a useful base for developing interesting lessons and guidance on classroom management. Some classes will sit politely listening to you, others will want to do anything but listen to you – it's best to be prepared for both circumstances, and make sure you always have enough activities planned to develop your lesson further if you find yourself with lots of time left over at the end of the class.

Bali also has ongoing issues with environmental sustainability. This is partly accentuated by the tourist industry, which has grown exponentially over the last few decades. Investment, rapid urbanisation and development of the country has particularly affected its water security, with more than 70% of Indonesians relying on potentially contaminated sources and expanding waste streams are increasingly evident. Not only is the water undrinkable, but it can cause typhoid, cholera, dysentery and gastro-enteritis. Although mass tourism has caused problems, many environmental issues are actually caused by the locals themselves. A lack of education equals a lack of understanding about recycling, waste management, water pollution, etc. Sometimes you will see locals just drop rubbish onto the streets, effectively counteracting any initiative for recycling more materials.



Some Indonesian islands are so well visited by tourists that authorities ensure that beaches are clean. However, a huge amount of beaches that are only really visited by locals are incredibly dirty. A large group of us spent many hours clearing rubbish off the coastline, to only clear a 50x50 metre plot which would undoubtedly be filled with more litter when the tide next came in. Our efforts represented a puny attempt in relation to the tremendous scale of the issue.

We also tried to teach the local children about sustainability. Many children have no understanding at all about pollution, climate change, global warming or waste management. It is a concept completely alien and unfathomable to many of the children. The fact that the water is undrinkable means only bottled water can be drunk, thus increasing the amount of plastic around.

Advice for volunteers

1. Do your research

- a. It's important to research the country/countries thoroughly before you go – remember different cultures and jurisdictions can make what we think is acceptable conduct completely inappropriate in other cultures, or even illegal.
- b. Understand what kind of environment you will be entering into and prepare yourself accordingly – think about temperatures, wildlife, transport, facilities, emergency numbers, vaccinations, etc.
- c. Researching in advance also minimises the risk of feeling rushed or that you've missed out on something you would have loved.

2. Stay together

Remember that your most vulnerable friend is the one you leave behind. As obvious as it sounds, try to never find yourself in a situation where you are outside the accommodation alone.

3. Make the most of your experience

- a. Don't be afraid to get your hands dirty and try everything you can. You will have access to some really unique opportunities – make the most of them!
- b. Be curious and challenge yourself! Embrace local customs and try the local food.

4. Don't trust ATMs

Be *extremely* careful which ATMs you use abroad – make sure they are part of a bank or shop, and not an independent machine. Try and take enough cash so that you don't have to keep taking more out, and be vigilant in choosing a machine when you do.

5. Avoid stray animals

I noticed particularly in Bali there were hundreds of stray dogs roaming the streets. Although they are mostly very friendly, it's best to avoid animals as they can carry some really nasty diseases. Even if you have had a rabies vaccination, you will still not be immune to the disease and will need emergency medical attention if you are bitten or scratched.

6. Keep regular contact with people at home

- a. Text your parents, friends, siblings as much as you can while you are away! If anything goes wrong, they'll notice straight away! It can be difficult with busy days and time difference, but try to send something every day if you can.
- b. There are also safety apps like bsafe and Drunk Mode, which can be worthwhile downloading.

7. Bring comfortable shoes

8. If you can't carry your luggage up a flight of stairs easily by yourself, *it's too heavy*

- a. When you're travelling alone, you, and only you, are responsible for yourself and all of your stuff. This means you need to be able to manage and protect it; the heavier your luggage is, the harder this will be.
- b. I promise you really won't need all of it!

9. Keep an open mind, be flexible and leave room for spontaneity.

Think Pacific Project – Fiji



Think Pacific volunteers

I volunteered in Fiji on a Think Pacific Expedition, a company that works directly with the Fijian Government, looking to spread the message on the importance of Education, Sport, Health, Employability and Well-being. Think Pacific send groups of volunteers to work within communities across Fiji, each expedition group visiting a different village and therefore having a wider impact.

My volunteering project was for two months from January to March 2019. Before entering the village, we were given basic training whilst staying on the mainland. This was to learn alternative ways to teach, as we would have few resources available on the islands and how we could adapt our own experiences of education. We were also given a briefing on the

traditions and customs of the Fijian lifestyle, such as a “grog session”, this proving very important when we arrived in the village!

Our project was on the island of Kadavu in the Nakasaleka district. We stayed in the village of Nakarenowa with families. There were 24 volunteers, so we were split into groups of four at most, to live with a family.

I and three other volunteers lived with Ratu (my Dad), Na (my Mum) and Trudy (my sister 7). The family had eight other children who were away at school or working. Our family were very forward-thinking in terms of their opinions on education for their children, who all went to school from a young age, progressing to a senior boarding school on Kadavu. I quickly learnt this was not the case in all families within the village or district: the majority don't recognise the importance of education and therefore aren't bothered whether their children go to school or not. This made the work we did with the children, encouraging them to attend school and support with learning, very valuable for them and rewarding for us.

Our role as volunteers was to assist in the school by observing the classes and taking the weaker ones out for 1-on-1 sessions in English and Maths. This was easier said than done, as when we arrived there were four teachers for five classes. Years 3 & 4 didn't have a teacher – I supported this class. They would be set work by another teacher



Me, Emma, Gabi and Beth Ratu and Na

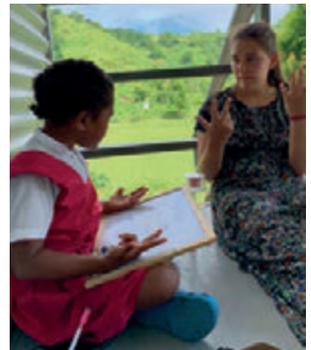
and then left to try and complete it with our support. It was hard to identify which children were weaker, and some in the classroom ended up doing very little work. I found this hard to come to terms with, as even the brighter children were missing out on learning. Unfortunately, it is the reality of the education system in Fiji, as the teachers are allocated to each school, but there is no telling when they will arrive.



Broken bridge crossing

I was able to see the benefit of working closely with a little girl called Lucy. She had been struggling with the work set and would either copy others' or be disruptive in the class, playing with her friends. In my first week she came to school only once due to the rivers overflowing and the bridge being broken, whilst others made an effort to find another way. Gradually I saw her change as she started coming to school regularly, trying harder in our 1-to-1 session. Lucy started to understand what she was learning; she could count to 30 and complete basic sums using her fingers. When I left, she had

progressed to counting to 100 and could work out sums up to 100 using column addition as well as subtraction; she was also starting to count in 100s. It was rewarding to see her progress in the short time we spent together.



Lucy and me working together

Every day after lunch we spent half an hour supporting Enrichment Activities. The children were placed in teams which they stayed in for the duration of the time we were there. Each week we would be given a different activity to work on and at the end of the week, each team would

show the others and be awarded points. One week was singing and my team sang “Is this the way to Amarillo”, adapted by us with a Fijian twist, everyone learning the words and actions to perform for the others on the Friday. It was great fun and could get very competitive at times!

To finish the day, we would do an hour of sport. This was led by Project Volunteers and I enjoyed sharing my love of sport to lead sessions and those with less experience or knowledge were great assistants. We introduced hockey, basketball, rounders and football, offering variety to the children who had only really played rugby and netball before. It was fascinating to see the natural talent from many of the children who picked up the new sports and skills so fast, in particular hockey, as it was completely new to them.



Coaching a rugby session

It was more appropriate with the younger children to focus on basic skills, i.e. running and throwing; therefore we did races and simple games to keep them engaged. We also worked with local schools (local meaning a short boat ride away). It was amazing to be able to meet other young people, supporting them to experience playing different sports and also give the teachers new ideas that they could later implement.

Once we had finished school for the day, it was our opportunity to be active and play sport ourselves. The boys would often join in with the rugby game played by the men in the village. This was wasn't an opportunity open to the girls, as it wasn't thought to be a female sport. Women playing sport is less common on the islands, and if it is played it is netball.

Weekends in the village were days where we could explore and rest. On Saturdays we would walk to waterfalls, go out on the boats fishing or to beaches. This allowed us to see the natural beauty that surrounded us and recognise how lucky we were. We had a great trip one Saturday to the beach with our families. We were able to swim in the sea with all the children, enjoying fish cooked on fires on the beach and coconuts cut down from the trees.



Cooking the catch at the beach

Sundays were the day of rest known as the Sabbath; Fijians are very religious, so it was an important day with a set routine. In the morning we would go to church for a service in Fijian, which was lovely, although we understood very little, returning home for lunch as a family prepared by our mum; this would be a feast of chicken or fish, where we were encouraged to eat as much as we could. Afterwards it was important that we would rest, a great opportunity to speak with your family and get to know them better, which also helped with their English.

The Fijian culture is very different to our own, so it was important we learnt and embraced it, meaning we went to a number of “grog” sessions, where we could meet and socialise with many of the locals, in particular with the other elders. It is a custom that everyone is “Sevu, Sevued” into a village on arrival and this allowed you to visit other villages. This was a ceremony where we all had “grog” with the Chief of the village and other elders and were formally welcomed; only then could we visit the shop in another village. “Grog” is a drink made from the cava plant, which is ground into a powder and mixed into a special bowl using a sack with water. It is handed out in dried coconut shells, where you must clap when you receive it, drink it in one, hand it back and clap three times. Clothing we wore was also important: girls must cover their knees and shoulders in the village by wearing either dresses or sulus (a sarong skirt) and wear long shorts for sport. The guys wore any shorts with sulus over the top when in the village.



Anna, me, Paloma and Esita

It was important that we were also respectful of their religious beliefs. We were expected to attend church and other ceremonies. In my family we had devotion at 7 p.m. where we would go to the prayer room and sing together, as well as read extracts from the Bible.

There was no pressure for you to have the same beliefs, just appreciate that is how they have been brought up and it is important to them. Church was very important to the family I lived with. We were asked to join them singing songs in church – we really enjoyed it, and I still know the songs!

Throughout our stay we embraced the traditions of sitting cross-legged on the floor to eat. We ate a lot of fresh fish, which was incredible once you got over the bones and eyes! Fruit and vegetables were sparse, carbs plentiful – our diet was interesting! As western ingredients were being imported, particularly sugar, it was heavily overused. However, they were very unaware of the health risks, i.e. weight gain, dental problems and diabetes.

Volunteering in Fiji was an eye-opening but incredible experience. The village community were so friendly, sharing so much with us when they have very little. On Kadavu they are unaware of what is going on in the world around them, with their biggest trip being between the small islands. It is very important as volunteers that we embraced their culture as gradually they are introduced to the modern world. Our role was important: to teach them how to be healthy whilst enjoying new luxuries such as sugar, as they are unaware of the risks or impact that the modern world brings to their health or environment, the largest cause of death being due to diabetes, which comes from sugar consumption as they are not equipped with all the facts or medication to treat it. We supported them to learn about disposing of their rubbish so it won't harm the environment.

As a group of volunteers, the support and encouragement we gave the children to learn English and Maths was so beneficial, making learning fun and something they would be keen to continue. The impact of watching how they learnt from our actions, living



With the fans we were given

as part of their families, was humbling and so rewarding, as simple as brushing our teeth twice a day, mindful of how much sugar we consumed and participating in daily physical activity. I found it hard, knowing that our time was limited. Working with Lucy was a challenge and you can't expect immediate change. However, I do feel Lucy learnt ways that will help in her future as a pupil to enjoy education as well as be inspired to keep trying.

Two months flew by, an amazing experience making friends for life and doing our small part to help create change within the Fijian culture as the modern world is introduced.

OG Sport

Rugby



On the year of the tenth anniversary of the Spice Merchants, there was yet another epic encounter with the young pretenders, the Zummi Warriors (under 25s). The Spice Merchants came away winners three tries to two, due in no small part to the excellent recruitment of **Alfie Woolcock** (T 2019) by **Sam Curtis** (H 1993) pre match. There were moments of flair and controversy, but in general it was agreed afterwards by the players that it was a fantastic match to watch!

Two tries from **Moore** (T 2011) and one from Woolcock just pipped the long-range effort from **Bromham** (H 2016) and another for **Rob Mackenzie** (T 2019), ably assisted by **B. Gill** (W 2019) for the Warriors.

Man of the Match was awarded by club president **Josh Crick** (F 2010) to the workhorse **Mike Haverty** (H 2011), and a special award was given to The Gas Man “Mokey” **Mckenzie** (T 2016).

If the rugby was impressive, the singing in The Anchor Pub, Morston, (spiritual home and sponsor of the Spice Merchants) was epic! Summertime, JC, Wild Rover, building to a momentous Adèle finish, with Jack Webster soloing the last verse. So with a tear in our eyes and promises to definitely play in the Las Vegas Sevens this year, we said our goodbyes and left a very dry Anchor for another year.

My thanks to the following who played, especially **Mr. Howard**, who, aged 53, last played rugby in the house matches at school in 1984!

Sam Curtis (c & H 1986 – 93 and S 2006 -)

Hockey



In November 2019, the school welcomed back OG lady hockey players for a fast-paced, fun-filled match against the girls' 1st XI. There were smiles, tumbles and goals galore, with the 1st XI turning out winners. Player of the match was awarded by the OGs to Poppy Wharton.



The OGs put out three men's teams this year to take on the boys' 1st, 2nd and 3rd XIs. Some very competitive fixtures ensued, with the school 3rd XI defeating the OGs 4 – 1 and the 2nd XI drawing 2 – 2. The OG 1st XI stole the show with an 8 – 2 victory over the school. Ali Cargill faced off against his son Hector in the year of his 50th birthday, whilst the goals came from Charlie Mack (3), Tom Fisher (1), Tom Cooke (1), Cameron Cooke (1) and Tom Nichols (1).

Over the summer, **Joe Cowan**, Director of Hockey, and **Charlie Mack** conducted a survey to see how many OGs are still involved in the game. There was an encouragingly large response to this enquiry, and Joe and Charlie are very grateful to the many Old Greshamians who responded.

Cricket



With all the Covid-19 restrictions in place, a strong OG X1 assembled to play the school 1st X1 on a bright sunny August afternoon. The OGs were invited to bat and initially made slow progress against some tight school bowling, well backed up by keen fielding. After about 15 overs the score was only just over 40 with the loss of 3 wickets and a very moderate score looked on the cards. However, a wonderful stand of nearly 150 between **Felix Flower** (1st X1 2003 – 06) and **Sam Foster** (2004 – 06) got the OGs up to a highly respectable score of 197 for 4 at the end of 40 overs.

Felix, who has not played any cricket at all for over three years, had a shaky start but once “in” showed what a really talented player he is, with a masterclass in pacing an innings, only getting out with one ball to go, and that was through exhaustion! Sam, one of the few OGs still playing regular cricket, was soon into his stride, showing a fine array of attacking shots and what a class player he is.

One hundred and ninety-seven was always going to be a daunting total for a very young school side, missing two players on duty with Northants Academy and another top order batter, and so it proved, losing three quick wickets, two to **Hugo Flower** (2002 – 03) and one to **Hudson de Lucchi** (2016 – 19), a new recruit to the OG Team. Elliott Hart, a Year 9 (3rd Form) pupil, then made a most promising 30, and later his brother Lewis made an excellent hard-hitting 50, which enabled the school to reach a most respectable 150. Mention must be made of the brilliant wicket keeping of **Simon Child** (1990 – 2003) who again plays very little cricket but showed what a class act he is.

This was again a most enjoyable day, thoroughly enjoyed by all the OGs and their thanks go to the school, in particular to Dominic Atkinson and Steve Adams for all their efforts in making the game possible.

In January 2020, the final OG & FOGs Cricket Dinner to be held in Dave's Diner took place. It was a very enjoyable evening, bringing together past and current parents, Old Greshamians, current and past Gresham's teachers and members of staff, including **John Arkell** (HM 1991 – 2002), as well as other FOGs and those invested in Norfolk cricket. The Gresham's catering team once again produced a fantastic meal, topped off by a brilliant speech by Will Jefferson (formerly of Essex, Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire County Cricket Clubs). Will gave a fascinating insight into his



career as a first class cricketer, relating stories of times he faced and played with some of the best and most colourful cricketers of his generation. Those in attendance were also informed of the amazing and extensive cricketing achievements of the boys' and girls' teams at Gresham's this past year. Our thanks to **Alan Ponder** (S 1980 – 2007) for organising this event again.



The Old Greshamian Golfing Society

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Provisional Fixtures for 2021

Wednesday 13th January – Halford Hewitt AGM & 2021 competition draw

Friday 19th March – Spring Meeting, Royal Worlington

Thursday 8th – Sunday 11th April – Halford Hewitt, Royal Cinque Ports & Royal St. George's (practice day, Wed. 7th April)

Sunday 16th May (tbc) – Grafton Morrish Qualifying – Denham GC

June, date to be confirmed – Summer Meeting, Sheringham

Thursday 24th – Saturday 26th June – Cyril Gray, Worplesdon (practice day Wed. 23rd June)

Monday 5th July (tbc) – Match vs Fishmongers' Golf Society – Royal West Norfolk

Late September/early October – Grafton Morrish Finals, Hunstanton & Royal West Norfolk

Friday 22nd October (tbc) – 4 Schools Match, Royal Worlington

October/November – Autumn Meeting & AGM, Woodhall Spa (tbc)

The Society remains anxious to recruit new members, especially pupils as they leave school. We have met with the master i/c golf, Tom Howland, to encourage greater awareness of the OG Golfing Society, what it does and what it can do to support younger golfers. The impact of Covid-19 has prevented us from putting any of those discussions into practice, as yet, but it remains a 'work-in-progress'.

Whilst we wish to encourage golfers of all ages and abilities to join the Society, we hope that improved communication with the school and school leavers will lead, in turn, to better golfers becoming available for the scratch competitions. There is a feeling that other schools have progressed whilst Gresham's has been treading water in competitions such as the Halford Hewitt and the Grafton Morrish. We can see opportunities to bring some younger golfers into these competitions but it must start at the point that they leave school, so it is important that we enhance and improve communications.

Otherwise, the OG Golf Society is always looking for new members, of all abilities (the handicap range of existing members is from 1 to 28 for men and up to 26 for ladies). We enjoy our golf; the Spring, Summer and Autumn meetings are played off handicap, as is the Fishmongers' match. We actively encourage golfers of all ages, sexes and abilities to join us, so if you are already a member but haven't been to any of our meetings now is the time to change all that and if you are not a member but would like to join please contact the Hon. Secretary, **Richard Stevens** (k & T 1969 – 77) at the above address.

OGRE

Old Greshamian Rifle Establishment



The Piglet Shield

Although this has been a rather different year for the members of the Old Greshamian Rifle Establishment, the season began as usual with a friendly smallbore match against the School rifle team: the Piglet Shield. This historic match may seem to favour the more experienced OGs, but the playing field is levelled as this is often the only occasion that OGREs get to fire smallbore, so the majority won't have shot for a year, and some members leave even longer intermissions! The quality of the training received at Gresham's is evident, as in over 30 years of the competition, the OGs have a lead of just 5 wins.

This year's match was held at Winfarthing range in late February, attended by 12 OGs and 7 members of GRC. The OGs pre-selected a modest team of 7 to match the young line-up from the School. Course of fire was two deliberate 10 bull targets, followed by a further rapid-fire target in 90 seconds for honours only. In the individual competition; OGs Marijcke Veltman-Grisenthwaite, Tim Webster, and George Williams were joint 2nd with an impressive 194 ex 200. Particularly impressive in Marijcke's case, as she hadn't picked up a .22 rifle in 25 years! They were all bested by Toby Cubitt from the school team, who scored an incredible 196.

In the rapid-fire competition, we had high scores from Ed Johnson and Matt Firman, scoring 95 and 96 ex 100 respectively, but they were also bested by Toby with his 97. The team of 7 competition was a narrow victory for OGRE with a total of 1321 ex 1400, just 5 points ahead of GRC on 1316. The match was followed by a well-deserved roast lunch at the pub next door, where the conversation flowed over crumble and custard.

Following the lockdown announcement in March, the NRA made the difficult decision to cancel the Imperial meeting scheduled for July. At time of writing, a socially distanced Imperial meeting has been announced for mid-September. In lieu of the usual Imperial meeting report, here's a mixture of history and (vicarious) nostalgia.

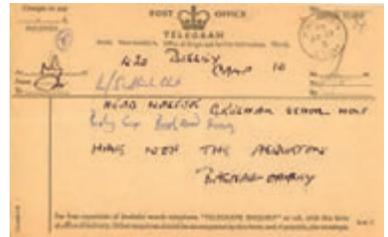


Gresham's sent their first VIII to Bisley in 1905, and although they were placed 37th, thankfully they were not disheartened; they had caught the Bisley bug. Those that have been will know that Bisley hasn't changed as much as one might expect in 115 years!

It was 1968 when Gresham's first lifted the coveted Ashburton shield, with a score of 518 ex 560, beating Oakham by 1 point.



The 1968 Ashburton Team



Telegram to LBL from team captain Jermy Bagnall-Oakeley



John Rowley, 1980s



GRC, 1980



GRC, 1990s



GRC at the Millennium meeting, 2000

It may have taken the team until 2009 to take the Ashburton shield once again, but there was certainly not a lack of silverware in the interim!

Target rifle shooting nurtures certain qualities in a person, not just marksmanship but resilience and an inherent camaraderie between firers of all ages; perhaps this explains our members' perpetuity of commitment to the sport. It seems resilience has always been a necessity

in shooting, as evident from the 1906 captain's report: "It is no use taking up shooting, if the first "outer" means loss of all heart for the rest of the shoot." (*The Gresham*, 1906)

I'm certain that the OGREs will continue to excel both nationally and internationally in the future. There may well be two Imperial meeting reports in next year's issue!

As always, thanks go to Freddie Grounds, Master of Shooting at Gresham's, for training our future members to such a high standard.



GRC, OGRE and Norfolk, 2009

Henry Howard (k & W 1997 – 2011)

Obituaries

His Honour Douglas Forrester-Paton QC (W 1935 – 39) died in December 2019. During the War, he served as a Flight Lieutenant in the RAFVR, flying as a navigator in 151 Squadron. In February 1945, his Mosquito was reported missing during a bomber support mission, and it was not until April that confirmation was received that his aircraft had been shot down by an Me410 and he had been taken prisoner. His pilot had been killed. He took silk in 1965, became a Judge of County Courts and subsequently a Circuit Judge. His wife, Agnete, died aged 99 in 2015.

Dr. Arthur Hickson (H 1939 – 43) died in April 2019. His widow has provided the following details of his life:

Arthur was born in 1925 in Chippenham, Wiltshire. Both his parents were doctors, his father a GP and his mother an eye specialist and part-time GP. He went to prep. school in Dorset before entering Gresham's. When the time came to leave school, the Headmaster told him that the Royal Navy were looking for young men capable of gaining an Engineering degree at Cambridge, and that they would be accepted even if red-green colour blind – as Arthur was. Accordingly, he opted to apply for a commission in the Fleet Air Arm, since he would not have met the eyesight requirements of the Royal Air Force (which would have been his first choice).

After being demobbed, Arthur completed an Engineering degree at Trinity College,

Cambridge, subsequently working for Kodak on camera production. However, after a few years he made the decision to change profession completely, and to study Medicine. He had in fact considered this career while still at Gresham's, and had instead become an engineer, believing this to be of more use to the war effort. He qualified as MB ChB at Bristol in 1956, and, after further study, went into general practice at Kidsgrove, on the Staffordshire-Cheshire border. He married a medical colleague, with whom he had a daughter, two sons and subsequently eight grandchildren. In his 90s, with his health failing, he and his wife moved to the West Midlands to be nearer to their sons and their families. He died at home two months short of his 94th birthday.

Edward Hotblack (OSH 1942 – 45) died in May 2020. The following obituary is adapted from tributes paid to him by his son **Eric** (k & W 1964 – 72) and his daughter Liz.



Many have commented on him being a true gentleman, his kindness and his sense of humour, as well as having a love of all things Norfolk and of the countryside. Ted said that he wanted a quiet funeral with no fuss, and in these strange current times it seems his wish was granted!

He was born in Hull to a long-established Norfolk family, the middle child of two sisters, Mavis and Merle. It was his uncle, **Major Gerald Hotblack MC** (Bengal Lodge 1902 – 09), who first suggested that serving OGS might “express their affection for the school by undertaking to pay for some specific part of the Chapel”, a proposal that in due course led to the installation of new seating and panelling. His father, **Harold Hotblack** (o & H 1904 – 09), was Head Brewer at the Hull Brewery. From an early age he decided he wanted to be known as “Ted”. He and his elder sister Mavis, in Ted’s words, were “real little hooligans”. One notable anecdote was when Mavis’s governess was seen running along the drive, pursued by six year-old Ted wielding a (given his age) rather small stick, with Mavis bringing up the rear, shouting, “Hit her, Edward, hit her harder!” Definitely no tea, and an early bed for the pair of them that day.

The family moved to Norfolk after buying the farm at Field Dalling together with the Hall, and moved in just before Christmas 1936. Tragically, Ted’s father was killed in a car accident in Norfolk in May 1937. Ted went to prep. school in Northamptonshire and then Gresham’s, firstly at Newquay when the school was evacuated there

during the war, before returning to Holt. At Gresham’s he made lifelong friends. We recall him telling us that at school he was “an idle s*d” and his mother’s constant fear was that he would be thrown out of school, but fortunately he wasn’t and he obtained his School Certificate. After leaving school, he completed his National Service in the Royal Corps of Signals. His job (somewhat bizarrely) was joining multicore cables, whilst being colour-blind. In Palestine he swam in the Dead Sea and felt the Palestinians were badly treated by other governments. Whilst stationed at Catterick, he recalled shovelling snow off the Great North Road during the severe winter of 1947.

His education resumed at Shuttleworth Agricultural College. He started farming at Field Dalling with horses guided by “howd-gee boy” and finished with tractors guided by satellite. Similarly, when he was born in 1927 the price of malting barley was 11/3d per cwt; this equates to £11.25 per tonne, while in 2020, the malting barley price is £140 per tonne, 12.5 times more. In 1952 he and Margaret married in Bale church; they lived in Bale for a short while, before building the bungalow known as Hill House in Field Dalling. He instigated many changes on the farm, installing drainage, digging ponds, planting hedges and trees, doing up old farm buildings and building a new farmhouse, Manor Farm.

People have reminisced that with Ted’s passing, it’s the end of an era, but it probably seemed, post WWII, with firstly **Peter Savory** (o & K 1927 – 35) then Ted,

then John Holden as new young farmers in the village, that it was a new era with increasing mechanisation and the regional specialisation of concentrating on arable farming. We are sure that Ted would have seen it more as continuity of use of the farmed landscape. He walked many miles over the farm with his dogs, firstly flat-coated retrievers, then springer spaniels and lastly labradors. Whilst walking, he would observe the weather, wildlife and nature, as well as the crops and soil conditions. This observation was put to good use while shooting. He was an excellent shot, and later used his observational skills to good effect when fishing.

During the summer holidays the family went sailing at Morston and swimming at Blakeney Point. Ted first went skiing in the late 1960s with **David Hammond** (D & H 1938 – 46). This was the start of annual family skiing holidays. The party usually consisted of Hotblacks, Cozens-Hardys, Hammonds and various friends. He was a devoted son and brother. His mother, widowed at a young age, depended on Ted for all her decision-making. He always visited her once a week, often more.

Ted started salmon fishing in Scotland in 1976, some of the rivers he fished being the Oykel, Helmsdale, Thurso, Brora, Halladale, Dee and Tweed. He loved having family and friends with him, and when both **Lucy** (c & B 2005 – 13) and **James (Buxton)** (k & H 2005 – 15) caught their first salmon on the same morning on the Oykel in 2012, he was absolutely delighted.

He was very proud of Lucy and James and proud that they continued the family tradition of going to Gresham's, where not only he but also his father had been pupils. He enjoyed being involved in his grandchildren's lives – while they were at Gresham's Prep. School he often watched them play sport and was particularly fond of the excellent post-match teas provided by the school.

Ted continued to shoot while he was in his 80s and during his 90th year he caught a 20lb salmon on the Oykel. In his latter years he used to enjoy going out for a local pub lunch with Paul Raywood (**Colonel Paul Raywood TD DL**, OSH 1942 – 46) and John Perks – we jokingly referred to the octogenarian trio as Norfolk's answer to "The Last of the Summer Wine".

The last year was difficult, after his wife Margaret died. Ted broke his hip, which necessitated a two-month hospital stay. Sadly, after this his mobility and strength diminished and it wasn't practical for him to return to Field Dalling, where he had lived for over 80 years. He spent his final year at Crossways, Sheringham. When the family visited him, he was only interested in what farm work had been done, how crops looked on certain fields and what his grandchildren were doing. He had a long, full and happy life and he will be greatly missed by many.

Dermot Hope-Simpson (W 1943 – 47) died in July 2020.

David Watson Cook (OSH 1945 – 47) died in 2019.

Alan Sankey (D 1942 – 48) died in February 2020.



Alan had moved to Holt from Liverpool after his mother Joanna married **Bernard Sankey** (S 1936 – 70 and Second Master 1963 – 70) following the death of Alan's father. Bernard taught Physics and Maths at Gresham's, and later became housemaster of Kenwyn, Farfield and eventually Second Master under **Logie Bruce-Lockhart** (HM 1955 – 82).

Alan was at Gresham's Junior School when war broke out, and in 1940 was evacuated along with the entire school to two hotels in Newquay, Cornwall. He and his younger brother **David** (c & OSH 1944 – 53) travelled there by train with Bernard. His mother Joanna and the newborn Caroline later followed by taxi. They had a wonderful time in Newquay, running wild on the cliffs and surfing and swimming with **John Newell** (k 1942 – 45), whose father was Headmaster. Sometimes the beach was closed off as mines drifted in, bouncing

among the rocks until a marksman exploded them. On one occasion, a German bomber dropped three bombs within a stone's throw of their house.

In 1945, the school returned to Holt with just 170 pupils, a far cry from the substantial numbers of today, but perhaps forming the same roots of resilience of spirit, optimism and good humour. Alan was always rather chuffed that while at Gresham's, he played with Irish fly half **Andy Mulligan** (c & H 1945 – 54), as well as several first-class hockey players.

Alan went to Malvern College. Here, he took great joy in sport: rugby, athletics, gymnastics and long distance running. He was very proud to have won his Ledbury Cap in the gruelling Ledbury run via the Malvern Hills and back, so proud in fact that 70 years later, after his death, his old Ledbury colours running vest was found at the back of his drawer. He was also a keen member of the choir under Leonard Blake.



Alan defends our shores, Newquay 1943

Fellow Malvernian David Whiteford writes: “Alan was a great mixer and enjoyed company. He was always fair-minded and tolerant, curious about life generally and interested in what others were doing.”

At Hertford College, Oxford, Alan read French and Spanish. He became President of the Wine Society, swam for the Dolphins (Oxford’s second team), and played rugby and hockey for his college. His window at Hertford became the unofficial way into the college after curfew. On one occasion, a kindly don enquired why Alan was climbing in through the window, and invited him to enter through his own door.

After Oxford, not particularly knowing “what else to do”, Alan followed the family profession and went to teach at Merchiston Castle School in Edinburgh. There, he started up the sailing club. He had learnt substantial sailing and racing skills as a child in Blakeney Pit, and built his own Enterprise dinghy which he called “Caggy” after his sister.

Two years later, he married Margaret Walkley and their first child, Charlotte, was born. After four years in Edinburgh, Alan went to teach at Harrow. He took over the running of the sailing club and helped with rugby and Harrow football. He became housemaster of Bradbys, a job which he found extremely fulfilling. True to the current Gresham’s ethos, he was a determined champion of every individual. He stayed in touch with many Old Bradbeians, who sent very touching tributes when he died.

After retiring from Harrow, Alan and Margaret went to live in the village of Bale in North Norfolk, where they had had a holiday home for many years. He involved himself closely with village affairs, becoming churchwarden and chairman of the Parochial Church Council. Amongst other activities, he and Margaret initiated and supported annual Purcell School concerts at the church. In retirement, they very regularly visited his daughter Katy and her family in Cape Town, where Alan once swam in the mothers’ race at his grand-daughter Imogen’s school. Alan was also able to spend more time sailing. Renowned for being the last to go out on the tide and the last to come home, he was thrilled to win the Oyster “World Championships” at Blakeney in 2000, with his son William and daughter-in-law Charlotte crewing.

Though retired, Alan taught Spanish at Gresham’s for a year to assist with a temporary staff shortage. Never having taught mixed classes before, he found it an interesting and different experience.

As his life drew to an end with a mercifully short illness, Alan mentioned that one of his greatest values was intellectual integrity. Indeed, he was always interested in sensible liberal questioning and tolerant thinking. “He will be missed for his warmth, cheerful sense of humour, enthusiasm and unflinching hospitality,” said the Bale village tribute, a theme echoed by numerous other tributes. One of his grandchildren writes: “Everything about him was light and content.”

Thomas Balch (k, c & H 1944 – 49) died in May 2020. His youngest brother, **Follett** (F 1957 – 61), writes: Tom, and his brother Jim (k & OSH 1944 – 51), joined the school at Newquay in May 1944. After two terms they returned to Holt, where they were joined by their brother **Crawford** (c & OSH 1945 – 53) the following year. He had shown some early promise in athletics, which he suggested was why the Headmaster selected him for Howson's. He must have shown some acting talent too, as he played Cordelia in a school play – something his brothers never let him forget!



He was a keen sailor all his life. The photograph was taken on holiday in the Stockholm Archipelago in 1989. Another early passion was for fast cars; at one stage, he was set on becoming a racing driver, much against his parents' wishes. However, he realised on going for a trial that he was far too cautious by nature. Instead, and maybe a little reluctantly, he decided to follow his father into surveying and property. After some practical experience, National Service intervened. He was commissioned into the Royal Artillery and served in Germany. He enjoyed his time, and on being demobbed joined the TA – the Essex Yeomanry – where he continued to serve for some years.

He studied for his professional qualifications as a Chartered Surveyor the hard way by correspondence courses with the College of Estate Management, whilst working and gaining experience in practice in Central London. It was hard work, but he qualified in 1960. He then moved away from private practice, joining his father in the commercial and company property world, which suited him. Through this connection he first became involved with The Grainger Trust, then a northern-based residential investment company. He became a director, and continued to be closely involved with the company until his retirement.

His early love of fast cars also lasted his lifetime. He drove a Porsche until the arrival of family dictated otherwise, and was knowledgeable about the early days of motor racing, particularly Ferrari. He married Susan Greaves in 1970; they lived variously at Little Horkesley, Ipswich and Coddendam, bringing up three boys. In 2005 they moved to Aldeburgh on the Suffolk coast, where he continued to sail, when invited, and became a member of the Aldeburgh Golf Club. A member of the OG Golfing Society, he was modest about his ability, but he very much enjoyed the game and its social side. He was an active member of the "Treacle Miners" at Aldeburgh, where lunch is as important as the golf. Having given up playing, he was frequently seen with his dog walking the course and enjoying a drink with his friends. He died from prostate cancer aged 87 on 19th May 2020 – coincidentally the day of his brother Crawford's funeral.

Jeremy Sandys-Winsch (OSH 1944 – 49) died in October 2019.

Roy Kemp (F 1946 – 49) died in March 2020. The following obituary is taken from the *Eastern Daily Press*.



Roy (centre) speaking at a 1960s farm open day

Mr. Kemp, who farmed at East Harling and Kilverstone, became known across the world for the practice and promotion of three-week pig weaning during the 1960s, and sharing his knowledge with producers from across the UK and overseas. Working with the Tuck family, the Burston-based animal feed merchants, he helped develop a ground-breaking nutritional system for piglets, which included introducing milk powder in a pellet form – reducing the weaning time from six to three weeks.

Alongside his farming career, Mr. Kemp involved himself at all levels of Norfolk community life, serving as a county councillor in the 1970s, and from the 1980s onwards his roles included chairing the bench of Thetford Magistrates' Court and working as an East Harling parish councillor and a Breckland district councillor. He was also chairman of

Norfolk's Conservative Agricultural Committee for many years, and was part of the fundraising committees at Gresham's School in Holt and Old Buckenham School in Suffolk, as well as being involved with Dunston Harriers and an active supporter of Thetford Chase Pony Club. His son **Neville** (F 1969 – 72) said Mr. Kemp was a "great man" who would be remembered for his farming innovations – but many would be unaware of the huge impact he had on his community.

"One of his main achievements was that in years gone by, pre-1970s, all pigs were weaned at six weeks, simply because they had not developed milk powder in a nut to be able to replace milk in a weaner. He devised, along with the Tuck family at Burston, a circumstance where they could rehydrate and replace the milk powder in a pellet form. This transformed pig production across the country and across Europe. Now everybody practises three-week weaning. It completely revolutionised the pig industry. He used to have several open days a year, where people would come from all over the world to see the system.

"He was also a great man for his family and the local community. He did huge amounts of work that people would never know about. He was responsible for the Breckland sports centre, and East Harling recreation ground was built under his management. There will be a lot of people who will never know how they have benefited from his work. But he never did it for the glory of it. He worked tirelessly in the background."



George Cushing (c & H 1944 – 50) died in February 2020. Holt Rugby Club paid the following tribute: With huge sadness Holt RFC announce the sudden death of George Cushing, the well-known farmer. Throughout Norfolk and beyond, George became friendly with countless people and organisations, through agriculture, fairground organ playing and rugby football. George was a founder member of Holt RFC when formed in 1961, working tirelessly in raising funds and promoting the Club over the last 58 years. He was President of Holt RFC for seven years and a past President of Norfolk RFU. George's unbounded involvement and enthusiasm for Holt RFC, Norfolk RFU and Eastern Counties Rugby Union will be greatly missed by all who knew him, and he leaves a void in the rugby and farming fraternity.

Hugh Peskett (H 1945 – 50) died in February 2020. The following obituary is adapted from one that appeared in *The Daily Telegraph*:

Hugh Peskett, who has died aged 87, was known as the “Sherlock Holmes of the family tree” with an expertise in Scottish heraldry and a special line in investigating claims to ancient titles. He hit the headlines, however, in the early 1980s when he traced President Ronald Reagan's Irish and Scottish ancestry, after American researchers had tried and failed to find any leads. Peskett established that Reagan's paternal great-grandfather Michael Reagan had emigrated during the Irish potato famine of the 1840s from



Ballyporeen, Co. Tipperary, settling in Illinois in the mid-1850s. Reagan's maternal great-great-grandparents, meanwhile, had been married in Paisley, Scotland, in 1807 and had left in 1832 for Illinois, where Reagan's parents, Nelle and Jack Reagan, married in 1904. The Reagans, Peskett claimed in 1984, were also descended from Donnchuan, brother of the 11th-century Irish King Brian Boru, through his son Riagain. Since most European royal houses are descended from Brian Boru through Mary Queen of Scots, Reagan was therefore related to most of the crowned heads of Europe, including Queen Elizabeth II.

Peskett's findings led to the Reagans taking time off from official visits to make pilgrimages – in 1984 to Ballyporeen, where Peskett presented his research to the President in person, and in 1991 to Paisley. There were, though, limits to Reagan's enthusiasm for tracing ancestral links. He had asked Peskett to look into whether he and Donald Regan, his White House Chief of Staff, were part of the same family. But in 1987, after Regan resigned after falling out with Nancy Reagan, Peskett revealed that he had been asked to drop his research.



President Reagan in Ballyporeen

Hugh Millar Peskett was born on 26th April 1932 at Ilford, Essex. He traced his family history on his maternal grandmother's side back to the Buchanans of Mull, and on his father's side to a claimed connection to a family which got its Coat of Arms in 1575. Later generations of Pesketts had slipped down the social ladder somewhat, as Peskett revealed in 2013 on a visit to an exhibition event for the television programme "Who Do You Think You Are?", when he came face to face with a photograph of his grandfather, Ernest Peskett, outside his dairy shop in Ilford.

Peskett was educated at Gresham's School, Holt, where he practised falconry. In a letter to *The Times* in 2011, he revealed that he had been a patient of Lionel Logue (George VI's speech therapist) on account of his childhood stammer: "A careers adviser told me that I was 'unemployable'." His stammer would disappear, almost miraculously, in later life after an operation, but in the meantime he studied at Seale-Hayne Agricultural College at Newton Abbot, Devon, and began his career as a farm manager, before buying his own sheep farm on Dartmoor which he roamed on horseback.

Peskett became a genealogist in the 1960s after his Buchanan grandmother urged him to find the rightful clan chieftain, the last chief having died without a male heir in 1681. As his interest in family history grew into a profession – he eventually gave up the farming – Peskett developed an expertise in medieval Gaelic and Latin to research Buchanan lineage back to 1370. He established references in more than 300 documents from around the world before verifying the claims of John Michael Baillie-Hamilton Buchanan, the manager of an estate near Callander, Stirlingshire. In 2018 the Lord Lyon King of Arms, the head of Lyon Court which regulates Scottish heraldry, formally upheld a petition for him to assume the chiefship of the clan.

Peskett worked at various times for Debrett's and Burke's, finally as Editor-in-Chief of *Burke's Peerage*. Some of his greatest triumphs came in 1986-7, when he proved no fewer than three claims

for dormant peerages – for the titles Annandale, Borthwick and Dunmore. His research into the Earldom of Annandale and Hartfell, which had been unsolved for 190 years after the last earl died childless, involved tracing the second Earl's younger brother, a Jacobite exile, across Europe in the 1690s and early 1700s, a mission crowned with success in 1985 when Patrick Hope-Johnstone was confirmed as the new Earl and a member of the House of Lords.

Peskett's proof of the succession of the 23rd Lord Borthwick, a title which had become dormant in 1910, involved research in the medieval archives of the Avignon popes, though he unearthed the key documents in the case in a cardboard box beneath the billiard table at Crookston House on the Borthwick estate. In 1986 the Lord Lyon ruled that John Borthwick, a sheep farmer, had proved his right to the title and he duly took his place in the Upper House.

Peskett also produced evidence that Al Capone's former jockey was rightfully the 13th Dunbar of Mochrum Baronet; identified a Canadian-born former Coal Board employee as chief of Clan Arthur; and upheld the claims of Richard Oliphant, a 49-year-old company secretary, to be head of Clan Oliphant in preference to the claims of Laurence Philip Kington Blair of Ardblair and Gask, who had been the public face of the family.

As well as his work on President Reagan's lineage, he looked into the ancestry of presidents George H.W. and George W. Bush, tracing their roots to Messing,

Essex, to John Bush, a landowner whose persecuted son, Reynold, crossed the Atlantic in 1631 to start a new life in Massachusetts. Further back, he traced their lineage to William the Conqueror. He was surprised, however, to receive an unenthusiastic letter from the White House: "The family didn't like my research as it made them look too aristocratic, when they wanted to appear like Texan ranchers," he observed.

Peskett was often called upon to comment when matters of genealogy and succession made the news. In 2010, during a public debate about the 1701 Act of Settlement, Peskett said that he had worked out that, without the Act, the current heir to the British throne would be Uberto Omar Gasche, great-grandson of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, a divorced dog breeder and photographer living in Rome.

Hugh Peskett is survived by his second wife, Pamela, by a son, and by two stepdaughters and a stepson. (*An oil painting of pupils leaving Chapel, painted by Hugh's cousin, Miss Mary Millar Watt, daughter of John Millar Watt, the "Daily Sketch" cartoonist, used to hang half way up the staircase in the Dining Hall block. Funded by the Sir Colin Anderson Trust, it was commissioned by **Michael Barrett** [S 1974 – 2001] – Ed.*)

Brian Godfrey (W 1946 – 50) died in June 2020. His brother **Max** (W 1949 – 53) writes:

Brian was the oldest of three brothers to attend the school. Having won an open



Max, Brian and Paul Godfrey

scholarship to Gresham's (much to my father's delight!) he went on to Christ Church, Oxford, to read Physics. He worked at Kodak at Hemel Hempstead, then at Computer Technology, Ltd., followed by a longer spell at GEC, where he later managed their Training School for some twelve years. He was involved in the development of the Nimrod Early Warning Aircraft project. This was equipped with the latest radar and sophisticated detection electronics. The government of the day sadly decided to cancel this in favour of the American AWACS in 1986 and this ended Brian's career with the company. But his real enthusiasm was for classical music generally, and opera in particular. He apparently attended his first opera (Lohengrin) while still at Gresham's. This led to his long-term involvement with The Gramophone Magazine, where he worked for Quita Chavez. He was a regular visitor to Glyndebourne over 60 years and sang in the New Opera Company chorus and the London Symphony Chorus for over 40 years, with a special loyalty to Sir Colin Davis, who became his hero. He amassed a formidable collection of recorded music, which also became the library that provided for Music Club meetings held regularly at his home. In retirement, he

continued to pursue his passion for music and its recording. His special interest was in the compilation of discographies for singers and conductors. The largest project was a 585 page discography for the Philharmonia Orchestra – all for the love of it! He leaves Avril, his wife of almost 60 years, a daughter **Jacqui** (O 1978 – 80), a son, Julian, and three grand-daughters.

Dr. John Miller (F 1946 – 51) died in June 2020. He studied Medicine at Guy's Hospital, carried out national service in the Royal Navy, and proceeded to Peterhouse, Cambridge. After qualifying, he joined his father's practice in Mundesley, in due course taking it over.

David Dickinson (W 1946 – 51) died in April 2019. His family have provided the following obituary:



David Dickinson was born and grew up on the banks of the Tyne. He never lost his love for Northumberland, but he also enormously loved Lincolnshire, where he lived for the last 37 years of his life. In 1938 David went away to prep. school, and then between 1946 and 1951 to Gresham's, where he was in Woodlands and where

he became a prefect. From Gresham's he won a scholarship to Oxford. However, he chose first to do his National Service, with the King's Own Scottish Borderers. The Army taught David fluent Russian and then – being the Army – posted him to the Royal West African Frontier Force in Nigeria! David enjoyed the Army very much and in later life did much work for the Army Benevolent Fund.

Following his National Service, David began working for Shell in London – the lure of the capital meant that Oxford was put on hold, eventually permanently and something that was to be one of the few regrets of his life. At Shell David made several lifelong friends, and he enormously enjoyed the extracurricular activities, including attending the balls of the London Season as a “Deb's Delight”.

Again, David was honest enough to admit to himself that the main attraction of Shell was perhaps not the work, and in 1962 he joined Guinness, where he remained for the rest of his working life. At Guinness his talent for sales was apparent, but it was his ability to make connections and communicate with people that was to prove David's greatest gift.

Guinness took him back to Northumberland, and there in 1962 he met his wife Mona, whom he married in 1963. Children followed, Kate in 1966 and Harry in 1967. The family moved with Guinness to Cumberland, back to Northumberland, followed by two years in Cameroon, before settling in Lincolnshire in 1983.

Following retirement, David devoted himself to local government, driven by a desire to be useful and contribute to the community. He served 20 years on the North Kesteven District Council and 12 years on the Lincolnshire County Council, including a year for each council as Chairman. He also devoted time to fundraising for many organisations, such as the Air Ambulance, St John's Ambulance, the Countryside Alliance, the Injured Jockeys Fund, the Conservatives, and his local Church.

David was passionate about sport, whether playing (particularly tennis and cricket), watching or encouraging, and engaging with his family's own sporting endeavours. He enjoyed his horse racing, shooting and fishing trips. He loved playing in a more general sense – either with his children or grandchildren or the various family spaniels – and of course his love of people meant he loved a party and any social gathering.

David had a great love of travel and he and Mona visited many different corners of the globe together. He is survived by her, by his children Kate and Harry, and by his four grandchildren.

John Ramuz (k & H 1945 – 52) died in December 2019.

Crawford Balch (c & OSH 1945 – 53) died in May 2020. His youngest brother, **Follett** (F 1957 – 61), who has had the sad task of writing the obituary for two of his brothers in this Magazine, has provided the following tribute:



Crawford with his Suffolk Show trophy

After Crossways, Crawford joined his brother **Jim** (k & OSH 1944 – 51) at Old School House. OSH was an ideal setting for him. He had an alternative attitude to life and decided he wanted to keep animals at school. A bit of spare garden at a house behind the Library Field was identified and two goats and some rabbits were acquired, possibly at the livestock market, then behind the Feathers Hotel. This menagerie, which grew over time, was on the back route from OSH to the main school, and so convenient for feeding and watering. On sports afternoons the goats would be taken along for exercise and tethered as mascots at the back of the hockey goal when Crawford was playing. Surprisingly little seems to have been said about this unusual hobby. However, he was once stopped by the Second Master walking his wife's dog. One of the goats headbutted the dog. Crawford expected this to be the end of the animal husbandry but, to his surprise, the master merely patted the goat's head, saying, "Good goat!" It transpired the master rather disliked the dog! After school Crawford continued to play hockey and then tennis and golf – he was a member of the OGGs.

His National Service was spent in Hong Kong and he had a wonderful journey out by troopship, visiting both Colombo and Singapore. In both places he had relatives and was whisked away from the docks to enjoy shore leave and some good meals, to the envy of his mates on board! Crawford had an artistic talent all his life. One of the tasks in Hong Kong was to watch the Chinese border from the New Territories. Photography being strictly forbidden, Crawford took his sketch book. Many years later a visitor, spotting a mounted sketch, perfectly identified the subject and location.

Before going to Writtle Agricultural College Crawford went as a student to a family farm at Burnham on Crouch. He returned in 1959 both with his qualification and a wife, having married the farmer's daughter! Initially he was a farm manager but an opportunity arose to acquire a small farm in Debenham, Suffolk, where he lived for sixty years. When pig farming was in the doldrums, Crawford developed new skills by becoming a wattle fence maker, growing his own carefully selected osiers. His speciality was in designing and weaving fences on site to meet customers' specific requirements. One of his proudest moments was singlehandedly winning "Best Working Demonstration" at the Suffolk Show – a handsome trophy, previously almost always won by the mighty Suffolk Fire Brigade!

Crawford sadly developed dementia ten years ago, but had been able to remain at home. He died from a sudden heart attack

on 3rd May 2020 aged 83, leaving his widow Jean Ann, their three married children and ten grandchildren. He contributed greatly within his local community and in “lock down” many turned out in the village to honour him en route to the small family funeral.

Dr. David Bailey (H 1948 – 53) died in September 2020.



His son **Richard** (c & W 1984 – 90) writes: David had followed his brother (**Douglas**) **Howard Bailey** (H 1945 – 47) to Gresham’s after it had impressed the family with its Science syllabus at the time when compared to the Classics-based approach of other schools they were looking at. David gained his School Colours in Rifle Shooting and used to tell stories of how the WW1 SMLE rifles used by the cadets had barrels so worn that the bullets made slots in the targets. Upon leaving, David went up to Downing

College, Cambridge, where he read Medicine, gaining his BA in 1957. He undertook his training at the Westminster Medical School and gained his MB MA in 1960. His brother Howard became a doctor and emigrated to Australia, where he settled, practised as a GP and raised a family. Howard died in 2012. David married Heather, a nurse he had met at Westminster, in June 1962 and he took a posting as General Medical Officer in Tanganyika (now Tanzania) in 1963. They were based initially at Moshi and then Arusha, where he was involved in treating one of the last outbreaks of smallpox in Tanganyika. They returned to the UK and further studies, while he continued also a part-time GP, at Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine for his Diploma in Tropical Medicine and Hygiene in 1965, where he was awarded the Warrington Yorke Medal for coming top in the exam. David then completed four years in a Medical Research post organised by the MRC in Tanga, on the coast of Tanzania, when he published work, including in the WHO Bulletin and East African Medical Journal, on treatments for bilharzia/schistosomiasis and filariasis. He returned to Norfolk in 1971 and took up a position in General Practice in Stalham, Norfolk. David founded the current Stalham Staithe Medical Centre with a colleague from their respective single-handed practices. He continued to work there, and grow the Centre, until his retirement. He sent his sons **Malcolm** (c & W 1978 – 84) and **Richard** (c & W 1982 – 1990) to Gresham’s, with his daughter, Alison, joining A Level Biology lessons from

Runton Hill School during 1985 – 87. David later moved to Wetherby, Yorkshire, where he enjoyed his retirement with Heather until her death in 2008. He was actively involved in the Church throughout his life, from being College Rep. for the Christian Union at Cambridge, Secretary of the Student Christian Fellowship at Westminster, and a Lay Reader in St. Mary's Church, Stalham, and St. James Church, Wetherby. He remarried in 2016 and moved to Hunmanby on the coast, and is survived by his widow Hilary and his three children and their families.



Professor David Atherton (H 1949 – 53) died in March 2020. His brother, **Richard Atherton** (H 1950 – 54), writes: David was awarded the Eccles Science Prize in 1953 (as was his father **William Atherton**, O & H 1918 – 24, in 1924) together with the Bushell Astronomy Prize, and left Gresham's having won a major Open Scholarship at Clare College, Cambridge. After gaining a Technical Commission in the RAF during his National Service, he

went up to Cambridge in 1956 and read Natural Sciences Part 1 and Electrical Engineering Part 2. Immediately after graduating, he emigrated to Canada and joined the research department of Ferranti-Packard in Toronto, where he worked on designing and building superconducting magnet systems. This led to his appointment as Professor of Engineering Physics and Computer Engineering at Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario, where he remained until retirement. His work involved leading the Canadian programme of study into superconducting magnetic levitation and linear synchronous propulsion. He obtained many patents in these fields and had more than 300 scientific papers published. He founded a very successful company working on the non-destructive flaw detection in pipelines and enabled many of his former students to build a career in this industry. He was awarded the Fellowships of the Royal Society of Canada and the British Institute of Non-Destructive Inspection.

His hobbies involved establishing, with his wife Joanna, a 250-acre farm with a small herd of Murray Grey Beef cattle and a Jersey cow for the family's milk needs. In his early years in Canada he spent time each summer climbing in North and South America and pursuing the study of Glaciology, especially Icefalls and Ogive systems, in regions such as Iceland, Greenland (both of which he explored during Long Vacations at Cambridge) and Baffin Island. This led to the chairmanship of the Toronto Section of the Alpine Club of Canada.

He lived a very active, full and productive life and put to good use the scientific principles and practical skills taught him at Gresham's, in particular by masters including **Jan Day**, **Bruce Douglas**, **Arthur Stoney-Smith**, and John "Jumbo" **Burrough**.

Robin Scoley (H 1952 – 55) died in December 2019.

Peter Truman (F 1953 – 57) died in in Bembridge in November 2019.

Peter Turner (Prep. 1958 – 59) died in January 2020. He had been living in Qatar.

Squadron-Leader Anthony Blyth (c & W 1951 – 60) died in March 2020. This obituary is adapted from one that appeared in the *North Norfolk News*:



Tony Blyth (on L) and his Vulcan

When his father was killed in a car accident, Tony Blyth abandoned his university plans in order to help his mother with the family business. Joining the RAF in 1961, he gained his wings and made his first squadron tour at RAF Scampton flying the Vulcan bomber. He was later part of the Jet Provost air display team known as "The Macaws", based at RAF Manby, and



Tony receives his RNLI award

in 1972 he appeared on the front page of *The Times* flying in formation over the Olympic stadium in Munich. As a qualified flying instructor, he flew the Vulcan in numerous aerobatic displays. He retired from the service as a Squadron Leader in 1981 and, returning to Sheringham, took over the management of Blyth & Sons Ltd. Looking to expand the business, in 1983 he acquired Lloyd Durham's Funeral Services in High Kelling and later Canler and Son in Fakenham and S. T. Sutton Funeral Directors in Wells.

His commitment to Sheringham Lifeboat Station was officially recognised by the RNLI, when he received a certificate of appreciation from the chairman, **Philip Hawes** (S 1989 – 2017). He was also a long-standing member and president of the Cromer and Sheringham Rotary Club.

He married Kay Duffield in 1967 and they had two children, Nichola and Mark. After Tony and Kay separated, he met Pam Dickinson and they married in 1993. She

died of cancer in 2011. In 2019 he married a childhood girlfriend, Janet Hall. He was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer in July of that year. His son, **Dr. Mark Blyth** (W 1987 – 92), said: “He met his cancer diagnosis with dignity and fortitude, two qualities that he maintained to the end. He celebrated his last Christmas with his family around him and was gratified to know that Mark and Nichola would continue to run the family business. He passed away at his home of 40 years on Vicarage Road with Janet by his side.”

William Wheeler (c & F 1953 – 60) died in August 2019.

Barrie Alton (W 1955 – 60) died in February 2020. He was diagnosed with acute myeloid leukaemia on a Monday and passed away three days later. He was the middle of three brothers, his siblings being **Anthony** (W 1953 – 57) and **Roger** (c & W 1956 – 62).



Roger writes: His forte at school was music, playing both piano and organ; the former at House prayers and the latter, apart from the Chapel organ, at Letheringsett at their Sunday Evensong service. Getting there was easy; cycling back up the hill to Holt on a heavy Raleigh bicycle was an endurance test in itself. After school and a short time in Neuchâtel he joined the family wholesale tobacco firm, looking after its seven retail shops. He married Anne in 1967 and they had two children. But retail sales wasn't his happy hour and he retired at 50, moving to Cornwall to manage some holiday let cottages. He enjoyed his garden and his golf and the peace and quiet that his part of Cornwall provided. Last year they moved to Maidenhead to be nearer their son and two grandchildren. His sudden demise so soon after came as a great shock and sadness to all his family. The eulogy at his funeral was given by his life-long school friend **Nick Battle** (W 1955 – 60).

Richard Guest (k & OSH 1954 – 62) died in March 2020.

Andrew Flint (H 1956 – 62) died in February 2020. He was the son of **George Norman “Clayton” Flint** (H 1924 – 33) and the cousin of **Colin Maddox** (H 1947 – 52) and **Hugh Maddox** (H 1950 – 55). His brother, **Roger** (c & H 1958 – 65) has provided the following obituary, adapted from the *Cornish Guardian*:

Andrew was brought up in a small Cheshire village. His father was a renowned solicitor who chaired many of



Manchester's leading firms and charities, including L. Gardner & Sons, Cheadle Royal Hospital, Whitworth Art Gallery and The Museum of Science and Industry. He also served on the Council of the University of Manchester, as a Governor of Manchester Grammar School and Captain of Hunstanton Golf Club. Andrew's mother, Ruth, was an outstanding games player who represented England at hockey, the South of England at cricket and Cheshire at tennis. This, no doubt, accounted for Andrew's love of sport.

At Gresham's, he took up squash, which at that time was a relatively minor sport, albeit with excellent facilities. He became school No.1 for three years, captain for two, and was largely responsible for elevating its profile and thereby enabling the School to produce a number of very good players; he also qualified to play in the English Amateur Squash Championship. He represented the School 1st X1 at hockey and cricket, was school chess champion and a very keen bridge player. He also became very proficient at printing his own black and white

photographs under the expert tutelage of **Dick Bagnall-Oakeley** (o & K 1918 – 27 & S 1931 – 1940 & 1945 – 1970). After leaving Gresham's, he spent a year at the Choate School in Connecticut on the English Speaking Union Exchange Scheme.

In 1963, he joined Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co. (now KPMG) in their London office. In 1976, he married Mary Moszynska (she died last October) and after developing a love of Cornwall and cruising the south coast, and by then a senior manager at KPMG, in 1978 they bought on an impulse Boscundle Manor, a small country house hotel just outside St. Austell. They ran this very successfully for 23 years, before selling in 2002 and retiring to a house in the grounds with 11 acres of land. They then bought the adjacent 23 acre farm and designed, developed and ran a par 3, 9-hole golf course overlooking St. Austell Bay. In more recent years, he and Mary 'discovered' cruising, with 20 trips between 2006 and 2017 all over the world. Latterly, Andrew was treasurer of several local charities and followed local and national politics very closely.

He leaves behind his brother and daughter-in-law, his three step-children and five step-grandchildren.

Professor Peter Sinclair (k & H 1957 – 63) died in March 2020. The following obituary is taken from *The Daily Telegraph*:

Peter Sinclair, who has died aged 73 after contracting Covid-19, was an economist who inspired a generation of students at



Brasenose College, Oxford, Birmingham University, and the Bank of England's Centre for Central Banking Studies. As Fellow in Economics at Brasenose from 1970 until 1994, Sinclair focused his own academic work on monetary and international economics, closely tied to questions of practical policy in matters of public debt, regulation and tax. But it was as a convivial and constructive teacher that he excelled: fascinated by debate, he held tutorials in cafes and after-dinner revision classes that ended in pubs, and took a charitable attitude to undergraduates who underperformed – one of whom recalled learning to interpret comments such as: “That’s very, very... very...interesting” as “signalling a terrible error”. He was also brilliant at explaining complex concepts in simple language, illuminating the inefficiencies of European common agricultural policy by pointing out that the “butter mountain” accumulated by Brussels weighed more than the population of Austria.

Together with colleagues such as the political historian Vernon Bogdanor, Sinclair helped to build Brasenose’s reputation as a leading college for the PPE course which

forms so many of Britain’s politicians, public servants and commentators. Among his pupils was the future prime minister David Cameron (for whom Sinclair was “one of the kindest as well as the cleverest people I ever met”), the Bank of England deputy governor Sir Dave Ramsden, the BBC Trust chair Diane Coyle and the economist Tim Harford. Harford remembered a difficult interview for college entrance: “While I was being grilled by the formidable philosophy tutor...Peter was the one beaming and nodding and encouraging, as though everything was going brilliantly.”

Peter James Niven Sinclair was born in Hertfordshire on 18th September 1946, the son of Walter Sinclair, an Australian-born engineer, and his wife Marian; he was educated at Gresham’s School and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he initially read Classics. After graduate studies at Nuffield College he took a job in the export department of Linde, a German industrial gas maker, then came second nationally in the Civil Service fast-track entry exam – but chose the academic life instead. He moved from Brasenose to take up a professorship at Birmingham in 1994 and was director of the Bank of England’s Centre for Central Banking Studies from 2000 to 2008, teaching central bank officials from all over the world. At various times he also held visiting professorships at the University of British Columbia, Queen’s University in Canada, the LSE and the University of Warwick, and lectured all over the world. He was Chairman of the Royal Economic Society Easter School and the International

Economics Study Group, and was one of a panel of expert advisers to the Office for National Statistics.

Having served for some years as Brasenose's junior dean, Sinclair loved every aspect of college life and retained a close connection to it throughout his wider career. He became an Emeritus Fellow in 2008 and regularly returned from his home in Norfolk to chair the College's remuneration committee until the onset of his final illness.

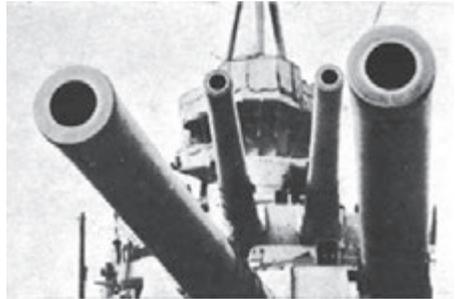
Among his other gifts was a remarkable command of languages. He could converse in French and Japanese, had a smattering of Hungarian and Swahili – and on encountering a blank response from a waiter in a trattoria whom he had addressed in Italian, switched to fluent Polish instead.

Peter Sinclair's first wife was the Canadian-born economist Shelagh Heffernan, whom he met when she went to Oxford as a graduate student in 1978 and who was later a professor at Cass Business School in London. Shelagh died in 2010 after a long illness, and he married, secondly, the artist Jayne Ivimey, who survives him.

Ron Cox BEM (S 1959 – 87) taught Peter as Head of Physics, and writes: The departure of Professor Sinclair on 31st March, a victim of the 2020 virus, marks the end of a remarkable career of outstanding performance.

Peter Sinclair was the son of a retired Royal Australian Navy Engineer-Commander.

His mother Marion (née Combe) was, in a post-war period, Secretary to the Headmaster. Peter's academic brilliance was noted in early years, when he attained such proficiency in three advanced subjects in the Junior School that a new curriculum had to be found for him in the Senior School. He later gained a major scholarship to Brasenose College, Oxford, leading to a doctorate and subsequently a professorship. During the following 24 years, he became one of the country's experts in economic theory, monetary policy and international economics.



Jutland battleship guns

Whilst at school, Peter was resident in Hill House, Letheringsett, where the drawing-room was decorated with old photographs of the 1916 Battle of Jutland, in which his father had served. For a short while, during a vacancy, **Commander Walter Sinclair** (S) taught Physics at the school, dominating his classes with accounts of his naval experiences, including the effect on magnetic compasses as battleship guns engaged the enemy. Commander Sinclair attained the age of 99¾ years, narrowly missing a centenary party at Blickling Hall. His much younger wife died three months later.

Nicholas Leake (OSH 1959 – 63) died in October 2019. **Professor Peter Sinclair** (k & H 1957 – 63) has provided the following obituary. (*Ironically, and sadly, an obituary of Professor Sinclair himself appears above – Ed.*)

Nick Leake was a lawyer. Half his life, from 1963 to 1999, was devoted to the law. After articles to a family firm, Pye-Smith and Co., in Salisbury, Nick practised as a solicitor in and around London. Most of his career was spent in Southall, at 91 South Sreet, with the firm then called Wilson Houlder. Nick became its senior partner.

Family and friends, gathered at Ashwicken Church on 1st November 2019 for Nick's funeral, heard three moving tributes. One was from a former colleague at that firm, and now a retired judge. Nick was a conscientious professional, meticulous to a tee, we were told. As a shrewd judge of character, he knew his colleagues well enough to trust them completely – and they him. So they could dispense with the tiresome rigmarole of a partnership agreement.

The judge explained that when work was done, the two of them would go off bicycling, play snooker, finish *The Times* crossword, and explore the delights of real ale in nearby pubs. Nick's social activities were many. He enjoyed amateur dramatics, chiefly in Kensington. He played bridge. He was fond of discussing Victorian novels, especially the works of Anthony Trollope. He loved animated conversation, pausing only briefly to relight or refill his pipe.

From his sister Lucy and nephew Andrew, we also learnt much. Nick was a devoted and generous uncle. Nick filed things quite systematically but threw nothing away. He was an unobtrusive philanthropist. The many good causes he supported included the Woodland Trust and his local church, the beautiful ancient building, next to its stout and stumpy tower, where we were sitting.

As would be his last twenty, Nick's first years were spent in Ashwicken. He was a loyal and enthusiastic Norfolk man through and through. He rarely talked of his forbears, but was proud of them. The Leakes helped to build up the Hansa trade of Kings Lynn's port over many centuries. On his mother's side, there were links to various academics and churchmen, and, it was thought, to a Norwich lad, Matthew Parker. Parker went on to be chaplain to Anne Boleyn (and later, Henry VIII), the first major historiographer and document-collector of Anglo-Saxon England, vice-chancellor of Cambridge University, and Elizabeth I's first long-serving Archbishop of Canterbury. He was a unifier. Some of his detractors, whether extreme catholic or extreme protestant, would later spread enough lies about him for posterity to recall him as "Nosey Parker".

When term started and drew him away from the Ashwicken countryside, young Nick would take the train from Hillington Station to West Runton, skirting the woods of Gresham's on the way. Beeston was his prep. school. He enjoyed it greatly. He excelled in Latin, under the legendary

teaching of Bessie Tapping. When 13, he joined Gresham's, boarding at the Old School House.

In those innocent days of the early 1960s, well before the tax rises, the breathalyser and ASH, three shillings could just buy you a pint of mild and ten small cigarettes; and most adults recalled and stuck with those stress-releasing wartime pleasures of alcohol and tobacco. Holt had eight hostleries then, and countless more beckoned invitingly from neighbouring villages. Nick was a tall youngster and could pass for 18 in mufti. So he and his friends would wander off to sample them when time permitted. One in Baconsthorpe was a particular favourite.

Nick thought it odd, and unforgivably unjust, that schoolleavers were free to enjoy these delights, but that, until then, school rules forbade them. As an independent and outgoing optimist, by no means wholly averse to his modest tittle, he shrugged off warnings after such visits had been spotted by authority. Eventually, a trip to Baconsthorpe proved one too many. He received a request to leave the school.

Nick tried to make light of that event. He went on to combine a distinguished legal career, which was ironically all about rules, with his wide interests – as well as the tobacco and C₂H₅OH now allowed him. Nick's musical tastes stayed rooted in the 1960s, and he never looked morose, but in other ways there was something of Colin Dexter's Morse about him: the

reflective and laconic wit, the law, the wry donnishness, some bad luck with the fair sex, the love of pubs, the crosswords.

After his mother's death in 1999 Nick, the traditionalist, came back to Ashwicken. He did his best to meet the big challenge of keeping the old family house in order. In October 2019, battling against a water leak, he mounted a ladder to inspect and clear the gutters; had a blackout, and fell; and incurred very grave injuries from which he would die a few days later. But his second sojourn in Ashwicken was certainly not all gloom. He told me delightedly how he relished dispensing with his computer. He could relive his happy youthful memories. He retained all his old interests, and kept in good touch with family and friends, by letter and telephone, and, when occasion allowed, in person as well. He would quote Harold Macmillan, who once said, "There is nothing more satisfying than going to bed with a good Trollope".

Nicholas Henry Leake was a great character, and is widely mourned.

Stephen Sowerby (T 1963 – 68) died in October 2018.

Stuart Denlegh-Maxwell (T 1975 – 76) died in June 2019. The following obituary is adapted from one that appeared in *The Worcester Observer*.

Councillor Stuart Denlegh-Maxwell, who was re-elected last year, having represented Claines in the late 80s and early 90s, died suddenly on Monday 10th June.



Worcester City Council colleagues paid tribute to Cllr. Denlegh-Maxwell, who was well-liked and respected by members across the political divide. Marc Bayliss, leader of the city council, said: “It is absolutely terrible news to lose Stuart. He was a valued and respected member of the council and was well liked by colleagues right across the council, not just on the Conservative side. Obviously he had served the city some years ago, and had come back, and he was making a real difference to the way we worked. It is a terrible shame that his life has been cut short.”

Cllr. Denlegh-Maxwell served two terms representing Claines on Worcester City Council. He was elected in 1988 and held the seat until 1994, when he stood down because of work and family commitments. He was re-elected in 2018. His family have local connections stretching back many years. Both his father and grandfather were parish priests in the city, while his mother was a magistrate in the city for 25 years. His great-great-grandfather was

John Corbett, who was known as “The Salt King” and was MP for Droitwich in the 1870s. A portrait of another ancestor, Sir John Pakington, is displayed in the Guildhall in Worcester.

The Rev. Patrick Rix (S 1970 – 80) in November 2019. **Richard Peaver** (S 1971 – 2009) writes: A Norfolk man, Patrick carried out his National Service in the ranks of the Royal Air Force. Small of stature, he used to recall with wry amusement being sent out to patrol the airfield perimeter armed only with a large pickaxe handle. He read Modern Languages at Magdalen College, Oxford, then taught at William Hulme’s, Manchester, subsequently studying for the ministry at Ridley College, Cambridge. Patrick joined Gresham’s in 1970 as Head of Modern Languages, having spent the previous eight years as Assistant Chaplain of Wrekin College, Shropshire. A firm and effective Head of Department, whose scholarship, attention to detail and unfailing concern for his pupils was always evident, he was also a highly talented pianist. Patrick left in 1980 to become Head of Modern Languages, and later Second Chaplain, at Bloxham School, where he spent six years, earning the affection and respect of pupils and colleagues alike. In 1989, he was appointed Priest-in-Charge of the parish of Swanton Abbott with Skeyton. He returned briefly to Gresham’s in 1992 as acting Chaplain, following the sudden and untimely death of the **Rev. Richard Buckner** (S 1991 – 92). **Logie Bruce-Lockhart** described Patrick as “a gentle, scholarly person, of many talents...a considerable natural

historian, a sympathetic counsellor and a preacher of sincere, thoughtful and elegantly expressed sermons". A private and reserved character, and a person of dry wit, Patrick did not always find life easy, but he is remembered with affection by his former colleagues.

Logie Bruce-Lockhart (HM 1955 – 82) died in September 2020. Perhaps the most comprehensive of the obituaries in the national press appeared in *The Scotsman*: Logie Bruce-Lockhart, who has died, aged 98, after a short illness, was a distinguished member of a great Anglo-Scottish family. His grandfather relocated from Beith, North Ayrshire, to England and Logie followed his father John and elder brother Rab – a future Headmaster at Loretto – into teaching, and playing rugby for Scotland. Another brother, John Junior, was a distinguished soldier, diplomat, spy and businessman, while his other brother, Patrick, was a distinguished obstetrician, who also fenced for Scotland.

Logie was born in Rugby, while his father was a master at that school, then, when his father obtained the Headship at Sedbergh, Logie was Head Boy at that institution when war broke out in 1939. He spent six months working on a farm, before going to Cambridge, St. John's College, to read Modern Languages. He joined up on his 18th birthday and headed to Sandhurst and was commissioned into the Sherwood Foresters, before transferring to the Life Guards of the Household Cavalry. While returning to his regiment in 1944, he got on a train at Oxenholme, where he found

himself sitting opposite Josephine Agnew. It was love at first sight, based on a shared admiration for the works of Rupert Brooke. They were married within weeks and would go on to enjoy 64 years of married bliss, before Jo's death in 2009.

As the Allies pushed out from Normandy towards Germany, Logie frequently found the armoured unit he led in the forefront of the advance. He was one of the first soldiers into the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp, so had first-hand knowledge of the Nazis' "Final Solution". He was also, for a time, commandant of a refugee camp, right on what would become the Iron Curtain – 5,000 desperate refugees in a camp designed for 600.

There were brighter moments, such as his decision, taken in Hamburg on VE Night, to requisition a Dutch barge moored in the harbour. The cargo of Pomerol wine and apricot brandy allowed Logie's troops to suitably celebrate the end of hostilities.

On demob, he turned to education, obtaining a choral scholarship to study French and German at St. John's College, Cambridge. Here he won the Graham Prize for Modern Languages, the Larmor Award for his all-round contribution to college life, obtained a Double First and won his Blue in rugby and squash. There was no doubt that he would go into the family business of teaching, his first post as an assistant master and rugby coach at Tonbridge School, where his first unbeaten XV included future England and British Lions lock David Marques, and the future

Colin Cowdrey of cricket fame, who played fly half. He took Cowdrey's wicket in the 1948 Masters v. Pupils match.

He had joined London Scottish and would go on to captain the club, on coming down from Cambridge and had a victorious introduction to the Scotland team, when capped at centre for the 1948 Calcutta Cup match at Twickenham, where Scotland's 6-3 win saw them capture the trophy for the first time since "Wilson Shaw's Match" a decade previously. It is argued that Bruce-Lockhart was Scotland's outstanding stand-off of the immediate post-war period; however, he was branded "inconsistent," mixing brilliant breaks with sloppy handling. He had to wait until 1950 to be rid of the "One Cap Wonder" tag, via another victory, over France, at Murrayfield. He scored his only points for Scotland, a conversion, in this match. After an inconsistent display against Wales in the next international, in Swansea, he was cast into the international wilderness until recalled for the Irish and English games at the 1953 Five Nations. These were games 10 and 11 of the notorious run of 17 straight defeats, so, with the selectors in full panic mode by this time, and Bruce-Lockhart in his thirties, they marked the end of his international career. At his death, he was Scotland's oldest internationalist.

Aged just 33, he took on the Headship of Gresham's School in Norfolk. The alma mater of W. H. Auden and Benjamin Britten was in serious need of a young and progressive Headmaster. In 27 years at the helm, he brought about major changes,

overseeing the building of a new science block and introducing girls as he turned Gresham's into a co-educational school. The initial intake of 20 girls included 19 who would go on to obtain university degrees, five of them from Oxbridge. Bruce-Lockhart was an educational visionary, placing the production of well-rounded individuals above examination success. His pupils went on to win Olympic gold medals, international rugby caps and have successful careers in finance, industry and the Arts.

He was active in Headmasters' Conference affairs, being Chairman of its East Region, where he instigated closer ties with the Girls Schools Association. He also enabled future inventor James Dyson to remain at the school after his father died suddenly. This decision paid off, when the now multi-millionaire Dyson funded a new science block.

Throughout his active career, and on into retirement, although notoriously absent-minded, he was a prolific part-time journalist, writing on education, fishing and general sports and wildlife. He contributed regularly to *Country Life* and *Rugby World*. He also played piano and was an accomplished artist, illustrating his book on bird watching, which was mainly intended for his grandchildren, with his own watercolours of the various birds. He and Jo also enjoyed summers in their cabin in Provence.

He wrote seven books: *Trois Aveugles et Autres Contes* (1954); *The Pleasures of Fishing* (1981); *Stuff and Nonsense*:

Observations of a Norfolk Scot (1981); *Dick Bagnall-Oakeley, a Tribute to a Norfolk Naturalist*; *Now We Are Very Old* (2012); *Now and Then, This and That* (his autobiography) (2013); and *British Bird Watching for Beginners & Enthusiasts* (2018).

He and Jo had five children – Jenny, Rhuaridh, Fiona and Duncan, known as Bede, who followed the Bruce-Lockhart tradition by winning Scotland B honours at rugby. They survive him; their other child, Kirsty, was killed in a car accident aged seven. Writing about Kirsty's death years later, Bruce-Lockhart said it made him realise: "I had not left enough time for the things that really matter, having a happy home, being with the children, sharing outside interests with my wife."

Paying tribute to him, current headmaster Douglas Robb said: "Logie was Gresham's longest-serving headmaster of the modern era and he clearly had a huge impact on rebuilding the school after the Second World War. A polymath who clearly excelled personally in everything that he did. Logie had that real passion for young people which is the sign of a true "schoolmaster". Soldier, sportsman, botanist, musician, linguist, author, but more than anything a schoolmaster, family man and friend."

Steve Benson (S 1964 – 82) gave the eulogy at Logie's funeral. An edited version of his address follows:

It is a great privilege and honour to be asked to give a tribute to Logie Bruce-

Lockhart. But for the current Covid crisis, it would have needed a cathedral to hold the host of family, friends, OGs and Staff wishing to say farewell to a man who is already a legend. So today we represent all those who remember him with respect, awe, gratitude and affection. And we offer our condolences, support and love to Jenny, Rhu, Pony, Bede and all other members of Logie's family who loved him so well.

It is typical of him that he describes himself thus at the beginning of his first book of memories, *Stuff and Nonsense*: "I must have been a very tiresome little boy, less athletic than my brothers, with curly fair hair and blue eyes: a wimpish Fotherington-Thomas. "Hullo Sun! Hullo Sky!", a loner who didn't like parties or boys who played rough games. Loving classical music, talking French, flooring adults with statistics and dates, I tended to go skippety-hop and to sing before breakfast.

"Asthma held me back until the school doctor cured me by making me drink a pint of Whitbread's every morning at 11 o'clock...I grew six inches in a year and eventually became co-ordinated...I beat one of my three brothers at something... fell in love with games and lived happily ever after."

Logie went to Cargilfield Prep. School and then to Sedbergh, where his father was Headmaster and he became Head Boy. The summer holidays were spent roaming free in the Highlands of Scotland with his

brothers, and learning his lifelong passion for the joys of fishing.

Cambridge University beckoned, but war clouds sent him to Sandhurst and he was commissioned into the Sherwood Foresters and then transferred to the Household Cavalry, fighting his way through France and Belgium into Germany in armoured cars. He tells stories of hair-raising moments and close shaves in combat, somehow managing to introduce humour as the bullets flew.

Towards the end of the war Logie found himself helping to organise a Displaced Persons camp mainly consisting of Poles in Russian-occupied Germany. He was horrified by the conditions in the camp at Mariental and the predicament of the unfortunates who suffered there. Needing tools and equipment to improve the situation, he was advised to see what he could find in the newly liberated Bergen-Belsen concentration camp. Logie had a German grandmother and a developing admiration for German composers and writers. How could this great and cultured nation have lent itself to such atrocities? How did the human race manage to create hells on earth of an ingenuity that the Devil himself must envy?

Returning to Cambridge through the early release scheme, where he had already obtained a Choral Scholarship, he soon added rugby and squash Blues, won the Wright Prize for Languages and a 1st Class degree. He also played cricket for the Crusaders (Cambridge's second team).

Soon he was off to his first post at Tonbridge, where he taught German and coached the 1st XV. He was released to play for The London Scottish after Christmas and was awarded the first of his five caps for Scotland. His huge kicking and side-step should have gained him many more, in the opinion of the critics.

At the age of 33 he applied for the post of Headmaster at Gresham's School. He was attracted by its position and its reputation, despite difficulties in returning from evacuation to Cornwall during the war, which halved its pupil numbers and the fractious departure of the previous Head. It was also a birdwatcher's paradise.

So the Bruce-Lockhart family came to Holt. Logie had met Jo on a wartime train and immediately began to woo her by asking her opinion on his favourite passages from a book of poetry by Rupert Brooke. Jo responded favourably to this chivalrous approach from the handsome young cavalry officer; kind fortune ensured that they met again though wartime postings and within a year they were married. It was a real love-match and lasted 64 years, until Jo's death after a long and courageous battle with cancer in 2009.

There was nothing of the remote figurehead in his style of leadership. He remained the great all-rounder that he had always been. Though he could no longer spare the time for much coaching, he kept the successful school squash five on their toes and was Norfolk Veteran Champion for six consecutive years. He appeared

on the rugby training field, dropping goals from the half-way line and teaching scrum-halves the reverse pass. This did not always please the coach, and neither did his breezily-repeated claim that he had never mastered the rules of hockey but avoided controversy by blowing his whistle and pointing in alternate directions every 30 seconds. He appeared for the Staff in their annual cricket fixture against the 1st X1, once taking 8 for 10 with his leg-breaks and googlies. He taught German and took a public speaking hobby. He gave out notices after lunch, ending with an invitation to view the results of a pre-prandial fungi foray or waving a biro to be claimed from him afterwards. He took prayers in Big School with readings from the Book of Job to A. A. Milne, from C. S. Lewis to Chairman Mao.

For 16 of his 27 years he doubled as a resident Housemaster, following in the tradition of his great predecessor, **George Howson** (HM 1901 – 19). He knew every boy in his House (and hardly less about every boy and later girl in the school), shared in their triumphs and judged their misdemeanours. He put up visiting preachers and speakers, gave dinner parties for the great and the good, at which Jo invariably shone, always making sure to invite pupils and staff (often the youngest and newest). His energy was inexhaustible.

Administration was never his strongest point, as he willingly conceded. His loyal secretaries must have been sorely tested, as he rarely made notes and abhorred

regular meetings, which were usually held *ad hoc* with those staff concerned in a corner of the Common Room near the Banda duplicating machine. But he *delegated* and left those so deputed to get on without interference. He trusted them, and they responded. His was a despotism, but a benign one. Logie was sorely tried at times, but he remained calm. I can only once remember him losing his temper – with me – a moment not forgotten after 50 years!

And what a speaker. What a voice. When he spoke to the school, everyone listened. His Speech Day addresses were masterful, mixing reviews of successes with wise and pithy comments on matters of current educational or political debate. And there were his stories; hilariously told with an actor's gift of timing. He never failed his audience. He was not always good at small talk but he had the knack of offering a word of cheer or encouragement at just the right moment. He did not hesitate to punish wrongdoers but he treated all alike – even his sometimes truculent Housemasters, to whom he would refer with half a twinkle as the 'Gresham's Mafia'.

Blessed with a naturally optimistic nature, a secure childhood, a loving wife and family and given a sense of proportion by his experiences in the Army, he had the balance, the intellect and the compassion to be the very successful Head of what matters above all, a happy school. These qualities saw him through the student unrest and the school councils of the 60s, the battles over length of hair and width

of trousers in the 70s, and the threats to the public schools from governments of the day. He overcame opposition to his introduction of co-education, which proved to be his most decisive and positive legacy. He headlined his possible predicament to parents: should he favour a policy of “barbed wire and machine guns or prayer and the pill”? As a recruitment drive, he urged parents to “go home and breed – and send me your sons.”

On retirement, he never became the Master of a Cambridge College, as some of us felt he should. He was more than happy in Lower Bodham and later in Blakeney, with Jo, his garden, his hobbies, entertaining friends, and spending idyllic months each year in his cabin in the glorious countryside of Provence. He was a founder member of the Holt Rugby Club. He was a great letter writer. He submitted articles on diverse subjects, to all manner of magazines and journals, published vignettes of his life and personal philosophy, a small volume of cautionary verses for the elderly in his eighties and a beautifully illustrated book on birds, dedicated to his grandchildren, when he was 96. This brought together two of his great loves and skills – birds and watercolours – and always there was time for music. He favoured above all Schubert, whose songs he had sung in younger days.

Logie was an essentially happy man, a lucky one, as he would say. But there was one great family tragedy which blighted this fortunate life. Soon after taking up the reins at Gresham’s, his daughter Kirsty,

seven years old, and in his words “bright as the day is long”, ran out excitedly behind the school bus and was run over by a car. He wrote movingly of this dreadful day and its aftermath but I doubt that he ever got over it.

He died, as Jo had died, peacefully, with his four children around him, able to smile almost to the last. They had looked after him faithfully and lovingly as he became weaker and he remained optimistic and ever appreciative of their efforts. The OG office has received nearly a hundred messages of affection and gratitude. *(Steve went on to quote from some of the tributes from OGs, a few of which are reprinted after this section – Ed.)*

I have one fond memory. It was the end of a long summer term and I sought out Logie in his garret above the gallery in Big School. There he was, dictating to his secretary at her desk. The room was otherwise empty (his office was about to be moved) except for an enormous waste paper basket. Wedged in this, in shorts and rugby Blue’s sweater, his legs dangling, sat the Headmaster, utterly unaware of the picture he presented. He looked up, smiling: “Hello, Steve. All ears.”

A final word from **Tony Village** (W 1964 – 68): “He was a godlike figure for those of us whose impressionable years he touched – an Immortal. But of course he was just human like us all. Thinking back to those Monday evening German lessons, a really beautiful poem by the great Goethe, which he seemed to like a lot, came to mind.”

(Logie having been a Schubert aficionado, I recommend that composer's setting of this poem, available on YouTube! – Ed.)

Wanderers Nachtlied II

Über allen Gipfeln

Ist Ruh,

Über allen Wipfeln

Spürest du

Kaum ein Hauch:

Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.

Warte nur! Balde

Ruhest du auch.

Tony translated these lines and hoped he might have got a Beta + “if the old man was feeling generous.”

Along the hill crest

All is stillness,

Through the trees

Blows not a breath.

In their nest

The birds lie silent.

And soon, you too

Will find your rest.

And now he will rest with Jo and Kirsty in the churchyard here at St. Andrew's.

Farewell, Logie. We shall not see your like again.

Numerous OGs and friends have written in with memories of, and tributes to, Logie. There have been far too many for us to reprint them all, but a selection of them appears after this section. – Ed.

Charlotte Bevan (née Wills) (O 1981 – 83) died in February 2014.

Anne Beeby, wife of **David Beeby** (S 1972 – 86) died in June 2020. Anne was a huge support to David in the running of Tallis, where she also acted as matron. Kind, generous and thoughtful, with an invariably sunny disposition, she was a great friend to many members of staff and their children and was a pillar of the school and town community. After David retired from the headmastership of Clayesmore School in Dorset, he and Anne retired to Lymington.

Clare Sally (S 1995 – 99) died in January 2020. A badminton coach at Gresham's, and “Aunty” to many OGs, she was described by one as “like a breath of fresh air, incredibly supportive and a natural mentor”.



Norman Dovey (S 1991 – 2003/20) died as a result of a cycling accident in August 2020. An obituary of this much loved member of staff will appear in next year's Magazine.

Russell Carter (Caretaker 1978 – 2018) died in April 2020. He will be fondly remembered by many OGs, especially those who started in the Pre-Prep.

Logie Bruce-Lockhart – Memories from OGs and Friends

The first memory comes, appropriately, from Logie's daughter, Pony:

Our father had an idyllic childhood. The youngest of four brothers, he was instilled with a competitive spirit and a rapacious love of learning by his parents.



The Bruce-Lockhart brothers – Logie on R

From boyhood he was a biophile. He would fish all day in freezing Highland lochs and burns. Once, he sat on his mother's lap for a brief respite. She had been knitting. When he had rested a little, he was returning to the water when she noticed that one of her knitting needles had pierced right through part of his thigh! "Logie, come back a second!" she called, then calmly withdrew it. He was so cold that he felt nothing and promptly returned to the river.

He gave us the same freedoms, whether camping among Highland cattle at Strontian, wading in the Tweed at Bemersyde or plunging in Provencal rock pools.

He spoke German and French so fluently that even ancient members of the French

Resistance were impressed; often, he dreamt in another language. He was still translating German books and poems at 95.

Sometimes his passions led to dubious decisions. With four crammed into the back of the Citroen, Bede lying prone across the others, and Jo virtually unable to walk prior to her double hip replacement, we braked to a shrieking halt on a blind corner with a steep gorge below us. Leaving the driver's door open he raced up the hill shouting "Short-toed eagle!" Thankfully we survived that one.

Dad won a medal for Highland Dancing, coming first in the Highland Games. During the Christmas holidays, we moved into the Boys' Side of Howson's, hosting a huge family gathering every New Year. On one memorable occasion, he was taunted by his older siblings to show off these youthful skills. He climbed onto one of the refectory tables and nimbly demonstrated that he could still perform with great prowess...but his figure was somewhat more rotund, and he cracked the table, though left the dinner service intact!

He foraged for mushrooms and became an expert at identifying them, often teaching ad hoc lessons about them (or how to read wine labels) or harvesting puffballs and chanterelle in the School woods.

When sorting through his desk recently, I discovered a batch of letters written to his parents during the War. Finally, I understood

the reason for his minute handwriting: during six years, it gradually reduced further and further in order to fit in his news on tiny scraps of scarce paper.

He had the most robust health and an enormous appetite. He was rarely ill: once with mumps and occasionally from seafood poisoning, culminating in an inability to eat oysters, which he adored. However, he also had great self-discipline and stopped smoking overnight when he learned of its dangers, controlled his diabetes through diet and did 100 stomach clenches every night for years after he had retired from the squash court, also daily hand pumping water from the tank to the cabanon in the Var.

He was an optimist and tackled everything head on, even fundraising (despite financial matters being an anathema to him). Initially, he wrote in order to support Jo and five children, but it grew to be a pleasure, a way of passing on his enthusiasms to others.

He knew every pupil and read each of their reports with avid interest, adding his final advice whilst lying on the living room floor, always trying to find something positive or humorous to add.

He cared as much for his staff and nurtured generations of them to go on to successful careers, whether within or beyond the realm of education. But, finally he recognised that it was time to retire when he snapped at a junior member of staff for expounding ideas that were patently unworkable, something he would never have done when younger.

Still seeking his approbation, pupils wrote to him from far and wide to tell him of their successes and adventures; he loved every letter and Christmas card, in his housebound, later 90s, living vicariously on their news.

In the days before the Headmaster's House was built, the family lived in a caravan and tents in the School woods, then in the garden of Church Farmhouse, where he would mix School admin with balancing precariously up a long ladder scraping plaster off the front of the house with a tiny shave hook!

A choral scholar, he loved to break into song but one never quite knew whether it would be Schubert, a Gilbert and Sullivan patter or a German drinking song – the ruder the better! He was still warbling along to “I am the very model of a modern Major-General” on my laptop a few days before his death.

Until Jo was bedridden, he had never cooked a meal. When he first stayed with his son-in-law he put his best foot forward, offering to help prepare dinner. George asked him to chop some onions. Dutifully, he took the laden board and retired to the drawing room with it, returning half an hour later with a proud smile and all the onions neatly sliced... with their skins still on! However, he cared for his wife during her last months with utter devotion.

Fiona Drye (née Bruce-Lockhart)

(G 1972 – 75)



Jo and Logie with Philip and Alex Kemp, 2000

It was my great pleasure to be welcomed by LBL to Gresham's six years ago. Logie came to lunch at the aptly named Lockhart House just before my first term started and entertained everyone with great stories and good humour. I became the recipient of a large number of immaculate letters in tiny handwriting which seemed to have better insight into what was happening at school than I could gain from visiting the classrooms and Houses! The warmth with which he held the school was obvious and I feel lucky to have met him.

Logie was Gresham's longest serving headmaster of the modern era and he clearly had a huge impact on rebuilding the School after WW2. A polymath who clearly excelled personally in everything that he did, Logie had that real passion for young people which is the sign of a true "schoolmaster". Soldier, sportsman, botanist, musician, linguist, author, but more than anything a schoolmaster, family man and friend.

Douglas Robb, Headmaster

I was in my last year at Gresham's during the interregnum when Logie walked the school grounds deep in conversation with ABD after Sunday Chapel. The discreetness would defeat most bugging devices, but nonetheless the conversation paused when they passed within a few feet of pupils.

I experienced how hospitable and down to earth Jo was when invited for a drink in Howson's on an OG weekend. It seemed both deserved and gratifying that Logie lived to receive the acknowledgement of James Dyson for the assistance he and his brother received during Logie's Headmastership.

Roger Stuart (c & OSH 1948 – 55)

I also, of course, have many great memories of Logie, but perhaps what I often come back to and recall were his wonderful Chapel and Big School assemblies, his rich voice filling the hall. During my five years in the Senior School he never once repeated himself; he was wise, funny, clever and surprising and I always began the day with something to reflect on.

My alltime favourite performance, however, was one morning, when Logie, arriving as always at the back of Big School to the usual rowdy chatter, did something very strange and out of character; he began his customary walk down the central aisle to the front of Big School but he was neither brisk nor purposeful. He walked slowly, he

staggered, he yelled and groaned at the top of his voice until he reached an unearthly crescendo of wailing derangement. We were stunned; what had happened to our Headmaster? Who had driven him to this edge of madness? Was it...us?

He flailed his arms and shook his head, his blustery hair dishevelled, occasionally stopping and staring wildly at his students. Finally arriving at the steps up to the lectern, he paused for a moment, gasping, before heaving himself up slowly step by step, but it didn't end there; he sat on the edge of the stage banging his smartly polished shoes against the wooden skirt, now groaning softly, his face squashed in his hands. How could we have done this too him?

Then quite suddenly he looked up, smoothed down his parting, smiled and said with glee, "Well, that got your attention."

Vivienne Moaven (G & O 1974 – 1981)

My days at Gresham's were a pleasure and a privilege, and Logie made them special. From a squash player's perspective, he was kind enough to spend time with me on court, teaching me his tricks of the trade. One of his favourite moves was to speed up to the front of the court, then masking the ball by flapping open his button-up jumper so you couldn't see it. As I set off for where I thought he had despatched it, I would notice too late that the ball, with a flick of the wrist, had disappeared in

another direction. This unfair device was usually saved for a special point – such as match ball.

I enjoyed Saturday mornings with Logie in his Public Speaking classes. The topic he caught me out on was to speak for two minutes, with humour he insisted, on the description of the inside of a ping pong ball. Starting...now!

Gawain Briars (c & H 1968 – 76)

.....
 LBL told this against himself:

It was a fine spring day in 1967, or thereabouts. Prospective parents and their son had been ushered into LBL's office, high up in Big School. The time came for the Headmaster to take the enthusiastic party on a tour of the grounds, and they trooped down the echoing, stone stairs to the cars parked between the Big School doors.

LBL ignored his somewhat grey and dubious-looking family Ford Zephyr with a front bench seat, and ushered the party into the adjacent, smart and clean limousine that was parked alongside. The Ford Zephyr never was quite the thing for a public school headmaster. Father assumed his indicated, rightful position in the driving seat with son in the front passenger seat. LBL and mother eased their way into the rear seats.

Off they went, with LBL pointing out the sights in his normal, "no nonsense" and

benevolent, headmasterly manner. Mother and father asked appropriate questions and the prospective new boy was clearly in awe of all that he saw.

Upon return to the parking slot outside Big School, further questions were sought. It was at this point that the prospective father asked LBL why it was that he did not drive his own car, and was it normal for parents to drive the headmaster's car for school tours? Of course, the awful truth dawned; LBL had simply assumed that the smart limousine belonged to the prospective parents. It did not. The true owner was never found; or certainly not disclosed.

I think that LBL told this story lest he should be further embarrassed at a later stage. It came out at lunch in Howson's dining room very shortly after the event.

Duncan Bridge (H 1966 – 71)

I will just give a few entirely personal vignettes which perhaps illustrate something of his quality:

- My first memory of Logie is from 1959, when my father took me to see the school during the holidays. We were driven all round the site at breakneck speed by Logie in his old black Ford (Consul, was it?) and overwhelmed by his energy and enthusiasm.
- My father was a poor parson and I know he was helped to keep me at Gresham's by Logie's influence. When

I was at university, I received a small scholarship from the Fishmongers, which came with a letter from LBL saying "this is for cakes and ale".

- Anyone who was at Gresham's in Logie's earlier days will remember him reading out the whole school list in form order at great speed at the first assembly of term. I am not sure why this was necessary!
- To be taught Divinity by Logie was to receive an education in an astonishing variety of topics and philosophies. The same was true of public speaking and debating, which he ran and took part in.
- The quaint location of his office in a garret above Big School meant that he was constantly visible and moving among us, and would talk freely with pupils as he passed.
- Once, when he had done me a particular favour, I said, "That is very kind of you, Sir", and he replied, "I know it is! But it's good that you know it too."
- In conversation he would often seem to ignore what you said or go silent for a bit and then say something which seemed at first irrelevant, but actually summed up the whole subject.
- He clearly believed in giving pupils freedom to develop and to make mistakes ("Well, that's par for the course") and learn from them. Perhaps this liberality was at times a problem for his colleagues!
- One day I sneaked out of school to go fishing in the Glaven at Letheringsett. I had a permit in my pocket scribbled by Logie on a scrap of paper, but I should not have been out of school just then.

- Wading gingerly towards the bridge I suddenly encountered the Headmaster doing the same thing. He proceeded to give me a lesson in how to land a fly exactly where the best fish were. My truancy was never mentioned.
- In my last year, in a house revue in Tallis, I did an impersonation of the then (inimitable!) Chairman of the Governors. A few days later I was asked to drinks at Howson's and to give a repeat performance. A little lectern was provided. As I was in action, a figure walked past the window. "Here comes the Chaplain," said Logie. "Quick, put the lectern away or he'll think we're mocking *him*."
 - Much will be made of Logie the polymath athlete. How many headmasters could entertain their prefects after dinner by singing Schubert lieder to his own accompaniment? With others he played squash.
 - Fifty-five years later he showed me the manuscript of his beautifully illustrated bird book for beginners (always the inspirer of the young) – handwritten without corrections.
 - Some of us OGs gathered in Big School within the last few years and heard him speak, fluently and without notes, of his own experiences and memories. It was very moving.
 - Logie was a formidable, and at times an intimidating figure, but he was deeply concerned about other people and capable of enduring friendship and great personal kindness. He never allowed his apparently effortless accomplishments to be a barrier.

- As a pupil and as a lifelong schoolmaster, I have had very close dealings with eleven headmasters, none of them bad and several very good, but Logie was the best of all, and in a class of his own. Of course there were less good moments, but the current success and reputation of Gresham's still owes almost everything to him.
- And so, in a way, do I.

Jeremy Tomlinson (F and T 1960 – 64)

.....

At the time, Lent term 1974, I wasn't a model student. I was fourteen, intellectually lazy, and I smoked. I was duly caught by a prefect, turned in, and was to receive, as was the custom at the time, "six of the best" with a flexible leather stick that the headmaster had lying on a high shelf in his office. I had been forewarned and had donned all my underpants, both clean and dirty, to absorb the blows. I hoped he would not notice. I entered the office, he asked me in his deep, gravelly bass whether I knew what I had done. I replied, "Yes, sir" in a nervous contralto. He then asked me if I knew what the punishment was to be. I replied, "Yes, sir." "All right, then," he said, "Could you stand at that table and bend over, please." Whereupon he gave me six of the best. It hurt, but not so much. Perhaps it was the padding, but I suspect it was the fact that it was done so obviously without rancour, pleasure or misplaced self-righteousness. It was simply a headmaster's duty, to be performed properly. After it was over he said: "Would you like a lift back to OSH?"

The punishment had been meted out, it was time to show that there was nothing more sinister clinging to the event. There are cases in which even the meting out of corporal punishment can furnish us with great lessons.

Logie Bruce-Lockhart did not cure me of smoking. The birth of my first child did that. What he did was more profound. He instilled in me a deep-seated respect for fairness and duty, but even more, in this and many other occasions, he showed me how such fairness can be achieved by the performance of one's duty. I shall hold his memory very dear in my heart.

Professor Jacob Voorthuis
(OSH 1973 – 78)

My overriding memory of Logie was one of awe. While he seemed to tower above us, not in height, but in voice and manner, his aura was warm and friendly, never cold or distant. My personal contact with him was fairly limited but I do remember travelling to London with him by train from Norwich, just the two of us, when I was to be interviewed for an ESU scholarship, and he, being on the ESU Board, would be one of the interviewers. We settled into 2nd class and within five minutes, he said we should move to the restaurant car for breakfast in first class. BR did really good breakfasts back then, and I think it lasted till Liverpool Street station. He spent ten minutes telling me more or less what to expect at the interview, and

then disappeared behind *The Times* and then *The Express*, occasionally appearing from behind the papers to share with me some of the less salubrious articles from the Express and the newsworthy parts from the *Times*. Eventually we made it to the ESU and he disappeared behind closed doors and I fidgeted with the other hopefuls in the waiting room. I was called in, asked a number of questions, the last one being from LBL, who asked if I had read anything interesting in the papers recently. We had the full BR English tea on the way back, scones, clotted cream, the whole works, and he made not a single reference to the interview.

Jeremy Turner (c & W 1963 – 70)

I am really sad to hear of the death of LBL as, I am sure, thousands of others will be. As a boy who arrived on the Gresham's scene soon after he became headmaster, I had no other to compare him with and so the fact that I sailed through a thoroughly enjoyable school life with no contretemps seemed completely natural and normal to me. Sadly, he only taught me and 4A for a few lessons in French whilst Mr. Dodd was away, but even those were memorable. He had a few pithy sayings in French constructed by himself to highlight the intricacies of the pronunciation French vowel sounds, e.g. *Le bonbon bondit dans les dents du bon bandit*, and, slightly more controversially, *Joffre et Foche adorent les Boches* !! These amused us all thoroughly, whilst being very instructive.

I thought at the time what a marvellously balanced polymath he was, and I only wish I had been in Howson's to enjoy more of his influence.

Paul Godfrey (W 1958 – 62)

.....

I remember him as a very relaxed and stabilising influence around the school, someone who did not interfere in its day to day operation unless his input was required, and yet he knew exactly what was going on at every moment and managed to remember everyone's name.

A softly spoken, authority figure who commanded immense respect from pupils and teachers alike, always giving credit where it was due. His contribution to Gresham's during his tenure undoubtedly resulted in the school becoming one of the top private education establishments in the country today.

Charles Philip Templer (OSH 1974 – 79)

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Logie made the school a great educator for sports and arts. We all benefited from this in our formative years. For this, much thanks!

Bill Wragge (k & F 1960 – 68)

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I was caned by Logie Bruce-Lockhart in the spring of 1977. I was in the wrong and he was quite apologetic about the whole thing. But now when I tell people I was

caned in high school, they look at me like I'm 150 years old, so it is definitely one of my favorite memories. Also, he was a stand up guy. He told me that he would have expelled me had he known all the things I had done, but since they had already punished me for some of them it wasn't fair to add them into the calculation at that time, so he simply grounded me for a few months.

Wade Willett (H 1976 – 78)

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Logie gave me the kindest and most important moment at Gresham's.

1974, I had come back from summer hols in Brunei, where my dad worked. 'O' Level results on the mat by the front door. Ripped open. Disaster, I had 3 passes. B*****s. Everyone needed a minimum of 5 to go to the 6th form. I was distraught.

On the first day of term, I cycled in to Farfield and went to see Bill Thomas. He told me that I would be held back a year. Then, (and I don't know how I did this, because I was a bit fearful of authority) I asked him if there was any higher authority I could ask. "You could ask the Headmaster, I suppose, but I don't see the point."

I trudged off to morning assembly at Big School feeling completely out of it, because all my friends were looking at schedules that were not open to me. I sat at the very back of the Hall by the door, picking up my courage.

Logie did his things and then, surrounded by prefects, he left the stage and walked past the door. I plucked up all my courage.

“Headmaster.” I stopped him. “It’s Rawlins, sir, I’ve only got 3 ‘O’ Levels, sir, and I can’t go to the 6th form, if you would allow me to go up, I promise I’ll work really hard and get more ‘O’ levels and do my ‘A’ level work too.”

“Rawlins, I know you, you’re a very fine rugby player...” (He took a long pause.) “Enjoy the 6th Form.”

That gesture meant the world to me; it still does.

Mike Rawlins (c & F 1969 – 76)

.....

To me he was a lovely, warm human being, with a great love of Gresham’s and a fascination for everything around him. I do want to pass on the reaction which I have seen from many members of the Fishmongers’ Company who remember Logie. In particular, amongst many comments, past Chairmen of Governors John Norton, David Young and Andrew Martin Smith have all expressed their great admiration for all that he achieved at Gresham’s and indeed in other aspects of his life. He was seen as a one-off and a hero by many, but also as a swashbuckling and successful leader of men and women. They don’t make them like Logie any more.

Keith Waters (Clerk of the Fishmongers’ Company, 1994 – 2009)

.....

Probably my strongest memory is his speech at speech day at the theatre in the woods in summer 1972, when I was about to leave after ‘A’ levels. The following term Gresham’s would be having its first intake of boarding girls, which was quite a milestone in the school’s history. It fell to Logie to announce this during his speech and as I recall, his words were as follows:-

“The Governors and I debated this issue long and hard before deciding to go ahead. In the end it was a choice between barbed wire and machine guns, or prayer and the pill!”

They favoured the latter and although I think there were one or two problems initially, the change from boys only to boys and girls has been a great success.

David Bass (k & OSH 1965 – 72)

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My recollections back in the late 1950s were many, but school hymn practice in Chapel comes to light. LBL would look up to Michael Allard, the organist, and ask him to play through the new hymn. After a brief pause LBL would launch into the hymn, accompanied by Michael, with the most wonderful baritone voice and show us how it should be done! After numerous rehearsals, he would then join in after witnessing appalling singing and completely drown the whole school!!

He was a wonderful example to us all, both on the field and in the class room.

Truly a gentleman and scholar that will be sadly missed by all.

Major Michael Wilkins (k & F 1959 – 63)



The International

I was a pupil at the school when he became headmaster in the 1950s, and I have great memories of my time at Gresham's. I was a keen rugby player and in the Colts team, coached on occasions by LBL. At one session, the backs (I was a scrum half) were told to individually run at him and feint and pass to one side. I worked out an elaborate double feint but did not leave enough space to execute it, and ran full pelt into LBL, actually knocking him over! (He was, of course a well-built rugby man himself, whilst I was of slighter build). "Walker, you idiot!" he shouted, as he got to his feet, "I said go *past* me not

through me". Fortunately, as one would expect, he saw the funny side of it.

Tony Walker (k & OSH 1952 – 58)

I will just suggest my memory of Logie as housemaster rather than headmaster, and his coaching of the house singing team. I think it was 1964, when Logie put much time and effort into coaching the Howson's team. The songs were "Sing a Merry Madrigal" for the quartet and "Where the Gowdy rins" ("stream runs" in English) for the unison. The Scottish song involved being there with a lady called Jean on Ilka night, into which Logie put the full innuendo. We were unable to do that, or sing in Scottish, and our treble's voice was breaking in the quartet, so we came nowhere. I only remember this as I was bass in the quartet (Agnew, Dansie, Scott, Hipperson) and accompanied the unison.

On another occasion, having just joined the senior school, I played "Let all the world in every corner sing" in Big School prayers. Unfortunately, the version I knew was in the key of F, while the Public School Hymn Book was in D. Logie began lustily leading the singing, but of course the final "my God and King" was much too high for Logie, or anyone else. The benevolence that I was regarded at the beginning was replaced by the Logie glare as he left the stage.

A remarkable man to whom I owe much.

Geoff Hipperson (c & H 1959 – 65)

Logie (and Jo) were friends of my parents going back to the early 1950s, when LBL first arrived at Gresham's. Logie was also instrumental in putting my mother forward as the first female Governor, when the school was looking to introduce girls into the school. So I knew LBL from an early age, both in and outside school. I am sure you will receive plenty of anecdotes.

One such concerned prospective Chinese parents, whom LBL had proudly taken round the then brand new Tallis, extolling the virtue of the bedsit studies, etc., only to be informed by the parents that what they really wanted was for their child "to sleep in filthy English public school dormitory", as he had plenty of creature comforts in Hong Kong.

As a Howson's boy, ending up as one of his prefects, his wisdom and guidance set me up well for life. Among many of his extramural activities, LBL sat on the Admiralty Officer Selection Board. When I failed to enter the Royal Navy as a seaman officer (due to eyesight) my one and only desire, he persuaded me to consider joining as a logistician. Having enjoyed a fabulous 34 year career, I am eternally grateful.

Commodore Hugh Whitaker
(k & H 1960 – 68)

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I had the privilege of being one of his pupils, albeit only for two years in the 6th form. Logie came to my rescue by accepting me at Gresham's when things

were going awry for me in my previous school. In doing so, he undoubtedly had a very significant influence on the rest of my life by bringing out my inherent strengths through the medium of the school over which he cast his kindness, personality, values and expertise.

I am so glad many years later I took the opportunity to write to Logie and thank him for what he did for me and I received a very appreciative, prompt and interesting response in his unmistakable handwriting, which I so clearly remembered from my school reports.

We have lost an exceptional man, but thankfully through his long and very fulfilled life we are all the beneficiaries of that life and his family have every reason to be very proud of him, as he was so clearly of them. Thank you, Logie.

Dominic Marshall (T 1967 – 68)

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One day, sitting on the Farfield 3rd form table for dinner in the CFB...Logie taps me on the shoulder. "Hugo...I think the sole has fallen off your shoe." Twinkle in his eye, and pointing to the hamburger under the table. He knew us all, accepted me into the school on a whim, despite the worst ever Common Entrance marks, and on those occasions we interacted, his interest, kindness and wisdom was pervasive.

Hugo van Vredenburg (F 1979 – 84)

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Logie was my housemaster at Howson's. He taught me German language for 'A' Level, in a class of four, always in his study, and he sometimes offered us each a glass of something, usually Dubonnet. Forty-five years on, his German mnemonics are still with me, such as, "the spirit of God, the body of man, and the worm on the edge of the forest", all masculine nouns which add -er (and if possible an umlaut) in the plural. He had phrases of his own to cover points of grammar, such as *Wenn ich sie gesehen hätte, hätte ich sie geküsst* (If I had seen her, I should have kissed her.) Unexpected words could be illustrated by anecdotes. "Do you know what a droschke is? An uncle of mine once got into hot water when he was caught kissing an actress in one." (*This refers probably to "Wicked Uncle Bertie", Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart KCMG – Ed.*) Once or twice the German language classes were mainly about the philosophy of Kant, Hegel, and Schopenhauer.

Logie offered a 6th Form public speaking option, and in my year I was the only boy who signed up for it. The option went ahead for an hour a week, with only me, on a tutorial basis. Usually the ground covered was to do with public speaking, but sometimes it was about music or art. Logie was not the strictest disciplinarian. He once found me in a village pub, all pubs then being off limits, and said, "Hello, Newb, you should not be here; I hope you will get caught," and vanished. I heard no more about it.

Christopher Newbury (H 1970 – 74)

I was saddened to hear of Logie's passing; I had hoped that we would have been able to celebrate 100. Now, although far away (in Australia), I will celebrate with you the life of a wonderful man who played an important part in my life.



Ralph Slaughter (on L)

I was at Gresham's, aged 15, in 1955 (the year we celebrated 400 years) when he arrived. The enthusiasm of the young man rubbed off on everyone and the personal support from him while School Prefect, Drum Major and CSM of the cadet force, played a big role in my obtaining a County Scholarship to the Royal Veterinary College, London, the beginning of my successful career in the animal health industry. The education at Gresham's from LBL and the fine group of teachers he put together stood me in great stead for the rest of my life.

Dr. Ralph Slaughter (c & W 1949 – 59)

Kim and I were very fond of Logie; he seemed to go out of his way to be kind and supportive to us. He wrote to us on a number of occasions (in that famous tiny, pretty illegible handwriting). His letters

were always warm and encouraging, insightful and wise. He asked us to supper a few years ago; we had a lovely time. When we got there he asked us to help him choose which of his bird paintings to use as his Christmas card that year. After a while, just as we were wondering whether we were going to eat, he announced he was taking us to The Anchor, where he treated us to three courses. I couldn't believe how much he ate! What struck me most about the evening was how inquisitive and curious he was about us, our lives and the school. He really did not want to talk about himself or the past.

Also, I loved that he so often came to our Speech Day. He always seemed to sit in my eye line, so that when I looked up as I was speaking, he seemed to be beaming at me. I found it really comforting and encouraging!

As Prep School Head, it was so lovely to know that I had this Gresham's legend giving me gentle encouragement and support.

James Quick (Prep HM 2003 – 19)

I was in awe of LBL from first to last during my school career. And I think that was generally the way he wanted it. But in my final term, Michaelmas 1964, I experienced a different perspective when Benjamin Britten and Peter Pears came to give the now legendary concert. As head boy, standing next to Logie, I see Britten in white tie entering Big School from the corridor, and now Logie

is bursting with pride, himself in awe of the great composer, as he goes to greet him.

There was a celebratory atmosphere in the concert. I don't remember the music so well, I think that Michael Allard played a duet with Britten on two pianos, probably "The Arrival of the Queen of Sheba", to get the programme under way before Britten and Pears took over. But that moment of realising that LBL was a mere mortal – that stuck.

Patrick Harvey (c & W 1958 – 64)

I am among the legions of Logie's admirers. And being in Howson's, I probably had more interaction with him than many other students. He could beat me at squash, despite a 28 years age disadvantage. I remember him suddenly needing to stand in on a History class for an absent teacher. He presented a cogent, convincing argument for one point of view, then immediately giving a talk representing the opposite side of the debate – absolutely brilliant.

Chris Keyworth (H 1963 – 67)

I certainly was not one of LBL's most distinguished pupils. But, nevertheless, I owe him, Gresham's and Howson's a great deal. LBL's "regime" was one based on respect, never threats or physical. To him, crimes were stealing, lying, cheating and bullying. To him, finding me caught in a pub was a "rule" I should just not have broken! His teaching was "good from bad"

and “right from wrong”. He told me that the more I put “in” to life, the more I would get “out”. He believed in “give and you may receive”; smile, and life may well smile back at you. I learnt from him that it was better to play cricket for the 2nd XI than not to play cricket at all! Even better to try and fail, than not to try at all.

LBL as a headmaster attracted Steve Benson, Dick Copas and John Rayner, etc., to Gresham’s. They and masters like the late Rev. D. C. Argyle would never have realised when I was their dreadful pupil how grateful I would be to them!

I do hope my son, Miles, feels the same regarding his time at Gresham’s with John Arkell, Dick Copas and the late Peter Badger.

Rodger Gooseman (H 1963 – 68)

As an American exchange student at Gresham’s in the years 1963 – 1964, I still, to this day, from 3,000 miles away in New York, have extremely fond memories of my time at the school and in Holt, and of my having been mentored by Logie Bruce-Lockhart. It was one of the best years of my life, and, I think, helped me become the man I now am, all these years later.

I lived in Howson’s, and, as such, my housemaster as well as headmaster was Mr. Bruce-Lockhart, who was, at that time, an obviously much younger, towering figure to me, a young neophyte so far from home for the first time. Everything I was

experiencing was totally new to me, and I have fond memories of him taking me under his wing and greatly increasing my comfort level, from initially being one of only three scared and lonely Americans at the school, to a welcomed member of the Gresham’s community.

One memory sticks in my mind as pivotal, and will remain so until my last day. November 22nd, 1963, the day that President John Kennedy was assassinated, I was on the rugby field with my teammates, and he walked over to us, to me, and he put his arm around me and walked me away from the scrum and told me what had happened, and comforted me in a way I had never experienced before. As I am writing this a tear is coming to my eyes, as it meant so much to me to have him take such a special interest in consoling me about what was such a traumatic event, and one which I was actually unable to handle on my own. I wouldn’t be surprised to hear that this sort of gesture was repeated by him to so many other students over his very long career. He was, to me, a gentle giant of a man, and perhaps my first real role model. Fifty-six years later I can still picture him and just about everything else about my wonderful and enriching time at Gresham’s.

Clearly, he will be sorely missed, but, from what I now see as the exponential growth of the scope of what Gresham’s has stood for all these years, his example must be in the minds of all who came after him.

Eric Siegeltuch (H 1963 – 64)

I have to say that, even after 65 years, rarely a day goes by that I don't think, with gratitude, of that September day the headmaster offered me a place at Gresham's.

I was not noted for any achievement until my last year in the rugby trial when, coming off the field, LBL turned to me and said, "You could make a great Centre". However, I was determined later to prove him wrong when he told me I had little chance of getting into university. He would inspire such determination, enthusiasm, loyalty and affection.

Logie had no reason to remember me when I made a return at a reunion in 2016, until I told him I had deduced that his offer was based on my father having also been a tank commander and played rugby into his 30s. I later received one of those legendary letters with an offer to visit him.

David Cross (F & T 1958 – 62)

LBL was my headmaster throughout my years at Gresham's and my overriding memory is of a very fair-minded and impartial, gentle man.

My interview as a scholar looking to come to Gresham's from Town Close House was unusual. Five minutes into the interview he produced a banana, seemingly from thin air, and offered it to me, suggesting I might be hungry. Not wishing to be rude, I accepted it and ate it, whilst trying to answer the questions without speaking

with a mouthful. Mentioning this on my return to TCH I was told this was not unusual and the test was to see if I could talk, and eat, politely. What insightful preparation for something which I have had to do all through my subsequent career!

The world is a less happy place without him and I mourn his passing.

Peter Knowles (OSH 1980 – 85)

What a man, what a Headmaster. I remember that whenever our form teacher was off ill we always hoped that it would be Logie filling in with a class on mushrooms and fungi, and which ones were edible.

Anthony Holt (W 1962 – 65)

After a particularly dirty rugby match against Wolverston Hall School (1981) in which my brother and I both retaliated, Logie approached us as we walked off the pitch and, with a twinkle in his eye told us we were "aggressive players", which I took as a massive compliment! Great memories of a great man.

Michael (T 1977 – 82) and
Charlie Crafer (W 1976 – 81)

I had 3 'O' levels and 1 CSE, and he let me in on his own discretion: "We are happy to take the risk." I am now a barrister at law. We recently spent a lovely afternoon with

him and his daughter having tea and just enjoying ourselves.

What a great man.

Juliet Donovan (O 1982 – 84)

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I was head boy at Gresham's in the year after he arrived – it is hard to believe he was barely twice my age when he took over the school, but looked to be a natural – full of confidence and willingness to innovate. I was a joint founder member of the Coryphaena Club he set up to recognise different types of talent in the school. I seem to remember one of the rewards was a private dinner in Howson's with him and his charming wife Jo – which I think also included a glass of sherry! A very approachable and stimulating man and a great help to me in my desire to get to Cambridge. It was a great pleasure to meet him again at the Coryphaena lunch back in 2015 and to get a feel for the great legacy he has left behind at the school.

Allan Cooper (OSH 1951 – 57)

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Logie was an inspirational man for us as pupils at Gresham's during his tenure.

My comments about Logie are actually more to do with Sedbergh School. He was a pupil at Sedbergh from, I think, 1940 to 1945. His father was Headmaster of Sedbergh at the time. I have been on the staff at Sedbergh School since 1991, and yes, I did make it as a History teacher

– I have been teaching Geography and History at Sedbergh for the last 29 years.

My comment about Logie is that in 2001 the then Headmaster, Christopher Hirst, asked Logie to come and be the guest speaker in 2001, the Summer prior to us taking the momentous step of taking girls into the school. Logie of course gave an excellent speech. I introduced myself to him just as he was about to go on stage. He immediately said how nice it was to see me (I expect he did not really remember me) but immediately asked after my brother Charles, and sister Emily, whom he remembered, and named them instantly. His recall of his former pupils was extraordinary, and was a mark of his outstanding "schoolmastership".

There are two teachers whom I look back to as being the key ones responsible for inspiring me to become a Geography/History teacher. Steve Benson is one, and Richard Smyth – Old Sedberghian – is the other. I hope that in my Housemastering career I managed to incorporate a little of the good management and good sense that RNKC employed.

James Morgan (H 1979 – 84)

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He was an extraordinary man. My last memory of him was 18 months ago when he came to visit us and pay his respects the day after my mother's funeral. It was a Saturday and we watched the England/Scotland rugby match together. He was very proud of the fact that at that time he

was the oldest living Scottish International player. He also enjoyed the second half much more than the first half! (Score at half time: England 31 – Scotland 0. Full Time 38 to 38!) He will be missed.

Dr. Charles Cowper Johnson (1963 – 68)

For me, Logie has been a key influence. He and Jo supported me through a very sad time in my life. They brought laughter back. Although, once, in Howson's, unaware that Logie was standing right behind me, I angrily plunged a red hot poker into one of the magnificent dining tables. Said Logie: "I don't think that's such a good idea, do you?" His quiet words, and his look of reproach, were a more salutary punishment than any beating could be. Thank you, Logie.

Ruary Mackenzie Dodds (H 1960 – 64)

In the summer of 1962, aged 13, I sat the scholarship entry exam and was called for interview by the Headmaster. Daunting prospect. "What are your special interests?" he asked. "Birdwatching," I replied, unsuspectingly. "So what is the difference between a redshank and a greenshank?" Aha, I thought, I do actually know that. "A redshank has red legs..." I replied, but before I could continue, he said, "Suppose you are 50 yards away and the bird is standing in water, what then?"

I didn't know it then, but was later to learn, that this level of attention to detail



The cavalry officer

in everything would be expected when he became my German teacher. Logie was not just a brilliant teacher of German language and literature but a man who, in my case at least, inspired a lifelong interest in Germany. This was happening less than 20 years after the war against in which he and his generation had fought. At 13 I had little insight into the motivation of such a man. Now I look back and admire the dedication and determination to guide the next generation towards reconciliation and renewal. Would that there were more like him today.

Charles Owen (F 1962 – 66)

I was new to the 6th Form in 1979, so I only knew him for a comparatively short time and, as I didn't study languages, I only got to see him when occasionally he came to sit at my table at lunchtimes. It was an absolute treat when he did, as

he was always keen to hear how we were all getting on, and always made us laugh regarding recollections from his past.

I loved reading his book *Stuff and Nonsense*, which was very entertaining and gave a very good insight as to his views on education, which were far from nonsense!

I know that I don't just speak for myself when I say that he made an everlasting impression on all of his students.

Sarah Bradfield (O 1979 – 81)

I was a shy 15-year old who came from an all-girl family and had attended an all-girl school for the past eleven years when I joined the 5th Form at Gresham's. There were only 15 girls in the school, two in my year group. My entire 'O' level syllabus had to be changed in that 5th year, due to different exam boards. It was a traumatic year both emotionally and educationally. Logie was incredibly supportive and sympathetic and, along with excellent teachers, I was able to achieve 9 passes. Each time we met, he enquired about my progress with a smile on his face and I always believed he had such a fantastic memory he would be able to keep tabs on every pupil. Nothing seemed to escape his knowledge, good or bad!

When bumping into each other on different occasions in Holt years later, he always seemed to recognise – or put on an excellent act! – and stop to chat. It was that

knack of making everyone seem important to him that made him so deservedly popular.

Bridget Neville (née Lilley) (G 1973 – 75)

In 1969 I received three stokes of the cane from Logie for having been caught in a pub in Holt, and in the afternoon, as captain of squash, I played a practice game with him. Half way through, I hit him hard on the backside with a squash ball. He turned to me, rubbed his bottom, and gracefully said, "Touché!"

Memories!!

David Lacon (OSH 1965 – 70)

I think we all remember him both fondly and with awe.

Whilst having him around (a little too closely, at times – he being my housemaster!) we took him for granted. In retrospect, though, he was a great man and it was our privilege to have learnt from him. All my life I have enjoyed the Schubert he played me and I remember the pleasure of bumping into him in the South of France. Without doubt, knowing him was our good fortune. So farewell, a much respected friend.

Tom La Touche (H 1966 – 69)

One memory that sticks in the mind as a young 3rd former in Howson's, where his

son Bede resided, was one morning on the day that LBL had just warned the school not to play ball games near the school buildings. Bede was stood on the steps of Howson's holding a rugby ball as usual and saw his father walking towards him from the CFB. With that, he shouted, "Dad, catch this," and booted the ball nearly all the way to the bridge, where it was gracefully caught with gown swinging, only to be spiral kicked back straight into Bede's arms with the cry, "Take that, Dogboy!" – Bede's nickname at the time! At that point, the then housemaster Dick Copas walked out of the house, and I remember looking up at him enquiringly, to the riposte, "Don't even think about it, Green."

Nick Green (H 1979 – 84)

Logie's was so big a life that it feels vaguely blasphemous to comment on it. Once, on the dirt road in the tiny Vermont hamlet where we have a farm, I met a visiting Englishman, and we got to talking. It turned out he had known Logie, about ten years before I met him. This is a small corner of the world; only a very big life would have reached it.

I hope, when the eulogists remember all the accomplishments, a word is spared for singing. Not his singing – ours. My chief memory of the Gresham's headmaster takes me to Saturday morning chapel, where he strode the centre aisle, readying his troops for Sunday. "An A please, Mr. Allard," he'd say, and then sing the note. The invisible Allard would obey; the organ

would sound, and even that massive engine would dare not contradict the Headmaster: the A would be the same note. And then we were off on the hymn. We were spotty-faced boys. In us all confidence in masculinity was feigned. He was a Scottish rugby blue with a chest like an armoire, striding up and down the aisle, bellowing out perfect pitch.

Hmm – if *he* could sing...

We could too. And so we did. No croaking, no talking along, no riding the surf beneath the waves, glancing nervously from left to right: Sing, or those blue eyes would have you roasting on a spit. Joff Beckett, a prop forward of my day, discovered an eight-cylinder baritone, and thundered out the Anglican hymns. We roared alongside. Nearly half a century later, we've never stopped.

Thank you, Logie.

Sabin Willett (H 1973 – 75)

On joining the staff in 1989 I was soon introduced to Logie and common ground was quickly established. We would meet from time to time in town or on the marshes, and share a moment. I will briefly share just two.

Logie loved fishing. Fishing for trout in particular. Perhaps his favourite river was the Tweed and we would speak of its famed beats: Bemersyde and Dryburgh held special memories for him. Melrose

had been my home, the river a five iron from our back door. It is a small place but it is where I matured and where I played my senior rugby. Les Allan, with whom Logie had played for Scotland, had been an influence and lived just across the way and we bought our heating oil from Jimmy Johnstone, another of his side. There were others too he knew well. We would also speak of the River Rawthey, that fast flowing wooded stream that separates Sedbergh from the Howgills, and of the Glaven. Our chats always led to what imitation had proved successful in catching fish. In his memory I will dress a special fly for Logie. Each year on the first day of the season I will place one upon his gravestone. My small way of showing my respect.



LBL with 'Now and Then, This and That'

Last year I was walking with my cousin, the novelist John Melmoth (not a *nom de plume!*) along the East Bank at Cley. We met Logie and I introduced them, pointing out to my cousin that if he were to write and illustrate a book when in his tenth decade, then I would be as impressed by him as I was with Logie. John asked what he wrote. "Stuff and nonsense, every time.

Just my take on things. And you?" "I write of dreams," replied John. "Oh, dear," came Logie's response. "That could lead you into trouble, I dare say. Are they vivid?" As sharp and witty as ever. We laughed, bade our farewells and moved on. Several days later, John was still speaking of this brief encounter with someone he felt remarkable. Logie never failed to make an impression.

Every time, meeting with him enriched my day.

Phil Hawes (S 1989 – 2017)

As Head of Biology, I knew Logie well. He was the best Headmaster I ever worked with. These are a few things he used to say: "I don't mind what they are doing, so long as they are busy." To parents, one Speech Day: "Go home and breed, and send me your sons!" And on the introduction of girls to the school, "Grahame Lynn will take care of the farmyard aspects."

Grahame Lynn (S 1966 – 76)

I was saddened to learn of Logie's death but equally so pleased he had enjoyed such a long and fulsome life. My time with him was short but he was an incredible influence on my early development... What an incredibly thoughtful human being he was.

Commodore David Pond (S 1978 – 80)

It is just a coincidence that my 85-year old father sent me a bunch of old letters and newsletters that I sent him over the years, and one of the things I literally just opened up this past week was my Lent term 1979 assessment by my primary masters in 'A' Levels (Geology, German and English) and the comments from none other than the Headmaster himself regarding the school's first ever foreign-born girl to attend the school.

Logie took me under his wing for additional German 'A' Level support and I'll never forget being summoned to his office for my weekly private tutorage and listening to his glorious voice. I was in awe of his authority but only later realised what a humble man he was and how good he was for the souls of children. He built us up and gave us confidence to go out and tackle the world.

He was a wonderful man, who dearly loved his family and his students and will be sorely missed. His legacy will live on in the many students' lives he touched.

Nancy Wagner (née Baldwin)

(O 1978 – 79)

My memories include Logie often losing his car as he had driven some prospective parents around, often to the Theatre in the woods, and then walked on with them, later to be found wandering round asking if anyone knew where his car was.

My personal memory was coming on interview and staying the night in Howson's.

When I arrived, he greeted me in sports kit and said that he was off to play all the school team at squash, but Bede would look after me. Bede was quite young then and proceeded to produce a rugby ball, which he kicked towards me in the hall, where there were several glass-fronted cabinets, saying, "I'm Scotland and you're England!" I often wondered if Logie was listening to see how I coped! In the evening, Jo B-L had invited a faith healer from London to dinner. She was young and attractive and Logie was making remarks like, "Can you see my aura?" and I was sitting between Logie and her and not sure what side I was expected to take (being the son of a Bishop). Again, was this part of the interview?? I suppose I did get the job and had five very happy years learning my trade as a teacher, especially with people like Steve Benson and Dick Copas to help me.

One more memory: I was House Tutor in Tallis and every autumn a large brightly-coloured fungus grew in the central lawn area, and Logie used to tell the gardeners not to mow the lawn until he had picked the fungus for his tea.

David Blackburne (S 1968 – 73)

Logie was in some sense a second father to all of us at school. He understood our demons and that growing up was about mastering these and, in some instances, putting them to good use. He allowed us to feel that we all had a part to play and that the school's job was to help the best in us come out and define itself as a skill with purpose.

We were extremely privileged to have his perspective on the world shared with us, whether informally in a Saturday public speaking hobby, or in Big School at morning assembly. He had seen the worst of humanity, as well as best, and that undoubtedly gave him a perspective on what was important, which he shared generously. He was a faithful and tireless correspondent – how did he find time to write so personally and thoughtfully to so many? He was a great man and we all loved him dearly.

As a parent of three sons, my mother managed to clock up fourteen speech days. She therefore knew a few of his jokes rather well – a particular favourite being a rather irreverent crack about the charges for fishing boats on the Sea of Galilee...as a clergyman's wife, this rather hit the spot though, prudently, she held back from lighting a large cigar to complete the rendition.

Stephen Jefford (H 1976 – 81)

.....

He was something of a father figure. We boarding boys – all boys in those days – saw more of him than our own fathers, with an encyclopaedic knowledge of the world: sport, languages (I think he took it as a personal affront when I failed my German 'O' Level and made me retake – and failed again), arts, music, science and nature, who could pick out and encourage any ability.

I vividly recall him picking me out during Saturday congregational practice to

remark that I was the only person he could hear attempting to sing in a tenor voice, rather than growling in basso profundo like the rest. I hasten to add that I cannot sing to save myself, and never could. This encouraged me to join the extended choir to perform Bach's St. John Passion. I had no idea what a challenging task this is (I do now) – my neighbour in the choir (who I think was Robert Howell) had a good voice, and I could read music – so we muddled through between us. Standing in the middle of a performance of the St. John Passion remains one of the most exhilarating experiences of my life.

Simon Whitaker (T 1970 – 73)

.....

I first met Logie at my Norfolk County Scholarship interview when I was 11 years old. My sports at the time were football and golf. Logie asked me, "How far can you drive the ball off the tee?" and I responded, "200 yards", which was of course an aspiration and not the reality, to which Logie replied, "Downhill with the wind behind, I think".

The second time I really met Logie was when I was 16 years old. Myself, Tim Ewart and Charlie Hood, sadly no longer with us, had been caught after a serious drink up at the Black Boys at Thornage. Logie said, "I am going to beat you, boy," and duly gave me six of the best with a cricket stump. Strangely I didn't feel the pain until the far side of the Parade Ground on the way back to Farfield. Logie wrote to me recently with a veiled apology; a long

letter in his spidery writing. Incidentally, in the Junior School we called him “Spider”, not to his face of course!

Gordon Haylett (k & F 1960 – 67)



Jo and Logie

Organists often improvise their own harmonies for the last verse of a hymn. At one stage, there was an unofficial competition among school musicians to see who could produce the most adventurous rendition of a final verse during morning chapel. Rising to the challenge, I found myself on one occasion having wandered so far from the original harmonisation, the school valiantly endeavouring to stick to the tune, that I realised by the penultimate line that it was going to be pretty well

impossible to get back to the home key. By dint of some inelegant harmonic gymnastics I somehow managed to end on the tonic, by which time the school had more or less given up the unfair struggle. Logie said nothing, but at the next service, instead of a lesson, he read a translation of a letter from the city fathers of Leipzig to J. S. Bach, organist of the Thomaskirche, admonishing the great composer for his use of outlandish modern harmonies.

He had the wisdom, the humanity and the tolerance of one who had experienced all the human emotions, and whose acquaintance with violent conflict had shown him the depths to which mankind can sink, as well as the very best of human nature. The term “Renaissance man” could have been invented for him. Above all, he was blessed with a happy and secure family life.

As a number of others have said, we shall not see his like again.

Richard Peaver (S 1971 – 2009)



Letters

Dear Editor,

I was in Woodlands when **Max Parsons** (S 1928 – 54) ran the house. He was the senior classics master and also the school hockey coach, a sport at which Gresham's excelled in those days.

I have always been grateful to Max for organising a school visit to Italy in the spring of 1954. This was the first overseas trip the school had done since before the Second World War. About twenty of us went and the party included Max's elderly mother and his sister Barbara.

We travelled there on an overnight train and went to Florence, where we visited the Cathedral, the Ponte Vecchio and the Uffizi. We then travelled to Rome, where we saw St. Peter's, the Vatican, the Forum, the Colosseum and the Catacombs. From Rome, we went south to Naples and Pompeii. On the way back we stopped for an afternoon in Milan to view the Cathedral and Leonardo's "The Last Supper".

The whole trip lasted ten days. I have been in love with Italy ever since and have returned many times. Thank you, Max Parsons.

Yours sincerely,

Laurance Reed (W 1951 – 55)





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 A photograph of a building's exterior featuring a mix of stone and brickwork. The building has a grey roof and a chimney. The sky is blue with some clouds.

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The Bumper Wedding Year!

The media is heralding 2021 as potentially the biggest year of weddings in history, with an estimated 400,000 marriages taking place. This comes from both postponements, as well as the huge increase in engagements over lockdown, plus second weddings. Princess Beatrice's recent secret wedding has definitely got more people thinking about a low-key affair in 2020, before the huge party next year.

Gresham's loves a wedding! For nearly 100 years, the Chapel has been chosen as the special place for OGs to be married, often followed by a reception in Big School, or a marquee on the lawns. This term we welcome our new Chaplain, **Fr. Jack Branford** (S 2020 -), who is particularly looking forward to marrying OG couples, and comments, "I absolutely love officiating at weddings. They will be one of the real highlights of the incredible role I have here at Gresham's. I try to blend the timeless traditions of a church wedding service with a thoroughly modern, joyful experience. I work with every single couple to ensure that each wedding is a personal, meaningful, beautiful and memorable occasion for all concerned."

Our Archivist, Liz Larby, has been doing some digging into the history of weddings at Gresham's and found one particular story from the archives that stands out. In 2007, the Chapel was home to the wedding of OG sweethearts **Charlotte Middleton** (E 1996 – 98) and **Mark Sisson**, who started dating as 17-year olds at school. The occasion captured the imagination of both local and national press as Charlotte wore a beautiful chiffon, satin and silk dress adorned with pearls that had first featured in a family wedding nearly 100 years ago.

Charlotte's great-grandmother, Pauline Fithian, married Mark Watson in a Presbyterian church in her home town of Oregon in November 1910, before coming to England to set up home and start a family. Twenty-five years later her daughter Ruth wore the dress, with slight alterations, for her own wedding. Ruth's two daughters, Jane and Sally, carried on the family tradition in 1958 and 1963, followed by her niece Lucy Ann Watson, Charlotte's mother, in 1975. The vintage gown, made in Hong Kong, was certainly a talking point at Charlotte's wedding, where photos of all the family brides were on display, and the bride's cousins Sally and Jane, along with her mother Lucy, were all pictured together. As the tallest of the six family brides, Charlotte had to have the dress lengthened to fit, but with a few minor repairs and once all the pearls had been removed for cleaning and re-attached, the dress complemented the beautiful bride and historic venue perfectly.

The first wedding to take place in the recently-built Chapel was that of Madge Miller, eldest daughter of **Major J. C. Miller** (S 1901 – 28), founder of the OTC and first housemaster

A WEDDING STORY AS *Unique* AS YOU



We chose Gresham's for our wedding as Sam had such fond memories of boarding there. It just felt right. The marquee looked amazing on the lawn and we played Giant Jenga and Croquet. Great friends, happy memories, the perfect start to our new life together.

Sam & Amy Prescott, 2017

WRITE YOUR NEXT CHAPTER WITH GRESHAM'S

For weddings with a distinct personality,
contact Amy Pearce on 01263 714530, apearce@greshams.com





The Miller wedding, 1924

of Farfield in May 1924. Madge married **Thomas Hyde** (F 1908 – 14) in the Chapel and is pictured at her reception in Big School surrounded by a throng of happy guests. Tommy, whose brother **Alfred** (o, Bengal Lodge & F 1910 – 17) had tragically been killed in 1918, aged 19, had served as a Captain with the RAF and returned to join the family brewing business in Salford. The couple later sent their own two sons to the School to continue the family tradition.



The Douglas wedding, 1963

The Chapel Wardens' book records that the second wedding was for Christine, the younger daughter of **Bruce Douglas** (S 1921 – 63), the legendary Farfield housemaster and later Second Master, to marry Richard Guedalla in May 1963. Christine remembers cricket being played on the field while organist **Michael Allard** and the school choir performed impeccably. Her four bridesmaids were all staff daughters, and buffet tables were decorated with delicate swags of greenery for the champagne reception in Big School. On the same evening a young band



Michael Allard

called The Beatles played the Norwich Hippodrome and when Christine returned from honeymoon the Profumo scandal rocked the government. Christine and her sister Madeleine are pictured in many of the Farfield house groups, having been brought up as part of the Farfield family, including the evacuation to Newquay during the war.

If you have photographs and memories of school weddings that you would like to share with us, we would be delighted to hear from you. Please contact school Archivist Liz Larby at llarby@greshams.com.

Did you know? Any OG, staff member or person with a connection to Gresham's can be married in the Chapel. If you are thinking of Gresham's as a wedding venue, please contact Amy Pearce at apearce@greshams.com.

New Head of Adventure Takes Business Off Grid

During the holidays, Gresham's opens its doors to a number of organisations and groups, providing guests with accommodation and exclusive access to the woodland activity area. Premiership football U21s teams such as Southampton FC, Poland's Legia Warsaw, Scotland's Rangers FC and Norwich FC have all enjoyed going "off grid" at Gresham's over the last 18 months. Elite sports clubs choose our "Off-Grid" programme to connect players with nature and push them beyond their comfort zone to face their fears and think clearly under pressure on the aerial ropes course.



We are now rolling the programme out to corporate groups and businesses who are interested in adventurous residential weekends designed to build team unity, hone leadership skills and develop self-mastery. At the heart of the experience will be a new survival course designed and led by Gresham's new Head of Adventure and Geography teacher, **Daniel Majid** (S 2020 -), who has recently joined us after serving in the Army.

Dan says: "When I was blown up by an IED while serving with the Parachute Regiment in Afghanistan in November 2010, it seemed that my adventuring days would be over. In the Army I had enjoyed parachuting, skiing, rock climbing, diving and adventure racing but now I could barely put on my own socks. I was medically discharged and learning to live with my life-altering injuries. Luckily, with the incredible rehab of Headley Court

and the support of fantastic charities like Walking with the Wounded and the Invictus Foundation, I have flown microlights, attempted to climb Mt. Everest and competed in an international sporting event – all post-injury.

Now, as Head of Adventure at Gresham's, I have been given the opportunity to share my passion for adventurous outdoor pursuits with the pupils. Using the incredible facilities we have in the woodland area, there are a plethora of adventures we can have, without ever leaving the school grounds.



Dan Majid

The new Survival course, based loosely on a military escape and evasion exercise, will give the pupils experience of unarmed combat, emergency first aid, shelter building, wild food preparation and open fire cooking. The course will also hone interpersonal and life skills such as team-building, leadership, resilience and self-confidence, and will teach them to care about the outdoors and their local environment. Upon completion, I hope the pupils will feel better equipped to take on their own life adventures.”

If you are interested in booking a Gresham's corporate adventure residential, please contact Amy Pearce: apearce@greshams.com, 07508 393800.



The Old Greshamian Club

Communication and Social Media

To ensure that you receive regular communications and invitations from the Club, we need your up-to-date contact information. Changes can be made by completing the online 'Update Us' form on the website. We would very much like to keep in touch, and use email as our preferred method of communication (if we do not have your email address, then communication will be posted to you). You can change your mailing preferences or stop receiving specific communications from us at any time. **IF YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS, PLEASE LET US KNOW!**



Exchange knowledge, ideas, and opportunities with a broader network of OGs. Please join our group: **Old Greshamian**.



friend request us at: **OG Club Holt**: www.facebook.com/ogclub.holt



Gresham's Global Connect



In 2019 we launched our new online platform, Gresham's Global Connect. Thank you to everyone who has joined; it's great to see so many new members online. Our most recent leavers, those of 2020, have already joined, and we hope the platform will help them find mentors, work experience and internships, etc. **This is your OG platform**, so please add news and photos to the news feed. You can view forthcoming events and book tickets online. You can also post jobs onto the job board. We will be using the platform to send out more regular newsletters. If you would like to join, go to <https://greshamsglobalconnect.com>. If you need any help, please get in touch with the OG Office: ogclub@greshams.com.

Reunions

The OG Club can help you organise a reunion event, large or small, either at Gresham's or off-site, and can probably assist with a subsidy. If you want to know more, please contact the Club.

Merchandise



Silk tie (£25) / Silk Pocket Square (£12) / Pashmina (£30)

Pearl Bracelet (£35)

Colour options are white, silver or grey. Bracelets come with an Osprey London suede pouch (colours vary).



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T-bar Cufflinks (£35)

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The School Shop also stocks several different lines of merchandise: ties, bow ties, bears and more. Visit the website for more information:



<https://www.greshams.com/old-greshamians/shop/school-shop/>.

To order, please contact ogclub@greshams.com / Tel: +44 (0)1263 714620.



A History of Gresham's School Combined Cadet Force

Copies of this monograph by Richard Peaver are available, free of charge, from him. Contact rpeaver@greshams.com.

Advertising

This publication is sent to OGs across the globe. If you would like to advertise in the next issue, please email ogclub@greshams.com. (All artwork needs to be supplied by the advertiser.) The cost for a full page is £235, half a page £120, outside back cover £375, inside cover £295. For further information, please contact the Club.

Club Overview



The Old Greshamian (OG) Club is the alumni society for pupils who attended Gresham's School. We are in touch with 7,000 members worldwide. All leavers (across the three Schools) automatically become lifetime members of the Club. We are delighted to welcome our newest members, the **2020 Leavers**. Membership of the Club entitles all Old Greshamians to a number of benefits and services. Here are just a few:

EVENTS – You will be invited to events, drinks parties and reunion dinners. If you wish to host your own event, either at Gresham's or in another location, we will pay for the first round or offer funds to reduce the overall cost of the event.

TRAVEL BENEFITS – We offer travel grants to pupils who wish to undertake interesting projects during their Gap Year, or any period of time after they have left school. Contact Mark Seldon (mseldon@greshams.com) for more information. Successful recipients are expected to write a short article for the OG Magazine.

CLUBS & SOCIETIES – OGs have access to a variety of OG sporting clubs and societies. More information is available on our website and Facebook page.

NETWORKING – We can help pupils/leavers with work experience placements, mentoring and internships. We can put you in touch with OGs working in your chosen profession and we have a growing community of OGs on GreshamsGlobalConnect and LinkedIn.

NEWS – You will receive a copy of the annual OG Magazine and occasional notifications by email. We are always delighted to hear from you. If you have any news that you would like to share with us, please get in touch.

FINDING FRIENDS – Lost touch with friends and contemporaries? We have an extensive OG database and are happy to help you to reconnect.

OG MAGAZINE – The next OG Magazine will come out in autumn 2021. Please help to make it as interesting and comprehensive as possible, by sending to the Editor details of what has been happening to you, your friends and contemporaries. All suggestions, articles, information and photographs should be sent to the Editor via the OG Club office, or by email to rpeaver@greshams.com. **All copy needs to be in by 20th July 2021.** In order to help the environment (and reduce cost) we now send only one copy of the Magazine to each household. If individual OGs living within a household would still like to receive their own personal copy, we will, of course, be pleased to send separate ones. Please let the OG office know if you would prefer this.

Our Privacy Policy – This can be found online at: <https://www.greshams.com/site-services/privacy>. Separate to the OG Club, please be aware that the Gresham's Foundation and Gresham's Development Office conduct annual fundraising and marketing appeals that are sent to OGs and other members of the Gresham's community. These appeals often include requests for support of the School and Gresham's Foundation. Should you wish not to receive such communications, or should you rather not receive these types of communication by certain methods (i.e. not by phone or by post), please contact the Development Office on 01263 714529 or by emailing development@greshams.com, who will ensure your wishes are respected.



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