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*Old  
Greshamian  
Magazine*

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## Outline Calendar of Events 1999 - 2000

### CHRISTMAS MEETING

Saturday 11th and Sunday 12th December 1999  
Cocktail Party together with O.G. Art Exhibition  
6.00 - 8.00 in the Cairns Centre

HOCKEY: O.G.s v THE SCHOOL (Boys' Teams)  
Tuesday 14th March 2000

### NEWQUAY REUNION

Saturday 8th April 2000

### O.G. LECTURE

Friday 28th April 2000

### O.G. RECEPTION

Thursday 25th May 2000

### SUMMER MEETING

Saturday 24th and Sunday 25th June 2000

### O.G. CONCERT

Saturday 9th September 2000

### RECEPTION AT FISHMONGERS' HALL

Thursday 19th October 2000

### CHRISTMAS MEETING

Saturday 9th and Sunday 10th December 2000  
including Reunion Lunch for '74-'76 Leavers



For full details see enclosed Calendar

Suggestions, articles and information for the O.G. Magazine should be sent (with the writer's house and school dates please!) to the Editor J. S. Rayner at School or at Chaucer House, Saxlingham, Nr. Holt, Norfolk NR25 7LD (Tel: 01328 830564)

O.G. Club mail via [dth@holtsch-bio.demon.co.uk](mailto:dth@holtsch-bio.demon.co.uk).

M. J. Baker will be pleased to receive enquiries about advertising in the Magazine. Rates are £120 per A5 page or £150 for the inside back cover (and work to be supplied by the advertiser).

His address is: 8 Market Place, Holt, Norfolk NR25 5BW (Tel: 01263 712244)

# CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Welcome to the 1999 edition of the Old Greshamian Club Magazine.

Having completed his two years as Chairman Richard Atherton left the Committee at the AGM in June. His time in the chair ended a long period of service on the Committee and I was pleased to have to opportunity to thank him at that meeting.

The Old Greshamian website, which is maintained by David Horsley under the address of: HYPERLINK <http://www.holttsch-bio.demon.co.uk>, goes from strength to strength. I encourage those of you who have access to the Internet to visit this as it has useful information about OGs which will inevitably be more up-to-date than the Magazine as time passes from publication date.

Your committee continues to strive to provide a variety of events that it hopes the Members of the OG Club will wish to attend and enjoy but we can still be disappointed by poor attendance at some of these. Personally, I greatly enjoyed the Tallis House Reunion, as it was a chance to meet again some contemporaries whom I had not seen for about 25 years. I only wish I could say that none of us had changed! That aside, it would help us a great deal to have your opinion about the events that are planned, for example, whether you prefer focused events such as house, year or area events or ones of more general appeal. Please will you take the time to give any feedback on events that you have attended, or ideas for other events, to John Rayner at the School. Or, of course, e-mail us via the website as above.

Whilst mentioning future events, please may I commend to your diary a reception to be held at Fishmongers' Hall in the City of London in October 2000. It is some time since our last event was held there and we are very grateful to the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers for allowing us to use the Hall in such a busy year. No, I am not going to mention the much-hyped Millennium!

Finally, may I commend to you a visit to the School? Living, as I do, only a few miles away I go there reasonably frequently and I find it a happy and vibrant place. Not only does it continue to do well academically and sportingly but in other ways as well. Music and drama have always been important to the School but are now at a very high standard indeed. The strength and depth of the many music groups made up by pupils that appear at events in Norfolk never fail to impress me and the Auden Theatre has put drama into another league.

I hope to see you at the School or at other OG events.

Iain Mawson  
Tallis House (68 - 73)

## Minutes of the 115th Annual General Meeting of the Old Greshamian Club Held on the 26th June 1999

### **Present:**

R. Atherton (Chairman), C.I.H. Mawson (Vice Chairman), J.S. Rayner (Club Co-Ordinator), J. Arkell (Headmaster), M. Goff (Treasurer), J.A.D. Mumby, P.G. Corran, J. Blackburn, M. Buckingham, P. Peal, Mrs B. Neville, F. Gedge, P. Bodington, M.B. Everitt, J. Ramuz, J. Hutchence, S. Mayoh, H. Jones, D. Spencer-Jones, one or two others whose names were illegible, and the Secretary A. Payne.

### **Apologies**

Apologies for absence were received from R.N.K. Copas, Miss F. Gathercole, Mrs F. Thomas, R. Young, F. King, D. Horsley and N.C. Flower.

### **The Minutes of the previous AGM**

These were approved.

### **Treasurer's Report**

The accounts were produced and after discussion the proposal for adoption was made by J. Ramuz and seconded by J. Blackburn. The accounts showed a firm financial base and the Treasurer paid thanks to J.B. Rolph who is the Honorary Auditor. He also mentioned that the increased membership of the Club thanks to the Club Co-ordinator was having a very healthy effect on the Club's finances.

### **Chairman's Report**

There are now more than 4,000 Members of the Club living in over 50 countries and ranging in age from teenagers to nonagenarians. Around 200 Members each year take the trouble to pass on to us news of their activities through various media, including increasingly by e-mail. Regrettably, we do not have current addresses for about one fifth of the membership.

The Committee meets three times per year. The attendance level is high, the discussions constructive and good-humoured. We do however labour under the difficulty of trying to ensure that the programme of Club activities does offer something for everyone. In one area, one hopes the only one, we do not achieve success. I refer to the attendance at some Club functions at the School; this is particularly disappointing when the Club has been granted use of school amenities by the Headmaster and Staff, a use that may intrude on the normal pattern of school activities. We must keep such events under review.

Numbers at the AGM seem to remain stubbornly at around the 25 mark, sufficient in truth to ensure that the requisite business is properly conducted, since a quorum is 15, but in so far as this is the Chairman's opportunity to comment on the Club's recent activities, and to issue a rallying cry to greater participation, I find myself preaching today to the converted and already well-informed.

This weekend is known traditionally as Howson Commemoration. There are now only a handful of Club members alive who were at the School during the period of Howson's headmastership – I am proud to say that my father is one of those. Not for many years have New Boys been introduced to, and expected to bind themselves to, Howson's honour system as a character-building discipline, but no visitor whether

Club member or potential parent can be unaware that there is a unique atmosphere at the School. I do think that it can be traced back to the legacy of the man who took the plunge in 1900 to accept the Headmastership and with it the opportunity to turn a small country grammar school into a Public School, and to instil in his pupils personal standards that would remain for the rest of their lives.

I am pleased to report that Steve Benson, whose work on the History of the School is well advanced, has agreed to give the O.G. Lecture in April 2000 on the subject of Howson, which will acquaint us better with his work.

Before stepping down I would like to thank all the Members of the Committee for their attendance at the meetings these two years past, and for their input of ideas for activities, etc. But the thanks of all members of the Club are due in particular to our Secretary Adney Payne and Treasurer Michael Goff for ensuring the active and financially sound progress of the Club. The hardest worked member of the Committee is of course our co-ordinator John Rayner and his success in producing the Club's Magazine and School Newsletter contributes enormously to the feeling of community enjoyed by all our members, however remote in time and distance from their formative years here.

The time will shortly come for me to relinquish this chair, and for you to install as my successor a deceptively young-looking Iain Mawson, who has a wise head on his shoulders and will be our Chairman for the next two years. We wish him well.

After his report the Chairman took questions and two O.G.s expressed very forcibly that they were concerned that the Summer Drinks Party in the traditional format had been dispensed with. There was also mention about the disappointment that the Howson Commemoration was no longer taking place. With regard to the latter, the Chairman explained that S.G.G. Benson who was writing the School's history had agreed to give a talk on Howson in the year 2000. So far as the Summer event was concerned, there then ensued a lively discussion as to what was best for the Club. The Chairman pointed out that the Summer Cocktail Party had always been poorly attended. It was queried whether the Staff felt that they had not been thanked properly by the O.G.s by not having a Summer Cocktail Party but the Headmaster expressed the view that the new arrangement for the drinks party just prior to half term had been much preferred by the Staff and much better attended. The Chairman did apologise on behalf of the Club for the short notice of the change in plans. The Treasurer did make the point that the life-blood of the Club was younger members and that the new format was much more likely to attract them than the old which had become a somewhat dull event.

### **Elections**

Chairman - C.I.H. Mawson Proposed A. Payne Seconded J. Hutchence  
Vice Chairman – R.N.K. Copas Proposed C.I.H. Mawson Seconded Mrs B. Neville  
Treasurer : M. Goff – Secretary : A. Payne – Staff Member : D. Horsley were proposed by J Ramuz and seconded by P. Corran together.

Honorary Auditor – J. Rolph of B.D.O. Stoy Hayward Proposed C.I.H. Mawson Seconded F. Gedge.

Three Committee Members retired by rotation: J Blackburn, Mrs F. Thomas and F. Gedge. Each was willing to stand again. They were proposed en bloc by J. Rayner and seconded by R. Atherton.

With regard to Honorary Membership, Ralph Wiggins who had been a very valued member of the Prep School Staff for many years and who had contributed to virtually every facet of school life was elected. It was mentioned that by doing this he and his wife Jos became the first husband and wife ever to become Honorary Members of the O.G. Club. Mrs Wiggins has a long connection with the School and she is Paul Colombé's daughter.

### **Headmaster's Report**

The Headmaster reported that all was going well in the School. There was a very large exit from this year's sixth form of 126 pupils but fortunately there was an even larger intake of 133 with a particularly high number coming from the Norwich area. The Headmaster reported that the exam results had been very good with a particularly high percentage of the best grades in both A level and GCSEs. Three recent O.G.s (Richard Lancaster, Claire Badger and Kieron Gillick) had all achieved firsts at Cambridge.

The Headmaster then explained about the new system of AS and A2 levels that was being introduced. He reported on the fine achievements of various teams in the School. Also, the School had played host to the 35 Headmasters' Conference Schools in the Eastern Division.

The Headmaster said that very sadly there had been some bad news for the School recently. Pollyanna Hardy had died from cancer having only left the School a few years ago also; Clair Pollard had been involved in a very serious car accident and was paralysed. On a brighter note, there were six staff weddings coming up and two staff babies had been born.

The morale in the School was good and the current Captain and Vice Captain had provided an excellent lead. Music in the School was going very well. Gresham's had 5 members of the National Youth Choir, 6 jazz bands and a very substantial range of musical activity. In the Auden Theatre alone, there had been 26 productions put on in the Summer term

### **Club Co-ordinator's Report**

J. Rayner gave a résumé of the events that took place in the year which showed a considerable breadth of activity and gave a preview of the various events that were scheduled for the future. Full details of these would appear in the Magazine and Calendar.

### **Any Other Business**

There was a reminder about the Concert that was taking place the following day. There was also a discussion about the Magazine. Whilst the content was praised, clearly the printing left something to be desired and the Chairman apologised but added that a rebate had been obtained from the printers.

The Headmaster on behalf of the Committee contributed his thanks to the outgoing Chairman, Richard Atherton, and a toast to his health was drunk.

A kind letter from Mr N.J. Ball who is the current Master in charge of Shooting was read conveying the Shooting Club's thanks to the O.G. Club for the contribution to the John Rowley Memorial Fund.

Mr Hutchence stood in for Dr F. King in respect of the Newquay Reunion and gave details of the Reunion scheduled for April 8th 2000. He then gave an account of his work on the Philip Newell Memorial Fund Committee. He pointed out that the Fund was nearly ten years old and said that the reports that they had received from the students each year who had received a bursary from the Fund were going to be collected and made available in the School Library. He stressed how very impressed he was by the quality of the young people who were very clearly following the lead initially given by Philip Newell in trying to do things for other people who were less fortunate.

There was a brief discussion about the Spencer Local Defence Volunteer Cup which at one stage was possibly going to go to Cornwall. In the event, the School CCF wished to retain it and were very proud to have it in their possession.

Jeremy Mumby spoke on behalf of the O.G. Golf Society and thanked the Committee for the indications that had been given about support for younger players.

There was a brief discussion about the number of house reunion dinners in the year 2000. J. Blackburn asked the Committee to consider the format of each meeting and to try to analyse what would be best for the Club and the Chairman gave an assurance that this would happen.

Special thanks were paid again to Peter Corran for the excellent address book that he had prepared.

Finally, the new Chairman, C.I.H. Mawson, paid tribute to the outgoing Chairman and thanked the Headmaster for his continuing support and hospitality during the day.

There being no further business the meeting closed at 12.55

## Advert

# Feathers Hotel



**OLD GRESHAMIAN CLUB**  
**INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT**  
**YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER 1998**

	£	£	£	£
Income				
Subscriptions		10,100		7,725
Donations		25		–
Dividends (net)		429		405
Bank deposit interest (gross)		261		169
OG Ball profit		–		239
		<hr/>		<hr/>
			10,815	8,538
Expenditure				
Newsletter				
Printing		4,426		3,424
Postage		2,450		2,385
Calendars		290		258
		<hr/>		<hr/>
		7,166		6,067
Less advertising sales		–		930
		<hr/>		<hr/>
		7,166		5,137
Postage, telephone and printing		144		109
Subscriptions		18		10
Dinner (surplus)/deficit		(59)		2
Cocktail party (surplus)/deficit		(157)		362
Secretarial work		–		180
Gap year students		300		800
OG Hockey		–		605
OG Squash		118		310
OG Golf donation		245		275
OG Co-ordinator		671		648
		<hr/>		<hr/>
			8,446	8,438
Provision for corporation tax			2,369	100
			(57)	(35)
Excess of income over expenditure			<hr/>	<hr/>
Adjustment			2,312	65
appreciation in value of investments			1,259	3,452
Surplus for year			<hr/>	<hr/>
			3,571	3,517

M.L.J. Goff Honorary Treasurer

**OLD GRESHAMIAN CLUB**  
**BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31st DECEMBER 1998**

	Cost	1998		1997	
	£	£	£	£	£
Henderson Electric & General Inv Co Plc	2,803	6,951		6,006	
5p ordinary shares					
2½% Index Linked Treasury	1,860	3,953		3,362	
Stock 2013 £2,060					
J. Sainsbury Plc ordinary	1,660	2,100		2,219	
25p shares					
Shell Transport & Trading Co Plc	1,670	3,456		4,118	
ordinary 25p shares					
Scottish Mortgage 7 trust Plc	3,178	5,752	22,212	5,248	20,953
ordinary 25p shares					
	11,171	—		—	
<b>Current assets</b>					
Stocks:					
Colours, buttons and cufflinks at cost					
Less sales			1,496		840
OG Hockey shirts at cost less sales			202		202
Wartime:					
Cost of printing		1,138		1,138	
Less sales to date		1,075		1,075	
		—	63	—	63
OG Address Book at cost			1,220		-
Cash at bank:					
Current account		3,771		3,437	
Deposit account		4,082		3,600	
Business premium account		1,691		-	
		—	9,544	—	7,037
Debtors and prepayments			910		1,050
Less:			35,047		30,145
<b>Current Liabilities</b>			1,989		58
<b>Surplus account:</b>			30,658		30,087
Balance: 1 January 1998			30,087		26,570
Surplus for the year			3,571		3,517
			33,658		30,087

Auditor's report

I have examined the foregoing balance sheet and income and expenditure account which are in accordance with the books of account and vouchers of the Old Greshamian Club.

7 The Close  
 Norwich  
 25 June 1999

J.B. Rolph FCA

Crest

# GRESHAM'S SCHOOL HOLT

*Chairman of Governors*  
D. T. YOUNG, Esq

*Deputy Chairman of Governors*  
A. N. G. DUCKWORTH-CHAD, Esq.

*Headmaster*  
J.H. ARKELL, M.A. (Cantab.)

*Second Master*  
R. N. K. COPAS, B.A. (Cantab.)

*Director of Studies*  
N. SEMPLE, H.N.D.

*Headmaster of Preparatory School*  
A. H. CUFF, Cert.Ed., D.P.E. (Exeter)

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 R.J.G. MANSFIELD, M.A. (Leeds), B.Ed, Cert.Ed. (*Deputy Headmaster*)  
 Miss D. MOORE, B.Ed.  
 J.M.B. ROBERTS, B.A. (Hull)  
 Mrs. E. ROOKE, L.R.A.M., Cert.Ed. (*Housemistress, Crossways*)  
 H. ROOKE, G.R.S.M., L.R.A.M., P.G.C.E.  
 N.E. THOMAS, B.A. (Trent), P.G.C.E.  
 Mrs. D. WEST, B.A. (Liverpool)  
 S. WORRALL, B.A. (Chester) (*Housemaster, Kenwyn*)

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 Mrs. K. GLENNIE, Nat. Cert., C.S. (N.N.)  
 Miss S. PAGE, B.Ed. (Exeter)  
 Mrs. C. WELHAM, Dip. Mont.

## ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

<i>Bursar</i>	R.C. Betts, B.A. (London)
<i>Assistant Bursar</i>	AD. Wilkinson, B.Sc. (Aberdeen), D.B.A. (Edinburgh)
<i>Headmaster's Secretary</i>	Mrs. E.A. Waterson
<i>Bursar's Secretary</i>	Miss F.C. Chevenix-Trench
<i>Registrar/School Secretary</i>	Miss S.N. Shaw
<i>Preparatory School</i>	
<i>Headmaster's Secretary</i>	Mrs. M. Smith
<i>Accounts</i>	Mrs. M.A. Cooper, Mrs. J. High
<i>Administrative Assistant</i>	Mrs. S. Chivers
<i>Catering Manager</i>	M. Strong, M.H.C.I.M.A.
<i>Librarian</i>	Miss B.C. Fisher, B.Lib., ALA
<i>Domestic Manager</i>	D.E. Olby
<i>Printer</i>	A. Copeman
<i>Recreational Manager</i>	D. T. Walton
<i>Maintenance Manager</i>	D.S. Gamble
<i>Theatre Technical Manager</i>	Miss A. Dean, B.Sc.
<i>School Doctor</i>	Dr. H.B. Crawley, R.G.N., R.S.C.N.
<i>Sister-in-Charge Sanatorium</i>	Mrs. A. Anthony, R.G.N., R.S.C.N.
<i>Sanatorium Staff</i>	Mrs. C. Nicolau, R.G.N., Mrs. L.I. Betts, R.G.N. Mrs. A.L. Main, R.G.N.
<i>Laboratory Technicians/Departmental Assistants</i>	
<i>Biology</i>	M.C. James, B.Sc. (Notts.)
<i>Chemistry</i>	D.J. Rout, B.Sc., PG.C.E.
<i>Physics</i>	J. Gray
<i>Cairns Centre</i>	M.J. Payne
<i>I.T.</i>	I. Walker
<i>Preparatory School</i>	M. Williamson
<i>C.C.F. S.S.I.</i>	C.C. Scoles, M.B.E.
<i>Matrons - Britten</i>	Mrs. E. Myddleton-Evans (until Dec. '99)
<i>Edinburgh</i>	Mrs. K.E. Card-Wright
<i>Farfield</i>	Ms. C. Sladen
<i>Howson's</i>	Mrs. M. Dimsdale
<i>Oakeley</i>	Mrs. E.M. Cook
<i>Tallis</i>	Mrs. E. Barnett
<i>Woodlands</i>	
<i>Crossways</i>	Miss P. Exton
<i>Kenwyn</i>	Mrs. N.J. Barrows

# Barclays Bank Advert

# OBITUARIES

**John Barraclough** (k & F 38 – 44) died on 5th March 1999. On leaving school he served with the Army in India. After the war he attended Agricultural College then farmed in Suffolk for a short while. He was connected with agriculture until he retired.

**John Chase** (K 23-29) has died.

**Sir Christopher Cockerell** (W 24 – 28) died on 1st June 1999. The following obituary is reprinted from The Times:

Christopher Cockerell was a member of that questioning race of engineers thrown up from time to time in Britain – Watt, Stephenson, Arkwright, Crompton, Whittle - whose exceptional mechanical aptitudes have done so much to change the face of the world since the early days of the Industrial Revolution. He was prolific in original ideas from his college days onwards, and though there were other investigations in the field, his work on the hovercraft owed little, if anything, to any predecessors.

His invention was hailed as remarkable, but for many years he and his family were, in his word, “penniless”, and the hovercraft became one of the classic examples of a great British idea that was not fully exploited because it did not receive full backing. “With one or two exceptions,” he wrote, “there is no real career for a designer in this country, and only a precarious career in engineering.” For years he tried to draw the attention of governments to the problem, and advocated creation of a dedicated ministry.

Christopher Sydney Cockerell was the only son of Sir Sydney Cockerell, and was educated at Gresham’s School, Holt, and Peterhouse, Cambridge. His father was an almost overwhelmingly strong personality, who lived until 1962, dying at the age of 94, and had a marked, if negative, effect on Christopher’s development. Having known Ruskin and Browning, and corresponded with Tolstoy, he acted as secretary and assistant to William Morris – to whom he introduced his brother, the bookbinder Douglas Cockerell. After Morris’s death, Sydney Cockerell helped to complete the work in hand at the Kelmscott Press. He was also Thomas Hardy’s literary executor, and collected medieval manuscripts on a scale now impossible to any but millionaires. He went on to become the most important Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum in Cambridge, bringing it from provincial neglect into the first rank of national museums. He virtually refounded the museum, greatly extending its premises and collections. He was a remarkable fundraiser and a magnetic personality, whose friends included Freya Stark, T.H. White, Siegfried Sassoon and Dame Laurentia McLachan.

Unfortunately, his attitude to family life was rigidly Victorian. He made almost no allowance for the physical and emotional needs of his invalid wife, and had very little time for Christopher and his two sisters. In particular, he was disappointed that his son showed little inclination towards his aesthetic pursuits. Nevertheless, their house in Cambridge was constantly being visited by figures such as Geoffrey Keynes, Rupert Brooke and Leigh Mallory, and a sense of beauty did rub off on the boy, along with a good measure of his father’s perfectionism.

Cockerell admired his father and worked conscientiously at school, but regretted that his father never really understood his interest in science. Left to his own pursuits, the schoolboy made crystal sets and motorised his mother’s sewing machine, and when offered a choice of books, he made the gaffe of choosing *The Boy Electrician*, rather than a life of Rembrandt.



To the end of his life Cockerell deplored the intellectual snobbery which tends to relegate science and engineering to a position somewhere below the humanities, or at least divides one kind of education from the other. “Unlike the Greek ideal of the whole man,” he wrote, “we are a split society, nearly all of us being only half-educated either on one side or the other.

Cockerell’s first research work at Cambridge involved radio, from 1933 to 1935. He then spent fifteen years with the Marconi Company, initially working on aerials for the first television transmitters, and designing the early stages of the transmitter for the BBC’s first outside broadcast van. He became technical head of airborne equipment research in 1938, producing the direction finder loop that was installed in RAF bombers. The Marconi team he led produced equipment which picked out all the German radar stations along the coast of Northern Europe, which were then bombed just before D-Day. By the time Cockerell left he had taken out 36 patents, largely in the field of radio and television.

He then turned – feeling the need for a change — to boat-design, bringing his mechanical insights to bear on the fundamental problems of resistance to motion in or on water. Boat-building exercises on the Broads led him to study ways of overcoming both the friction between vessel and the water surface, and that between the vessel and the waves.

Between 1950 and 1955 he became interested in the principles of air lubrication and air cushions. An experiment in 1955 with an annular jet using two cocoa tins showed promising results, and in December of that year he took out a provisional patent to cover a new kind of vehicle which he described as “neither an aeroplane, nor a boat, nor a wheeled land vehicle”. He called it the hovercraft.

Supported by a cushion of air, it could travel over land or water at a very low height, and the estimated speed was about 100 miles per hour. This was the first product of the firm of Ripplecraft, which he had founded in 1950 as chairman and owner. Cockerell made an elaborate series of working notes on this cushioned vehicle (which were eventually published in *Flight* in 1963). It had various advantages over the conventional aeroplane. The operating cost was much lower; it could carry heavier loads per horse-power; and it seemed well suited for certain specific tasks, such as inland ferries over waterways, pleasure trips, the harvesting of reeds for cellulose, which are grown in areas like paddy fields, presenting great difficulties for wheeled vehicles. Neither harbours nor runways were necessary.

Realising the hovercraft’s potential as a military vehicle, Cockerell approached the Ministry of Supply, and the vehicle was classified as secret in 1956. To continue research and development a company, Hovercraft Development, was set up by the Government’s National Research Development Corporation (NRDC) and a contract was placed with Saunders Roe, the seaplane manufacturers. In 1958, Cockerell was made consultant to, and then director of, Hovercraft Development, and in 1959 the world’s first practical hovercraft, SRN-1, was launched. With an initial weight of four tons and a speed of 25 knots – both of which were eventually almost doubled – SRN-1 was the first in a line of seven prototypes produced by Hovercraft Development, of which the largest appeared in 1968.

Weighing 177 tons, and carrying 30 cars and 254 passengers at a speed of 65 knots, it formed the basis for a commercial venture. In 1959, too, SRN-1 crossed the Channel on the 50th anniversary of Louis Blériot’s pioneering aeroplane flight. Besides the SRN-4 its successors included the 75-knot SRN-3 and the BH 7, of which a number were made in military versions.

The early 1960s were years of great vitality in hovercraft development and with the world showing great interest in the commercial and military potential of the vehicle, Great Britain seemed to be in an unassailable position with a novel and useful invention. Around the British coastline the potential of hovercraft on such water routes as the Channel and from Southampton to the Isle of Wight were quickly grasped.

Commercial services across the Channel began in 1966, greatly reducing crossing times. There were, however, operational problems and accidents, including fires, gale damage and engine failure. In recent years, the opening of the Channel Tunnel has reduced the number of operational hovercraft, and worldwide surprisingly few are in operational use.

Unhappily, relations between Cockerell and his government employers deteriorated and his latter years were clouded. He disagreed profoundly with the NRDC's decision to concentrate all hovercraft development in one company and even more fundamentally with the decision in 1964 to license companies overseas, in the United States and Japan, in return for royalties, rather than press on vigorously with development at home.

He saw this as a deliberate surrender of its great lead in hovercraft technology by this country. "Everything is stacked against you," he wrote, "but for some reason some silly chaps seem to be driven to it (rather like a painter or a composer of music), which is perhaps just as well or we should still be living in the Stone Age. Some of the hovercraft saga was fun, but most of it was incredibly frustrating."

In 1966 he resigned from the board of Hovercraft Development, and though he remained a consultant to the company his direct involvement was steadily reduced. He was given a consolatory knighthood in 1969, but in 1970 the company terminated his consultancy.

Thereafter, though he was in great demand as a speaker on the subject of hovercraft, and though he continued to do his own private research and proselytise for air cushion vehicles wherever he went, he was himself cut off from the centre of momentum of the industry. Though he was paid £150,000 by the NRDC for the 25 per cent stake he had originally taken in Hovercraft Development, his financial reward for the conception and execution of such a revolutionary invention was not in the end a handsome one, and he continued to depend on his own boat-building business.

Honours were, however, showered upon him. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1967 and a number of universities awarded him honorary doctorates. He was made an honorary fellow of Peterhouse in 1974 and a Royal Designer for Industry in 1987. The Society of Engineers, the Royal Society of Arts and numerous other bodies awarded him their medals and he was appointed CBE in 1966.

Christopher Cockerell married Margaret Elinor Belsham in 1937. She died in 1996, but he is survived by their two daughters.

**John Frears** (F 50-54) died on 17th October 1999.

**Ruth Gibson** died last December. Peter Corran, formerly Housemaster of Old School House, has written the following obituary:

Many Old Boys of Old School House will be sad to hear of the death in late December of Ruth Gibson who was Matron there from 1952 until she had a major stroke in 1977. Ruth acted as Matron for three Housemasters.

Ruth was totally dedicated to the House. She was well acquainted with OSH before her appointment as Matron because her brother (Tommy) was in the House in

the 1930s. She was an old-fashioned matron being firm for most of the time, but very caring when one of her charges needed help for any reason. Being some distance from the main school she had her own sickroom at the top of the House. Many, particularly those who were ill, homesick or from abroad, will remember her 'tea and toast' when they were feeling low.

**David Pearce Gould** (H 32-38) died on 7th October 1999.

**Pollyanna Hardy** (E 90-95) died in June 1999, aged 22. Polly came to Gresham's from Boston High School and soon made her mark as an artist of considerable talent. Awarded a major Art Scholarship at school, she was also the first recipient of the Powrie Art Prize, a travel award for A Level students. She made the most of her time at Gresham's, living life to the full, working hard, participating with enthusiasm in a full range of sports, as well as the C.C.F. (in which she achieved her Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award) and the Choir, with whom she travelled to Hungary and Sweden. After leaving Gresham's, she undertook a foundation course at the Norwich School of Art and Design. Tragically, however, she was diagnosed as suffering from cancer. For over two years she put up a valiant struggle against this cruel illness, sustained by the love, support and faith of her family and her friends, and by her own courage in the face of adversity. Polly was a kind, friendly, positive and popular girl, who enriched the lives of all who knew her. Our deepest sympathy is extended to her parents, her elder sister and her brother **Adam** (W).

**James Hendrie** (D 28 – 37) died on March 9th 1999.

**David Terence Hennessey** (c+W 45-52) died suddenly on 21st May 1999. Peter Morton (W 46-51) recalls that Terry was good at all sports and in most teams at Gresham's. Terry went up to Oxford, thence on to the Middlesex Hospital where he qualified as a Doctor. Afterwards he specialised in Pathology and moved to I.C.I. where he devoted himself to medical research in infectious diseases and their treatment. He lived and worked at Alderley Edge in Cheshire. A trust has been set up in his name by friends and colleagues to support research in this field. The Terry Hennessey Microbiology Fellowship has been established under the Charities Aid Foundation (Account no. T80160726).

**Alastair Hetherington** ( W 33 – 38) died on October 3rd, 1999. The following obituary is reprinted from The Times:

If C.P. Scott created The Manchester Guardian, then Alastair Hetherington could claim to have preserved it. He had the shrewdness to see that in the second half of the 20th century its influence would never survive as a mere provincial daily newspaper. Hence the decisions, originating at the end of the 1950s, in favour of printing in London, then taking the word "Manchester" off the masthead, and finally of moving its headquarters to London.

All these changes were controversial and to some degree to Hetherington's own cost (the last of them resulting in his spending almost two years in railway carriages, travelling back and forth to Manchester, where initially his family remained). But there was risk as well as inconvenience. From the outset The Guardian's Editor, just as

much as the management, realised that the stakes were high. Yet if things went wrong, it was far more likely to be Hetherington's head on the block than of the company chairman – if only because the latter, as a grandson of C.P. Scott, was “founder kin”.

In fact, things did at first go very badly wrong. The Guardian, which had been making a modest annual profit while printing solely in Manchester, began to lurch into catastrophic losses. By 1965 the situation was so alarming that at the instigation of The Guardian's chairman, Laurence Scott, there was even talk of a possible merger with The Times, and in November and December 1965 Hetherington and Sir William Haley, the then Editor of The Times, had three meetings in high secrecy.

Nothing, however, came of this initial negotiation, and it was not until Roy Thomson announced his acquisition of The Times from Gavin Astor in September 1966 that serious merger talks began. This time the deal was within sight of being clinched by the board of The Manchester Guardian and Evening News before Hetherington was made fully aware of it. Once alerted, though, he acted with decisiveness. Refusing to accept the plan, he appealed over the heads of the board to the Scott Trust, which is charged with the ultimate protection of The Guardian's independence. Largely thanks to a powerful 3,000-word memorandum he had hurriedly written, Hetherington carried the day against the chairman and the board, so saving the paper.

Hector Alastair Hetherington was the younger son of Sir Hector Hetherington, a professor of philosophy who became a distinguished and long-serving Vice-Chancellor of Glasgow University. The young Hetherington formed a lifelong attachment to Scotland, and always retained a distinctive Scottish burr. He was sent to school, though, in England: to Gresham's School, Holt. From there in 1938 he went on to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where (besides founding, along with Iris Murdoch, the Oxford University Arts Club) he read politics, philosophy and economics, taking a second-class wartime degree.

He joined up in 1940 and served throughout the rest of the war, being eventually commissioned into the Royal Armoured Corps and rising to the rank of major. At the end of the war he was asked by The British Control Commission to set up a national newspaper for the defeated Germans – the paper that later became Die Welt. At the time he was just 26.

Back in Britain in 1946, opportunities were more limited, and he found himself in the subs' room at The Glasgow Herald. He soon made his mark, however, along the way intimidating such novices as Peregrine Worsthorne. In 1950 he joined The Manchester Guardian where he made his name as defence correspondent and then, after spending 1952-53 as a Commonwealth Fellow in the United States, as foreign editor. He came to the fore in the counsels of The Manchester Guardian with the Suez crisis of 1956, when – with the Editor, P.A. Wadsworth, out of action through illness – Hetherington virtually directed editorial policy.

From the beginning a firm warning note was struck against military action and, as the evidence mounted that this was the course on which the Eden Government was preparing to embark, the paper's tone became increasingly critical. The anti-war stand involved a loss of circulation among traditional Conservative readers in Manchester, but it was more than made up for by gains elsewhere among liberal readers.

For Hetherington, the whole episode was a baptism of fire. He had been told at the end of September 1956 that he had been selected as the paper's next Editor, since it was now clear that Wadsworth would not recover.

It was not an easy inheritance. Three other candidates had been considered, including the incumbent deputy editor, and all were older and more experienced than the 36-year old Hetherington, who then knew virtually nothing of domestic politics.

He soon proved himself a thoroughly capable editor, however, taking particular trouble with young reporters, whom he would, for example, lead on long hikes at the weekends (striding resolutely past any hostelrys along the route). Puritan he may have been but he was never forbidding, and, although his staff joked about his idea of a drink being a glass of lemon squash, they did so with affection.

Hetherington did not move to London until 1963, but meanwhile, on the nights he did not return to Manchester on the sleeper, he lodged with Richard Crossman in Vincent Square - and from him derived a good deal of his political education. In 1959 he advocated in the leader columns of *The Guardian* that Britain should found a "non-nuclear club", and he successfully sold the idea as manifesto pledge to the Labour Party - only to see it dropped by Hugh Gaitskell immediately after the election, when the serious battle against the unilateralists began.

In many ways Hetherington remained an innocent in politics. It was typical of his naivety that in a leading article he should have accepted at face value Jack Profumo's personal statement of March 1963 denying any "impropriety" with Christine Keeler, thereby making the paper look foolish when the War Minister finally confessed his lie and resigned.

Hetherington was one of the earliest advocates of a Lib-Lab pact, being a particular admirer of Jo Grimond, who joined the Guardian board shortly after giving up the Liberal Party leadership in 1966. At election times, *The Guardian* tended to perform a straddling act, usually endorsing Labour but at the same time calling for the election of the maximum number of Liberal MPs. But that did not stop the Labour Party from pressing Hetherington to stand as a by-election candidate in 1967, when Harold Wilson's Government was confronted with a tough contest in Glasgow. Hetherington gave the idea only cursory consideration - which was probably just as well, since the Tories gained the seat from Labour with a majority of more than 2,000.

Nevertheless by the late 1960s Hetherington was showing signs of becoming footloose. He had been Editor of *The Guardian* for more than a decade, successfully seeing it through the threat to its existence in 1966, and securely establishing it in London. By the time it celebrated its 150th anniversary with an uncharacteristically grand banquet at the Dorchester in May 1971, he was something of an elder statesman among Fleet Street Editors.

So it was natural that when the 1974 Labour Government appeared to be threatening the freedom of the press with its "closed shop" trade union legislation, Hetherington emerged as the "shop steward" for his colleagues and rivals in their negotiations with Michael Foot at the Department of Employment. His reward was to have the sting taken out of the impending legislation so far as newspapers were concerned. It was a victory for common sense in defiance of Lord Goodman, as chairman of the Newspaper Publishers Association, and some of the press barons.

Hetherington probably saw this as his last service to the newspaper industry. Certainly he seems to have been a soft touch when in 1975 Sir Michael Swann, as chairman of the BBC's governors, wrote to inquire whether he would like to run BBC Scotland. Although in any journalistic pecking order such a post would rank well below that of a national newspaper editor, Hetherington reacted with excitement. He had always wanted to go back to Scotland, and here was his chance.

But almost from the moment he began in December 1975, it was painfully clear that he and the BBC were a mismatch. Despite his bland, boyish appearance, Hetherington was a man of unusual determination, used to getting his own way and with a strong moralistic streak. Those may have been useful attributes in an Editor, but they were less so in a team member who was not senior enough even to merit a seat on the London board of management. There was some resentment at the manner of his appointments, which was made worse by his behaving much like a bull barging about in a china shop. There was also perpetual friction with London, partly because Hetherington was much more sympathetic to Scottish nationalism than the BBC's mandarins in London.

Eventually the new Director-General, Sir Ian Trethowan, felt that he had no alternative but to ask for his Scottish Controller's resignation. The two men personally got on cordially, so it was probably a relief to Trethowan when Hetherington, instead of making exorbitant financial demands, modestly asked if he could be appointed station manager of Radio Highland in Inverness, a post that happened to be vacant.

He took up his position there in January 1979 and remained at the sharp end of broadcasting in the small station for the next two years. It was his last job with the BBC, though to his gratification the Home Office appointed him a member of the Peacock Committee on Financing the BBC, which sat in 1985-86 and disappointed Margaret Thatcher by coming down firmly against the corporation taking advertising. Hetherington retired from the BBC at the end of 1980 and, having in the interim written his memoirs, *Guardian Years*, in 1982 became Research Professor in Media Studies at Stirling University. He had been appointed a member of the Scott Trust while still Editor of *The Guardian* and retained that role, latterly as its chairman, until he reached the compulsory retiring age of 70.

In 1964 Harold Wilson, wanting Hetherington to join his Government as Minister of Disarmament, had dangled a working peerage before him, but in the event Hetherington received no mark of recognition from the State. His Oxford college, Corpus Christi, did however elect him an honorary fellow in 1971.

In retirement he kept his hand in as an occasional broadcaster and wrote two further books - *Newspapers and Television* (1985) - as well as a number of pamphlets, including a touchingly honest account of his ordeal as a broadcasting executive, *BBC Scotland 1975-80* (1992). A Festschrift - *Alastair Hetherington: A Man of His Word* - was published in 1998.

His latter years, which were clouded by Alzheimer's disease, were spent with his time divided between the Isle of Arran and the Bridge of Allan in Stirling where, until in 1996 his condition required full-time nursing, he was devotedly looked after by his second wife, Sheila, a widow whom he had met while working in Inverness and had married in 1979. His first marriage to Miranda Oliver, who was 15 years his junior, ended in divorce in 1978. He is survived by the two sons and two daughters of his first marriage and by both his first and second wives.

**Sam Hinde** (F 28-31) died on 1st July 1997. An obituary will appear in the next issue.

**Sir Alan Hodgkin** (H 27-32) died on 20th December 1998. The following obituary is reprinted from *The Times*:

Alan Hodgkin was one of the outstanding scientists of his generation. From the very outset of his career as a neurophysiologist he performed one classical experiment after

another, and modern views on the mechanism of conduction of the nerve impulse are largely based on his work - work that brought him election to the Fellowship of the Royal Society when he was barely 40, a (Joint) Nobel prize at 49 and which left him, at the time of his death, the second most senior non-royal member of the Order of Merit.

Alan Lloyd Hodgkin was born in Banbury, the second son of George Hodgkin and Mary (Wilson) Hodgkin, later Mrs Lionel Smith. His father, a close friend of Keith Lucas, in whose scientific footsteps Alan Hodgkin was to follow, died in Baghdad four years later on a mission to investigate distress among Armenian refugees driven from their homes by the Turks.

After five years at Gresham's School, Holt, Hodgkin went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October 1932 to read physiology, chemistry and zoology. Although he was not an entrance scholar, his scientific ability must have already been obvious to his contemporaries, for he was quickly elected to the undergraduate Natural Science Club, which in his case, as in a number of others, was remarkably successful at picking out a future Fellow, or indeed President of the Royal Society.

Almost before completing the Natural Sciences Part II course in physiology, he began the experiments on cold block in frog nerves that led to his election as a Fellow of Trinity after only one year. He later described this work as "rather amateur" but, in fact, his early papers had all the hallmarks of the subsequent ones, with their direct, incisive and critical analysis of the physical events underlying conduction of the nerve impulse. One of the referees of Hodgkin's fellowship thesis, Professor A.V. Hill, lent a copy to Herbert Gasser, which resulted in an invitation to spend a year, 1937-38 at the Rockefeller Institute in New York.

During this period Hodgkin met K.S. Cole, and was introduced at the Woods Hole Marine Biological Laboratory into the scientifically seductive but demanding world of the squid giant axon. Much of the research for which he was best known depended on a superlatively skilful exploitation of these very large nerve fibres, whose great size – their diameter is 0.5 to 1mm – enabled him to make accurate physical and chemical measurements of a kind which could not be undertaken in smaller nerves, at least until the basic principles had been established with the help of the giant axon. Thus, in the summer of 1939 he joined forces with his pupil Andrew Huxley and, working at the Laboratory of the Marine Biological Association in Plymouth, first measured the absolute magnitude of the conducted action potential with a 0.1mm micropipette inserted longitudinally into a squid axon, and made the surprising discovery that at its peak the electric potential across the membrane did not just fall to zero, but was reversed.

Because of the outbreak of war, interpretation of this unexpected result had to wait some years. Hodgkin spent the first few months on the war working on aviation medicine, and was then engaged for five years on the development of airborne radar for the RAF. His most important contribution was the design of a 10cm scanning and display system for night fighters. He then returned to the Physiological Laboratory in Cambridge until 1952 as an assistant director of research, and from 1952 to 1969 as Foulerton Research Professor of the Royal Society. In 1969 he was appointed John Humphrey Plummer Professor of Biophysics in the university, but retained his laboratory in the department of physiology.

Hodgkin's next major advance was made in 1947 when he and Bernard Katz showed how the generation of the action potential in squid axons and its reversal at the peak of the spike depends on a specific increase in the permeability of the nerve membrane

to sodium ions. The first public announcement of the sodium hypothesis, made in Oxford at the 1947 International Physiological Congress, was a memorable scientific occasion. There followed some work in Cambridge with Bill Nastuk, which showed that the theory could be applied to muscle as well as to nerve. Their method for recording intracellular action potentials by means of a glass micro-electrode 0.3mm in diameter at the tip thrust through the membrane was not the least of Hodgkin's contributions to electrophysiology, for the technique known as "patch clamping" is now used universally for the measurement of potentials in every kind of living cell, and across tiny patches isolated from their membranes.

The experiments, which later led to the award of the 1963 Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine, were begun at Plymouth in 1948, in collaboration with Huxley and Katz, and were completed the following summer. They consisted in the application of voltage-clamping to make a quantitative examination of the relationship between current and voltage in the membrane of the squid giant axon. Technically, the experiments were a tour de force, as was the mathematical analysis of the results embodied in the Hodgkin-Huxley equations describing the behaviour of the membrane in terms of voltage and time-dependent ionic conductances.

The series of five papers which appeared in the *Journal of Physiology* in 1952 had an immense influence on cellular neurophysiology, and established a new approach that has since been fruitfully applied to many other excitable tissues. Only recently, in studies on the detailed structure of voltage-gated ion channels taking advantage of the techniques of molecular biology, has it been possible for any improvements to be made on the Hodgkin-Huxley analysis.

In the following 15 years or so the patterns of Hodgkin's researches consisted in an annual visit to Plymouth, generally in September before the beginning of university term, but sometimes later in the autumn when the squid were in better supply- with periods of acute frustration when they were not- interspersed with the writing up of results in Cambridge. With various collaborators he explored a wide range of problems in membrane permeability, using micro-injection and radioactive tracer techniques to investigate the ATP-dependent recovery mechanism responsible for the active extrusion of sodium from squid axons, and internal dialysis to study the role of calcium in excitation.

Working in Cambridge outside the squid season on the axons of cuttlefish imported from Plymouth, he discovered the phenomenon of single-file diffusion of potassium ions, and using frog muscle fibres he added appreciably to our understanding of the ionic permeability of muscle membranes and the mechanism by which electrical excitation is coupled to mechanical contraction.

After the Autumn of 1970, with the prospect of becoming President of the Royal Society that December, Hodgkin brought his annual seasons of experimentation at Plymouth to an end, and turned his attention to visual research that could be pursued in Cambridge. In 1962 he had collaborated with Mike Fuortes at Woods Hole on the response of single ommatidia in the eyes of horseshoe crabs to flashes of light, and they were able to explain their results neatly in terms of a complex cascade of coupled chemical reactions.

In 1970 he embarked with Denis Baylor and others on a long series of experiments on intracellular recording from the eyes of turtles, and later on suction pipette recordings from isolated rods and cones of toads and salamanders. Subjected to his characteristic brand of rigorous quantitative analysis, these led to valuable contributions to our



knowledge of the various steps initiated by the absorption of a quantum of light by rhodopsin, leading to the activation of the G-protein transducin and thence to the electrical response that is a brief reduction of the ionic current in the outer segment of the rod or cone. It appears that calcium ions are, for once, not the internal transmitter but still have an important regulatory role in the cascade.

In every project that he tackled Hodgkin's extraordinary ability to penetrate immediately to the heart of the problem and to devise new ways of exploring aspects that had previously appeared to be inaccessible to experimental test quickly led to radically new ideas about the underlying mechanisms. He was pre-eminently an experimentalist and always deprecated strongly the formulation of theories which lacked a plausible physical basis or could not be examined quantitatively. At the same time he was unsurpassed in the fertility of his imagination in producing radically new explanations for experimental findings, and then the rapidity with which he was then able to come up with suggestions for critical tests of their validity.

He sometimes complained of his lack of formal training in the physical sciences and mathematics, but his physical intuition and his ability to solve difficult differential equations were the envy of his colleagues. Above all he excelled in the performance with his own hands of exacting manipulations of single nerve and muscle fibres, and in his power to extract the maximum in his penetrating analysis of the results. Even in the small hours of a winter night at Plymouth – and because of the timing of the squid-catching programme there were many such occasions – his enthusiasm and concentration never wavered.

He was justly described as a scientist's scientist and felt no urge to involve himself in scientific policy-making or the creation of huge scientific empires. Yet his integrity and the conscientiousness that he brought to every task made him deeply revered and respected as President of the Marine Biological Association, 1966-76, of the Royal Society, 1970-75, and from 1978 to 1984 as Master of Trinity (where he was sad not to have his term extended when the proposal for him to stay on failed to get the requisite two-thirds majority at a college meeting).

In addition to the Nobel prize, he received many academic honours, and served as Chancellor of the University of Leicester, 1971-84. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1948, gave the Croonian Lecture in 1957 and a Tercentenary Lecture in 1960, and was awarded a Royal Medal in 1958 and the Copley Medal in 1965. He was created KBE in 1972 and was appointed to the Order of Merit in 1973.

While he was working at the Rockefeller Institute in 1938 he met Peyton Rous, the distinguished pathologist and his family. In 1944, during a brief visit to America he married Marion Rous. A scientist's daughter herself and therefore used to the long periods of complete absorption in the laboratory and to the varied stresses of experiments going well or badly, she provided an ideal family background for her husband. At the same time she pursued a successful literary career of her own, and shared Hodgkin's wide interest in books and pictures.

The warmth and hospitality of their homes in the city of Cambridge and at the Master's Lodge in Trinity, gave the greatest pleasure to their many friends. In the later years of Hodgkin's confinement to a wheelchair he wrote an eloquent autobiography entitled *Chance & Design: Reminiscences of Science in Peace and War* (1992). This summed up not only his science but also his Quaker upbringing and his family life in a most engaging fashion. His wife and their three daughters and a son survive him.

**H.V. Hodson** (K 20-25) has died. The following obituary is reprinted from The Daily Telegraph:

H.V. Hodson, who has died aged 92, was a fellow of All Souls and a constitutional adviser to the Viceroy of India before switching, in middle age, to newspaper journalism; he was editor of the Sunday Times for 11 years.

A lucid leader-writer with a thorough knowledge of Commonwealth problems and the Anglo-American relationship, Hodson took over the editorship of a 10-page paper in 1950. He saw its pagination rise, with the end of newsprint restrictions, to 48 pages; and the paper's circulation more than doubled to a million.

But even though he hired such able assistants as William Rees-Mogg and Frank Giles, Hodson suffered from comparison with David Astor's brilliant revival of the Observer. Hodson's late arrival in journalism meant he was less inclined to be adventurous than a younger man; but he was also constrained by the baleful presence of his proprietor, The 1st Viscount Kemsley, who had little vision and a strong dislike of upsetting middle-class sensibilities.

Kemsley insisted that city news remain on page two, and demonstrated a keen eye for faulty headlines and inaccurate captions when he presided over the paper's Tuesday post-mortem. As a result, Hodson showed little willingness to delegate responsibilities or to sit back in order to take a broader view.

Nevertheless, he had irritated Kemsley by not replying immediately to the offer of the editorship. And when the owner rang one evening after dinner during the Korean War to demand that the paper call for the Americans to drop an atomic bomb, Hodson threatened to run a news story saying he had resigned.

He also achieved what was regarded as a significant triumph by running a leading article advocating the liberalisation of the law relating to homosexuality, though proprietorial disapproval compelled him to include the word "perversion" at every opportunity.

Henry Vincent Hodson, the son of a professor of anthropology at Cambridge, was born on May 12 1906 and educated at Gresham's, Holt, and Balliol College, Oxford, where he read economics. In 1928 he was elected a Prize Fellow of All Souls (being the first candidate examined by A.L. Rowse).

In 1931 he joined Round Table, the journal established by members of Milner's Kindergarten in South Africa to advance the imperial cause. As well as editing the journal, Hodson acted as secretary to the "moot", handling its correspondence and regularly visiting the dominions.

Hodson was not a fervent believer in imperial federation, but the connection was lifelong. His first article, England in the Great Depression, appeared in 1930 and his last, Crown and Commonwealth, 65 years later.

When war broke out in 1939, Hodson took charge of the Empire Division of the Ministry of Information where he edited a weekly newsletter. In 1941 he went to India to join the staff of the Viceroy, the Marquess of Linlithgow. It was an unhappy experience. His personal channel to Leo Amery, the Secretary of State, was blocked by Linlithgow; his salary was less than agreed.

Hodson's effort to ease the country towards dominion status was frustrated by Stafford Cripps's mission to make a deal with Indian leaders, which resulted in the "Quit India" campaign and the growing Muslim demand for a separate Pakistan.

Hodson spent the rest of the war at the Ministry of Production, where he was responsible for all business that was not related to munitions or food.

At the suggestion of his brother-in-law, the Sunday Times's City Editor Norman Crump, Hodson then applied for a job on the paper, with the expectation of succeeding the 80-year old W. Hadley as editor, as he did in 1950.

Journalists at the paper's Gray's Inn office who had worked their way up from the bottom of the business were not disposed to approve of a new editor with donnish manners and a membership of Brooks's.

But the value of Hodson's experience was then shown in a perceptive article he sent from America early in the Suez crisis, forecasting serious consequences if the venture failed; and for all his sophisticated appreciation of fine writing, he had no hesitation in spiking the music critic Ernest Newman's copy for being too highbrow, or in sacking Sacheverell Sitwell from the Atticus column for lacking journalistic incisiveness.

After Roy Thomson took over the paper in 1959, Hodson's conservative outlook began to look out of step with the increasingly iconoclastic mood of the Sixties. He soldiered on to two years until Thomson told him that a clause he had negotiated with Kemsley during the sale discussions, specifying that he did not need to stay late on Saturday evenings, must be removed.

Hodson stepped down amicably and was welcomed for a further 14 years at the Friday leader conference, where he represented the voice of Conservatism in the face of Harold Evans's espousal of the Labour cause.

Hodson found fresh outlets for his energies as Provost of the Ditchley Foundation, an Anglo-American conference centre, as well as Master of the Mercers' Company in the City at a time of an important reorganisation of its affairs.

When he took his last job, as editor of the Annual Register, he was conscious that it was not so well known as the Sunday Times, and was therefore delighted when Harold Macmillan said: "Never heard of it? I could never have written my memoirs without reference to the Annual Register."

Well into his eighties, Hodson would arrive, wearing a bowler hat and carrying a furled umbrella, to do his research at the Royal Commonwealth Society Library off Trafalgar Square, his tall, distinguished figure seeming like someone else from the distant past. Nevertheless, he proved a cautiously innovative editor, starting a regular leading article and introducing new sections for statistics, defence, environment and, for a time, even fashion. Hodson's books included *Economics of a Changing World* (1933); *Problems of Anglo-American Relations* (1963); and *The Great Divide* (1969, revised 1985), the official report on the withdrawal from India.

He married, on a visit to Australia in 1933, Margaret Honey; they had four sons.

**Frank King** (21 – 23) died on 3rd March 1999.

**John King** (F 34 – 39) died on 12th July. As a shooting enthusiast he was particularly proud of the achievements of the Gresham's VIII under his captaincy. At the time, this was the School's most successful ever VIII in the Ashburton. It was to be several decades before they actually won it!

"Unfortunately", as he put it, "in 1939 the War came and this put an end to all serious shooting." His final pre-war visit to Bisley prompted a well-known Philip Newell quip...In giving out the Headmaster's Notices PSN announced, "I have to report that John King has shot himself" (and at this point there was a feigned fumbling of notes

before he continued), “into the King’s 100 at Bisley.” He was probably the first Greshamian to achieve this. Many have followed, though it has been called the Queen’s Prize since 1952. Gresham’s was followed by Magdalene College, Cambridge, and a career in the Chemical industry, culminating in working for the Chairman of ICI. In retirement, he spent a good deal of time with his many boats in Cornwall.

**Charles Lloyd** (S 38 and 46 – 51) died on 16th February 1999. Below is printed the Address by Terry Walsh, delivered at the Service of Thanksgiving held at the Great Hall, Dulwich College:

It is the most tremendous honour to have been invited to say a few words this afternoon. It is also the most daunting of tasks to attempt to pay tribute to one of the great Masters of Dulwich College. To be truthful, I have no choice. Charles Lloyd left clear instructions that I was to give this Address and, as I certainly never had the temerity to argue with him when he was alive, I do not propose to start now.

Charles Lloyd was educated at St Olave’s, which is of course, part of the Dulwich Foundation and it is interesting that in later life he was to become the Headmaster of two schools of that same Foundation. It is also remarkable, maybe even unique, that the current headmasters of the first two schools of which he was Headmaster are both Old Alleynians, Gavin Armstrong at Hutton and Colin Niven at Alleyn’s.

From St Olave’s he went up to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he read History and Geography. That combination of subjects was to lead him to write the Surrey Chapter in Professor Darby’s “Domesday Geography of England”. After leaving Cambridge he taught for two years at Buckhurst Hill School.

Came the war years and from 1940-46 he held a Commission in the Royal Artillery. From 1944-45 he was on the staff of the Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force. He became involved with V1 and V2 Intelligence for which work he was Mentioned in Dispatches. After the German surrender he was appointed GSO II Special Projectile Operation Group to build V2s from recovered German material and equipment. I would like, if I may, to quote from a letter which Charles Lloyd wrote to The Times and which was published on 8th May 1995 – “Under the direction of Major-General Sandy Cameron, who commanded the Air Defence Division at Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Forces, the British, with the co-operation of captured German V2 units, built, fuelled and fired five V2 rockets assembled from material and equipment recovered from all over Germany, including the infamous factory at Nordhausen. The operation, known as Backfire, launched three rockets successfully from Cuxhaven into the North Sea”.

As a result the British Special Projectile Operations Group, as it was called, produced a complete set of instructions of how to assemble, test and launch the V2, in the form of a five-volume handbook, the like of which had not even existed in Germany.

Years later, Richard S. Lewis, a reporter for the US Army’s Stars and Stripes newspaper, who had seen the launchings, wrote in The Aerospace Historian, published in the United States in March 1978, that the Cuxhaven operation “marked a transition point in the development of rocket technology in the West which in the United States evolved into interplanetary spaceship technology.” The original film of this work, with a commentary by Charles Lloyd, is now in the Imperial War Museum. I have dwelt on this period of his life because it is perhaps less well-known.

From 1946-51 he taught History at Gresham’s.

1951 was the year which saw the beginning of his three successful headships, which were to cover the next 24 years. It was in that year that he was appointed Headmaster of Hutton Grammar School, a post he was to hold for 12 years. During that period the numbers in the School increased from 350 to 500 and Hutton developed a first-class reputation for high academic achievement.

In 1963 he became Headmaster of Alleyn's where he instigated a very successful classroom block, the current Lower School and new Dining Hall. In 1966, on the retirement of Ronald Groves he was appointed Master of Dulwich College. At that time the Governors of the College were unhappy with the candidates for the post of Master and Charles Lloyd always told the story of receiving a phone call from the then Chairman of Governors, Lord Shawcross, who offered him the post of Master, saying- "you have 24 hours to make up your mind and if you do not accept, this conversation never took place". After 24 agonising hours he decided to accept and this decision was, of course, received with mixed feelings at Alleyn's. He often quoted the senior member of the Alleyn's staff who, after congratulating him, said with all sincerity "it would have taken a great man to decline the Mastership of Dulwich College".

And so it was that on 30 December 1966 he moved into Elm Lawn. He always remembered that date because it was during the night that some six of the most valuable paintings in the Picture Gallery were stolen, including Rembrandt's "Girl at the Window".

His experience as headmaster of two schools and his great wisdom and natural humility restrained him from making changes. Rather he built on the vision of Christopher Gilkes which had been so superbly developed by Ronald Groves. Charles Lloyd wrote: "anything I did could only be for the worse. The staff were absolutely united, and the academic standards so high that it was rather like driving a spirited coach-and-four : I felt that I was there to keep it running as smoothly as possible in every department. It would have been fatal to say 'Here's a place to try out my ideas', or to make changes which would have harmed the traditions of the school. The school has so much driving force of its own that it rolls on regardless".

In the summer of 1975 he retired and spent his time between Eastbourne and Harrogate. He continued his work as a Magistrate at Camberwell Green and Tower Bridge Courts, and was appointed Chairman of the Civil Service Appointments Board. He also devoted much time to the National Maritime Museum of which he was a Trustee. He had in fact been a Trustee of the National Maritime Museum while Master of the College, and it was he who was responsible for the restoration of Shackleton's whaler, the James Caird. Indeed, the most recent edition of the James Caird Society Newsletter describes him as "The Man who Saved the Caird". He had inherited the James Caird in a dilapidated condition and it is now fully restored and situated in the North Cloister of the College when it is not being exhibited abroad. It was only a few weeks ago that I saw it in New York in the Natural History Museum, where it was the centrepiece of the Endurance Exhibition. It occurred to me as I looked at it that had it not been for Charles Lloyd, there probably would not have been an Exhibition and certainly there would have been no centrepiece.

I am very conscious that what I have said so far is little more than a potted biography, but this in itself perhaps illustrates that we are gathered here today to give thanks for the life of a remarkable man and dedicated Headmaster.

What then were his characteristics and what made him so special?

Tall of stature and at times outwardly austere, he was always approachable. He possessed outstanding powers of administration and organisation and these qualities, coupled with an agile and perceptive mind, gave him the ability to grasp quickly the major elements of any problem and invariably solve it by wise counsel. In many ways he was a perfectionist which is probably why he always remained a frustrated golfer. Those whom he overruled, whether staff or boys, always believed that they had had a fair and courteous hearing, almost certainly because of his over-riding belief, that even in a large institution, it is people who really matter. On one occasion he sent for three well-known members of Dulwich society who were at that time responsible for some major work in the College, which was running behind schedule. They arrived for the appointment in his study to be greeted with the words "Don't sit down, gentlemen. What I have to say will not take long!" The work was finished on time.

I had the great privilege of having Charles as a next-door neighbour for seven years when I was Housemaster of The Orchard and he was, of course, living in Elm Lawn. On the last evening of a particular summer term he came round to The Orchard and played cricket in the garden with the boys. After he had taken his leave the boys went to bed and I was finishing off some paperwork in my study. The phone rang and it was Charles. He said how much he had enjoyed the evening and imagined that the boys were all safely tucked up. I said that this was so and that they had seemed quite tired. He then asked me if I could come round to Elm Lawn and collect five of my boarders who were in his front room. I stormed round and he told me that he had been taking his small dog for a walk when from the side gate of the Orchard had appeared these five figures. He had established that it was all relatively innocent and they were just going for a walk in the College grounds. I took them back to The Orchard, not in the best of moods I have to say, and asked them what he had said to them when they were apprehended. One of the miscreants replied brightly – "He said, 'Good evening, gentlemen!'" Before I could decide what to do with them my phone rang again and Charles's voice said quietly, "Don't be too hard on them".

For his staff there was always total support even when they got it wrong. May I quote one example from my own personal experience. In a particular situation I had over-reacted and the parents of the boy concerned complained to Charles who saw the parents and then sent for me. He said, "I have seen those parents and I think they have gone away moderately happy. I tried to persuade them that you had acted from the best of motives". He took up his pen and started to write, which I took as an indication that the interview was over. I got as far as the door when, without looking up, he said – "Oh, Walsh". I said, "Yes, Master". "Don't be so heavy-handed in future". Total support and well-deserved admonition.

He was not only fully supportive of his staff but genuinely appreciated the part they played in the outstanding success of his years at Dulwich. Of his Heads of Department he wrote – "They had immense knowledge and experience of teaching. I never tried to vie with them in their own disciplines, for I always felt it was essential to create circumstances in which these men could get the very best out of the boys. You can only run Dulwich through the staff. But I used to feel that, after listening to what they said, I could summarise the arguments better than anyone else in the room, and that they recognised and respected this. The biggest compliment I can pay them is that once a decision had been made, even if it wasn't a popular one, they were a hundred per cent behind me". I suggest this comment also tells us much about Charles Lloyd.

It was, of course, in the early sixties that there was considerable student unrest in both universities and schools. Dulwich was not immune but was very fortunate to have as Master Charles Lloyd who handled the problems with a light touch when many headmasters in the country were guilty of over-reaction. It was on one Founder's Day that a demonstration took place when a large number of young people marched, if that is the correct word, around the College carrying at their head a large banner on which were written the words "Down with Public Schools. Lloyd is obsolete". He looked at the banner with faint amusement and then said quietly, "I would worry more if my name was not there".

Whatever the situation there was an all-pervading impish sense of humour. During a party at Elm Lawn, a Dulwich lady complimented him on his house and his furniture. He took her to one side and asked her if she could pick out the most valuable item in the room. After a few moments he pointed to an ashtray in the centre of a table. It was ill-shapen and rocked whenever anyone passed the table. The lady said she thought it was 'exquisite'; Charles said "Yes, it cost me thousands of pounds. My son, Chris, was a boy at Gresham's for five years and at the end of that time this is all he had to show for it!"

But, above all, Charles Lloyd was a devoted family man and I am quite clear in my own mind that this is a Service of Thanksgiving for the lives of three people.

Charles and Doris were married for 59 years and he was devastated by her death last November, although she had not been well for a long time. Her last visit to Dulwich was on her 80th birthday. She was the greatest strength and support to Charles in all he tried to do. Those of us who were privileged to enjoy their hospitality at Elm Lawn and elsewhere remember her as the perfect hostess and her quiet voice after Charles had made one of his more acerbic comments saying, "Oh Charles.....".

After the tragedy in Snowdonia in 1972 where three Dulwich Scouts died a Service was held in Chapel when he was at his superb best, directing all he said to the bereaved families. Doris said to me as we left the Chapel, "Charles doesn't know it but I have packed our cases and put them in the boot of the car. I am driving him to Alfriston for a few hours – he won't like it, but he needs a break". He went like a lamb.

Charles and Doris had two children, Chris and Angie, and they adored them both, and were adored. Sadly Chris died of cancer in Hammersmith Hospital only five weeks after the death of his father. He was a man of great courage. In his last telephone conversation with me from his hospital bed when we discussed this Service, he said, "I will be there on the 6 July to read the Lesson, unless I am dead". We have today heard his elder son, Timothy, read that Lesson in his place.

Angie has lost both her parents and her brother in the space of 125 days and Pat has lost her husband. This would be hard for any family to bear and even harder for such a close-knit one. Our hearts go out to all the family.

But how fortunate is that family, and indeed all of us, whose lives have been touched by three such very special people, and we give thanks to God for it.

May I conclude with two quotations:

The first is often quoted on these occasions but I make no apology for that. It is from Hilaire Belloc –

In life there's nothing worth the wear of winning  
Save laughter and the love of friends

With the Lloyds there is and always has been laughter and I am sure there will be plenty after this Service when people meet to talk and reminisce. The love of friends

was surely illustrated by the vast number of letters of sympathy which were received by the family.

My second quotation is from the second Book of Samuel, Chapter 1 Verse 23 –

They were loving and pleasant in their lives

And in their deaths they were not divided – Thanks be to God.

**Christopher Lloyd** (c+H 50-58) died on 21st March 1999. His widow Patricia wrote the following obituary: At Gresham's Chris enjoyed all sports, but especially hockey and cricket, playing for the School. He was one of the youngest players to play for the colts and later won School colours.

Having left Gresham's Chris joined The Union Castle Shipping line as a purser in 1959. He stayed with the company until 1966, having enjoyed his life at sea. He joined the Metropolitan Police in 1967 and rose to Sergeant; he left in 1971.

In the same year Chris joined an insurance company and he remained in Insurance until his death, working latterly for Crawley Warren, a city re-insurance company. He was Chairman of Re-Insurance, Life and Property Casualty Divisions. He travelled extensively with his job, initially to all of Africa and latterly to the USA and Europe. He served his 7 year apprenticeship with the Merchant Taylors and was made a Freeman of the City of London in 1962.

He played hockey up to 1984 but owing to travel commitments gave up only to take up running. He completed both Paris and London Marathons plus 16 ½ marathons. He married Pat in 1969 and leaves both her and 2 sons, Timothy aged 27 and Benjamin 24. Chris died in the Hammersmith Hospital after a 5-year courageous and dignified battle with cancer.

**Roger Peacock** (c 49 - ) has died. His obituary, published on 2nd December 1998, is reprinted from The Eastern Daily Press:

Heavy-horse enthusiast and South Norfolk farmer Roger Peacock has died after a long illness at the age of 58.

A campaigner for a better deal for the farming industry, Mr Peacock stood for Parliament in 1989 as an independent, challenging the sitting MP and then Agriculture Minister John MacGregor. At the 1992 General Election, he polled 304 votes in South Norfolk while Mr MacGregor was re-elected

Almost a year ago Mr Peacock again was to the fore in fighting for farming's interests when he took a key role at a protest meeting about low beef prices at a Norwich hotel. It was the fuse which later encouraged farmers up and down the country to protest about low beef prices.

A member of the Wymondham branch of the National Farmers' Union, he served as chairman and also vice chairman for the past three years. He was a popular after-dinner speaker who seldom pulled punches in his comments. For 60 years the Peacock family has been associated with the Percheron horse and won dozens of championships at the country's top shows. Mr Peacock, who farmed Lime Tree Farm, Morley St Peter, near Wymondham, was twice president and also chairman of the Percheron Horse Society. Assisted by his long-serving horseman, Jack Jubly, the Lime name became a consistent winner over the years and its horses were exported around the world.

His father Geoffrey started the family's association with the breed when he moved to Morley from Reymerton in 1938.

Mr Peacock leaves a widow, Margaret, and two sons.



**Dr. Roger Pugh** (H 31 – 35) died on 15th April 1999.

**Stephen Reiss** (o+W 28-37) died on 13th October 1999. The following obituary is reprinted from *The Times*:

Stephen Reiss was a man of exceptionally broad interests and talents. For much of his professional life he was involved with music, playing key administrative roles both at the Aldeburgh Festival and with the London Symphony Orchestra. But he was also a connoisseur of fine art. He not only ran his own gallery, but at the time of his death was making amendments to his latest and as yet unpublished work, a study of eminent women painters from the 16th to the 20th centuries.

Stephen Charles Reiss was educated at Gresham's School, Holt, Balliol College, Oxford, and Chelsea School of Art. He had a short but distinguished military career during the war, serving as an intelligence officer and attaining the rank of captain. In 1945 he was then put in charge of the reconstruction and renewal of art galleries and museums in Lübeck, organising festivals and arranging concerts for the citizens of that city.

By 1949 he and his wife Beth (whom he had married in 1942) had bought a house in Aldeburgh, and it was there in 1955 that he met Benjamin Britten and Peter Pears.

In the same year he took over the general management of the Aldeburgh Festival. He was to see it expand considerably in size, importance and financial success; an initial turnover of just £5,000 grew to more than £170,000 during the 16 years of his stewardship. Reiss's ability to understand the frustrations of creative people when confronted with practical problems culminated in his ideas for the redevelopment and refurbishment of the Jubilee Hall at Aldeburgh. Immediately after this, Britten's *Midsummer Night's Dream* (dedicated to Reiss) was staged in the Jubilee Hall.

His attention then turned to the ever-increasing need for a focal point for the hundreds of festival visitors, which resulted in his founding and management of the Aldeburgh Festival Club (an all-year dining club). He was responsible for instructing architects to extend and convert various buildings in Aldeburgh for the use of the festival, culminating in 1966-67 with the discovery and conversion of the Snape Maltings. As the Queen said in her inaugural speech at the 1967 festival, it was "a dream come true".

Stephen Reiss's organising talents were spectacularly demonstrated when in 1969 a fire all but destroyed the new hall at the Maltings on the opening night of the festival. In the immediate aftermath he replanned schedules and arranged for performances in Blythburgh Church, so that by the next day Britten could announce, with quiet assurance, that the festival would continue without interruption. Under Reiss's supervision the concert hall was rebuilt and extended in time for the 1970 festival.

The year 1972 saw him appointed Director of Fanfare for Europe, a celebration (under the chairmanship of Lord Goodman) organised to mark Britain's entry to the EEC. This gave him responsibility for 150 artistic events throughout England, Scotland and Wales. At the same time he took personal charge of the arrangements and cataloguing of an exhibition at the National Gallery devoted to the work of the 17th-century Dutch Master, Aelbert Cuyp.

It was at this time that he also joined the London Symphony Orchestra as its administrator, and within six months had gone on to become the orchestra's principal executive officer – a post which he successfully developed and held for many years. In 1973 Reiss was appointed OBE for services to the arts.

Though he concentrated on music, his passion for fine art was never diminished, and his well-received monograph on Aelbert Cuyp was completed in 1975 and published

by Zwemmers later that year. This coincided with Reiss's return to the business of fine art dealing, initially with Curwen Prints, 1975-80. It was followed by the founding of Business Art Galleries in 1978, where he was managing director until 1985.

After this he left London to return to Norfolk, where he founded and ran Stephen Reiss Fine Art from a small gallery in Norwich. It was during this period that he became captivated by the work of the painter Peggy Somerville (1918-75), a child prodigy by the age of ten, but subsequently somewhat out of favour.

Reiss's research led to a book, *The Child Art of Peggy Somerville* (1990); this was followed by a sequel covering her whole life's work. With David Messum, the West End fine art dealer, he continued to research and promote this artist's work for the rest of his life. Reiss researched and wrote the catalogue for the bicentenary exhibition of the work of Thomas Churchyard (1798-1865) which took place at Messum's St. James's Gallery last year.

He married Elizabeth Gladden in 1942. She died in 1995. A son also predeceased him, and he is survived by a daughter.

**Timothy Renold** (H 31 – 35) died on 22nd April 1999. The following appreciation was written by Joan Renold:

Tim was born in Manchester, England in 1918, the youngest of four children. His grandfather, Hans Renold, arrived in England from Arau, Switzerland in 1873, invented the 'bushroller' in 1880 (revolutionizing the bicycle-chain), and founded Renold Chains, Ltd. (today a multinational corporation). Tim's father, Sir Charles Renold, was knighted after WWII for the company's contribution to Britain's war effort. [Yet, despite the modest 'fame' of our Swiss-German name (at least among engineers), we, who bear it, must repeatedly keep saying: "No 'y' and no 's' ", since people always want to spell it like the British 'Reynolds'.]

Tim was educated in English boarding schools from the age of four, and completed his B.A. in Law and Economics at Cambridge University in June 1939. During WWII, he served in the British Army in India, as a Captain attached to the Indian Army. In Mussoorie, N. India, he met Mona Wells ('Anne'), a very beautiful and talented pianist and kindergarten teacher. After Tim pursued Anne romantically over the entire length of the Indian sub-continent, they were married in the Himalayas on February 4th, 1944. Their daughter, Joan, was born in Leeds in post-war England, 1947. In 1949, Tim, now an accountant for Price-Waterhouse, took his family back to India (he always recalled his years in India as a 'highpoint' of his life) – only to leave again with the general British 'exodus' in 1951. In 1952, the family emigrated to Canada and settled in Vancouver, B.C. A son, Andrew, was born in 1957.

In 1971, Tim joined the B.C. Government Administration as an Inspector of Credit Unions, for some time serving as Acting Supervisor. His retirement in 1983 coincided with Anne's final illness; he cared for her until her death in December, assisted by Joan at the end. In July 1984, he moved to the little house on 14-B Ave. in Surrey. Here, he and Joan combined forces in what was to be a 15-year close relationship. Tim lent his support and his home for Joan's caring for both her physically disabled partners – first Brian Carpendale, who died in 1985, and then Gordon Heather, who died in 1995. Tim and Joan remained closely involved in each other's lives until Joan assisted Tim during his final illness in March and April, 1999.

Tim lived a life-long spiritual quest. Although he long left the 'traditional' Church of England of his youth, he much respected the integrity and compassion of practising

Christians wherever he saw it. Tim and Anne tried several non-traditional 'New Thought' churches over the years, before finally settling on Christian Science. Tim was a sincere and devoted 'student of Science' for some 30 years, though he decided not to join the Church formally. He believed firmly in an 'afterlife'; our present lives, he also believed, were primarily intended for our spiritual growth. He always endeavoured to make good use of his own for exactly that purpose.

**Thomas Bruce Roberts** (OSH 20-27) has died. Roger Stuart has sent the following obituary:

Bruce, as he was known in Leicester, came fourth in the national finals for Chartered Accountants then entered the family business of Portland Shoes..

He obtained his School hockey colours and became a keen club player.

Bruce received an MBE for wartime service in the National Fire Service.

A quiet man, of short stature and of the highest integrity, his counsel was sought with directorships of Leicester Building Society, Imperial Typewriter, also as a Governor of Leicester Polytechnic and as a Tax Commissioner.

Bruce served shoe trade research and manufacturing associations.

A keen Rotarian, Bruce enjoyed the tranquility of Midlands canals in later years.

Bruce remarried after the death of his first wife Madge in 1967, outlived his second wife and lost his younger daughter in a car accident.

He could authenticate stories of the Old School House porridge hole and was greatly interested in my account of the Old School House's 'final function' as a senior house.

Bruce died in November 1997 aged 87 following a stroke and after suffering with angina for many years.

A contemporary of W. H. Auden, Owen Wansborough-Jones, George Whipple and John and Russell Frears, Bruce was intensely loyal to Gresham's and brought his own distinction to a distinguished era.

**Andrew Smith** (K 39 - 33) died very suddenly in September 1998.

**Sir William Stuttaford** (H42 – 47) died in January aged seventy. The following obituary is reprinted from The Times:

Sir William Stuttaford, who has died aged 70, was president of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations, and a leading figure in the unit trust industry. Bill Stuttaford was a Tory loyalist par excellence. He never engaged in controversy, but devoted himself wholeheartedly to the wellbeing of the voluntary wing of the party. Any inclination towards a political career of his own was early thwarted by family commitments; but he served as chairman of the Conservative Political Centre (the voluntary party's policy forum) and of the Eastern Area Council, before becoming president of the National Union for the year 1994-95.

He worked closely with John (now Lord) Wakeham, the MP for his home constituency of Colchester South and Maldon, and became a loyal friend of John Major, whose constituency was also in the Eastern Area.

In 1994, Stuttaford chaired the party conference at Bournemouth. Although splits and troubles were increasingly apparent – one Right-wing columnist at the conference observed "exhausted slogans", "baroque tales of sleaze" and a "fractious politburo" – Stuttaford carried off his role with aplomb.

In the City, as senior partner of the stockbrokers Laurence Prust in the years before the “Big Bang” reforms, Stuttaford was a well-respected and authoritative figure in the investment world. A long-time champion of the cause of wider share ownership, he was the founder and chairman of the Framlington unit trust group, and was chairman of the Unit Trust Association from 1987 to 1989.

William Royden Stuttaford, the son of a Norfolk doctor, was born on November 21 1928 and educated at Gresham’s School – where he was head boy – and Trinity College, Oxford, where he read natural sciences.

In his youth, William seemed set for a career in the Church or in medicine (his brother is the medical journalist and former MP Dr Thomas Stuttaford), but after National Service in the 10th Royal Hussars, he sought to join the Foreign Office. Having failed the entrance by one place, he was invited to retake the exam. He scored another near miss, and opted for the City.

After a brief period as a fund manager with an insurance company, he joined the stockbrokers Laurence, Keen & Gardner, of which he became a partner in 1959. He specialised in private client work, and later in giving investment advice to such institutions as the University of Kent, St Thomas’s Hospital and the Rayne Foundation. From the late 1960s he also developed a unit trust arm of the business, at first as an extra service for his existing clients, and later, through Framlington, as a stand-alone business. In the City as in politics, Stuttaford believed in professionalism and disapproved of excess. He was not one for long lunches and he disliked the conspicuous greed of the new City. When a candidate for a directorship insisted on a Porsche as one of his perks, Stuttaford declined to give him the job; his own, less glamorous, car burst into flames shortly afterwards.

His firm became, by amalgamation, Laurence Prust & Co. He was senior partner from 1983 to 1986, and negotiated the eventual sale of the firm to the French bank, Credit Commercial.

Stuttaford was also a deputy chairman of the merchant bank Brown Shipley, a director of several other investment businesses, and a regular lecturer at the City University. He was appointed OBE in 1983 and CBE in 1989. He was knighted in 1995.

After many years of City life, Bill Stuttaford found much pleasure in country pursuits in his retirement. He became an active partner in his elder son’s farming business, and developed an enthusiasm for racing, first as an owner in his own right. He became an avid student of thoroughbred form.

Stuttaford was also a long-serving churchwarden of his parish church at Great Wigborough, Essex.

He married first, in 1958, Sarah Legge; they had two sons and two daughters. The marriage was dissolved and he married secondly, in 1974, Susan d’Esterre Graham, daughter of Captain Sir Gerald Curtis.

**E.H. King** (F 55-61) writes:

It was perhaps appropriate that the first time I met Bill Stuttaford I was in the very act of making an investment, albeit an unsound one.

This was the occasion of the 1990 Newquay Dinner. After sending out a circular to all those expected to attend, I arranged for a coach to meet a particular train from Paddington at St. Austell. I was expecting 25 O.G.s and guests and calculated the fare accordingly. In the event, the coach took just five passengers to Newquay. Bill was one.

My plans had fallen victim to the weather. The previous weekend had seen heavy snow with severe disruption to trains into Cornwall. Wisely, many decided to opt for an earlier train on the day of the dinner and had no need for my coach. When I collected the agreed fares, Bill had already done some mental arithmetic and, with characteristic generosity, offered to help make good my loss.

I declined his kind offer little realising that I would soon be witness to his generosity on a regular basis. The occasion of the 1990 dinner was used to inaugurate the Philip Newell Memorial Fund. There was wide agreement about the importance of securing Bill's involvement.

Almost 10 years on the results are clear. Under Bill's Chairmanship sufficient funds were raised to sponsor one, two and sometimes three Philip Newell Bursaries each year. The reports from Bursary Holders are printed in this magazine annually. The Fund owes much of its success to hard work by Bill, energetically aided by his wife d'Esterre.

**Dr. Tom Stuttaford** (H 44-50) adds his appreciation of his brother Bill:

Bill Stuttaford - Billy as he was then known to distinguish him from his father known as Bill - nearly didn't go to Gresham's at all. Mr. Dearnley, the Headmaster of Town Close Preparatory School in Norwich, had wanted him to go to Winchester. In this he had Bill's mother's support and Bill's father favoured Blundell's in Devon. The family solicitor, asked to adjudicate, suggested that before finally making up their minds, they should have a look at Gresham's and, in particular, the Old School House as the housemaster, Mr. Gamble, was a thoroughly splendid fellow. Bill's parents visited Holt, had a very pleasant time with Mr. Gamble, and then went to see Philip Newell, the Headmaster, at Howson's. They liked Mr. Gamble but were captivated by Philip and Sylvia Newell; likewise, the Newells struck up an immediate rapport with Bill's parents so Bill and his two brothers were entered for Hoswon's.

Bill joined Howson's in the Michaelmas term, 1942, when the School was in Newquay. During the first term Bill diagnosed his own appendicitis; the appendix ruptured and peritonitis supervened - a potentially very serious condition in the pre-antibiotic era. After some alarms and excursions Bill recovered just before the start of the Christmas holidays but, unfortunately, by then his brother and sister were at home with mumps. Bill's surgeon ordained that he was not fit enough to be subjected to further illness. The Newells came to the rescue and Bill spent his first holiday from Gresham's with them. For many years thereafter he was treated as much like a son of the house as a pupil.

In his early days at Howson's Bill's only distinction, other than the considerable reputation he made for himself as an academic all-rounder, was his role in running the Pig Club. As part of the war effort, Howson's had its own pigs and Bill, with a team of volunteers, inveigled as swineherds, rose early in the morning, and went out again in the evenings, to look after them.

After the School returned to Holt Bill, with the encouragement of Mr. Richards - an ex-Spitfire pilot, organized a cricket team at Howson's to play many of the local village teams. Mr. Richards had felt that the School didn't mix enough with the local community and that it would be an excellent idea if the older boys, who didn't have any hope of getting into a representative School cricket side, played local village cricket. As an athlete, Bill was a sprinter to be reckoned with, and the same ability made him a passable rugby wing but he never played for the first fifteen. Bill took a prominent part in the life of the School chapel, and was senior chapel warden before becoming head of Howson's and the School. He left to go to Trinity College, Oxford after which his career has been well chronicled in his national obituaries.

In the latter years he took a renewed interest in the fortunes of the School in general, and the Newell Fund, set up to commemorate his old mentor, in particular. During his last days of consciousness he discussed with pleasure a recent communication he had had about one of the recipients of an award from this fund.

**Mark Waghorn** (OSH 34 – 40) died on 1st June 1999.

**C.J. Wilkinson** (H 18 – 21). Brigadier Jack Wilkinson died on 18th December 1998 aged 95. The following obituary is reprinted from *The Times*:

“Hannibal eclipsed!” was Orde Wingate’s jubilant reaction to the extraordinary mountaineering and river-crossing feats of the 2nd Battalion, Royal Leicester Regiment, as it advanced deep behind enemy lines into Burma in February and March 1944.

Its commander, Jack Wilkinson, was undoubtedly one of the outstanding Chindit commanders.

Leading the battalion as part of 16(Long Range Penetration) Brigade, he took his men through mountains and jungle to the Chindwin, got them and their 100 mules across the 400-yard-wide river, and then blocked the road from the south, thus preventing the Japanese for five days from bringing up reinforcements to support their attacks on British-Indian and American-led Chinese forces further north.

This was all part of Orde Wingate’s development of the idea of getting brigades behind Japanese lines to “fight it out” with the enemy, not merely harass them in hit-and-run operations, as earlier, smaller Chindit units had done. Supplied by air, the brigade often received scarcely half its rations, owing to the difficulty pilots had in finding the dropping zones in the featureless jungle.

But, although constantly hungry, and soon to be beset by increasingly tough Japanese opposition, the 2nd Leicesters retained their remarkable fitness and tenacity of fighting spirit. That they did so owed much to Wilkinson’s clarity of mind, courage and steely endurance.

Jack Wilkinson was educated at Gresham’s School, Holt, from where he went to Sandhurst and was commissioned into the Royal Norfolk Regiment in 1924. For the next 14 years he served with the 1st Battalion in Cyprus, Egypt, Shanghai, Malaya and India.

In 1941 he was sent to the Middle East to serve with the 2nd Queen’s Royal (West Surrey) Regiment at the end of the Syria campaign and then with the 2nd Leicesters in Tobruk, in May 1941 besieged by Rommel. As second-in-command of the 2nd Leicesters, he was responsible for the intensive patrolling of no man’s land. Towards the end of 1941 the garrison broke out of Tobruk.

In March 1942 the 16th Infantry Brigade, of which the 2nd Leicesters were part, was suddenly ordered to embark at Suez for Ceylon, to train for jungle warfare in preparation for the fighting in Burma, where it became a long range penetration brigade.

In March 1943 Wilkinson took command of the battalion which, early in the following year, formed part of a force of seven brigades, organised by Wingate to take the fight to the Japanese. Most of this force was inserted into Burma by transport aircraft and gliders early in March 1944 and, after some initially disastrous heavy losses of gliders, was installed deep behind enemy lines by the middle of the month. Meanwhile in February 16 Brigade with the 2nd Leicesters had begun the arduous overland march from the Assam frontier, their objective Indaw, close to the Irrawaddy, 300 miles to the south.

In spite of the difficulties of the terrain, by mid-March the brigade was closing in on Indaw, well to the south of the other Chindit units, and the performance of the 2nd Leicesters in taking such barriers as the intervening Chindwin River in its stride has already earned Wingate's accolade. There were now 12,000 Chindits "in the enemy's guts" as Wingate put it.

But although the Japanese had been taken by surprise they reacted vigorously to 16 Brigade's attack on Indaw. Under General Hayashi they assembled a scratch force of divisional strength and in tough fighting administered a bloody repulse to the brigade. Thanks to Wilkinson's resolute leadership, the morale of the 2nd Leicesters never faltered even during these severe reverses. Although he fought with a badly smashed arm for much of the Indaw battle, his willpower and endurance were a constant inspiration.

The success of the Japanese counter-offensive effectively put paid to the Long Range Penetration concept. Wingate had been killed in an air crash on March 24, 1944, robbing the Chindits of their inspirational leader. And the sudden Japanese threat to Kohima and Imphal, behind the Indian frontier to the northwest, concentrated minds away from the Indaw area. But Wilkinson's leadership was rewarded with the DSO.

After disbandment of Wilkinson's Chindit force Wilkinson for the next three years commanded a series of Indian parachute brigades. Among postwar commands were that of the 4th Guards Brigade and 149 (West Riding) Infantry Brigade (TA). He retired to his Norfolk farm in 1953.

Wilkinson served as Colonel of the Royal Norfolk Regiment from 1951 to 1959; at the end of this time the regiment ceased to exist, though it lives on after a series of amalgamations as the Royal Anglian Regiment.

Wilkinson's wife Judith died in 1992. There were no children.

At the Memorial Service for Jack Wilkinson held at North Walsham Parish Church the Address was given by General Sir David Thorne who extolled the magnificent qualities of the dead man, portraying him as the very best type of military commander and Englishman. Jack Wilkinson was prone to understatement, one example being his cursory recollection of a key phase in the Far East campaign : "16 Brigade marched into Burma from the North.....when we met the Japs we had a rather untidy little battle but we won that round".

To obtain a true picture of Jack Wilkinson one had to read Brigadier Bernard Fergusson's confidential report:

This officer proved himself to be the ideal Long Range Penetration commander in the field, both on the move, in the skirmish and in set battle. Physically exceedingly fit, he never appeared in the least weary and was always in cheerful heart and scornful of difficulties. He was most resourceful and never seemed to be in any doubt as to his course of action whatever the problem. He has a wide experience of infantry soldiering in many different types of country and his grasp of all aspects of work which confronted him was complete. He stood head and shoulders above all other officers in the Brigade and he is in my opinion worthy of immediate promotion to the command of a brigade himself. His courage and endurance when painfully wounded, and his inspiring behaviour and power of command infected his troops; and the record of his battalion even after he had been evacuated showed how excellent had been his training of them and how far they were fired by his example. I consider him the ideal infantry commander.

**James Willans** (H24-29) has died.

**Michael Youngs** (k+OSH 33-37) died on 7th August 1999. The following obituary is reprinted from *The Eastern Daily Press*.

A Norwich man awarded an MBE for his services to the community has died at the age of 79.

Michael Youngs was born in Norwich in 1919 and went to school at Southwold and at Gresham's in Holt.

He then attended London School of Building before serving with the Bengal Sappers and Miners during the Second World War. He saw action in India, Persia, the Middle East and Italy, attaining the rank of major, and was awarded the Military Cross in 1944. Mr. Youngs returned to Norwich where he eventually took over as managing director of John Youngs & Son (Builders).

During his time there, the firm built Eastern Counties Newspapers offices, the Bonds store and part of the Mackintosh factory, among other prominent buildings in the city. Mr. Youngs, who was president of the Eastern Federation of Building Trades Employers in 1966, served as a magistrate for 20 years.

In 1954 he was appointed a trustee of the Great Hospital in Bishopsgate, a charity providing care and accommodation for elderly people, and was awarded the MBE in 1988.

The cause was dear to his heart and he continued his work there until his death on Saturday.

Mr. Youngs leaves a widow, Betty, son John and daughter Joanna.

Michael's widow, Betty, has kindly provided further information concerning Michael's range of public service:-

As a magistrate he was on the Advisory Committee, Chairman of his Rota and Deputy Chairman of the Bench. He was on the Police Authorities, Chairman of the Juvenile Bench and later of the Probation Care Committee and After Care Committee.

He was involved with many charitable causes, including the British Legion, organizing Poppy collections for many years. He helped raise funds for the Y.M.C.A. Hostel, worked on the Salvation Army Building Appeal Committee, and with Basil Roberts, another O.G., helped raise money to build Priscilla Bacon Lodge. However, after his retirement most of his spare time was devoted to the Great Hospital.

**Marcel Zillessen** (K 30 – 33) died on 8th January 1999 aged 81. The following obituary is reprinted from *The Independent* :

Never could Marcel Zillessen have thought, as his Hurricane crashed in the isolated area of Wadi Akarit in Tunisia, that his life would one day be portrayed in a classic war film. Zillessen was a pilot with No 6 Squadron during the final phase of the action in North Africa. Equipped with 8mm cannons, the Hurricane was used in low-level "tank-busting" raids. Having just returned from leave, Zillessen had been ordered to fly as a last-minute replacement. He was shot down and captured on 6 April 1943. What his captors never realised was that he spoke fluent German. Before the Second World War, his father's business had contacts in Germany and he had been sent there to learn the language.



Various pressures were put upon Zillessen by his interrogators. They plied him with whisky, little knowing that in the bars of Alexandria he could drink most of his squadron members under the table. Then a lithe 6ft naked blonde woman was sent to his cell. However, he had heard his captors say that if he touched her they could call in the Gestapo to interrogate him. He simply curled up in a corner and would have nothing to do with the Teutonic temptress.

He was eventually transported to Stalag Luft 3, where he gradually earned the trust of the guards by speaking to them in their own language, especially about their wives and girlfriends. They were soon asking him to write love letters home, bringing him paper, pens and ink to do so. Any surplus material Zillessen secreted away so that camp “forgers” could work on vital documents and passports in readiness for the intended escape.

On the night of 23 March 1944, with the escape tunnel complete, under the cover of darkness 200 Allied officers assembled in a hut ready to escape. Seventy-six managed to get out through the tunnel before the guards realised what was happening. Zillessen was not among them. Everything had gone wrong. There had been an air-raid that night, the lights in the tunnel had gone out and one man had got stuck. Zillessen then saw men crawling back through the tunnel to the hut. To him and the rest of the waiting men this was an immense disappointment, for they had spent months preparing.

It was, however, one of the largest mass breakouts by Allied prisoners. But, of the 76 who escaped, 73 were recaptured and 50 summarily executed.

This remarkable story inspired the 1963 film *The Great Escape* which starred, among others, Steve McQueen, Charles Bronson and Richard Attenborough. Zillessen was one of several prisoners whose ability to scrounge supplies was the basis for the American played by James Garner, though in reality there were no Americans in the camp. Zillessen, although not consulted, enjoyed the film. He was particularly taken by Attenborough's performance. However, having lost six stone while a prisoner he thought Garner “a little bulky” for the part.

Marcel Zillessen was born in Northampton in 1917 and educated at Gresham's School. He worked in the family's textile business before joining the RAF at the outbreak of war. Much of his time in Stalag Luft 3 was spent translating 19th-century German poetry into English. Finally, with Allied forces approaching in May 1945, the prison was evacuated and the prisoners forced to march towards Germany. During a break, Zillessen managed to escape into a nearby wood and make his way back to the empty camp. The camp was eventually liberated by British troops.

After the war he returned to the family business before moving into the wool trade in Darlington, where he remained until the early 1970s. He eventually left to set up a chain of take-away food shops in the North-East bearing the Zillessen name. In semi-retirement he and his wife kept a guest house in Robin Hood's Bay, North Yorkshire. A handsome self-effacing man, he delighted in his four sons and his grandchildren.

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# O.G. NEWS

**Charlotte Aldridge** (E 90-95) was elected Vice-President (Sports) at the University of London Students Union. In the summer she graduated with a BA Hons in French and German from King's College. She has a place for September 2000 on the CPE course at The College of Law, Guildford. She is now seeking a training contract and some sponsorship!

**Christopher Anderson** (T 70 – 75) has had his operation to put in a Vagal Nerve Stimulator above his heart. The operation was performed by the Head of Neurology at King's College Hospital. The objective is to reduce Christopher's proneness to epileptic attacks. This is beginning to happen so that Christopher is now able to look for work again.

**Dan Bailey** (H 51 – 55) has retired from the Retired-Officer job at Camberley following the demise of the Staff College. He and his wife moved into a four-acre smallholding at Sidlesham near Chichester and are getting to grips with it. They would welcome any OGs in Sussex with organic farm know-how.

**Glyn Barnett** (k & W 81 – 89) qualified from Charing Cross Medical School in 1996 and is training in Surgery at Kingston-upon-Thames. He is still shooting and has toured each year since 1990, as well as representing England at the Commonwealth Games in 1994. He is living in Fulham with his wife Katie.

**Oliver Beavon** (F 89 – 91) gained a 2:1 in Mechanical Engineering at Imperial College, London. Having acquired 18 months experience in the petro-chemical industry during the course, he joined BP, working with them for four years in Hull. He has now achieved Chartered Status as a Mechanical Engineer and works as a Shift Site Manager for BP Amoco Chemicals. Oliver is going to act as a Consultant at the School's Careers Convention on December 11th.

**Stephen Benson** (S 64 – 82) has been appointed ISIS East Regional Director, effective from September 1st 2000. He succeeds Jim Woodhouse who is a Governor of Gresham's. Steve Benson, Stephen's alter ego, played the Sheriff in Wigwam, Blakeney Players' summer musical.

**Gawain Briars** (c & H 68 – 76) has been appointed the Executive Director of the (World) Professional Squash Association. From a press release: 'Briars, 41, from Nottingham, enjoyed a distinguished career as a professional squash player in the 1980s, twice winning the British National title and earning 51 caps for England, as well as achieving a career-high world ranking of four. A much-respected professional on the world tour, Gawain also served as President of the PSA (then known as ISPA) before retiring in 1989 to pursue a career as a lawyer. Whilst practising in Nottingham as a specialist in commercial law, Briars has maintained close links with the sport, serving as Chairman of the highly-successful Nottingham Squash Rackets Club, a venue which has remained at the forefront of national squash and where many of the world's leading players are based.'

**Alastair Brown** (F 89 – 91) worked at Citibank for 18 months before embarking on an MSc in International Securities, Investment and Banking at the International Markets Assocn. in Reading. He is qualified in the field of Securities and Futures. He has landed a job as Trader with Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce in London. He would like to specialise in Derivatives. Alastair continues to shoot with Wandsworth Full Bore Rifle Club and has gained a Silver in the Match Rifle Pairs at Bisley for the last two years.

**Logie Bruce Lockhart** (HM 55 – 82) is vastly enjoying living in Blakeney with Jo. Jenny lives in Paris, Rhu in Thornage, Pony (Fiona) near Lamport, Northants, and Bede (Duncan) in London. – See MARRIAGES.

**Nicholas Cardoe** (W 77 – 82) works at Warlang Dillon Read. He is married to Rosie and they have a son, Louis.

**John Carter** (W 35 – 41) thinks he recalls Captain N.C. Blomfield teaching him Geography and understood his teacher was from a farming family in Suffolk. He could not tolerate any loud noise! (See last issue for background).

**George Chapman** (c & F 50 – 56) sent a donation of nearly £100, which we gratefully acknowledge, to help defray expenses for sending OG Newsletters and Magazines to Canada, over the past 40 years! George writes: 'It was through the Magazine that I was able to make contact with J.R. Adams in California. J.R. and I lived in Blakeney and attended Gresham's as dayboys. I had lost track of him after he left Gresham's 45 years ago. He visited me at my home just outside Calgary last July; we had a fabulous time reminiscing about our schooldays. We remain in contact on a regular basis via e-mail!'

**Emily Cheetham** (E 88 – 93) during her gap year studied Italian in Bologna with Chen Hamond and travelled in Australia and the Far East. She then undertook a four-year course at Leeds University in Italian and Art History. Having gained a 2: Emily is now working at BBC Greater London Radio. She would like to move into international record promotions to use her languages. Emily lives in sister Louisa's flat in Battersea.

**Beth Child** (c & O 86 – 95) raised £1,560 for the Thomas Tawell House, the residential home in Norwich of the Norfolk and Norwich Association for the Blind. Not content with walking from St Jean Pied de Port in the French Pyrenees along the pilgrim route to Santiago, she also decided to carry on a medieval tradition and walk to Finisterre, 'The End of the World'. In all she walked just under 900 km in five weeks.

**Tony Chivers** (F 50 – 55) is a Director of Henderson Crosthwaite (stockbrokers). He shot for Great Britain in the Tokyo Olympics, coming fifth. He is working very hard on the Jubilee 2000 project, the objective of which is to seek agreement amongst the world's richest countries, especially the G7, on a major programme of debt cancellation and reduction for Third World Countries. Debt-repayments have a crippling effect on the economies of the poorer nations as they often exceed hugely any aid or charitable donations they receive. Tony is keen that anyone who feels moved should support Jubilee 2000 by writing to their MP and the Prime Minister. The address of the Jubilee 2000 Coalition is 1 Rivington Street, London EC2A 3DT. They can provide information on the various campaigns being conducted in connection with this inspired Millennium Project.

**Kirsty Clark** (O) is working as a Nanny in London and has just bought her first flat.

**John Coleridge** (S 52 – 85), who founded Poetry next the Sea staged in and near Wells, disclosed in a newspaper profile that he was inspired to launch the festival as a result of his regular visits to Aldeburgh where poet Michael Laskey (H 58-61) is a leading light.

**Tim Colman** (F 73 – 77) is running a Formula 3 racing team.

**Marcus Cornah** (S 75 – 88) writes: 'Since September 1998 I have been Senior Deputy Head of Kingswood Prep School, Bath. The Prep School is mostly day but we have started a new co-educational boarding house in September and I contribute to the running of it among other duties. I would be very happy to hear from any former pupils of mine at Gresham's Prep!' [E-mail address: mjecornah@aol.com]

**Paul Craggs** (F 87 – 89), who graduated from UMIST in 1993 with a 1st in Engineering Manufacture and Management, moved to Liverpool to train as a Chartered Accountant, qualifying in 1997. He is currently a Finance Director for a subsidiary of Rentokil- Initial and works in East Grinstead.

**Virginia Crompton** (O 83 – 85) produced a recent series called 'The History of Grief' on BBC Radio 4.

**David Cumings** (S 65 – 70) still keeps in touch with Michael Allard and Jumbo Burrough. David teaches part-time at Cranleigh where Jonathan Coleman ( ) teaches in the Art Department.

**Roger Day** (k & F 71 – 79) has a corporate hospitality company called Archway Events which is based in Norfolk. He and Suzie were married in 1996. They have a daughter, Grace, born in 1998.

**Paul Denby** (k & H 82 – 89) is living in Dubai and working in the same office as **Paul Smith** (F 76 – 81) as Operations Manager. Paul married Bernadette in 1997 with Dr. **Glyn Barnett** ( W 84 – 89) and **Philip Wathen** (OSH 83 – 85) acting as ushers. The Denbys have a daughter, Jordan Elizabeth, who is nearly two.  
E-mail: vector@emirates.net.ae

**Nigel Dick** (c & F 64 – 72) directs films in Los Angeles. Recently he shot films for Cher, R.E.M. and Hootie and The Blowfish. Last year he completed his 200th video (possibly a record). He is currently working on his fifth feature film, an independent comedy. Entitled 'Callback', the film is set in Hollywood and describes the increasingly desperate efforts of an unemployed actor to land the part of the bad guy in Die Hard IV. Website-http://dick.iuma.com.

**David Dickinson** (W 46 – 51) retired in 1994 after eight years with Shell International and thirty-three years with Guinness Brewing in the U.K. and in Cameroun. Currently he is Chairman of the East Midlands Museum Service, the constituency association for Douglas Hogg and the South Lincolnshire Committee of the Countryside Alliance.

**Antoine Dons** (c & H 83 – 90) works as a project manager for a Dutch synthetic flooring company for whom he travels all over the world.

**Richard Dove** (k & T 67 – 74) gained a B.Sc. from Wye College, a Diploma in Management Studies from Kingston Polytechnic, and an M.Sc from U.E.A. He and his wife Jacqueline are working for World Vision International in Gurue, Mozambique.

**Michael Drury** (H 62 – 67) has been appointed Chapel Architect at Lancing College.

**Sarah Empey** (O 92 – 93), having achieved a 2:i in Biology and Psychology from the University of Leicester, is studying for a MSc. in Cognitive Science and Natural Language at the University of Edinburgh.

**Richard Everett** (k & T 70 – 75) has moved from Trowbridge College to Norton Radstock College to become Project Manager for the Western Colleges Consortium (all 7 F.E. colleges in the former county of Avon), supervising the group's extranet and setting up an on-line learning network.

**Julie Garner** (O 84 – 89) is a Marketing Executive with Harper Collins in London.

**Megan Gibbons** (c & E 85 – 92) after studying Nutrition at Nottingham University spent time on a VSO project in Botswana. Subsequently she took a Masters degree at Sheffield University; that involved a stint in Lesotho working on a school feeding programme through the Save the Children Fund. She hopes to land a job combining nutrition and research.

**Frances Gillam** (O 89-94) has just started her second full-length degree course in computer engineering at Portsmouth. She is President of the University Diving Club.

**Kate Gillam (Christie)** (O 85-87) is still in Barbados, where her husband is halfway through his overseas Foreign Office posting as a legal adviser. With two children, 3½ and 1, she has her hands full.

**Dr John Gould** (OSH 38 – 43) and his wife have moved from Salisbury to Oxford (47 The Crescent, Rutherfordway) and would be delighted to see any of John's contemporary O.G. friends.

**Nick Green** (k & H 74 – 84 ) has taken over following the death of O.G. Sir William Stuttaford the running of the O.G. Club's investment portfolio and the investments of the Philip Newell Memorial Fund.

**Stephen Green** (c & W 58 – 65) is now working for the Heritage Lottery Fund.

**Kate Gregory** (O) has been appointed Co-ordinator of Voluntary Services for Cheltenham Borough Council.

**Sienna Guillory** (O 91 – 93) has landed a coveted contract with Hugo Boss as well as going to Tunisia in *The Three Kings*, an action-adventure film based on the Nativity in which she appears with Vanessa Redgrave.

**The Most Revd. David Hand K.B.E.** (F 32 – 37). The former Bishop of Papua New Guinea suffered, earlier this year, a mild stroke for which he required hospital treatment in Brisbane.

**Nicola Hargreaves** (O 84-86), after finishing a two-year research programme in Malawi, is now co-ordinating a project to set up medical services for HIV positive people in Malawi. This includes improved counselling services, improved medical care and setting up community based care of AIDS and TB patients. The project is attached to the National TB Control Programme of Malawi and is funded by the Danish Government under the auspices of the WHO. This will mean that she will remain in Malawi for a further two years, before returning to resume her career.

**Peter Hedger** (H 47 – 48) has written recalling fondly the time he spent at Gresham's. He still feels that it was a great privilege and benefit to have attended the School. He is very impressed by the range of activities enjoyed by the current generation.

**John Heilman** (OSH 45 – 49) expressed regret at not being able to attend the Old School House Reunion owing to a direct clash with a gaudy at Downing College – John's 50th anniversary dinner. He recalls: 'Eric and Doris Kelly were particularly good to me in that they made me feel like an adopted son, given that my parents were overseas most of that time. I remember staying on after the school year ended and playing in Kelly's village cricket team through a couple of summers.' John lives in Wingham, Virginia.

**Rebecca Holmes** (B 92 – 97) spent her GAP year in Zimbabwe as a volunteer teacher and is now reading Cultural Studies at Birmingham University.

**Dr. R.Edgar Hope-Simpson** (osh & W 18 – 25) has written describing his early research work: 'I had a tiny research unit in my practice consisting of a GP (me), a secretary and a field-worker. From 1946 to 1976 we did research mostly on the common infectious diseases of our patients and wrote a series of papers in medical journals. One of the subjects was the nature of shingles, its relation to chicken pox, and the behaviour of the parasite. I am amazed to learn that our 1965 paper, a lecture on 'The Nature of Shingles' is possibly the most quoted reference on the Internet, and our work is said to be fundamental to the modern study of shingles. Next February I am to receive an award from the Varicella-Zoster Virus Research Foundation just after my 91st birthday (if I survive)!'

**Barnaby Hosking** (k & F 76 – 93) is studying sculpting at City and Guilds.

**Paul Hosking** (c & F 76 – 85) having returned from Hong Kong is working in the recycling industry in Chelmsford. He and his wife, who is Spanish, have a son.

**Rupert Hosking** (c & T 79 – 87) is married to Somali, a Cambodian writer and one-time refugee from the Khmer Rouge 'Killing Fields'. He sells titanium nails and prostheses for trauma patients. Somali is expecting their first child.

**Toby Hosking** (c & F 82 – 88) is working freelance as a Second Assistant Director in the film industry.

**Mark Howard** ( W 80 – 85) and his brother Stephen (W 76 – 80) represented Gresham's in the Henry Leaf Competition, a real tennis tournament for old boys of independent schools.

**Jeremy Johnston** (W 51 – 56) tried in vain to contact his Woodlands contemporary, A.G. Atkins, on a trip to England in May. Can anyone help by providing an address or telephone number?

**Alex Kemp** (H 71 – 76) is living in a log home on a lake in Raymond, Maine. He is a partner in an advertising agency in Portland, Maine. Brother **Philip** ( H 71 – 74) is living in Portland and is Vice-President Sales and Marketing of Charter Fleet International, an executive jet charter corporation.

Alex is intending to organise a reunion at Gresham's for their contemporaries ('74 to '76) in 2000. His e mail (Work) is: [Kemp@perrybankskemp.com](mailto:Kemp@perrybankskemp.com).

**Philip Keymer** (c & H 81 – 90) finished his five-year theological training and was ordained in Chester. He is now the Curate of St. Mary's Church, Partington, near Manchester.

**Donald King** ( F 51 – 55) keeps in touch with Stephen Creak and John Tusa whom he meets at Trinity reunions. Donald retired from General Practice in Danbury in 1995. He spends his time researching his family's history (currently he has traced his pedigree back to 474A.D.!), making model boats, playing the recorder, gardening and travelling. Donald has three daughters and three grandchildren.

**David Kitchen** (F 48 – 53) who lives in Leeds organised a visit to Norfolk in September to play golf and see the School. His companions were **Richard Colman** (F 48 – 52) and David's brother **Nigel** (F 50 – 54). David kindly sent a cheque to help with expenses in keeping an old Life Member up to date!

**Louise Kobrak-Denetre** (O 78 – 80) lives in Los Angeles where she works in the film industry as a script supervisor. Louise is married with one very young child. She would love to hear from any contemporaries. E-mail: [Sciptchyk@aol.com](mailto:Sciptchyk@aol.com).

**Sarah Landew** (O) has completed per post-graduate diploma at Edinburgh and is now 'M.A.(Hons) EDIN, IPD Grad'. She now lives in New Jersey and would like to hear from her contemporaries via e-mail: [Salandew@aol.com](mailto:Salandew@aol.com)

**Emilie Lantau** (c & O 85 – 92) volunteered to act as a consultant at the Gresham's Careers Fair in December; she helped in relation to work in the E.U. and the U.N. Emilie was contacted by Fred Depraetere via the O.G. website. Fred has just finished the same Master's Degree in International Relations that Emilie studied at Kent. Emilie is the secretary of the O.G. Rifle Club. For anyone wishing to contact her re Europe or shooting her e-mail address is: [e.lantau@dial.pipex.com](mailto:e.lantau@dial.pipex.com).

**Richard Leach** (H 87 – 89) is now a Captain in the Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire.

**Annabel Leach** (Keeley) (O 86 – 88) is Regional Manager for Swift Global (Kenya) Ltd. and lives in Mombasa. E-mail : [annabel@swiftmombasa.com](mailto:annabel@swiftmombasa.com).



**Richard Leman** (T 73-77), who was a member of the Gold-winning British hockey side at the 1988 Seoul Olympics and who played over a hundred times for his country, set up in 1993 the Olympian Consultancy. With a turnover of over £35 million a year his company has received the award of Best Business of the Year in Sussex. Currently a good deal of effort is focused on the forthcoming Olympics in Sydney.

**Charlotte Lemmer** (c & O 84 – 92) is involved in the music and film industry in London. Recently she worked at the Ministry of Sound organising their 1999 European Tour. She has made various TV appearances, in *Soldier Soldier*, *Coming Home* (with Joanna Lumley) and several other TV dramas, in addition to a few films and some commercials on ITV.

**Andrew Leonidas** (H 95 – 97) is reading Computing and Informatics at the University of Plymouth.

**Jean-Marc Lesieur** (T 77 – 82) is living in the Cayman Islands, working for a Swiss private bank as the Manager of Offshore Trusts. He is married to Sara; they have two children, Pierre (3) and Monique (2).

**Nigel Logan** (k & H 63 – 70) after fifteen years in hotel management in the London area (during which time he married Isabel who produced two daughters, Alex(12) and Imogen(9) ) bought the Trengilly Wartha Inn near Constantine in Cornwall. In 1998 they won the National Free House of the Year Award. The Logans have now acquired The Watermill Inn at Lelant. They also have a wine business, Cochonnet Wines. Nigel often thinks of the School's relocation to Cornwall in World War II and is still struck by the logistical achievement.

**Christian Margetson**, son of Paul Margetson (k & H 55 – 64), only spent a short time at Gresham's but he enjoyed weaving a visit into his exciting pre-College tour of Europe. With his grandmother who lives in Blakeney he was able to see the School production of 'Twelfth Night' in the Auden Theatre. Christian is working in London until Christmas.

**Nicola Marks** (E 87 – 89) is now working for Arthur Andersen and is studying for her accountancy exams. She keeps in touch with Paul Marriage, Dom Argyle, Alistair Peel and Sarah Papworth.

**Christopher Masterman** (k & H 52 – 60) lives in Salisbury and is currently director of an aviation support company. He intends to retire soon to Vancouver Island. Christopher kindly donated £100 to the O.G. Club for which we are very grateful!

**Richard Maxwell** (OSH 59 – 65) continues to practise as a G.P. in Bristol where he has been since 1975. He is heavily involved with the work of the Royal College of General Practitioners. He is particularly interested in stress and mental health, especially amongst doctors! Richard's father still lives in Norwich. From time to time Richard sees contemporary Chris Widdows who is Deputy Head at Christ's College, Brecon.

**Fiona McCaghrey** (Matthews) (O 85 – 87) is now working at the Institute of Public Health, University of Cambridge, as a statistician in dementia research.

**Mark McCaghrey** (k & W 77 – 84) went from Gresham's to Warwick University. At Farnborough where he worked as a computer programmer he met his wife Fiona. Having been ordained in the Anglican Church, Mark became curate of Byfleet in Surrey and is now Vicar of St Andrew's, Lowestoft. He has two children. Mark has preached to the School in Chapel.

**Charlotte McDougall** (O 82 – 87) has taken to writing feature article in the broadsheets – for example, a witty piece on B&Q singles evenings which appeared in The Daily Telegraph. Title? 'Polly Filler seeks Work Mate.'

**Andrew Millbank** (W 74 – 79) is working for BT in London as an analyst programmer. He still runs for Herne Hill Harriers. He lives in Teddington with his wife Val and son Jamie. Andrew still sees Chris Gibbs (W 77 – 79), who is married to Sharon and has two children, Sam and Abigail.

**Philip Molineux** (OSH 89 – 93) has completed his HND in Agriculture at Shuttleworth College. He now manages the family's farms.  
E-mail: pmoli73453@aol.com.

**Peter Morton** (W 46-51) sadly lost his first wife who died six years ago. However, he remarried two years ago a lady whom he had not seen for 38 years when she was a nurse at Addenbrookes and he used to take her out as an undergraduate at Cambridge. June Dernir (née Baker) had lost her husband a few years earlier. Peter and June feel very fortunate to have found each other again. Peter also feels very lucky to be able to play golf (he played with the O.G.s at Woodhall Spa in October) as he underwent a five-graft heart by-pass twelve years ago!

**Timothy Moxon** (k & OSH 37 – 42) much enjoyed the OSH Reunion. Formerly a RAF wartime pilot, airline pilot and cropduster Timothy now runs the original Houseboat Restaurant in Montego Bay, Jamaica. Anchored in lovely Bogue Lagoon, The Houseboat has offered sustenance to a galaxy of stars from Hollywood in its heyday and, more recently, the popular music scene. Timothy shows visitors clips from a wide range of classic films in his romantic hideaway. One of them is the first Bond picture, Doctor No, in which as Strangeways Timothy had the dubious privilege of being the first actor to 'meet his maker' in the Bond series. Tim enjoyed the OSH Reunion Dinner as indeed he enjoyed his schooldays. A theatre programme he sent reveals that he played the Hon. Ursula Maddings in the 1939 OSH production of J.B. Priestley's Bees on the Boat Deck. Priestley describes the set thus: 'The action of the play takes place on the well-deck of the S.S. Gloriana lying in a backwater of the Trim estuary. Morning of Midsummer Day.' (Clearly a profound influence on Timothy's life – The Editor). Timothy's brother, Oliver, was also in the cast and his great friend Robert Roseveare (k & OSH 33 – 42) was the prompter. Tim has always been attracted to stage and screen; the last time he visited Gresham's was in 1948 in the company of Dawn Addams – they were touring Charley's Aunt in Norwich.

**Anna Munn** ( E 91 – 96) completed her industrial placement at M&S Head Office in London. She is now working hard on her degree course in Food Technology at Reading. In 1998 she successfully achieved her D. of E. Gold Award, a principal component being sailing which she has taken up very keenly, recently racing a good deal in the Solent.

**Roger Musker** (c & H 47 – 54) sent the following items for inclusion:-

The twin brother of Derek Addleshaw, John, who was a County Court Judge on the NW Circuit, was my Godfather, hence being sent to Crossways first. They were both great gourmets and I remember having dinner with my parents, the Addleshaw twins and Dick Bagnall-Oakeley at the Swiss-run Gaschés in Weybourne. M.J. Olivier came in before dinner for a drink to celebrate his marriage in '51 or '52. John Addleshaw came down to Holt every term to stay with Derek and was excellent company to the Crossways boys; we thought him a very sophisticated man of the world and he spoke about his legal life and war experiences that had great fascination, teaching us a lot about the outside world.

Derek died in 1986; John in 1989. I work in Oxford helping to run a small publishing firm at 9 Park End St. OX1 1HJ.

**James Mussen** (H 56 – 61) and his wife now live near Totnes in Devon. He still works for Young's Brewery and is responsible for sales in the South-West. The Mussens also fatten a few sheep and have converted barns for holiday letting.

**Christopher Newbury** (H 70 – 75) is Secretary of the Wessex Regional Group of Independents (local politicians). When not busy running Wiltshire he is on the gravy train to Strasbourg as a non-party member of the Council of Europe's Regional Chamber.

**Capt. Richard Odling** (OSH 85 – 90) has been serving with the Royal Signals in Germany and Macedonia.

**Heidi Olby** (c & E 90 – 95) hopes to graduate next year in Mathematics with Technology and thereby become a 'Millennium Teacher'. Quite a worrying prospect, she feels!

**Gavin Panella** (k & F 87 – 96) left Cambridge after two years (he decided he hated it) and is now working as a systems developer at Virgin Direct in Norwich. He designs then implements the computer systems throughout the firm. He enjoys the work enormously.

**Tom de Pass** (OSH 87 – 92) writes:

'Having finished my degree in Marketing at the University of West England, Bristol, I made the step to London to work for a large advertising agency in Canary Wharf (Ogilvy & Mather). I hated it. So after a short period I returned to Bristol and I am now marketing manager for a national magazine called Knowledge. The publication specialises in dance music (Drum and Bass, Hip Hop and Nu Skool breaks if that means anything to you!) and my broad job description keeps me busy and gives me plenty of enjoyment. In my spare time I write music with two others under the name of Lazy i. We've just had our first release on a small Bath-based record label and we're constantly playing live in clubs and venues nation-wide. Now that our second release is on its way, it's starting to become more than just a hobby and takes up 100% of any spare time.'

**Agnes Plate** is reading East European History and Russian at Heidelberg University.

**Alice Plate** ( O 89 – 90) studies now at Hamburg University.

**Jonathan Platten** (F 74 – 78) is now Head of Humanities in a 2070-strong school in Hull. He is grateful to Gresham's staff for providing him with some rather individual mission-statements in response to the questionnaires linked to his MSc assignment.

**Michael Rawlins** ( F 69 – 76) lives in Nottingham where he runs a video conferencing company and lets property. He is married to Claire and they live in The Park. He still plays a good deal of squash (See SQUASH) , tennis and golf; for an extra frisson he flies a weightshift microlight. He celebrated his 40th in the garden of his house providing raw material for an ITV docu-soap! Mike sees a great deal of Gawain Briars.

**Lucy Readett-Bayley** (O 81 – 83) married Suleiman in 1991. They have two daughters Sofia and Mariam, and a son, Ady. They divide their time between Lincolnshire and Zanzibar.

**Capt. Tony Rich** (k & T 73 – 81) has left the Army and is working as a stockbroker for Charterhouse Tilney.

**Stuart Ross** (O.S.H. 72-75) is farming 1500 acres in the Holt area in conjunction with **Andrew Ross** (O.G.) growing wheat, barley and sugar beet.

**Anna Saltmarsh** (c & E 85 – 93) has had a haphazard time since leaving Oxford. She has attempted to gain entry into the world of natural history film-making, temped for the Alcohol Advisory Service for Camden and Islington, embarked on and abandoned a PGCE in Secondary Science, and is now intent on a MSc Studentship in Conservation at UCL or UEA.

**Dominik Sander** (F 81 – 84) has graduated with a Diploma in Political Science at the University of Hamburg. Dominik is a 1st Lieutenant in the German Army, working in the Psychological Operation Force. He has been stationed at NATO HQ in Bosnia.

**Charlotte Screech** (O 92 – 94) graduated from Nottingham Trent University with a 2:1 in International Hospitality Management. She is working with Gardner Merchant, a contract catering company, as an executive trainee. She would like to hear from Jess Hawkins and Catherine McArthur.

**Mark Seaman** (OSH 64 – 69) has two children and lives in Hampshire where he runs his management consultancy company.

**Peter Seaman** (OSH 60 – 63) now works for the Powys Probation Service 'to keep the grey cells active!'

**Nicholas Seecharan** (k & 83 – 90) after spending three years living and working in Macao and Osaka is now based in Central London.

**Patricia Shuen** (E 87 – 90) graduated from The Royal Veterinary College, London in 1997. She acquired her American qualifications in 1997. She undertook locums in the U.K. and Hong Kong before travelling the world. She now works as an equine veterinary surgeon at The Hong Kong Jockey Club.

**Duncan Sibley** (c & W 77 – 82) is Corporate Sales Executive for Newmans BMW in Canterbury. He married Mandy, a BA stewardess, in August 1997. Duncan is in contact with **Robert Stewart** (T 78 – 83) who lives near Faversham in Kent and works for a computer company.

**Robert Smallwood** (H 67 – 71) returned a copy of a novel by Camus belonging to the School Library – only 28 years overdue. He lives in Oxford where he has just completed a year's study of Politics and Sociology at the College of Further Education.

**Paul Smith** (F 76 – 81) moved to the Middle East in 1994 and works in Dubai.

**James Stewart** (F 56 – 59) was a stockbroker in London for 30 years. He has now embarked on a second career in Marketing and P.R. He is a director of three companies in these areas based in Epsom and Kingston.

**Michael Stern** (W 36 – 40) would dearly like to obtain copies of 'The Grasshopper' published as W.W. II loomed and began ('38 – '40); he wishes to obtain a short story written by the then very young Peter Brook. [If anyone can furnish the item, I can act as postman – Ed].

**Lorna Stewart** (O 89 – 91) has moved to The Imperial Cancer Research Dept. in the Finance Dept. She would like eventually to specialise in strategic planning and project appraisal in the charity field.

**Ed Suckling** ( H 81 – 86) who was born with spina bifida, not content with having represented Britain in the 1994 Lillehammer Winter Paralympics, has been selected to compete for a place in the British Disabled Sailing Team. Competing in the '99 World Championships held in Cadiz in September, Ed and his team-mates hoped to qualify for the 2000 Paralympics in Sydney.

**Henry Sutton** (O.S.H. 77-81) writes in The Independent when not writing fiction. His latest novel 'The Househunter' is published by Sceptre at £6.99.

**Patrick Symonds** (k & H 64 – 71) is Technical Director for the Benetton Formula One Team.

**Owen Syngé** (O 90 – 92) has done some work for the Labour Party and has gained an M.Sc in Computer Science. He is currently researching – wait for it – groupware and computer user interfaces.

**Sue-Ann Toh** gained her degree in Chemical Engineering from UMIST in 1995 and now works for the American engineering company Bechtel in Singapore.

**Penny Underwood** (G 76 - 78) lives in Melbourne. Her PR company which she established ten years ago keeps her busy. Penny is married and has a baby daughter.

**Marijke Veltman** – Grisenthwaite (G & O 77 – 82) is researching chromosome 15 abnormalities and autism at the Developmental Psychiatry Section, University of Cambridge.

**Stephen Wagenseil** (F 65 – 66) on leaving Gresham's went to Yale, then spent two years in the Peace Corps and finally joined the Foreign Service. Currently he works at the Department of State in Washington, where he is Director of Multilateral Affairs in the Bureau of Democracy and Human Rights. Recently he was U.S. Consul General in Strasbourg. He would appreciate contact with contemporaries. His e-mail is [wagenseil@pop.du.net](mailto:wagenseil@pop.du.net).

**Philip Webster** (W 89 – 94) gained a 2:i in Modern History at St. Andrew's. He has embarked on a P.G.C.E. at UEA.

**Anthony West** (W 82 – 83) has completed his Master's Degree in Civil (Environmental) Engineering at Carleton University in Ottawa.

**Charles Wicksteed** (k & OSH 36 – 43) has donated a copy of his book 'My War in the Far East' to the Royal Artillery Library in Woolwich. Charles was for four years in the R.A. during the Second World War; he served throughout the Far East. In civilian life he has been an architect and designer. He is a director of four companies and is a Member of the Institute of Patentees and Inventors.

**Boris von Wiedebach** (H 89), after finishing school in Germany, took a gap year in South America. From 1992 he studied Business at the universities of Mannheim and Milan. Since 1997 he has been working for Arthur Andersen, Berlin, as a chartered accountant and business consultant.

**Tim Wiersum** (OSH 66 – 74) was very sad not to be able to attend the Old School House Reunion. After his theological training, Tim spent five years in two Anglican parishes as a curate. He then went with his wife who is a doctor to Africa. Now they (and their two boys) are settled in Holland where Tim works in the French branch of the Dutch Reformed Church.

**Matthew Wilde** (k & W 78 – 88) graduated in Media Studies and Public Relations in 1993. Having worked for a PR agency in London, Matthew moved to Thailand. After working as a sub-editor on an English Language daily newspaper, Matthew is now the international client services manager in a Bangkok PR agency.

**Gareth Williams** (k & T 85 – 93) after leaving Exeter with a degree in Modern History has been working for OUP in Human Resources. He is studying to become a Graduate Member of the Institute of Personnel and Development.

**Nicole Williamson** (k & O 81 – 89) has taken a PG.C.E. at UEA. During one placement at a secondary school she discovered that literature is viewed as élitist so everyone is entered for the Performing and Expressive Arts Exam instead!

**Andrew Willink** (OSH 68 – 72) was sad not to be able to attend the OSH Reunion. He now lives in Australia where The Sun-Herald recently wrote the following paragraph about him:

'Feared by lenders for undermining million-dollar marketing campaigns with little more than a raised eyebrow, and darling of the media for his lethal honesty, Andrew Willink, 45, is the Ralph Nader of the financial system.'

**Candy Wong** (O 88 – 90) is now studying Japanese in Japan while also teaching Chinese there.

**Jonathan Woodall** (OSH 59 – 63) left the Army in 1985 to concentrate on running his own business. He is a financial planner in partnership with City Asset Management plc. He lives part of the week in London and part in Shropshire. Jonathan commentates for Eurosport on bobsleigh, luge and bob skeleton; he also commentates on sailing given the chance. Last year he sailed with Andrew Vines in the Seaview Regatta – the first time since the 1963 Public Schools Regatta at Gareloch (with Simon Smith and Geoffrey Doggett). Jonathan exploits his vocal training at Gresham's with the Shrewsbury School Community Choir and still manages the odd dart on the Cresta Run.

**Sarah Wright** (Burr) (O 87 – 89) having graduated from Nottingham University in 1994 is now the Dermatology Specialist Nurse at Queen Elizabeth Hospital, King's Lynn.

**Emma Youngs** (c, O & E 78 – 88) is now a Senior Paediatric Staff Nurse at University College Hospital.

**John Youngs** (OSH 66 – 70) has lived in Strasbourg for a number of years. His wife Lindsay works with the Council of Europe. They have two young children; the whole family is bi-lingual. John works as Sales and Marketing Manager for a Dutch-owned company manufacturing large umbrellas and parasols for international food, tobacco and drink companies.

# THE EDINBURGH HOUSE DINNER

The first Edinburgh House Old Greshamian Dinner was held on May 1st in the House Common Room. Old girls from several different year groups were present. The School Caterers provided a good meal – the first that had been eaten in the Common Room since the very first House Supper in 1988. Some 350 girls have passed through the House since its inception (although this figure includes a number who only came for a short while, so the actual number of full-time girls is somewhat lower) and it was splendid to hear how many of them had fared since leaving school. A number of messages were kindly sent by people who were unable to be present. We shall all look forward greatly to the next occasion, and in the meantime those who did attend are asked to encourage their friends to come. We are grateful to John Rayner for arranging the most enjoyable occasion.

R.H.P.

## CLASS OF 1989 REUNION

It all started when my old classmate James Sladden decided to move into my London flat. James had been in Africal for two years, teaching English in a private school. Feeling close to becoming an ex-pat, he had bravely decided to return to England to see whether teaching in the UK was as rewarding.

I had kept in touch with half a dozen school-friends, but James soon reintroduced me to at least the same number again. Memories were always being exchanged in the pub and at social gatherings, so it soon became clear that an official reunion, although requiring a fair bit of work, would be well attended.

Tracking people down in our ever-shrinking world can still prove extremely challenging. All the more so when you cannot remember some of their names from the leavers' photograph! As early as eight months before, I started gathering names and numbers. As the grapevine oiled itself into action, and the venue date was published in the OG circulars, characters from the past started to emerge.

Emails began appearing on my screen at work from afar as Thailand, USA, Bahrain, Greece and Bermuda. The inevitable question of 'Who else is coming?' was bounced around (which in the early days I must confess I had the stretch somewhat skilfully and even started my tickets off at number 020!) but the buzz soon spread. One new contact soon led to the update on three or four others who 'were last seen at....' and by the end of July we had 65 on the list.

A superb lunch was organised by the OG Club, the King's Head at Letheringsett offered their marquee free-of-charge for the evening dinner and dance, and Dr Leech very kindly saved us the cost of a professional photographer by taking the Reunion shots on the Chapel Lawn.

However, to spice up the event a little beyond the 80s disco, I called up one of our famous OGs in the shape of James Dyson. Later that week, we had a brand new Dyson vacuum cleaner delivered to the office for our evening prize draw, courtesy of his Press Office. Coupled with some champagne from work and some Montecristo top-quality cigars brought back from a recent Cuban holiday, we had ourselves set for quite a day.



Faces started to appear slowly and unsurely from about noon. Conversations began typically with observations on the corporate gut and hairline before moving on to wedding plans, career prospects and living areas. The event was well attended by staff and even the Headmaster of 1989 and his wife, Hugh and Jill Wright, appeared out of retirement. Where poor memories let anyone down, the hand-out profiles on everyone filled the gaps.

After lunch and a few photos on the Chapel Lawn with and without partners, people drifted off to look around the new parts of the School. The School has obviously prospered over the last ten years with the superb facilities now available, but within a couple of hours, I must confess, most people had gathered again in town at the infamous Feathers.

By 7pm we had all moved on to the King's Head. Most of the fish starters in the marquee stayed on the plates, despite best attempts from Messrs Gingell, Moll, Llewelyn, Pike and Harrold to bring a little too much nostalgia into the evening with a Woody vs. OSH vs. Howson's food fight. The prize draw calmed everyone down a little with the champagne going to Colin Gebhard, the cigars to Rachel McFadyen and the Dyson vacuum to Tim Child and his fiancée. The disco proved yet again that few of us men could dance, so Nicki Williamson led the way with some inspiring rhythms she had picked up from her travels.

At midnight, many of us returned to the Feathers Hotel for a night-cap. Some had decided that it would be fun to camp out behind the marquee. This led to one asthma attack, quickly treated, and Rob Anderson's abandoning his straightjacket of a tent to sleep with the fish starters, on the floor of the marquee.

Can such an event ever be repeated? Well, I hope so. It held a little bit of magic for everyone, when just for one day, we were all teenagers again. But, to me, the heroes of the day were the partners who turned up and made such an effort. I thank you all. In fact, you were all so inspiring, I thought we would do it all over again at the 25 year mark – so pencil in the Summer of 2014, and this time no excuses: we will see you all there!

Edward Adshead-Grant (OSH 84-89)

## THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE DINNER

The Old School House Reunion Dinner took place on Saturday 25th September. The company assembled in the old dining-hall at Old School House where we were given a splendid drinks reception. The prefects boards going back to the launch of the House as a senior house were laid out on the stage, now extended for the Pre-Prep School which is located in O.S.H., to help jog memories. Norman Semple, the last Housemaster, gave those who had the energy a lightning tour, pointing out all the internal changes. Everyone present was clearly glad that the buildings had been retained and that they were still being used by Gresham's pupils, albeit rather younger ones!

A veritable feast including Cromer crab and Norfolk lamb was laid on in Big School. Dennis Eagan, sad not to be present, provided a bottle of top-quality port for his contemporaries who attended. After dinner, those present, almost eighty of them, listened to speeches by Peter Corran, Norman Semple and His Honour Judge Lymbery

(o, k+O) who provided fascinating details of life at Gresham's before the war. I felt I could still smell the steam and smoke from M & G.N.'s Holt Station, and hear the rumble of the O.S.H. baggage trolley coming down Station Road, perhaps too the echoes of Mrs. Dawson's 'Just a quarter,' her much-used response to requests for sweets in the shop opposite the back gate to the House.

**Richard Howard** (OSH 61-65)

## GUEST LIST

- |   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| <p>1. Robert Lymbery<br/>Anne Lymbery<br/>Philip Kendall<br/>Monica Kendall<br/>Tim Moxon<br/>Norma Stanley<br/>Richard Barclay<br/>John Moor<br/>John Rayner<br/>Jenny Rayner</p>  | <p>3. John Baldry<br/>Angela Baldry<br/>Peter Corran<br/>Angela Corran<br/>John Hellings<br/>Jeanie Hutchins<br/>Michael Styman<br/>Robert Crawford<br/>Jane Crawford</p>  | <p>5. Laurence Blackall<br/>Michael Brown<br/>Wendy Brown<br/>William Kelsey<br/>Katharine Oliver<br/>Roderick Lumsden<br/>Mark Seaman<br/>Nigel Thomson<br/>Penny Thomson<br/>James Blackburn<br/>Oonagh Blackall</p> |
| <p>2. John Dardier<br/>Francoise Dardier<br/>Ted Hotblack<br/>Humfrey Willis<br/>Gillian Willis<br/>Paul Raywood<br/>Angela Raywood<br/>William Hudson<br/>Malcolm Kibbler<br/>Ingrid Kibbler<br/>Richard Peaver<br/>Julia Peaver</p> | <p>4. David Banks<br/>Tim Ferley<br/>Patrick Cook<br/>Sheila Cook<br/>Michael Taubman<br/>Victor Levine<br/>Richard Howard<br/>Jane Bailey<br/>John Edwards<br/>Jane Edwards<br/>Paul Colombé<br/>Vera Colombé</p> | <p>6. Jumbo Burrough<br/>Roger Stewart<br/>Charles Bussey<br/>Judith Bussey<br/>Bill Thomas<br/>Helen Thomas<br/>Richard Copas<br/>Sandra Copas<br/>Richard Norkett<br/>Vivien Norkett</p>                             |
| <p>7. Stephen Farrow<br/>Jane Farrow<br/>Guy Bartle<br/>Norman Semple<br/>Jan Semple<br/>Richard Bannister<br/>Alex Smith<br/>Adam Edwards<br/>Jill Edwards<br/>Edwards Adshead-Grant<br/>Jane Glenister<br/>Robert Baker</p>         |  |  |

# REUNION DINNER IN NEWQUAY

8th April 2000

As announced in recent Magazines, there is to be an O.G. Dinner in Newquay in April 2000 but there has had to be a slight adjustment to the original plan...

Regular attenders at Newquay Dinners will know that the usual venue has been the Pentire Hotel, the wartime home of Farfield, OSH and Howson's. A number of representations have been made urging that in 2000 we use the Bay Hotel, the wartime home of Woodlands and Kenwyn. Circumstances have now conspired to force the issue. The Pentire Hotel was taken over earlier this year and now operates in a quite different way. Without appreciating the significance of the suggestion, the new management recommended the Bay as 'a more suitable alternative'.

The Bay Hotel is enthusiastic to host the Reunion Dinner and a firm booking has been made on very reasonable terms. The Dinner will take place on Saturday 8 April 2000, two weeks before Easter. This will mark the 60th anniversary of the evacuation on the School from Holt to Newquay. Dress for men is jacket and tie or lounge suit.

The Bay Hotel is (still) a great deal more comfortable than the Pentire but its prices are just as competitive. There is a plentiful supply of single/double/twin rooms with en suite facilities. It is expected that the basic charge per person will be £30 for dinner, bed and breakfast. A supplement will be charged for the Reunion Dinner itself.

If the experience of previous years is followed, the majority of those attending the Dinner are likely to stay one or two nights in the Bay Hotel. Some will prefer to stay elsewhere in the locality and a few O.G.s who live in the Newquay area will not require accommodation.

A booking form which allows for individual preferences will be available in mid-December. This will be sent to anyone who has previously attended a Newquay Dinner. Anyone else who is interested should request a form from:

Dr F. H. King  
The Computer Laboratory  
Pembroke Street  
Cambridge CB2 3QG

As an added attraction, on Sunday 9 April, Morning Coffee will be available in the Pentire Hotel.

All Greshamians and their partners are invited. For post-war O.G.s this is a rare opportunity to see where the School was evacuated to during the War and meet those who were there at the time.

Newquay, in April, has relatively few visitors and the area around the Bay Hotel is at its best. Outdoors, the temperature is likely to be higher than in most parts of the country but it can be very windy.

**F.H. King** (F 55 – 61)

# PHILIP NEWELL AWARDS

Philip Newell Bursaries are awarded annually from the Philip Newell Memorial Fund. Bursaries are available to present members of the School and recent leavers. The Bursaries help fund any venture at home or abroad where assistance is given to other people. Those who are awarded Bursaries are asked to write a report on their experiences. This year reports have been received from Rachael Crosland and David Wright.

## EXPERIENCES IN CHILE

Report from Rachael Crosland – 1997 Bursary

Chile is a dynamic country full of contrasting cultures and landscapes. This is in part due to its length which stretches from the Tropic of Capricorn to the Arctic Circle. As I look through my photos and mementos of Chile, some of the obstacles we encountered, projects we achieved and emotions we experienced seem now quite unbelievable.....

After a two day (1500km) bus journey south from Santiago through the snow-capped Andes, past the stunning Patagonian lakes and across barren Argentinean plains we, 89 venturers, reached El Verdin Base Camp in Coyhaique, the town capital of Chile's region XI which houses a population of 40,000. On arrival a four-day intensive training programme began led by 43 volunteer staff which introduced us to radio communications, Southern Hemisphere navigation, the joys of cooking, eating and digesting dehydrated food, First Aid combined with health and hygiene in the field and the various techniques of building bashas – a skill which I had difficulties in perfecting. Initially I would wake up hyperventilating, often half outside the poncho with a soaking wet bivi thinking I was trapped in a bodybag!

Every Raleigh Expedition is divided into three phases with the objective being to highlight each venturer's strengths, to broaden and develop individual skills and to identify and work at improving people's weaker points so that everyone gains from the pooling and sharing of abilities, knowledge and personal interests. The projects, whether they are environmental, adventure or community based, run for three three-week periods incorporating two 'core' venturer groups in each phase. Five people make up one 'core' who are randomly selected and remain together throughout the entire expedition. Therefore at the start of every new assignment each 'family group' meets and learns to work with a fellow 'core group'. Understandably great friendships emerge between venturers who are thrown together in alien and testing environments.

Our first phase community project was to lay the foundations for the construction of a permanent cover over a 304m<sup>2</sup> basketball court at Hoga Santa Teresita, a charity-run refuge home for 50 girls aged between 5 and 18 in Coyhaique, so that they had an all weather recreational area even during Chile's harsh winter. Many of the girls had been abandoned or had suffered physical and/or sexual abuse, yet despite their difficult backgrounds the warmth and friendship which they and the staff shared with us was quite overwhelming; not forgetting too their patience with our feeble attempts to speak Spanish!

Building plans were kept to a schedule despite having to realign half of the foundations after discovering an inconveniently placed manhole cover and constantly having to battle against flooding caused by excessive rain – a characteristic of Chile’s weather system that we soon learnt to live with. Redirecting power from a nearby pylon to generate the cement mixer had, as one would expect, a few minor hitches as did the S. American attitude ‘Manna’, meaning ‘Don’t worry no rush, tomorrow my friend’ which we were continually presented with when hoping to get building materials. Many fun hours were spent on Sunday afternoons playing with the girls, learning their songs with miming being the main means of communication. Similarly the uprooting and reinstallation of the hostel’s chicken hut caused much amusement, especially when we were given the very tough old feathered friends to eat and some of the younger girls enjoyed helping us with general maintenance. During our stay we also involved ourselves with teaching in local schools which led to ‘Gringo’ (Foreigners) versus Chilean football matches, whilst others found it very interesting giving English lessons to the ‘Carabineros’ (police) in the bowels of a South American police headquarters. On the 19th October we took part in the 68th anniversary celebrations of the founding of Coyhaique by giving a presentation on Raleigh’s work throughout the region which encouraged other local venturers to join in.

After work we always found time to relax and rid ourselves of cement dust in our DIY sauna constructed from bamboo and plastic sheeting or soak up Chilean culture in salza bars sipping the lethal concoction of Pisco. One evening we were invited to a string quartet concert and the following day 5 of us took the chance to fly with a mad stunt pilot in his tiny plane over some of the country’s highest mountains and lakes to the San Rafael Glacier. We followed the meandering course of rivers down never ending valleys which eventually splayed out into vast deltas leading onto series of islands before skimming (literally within 10ft) of the glacier. I didn’t think it possible to feel so like a bird! I’m a confirmed adrenaline junkie now. Never did we know what we might be doing next.

Deployment for Phase 2 arrived all too quickly and before long we were aboard the Austall 3, a fishing boat heading south into the Pacific fiords of the Chonos Archipelago where we were to sea-kayak for 21 days covering 180km. As you can imagine trying to pack 14 people’s rations for the duration of the trip on top of personal kit and group equipment (for instance a 10kg radio and water containers) into 6 double and 2 single boats is quite entertaining and calls for an element of spatial awareness and creativity. We had been warned to prioritise our kit, so with a sleeping bag, rollmat, poncho, toothbrush and one change of clothes in case of emergency, we hit the high seas.

If adventure was what we were seeking we found it in its rawest form. Living by the tides we surfed 6ft waves, found places to sleep in leech-infested jungle whilst being serenaded by choruses of frogs and sometimes we bivied on the shore under the watchful eye of the Southern Cross as other stars shot across the clear night sky. While kayaking we saw prides of sea-lions, countless seals and whichever way our eyes wandered they would be met by precipitous, densely forested mountains topped with snow, thundering cascades of water, striking coastlines, wild fuschia bushes and extensive bamboo groves.

This phase really deepened friendships whilst at the same time it revealed many home truths and severely tested both one’s leadership skills and sense of humour. Only a team effort could summon up the energy:

- to kindle a fire to cook supper from drenched wood, when everyone's fingers were so cold they could barely unzip their lifejacket knowing that the final outcome of 'Chicken Italian dehy' would taste exactly the same as Chicken Supreme from the previous night

- to stand knee-deep in Patagonian icy water, due to the rising tide, holding a Die pole antenna balanced on paddles as one last attempt to establish contact with Field Base

- to create somewhere for 14 people to sleep in a rainforest which had turned into a swamp since beaching the boats

All these tasks were part of daily life and our means of survival which therefore had to be done whether we had just kayaked for 5 hours in unceasing, pounding rain, whether we had hardly slept the night before due to being washed out of our bashas at 3am by the ever unpredictable tide or whether we had been soaked to the skin for 16 hours.

The above makes the whole experience seem a living nightmare, but it was far, far from it. By pushing ourselves to both mental and physical limits supported by each other we were able to explore stretches of totally uncharted water in some of the most pristine and remote wildernesses left on the planet and we learnt new skills through trial and error (although capsizing for some became part of everyday life!)

The first two weeks of our adventure were involved in carrying out beach surveys for the Darwin Initiative, an environmental organisation with scientists from the Natural History Museum working in conjunction with those from both Chilean and UK universities. Future expeditions would benefit from this information by being able to camp at suitable spots, accessible only by Avon inflatable boats to research the marine biology in the surrounding waterways. This task completed, we headed off to achieve our final goal, this being to research the San Rafael Glacier. After a short detour to try our hand at fluvial kayaking, we arrived at our destination having to dodge between enormous cobalt blue icebergs, which often towered feet above us, casting peculiar shaped shadows over the water glinting in the evening light before rolling over and separating into smaller chunks – a true adventure!

It was this huge beast of ice (8km by 3km) in the totally uninhabited Laguna San Rafael National Park, ( 1.7 million hectares) that we went on to our third and final phase and continued the 24 hour radio tracking of the Kodkod, an endangered and vulnerable, mainly nocturnal species of cat. This was to compile data on the mammal's behavioural patterns and habitat which are at present little known. This 3 year research programme is another branch of the Darwin Initiative run by Raleigh along with the World Conservation Monitoring Centre and CONAF (the Chilean Forestry and Protected Areas Authority) who manage the park, to help safeguard the cat and the biological resources it depends upon before humans damage the region through tourism.

The two previous venturer groups had monitored two male cats, but during our phase we discovered two females and a third all-black male who was aptly christened 'Oscuro' meaning dark in Spanish. Bated traps were set up to catch the creatures which would then be sedated with a blowpipe, measured, weighed and radio tagged. In order to follow the kodkods each collar would function on its own individual frequency and by analysing and recording frequent fixes, one could ascertain activity patterns. Through triangulating resting spots with compass bearings, territorial boundaries between the cats were also gradually logged. Similarly, by mapping the various vegetation types we

drew up where the kodkods whiled away their time. Some of us took great pride in searching for scats which will enable the dietary preferences of the cat to become clearer, although we weren't sure how British Airways would react to 2 barrels packed with samples labelled BIO-HAZARD!

Camping in the second wettest place in the world (7 metres of rainfall per annum) had its inevitable drawbacks; as one person said, "The weather can be generously described as showery interspersed with torrential downpours!". But clad in our ponchos this did not stop us from taking opportunities to trek up to, and touch and sleep by the world's second fastest moving glacier (advancing up to 14 metres each day) where we were able to watch the sunrise as condors circled overhead and huge cathedrals of ice broke off and fell 150 metres crashing into the icy waters below leaving our ears ringing from the accompanying rumbling, thunderous sounds. We also swam amongst the icebergs, played basketball on the miniature runway in the gathering gloom and rambled along the Pudu Trail – a path tucked into the foot of the mountain where one was surrounded by real 'jungle harmony' – wild orchids, giant rhubarb plants, lichens, mosses, creepers, ferns, humming birds; every shade of green you can imagine. One felt a real intruder. Evenings would often be spent on the beach watching blacknecked swans ducking and diving amongst the purple tinted glacial debris while Mark strummed away on his guitar accompanied by Leon on his harmonica.

On return to Coyhaique 9 weeks later, it was rewarding to see the building project that we had started now completed. We felt that we had really been able to give something back in exchange for our 3 months and having endured some of Chile's inhospitable weather clearly illustrated to us how the shelter would really transform the girls' lives. I hope this gives you a glimpse into expedition life and I thank you for enabling me to spend 12 such memorable, challenging and constructive weeks in a most stunning and diverse country. We were privileged enough to enjoy places as yet untouched by man. I set off with huge expectations but never did I think it possible to accomplish or experience half of what we did in three months. Having come back down to earth with a bump, I constantly check myself saying, "When I was in Chile...." and I'm really looking forward to returning as staff member in 2005!

## EXPERIENCES IN THE PHILIPPINES

Report from David Wright – 1998 Bursary

After a fifteen hour flight from England, I arrived in Manila with two Norwegian girls and a friend from England. We were met by two people from the ship and told that, as the ship had just come out of dry dock, it was not quite ready for us to board. Instead we were driven through the middle of Manila during rush hour. It didn't take long to realise we were far from home!

We were taken to a house called a Covenant House owned by a Philippine pastor which he used as his church as well. We stayed there for one week and had our first set of lectures from Dr Andrew Clarke (a New Zealander and also the ship's doctor) on the father heart of God.

In total there were twenty-nine students like me from nine different countries with four staff looking after us.

The traffic was again incredible on the journey through Manila to the ship. At one point the driver of the bus we were in nearly attacked another driver with a steel pole which he keeps for such occasions! We all quickly prayed and he seemed to calm down.

We finally arrived at Pier 15 where the ship was docked and parked right next to a huge hole at the end of the pier. We started to unload the bus when one of the crew from the ship ran out and told the driver to move the bus. Apparently the whole pier was unstable and heavy loads like our bus could break through! This was meant to be the best pier in Manila harbour – the Presidential ship was even docked next to us. None of us wanted to think about the quality of the other piers!

During the afternoons on weekdays we all had jobs which changed after six weeks. My job, along with three others, for the first six weeks was housekeeping. This meant cleaning all the passageways, bathrooms, loos and washing hand towels and bath mats. As the ship was very dirty from being in dry dock, this was an interesting experience! The ship was due to leave for Mindanao (a big island in the south) on 10th April. We would have our last two weeks of lectures there and then begin the outreach. We would be split into three groups for outreach:

- Medical: staying on board the ship and helping the doctors/nurses and entertaining the patients.

- Evangelism: also staying on board the boat but going out during the day to churches and speaking on the streets.

- Commando: usually meant the team went off to the more remote villages inland (hence the name) but this time they would be flying back to Manila to care for the children there.

As we needed to prepare for the outreach we all chose which team we wanted to be in. After asking God to show me what team he wanted me to be in, I looked over the side of the ship and saw groups of fish swimming by. So I prayed and asked God to send eight fish for the Med. team, nine fish for the Evan. Team and ten fish for the Com. Team. Straight-away ten fish swam by closely followed by another ten fish! I had an amazing time there and I am so grateful for the donation you gave me....



# MARRIAGES AND ENGAGEMENTS

**Amanda Atherton** has married Andrew Joly.

**Stephen Arbuthnot** has married Charlotte King.

**Duncan Bruce Lockhart** has married Antonia Patrick.

**Timothy Child** has married Pervaneh Pery.

**Helen Faulkner** has married Charlie Ward.

**Frances Gillam** has married Keith Rimes.

**Stephen Hinde** has married Janice Baker.

**Annabel Leach** has married Richard Keeley

**Nicola Marks** has married James Arnold.

**Josephine Peppitt** has married Charles Pertwee.

**James Pike** has married Lucy Axtell.

**Samantha Soppitt** has married Robin Walker.

**Nigel Stangroom** has married Victoria Elphick.

**David Rich** and **Miranda Marshall** have become engaged.

# HONOURS AND DISTINCTIONS

**Richard Brown** ( H 67 – 71) has been awarded the Queen’s Commendation for Valuable Service (QCVS) for his work as a civil affairs officer with the Army, revitalising industry and infrastructure in Bosnia-Herzegovina.

**James Dyson** C.B.E. (k & OSH 56 – 65) has been appointed Chairman of the Design Museum.

**Dr R. Edgar Hope-Simpson** (c & W 20 – 25) has received a special award from the Varicella-Zoster Virus Research Foundation for his work over many years, researching into the nature of shingles. His team’s work is recognised as fundamental to the modern understanding of the illness.

**Christopher Howes** (W 55 – 59) has been awarded a Knighthood for his work as Chief Executive of the Crown Estates.

# HEADMASTER'S SPEECH

JULY 1999

Chairman, Honoured Guest, Prime Warden, Governors, Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen. Welcome to you all. I welcome specially today James Dyson as our honoured guest and his wife Deirdre. James kindly visited us 3 years ago and spoke to the 6th form inspiring them with entrepreneurial thoughts and with the fascination and excitement of creative design. He also gave away one of vacuum cleaners to a boy who was able to tell him what 2 letters in a slightly risqué catch phrase from one of his adverts stood for. His marketing has always been outstanding as has been his design genius, but what also emerges is his courage in fighting ideas through to the production stage. Another person in the same mould, whom sadly we lost in early June, was Christopher Cockerell who had to fight huge opposition to get his wonderful hovercraft invention funded and into production. Interestingly he used a vacuum motor in his initial design. I wonder which of you pupils will be the next generation's leading designer/inventor. I hope it will be one of you as you have a great tradition to follow.....But enough of that as our Chairman, Antony Butterwick, will be introducing James shortly.

Our Chairman is another person I am not allowed to say much about because our Chairman-elect, David Young, will shortly be speaking about Antony Butterwick and his enormous contribution to Gresham's. But I must be allowed a brief word to say a deeply felt thank-you for his 7 years of Chairmanship and many, many years of governing, 20 in fact. He has a great skill of seeing to the nub of a problem and cutting away the woffly areas; and that has been invaluable in the management of the School and change within it. He has also given a huge amount of his time to Gresham's – totally unpaid time.

As I said, I musn't pre-empt David Young but on behalf of all at Gresham's, staff, pupils and parents, my deepest thanks to him and especially for supporting our various projects – even if occasionally requiring a nudge enroute – and for attracting considerable funds towards them, be they astro-turf pitches or theatres.

I move on now to my general report. I will try to keep this short but so many people in so many areas have been successful. ...

First of all the academic. At A-level all records were broken with a remarkable 63.4% of A & B grades and 10 Oxbridge candidates achieving their set grades, though one electing to go elsewhere, and 22 achieving 3 A grades or more, also a record. The graph has risen annually. There must be a dip soon, but I hope not this year.

At GCSE our pass rate of 95.3% was the highest ever achieved, with a significant increase in \*A grades from 12% to 20%. Well done all those candidates and the staff who led them to those results. There is such pressure, understandably, to improve results, and for pupils to gain good university places, that there is a danger we stop thinking, observing and wondering. I am sure James Dyson will have something to say on that and we must all strive to keep our perspective and vision – something this School has in the past been remarkable in achieving.

In the formal recreational areas the School has continued to be extremely successful. Unbeaten girls' 1st teams in hockey and netball, unbeaten boys' hockey and an outstanding tour in Australia last summer for boys and girls senior teams – not to mention Robert Fulford's selection for the U18's England side, which won the Eight

European Nations Championship and now selection with Paddy Aldridge for the U21 squad. Also Charlie Mack and Tom Farrow selected for the U16 England Hockey squad. We have incidentally, appointed an outstanding additional rugby coach for September and two other specialist rugby coaches and Quorn Handley to be an assistant to coach all 3 main boys' games. The sailing team, as usual, is undefeated beating all East Anglian schools and other strong more distant teams, such as Haileybury, Kimbolton and Oundle. Our shooting remains miraculous, with 3 Athelings last year representing Great Britain in Canada and 2 out of 18 – this year. Matthew Wilson won the Times 300 metres Open Competition at Bisley and the Gresham's team won the Anstey Trophy and Gary Jones Competition and recently the RAF CCF section won the Assegai Trophy. Our A team has won the British Schools Small Bore British Competition for the last 8 terms running. Martina Smekal is Ladies Junior Small Bore British Champion – and numerous other National awards have been won. Congratulations to Nigel Ball and Guy Bartle, the coaches. We sent 9 athletes, boys and girls, to represent Norfolk in the County Athletics; eight of them won their events, and two, Charles Ryland and Jamie Hunt, are now through to the National Schools finals.

Our 1st Cricket XI lost only one match and won 7 and its excellent Captain, Ali Horsley, has been selected to play for the English U19 side versus Combined Services on the 15th July. Our U14 A side has achieved 7 wins and 1 draw, probably a record for the School, and much good cricket was played elsewhere. Our swimmers beside doing well and defeating several larger schools also, helped by swimmers from the Prep and Pre-Prep, raised £3,900 for the British Heart Foundation. Girls' Tennis achieved clean sweeps of victories against our main local opposition, Framlingham and Felsted, and a clean sweep against all but one age group versus Oundle.

The Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme continues to be outstandingly run and once again we have over 20 Gold Award achievers. Our CCF too continues to attract the highest praise from all visiting Senior Officers, as it has done for many, many years under the outstanding overall management of Richard Copas, who at the end of this term, after 17 years in command, hands over those reins to Richard Peaver. To sum up those years of service, a brief paragraph is totally inadequate, but I nonetheless have attempted so to do. The Music, Art and Drama also go from strength to strength. Five members of the School are members of the National Youth Choir, and the performances of the Choir, Chamber Choir and Crickets, and the various Jazz bands in School and outside, often raising funds for charities and local churches, have been superb and bring huge credit to the School. My thanks to Mark Jones, Miranda Francis and Rosemary Kimmins, but also to Simon Poppy and Edward Twohig on sustaining and improving an already very, very high standard of Art. Paul Hands, Mo Booth, assisted by John Smart and Nigel Flower have likewise developed and improved our drama, and at the same time with the considerable help of Alison Dean, our Theatre technician, and Mark Jones and his subscription concerts and home grown concerts, have brought to our new Theatre a life and vitality I did not dare hope would arrive so soon. That was seen perhaps especially clearly in Chorus Line last term, and indeed last night in the very moving production, by John Smart, of Twelfth Night.

There have been 26 performances this term alone – our own and outside productions – nearly one every other day, and the citizens of the area are responding fast to this new and splendid facility, the Auden Theatre. My special thanks to Paul Hands for a tremendously energetic promotion of the new Theatre.

The Theatre really has been a joy although inevitably it produces more work for the maintenance staff. The number of functions, theatrical and otherwise grows and grows, but all are managed with great skill by the Bursar and his staff with Dave Olby, Domestic Manager with David Gamble, Maintenance Manager, and Mike Strong, Catering Manager, playing outstanding parts. The grounds continually attract comment for their immaculate state. One other area I often neglect to mention is Careers, where Patrick Cooper works away tirelessly with help from Jane Gomm, running the Oasis aptitude test programme, the Careers Convention in December, University Introductory Course in April with Tony Higgins, Chief Executive of UCAS, our chief speaker, The Challenge of Industry conference for Lower 6th, plus numerous visits arranged for pupils to universities, three in the last two weeks of term. And that is just the tip of the iceberg – but my eternal thanks to him.

Independent education is flourishing though we genuinely wish that State education will steadily develop and improve. Attacking what is already good never helps improve what is less good; and I was especially sad that the Assisted Places Scheme should be abolished thus removing the opportunity for pupils from less wealthy families to enjoy what we believe is an excellent form of education, though always improvable.

Our new members of staff, Catherine Spry (Modern Languages), Julia Dovey (Special Needs), Ian Walker (IT technician) and Belinda Fisher (Librarian), have all acquitted themselves extremely well and are contributing much to the School. We are delighted that Catherine Spry has just come through a difficult operation with great courage and a clean bill of health. Fiona Gathercole and Adam Edwards, our new Housemistress and Housemaster, have also done exceptionally well in their first year of official house managing.

Earlier in the year, we said a sad goodbye to Barbara Jones who has been a huge help on a part-time basis in the Special Needs department, also helping with Oxbridge Law candidates. We also say goodbye this term to Kevin Slingsby who has taught Maths and IT throughout the School, coming in to cover our huge Upper 6th. He moves to Harrogate Ladies College as Head of IT. We are most grateful to him for his hard work, and indeed his help in areas such as the School Magazine. Marie-Pierre Chaumont, French Assistant for 3 years, has been appointed to Garth Hill School in Berkshire and leaves us this term. Helen Jones, our laboratory technician, has qualified as a teacher through the Open University PGCE Scheme run at Gresham's, as did Marie-Pierre, and moves to a full-time teaching role in the Biology department at Caistor Grammar School. Our thanks to her also for her help on the Duke of Edinburgh expeditions, as a tutor. Sue Ellis, our Chemistry technician, also leaves us to be with her family after excellent service over 3 years. Mona Booth and Miranda Francis, Assistant Director of Drama & Music respectively, are also very sadly both moving on. Mona moves to be Community Programme Director at a large Salvation Army Youth and Community Centre in Worthing. We shall miss her energy and excellent teaching of Drama, contributing much to the success of Drama and the Auden Theatre.

Miranda has been with us for 7 years, and is moving to the Purcell School of Music as mainstream Music teacher and Assistant Jazz Co-ordinator. She has played a vital role in the revitalising of music at Gresham's. Firstly with Angela Dugdale and then with Mark Jones, she has formed two outstanding partnerships where her special skills have

developed numerous Jazz Bands, some excellent Concert Bands, not to mention inspired teaching at A-level and GCSE. She has also been infectiously cheerful – a great virtue in a busy school. We also said a tearful goodbye to Helen Wells, née Haines, when she left to give birth to delicious baby Hugh. Helen has joined her husband Mark who teaches Physics at Oundle. She was an outstanding Assistant Head of English and we all miss her scholarship, high standards, culture and highly effective and inspired teaching. We still see quite a lot of her and I hope Mark will continue to allow her frequent forays to Norfolk, and come with her too. We are very pleased she visits us, as we miss her very much indeed.

Someone else who retired from the School during this academic year is Henry Jones, former Deputy Chairman of Governors, and tremendously hard working loyal and supportive Governor throughout his many years' service to the School. He ran one Appeal most successfully and more or less single-handedly achieved a huge amount for what is, of course, his old School. His good sense and no-nonsense approach will be much missed, and we are very glad to have Henry and Hazel here today.

We have had sadness this year especially with the cruel accident to Clair Pollard, daughter of Lynn Betts and step-daughter of the Bursar. Our sympathy and prayers to Clair, Lynn and Roger Betts. Two other pupils seriously injured in cars recently are Rachel Dawson-Smith, who was with Clair Pollard, and Mark Allen, currently in our Upper 6th, who are both recovering steadily after surgery. So too go our sympathy for her family and our prayers for Polly Hardy who died 2 week ago from cancer. She was a wonderful artist when she was at Gresham's from 1991 to 95 and was the first winner of the Powrie Art Prize.

To cheer us up, in addition to Helen Wells's baby Hugh, Victoria Jones also produced a baby boy, Charles. She continued teaching more or less until contractions began on the last day of the Easter term, returning three and a half weeks later after the Easter holiday to continue with her A-level set – true dedication, but, sadly, Victoria is leaving us at the end of term while her two children grow up. Helen and Victoria will make, and indeed do make, splendid mothers.

In addition to the 2 births, 6 staff marriages are due to take place, or have just taken place: Mona Booth and James Theodosius; Simon Worrall and Lucy Youngs, Steve Fields and Kate Boon, and Francis Retter and Sophie Ellis, Liz Millett and Richard Channer, David Beaney and Jo Emeny – I think Chartwells are putting something in the Water! Incidentally, the food remains outstanding and do see the amazing ice sculpture in the marquee.

Some of the Lower 6th took part in an excellent Maintained/Independent Schools Combined Conference at Sidney Sussex, Cambridge, at the beginning of the Easter holidays. Cambridge lecturers combined with Sue Smart and Norman Dovey and teachers from 3 Maintained schools led approximately 70 pupils towards intellectual research and discovery in Economics, History, Geography and Philosophy. We will repeat the experiment next year.

Next year we also have to face the DFEE initiatives in 16-19 education. An entirely new A/S level and A-level scheme with all-new syllabuses, now called specifications, comes into force in September 2000. Rather typically we will not receive all those new specifications until November, so a logical start date would have been 2001, not 2000. Nonetheless we welcome the increased breadth of study encouraged by a system that is likely to involve 6th formers in the study of 4 A/S levels (each one half an A-level

in theory) in their Lower 6th year, followed by 3 A-levels (A2s) in their Upper 6th year. We hope, rather than simply increasing everyone's work load by 1/3rd, that the specifications will be slightly reduced for A/S level so that we can allocate 7 lessons to each of the 4 A/S levels instead of the present 8, and then 9 to the 3 A2s. This will increase the number of lessons taught in examined subjects each week by only 4 and 3, respectively, in the two 6th form years. Anyway, we will keep you posted!

We were inspected by the Social Services during this academic year and we received a good report, but I was especially pleased by their comment: "The Homes Officers were impressed with the good behaviour and courtesy of pupils. In particular the attitude and awareness of prefects was a credit to them and the School". That was nice to read and my congratulations, or rather thanks to all the pupils for their courtesy and particularly their enthusiasm; and my special thanks to the Prefects and School Prefects for doing an excellent job this year guided most effectively by Tom Shelton, Head of School, and Jamie Waters, deputy Head of School, both outstanding in their roles.

It is a huge Upper 6th this year – 128 of them – and we wish them all success next year. Incidentally, we have an equally huge entry to our 3rd form, thanks particularly to our own wonderful Prep-School and to the local Prep-schools, especially Taverham, Town Close and Beeston. Numbers in the School will go up a little next term, but only a little I promise.

My thanks to all you parents for your support and helpfulness. Many of you I know struggle to pay the fees, which are – for all the good it does to tell you – significantly lower than the fees at Oundle, Uppingham and Felsted, but thank you for all your loyalty and encouragement.

My thanks, as ever, to the teaching staff who work incredibly hard – and to all the dedicated support staff.

My thanks too to the Governors and the Fishmongers' Company for their continued interest and support, especially to the Clerk to the Governors and Fishmongers' Company, Keith Waters, and, of course, especially to Antony Butterwick.

I hope you all have a splendid summer break when it comes. I now hand over to David Young who takes over after today as Chairman of Governors from Antony Butterwick.

# SPEECH OF THE CHAIRMAN-ELECT

Prime Warden, Chairman, Headmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen, Greshamians,

As the Headmaster has explained, I have been invited to succeed Antony Butterwick, as Chairman of Governors. It is a tremendous honour and privilege and I can only say I will do my very best to help this great School maintain its traditions as well as continue to satisfy the changing demands of parents and pupils. Chairman, you leave your post at a time when the School and the Prep School have never been stronger. You are handing over to me a success story that, with the commitment of the Headmaster and his staff coupled I am sure with the co-operation of pupils, is a success story that can and will continue. Antony Butterwick has been a Governor for almost twenty years and Chairman for the past seven years and it is interesting, I think, to look back at how the School has changed and developed while he has been a Governor. The indoor sports hall, the Cairns Centre next door, Scruff Shacks and Dave's Diner, Edinburgh House, Britten House and more recently the Auden Theatre, to say nothing of the Astroturf pitches. Can you imagine this School with none of these features and yet in the 1970s none of them existed and Gresham's was quite well thought of and it just emphasises how as a School we have to adapt and change in line with the demands and expectations of those who pay the fees and yet there has to be a balance and there has to be judgement as to what can be changed, what can be afforded and when, and this is clearly the responsibility of the Governors and we have been extremely lucky to have been led by a Chairman these past few years who can both listen well and judge well.

For me the high point of Antony Butterwick's Chairmanship was actually at the Prep School Speech Day in 1995 and I have worked out that a good many of you must have been at that Speech Day, when Antony gave us that marvellous rendition of the Hippopotamus poem before we all sang under Ian Wallace's direction 'Mud, Mud, Glorious Mud.' I fear the Chairman may not have prepared himself for a repeat today but who knows?

Chairman, thank you very much for all you have done for Gresham's, for regularly driving 250 miles to attend School functions, for playing golf against the OGs but never in the winning team, though I can tell you the good news that the Governors did halve on Thursday for the first time so we are moving in the right direction, but also for encouraging invitations to the Gresham's choirs in London and on the Governing body for balancing humour with discipline in your handling as Chairman. The School owes you a great debt, which can only be repaid by our continuing to deliver to universities and elsewhere pupils full of enthusiasm, courteous and committed. Chairman, I know we will do our best.

Now before standing down the Chairman has kindly agreed to introduce our Guest Speaker and so for the last time, at least as Chairman, here is Antony Butterwick.

# THE CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH

Prime Warden, Headmaster, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen and Pupils of the School,

I promise you I am not going to speak for very long because you have come here to listen to James Dyson, and it is pretty hot in here, but I hope I may just be permitted to say a few words of farewell. I am terribly grateful to David Young for what he has just said and, of course, it is totally undeserved. My task over the last seven years or so has been incredibly easy and most enjoyable and I feel most privileged to have been Chairman of this wonderful School. There have been virtually no major dramas in the School and the School has continued to grow in reputation within the private sector. Of that there is no doubt whatever. A levels and GCSE results have improved year after year and all their activities which we see around the School flourish. The place looks wonderful and although young people are never satisfied I believe the standard of food is very high and nutritious and, just as important to me, the good manners and general behaviour of the pupils are outstanding.

My sincere thanks therefore (and there is a lot of thanking going on at the moment) must go to all the teaching staff and the non-teaching staff for a job really well done. My thanks to the parents for your support and confidence in sending your children, often with considerable hardship. My thanks to all the pupils, for your conduct, for your success and for your contribution to the School's well-being, and finally, my thanks to my fellow Governors for their support. They are an outstanding group. But I suppose there has to be one person above all others to whom I will express my warmest thanks and that, of course, is the Headmaster. I suspect that if the working relationship between a Headmaster and the Chairman of Governors is not good you are in for difficulties. As far as I am concerned it has been a real joy to work with the Headmaster here and I thank him publicly and most warmly for his wonderful support and making my task so easy. But I cannot leave my thank-yous without including his wonderful wife Jean, who has put up with me, at times without notice, at Lockhart House. I think, actually, the Headmaster quite enjoys my staying because he gets a good cooked breakfast. My good wishes to my successor who will I know do a wonderful job.

Now, over the last few years I have introduced speakers from various backgrounds and professions. Last year it was John Tusa, the Director General of the Barbican. Before that it was Alan Britten, Benjamin's nephew, Philip Dowson, the President of the Royal Academy, Lady Soames, Winston Churchill's daughter, Janet Suzman, the well-known Shakespearean actress, and Peter de la Billière who led our troupes in the Gulf War. Now it is the time of James Dyson, essentially an inventor of whom this School is proud and our third Old Greshamian in four years.

Now I am sure you all know, particularly after this morning's concert, that James Dyson is the inventor/designer of the revolutionary vacuum cleaner with huge sales all over the world. In an industry where the term 'latest technology' usually implies nothing more than re-styling or a new colour, his creation has taken the market by storm. The early part of his adult life was depressingly similar to those of many other inventors and designers – overdrafts of titanic proportions, little or no government or bank support,



rejection by the big companies and several moments of personal crisis. But, driven on by the desire to create something functional and beautiful, he went from designing sea transporters to garden rollers and wheel-barrows before striking gold with the dual cyclone. He took his invention to the big boys who can only now reflect on the 'one that got away'.

His early life was spent around this School as his father was a Master here. I am told that he was always creative and with a friend, when aged 9, he wrote a play called 'The Great Escape'. I fear it didn't reach the West End! He took up the bassoon and became pretty accomplished but I suppose it was his enthusiasm and skill at cross country running which was most marked. I understand one ambition he failed in was to break the mile record, then held by one Peter Corran, a recently retired Director of Studies from this School. The record then stood at 4m 27s. I wonder if there was a mile race today what would it be? It is strange to think that Peter Corran and I were at the same college at the same time at Oxford and ran against one another there. Just shows how old he is now!

James got involved with drama and created sets for plays but I don't think that the powers that be at the School at that time saw him as the genuine entrepreneur and creative innovative designer that he is. The Headmaster at the time wrote to his mother: "We shall be sorry to part with James. I cannot believe that he is not quite intelligent and I expect it will be brought out somehow, somewhere". The understatement of all times.

I hope, James, you will enjoy your visit here again and thank you very much for coming.

# JAMES DYSON'S SPEECH

Chairman, or should I say Chairmen, Headmaster, Parents, Teachers, Young Women and Young Men: Headmaster, it was very kind of you to think of asking me and it is great to see Gresham's being so enterprising and successful and over the last few days I have been sent some charming letters by some of my old teachers with recollections of my time at School and of my family. I promise not to reminisce – but I can claim to be a son of Gresham's.

I was born in East Grove, a Victorian house next to Woodlands, and lived there till I was 16. I was even christened in the School Chapel. My father was the classics master until he died in 1956 – the year I started here. Later on my mother also taught here. In the holidays, I, my brother and sister, the Bruce Lockharts, the Colombés and the Williams roamed the school grounds and woods, swam in the pool, played tennis, squash, games on the fields and spent days on Blakeney Point. During term I ran twice a day, enjoyed games, played the bassoon in the orchestra and chamber groups, acted in every play – when last in the theatre, I was Trinculo and Tim Ewart (of ITN news) was Caliban. Every night we jumped into the pond before going on stage to add authenticity and aroma. And I painted. In fact I'd do anything to avoid the real business of work.

The point I am making, by reminiscing, is that nothing in my life at Gresham's, and no one in my family, had any apparent bearing on what I did after I left Gresham's. Clearly I should have read science and engineering. Although I felt I had failed Gresham's by not wanting to be academically successful, Gresham's had succeeded in giving me a burning desire to be creative. It's good at that; think of Cockerell, Britten, Auden , Reith. Which brings me to you.

You are right at the start of your careers and there are endless possibilities for what you can do. Your education, although it does teach you the right way to do things, can only teach you what has worked. But your imagination and the will to make things happen can determine what will work in the future. Knowledge gives you the power to understand how something works and see how it might be re-invented and changed for the better. You have the advantage of being young and unencumbered by the preconceptions that age and experience bring. You can use that freedom to make a difference: by being creative and by being courageous.

Some of you may be engineers and manufacturers in the future. Some of you may be leaders of industry. So you should be aware how important you are to this country. You have a chance to change things – to make Britain the creative force that it once was. In the mid-nineteenth century, at the height of the industrial revolution, Britain had a choice. It could develop its engineering strength being pioneered by great engineers like Brunel and Stevenson. Or it could continue to act like pirates and exploit and run its empire. Of course, it chose the latter, easier option. In the meantime the United States, Germany and other western nations concentrated their energy and intelligence on developing industry.

So, an anti-industrial culture pervaded Britain – in schools and universities as well as in the new middle-class. A good education, we were told, meant that you could enter the Foreign Office, become a doctor, an accountant or a professional. About as far away as you can get from being creative and making things with your own hands.

Curiously there is a sort of inverse snobbery against making things. So much so that now people are actually proud of being unable to fix rawl plugs or do anything practical.

And what is the result of this? At the end of this century, Britain no longer makes its own cars, planes or televisions.

This has a knock-on effect in other areas. New Labour has started to wonder why Britain has fewer budding entrepreneurs than the USA. The answer is partly that our society has shunned industry, preferring and admiring shops. People say, "I get my food from Waitrose" – as though Waitrose, as opposed to hardworking farmers and food manufacturers, has made the food. To make matters worse successive Governors of the Bank of England have seen inflation as the enemy, and high interest rates as the only way to control inflation. Manufacturers could not afford to borrow and invest. The result is years of industrial decline and very few entrepreneurs.

Entrepreneurs need to borrow. In the 1970s I had to borrow to start a business, only to see interest rates hit 24%. Margaret Thatcher thought people shouldn't borrow. Ours has not been risk-taking culture in which borrowing can be predictable or safe. 4% is the maximum we should pay for money.

To have our creativity and energy stifled by the narrow policy guidelines of the Bank of England is foolish. The banks and money suppliers are and should be services to industry. It is industry, creativity and what we make that are important. Some people may be short-sighted enough to believe that because manufacturing is only a fifth of the economy it shouldn't be regarded as a special case. But we should never forget that it is the engine-room for the other four-fifths of the economy.

Even inflation is unimportant, or at least it's only a small concern, if we are making things we can sell. Because Japan makes products the world wants it will emerge from its crisis. Tellingly, Japanese companies pay only 1% for money. And cash on deposit earns only ½%. In Japan manufacturing is recognised as the generator of wealth, and manufacturing is respected as a result. Is that so true here?

As I have explained the British look down their noses at people who make things. Over the past 30 years manufacturing has declined from 35% of the economy down to 20%. The number of applicants for engineering degrees is down 30% year on year whilst 55% of all graduates want to choose the media as a career. Nothing wrong with that. Media and advertising are very good as selling themselves as the creative industries (but they are only creative in the sense that they create nothing out of nothing). Unfortunately, media hype draws the most talented and imaginative individuals into these high-profile jobs. But in my view they are a service built on the back of industry, and it is industry that creates and makes real things. I believe we need to redirect the nation's creative and talented people into the core task of creating and developing products that the world wants. Forget the ads.

Britain is a small country with a relatively small domestic market. It has no economy of scale. Cost of manufacture is high. It can never hope to compete in a global market on price alone. The Koreans copy fast and sell cheaply. The alternative is clear. If we want to create a competitive economy we must make better products for which people are willing to pay a little extra.

To do this, however, Britain must be more creative than Japan, the USA, China and Korea, making better-performing products that sell at a premium. This means investing

much more in research and development than our competitors. But the reality is that we aren't doing this. The world-wide increase in 1997 on spending on R & D was 10%. The US – the world's most important R & D country – witnessed a 17% increase. The UK only managed 5%. Britain is now 27th in the world league of net growth spenders on research and development, lagging behind countries like Eire and Spain.

All of this will require a quantum change in our national attitudes. We have to inspire a passion for making things, and an habitual curiosity about how they might be made to work better. We have to create a culture that is not afraid to take the risk of trying something really new.

I've come across so many people trying to shoot down new ideas. Accountants will be armed with conclusive figures. Marketing people will show why it will not sell. Bankers will point to the risks. But, as Erica Jong said, "By not risking anything, you risk even more." John Lewis and other retailers told me that a vacuum cleaner with a clear bin would never catch on – "Who on earth wants to see the dirt!" they said. But sometimes imagination is more important than knowledge.

I am pleading with Gordon Brown to create incentives for research and development spending so we can put creativity back into industry. We should be looking to long-term growth, instead of chasing the short-term gains in share prices that can be won from spending money on advertising. We need to inspire and empower scientists and engineers to develop new technology to solve problems. We need to excite passion in manufacturers so that they develop products they love with sensitivity to the market – think of William Lyons at Jaguar in the fifties or Peter Wheeler at TVR today.

The Americans have achieved this passion and ambition by setting up prestigious and well-funded institutions such as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Currently, there are more than 4,000 companies that have been founded by the graduates and faculty of the MIT. And as a result of the culture of innovation bred into their founders at the MIT, these companies are hugely successful. If they formed an independent nation, the revenues produced by these companies would make them the 24th largest economy in the world. If only we had a generation of engineers and business people motivated like this – just think of the contribution that they could make to Britain.

Vacuum cleaners were unchanged in the 90 years since Hoover and Electrolux first began to make domestic cleaners. There was no significant British manufacturer. They had no need for change, for innovation – they had the market under control. I started a business that had to use technology and design innovation in order to challenge them and compete. The result of Dyson's dedication to using and developing new technology is that we now hold 35% of the market by volume and, more significantly, 55% by value, and we have the largest European market share.

I did it in a moribund area of industry. Germany, Italy and South East Asia predominate. But I hope my case shows that opportunity can exist anywhere. You don't have to flock to biotechnology or digital TV. Don't give up on manufacturing in favour of service industries and the media. At Dyson we have 1500 young people, 300 of them engineers and scientists, creating and developing new technology products. None of them ever wears a tie or suit – some appear in shorts. About as far removed from industry as you might imagine. Yet we are the fastest growing manufacturing company in Britain.

The MIT recently did a study on the resurgence of industries that had previously been in decline in the US (in Britain they have simply died out). Interestingly the report

says, 'in an uncertain and volatile world, imagination and flexibility are the best tools for prosperity'.

What I think is clear is that we can no longer rely on being more efficient than other countries. In the 18th century Britain – or rather Harrison – developed a sophisticated time-piece that enabled ships to navigate safely and accurately around the world. It's a classic example of how government-funded R & D investment can spawn a new industry. In this case it led to Britain's century-long domination of world shipping and trade. Not to mention its empire. We can use this same advantage again by building a body of intellectual property that would give us the means to make better products. But we need confidence, and hope. As Daniel Goleman in his ground-breaking book 'Emotional Intelligence' writes, "People with high levels of hope bear certain traits: being able to motivate themselves; reassuring themselves when in a tight spot that things will get better; being flexible enough to find different ways to get their goals... and having the sense to break down a formidable task into smaller pieces".

The future of Britain's industry and wealth lies in your hands. Please change our ways. Make it a creative industry, an intelligent industry that cares passionately about the products it makes and the people who use them. As Oscar Wilde so shrewdly said, "By having good designs, you have workmen who work, not merely with their hands, but with their hearts and heads too; otherwise you will merely get the fool or the loafer to work for you".

Creativity is an economically and socially cohesive force. The act of creativity brings people together with a sense of mission and purpose. Creativity allows them to express their individuality and imagination. So don't be afraid to be different. Remember, only dead fish go with the river.

# GRESHAM'S AND FREEMASONRY

Many Old Greshamian's may not be aware of the existence of the Old Greshamian Lodge of Freemasons. A number of O.G.s and members of the staff founded the Old Greshamian Lodge on the 5th January 1939. It is not a breakaway group from the O.G. Club but rather an extension to it and provides a convenient and enjoyable way for members to cross the 'generation gaps' of the O.G.s and staff members. Several notable O.G.s and members of staff have been members of the Lodge including B.W.F. Armitage, H.K. Bagnall-Oakeley, G.A. Whipple, J. Saltmarsh, S.B. Dodman, R.J.W. Struthers, M.E.Zillessen, J.L. Marden, B. Robarts, W.M. Smale, Maj Gen. A.H.J. Snelling, A.B. Douglas, B.W. Sankey, and E. Dyson. The current membership is fifty and spans the years from those who left Gresham's in 1923 to those who left in 1998. Each year three meetings are held in London and one meeting at Holt (to coincide with Howson's Commemoration in June). After each meeting, the members dine together.

The O G Lodge is a member of the Public Schools' Lodges Council, which makes it part of an 'extended family' of 32 of the most renowned Public Schools in the country which meet in London. A member of the O G Lodge is the current Chairman of the Public Schools' Lodges Council. Each year, usually in June, a festival is hosted by one of the member schools. Last year Oundle hosted the event, this year Harrow were the hosts, and next year it will be held at Tonbridge and every year is booked up to 2024! The O G Lodge hosted the festival in 1964 and 1969. The festivals are a very enjoyable social event where masons and their wives, friends and non-Masonic guests gather for the day to meet. The day includes a chapel service, lunch and tour of the school. It is the custom for the pupils of the school to be involved by providing entertainment for the guests.

What is Freemasonry?

Freemasonry offers its members an approach to life, which seeks to reinforce thoughtfulness for others, kindness in the community, honesty in business, courtesy in society, and fairness in all things. Members are urged to regard the interests of the family as paramount but importantly Freemasonry also teaches and practises concern for people, care for the less fortunate and help for those in need.

Freemasonry is not a religion and it is definitely not a political organisation. The discussion of religion and/or politics is not permitted at its meetings. Membership is open to men of all faiths who are law-abiding, of good character and who acknowledge a belief in God. Freemasonry is a multi-cultural organisation. There is similar Masonic organisations for women.

If you are interested in learning about membership of the O G Lodge 9 (it is not necessary to wait to be invited) the first step is to contact the Secretary of the Lodge. He will arrange for further details to be sent to you and a meeting to be fixed to answer your questions if necessary.

Sam Mayo

I should be happy to forward any letters to the Secretary. - The Editor.

# 50 YEARS OF THE SCOTT TRUST

A Recollection by Richard Scott (28-32)

My father Ted, who had succeeded C.P. Scott as editor of the Manchester Guardian some three years earlier, drove me up to Lake Windermere in April 1932 for a short holiday following a minor heart attack he had recently suffered. While he was driving, my father talked to me seriously about the paper for the first time. I was 17. CPS had recently died. The Inland Revenue believed that a case could be made out for subjecting to death duties CP Scott's share (along with his two sons) in the ownership of the paper. This was a very serious matter. Neither CP Scott nor his sons Ted and John had ever taken out of the paper more than their fairly modest salaries. They were not by any means rich men. And payment of such death duties by the paper itself would have had a fairly crippling effect on it.

In the end the Inland Revenue accepted that death duties were not impossible since CPS was only a minority shareholder. But my father concluded: "If something should happen to John or me, God knows what would happen to the paper." And alas, something did indeed happen to him only a few hours later. He was drowned.

Shortly after we reached Windermere late that morning we went out in the small yacht my father had been encouraged to buy by his friend Arthur Ransome, but which he, and still less I, had no great experience of sailing. It was a typical April day on Windermere – a little sun, skidding clouds, but dry. After an hour or so I took over the tiller from my father. I recall two crows flying slowly, low, over the boat. And then there was a sudden violent gust of wind which seized the sail and swept the boat over. I managed to scramble on to the upturned keel and my father told me to stay there while he swam towards the shore, about 100 yards away. I scoured the shoreline for a sign of people and when I looked back to where my father had been swimming there was nothing. He had gone. And so I started calling for help.

Shortly afterwards a man appeared in a rowing boat. I pointed to where I had last seen my father and shouted: "A man has just gone down there". As starkly unemotional as that. And then I was taken ashore to the man's cottage where I took off my soaking clothes and was wrapped in something warm and left to sit before the fire while the man and his wife went back to the lake.

I suppose I must have been in something of a state of shock but it still appals me to recall – as I still do vividly 67 years later – that my overriding concern at that moment was to comport myself in a manner that would appear appropriate to the situation. I felt stunned, but without emotion, I looked at what had happened and what was happening almost as an outsider. And I considered what someone should do who had just seen his father drown. Well, of course, he should show grief and concern. So I got up and wandered towards the lake in my blanket.

My father's death left my uncle John as sole owner of the Manchester Guardian. The two brothers had agreed that in the event of either one dying the survivor should acquire his shares in the paper at more or less nominal price. And my father's death certainly seriously reduced our family finances. (My uncle John in fact paid for my Cambridge education.)

It was very clear to John Scott that, as things stood, with himself as sole owner of the paper, there would be no question but that the Inland Revenue would claim the full value of the Manchester Guardian, and the recently acquired Manchester Evening News, should be included in his estate subject to death duties. It took John Scott until 1936 to come up with what he was advised was the best solution to his problem.

He decided to renounce all financial benefit in the company for himself and his family by transferring all the ordinary shares in the Manchester Guardian and Evening News into a trust. He thus removed the devastating threat to the papers that would have otherwise have arisen at his death. But he also took this step in order to ensure that the Manchester Guardian would continue to enjoy editorial independence and would carry on the principles imposed on it by CP Scott.

However, within a dozen years, the paper's legal advisers began to express doubts as to whether the terms of the 1936 trust would indeed ensure that no tax liability would follow the death of John Scott. And by 1948 my uncle John was clearly a sick man. So it was decided to create a new trust with new terms which would effectively exempt the paper from death duties until the year 2030, the legal limit to the life of the trust.

It was in November, just 50 years ago, that the members of the new trust were assembled, together with the company's solicitor, in the small boardroom at the top of the old Guardian building in Cross Street, Manchester, in order to sign the new trust deed. It was a brief ceremony which I recall very clearly – if only because for a moment I became a rich man. But only for a moment. Perhaps ten minutes.

Of the new trustees five were beneficiaries of the old trust – four grandsons of CP Scott, including myself, and the company secretary. We were each handed cheques representing a fifth of the value of the company's ordinary shares. I can't remember the exact amount but it must have been around a quarter of a million pounds – perhaps five or six million pounds in today's money. The company solicitor explained to us that the law required that the cheque we received should be each recipient's unequivocal personal property to do with as he desired. And then one after the other of us, with admirable fortitude, signed away our short-lived fortunes for the benefit of the new trust.

So to sum it up: the chief purpose of the Scott family in setting up a trust was to ensure that the Manchester Guardian would not be seriously crippled at the death of the owning members of the family. Today I believe that the chief purpose of the trust is to ensure that the Guardian cannot fall into unacceptable predatory hands and that it will continue to be run "on the same lines as hitherto" – in other words with the same radical integrity and independence that inspired the paper during CP Scott's 57-year editorship. This injunction in fact is the sole instruction that each successive Guardian editor receives on his appointment by the Scott Trust – its owners. It gives him incomparable independence. It is the duty of the trust to satisfy itself that this instruction is being observed.

Reprinted from *The Guardian*



# A DARK HORSE AT HOME ON THE RANGE

Stephen Frears ( F 54-59) talks to Sheila Johnston.

Reprinted from *The Sunday Telegraph*

This is the tale of a 20th-century Western. It starts life as a novel, *The Hi-Lo Country*, by Max Evans, a writer celebrated for his work in the genre. Shortly after its publication in 1962 it attracts the director Sam Peckinpah (with whom Evans worked on other Westerns including *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*), who worries away at it until his death in 1984.

Then Martin Scorsese comes in as a producer, and the task of writing the script falls to Walon Green, another Peckinpah collaborator (his debut screenplay became *The Wild Bunch*). In short, a profoundly American project. Who better to engage as director, therefore, than Stephen Frears?

Frears, 58, is described rather quaintly in *The Hi-Lo Country*'s production notes as "a British native" (he's a son of Leicester, now resident in London). He can't ride, he declares cheerily, never wanted to learn. "I remember Max saying to me one day, 'Well, the actors won't know how to hold the reins will they?' I thought, Blimey, what minefield is this I'm walking into? I had a vision of all these old-timers sitting around with their binoculars trained on the minutiae. I think very, very few people now know how to make Westerns."

True. And, with the odd exception, they now attract very, very small audiences. If there is going to be a cowboy blockbuster this summer, it is most likely be *Wild Wild West*, a special-effects-laden comedy starring the rapper-turned-actor Will Smith and an 80 ft mechanical tarantula.

The Frears film, by contrast, is a dark horse (it earned respectful if guarded reviews in the US earlier this year, and modest box-office): an elegiac piece about ranchers returning from the Second World War and finding no place in the thrusting post-war America.

I wondered whether New Mexico, where the story is set, had changed much since the 1940s. "It's all crystals and psychobabble now," says Frears, snorting. "Santa Fe is very wealthy because film stars bought houses there. But the farming country is tough. Out on the ranches they have hard lives." Yet perhaps, for all these changes, the cowboys were still proud of their place in a national mythology?

"When you talked to them, you realised that what they were nervous about was their mortgages. They were just as suburban as the rest of us. They were rather melancholy figures because they're so conscious of their past and so out of the mainstream of modern life. There are bits of America that are quite remote. We used to work out how far from a cappuccino machine we were at any given point."

Frears was not quite such an eccentric choice for *The Hi-Lo Country* as first appears. He made his name in the resurgent British cinema of the late 1980s with three keynote films: *My Beautiful Launderette*, *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid* and *Prick Up Your Ears*. But

then with *Dangerous Liaisons* he displayed himself equally adept at the big-budget, starry costume drama and he has since made two films in America: *The Grifters* and *Hero*. The former earned him an Oscar nomination for Best Director, and was produced by Scorsese.

Apart from this versatility, Frears has an indirect connection with the American Western. After studying law at Cambridge, he went to the Royal Court Theatre as an assistant to Lindsay Anderson, who, before becoming a theatre and cinema director, was a film critic. The genre's Number One fan, Anderson taught him to love John Ford. *The Hi-Lo Country* is dedicated to Anderson, because, Frears says, with some relish, "It would've driven him mad that I'd made a Western."

One suspects that he also learned from that legendary grump not to suffer fools gladly. Frears cultivates an image of unpretentious blokeyness – not the sort of chap to be overly concerned about where the next cappuccino is coming from. His sartorial style is best described as idiosyncratic – two writers with whom he has worked, Hanif Kurishi and Christopher Hampton, have remarked separately that his idea of dressing up for a really red-letter occasion is to put on a clean pair of plimsolls.

Part of all this is an evident dislike of discussing his films. He was fairly jovial when we met, but his voice retains an impatient inflection, normally heard only in certain politicians and Jeremy Paxman, which makes it clear that whatever you've just said is the most asinine thing he has ever heard in his life. However, perusal of his interview cuttings reassures one that this is not to be taken too personally.

It is amusing to see him swat aside questions from journalists after a screening of *The Hi-Lo Country* in Berlin. Interest fastens upon the central love triangle, between Woody Harrelson, Billy Crudup and Patricia Arquette: did Frears ever discuss with the writers whether the buddy- buddy relationship has a hidden homosexual subtext? "This is not what men talk about," says Frears, pretending to be horrified. "We are repressed and we kept it silent. But I'm sure we knew about it. And maybe they do all jump into each other's arms. I can see that the prairies are lonely places."

This is the man who directed Joe Orton and a gay interracial love affair in a south London launderette. But, he protests, "I'm rather peculiar and passive. I get asked to do things and that gives me quite enough satisfaction. I can see that it perplexes people. All I know is that I stand there and make whatever's in front of me. I choose not to enquire into what processes of the subconscious make you like one thing rather than another."

His critical reputation peaked with *Dangerous Liaisons* and *The Grifters*, but as the 1990s wore on things began to decline. He did well with a BBC version of Roddy Doyle's *The Snapper*, which later got a successful cinema release. But *Hero* fared badly, and his career received a punitive double-whammy in 1996, when two of his films, representing the double side of Frears, were released within a few months of each other. A studio-backed costume drama (*Mary Reilly*, starring Julia Roberts) and a small Irish comedy (*The Van*, a follow-up to *The Snapper*), they were both greeted with fairly general disapproval. There followed two heart attacks. *The Hi-Lo Country* is his first film since then.

Perhaps it's more recent critical disfavour that makes him say now, "I've been given tremendous opportunities in America: I see it in a rather romantic sense, as full of endless possibilities. In England, which is much more confined, insular, you're forced into corners the whole time. I found, or find, England claustrophobic."

How reassuring to know, then, that his next film is an adaptation of *High Fidelity*, a study of north London laddishness by the quintessentially British Nick Hornby, the author of *Fever Pitch* and *About A Boy* and a life-long Arsenal supporter. “Yes,” confirms Frears, “it’s set in Chicago.”

I wonder for a moment whether he’s kidding, but no: it seems Disney bought the rights to the book, which then passed to the actor John Cusack, a Chicagoan. He adapted it, basing it in his hometown, and then turned to Frears, who had directed him in *The Grifters*.

“I read the script with scepticism and was convinced. First of all, Chicago is actually rather like Camden Town: it’s a blue-collar, industrial city. Also, they’re absolutely bananas about music there. And they’re just as primitive in Chicago as they are in Camden Town. So I’m astonished. But I’ve clearly accepted it. This may be because I’ve been fooled into it, or may be perceptive.”

And he adds (somehow this seems a very Frearsian equivocation), “You’ll tell me in a year’s time whether I was right or not.”

# JOTTINGS

## A Personal Mini- Memoir

by Tony Daniell (H 27-32)

In the summer of 1926 when I was 13 I went on to Gresham's School, Holt, in Norfolk. I went to Howson's House with another new boy Jimmie Wakeham, with whom I struck up a lifelong friendship. The House Master was Joe Foster, an extremely likeable man. He and his wife made splendid House Parents and were much loved by all the boys.

Both my brother and the two other Daniell cousins had already been to Holt, so at least I knew something of it.

From the very start I loved Holt and thrived on the very relaxed "honour system" which had been instigated by the famous "Howson of Holt" – the first Headmaster. While I was at Holt, for nearly 5 years, the Headmaster was J.R. Eccles, who carried on and developed the "honour system" instituted by Howson. Instead of corporal punishment or any sort of punitive measures for misdemeanours, a boy was "dishonoured" in front of and by his peers. In effect, each boy was put on his honour to behave properly. It worked very effectively because most schoolboys liked being in tune with their peers and disliked being shunned by them.

Games at Holt were fun. Rugby football in the winter term, hockey in the spring term and cricket in the summer. We didn't recognize soccer. I loved "rigger" and hockey but not cricket. However as an alternative to cricket in the summer a limited number of boys formed the "labour party" to do various types of estate work including the outdoor theatre in the woods for the school play. This was always Shakespeare and amounted to a great deal of work each summer constructing the stage and auditorium and ancillary works. We also did gardening and occasionally went for runs all of which I enjoyed.

Holt did not have tennis courts or squash courts but it did have "fives" courts where one played a fairly hard ball with the palm of either hand, wearing a padded glove, against the back wall above a certain line. It is a great game, much like squash, which I loved. It was played in pairs in a covered building like a squash court except that on one side wall was a buttress called the "Pepper Pot" which greatly added to the complexity and interest of the game. It is a pity it has gone out of fashion.

The other great feature of Holt, as far as I was concerned, and which was very modern in those days, was the teaching of crafts, painting and drawing. The craft master was Kerridge and the subject was called MT (Manual Training). It included carpentry, metalwork, turning, casting, sheet metal work, and of course designing. I loved it and learned all the basic skills in these trades. Art work was taught by a lady whose name I have forgotten, but who taught me how to draw and to paint in water colours.

Mr Kerridge also ran the OTC or "Corps" as we called it. This too I enjoyed, especially Field Days out on Kelling Heath. The Corps training included, with great emphasis, the art of shooting. As a result of this the School competed each year for the Ashburton Shield which was a competition run for Public Schools by "Country Life". Needless to say there was very keen competition within the Corps to be selected for the School Team of 8. Eventually I did shoot for the School, but not until I was quite a bit older.

Mr. Kerridge was a dapper little man, at his best in uniform for he was very much a military man: precise, accurate and a perfectionist, but at the same time kindly and good with boys. He took endless trouble to teach accuracy, perfection and the development of skills in his craft work with the result that he was liked and respected and, of course, he obtained very good results. His OTC was extremely smart and keen. He taught the pursuit of excellence.

The School had a swimming pool. In my day it was in the open air and unheated and I do remember that for the greater part of the summer term it was exceedingly cold and green with algae. But I was keen on diving and it had a good springboard and a reasonably high diving stage. I suppose about 20 ft. I was never much good at straight swimming.

I think it might be appropriate at this point to say something about the weather at Holt for it was, and probably still is, an extremely harsh climate. The village of Holt and the School are on quite a high plateau only a few miles inland from the North Sea and with absolutely no shelter from the North East.

In Summer, when the glass is high, the day will start with warm sunshine but by noon a bitterly cold wet mist or sea fret, locally known as “haar”, will roll in from the North Sea. This always seemed to happen just as cricket started. (The weather is rather better these days! – The Editor).

While I was there we had some extremely cold winters. I seem to remember that 1929 was a particularly vicious one. It started to freeze after Christmas and continued until Easter. We had excellent skating on local ponds; in fact I learned to skate at Holt. An I well remember playing hockey on frozen iron hard ground when the ball bounced and travelled at terrific speeds and considerable risk.

Having until then been brought up in London, Brighton and Anglesey on the West coast, I felt the cold even as a healthy schoolboy and hated it.

Of the masters I remember very little except that in general they were all good and very likeable and certainly the academic standard of the school was very high. Everyone got their School Certificate comfortably and those who wanted to go to University were able to do so quite easily.

However, I do remember Mr McCarthy. He taught Geography which was a subject that I enjoyed. He came from the west of Ireland and was a very jolly fellow. He was the first master to defect to Shrewsbury of which at the time we took a very dim view. Later on Mr.F. McEachran also defected to Shrewsbury where he taught until he died in the 1960s. I must tell you of Mr McKek because he really was an extraordinary character. He was an eccentric and a brilliant teacher. He taught English and Scripture. He would sit on the corner of his desk and quote poetry for hours on end – all the classics as well as Greek plays. He believed in “spells” – those passages of poetry and prose that literally cast a spell and almost hypnotise the listener. He loved really good English and was able to impart this appreciation. He would croak the “Frogs of Aristophanes” chorus and get the whole form doing likewise. Then he would tell us what the play was about and its inner meaning. As a result we all read it and wrote an essay on it. He was brilliant and we were very sad when he left.

While I was at Holt he wrote a book on philosophy entitled “The Civilized Man”. I, like others, at once bought a copy for him to sign. At that time it didn’t mean a thing to me, absolutely miles above my head. But when I read it in the 1950s/60s at an age of 40/50, it meant a tremendous amount and still does now in my 80s. The main gist of it is that the more civilised a person is the more he is able to say NO to his instincts

and to his desires. He analyses Jesus's life and shows him to be the truly civilised man, but at the same time pointing out how difficult it sometimes is to say No, and in all honesty to ask oneself "How would Jesus act?"

The Headmaster, J.R. Eccles – JRE, as he was known by all - was also a great character and an eccentric. He followed the even greater Head, Howson, who really created the School. JRE was a martinet for meticulous detail. He had a sharp eye and missed nothing. He kept a pad of paper in his pocket and wrote copious little notes to all and sundry, boys and masters alike, whenever he thought of something. Everyone feared him but had so much respect for him that in a way we liked him immensely. He taught Physics firmly believing that a good knowledge of elementary Physics was essential for modern man. His physics included the behaviour of liquids and gases, Newton's Laws, gears and mechanical advantage. I well remember his lecture on Boyle's Ideal Gas Law. 
$$\frac{P_1V_1}{T_1} = \frac{P_2V_2}{T_2}$$
 All his lectures were illustrated by experiments which of course as schoolboys we loved.

J.R. Eccles was a distinctive character in any gathering. Not particularly tall, he was rather square with broad shoulders and a square face and greying hair. But what gave him distinction was the smartness of his dress. He was always immaculate in a well-fitting and well-pressed suit and he demanded an equally high standard of his staff. His voice was sharp and he employed a minimum of words but was quite prepared to give credit where credit was due. He was always fair. But to incur his wrath was to court a sharp biting rebuke for all to hear. Of course he was feared but more out of respect than hatred. He was equally curt to parents, staff and boys, but was universally admired.

He was extremely keen on the Chapel and on teaching boys how to read lessons. Every prefect had to read lessons in Chapel and if it was not good he would receive a note to meet the Headmaster in chapel next day for a lesson in reading, a terrifying experience. It was, however, a very useful introduction into confidence in any sort of public speaking, which I have many times appreciated.

Leading on the Chapel I must mention "Gog" – Mr Greatorex, our music teacher. I was not musical so never came into contact with Gog. But he too was a great man and his musical influence on the school was considerable. Of course he played the organ before, during and after chapel. His organ voluntaries after chapel were unusual to say the least and always looked forward to with anticipation. Because he always played the then popular tunes, one found oneself walking out of Chapel to the tunes of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, Noel Coward, Cavalcade and the then popular White Horse Inn, or the latest film tune hit. He really was fun and how he got away with it with J.R.Eccles, I simply do not know. Perhaps as the Headmaster always went out first he never heard it – or perhaps he did not recognise the tunes.

Before I leave Holt I must mention Miss Lee Warner. She was an elderly aristocratic lady who lived in a delightfully old-fashioned country house opposite and just beyond the school on the opposite side of the Cromer Road and she offered bed & breakfast to selected parents. My parents were amongst the selected, so they came to visit me at least once a term. Miss Lee Warner's was extremely comfortable, warm and hospitable. Other parents were always interesting and always nice. In the evenings, ie, Saturday and Sunday after dinner, the boys and their parents would chat in her most comfortable, almost Victorian, drawing room. It was very civilised. Two of those parents were those of Donald Maclean, who later defected to Russia. He was a very

nice boy, not in my House. He was in the Headmaster's House, Woodlands, and his parents were from Scotland, very charming and aristocratic. How he came to betray his country I could never understand. He must have had a very strong, but misplaced, idealism and been very gullible.

It was during my last Christmas holiday from Holt in 1931/1932 that I perpetrated the most stupid and dangerous act of my life. We had a very good Chemistry Master at Holt and I had become extremely interested in organic chemistry and was determined to do some experiments in the holidays. In those days it was quite easy to buy small quantities of all sorts of acids and chemicals at Mr Jones, Chemist, in Llangefni. So I stocked up a good selection of common chemicals and started to do simple experiments in my playroom in the middle of the house at Pencraig.

I had read or learned somewhere that a mixture of phosphorus and saltpetre made a powerful explosive, a sort of homemade gun powder. So one evening after tea I made up a matchbox full of the mixture without having given a thought as to what to do with it.

I then got into a thorough panic and thought: this is far too dangerous to leave lying about; but what on earth can I do with it? I must get rid of it somehow. By now it was dark, so I took it gingerly up to my mother's bedroom, which was the highest room in the house, opened the window and threw it out. It landed on the gravel some yards in front of the big dining room window and exploded with a flash and a terrific bang. Meanwhile my father, Harry, was sitting at his desk in the dining room just below the window. He got an awful shock: the whole window appeared to bend inwards but, thank God, did not break, although small pieces of gravel were blown with such force against the glass that they made small clean bullet holes without cracking the glass. I was completely terrified at what I had done and dashed downstairs to see what had happened.

I was so frightened and Harry was so shocked that he did not swear at me but was in fact very understanding. The net result was that I buried all my chemicals and vowed I would never do such a thing again and I totally lost all interest in Chemistry.

It was a very lucky escape and a terrible dangerous and irresponsible thing to have done. Such a thing could not possibly happen today, for no chemist would sell to a schoolboy such dangerous materials. I was very lucky to have escaped scot free.

Finally, looking back with hindsight, Holt was an excellent school and a very happy school. This, I think, was mainly because we, the boys, were allowed a remarkable amount of freedom and encouraged to take it. As new boys and youngsters we shared a study with another boy but later as seniors and prefects we had our own studies which we furnished and looked after and had a considerable amount of privacy. It was a good idea and good for character building.

On Saturdays and Sundays we were encouraged to go for quite long walks. My favourite was to walk to the sea at Weybourne where the chalk cliffs started and where we used to look for fossils in the chalk. It was with Jimmy Wakeham that I frequently walked: we developed quite a close friendship at Holt.

There was a tuck shop between the School and the town of Holt at which we bought jam, fruit and cakes to be eaten in our studies. It was at the entrance to a market garden and was presided over by Sunny Jim – so called because he looked like the advert on the packets of "Force", the then popular cereal.

It was this freedom to develop independence and character which made Holt the ideal preparation for University. I enjoyed Holt and thrived upon it, and I certainly learned a lot both academically and of life.

# HOLLYWOOD'S TRIBUTE TO JOE BAKER-CRESSWELL

(W 15-19)

As he presented the medal to Joe Baker-Cresswell, commander of the Royal Navy destroyer HMS Bulldog, King George VI made no bones about the importance of their contribution to the war.

The capture, instead of destruction, in May 1941 of the German U-boat U-110, and with it the top secret Enigma code machine, was perhaps the most important single event in World War II's maritime history, he said.

Now the story is to be made into a Hollywood film – only the Americans rather than the British will be the heroes, though they had not even joined the war at the time.

The U-boat will not be the U-110 but the U-571, and the scene will be the Mediterranean rather than the Atlantic. 'Although this is based on real events, we are not promoting it as fact,' said a spokesman for Universal Studios, which is making the £55 million film with Harvey Keitel, Matthew McConaughey and Jon Bon Jovi.

The decision has enraged the survivors of Bulldog and her sister ships Beagle and Boadicea, and the late Captain Baker-Cresswell's son, Charles.

'It's just a bit of tinseltown rubbish,' he said. 'It's always dangerous to distort - not just distort but tell downright untruths - and pass it off as history. But that's our good friends and allies the Americans. You just have to laugh at them.'

Mr. Baker-Cresswell, 63, a High Sheriff of Northumberland, said his father would probably have laughed as well. 'In Hollywood they make it up. The difficulty is that some people do eventually take it as fact,' he said. 'It's like that amazing film Braveheart, which was a travesty of history.'

'In a way it's our fault. If we want to counter it, we should make such films ourselves, but we haven't got a film industry and it's very sad.' Records show how Captain Baker-Cresswell's coolness in battle was the key to the crew of Bulldog boarding the U-boat rather than just sinking her.

The submarine, captained by Fritz-Julius Lemp, had already sunk two merchant ships in the convoy which Bulldog was helping to protect.

When ten depth charges dropped by the corvette Aubretia forced the U-110 to surface on May 9, Captain Baker-Cresswell was said to have given the orders to ram her.

One account said: 'Having just lost two ships in his convoy because of this sinister black shape, Baker-Cresswell "saw red" for a moment and steered to ram, but then collected himself and steered away again.'

'It seemed that the U-boat sailors were manning their gun, so Bulldog opened fire with all weapons down to small arms.'

'The U-boat survivors were picked up by Aubretia. Baker-Cresswell was quick-witted enough to realise that the U-boat crew would assume their boat had been sunk. Their captain was certainly dead. The U-boat men were quickly hustled below decks. They saw, and were told, nothing.'

As the convoy sailed onwards, Captain Baker-Cresswell sent a boarding party to the sub to strip out every moveable piece of equipment they could find.



It included the Enigma machine, the complicated encrypter with which the German navy gave and received messages to keep track of British convoys and mercilessly hunted them down. "The cryptanalytical gains from the U-110 were beyond price - far more valuable than the U-boat itself," said one glowing obituary to Captain Baker-Cresswell who died, aged 96, just two years ago.

'Experts from Bletchley Park went up to Scapa Flow to meet Bulldog, taking with them small briefcases, expecting only a few papers. When they saw two large packing cases they could hardly believe their eyes. They handled the contents like men in a daze.

'Here were items they had only dreamed of, including U-110's Enigma cypher machine, with the settings for May 9 still on its rotors, the special code settings for high security traffic and the current code book for U-boats' short-signal sighting reports.'

As well as the DSO for Captain Baker-Cresswell there was a DSC for Sub Lt David Balme, who had led the boarding party. Mr. Balme later recalled: 'There were two things which saved us from losing the war.

'The first was the Battle of Britain and the second was the capture of the German Enigma machine by Joe Baker-Cresswell.

'The Naval Enigma had more rotor wheels than the army of Luftwaffe versions and we just could not break it. Because of this the U-boats were sinking our ships faster than we could replace them. The Enigma captured from U-110 was the only complete naval version recovered during the war.

'After the major breakthrough the British Navy was able to work out where most groups of hunter submarines were and steered convoys away from them. Sinkings dropped dramatically.'

Captain Baker-Cresswell had said: 'I sometimes wonder what would have happened if I had given the usual order to ram. We were going to do just that.

'I was only about a minute away from sinking that U-boat forever when I had a change of mind. Call it a whim if you like.'

**Article by Bill Moulard**  
reprinted from *The Daily Mail*

## WITH THE APPROACH OF WAR

Being interested in politics I went into law and became articled to a solicitor in the Temple. Eleanora Tenant was the Conservative candidate at West Ham and she asked me if I could see constituents who had problems. She provided a room at which on Tuesday evenings I saw a number of poor residents requiring advice. Many were not very bright and took a long while to identify their troubles. It was necessary to identify quickly their problems and provide the solution. I had two big successes, one about rents and the other about compensation for those losing their homes because of the new dock road construction. Instead of just Tuesdays it became 3 nights a week. My principal had asked me what I thought I was going to get out of going down to the East

End to give advice. "Experience", I told him and so it was. I learned to get to root of people's troubles very quickly.

When qualified I joined a conveyancing firm of London solicitors and dealt with their litigation. After a year the senior partner suggested that I should start in practice on my own account. I said I would do so if he would give me his agency business which he said did not pay!

I started in practice in one room in the Strand. Eleanora's husband, Ernest Tenant, suggested that I should attend a meeting in the City the following day at which a number of people would discuss forming an association to improve trade with Germany. Could I advise on the type of organisation they should have with the minimum expense to them? I attended the meeting where there were bankers, leaders of industry and Members of Parliament. Lord Mountemple, the former Minister of Transport, was in the chair. I proposed that there should be a company limited by guarantee. My proposals were accepted and I was asked to form a company. I was appointed solicitor and attended all meetings of the executive committee which were held at Unilever House. I did not make any charge against the Anglo-German Fellowship because I was interested in their objectives. Membership of the Fellowship included a wealth of City and parliamentary talent and I was enabled to move in business and political circles contact with which I would never have obtained by other means.

My practice expanded rapidly because I would often work until 3am and I had a very useful core agency business. All provincial solicitors had to have a London solicitor and the professional clients I had taken over I travelled all over the country to meet personally. I got their agreement to a change and that was that instead of them doing the work preparing for cases in the High Court, I did it and made myself responsible for all civil actions in the High Court but I took two thirds of the costs and they had the remainder for doing very little or nothing. The cases were won and the agency business flourished so that I had both time on my hands and money in my pocket and the more I did for the Anglo-German Fellowship, the more I was asked to do. I was given the responsibility of vetting all candidates for the Fellowship and I rejected the applications of National Socialists who believed Oswald Mosely and his blackshirts were right. I joined the Travellers Club and entertained there Germans visiting London and MPs.

There was much confusion in England about what was happening in Germany. Young Germans were being recruited to drain marshland and build roads and unemployment among the young was reputed to be nil. On the other hand, there were rumours of repression and support for Italy in their attacks on the Abyssinians. I was only 25 years old when I suggested to the Law Society that it might be a good thing if they sponsored a visit to Germany by members of the legal profession in response to an invitation which I had obtained from Reichminister Frank, the head of their legal profession, to visit Berlin. My proposal was accepted and after an official lunch at the Law Society I was asked to lead the visiting party. I had told the secretary of the Law Society that the object of the visit would be find out what was really going on in Germany and how the rule of law was functioning. That would perhaps allay suspicion or acquaint people with the true situation. The delegation of 20-30 were members of the legal profession most of whom were articulated clerks but two of whom were a barrister and a fellow solicitor.

The party left to board a German ship and proceeded to Bremen. The Daily Express published "Heil Hitler boys leave for Germany". At Bremen and later at Hamburg we were officially received by the mayors and councils and there were speeches of welcome

to which I replied. In Berlin we were shown a film which portrayed the policy of the German government towards minorities. It stated quite openly that the pure Aryan race was superior to anything else and that the Jews, the gypsies and coloured people were not acceptable in the new Germany. The following day there was an official luncheon at which all the members of my party and members of the legal profession in Germany were present. The British Ambassador was away but the Chargé d'Affaires was there and Reichminister Frank made a speech of welcome and how important it was that Britain and Germany should understand each other and work together to their mutual advantage and benefit of the world. In my reply I thanked Reichminister Frank for his welcome and for the hospitality shown to the British members of the legal profession. I then gave a straight warning that if the German Government persisted in a policy of oppression against minorities, Germany could not expect to retain the friendship of Great Britain or the people of other democratic western nations. There was considerable applause and immediately afterwards the Chargé d'Affaires at the British Embassy came up and shook my hand saying "That speech should have been made in Germany a long while ago but nobody has the courage to make it." A member from the Wilhelmstrasse, the German Foreign Office, also came to me and invited me to go to Nuremberg to attend the Parteitag which was about to take place. A photograph was taken of the two other qualified members of our party and of Reichminister Frank, the Chargé d'Affaires, and me in between. I still have a copy of that photograph.

I went to Nuremberg and at the hotel where there were a large number of Members of Parliament and businessmen belonging to the Anglo-German Fellowship. I was astonished to be given a suite of rooms. I enquired why I had been singled out for this treatment and was told that the rooms had been reserved for Lloyd George but he had gone to meet Hitler at Bertchesgarten and was going straight back to London.

I attended the Parteitag which was the annual meeting of the National Socialist leaders. All members of the government were there and it was very well staged and Hitler spoke and the following day attended at the hotel and members of the Anglo-German Fellowship were presented to him. I was introduced to him and shook hands but it was not until a great deal later in England when staying with Ernest Tenant that he showed me a photograph taken by the Germans of me being introduced to Hitler.

The day after the introduction to Hitler Ernest Tenant told me that a representative of the British Government, a member of the House of Lords, was flying to Nuremberg and Anglo-German Fellowship members and the Members of Parliament and others who were staying at the hotel wished me to go to meet the representative in question at the airport. General Goering would lend me his car. I was quite astonished but Ernest Tenant emphasised that it was everyone's wish that I should go and so I did. The night before I had asked to be taken to meet the arbeitdienst the members of which were encamped at Nuremberg and numbered about 60,000. I was enabled to ask any questions and all information I wanted was forthcoming. I discovered that it was not a voluntary organisation as it had been described. They were subject to military discipline, they wore uniforms and had to carry shovels which had to be kept bright. They sloped shovels, ordered shovels and presented shovels and I was very impressed with their training. The next day I went in Goering's car with two SS men to the airport and met the representative of the British Government who in the car asked me "How are things here?" I replied "They are preparing for war, sir." I then was driven to

the stadium with him and we passed the armoured vehicles and the guns which were covered with tarpaulins immediately outside the stadium and which would be paraded the following day at the military parade before Hitler. We sat behind Hitler that afternoon and we heard his speech and saw the arbeitdienst paraded in front of him and marching past. They circled the stadium and came past again doing the goose step. A third time they sang the Horst Wessel song and there followed Zieg Heils for Hitler. I telephoned my secretary in London and asked her to send me a telegram saying I was required in London urgently as I had no desire to attend the military parade and flew back to London.

Gerald le Blount Kidd (W 24-27)

Editor's Note: Gerald was in the RAF during the war. He was awarded the MBE after the Dieppe raid. As Wing Commander I/C Operations at Biggin Hill, he was mentioned in despatches. Subsequently he was asked to found a school for training controllers and personnel for Fighter Operations. In 1946 he was awarded the OBE.

## BRITTEN'S DUET WITH A POET

A "most surprising day", wrote the 22-year old Benjamin Britten in his diary towards the end of April 1935. "I am booked to do the music to a film on the new Jubilee Stamp...."

A keen cinemagoer who enjoyed both Walt Disney and Hitchcock, Britten took naturally to their tight working disciplines of film music, and his new employer, the GPO documentary film unit, soon offered a second project. Britten was driven to Malvern to meet the commentary writer for *Coal Face*, a 28-year old school-master and poet called Wystan Auden. The composer thought him "the most amazing man, a very brilliant and attractive personality". Auden found Britten "extremely young" but when he heard Britten's setting of his lyrics, was fired by "his extraordinary musical sensitivity in relation to the English language".

The meeting initiated a close professional and personal relationship – significant to Auden, vital to Britten – but one that would last barely seven years. They collaborated on *Night Mail*, where Britten accompanied Auden's galloping onomatopoeic verse ("This is the night mail crossing the border/Bringing the cheque and the postal order") with music employing "compressed steam, sandpaper and miniature rails". Then they parodied the whole documentary genre in *The Way to the Sea*, a mock epic treatment of Southern Railways' new express to Brighton.

Britten also provided the music (including a terrific blues) for two of the plays Auden wrote together with Christopher Isherwood for the left-wing Group Theatre. There were experimental radio documentaries and a big concert work, *Our Hunting Fathers*, which used man's treatment of the animal kingdom to symbolise the worsening political situation in 1930s Europe. In the audience sat Frank Bridge, Vaughan Williams and Britten's much loved mother, all interested, critical and slightly shocked. Auden provided Britten with verse for cabaret songs and more serious statements. Britten actually set to music two poems almost certainly written to encourage him to be more open about his emotional and sexual feelings. "We were extraordinarily

interfering in this respect,” remembers Isherwood: Auden (in a mock will) even penned the lines “for my friend Benjamin Britten, composer, I beg/that fortune send him soon a passionate affair.”

Fortune was soon to send both men a passionate affair – and a long journey. Auden was an inveterate traveller in search of political and intellectual action. He moved to New York in January 1936 and met the young student Chester Kallman (“Mr Right has come into my life”). That summer Britten, in part following Auden’s lead, reached New York with Peter Pears.

Although always aware of music, Auden had been brought up “to think that opera was impossible”. But Kallman loved opera and made a thorough convert out of his new friend. The timing was good. Britten was on hand and was told by his publishers that opportunities were rife in New York for operetta that could be performed by high schools.

If the course of true love now ran relatively smooth for the two expatriate collaborators, that of their first opera did not. Auden was to settle for its subject on Paul Bunyan, the mythological giant American logger. The idea may have started during what the poet called his “honeymoon” holiday – spent partly “in a log cabin with the most wonderful view over towards the mountains of Colorado, our horizon is about 300 miles long. It’s very pioneer and you would laugh to see me rising at 6am to chop wood and draw water...”

So the legend of Bunyan seemed a perfect “matter of America” theme. The leading Auden scholar Edward Mendelson notes that John Dryden (much admired by Auden) had written a *King Arthur* for Purcell, “the first and still the only libretto written by a major English poet for a major English composer”. Auden would write *Paul Bunyan* for Britten and it “would be second”.

Britten created a score whose sheer range of expression (and instrumentation) put to good use almost every one of the diverse compositional tasks he had tackled with Auden in the 1930s. Blues, musical “numbers”, filmic underscoring, grand operatic parody and shades of Kurt Weill and Alban Berg helped an entertaining “choral operetta” to carry Auden’s weightier subtext of “How to live well in a country that the pioneers have made it possible to live in”.

The eventual (and essentially amateur) première was at Columbia University in May 1941, and less than successful. “Auden’s characters,” comments Mendelson, “were American in the same way that the characters in *The Mikado* are Japanese, and American critics who were not bored were offended.” But the work’s first public already seemed to enjoy the hybrid form – more a play with extended musical numbers than pure operetta – that worried the “experts” because they could not precisely tag it. An increasing number of revivals since Britten (slightly) reworked the score in 1973 has confirmed that popular impression.

For the Britten-Auden relationship, however, *Bunyan* was the beginning of an end. On Peter Pears’s prompting, composer and tenor left the Bohemian menage in Brooklyn where their flatmates (during the run-up to *Bunyan*’s premiere) had included Auden, the novelist Carson McCullers, the writer/composer Paul Bowles and the writer/stripper Gypsy Rose Lee. At first Pears and Britten went West to California, before returning to wartime England.

Just before they left America came Auden’s most intrusive lecture yet, written for Pears’s eyes as well: “If you are really to develop your full stature, you will have, I think,

to suffer, and make others suffer, in ways which are totally strange to you at present.” The working relationship now trailed off in parallel with the personal one. Britten provided incidental music for Auden’s joint reworking (with Bertolt Brecht) of *The Duchess of Malfi*. But only very small sections of their planned collaboration on a Christmas oratorio called *For the Time Being* were ever used in the *Spring Symphony*. And that was to be it.

Pears said later that “Ben was on a different track now, and he was no longer prepared to be dominated – bullied – by Wystan”. While Auden (and Kallman) went on to create opera libretti for Igor Stravinsky and Hans Werner Henze, Britten was never to collaborate again with a major living poet in his operas and song settings.

Reprinted from *The Times*

## MATT DICKINSON ON CLIMBING EVEREST

The corpse barred the path of the climber. To go further, to reach the longed-for summit, he would have to climb over the man who had died only a few days earlier.

The climber did not hesitate. He was shocked and sobered by the sight of the dead body, brought up short by the cruel reminder of the lethal power of this mountain, but the stern call of the summit beckoned him on.

This is what Mount Everest does to those people brave or foolish enough to tackle its slopes. It brutalises them. It enralls them and draws out their darkest qualities, the sort of cold ruthlessness they’d hoped they didn’t have but without which they would never survive.

Matt Dickinson had gone to the Himalayas last year to film actor Brian Blessed’s third attempt at Everest’s summit for ITV and Channel 4 and had found himself at the top instead. When he had agreed to join Blessed’s latest expedition to Everest last March, Matt had intended to stop before the highest reaches, leaving them to other, more experienced people, particularly professional climber Alan Hinkes, who would take over filming Blessed as he neared the summit.

Instead, not only was Matt one of the only members of his expedition to make it to the top, becoming the first person ever to film Everest’s summit and survive, he also did it after surviving a devastating storm, one of the worst yet, which killed 11 climbers in a 24-hour period – the worst day yet in the history of the peak.

Blessed had been forced to admit defeat, his body unable to sustain the terrible pressures climbing the mountain had put on it. When Matt saw his film disappearing with Brian, he decided to climb to the summit himself along with Alan Hinkes, making Alan the focus of his documentary.

The decision was made only partly out of desperation on the part of a journalist who sees a good story running away from him. Just as importantly, by the time he decided to reach for the summit himself, Matt had been seduced by the mountain.

Now he has written a book about his experiences on Everest. *The Death Zone* is a compelling account of how Matt reached the peak of this ultimate mountain. There were 10 expeditions on the slopes of Everest in perfect conditions when the storm came up from the foothills last May. By the time it had gone, 11 men, including two of the most experienced climbers in the world, were dead.

Matt, whose only previous mountaineering experience had been as a summer trekking guide in Morocco, had already been shocked by how brutal Everest could be. Now he saw the full force of the mountain's terrible wrath and the experience would affect him profoundly. Matt was used to adventure, however. He had made his career and his reputation filming expeditions in some of the most remote and untamed corners of the world, from Kenya to Greenland. But never had the cruelty of nature been so ruthlessly demonstrated.

"On Everest you are constantly aware of the imminent possibility of disaster," he says 16 months later, in the safety of his Hertfordshire home. "It is brutalising to be in a place that can kill you at a moment's notice. An avalanche can sweep down on you in the night, taking you away in a second; you can fall down a crevice; anything can happen to you.

"When the storm struck, it was absolutely terrifying. It knocked the stuffing out of most of the people on our expedition. The wind and the cold were dreadful, the temperature dropped by 20 degrees in as many seconds. And you simply couldn't see the mountain although you were on it.

"But the worst thing was hearing the news of those who had been caught in the storm. These people had become friends. We had shared a cup of tea with them, we'd enjoyed their company. Then 24 hours later we heard that they were fighting for their lives. At the very least they would lose fingers and toes and suffer facial disfigurement but we knew they would probably die. And some did. It deeply affected everyone on the team."

Most appalling of all was the news that a Japanese team had ignored three members of an Indian team who were in trouble and climbed on past them to the top. The Indians died and no one on the mountain that day will ever forgive the Japanese for that.

When he talks about this incident, Matt's eyes become hollow. "I remember the remaining members of the Indian team returning. They were like shambling war victims coming back, and there was a deep silence that hung over them. I filmed them standing in tears before a small shrine."

A few days later, the tragedy was brought horribly home when Matt came upon the corpses of the Indian climbers as he neared the summit himself.

"There is something distressing about the impact of a body that has just been left there in the snow. Even war victims get buried, but people who die on the mountain are just left to freeze. It is a terrible sight to see."

By now he was in the infamous Death Zone, that lethal region above 7500 metres in which nothing can live for long and where every minute is spent battling the effects of the elements on your body. The strange power that holds men like Brian Blessed in its grip, enticing them back year after year, had now also taken hold of Matt.

"It's a very elemental thing," he says. "That mountain just gets you in its grip and doesn't let go. The strength of it surprised me. I had never been passionate about climbing a mountain like Everest, but when the opportunity came to go to the summit

I had to grab it. Seven of the 11 member of our team decided they had had enough. They had put their necks into the noose and decided to withdraw. But I had to go on.” It also meant having to experience the dreadful effect that the Death Zone would have on his body. In the 11 weeks he spent on Everest, Matt lost 11 kilograms and suffered first-degree frostbite. Yet it wasn’t until Matt was at Camp Six, the last camp before the summit, that the reality of the Death Zone really hit home.

The night before he and Alan were to climb to the summit, the Hungarian member of a different, two-man expedition burst into their tent begging for help. His friend, Austrian Reinhard Wlasich, who had been attempting the North Face without oxygen, was in a coma in their tent and he desperately needed help. With icy calm, Alan Hinkes told the Hungarian that if he was in a coma Wlasich could never be saved.

Then Alan and Matt watched as the stunned Hungarian stumbled back to his tent to spend the night helplessly watching his friend die.

Left alone, Matt wondered at his lack of compassion for the other climbers, at his refusal even to go and check on the Austrian just in case he recovered.

“The truth is,” he writes in his book, “the mountain had dehumanised me and hardened my emotional response.”

Hours later, Matt was standing on the top of the world. “Climbing Everest was the best and the worst thing I’ve ever done,” he says. “I saw things in me that I wish I had not seen. I was able to step over dead bodies and keep going, and I was also able to cut myself off from the emotional ties to home. If you get homesick and start dwelling on your family, you don’t get up the mountain. You have to bring down the shutters to survive. But the fact that I could do it so easily doesn’t speak very well of me.”

There’s something else, too. Matt had hoped, before he left for Everest, that this really big adventure would cure his restlessness. Cracks had started to appear in his 11-year old marriage because he could not keep his eyes off the horizon. Everest, he had decided, would be The Big One, after which he would be able to settle down to a more normal routine. But it didn’t happen. Matt is just as restless as ever. “It’s something that ticks away silently inside you like a time bomb,” he says. “Everest sets up ripples that reverberate through people’s lives for years. Perhaps it is going to cause more problems for me than I can see now. I don’t want to go back up that mountain. It’s a terrible place. But if someone asked me to go back, I wouldn’t say no. I’d be unhappy about it, but I wouldn’t say no.”

Reprinted from *The Express on Sunday Magazine*

## FAMILY CONNECTIONS

In seven generations over 160 years more than a score of names can be mustered. Is this a record?

The dynasty was, in a sense, founded in 1847, by the arrival in Holt of Dr. George Skrimshire and his brother William, a chemist and druggist. William died in 1850, but in 1848 his son William Page entered the school with his cousin Edmund Browne, the first of six of the sons of Dr. George. In 1851 Henry Truscott joined them, in 1855 Charles Parkham and in 1856 Frederic William. These two re-entered in 1858 after the opening of the new school building, together with their brother Ernest.



There must have interesting speculation about the future of the school under the Rev. C. A. Elton, when Edmund and his aunt Miss Elizabeth Skrimshire, who were among the guests, described the events at the Déjeuner where “first rate substantial” provided by Mr. Parke of the Feathers were washed down by “wines of the very finest quality” brought down “expressly” from the cellars of Fishmongers’ Hall.

The last of Dr. George’s sons, Arthur, entered the school in 1864. Of this clutch of scholars it is only known that Ernest became a schoolmaster, Arthur a clerk who fell on hard times and lent on his nephew Harry (q.v.) for support. Two others, Charles and Frederic, were to become doctors, as did George’s eldest son, John Truscott, who succeeded him in the practice.

Tangible evidence of the classical bias of the education of the times has survived in the Eton Nomenclature, a slim volume of lists of Latin names and verbs, inscribed on the first page with the name Ernest Skrimshire, Gresham School, Holt, inside the cover with Arthur Skrimshire, Hill House, where this record is in fact being written.

The two sons of Dr. John Truscott Skrimshire were the next to join the School, in 1882, John and Harry. Both were to join their father’s practice, John after a protracted career at St. John’s College playing cricket, which he subsequently played for Middlesex and Norfolk. According to oral tradition, he also pulled a powerful ball to leg from the Old School House field over the roof of Shrublands on to its back lawn. Shrublands was then the childhood home of J.R.E. He died young but Harry, a gruff but gentle man, lived until 1953 and is still remembered with affection by many old Holt people.

The growing practice needed another assistant and Dr. Joseph Beckett Gillam was appointed. Now be it spoken he was a Paston Grammar school boy, but his grandfather Stephen Gillam was at Gresham’s in 1838: and who should Joseph marry but “scrumptious Dolly”, John and Harry’s sister, Dorothy? Then eldest son John Francis Edward Gillam entered the school in 1912, where, his mother now being widowed, he was much helped by the Rev. F. G. E. Field who was to be his housemaster.

Somewhat before this John and Harry’s cousin Francis Robin Bradley Skrimshire, son of Frederic William (q.v.) who had moved to Morpeth, joined as one of Howson’s early pupils in 1900. He was to become school captain in 1904, and to follow the family tradition of going into medicine: as did his son John Francis Penrose who joined in 1927, and was another school captain and head of Howson’s. John Francis Edward Gillam settled in Pembrokeshire, first as a G.P. later as a surgeon, but he thought it fit to send his son Patrick Geoffrey in 1946 to Gresham’s, where he joined his cousins John Francis Robin and Peter Michael Stephen, a third school captain and Head of Howson’s whose first term was the school’s last in Newquay, in 1944; another cousin Anthony William Geoffrey arrived in 1949.

Both Peter and Patrick were to become doctors, but it was John, a renegade schoolmaster, who maintained the other tradition by sending two of his daughters Katherine Ann in 1985 and Frances Anne-Marie Skrimshire in 1989, to the now completely coeducational school.

And the story does not end there. Kate and Frances’s sister Sarah married Anthony Burn, and their two children Joseph and Camille Burn are at present in the school, Joseph following family custom, in Howson’s. By a queer quirk of fate their father’s great uncle William Cargill Burn was at Gresham’s between 1920 and 1924: he would thus for a year have overlapped with J. P. E. Gillam, who left in 1921.

**John Gillam (H 44-48).**

# THE O.G. CONCERT

This year the Concert consisted of alternating elements of guitar music and choral singing. Oliver McGhie (L VI) responded thus to the first element:

'It was an honour for all the guitar players at School to listen to the English Guitar Quartet when they visited the Auden Theatre in the Michaelmas term. Two of them – Richard Hand and Andrew Marlow – are old Greshamians who learned to play with the inestimable Bob Kerr.

The Quartet mesmerised the audience with pieces by Peter Warlock, Henry Purcell and Sergei Prokofiev, displaying remarkable intensity and precision. Richard Hand was particularly fluent and melodic on his treble guitar which was specially made for him. The Quartet spun a web of sound with a depth and breadth not usually heard on the guitar.

They went on, appropriately, to play two pieces by Benjamin Britten, followed by Isaac Albeniz's atmospheric Sevilla and Asturias. I felt very privileged to be among those to be given a masterclass by two members of the quartet, Tim Pells and Andrew Marlow, although I felt overwhelmed by their virtuosity.'

As is traditional the Old Greshamian Singers also took part in the Annual Concert. Under the direction of Mark Jones, the Director of Music, who in the space of an hour or two earlier that day wove his customary spell in the Music Department, the chorus produced a finely honed sound exhibiting both richness and sensitivity and ranging from Locus Iste to The Teddy Bear's Picnic. Singing on this occasion were Abigail Vertigan, Polly Barclay, Ruth Welham, Harriet Taunton, Louise Birritteri, Tom Lowe, Chris Barnes, Humphrey Berney, Alistair Nicolau, James Thomson.

# OGRE

## OLD GRESHAMIAN RIFLE ESTABLISHMENT

The Fullbore season started with three of our members (M. Veltman, G. Barnett and D. Dodds) going to South Africa for the World Championships where Marijcke and Glyn represented Great Britain and David South Africa in both the team and the individual long range events. South Africa won Gold and are now the new Long Range World Champions and G.B. brought home the Silver medal. Both David and Marijcke made the top 50 in the individual long range World Championships, coming 35th and 38th respectively. V. Barber followed their lead when she went to New Mexico with the English XX CLUB team in May. The Main Imperial meeting in July saw a large group of OGs competing in both teams and individual events. A total of three teams were entered into the Veterans competition although as always Epsom Old Boys pipped us at the post. (Let's try and beat them for next year's Millennium Veterans competition!). The OGRE successes this year tended to be in the individual events rather than the team ones. The following are just a few of the individual flashes of glory. Chas Rowley had a very good meeting; he represented Scotland, alongside his sister, Irene, in the National competition, and featured on several meeting prize lists including the Lovell competition in which he came fourth. Marijcke also coached an all-female target as part of the record breaking England team in the National. England beat the old record for the National by 22 points. The Club President, Mike Coutts, also shone, coming third in the Alexandra. Emilie Lantau came 17th in the Duke of Cambridge (900 yards), featuring on the prize list along with OGRE team mates, Alastair Brown, Nigel Stangroom and Gavin Panella. She also shot for Wales in the National. OGRE had five people in the final stage of the three-stage George's competition and three in the final stage of the Queen's Prize. It was nice to see some of the non-regulars do well, with Roger Culverwell coming 34th in the dreaded long competition. In the Corporation Marijcke came 14th, and William Haag reached the second stage of the Queen's Prize Match. Glyn Barnett did very well this season coming fifth in the Queen's Prize.

OGRE has various members who have been asked to join touring teams. Mary Boston is the adjutant for the Under 25 team to South Africa next year and Chas will be off to Australia representing Scotland come the Millennium. Marijcke and Debbie Fenn have been asked to tour with Great Britain to Australia in 2001. The team will be vice captained by fellow OGRE member Tim Webster and will compete for the Australia Match. This competition is the team championship match for the Commonwealth. This year also saw a non-shooting success with Guy Bartle's being appointed to the NRA Council as the Eastern Counties representative. The Club would like to wish everyone all the best for the new Millennium and we hope to see lots of our members out for next year's Millennium Veterans competition.

Emilie Lantau (c+O 85-92)

# O.G. SQUASH

On Thursday 29th April Gresham's played against St. Peter's, York (Malcolm Willstrop's old school) in the Final of the Londonderry Cup, the premier competition for the old boys of public schools. Gresham's won 4-1 and so we hold the Cup yet again – perhaps for the final time as the SRA may stop holding the event. On the way to the Final Gresham's beat Lancing, whilst St. Peter's beat Eton. The O.G. V was drawn during the season from Nick Brown, Gawain Briars, Mark Howard, Steve Rudd, Nick Wall and Mike Rawlins.

Mike Rawlins (c+F 69-76)

We are delighted that Gawain Briars has been appointed Executive Director of the (World) Professional Squash Association. See O.G. NEWS – The Editor.

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## O.G.s v A SCHOOL TEAM

For two years now, a squash match between the O.G.s and a School side has taken place during the December Reunion. Richard Mansfield has co-ordinated the O.G. component and is prepared to do the same again this year. As he says, this is a difficult task if nobody comes forward to play.

The event takes place on Sunday December 12th at 12 noon. After the games, the participants traditionally retire to a suitable hostelry and re-live the glorious rallies and killer shots that each has performed. Stephen Rudd and Nigel Millar were involved last year and Richard would like to hear from any other O.G.s, recent or older, who would like to play this year. Contact Richard Mansfield 01263 713492.

Martin Watson

# O.G. CRICKET

A galaxy of stars assembled for this year's match; most of the best players from the last three or four years had donned their whites and quickly showed that they had lost none of their old skills.

The O.G.s elected to bat and against a very young School attack soon piled up the runs. After the early dismissal of Nick Hood there was then an excellent stand between Tom Hood (1345 runs for the School) and Keiron Tuck (1035 runs for the School) Some of Kieron's cover-driving would have graced any cricket arena and he looked in particularly good form, going on to make 59. Geoffrey Watson, although not at his most fluent, battled sensibly before we saw an outstanding innings from Johnny Wyatt. Johnny holds the record for the number of the 1st XI runs scored (1958 runs). He quickly set about the School attack in the manner that he regularly showed when at School, pulling anything remotely short with great power whilst showing wonderful timing when driving either on the ground or over the top. He was well supported by Guy Marsom (23) and was 84 not out when the declaration came on 239 for 7 off 48 overs. Andrew Wellham with 3 wickets was the most impressive of the School attack, who badly missed the absence of their opening bowler, Alistair Horsley, with a back injury.

Sadly only four overs had been bowled by the O.G.s when the heavens opened and play was finished for the day.

Whilst I purred with satisfaction at the display of some of my recent players it was good to see some 'older' boys as well and I hope we will see a greater mix next year for this most social of fixtures.

Alan Ponder

## O.G. HOCKEY

### HOGS HOCKEY 1998-99

Played 24 Won 14 Drew 5 Lost 5.

Goals For: 66 Goals Against: 41

A full fixture list, thanks to the tireless efforts of Fixture Secretary Hobbs Dale and meticulous attention to the long-term preparation of a well-drilled squad by skipper Cargill ensured another successful and highly enjoyable Hogs season. The willingness of players to arrive early for an extensive warm-up pointed to a new hard edge of professionalism, typified by the promptness of the Hogs' veterinary advisors, Bannock and Pitcher.

It is a testament to the depth and resilience of this squad that, despite injuries to key players, the side continued to play with its customary flamboyance. Glennie, as youngsters do, pursued his latest obsession with snow-boarding to dangerous levels of daring and paid the price with a knee injury; Taubman smashed his head pulling off another impressive goal-line save from a Hogs' shot; Deane stoically played on as arthritis gnawed his hip; and Bannock took full advantage of an extensive lay-off with a broken thumb to revive a flagging T.V. career with frequent appearances on 'Who wants to be a Millionaire?'.

Payne's renaissance continues; having negotiated a new sponsorship deal with Stannar Stairlifts, a great weight has been lifted and he has played this season with abandon. Sayer has been teased out of retirement to remind us what a simple game it is; Lintott ma. strode the tight defence like a colossus, while Lintott mi. was leading goal-scorer with 18 – an extraordinary effort considering how long it took the support to arrive; which brings me to Flower who spent another season just off the pace. Buckingham sparkled like a diamond in mid-field, with Marsom drifting in and out of space. Cowper-Johnson hummed down one wing and new boy Harrison injected young blood down the other. Humphrey frequently guested in goal for the overworked Dale and did a splendid job. Many, many more pulled on the cherished pink shirt, briefly to experience that surge of pride and passion. Our grateful thanks too must go to our umpire, Roger Peak, who endured another season of our excesses and those of the weather with his customary cheerfulness and good sense. Thank you, Roger – it is very good of you.

Another successful year, then. The highlights were the Gresham's Hockey Festival in August in which The Hogs narrowly missed a place in the final on goal difference; particularly enjoyable here were a number of games on grass, where Cowper-Johnson was able to display his appetite for the surface once again; and the O.G. game vs. the School was a sparkling affair, with the best school side for a number of years rattling in six goals (one of them a memorable strike from Flower in his own circle), yet The Hogs

clawed (can hogs claw?) back four goals in a fast and furious second half. Three other O.G. sides played on the day and all were splendidly entertained by Peter Badger and Dave Horsley in the Common Room – for that too our thanks.

If any O.G.s have returned recently to the N. Norfolk area and would like a game of a Thursday night, contact Ali Cargill on 01263 720377.

Nigel Flower

## O.G. TENNIS

Two fixtures took place against the School on the Saturday of the O.G. Weekend. Adney Payne kindly agreed to raise a team of assorted players (not all O.G.s) to play against a rather languid and ineffective School V1 who were duly defeated.

The Ladies' Match was a much more committed affair. Playing for the O.G.s were Alex Buch, Sophie Buckenham, Amanda Waters and Sarah Joll. Representing the School were Georgina Pipe, Melanie Lintott, Charlotte Orford, Emily Thomas, Clare Chapman and Alex Coates. The result, a fair one, was a draw – three sets all !

## O.G. GOLF

The Autumn Meeting of the O.G. Golfing Society coupled with the Annual General Meeting was held at Royal Worlington & Newmarket Golf Club in November 1998, when 16 members attended and the Prize Winners were Pat Cook, Peter Watson, Mike Eastwood and Derek Rains. Jeremy Mumby was elected Captain of the Golfing Society for the coming year. Richard Stevens and Jim Balch remain Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary, respectively.

The Spring Meeting was also held at Royal Worlington & Newmarket in early March at 1999 and fifteen members played, with prizes being won by Pat Cook, Mike Longe and Walter Hammond.

In the Halford Hewitt, we were drawn at Royal Cinque Port GC, Deal. We were represented by Jeremy Mumby, Derek Rains, Tom Hawes, Mike Barnard, Ben Stockham, James and Guy Marsom, Bob Hammond, Hugh Semple and Pip Webster. We lost to Merchiston in the first round by 4 matches to 1 but with two other matches going very close. For the first time since 1966, we have a representative on the Public Schools' Golfing Society Committee (The Hon. Secretary!).

Unfortunately, represented by Jeremy Mumby, Derek Rains, Hugh Semple, Pip Wester and James and Guy Marsom we failed to qualify for the final rounds of the Grafton Morrish Competition this year.

We did, however, score a success in the first round of the Cyril Gray at Worplesdon Golf Club, beating King Edward's, Birmingham but losing in the second round to Edinburgh Academy. The team was Tony and Derek Rains, Tony Baker, Chris Pointen, Peter Morton and Graham Wells. If there are O.G. golfers over 50 years of age who would like to play in this and have handicaps perhaps of ten or better, please contact the Hon. Secretary.

The annual match was played against the Governors at Royal West Norfolk Golf Club, this year ending in a tie.

Jeremy Mumby arranged a day's golf at Woodhall Spa on Friday 15th October 1999, to be followed by a dinner in the evening open to all O.G.s and their partners at the Petwood Hotel.

As always, we are delighted to welcome all new members and seek low handicap players, for the Halford Hewitt and the Grafton Morrish. If you are interested in joining, please contact J.L. Balch at 3A Tindal Square, Chelmsford, Essex CM1 1EW – Telephone 01245 496564 (Office). Annual subscription £10.

Jim Balch (c & OSH 44-51)

## O.G. GOLF TOURNAMENT

15th October 1999

Woodhall Spa in Lincolnshire or more precisely the National Golf Centre provided the venue for the Club's two-day tournament organised with great dedication, care and good humour by Jeremy Mumby. In the event those who took part played their golf on the Friday (morning and/or afternoon); afterwards the majority stayed for dinner, bed and breakfast at the Petwood Hotel. Everyone pronounced themselves satisfied with the testing nature of both the E.G.U. courses; the Championship Course with its narrow fairways and cavernous bunkers on which the accuracy of the drive is essential probably explains why Golf Magazine of America ranks it in the top 30 in its '100 Great Courses of the World'. Those who attended the Dinner pronounced themselves equally satisfied by the Petwood's cuisine. The Headmaster John Arkell played golf and with his wife Jean attended the dinner. The atmosphere, style and service provided by the Petwood were excellent. On top of that one could always imagine via the many pictures and photographs as well as memorabilia what the Edwardian country house hotel must have been like when it served as the Mess for the Dambusters in W.W.II!

Eighteen players took part in the tournament. The overall winner was Robert Mumby with Peter Watson the runner-up. Tony Rains played the best round in the morning and George Heaney (S) the best in the afternoon. Not all the golfers were able to stay for the dinner but with non-playing O.G.s, members of staff and several wives the number of diners amounted to 25.

## O.G RUGBY

### Cronk-BMW Invitation Rugby Festival

This, the first year that Gresham's have entered the Cronk BMW Invitation Festival for old boys XVs, proved to be most successful for the O.G. team. Under the very committed leadership of Johnny Wyatt, we reached the final but narrowly failed at the last hurdle.

At our single training session together, the previous week, we all realised what prospects the forthcoming tournament offered. Many of us had never believed that we would have the chance to play together as a team again. It also enabled us to play against many big names, outside our circuit, and put our name very much on the map.

The first match v. Harrow was scheduled for 11.40am, which meant an early start for many to travel down to Motspur Park, Surrey. However, only one member of their team appeared which resulted in a bye to the second round, where we met King's , Canterbury. They were confident after their first round win but came up against a hard-hitting unit. We squandered a few early opportunities, but soon started to come together. With David Cooke scoring the only try in the first half, Spencer Williams and John Worby added two more and a conversion from Cooke gave us our first win, 17-0. Some familiar play could be seen from certain individuals – Williams dominating the front row and Joel Holliday in the line-out, with Tom Hood and Jonny Downs working well in the back row. Wyatt controlled the game at fly half and Worby was powerful at outside centre.

Within half an hour we were up against Tonbridge, winners of the tournament for the previous two years. This was a harder match in which Cooke scored the only try of the game, with an impressive solo run from our own 22. This gave us a semi-final place against Colfe's Dulwich. In the first half we produced our best rugby so far, running in three tries, all converted, with no reply. A try each for Worby and Andy Barron (ex-Wymondham, adopted for the tournament ), and the 'try of the tournament' was scored by James Tovey, coming off his wing to take a reverse pass from Cooke. A further penalty from Cooke took us to a 24-5 win.

In the final Trinity, Croydon took an early lead with a penalty, followed by an unconverted try. Everyone was exhausted, but a converted try from Wyatt brought us back into contention. One more penalty from Trinity gave them an 11-7 lead at half-time. Determined to step it up, we were soon five metres from their line. However, they recovered the ball, and within minutes they scored a converted try from an interception. We replied, running the ball out of our own 22, Worby breaking their line and putting Cooke away in the corner. A further penalty from Trinity took their lead to 21-12. We came very close to scoring another try, again Worby breaking their line; however, soon we heard the final whistle. The whole team was obviously upset to come runners-up, but happy on reflection with what we had achieved.

While talking to a spectator, very impressed with our performance, he asked us which league this O.G. Rugby Club played in and was astonished that this was the first time we'd played together since leaving school. Johnny Wyatt received a plaque and cheque for £100 while everyone received an individual medal.

Many thanks to Johnny for a huge effort of getting the team together and Cookie for organising a set of shirts for the tournament. Many thanks also to Perne Wyatt & Son International Haulage for their generous sponsorship of the shirts. A most enjoyable and successful day. It was great to see everyone come together again and play such good rugby. The hope is that the O.G. Club will take part in the Festival next year. Stand by all 1st XV players who left in '98 or '99 or will leave in '00!

Round 1	- v. Harrow	bye
Round 2	- v. King's, Canterbury	won 17-0
Quarter-final	- v. Tonbridge	won 5-0
Semi-final	- v. Colfe's	won 24-5
Final	- v. Trinity, Croydon	lost 12-21

Rory Macnair



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear John,

I was very sorry to see the obituary of Alastair Duncan-Millar in the last O.G. Magazine. I had only met him once but in circumstances that you may find of interest. Seven or eight years ago I was taking a week's fishing holiday at the Ulster Arms Hotel and Halkirk in Caithness, a fairly remote part of Scotland. One evening a gentleman held open the door of the bar for me to go in; as I passed he asked "When were you at Gresham's?" (I was wearing my O.G. tie). He then introduced himself as D.A.V. Aldridge, o& H 1930-1936. Having sorted out each other's dates, houses, etc. I was then taken to meet his fishing companions who were his brother, J.F.L. Aldridge, H 1939-1943, and the aforesaid I.A. Duncan-Millar, W 1928-1931.

After a very interesting discussion, mainly about life at Gresham's in the thirties under J.R. Eccles, I was able to introduce the rest of my party. These were: E.A. Hotblack, OSH 1942-1945; T.E. Hotblack, k & W 1962-1970; P.W.Raywood, OSH 1942-1946; and M.W.H. Nichols, k 1952-1957.

As there were only three others staying at the hotel at the time we thought it remarkable that, completely by chance, more than three-quarters of the guests had been educated at Gresham's.

Yours sincerely,  
Richard Youngs (c & W 55-61)

Dear Mr Rayner,

I was glad you reprinted the Times obituary of Boris Ford whom I remember very well but I was surprised my brother Colin (not Cyril as stated) did not remind his contemporaries of the clerihew which, I believe, won a competition held in the '30s. It went:-

Boris Ford  
Might have scored  
If he tried  
To keep on-side.

I don't expect you to publish this but it would be a pity if it were forgotten.

Yours sincerely,  
Douglas Watson (D 24-33)

(Sent to the Editor in his other capacity as O.G. Club Co-ordinator)

Dear John Rayner,

Many thanks for the invitation to the OSH Reunion Dinner on 25 September. I'm afraid I can't come (as we shall only just be back from a trip to Uzbekistan). So please accept/convey my apologies.

I have nothing but happy memories of OSH days. I went there in 1933, aged 9, and left in 1942 – after a 2 year sojourn in Kenwyn when it became the junior house in 1936. I keep in touch with various OSH contemporaries – Ben Crowdy, Godfrey Sandys –Winch and Tim Moxon (who lives in Jamaica).

What nostalgia it all provokes!

EG. – arriving at Holt Station (by M&G..N.) and walking to the OSH with cabin trunks and tuck-boxes in hand-carts;

- bike rides on the Lowes on Sundays;

- walking to the main School, past the ancient tablet to Moggy the horse, set in the wall of the churchyard, and then up the Cromer Rd. (I can still smell the blossoming hawthorn hedges, thick with caterpillars);

- accepting each other's 'dare' when in the 4-bedroomed dorm for 9-year-olds, to sneak down and past the Gambles' dining room door and up the other stairs, while a dinner party was in progress;

- keeping newts in tanks in an attic, and finding some very dessicated bodies behind pictures in the walls some time later;

- trips in Dick Bagnall-Oakeley's sports car to Hemsby Broad on a Sunday and being shown a sedge warbler's nest, before dashing back to change into Eton collars for evening chapel;

- using the slip-catching device kept near the OSH 'Library' building;

- playing rugger and cricket on the OSH playing fields (and even soccer when avuncular Frank Spencer ruled Kenwyn) and eating plump sweet chestnuts from the trees there;

- being allowed to listen to the house wireless on Saturday evenings ('In Town Tonight') in the junior OSH;

- learning poetry as a Gamble punishment ('The Eve of Waterloo' still comes back to me);

- enjoying the irreverent 'Gambol' house magazine (e.g. of Hugh Ramage – 'Uncle Bill came down the hill/Riding his bike at speed/ A gust of wind/And he was pinned/Beneath his trusty steed');

- operating the printing press in Newquay days;

- the cricket leagues on Newquay golf course (with music master Hubert Hales as our OSH team's staff member showing an unexpected side to his talents).

And one could go on. But this is more than enough, if you have waded through these ramblings you deserve my apologies for such a screed.

I hope the dinner is a success.

Yours sincerely,

R.W. Roseveare (o,k & OSH 33-42)

## MISCELLANEOUS

### THE JOHN ROWLEY MEMORIAL

Two identical memorials to the much-admired Master i/c. Shooting are being created, one at the School's indoor shooting range, the other in the Gresham's Pavilion at Bisley. Each memorial consists of a wooden plaque on which John's name is incised and above which is a colour photograph taken by Tony Leech of John in a moment of relaxation. The School and the O.G. Club have contributed to the creation of the two memorials.

#### The John Rowley Memorial Fund

The Fund is now firmly established. It is intended to provide assistance for those boys and girls who have difficulty meeting the costs involved in representative shooting. If any O.G.s wish to contribute they may do so via the Bursar at School.

### THE BRUCE DOUGLAS MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP

This year's winner of the Bruce Douglas Memorial Scholarship for the most promising L V1 mathematician is Alex Wynne.

### NORFOLK'S TOP 10 OF THE CENTURY

Reprinted from an article in The Eastern Daily Press in September 1999:

KEN McKEE, surgeon (1906 – 1991) – “He made the lame walk again.”

TED ELLIS, naturalist (1909 – 1986) – “Shared all his joys of observation.”

HENRY BLOGG, lifeboatman (1876 – 1954) “Man of the sea who knew no fear.”

EDITH CAVELL, nurse (1865 – 1915) – “She died like a heroine.”

ARTHUR PATTERSON, naturalist (1857 – 1935) – “Breydon's true champion.”

DICK BAGNALL-OAKELEY, all-rounder (1908 – 1974) – “Wonderful Norfolk storyteller.”

GEORGE EDWARDS, union man (1850 – 1933) – “A proud son of the soil.”

SYDNEY LONG, doctor (1870 – 1939) – “Norfolk Naturalists' Trust founder,”

LILIAS RIDER HAGGARD, writer (1839 – 1968) – “Inspiring Norfolk books.”

SIDNEY GRAPES, entertainer (1888 – 1958) – “Still delighting dialect lovers.”

Just outside the Top 10 – Louis Marchesi (Round Table founder), Eric Fowler (Jonathan Mardle of EDP), William Marriot (M& GN railway stalwart), Dick Condon (theatre showman), Bill Edrich (England and Norfolk cricketer), R.H. Mottram (writer) and W.G. Clarke (Breckland naturalist).

Best of the rest – Michael Brindid (dialect writer), Nugent Monck (founder of Maddermarket Theatre), Willie Long (fisherman evangelist), Tom and Kitty Higdon (teachers at Burston Strike School), Aubrey Aitken (colourful churchman), “Tim” Birkin (Bentley Boy racer), John Fletcher Dodd (holiday camp pioneer), Howard Carter (treasure finder), and Sir Henry Rider Haggard (novelist and radical squire).

## Needed: Reminiscences and Anecdotes

Stephen Benson would very much appreciate recollections written by O.G.s who were at the School in the 60's and 70's. He is interested in receiving comments on the nature and atmosphere of the School. Criticisms both favourable and unfavourable will be welcome, but the latter should be constructive. Appreciations of staff and anecdotes (printable!) are sought too. Stephen is very keen to obtain good-quality photographs of an informal kind. Subjects could include pupils, staff, activities. They will of course be returned. All such material can be sent to Stephen via the Editor at School.

## The O.G. Address Book

Members of the Club may purchase a copy of the Address Book compiled by Peter Corran. This booklet is invaluable for keeping in touch with one's friends and at £3.50 (inc. p+p) payable to The O.G. Club is extremely good value. We intend to issue a fresh update every three months and send that with the booklet to new applicants.

## Lest We Forget

The Editor apologises for the misquotation of Laurence Binyon's famous lines that appeared in the previous issue:

The first line should have read: 'They shall grow not old' - not 'They shall not grow old'.

# Back Numbers of the O.G. Club Newsletter

Stephen Benson, former Housemaster of Woodlands, is currently writing a history of the School. He would be most grateful if any Old Boy could lend copies of the O.G. Newsletter from 1967 to 1977 inclusive - ideally the whole lot, but failing that, copies for individual years.

(I could pass them to Stephen. - The Editor.)

## C.C.F., J.T.C. & O.T.C. Commanding Officers

Richard Peaver, who has recently taken over command of the C.C.F. Contingent, is hoping to display in the Administration Block a set of framed photographs, each with a small plaque, of former Commanding Officers of the Corps. So far, he has excellent pictures of John Williams and Alec Cunningham, but none of Dan Frampton, or indeed of any of John Williams's predecessors. If any O.G. is able either to provide a photograph of former C.O.s, or to put him in touch with members of their family, he would be most grateful.

## Late News

Lord Strabolgi, a Labour peer, came second in the ballot for the first group of hereditary peers to escape eviction from the House of Lords. Thus this O.G. becomes one of fifteen hereditaries who will serve as deputy speakers and committee chairmen in the transition of House of Lords when the new session of Parliament opens on November 17th.

## Careers Convention

11th December

Patrick Cooper, Careers Master at the School, would be most interested to hear from anybody who could act as a Consultant at the Convention.

Consultants are needed in the following areas: Civil Service, Foreign Office, Stockbrokers, Management and PR. If you can help please ring 01263 713083.

# DESTINATIONS OF SCHOOL LEAVERS 1999

125 members of the U6 left in July 1999.

**102 applied to UCAS for degree courses.** The remainder include an ESU student, Art and Drama College applicants, foreign students not furthering education in the U.K., those going directly into employment, and some who are taking a year out and have yet to make further plans.

**34 applied for a Gap Year.** Of those who applied, 5 subsequently accepted places for 1999 entry.

**15 intend to re-apply for 2000 entry.** This includes 9 who declined offers, 3 as a result of better than predicted grades, and 1 to apply to Cambridge.

**9 applied to UCAS from previous years.** All of these obtained unconditional offers.

## Choice of Establishment (for those taking Degree Courses)

1999 saw a wider range of universities to which students applied.

- 11 Bath
- 8 Nottingham
- 7 Newcastle
- 5 Edinburgh
- 4 Durham, Cambridge, Nott. Trent, Kent
- 3 UCL, Sheffield, Bristol
- 2 Glasgow, Oxford Brookes, Manchester, Southampton, Northumbria, KCL
- 1 Warwick, Huddersfield, London Guildhall, De Montford, Aberystwyth, Anglia PU, Reading, Manchester Met, West England, Leeds, LSE, Sheffield Hallam, Plymouth, Oxford, Rose Bruford, Keele, York, Leicester, York Ripon & St. John, Leeds Met, Imperial, Loughborough, R. Agricultural Coll.

## Chosen Courses

Many of the courses are combined Honours. They are classified under the heading of the main discipline.

- 13 Business/Economics/Management
- 11 Engineering (all types)
- 6 English, Theatre Arts/Film Studies
- 7 Medicine/Vet. Medicine/Natural Sciences
- 5 Languages
- 3 Computing, Law
- 2 Physics, Music, Art, Agriculture, Social Policy, Geography, Maths, Design, Classical Studies
- 1 Hospitality Management, Politics, History, Speech Therapy, Food Technology, Sports Science, Biochemistry, Theology, Sociology, Chemistry, Psychology, Physiotherapy, Equine Studies, Education, Silversmithing, Combined Studies

# GCSE Results 1999

Grade	Number of Grades	Percentage of Grades
A*	161	16
A	308	31
B	336	34
C	156	16
D	27	3
E	3	0
Below E	0	0

# A Level Results 1999

Grade	Number of Grades	Percentage of Grades
A	138	35
B	82	21
C	83	21
D	54	14
E	21	5
N	8	2
U	3	1

## O.G. News/Change of Address

The Editor appreciates the trouble taken by Members to inform him of their news, and to pass on the news of other Old Boys and Old Girls, particularly their contemporaries and friends. He urges O.G.s not to be reticent about their activities, nor unassuming about their achievements. Anyone wishing to send news of himself or herself or other O.G.s may, if desired, use the form below, which can also be used to notify the Club of a change of address.

To: The Editor, O.G. Magazine

From:

House:

Year:

Please note following change of address (delete if inapplicable):-

News for inclusion in Magazine:-





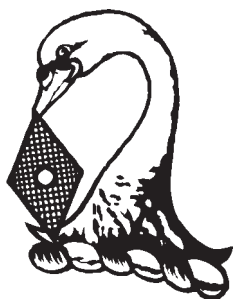
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# *Old Greshamian Magazine*

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