



# Old Greshamian Magazine

November 2019 • Number 158



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November 2019 Number 158

**Cover Photo:** Olivia Colman with her Academy Award at the 2019 Oscars ceremony © PA

Printed by The Lavenham Press

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

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

**Club Secretary:** Jo Thomas-Howard (Alumni Manager)

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



## From the Chairman

Dear OGs,

It is hard to believe a whole year has passed since I wrote the last report, and it has been another busy one for the OG Club.

Within the office we have produced a new range of merchandise, which is available both online or in the school shop – we hope you like it, and would welcome any feedback.

More excitingly, we have launched a new platform called Gresham's Global Connect. This is a private website only for OGs, which I urge you all to sign up to. It has a careers focus and allows OGs to search for others via name, location or job description. You can decide how much information you give, whether you are happy to be contacted by others, and how you want that contact to be made. We are really hoping this will offer help and support to OGs in the workplace; after all, we've all needed a helping hand at times.

Outside the office, OGs have been active as always; the HOGs have had a good season and are making plans for their forthcoming 25th Anniversary Dinner, OGRE completed a successful tour of Jersey, and Olivia Colman was presented with an Oscar for Best Actress in "The Favourite"! Others have been running marathons, cycling across mountains and travelling to far corners of the world. It is always interesting to hear about your adventures and achievements, so please send any pictures and information to the OG Club office.

On that note, I would like to thank Richard Peaver who does a wonderful job at putting our magazine together. Also thanks to Jo Thomas-Howard and Mary Cokayne, who keep the office running smoothly, and of course to the Committee for their continued support.

One of my favourite events of the year was the Norfolk Show. Gresham's had a new and much improved stand, designed by the extremely talented Amy Pearce, and OGs benefited from a brilliant drinks reception. It was a hugely successful event and well supported by OGs, parents, ex-parents, staff, ex-staff, Governors and potential parents, amongst others. Definitely a date for your diaries next summer!

Finally I cannot sign off without mentioning our current OG Governor, Sir James Dyson and his enormously generous donation to the school. The proposed building is incredibly exciting and will offer pupils the opportunity to design, invent and create in a state of the art environment. What a wonderful facility for Gresham's and the wider community.

Please continue to support the school and OG events – as I write I am looking forward to the OG Drinks at Fishmongers' Hall. I hope to have seen many of you there!

**Charlotte Coventry (née Goff)**

Chairman



## From the Headmaster



Dear OGs,

Welcome to the annual magazine, which I trust will give you some interest to read about the wider school community. Our new chairman, Michael Goff, is very keen to develop and promote the idea of the “Gresham’s Family”. I could not agree more with this idea and it is so clear to me that Gresham’s is a community which spreads throughout Norfolk and beyond. You are of course the key members of this family and I do hope that you are closely connected with the School today. If not, please do come and visit us; I would be delighted to show you around. Gresham’s is in great heart, with an ever growing student roll and a number of new buildings. We have benefited from the biggest financial gift in modern school history from Sir James Dyson, who is of course the OG Governor at present. This incredibly generous and important gift will allow us to build a fabulous new STEAM building, teaching Science, Technology, Engineering, Art and Mathematics under one roof. I believe it will catapult Gresham’s forward and re-establish us as a nationally important School. Again, if you would like to know more about this please do get in touch with me.

Please enjoy the magazine and remember you are the key “elders” of the Gresham’s Family.

With best wishes,

**Douglas Robb**

# Headmaster's Speech Day Speech, 2019



Prime Warden, Mr. Chairman, Sir Christopher and Lady Harper, Ladies and Gentlemen, and of course Logie, the “forever” headmaster of Gresham’s - good morning. What a time for me to be the Headmaster of Gresham’s, what a time for all of us to be a part of this tremendous School. The year began with an extraordinary exhibition of former pupils who had gone on to worldwide recognition; “Inventing the Future” was a tremendous statement of the range of interest

and achievement that this school has produced. The year has come towards an end with the cricket team dismantling the MCC, who had brought their strongest team possible, one of the best schoolboy team performances I have ever seen. We have a new Chair of Governors, the first Old Greshamian in the 464-year history of this school. Michael Goff is an incredibly passionate Greshamian, former parent and current grandparent of Greshamians; it is fair to say that Gresham’s runs very deep in his veins. Following his appointment in October, the Governing Body have embarked on a strategic review which we will share with you later in the year; needless to say they are as ambitious as I am for this great school.

Michael succeeded Andrew Martin Smith who had been a Governor for twenty years, an extraordinary commitment on behalf of the Fishmongers’ Company. Andrew was by any measure a great Chairman, and was a huge support to me and to this school. Michael will say more about the governing body later on today. We are also very fortunate to have David Jones here as Prime Warden; he has also been a School Governor for several years in advance of his honorary role as Prime Warden. It is always important that we all acknowledge the continuing support of the Fishmongers’ Company. They have been custodians of this great school throughout its long history and I am so proud to see the warmth and enthusiasm that they hold for Gresham’s and we hold for the Fishmongers. This relationship is key for a successful future for Gresham’s; Prime Warden, thank you.



LBL & Jenny Bruce-Lockhart



The Prime Warden and the Chaplain





A futuristic Big School display

Michael will talk about the recent gift from current Governor Sir James Dyson, which will herald an exciting and dynamic new chapter for our school. I thought I would spend a little time talking about the concept of STEAM – Science, Technology, Engineering, Art and Maths. I have to confess that I first heard this term at Oundle School in the mid-2000s. They embarked on a development of their science facilities and wanted to bring a STEAM concept

to fruition; unfortunately, they didn't have sufficient funding to do so! I read a little about what the thinking behind the idea was and it certainly struck a chord. Why should we divide scientists and artists at sixteen and see no further overlap in their work? Why do we allow pupils to stop studying Maths at sixteen? Why do we allow them to stop studying literature and language at such an early stage? Of course the IB has been a counterbalance to this A-level view of the world, and we are most fortunate that we have been able to offer both routes through the 6<sup>th</sup> form. STEAM recognises what Engineering departments have been complaining about, that their engineering undergraduates lack creativity, flair and flexibility in their approach. The next generation of engineers need to embrace Sir James Dyson's view that an engineer is simply someone who finds a solution to a real world problem. Sir James is in many ways a STEAM poster boy; he left Gresham's wishing to be a fine artist and went to Art College. From there he went to the Royal College of Art and graduated as a designer. His first project was an amphibious motor launch, which is still parked outside Dyson Headquarters in Malmesbury. From there he designed the "Ballbarrow", which sold well but taught him a few business lessons, and from there the bagless cyclonic vacuum cleaner, a serious piece of engineering technology. There are so many good lessons for our own children in his story - over 5,000 prototypes and ten years of graft to bring his concept to final design and development. I could wax lyrical about lessons in the grit and determination that he showed to carry on, and the very obvious rewards that have followed.



Famous OGs celebrated in the Chapel

If you look at the current Art and Design department in The Cairns Centre, you will see emblazoned in large colourful letters the words "make stuff". In so many ways this simple statement is brilliant and encapsulates what I am talking about. Our next generation need to be creative risk-takers, who have experienced failure and setback in abundance. They will need to work in teams to collaborate and solve problems, and



Future OGs

literally “Invented the Future” is our pedigree. Those sitting in our classrooms, whether at Pre-Prep., Prep. or Senior, are our future.

this is what we need to be preparing them for in their secondary education. I am clear that this will involve a real revolution in traditional approaches to curriculum and teaching. With the support of the Dyson Foundation and the construction of a new STEAM building, I am confident that Gresham’s can lead the field and is on the brink of a new golden era. The list of former pupils who have been pioneering groundbreakers and have

Gresham’s future is burning bright and I am so proud to be a small part of that. I ask you in turn to sing this story from the rooftops. It is time for us all to acknowledge and be so proud of what a wonderful community we are part of. What an exciting time to be part of this unfolding story!



It was the hottest day of the year

Buildings are visible and tangible expressions of a school developing, but in reality the key to any good school is its staff. When I arrived at Gresham’s a consistent theme came back from parents: the school is lovely, the kids enjoy it. The “but” came in the form of criticism of some of the teaching staff. I am delighted that five years later this “but” has



largely disappeared. We have a dynamic teaching staff, who are raising their game year on year. The development of staff, perhaps particularly in the Science department, has been significant and I am now confident that our teaching and learning is on a par with, or better than, any competitor school. The two key drivers behind this have been Tim Hipperson and Simon Kinder, who have both worked tirelessly to support, develop and recruit staff. I believe our Common Room is now very strong indeed.

In late October the government dropped a pension bomb on independent schools. Employer contributions were to rise by 43% in September. We immediately set about a mature discussion with staff about what this meant for the school, for fees and finances. There was an immediate consensus that it was not an option to simply drop this further expense onto parents who are already struggling with high fee levels. Staff have been engaged and very sensible in navigating a way forward, and we are emerging through consultation with a solution that will contain this increase in costs within the current staff remuneration. They, indeed we, have taken this “hit” in our stride and I wanted to publicly thank all teaching staff for their good grace and common sense at this difficult time; I have to tell you that this is in stark contrast to many other independent schools.

This summer sees two of our boarding houses changing leadership. Francis Retter has served Woodlands for fourteen years, and he and Sophie have provided a wonderful home environment for the boys. Katrina Mousley leaves Oakeley after seven years, and again she and Andrew have served the house with distinction. Katrina has shown great courage in the last year with ill health, and we all wish her the very best with her treatment as it progresses through the summer.

We have a number of staff who are leaving us this year and it is important to thank them for their contribution. Anna Tannen returns to Germany after a year. Mary Bradley returns to Scotland after two years. Duncan Buckmaster moves to Stamford after two years. Vicky Rangeley-Wilson returns to her novel after two years. Anne Reece moves to the West Country after two years. John Bowley moves to the Channel Islands after three years. Keeley Thompson moves on after four years. Simon Brown moves to King’s, Grantham, after five years and Peter Detnon moves to Jumeriah English Speaking School in Dubai after five years. Please could you give them all a round of applause?

Marc Gillingwater moves to St Edward’s, Oxford, after eleven years. Marc has been a consummate schoolmaster and his contribution to Gresham’s is as varied as it is long. He has been an excellent teacher, head of department, head of 6<sup>th</sup> form and teaching research lead. He has led the Navy Section of the CCF, organised and led the concert band and coached three terms of games throughout his time. He is, in simple terms, the sort of schoolmaster that every headmaster wants to employ, and his commitment to the pupils has been outstanding.

Paul Barrett has been the IT Manager for thirteen years, having formerly served in the RAF. Paul has decided to step into industry and we wish him every success in his new venture. Beverley McCombie has been with us for thirteen years, first as Head's PA and latterly as exams officer. Her dedication to the Gresham's family has been superb, and her support to me in my first two years was first class.

Chrissie van Hasselt retires after thirteen years. She has been an outstanding head of English and has ruled an at times unruly department with an iron fist inside a velvet glove. She is a naturally shy person, but all of her pupils will recognise the high standards that she demands from them. Her compassion and dedication to her English pupils has been the hallmark of her career as an outstanding teacher.

James Quick retires after sixteen years as Headmaster of Gresham's Prep. School, and has led the school with distinction throughout that time. James, with Kim alongside him, were a formidable team and fostered a kind, caring and high-achieving ethos at the Prep. School; no mean feat. The great sadness of the last year has been balanced with a real appreciation of their fantastic contribution to the Gresham's family.



The leavers looked their best

Chris Grief has been a chef at Gresham's for 40 years, and leaves as our head chef in the summer. He is currently helping to prepare lunch for a thousand and so, as you can imagine, rather tied up - another senior figure in the Gresham's family. We all thank him and wish him well in retirement.

I stood here a year ago and acknowledged the contribution of David Olby, who was due to retire at Christmas after 55 years. Those plans were sadly never fulfilled after his untimely death in August, but I am delighted that his contribution has been marked with a beautiful plaque in the Chapel opposite the great former Second Master, Bruce Douglas. It is absolutely fitting that David receives this recognition for his unparalleled contribution to this School family.

In closing, I thank you all, particularly the parents, for all of your continued support for this great school. I urge you to be proud, stand up and stand tall. There has never been a better time for Gresham's.



Sir Chris Harper presented the prizes

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# The London Children's Camp

The London Children's Camp is now fully up and running again, located at its fantastic new facility in the School Woods. Following its formal opening by Jennifer Bourdillon, OG Everest mountaineer Tom Bourdillon's widow, on Speech Day 2018, there have been three weeks of residential camps in 2018 and four weeks of camps in 2019.

The camps take place in the School summer holiday, staffed by qualified Gresham's staff, and are for disadvantaged pupils from some the more disadvantaged areas of the country. The attendees' schools use the reward of attending these fantastic camps (which the Charity fully funds) as an incentive for some of their pupil premium pupils to attend school and behave properly when in school.

Whilst on site at Gresham's, the children and their supervising teachers sleep in the purpose-built woodland shack with no mod cons and cook their own food on open fires, and they go totally "off the grid", having to surrender their mobile phones upon arrival at Gresham's. In addition to using the amazing obstacle course, high ropes course, huge climbing tower and zip wire at the LCC facility, they are also able to use other school facilities and the beautiful surrounding North Norfolk countryside. The School and the LCC have also partnered with a local sailing school, to make these camps even more memorable.



The Bourdillon tower

When not in use by the LCC, the woodland facility (which the School maintains for the Charity in exchange for its use in term time) is used by the School's CCF and other outdoor activities groups and the cabin in the woods also provides a forest school facility for the Pre-Prep. and Prep. School and several other local state schools and community groups.

If you are visiting the School as an OG, do ensure you leave enough time to visit this amazing facility, which very few of Gresham's competitor schools can match.

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# Reunions and Events in the Past Year

## The Trumpet Call in After Years: Over-60s Lunch, November 2018

Driving up to Norfolk in the sunshine, I reflected on my childhood in Holt and those still-remembered schooldays, good friends, and liked and respected teachers. Recently I have taken up invitations to visit the School again, which I have thoroughly enjoyed.



Sure enough, this time the sun shone on a cold, windy morning, and I was in time to look around, and already meet other early arrivals outside the Chapel. Soon we were made welcome and took our places inside, for a service that was familiar and also tinged by the Centenary Armistice Day Remembrance of the Great War to be held the following day. The Choir sang an anthem, beautifully, and we were privileged to be shown the new Memorial stones on the walls of the ante-Chapel.

Wine, reminiscences and photographs were followed by lunch in Big School. After a rousing address by Douglas Robb we enjoyed a delicious meal among old friends, catching up on news and experiences.

Sadly, the time came to depart, we said our farewells and headed home. It started to rain as I drove through Swaffham, but I have many happy memories of this day. So I would like to thank Douglas and Mrs. Robb, and Jo Thomas-Howard, for their welcome and unfailing hospitality.

**Tom Dyson** (k & OSH 1954 – 62)



## 1987 Leavers Mini-Reunion

Following the success of the 30-year reunion at the school of 1987 leavers, the group have kept in touch, and **Andy Wheeler** arranged a further, informal, “mini-reunion” in 2018.



## OG Carol Concert

The first of the new annual OG charity carol concerts was overwhelmingly well-received and left everybody in high Christmas spirits. As four hours of choir rehearsals – led by the inextinguishable **Mark Jones** (S 1994 – 2015) – drew to an end, the church quickly began to fill up. Finally, over 160 people had come to support the concert alongside the amazing turnout from the 25 in the choir. In true Gresham's spirit, Blakeney church resonated with Christmas congregational hymns and some amazing choral performances from the assembled OG choir – featuring **Sam Curtis** (c & H 1986 – 93 & S 2006 -) in his debut appearance as a choirboy. Performances from **Alexandra (Grace) Thomas** (B & Q 2011 – 16), **Henny Hovenden** (c & E 2008 – 17), **George Jefford** (k & F 2001 – 17), **Sam Aldersey-Williams** (k & F 2003 – 18) and our small *a capella* group were some of the highlights of the evening's events, showing the OG musical talent in full glory.



With the fantastic help of Barbara Bent and the committee at Blakeney church, we were able to serve up mulled wine and homemade sausage rolls, which went down a storm – we'll ensure to over-buy in the mulled wine department and prep plenty more sausage rolls for next year, which is reason enough to make sure that you don't miss out on 2019's concert! Of course, it goes without saying that the purpose of the concert was to try and raise money for the two school charities – The Lord's Taverners and Michael Morpurgo's farm for city children – both of which are thoroughly well-deserving and do incredible things to help the lives of children within the UK. After the final tally up of all of the donations, we received a total of over £600, which is an incredible sum and far beyond what I ever hoped to raise!

I can't begin thank everybody who aided in bringing the concert together; notably Mark Jones for his help in arranging the programme and in conducting the choir in true Jonesy style, Sam Aldersey-Williams for his organ and piano accompaniment throughout, Barbara Bent for all of her help in planning each fine detail of the concert, Jo Thomas-Howard and the OG Committee for helping fund and promote the event, Victoria Hovenden for helping produce all of the programmes, my mother for making arguably the best sausage rolls the good people of Blakeney have ever tasted, and of course all of my friends who supported the event, both in the choir and in the congregation, giving some fierce competition and enthusiasm from the stalls during the hymns.

**Jacob Jaggard** (F 2012 – 17)

**Jake adds:**

*After the amazing success of last year's service, the OG choir will be returning again to St. Nicholas Church, Blakeney on 20<sup>th</sup> December 2019 at 7.30 p.m., to raise money for more deserving charities. With Mark Jones conducting and a number of talented OGs featuring in the line-up, it looks to be even bigger and better than before! So please join us for an evening of carols and music, where we will make sure this year to stock up with copious amounts of mulled wine and enough of Terri Jaggard's legendary sausage rolls to feed the 5,000! What better way to get into the Christmas spirit?*

If you would like more information or to be part of the concert, please contact Jake: [jacobmarkjaggard@gmail.com](mailto:jacobmarkjaggard@gmail.com) / 0738763148.

## Prefects' Dinner 2019

On Thursday 28<sup>th</sup> March, the prefects were kindly invited to The Anchor Inn, Morston, by the OG Committee. We had an excellent evening where we were treated to a three-course meal (the burger a very popular choice), which everyone thoroughly enjoyed. The OGs moved around the table to give everyone an opportunity to talk to the Committee members and find out how Gresham's shaped their careers and lives. It was a brilliant opportunity to make links and connections, as well as find out how the OG Club could help us in the future. The night was rounded off by some singing performances by prefects, accompanied by the ever-enthusiastic Mr. **Sam Curtis**.



We all had a fantastic time and are very grateful to OGs **Harry Farrow** (k & T 1999 – 2007) and **Rowan Glennie** (k & T 1998 – 2007) at The Anchor, as well as the OG Committee for providing such an entertaining and enjoyable evening for us.

**Tom Kinder** (k & T 2003 – 19)

## Sir John Gresham Society Lunch, May 2019

On 3<sup>rd</sup> May, the school hosted the Sir John Gresham Society Lunch. This event, which is organised by the Gresham's Foundation Legacy Programme, took place in the new Pavilion, and is a gesture of thanks to those who have expressed the intention of remembering the school in their Will.



## Former Staff Barbecue, June 2019

Retired members of staff enjoyed a summer lunchtime barbecue at the Auden Theatre in June 2019. In the middle of what was a particularly wet early summer, the elements were kind to us, and everyone was able to sit outdoors and chat. Former colleagues greatly appreciate these opportunities to catch up with old friends and it

is always good to see the school looking in such good form. The party finally drew to a close at around 3.00 p.m. and we are grateful to Dr. David Horsley, whose idea it originally was to organise these gatherings on a regular basis.



## Girls' House 1982 Leavers Reunion, July 2019

In July 2019, no fewer than ten out of the 21 Girls' House 1982 leavers met for their annual catch-up in Norfolk.

## Drinks at Fishmongers' Hall, September 2019

By kind permission of The Worshipful Company of Fishmongers, a large gathering of OGs, of all generations, met in the grand surroundings of Fishmongers' Hall on 19<sup>th</sup> September for drinks and canapés. Being able to enjoy good food and wine while looking out over the City, the South Bank and the Thames is a rare privilege, and all who attended thoroughly enjoyed the evening.



A date for the diary: next year's drinks at Fishmongers' Hall will be on Thursday 10th September 2020 from 6.00 – 9.30 p.m.

## The OG Masonic Lodge

The Lodge is in good heart and we currently have an OG from Bulgaria, Veselin Paskov, who will be joining the Lodge as a joining member at our next meeting in September or possibly January.

This year, at our June meeting on Friday 21<sup>st</sup> June, not only did we have our normal Lodge meeting at Sheringham, but we once again followed this on with a ladies evening at the school. We asked wives and partners and also non-masons to join us, and this included James Morgan, President-Elect of the School Governors, who responded to the toast on behalf of the school, which proved interesting, especially with the new legacy given to the school. There was a reception for wives and non-masons at 5.45 p.m., where we provided canapés and fizz. The Lodge members joined them at 6.45 p.m., when a good night was had by all. We were also treated by a few members of the school musicians and they were absolutely brilliant. The Headmaster attended for the pre-drinks and spoke to all, making us all welcome before he had rush off to the school's rock concert.

Please note the dates for our meetings. The forthcoming ones are on Thursday 9<sup>th</sup> January 2020, Thursday 16<sup>th</sup> April 2020, and the summer meeting at School is on Friday 19<sup>th</sup> June 2020.

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

The Secretary is Ian Barber who lives in Holt not far from School. His details are:  
50 Neil Avenue, Holt, Norfolk NR25 6TG – Telephone 01263 710649  
Email: [ian.barber@mapartners.co.uk](mailto:ian.barber@mapartners.co.uk)

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

**Mike Stott** (W 1952 – 56) – Assistant Secretary

## First World War Commemoration



Over the past four years, **Simon Kinder** (S 2003 - ), Head of History, has researched the stories of the 112 pupils and three staff who attended Gresham's and lost their lives in the Great War, and has been retelling their stories at assemblies and chapel services.

Saturday 11<sup>th</sup> November 2018 was the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the death of **Major St. John Davies MC** (o & Bengal Lodge 1904 – 11), who lost his life on the last day of the First World War, and the school was delighted to welcome Michael Davies (St. John's nephew) and Michael's daughter Helen Ormerod to a special Chapel service on 9<sup>th</sup> November. Helen joined the school in a procession of lanterns to remember those OGs and staff who lost their lives and it was particularly special that Helen carried a lantern in memory of her great-uncle.

In 1918, **George Howson** (HM 1900 – 19) oversaw the installation of a memorial to the pupils and staff who died fighting in the Great War, their names being inscribed on a six-panel wooden memorial board in the Chapel. One hundred years later, with the assistance of the Gresham's Foundation, the OG Club, **Angela Dugdale MBE DL** (S 1992 – 94), **Chris Barnes** (OSH 1989 – 91) and other members of the Gresham's community, the school raised over £8,000 for a new memorial stone, which matches the existing Second World War one, and includes the names of 15 pupils and staff who have been discovered recently as a result of research by **Sue Smart** (S 1993 – 2007), Simon Kinder and pupils. The memorial was dedicated by the Chaplain, **Fr. Bryan Roberts**, at a special service on 11<sup>th</sup> November. The picture shows, from left to right, **Douglas Robb** (Headmaster), Major General Sir William Cubitt KCVO CBE DL (County President of the Royal British Legion) and Lady Cubitt, **Lieutenant Colonel Richard Peaver TD** (S 1971 – 2009), Mrs. Henrietta Marriott and **Major General Patrick Marriott CB CBE DL** (F 1971 – 76) (described recently by a former subordinate as "without question the most influential and inspiring officer I served under"), who gave an inspiring address at the service, Mrs. Louise Marriner and Brigadier Max Marriner CBE (former Gresham's parents), **Lieutenant Colonel Simon Gates** (S 2004 - ) (CCF Contingent Commander) and **Captain Colin Scoles MBE** (SSI 1998 - ).



## Royal Norfolk Show

Many OGs, friends, parents and families visited the Gresham's stand at the 2019 Royal Norfolk Show.





## “Reinventing the Future” at the Royal Norfolk Show

For the 2019 Royal Norfolk Show, we decided to “reinvent” the excellent exhibition (“Inventing the Future”) staged in Big School last autumn featuring OGs who made a name in the world of design and the arts. Curators **James Glennie** (F 1969 – 74) and **John Smart** (S 1985 – 06) had largely focused on the careers and achievements of a selection of 20<sup>th</sup> century Greshamians, but thanks to Commercial Director Amy Pearce and designer Simon Levy, with a little historical input from the archives, we were able to build on the story of how Gresham’s “grew” such a talented bunch of original people. In a magical marquee, complete with natural planting, sounds of the forest, futuristic models of buildings designed by pupils, as well as Lego games and robots for large and small children alike, we featured Gresham’s designers, inventors, scientists, artists, musicians and writers who changed the world. As Gresham’s invests in the scientists of the future with a state-of-the-art STEAM building, thanks to generous funding from OG Sir James Dyson, we looked at some Greshamians who have made an important contribution to science, technology, engineering and design.

One designer who made a significant impact, but who is a little-known OG, was **Gerald Holtom** (D 1924 – 31) who created the international peace symbol adopted by the CDN for their first march in 1958. (*An article about Holtom appeared in the 2018 OG Magazine – Ed.*) Holtom’s iconic symbol of a figure with downcast arms representing the despair of the human race at the horror of nuclear war was recreated as a living sculpture wall of succulents on the outside of the marquee, drawing many admiring glances and frequent “I didn’t realise he went to Gresham’s” comments. Gerald was the son of a Holt architect and attended the Old School House as a dayboy with his two brothers **Philip** (D 1921 – 27) and **Robert** (D 1921 – 27). At Gresham’s he won several prizes for art and manual training, as well as representing the school at shooting at competitions such as Bisley, leaving as captain of his house. He went on to study at the Royal College of Art, before becoming a professional designer with his own company, working on drawings for building, boats and many other projects. During WWII, Holtom was a conscientious objector and worked on a farm in Norfolk, perhaps a precursor of his later work.



Encouraged to paint by his Gresham’s art teacher, another OG designer **Richard Chopping** (k & OSH 1928 – 35), was already inspired by the natural world which he went on to illustrate so beautifully. He won many prizes at school, for art, handwriting, English and geography. In 1931 he contributed the poem *Ode to a Dragonfly* to the *Grasshopper* magazine. Chopping’s artistic



training began at the East Anglian School of Painting and Drawing, and he was commissioned to illustrate a book on British butterflies in 1943. Penguin soon signed him up for a 22-volume series on British wildflowers, which was unfortunately cancelled after seven years of work. An association with James Bond author Ian Fleming began when Chopping was exhibiting some *trompe l'oeil* paintings in London. The resulting nine iconic book covers designed between 1957 – 66 are perhaps what he is best known for, but not being a great fan of Bond himself, believing the books to glamorise violence, the painter preferred to be remembered for his other works.

Another talented designer whose name is little known was **Alan Reynolds Stone CBE**, who taught art at Gresham's from 1940 – 41, when he was called up to serve in the RAF. (*An article about him appeared in the 2017 OG Magazine – Ed.*) After reading history at Magdalene, Cambridge, Reynolds Stone had become an unofficial apprentice at the Cambridge University Press, where he learnt letter design and engraving on wood and metal. By the 40s he was a freelance wood engraver who also earned commissions cutting letters in stone on memorials for figures such as Winston Churchill. In 1949 he redesigned the iconic *Times* clock logo, and four years later engraved the Royal Arms for the Coronation. His official coat of arms designed for HMSO is still used on British passports today, and other familiar designs we sadly do not associate with him include the £5 and £10 banknotes, including the portrait of the Queen, for the Bank of England.

A perhaps more well-known OG is **Sir Alan Hodgkin OM KBE PRS** (H 1927 – 32), Nobel Prize winner and arguably our greatest scientist. When young Alan arrived at Gresham's aged 13, he found himself at the bottom of his class. Having already decided he wanted to go to Cambridge he soon realised that a lot of hard work would be necessary to achieve the scholarship he needed. He was encouraged to read widely and to work on his own and was appointed house rep. for the



Natural History Society. One summer holiday was spent investigating the distribution of plants growing on the saltmarshes and sand dunes of Scolt Head Island, winning him the Holland Martin Prize for his essay on the subject that usefully came up in his Cambridge scholarship paper. Also, whilst at School he gave a lecture describing his investigations into electrical potentials in potato plants, which anticipated his future career. Moving on

to read botany, zoology and chemistry at Trinity, he became one of an exceptional group of scientists who left Gresham's in the 20s and early 30s. In 1963 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Medicine for his work on nerve impulses. A knighthood followed in 1972, and from 1978 to 1984 Sir Alan was Master of Trinity College, where he was always hospitable to visiting OGs.



Another OG scientist featured in the recent exhibition was **Professor Evelyn Hutchinson FRS** (W 1917 – 21) an eminent biologist, zoologist and ecologist, who realised the implications of global warming thirty years before it became recognised as an environmental crisis. Hutchinson's love of the natural world began with observations and collections as a child. At Gresham's he went insect collecting with pond net, killing bottle and jar for live specimens in the Holt neighbourhood. He found his formal Sunday attire rather "tiresome" when studying the biology of ponds and streams! His two friends who accompanied him on these expeditions, **George Locket** (W 1914 – 19) and **Ian Hepburn** (o & W 1912 – 20) (*my Chemistry teacher at Oundle! – Ed.*), became authorities

on spiders and plants respectively. In 1918 Evelyn published his first scientific note, on the swimming ability of the grasshopper, from observations made in the school pond. He was a member of all sections of the Natural History Society, claiming that the subject was more than tolerated, although it did not have the prestige of cricket! After studying at Cambridge, Evelyn eventually settled in the U.S., where he taught at Yale for most of his life. For more than six decades he wrote and contributed research in many fields associated with ecology and became known for his studies of freshwater lakes and conservation.

In similar vein, **Professor Charles Gimingham OBE** (W 1934 – 41) went on to become a botanist and ecologist, nicknamed the "thoughtful conservationist". Charles did well at Gresham's, winning prizes for nature study and biology, and leaving with an open scholarship to study Natural Science at Emmanuel College Cambridge. During the School's



wartime evacuation to Cornwall, he roamed the moors in search of interesting specimens of plants and insects for study and exhibition and read many papers to the Natural

History Society. Charles was a frequent contributor of research and photography for the society's annual report and his prize-winning essays for the annual RSPB competition were described as remarkable for a boy of his age. Gimingham spent much of his career as Regius Professor of Botany at Aberdeen University, where he promoted the practical application of ecology to the management of heath and moorland habitats. He was a prolific writer and reviewer of research papers, on not just British, but worldwide habitats, and his book *The Ecology of Heathlands* became a standard text for students of botany and ecology, many of whom went on to become ecologists in their own right.



A pioneer in a different field, diesel engineer **Frank Perkins** (H 1905 – 09) is another OG who is not generally associated with Gresham's. Frank won a prize for Latin and proved himself a good sportsman before going on to study mechanical engineering at Cambridge. During WWI he served with the Royal Engineers in Palestine and Egypt, before following both his father and grandfather into the family firm, Barford and Perkin, which made agricultural machinery. It was later, whilst working for Aveling and Porter in Kent, that Perkins began work on a revolutionary high-speed, lightweight, diesel engine with Charles Chapman. The two men started their own company, F. Perkins, Ltd.,

in 1932, developing the Vixen, the world's first high-speed diesel 4-cylinder engine. In 1935 a car with a Perkins engine set an astonishing new speed record of 94.7 mph at the Brooklands racing circuit in Surrey. Within less than a quarter of a century, Perkins engines were to be found in tractors and agricultural machinery all over the world.

Prolific aircraft designer **Professor David Keith-Lucas CBE** (H 1924 – 29) was the middle of three brothers to attend Gresham's, all of whom went on to become professors. The boys' widowed mother was attracted to the school by its scientific training and modern curriculum. David won a prize for mathematics and spoke at the debating society, as well as playing sports for his house and the school. He went on to study engineering at Gonville and Caius, Cambridge, and in 1933 became an apprentice at C. A. Parsons & Company. Between 1945 and 65 he worked for Short Bros. and Harland, Ltd., Belfast, holding



the posts of chief designer, technical director and research director. His work included designing the innovative swept-back wing aircraft (1953) and other projects, such as the Short Belfast heavy freighter, the Short Skyvan, the freight-commuter series, and the



Short Seamew, a lightweight anti-submarine platform. In 1956 David was appointed Professor of Aircraft Design at the College of Aeronautics, Cranfield, which became the Cranfield Institute, and in 1972 was Professor of Aeronautics and Chairman of the College which now forms part of Cranfield University.

From the advent of new Headmaster **George Howson** in 1900, with his determination that science would be at the forefront of a modern curriculum to educate his pupils for careers in business and the professions, Gresham's has long set high standards and produced resulting OGs who have excelled in associated fields. Pupils were encouraged to explore the diverse Norfolk countryside, to become involved in original research studying the local flora and fauna, to conduct experiments in the well-equipped laboratories, and often to publish scientific papers whilst still at school. A new book is planned, co-edited by retired Biology teacher **Dr. Tony Leech** and Archivist **Liz Larby**, focusing on those OGs who left Gresham's to have successful careers in the field of natural science, the physiologists, ecologists, biologists and ornithologists, the "Boys of Gresham's: Men of Science" who helped give the School its well-deserved reputation as the breeding ground for originality. Revisiting the "Inventing the Future" exhibition has helped bring a number of talented and successful Greshamians to the attention of a new and appreciative audience at both the Royal Norfolk Show and at Speech Day.

**Liz Larby** (Archivist)



## Friends of Gresham's (FOGS)

Tim Bennett, a Gresham's parent, has, with the help of other supporters of the school, taken over the running of the Friends of Gresham's (FOGS). He has organised a programme of events and has introduced a membership card that provides a discount in local shops and businesses. OGs are welcome to apply for one; they can be provided by the Development office. To date, the card can be used to obtain discounts with the following local enterprises: Adnams, The Owl Tea Rooms, Robert & Son Beachwear, Byfords, P & S Butchers, Wheatley's Jewellers, The Auden Theatre, Charlie's Café, AC Locksmiths, The Holt Bookshop, POPs nails, Blyth & Wright, Ltd., Mountain Warehouse, Wansbeck Dental Clinic, Greg Rowe Qettle Taps.

One of the aims is to maintain the strong links the school has with the town of Holt, and the FOGS card is to be merged with the LOVE HOLT card (LOVE HOLT is the new brand name for the Chamber of Commerce).

Most Saturday mornings during termtime between 8.00 – 9.00 a.m. there will be tea, coffee, pastries and bacon butties served in TIG's café in the Britten Building – a great place to meet and have a chat, or just come and bring a newspaper! OGs are always most welcome at any of the FOGS social events and maybe you can add to your diary the dates below:

### **2<sup>nd</sup> December 2019**

Gresham's Christmas Fayre: a marvellous chance to buy your Christmas gifts; held in the School Chapel from 5.00 p.m. Mulled wine and bubbly will be served along with mince pies, whilst you listen to the school choir and band.

### **29<sup>th</sup> February 2020**

Quiz night: 7.15 p.m. – held in the Auden Theatre Foyer; great fun, and a curry will be served.

FOGS is made possible by a very enthusiastic and supportive team and they are always looking for (and need!) new volunteers who can help run events and generally support the school – Tim's telephone number is 01263 713039 or you can email [tim11240@gmail.com](mailto:tim11240@gmail.com). If you have any ideas or suggestions please feel free to get in touch – it would be a pleasure to hear from you.



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# The Dyson Building

*The following press release in June 2019 gave details of the munificent donation by Sir James Dyson OM CBE FRS (OSH 1956 – 65) to the school*

## Full STEAM ahead for £19 million Dyson building at Gresham's School



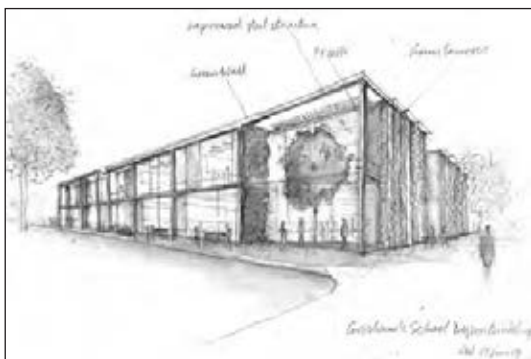
© The Royal Society

Sir James Dyson, Founder of Dyson, has donated £18.75 million to Gresham's School to set up a new centre for Science, Technology, Engineering, Arts and Mathematics (STEAM) education.

The Dyson Building will be designed by Dyson's architects Wilkinson Eyre, the first practice to achieve two consecutive wins of both the Lubetkin Prize and the Stirling Prize. It will be located at the heart of the Senior School, and will be completed by September 2021.

Douglas Robb, Gresham's Headmaster, said: "This is by far the largest donation the school has ever received, and the new spaces will have an immense impact on the quality

of Science, Technology, Engineering, Arts and Mathematics education that our students receive, now and for decades to come. We are hugely grateful to Sir James and are excited that our partnership will be a long-lasting one. We look forward to working with the James Dyson Foundation to develop new and inventive approaches to teaching and with The Dyson Institute of Engineering and Technology to explore exciting long-term opportunities for our students to pursue careers in engineering."



Draft design of Dyson Building 1

The building will enable new approaches to teaching, encouraging project work and collaboration. Spaces will be equipped with the latest technology, to ensure the



Draft design of Dyson Building 2

highest levels of teaching; from robotics and programming, to artificial intelligence (AI) and machine learning. The building will also provide greatly improved opportunities for the outreach programme which Gresham's runs with local schools.

Sir James Dyson said, "Engineering and science are the most fulfilling of careers; they are also vitally important to our society and economy. To prime a pipeline of young people who want to study engineering, we must inspire them at the earliest possible stage – I hope this building will do just that. For 20 years, my Foundation has supported science and engineering education. I've observed that from the age of around six, children are very engaged; they are inventive, dreaming up ideas, and curious, wanting to know how they can be made. But these traits get stamped out of them, partly by the system and partly because the teaching of these subjects in schools has not kept up with the pace of technological change. By creating state-of-the-art spaces, I hope that we can foster, inspire and educate more brilliant young minds. I am so pleased Gresham's will be leading the charge."

Sir James joined Gresham's aged nine, attending the school from 1956 to 1965. He has consistently acknowledged his gratitude to the school and its then Headmaster, Logie Bruce-Lockhart, for giving him the financial support to continue his education following the untimely death of his father, **Alec** (S 1946 – 55), who taught Classics at Gresham's.

Sir James Dyson said, "Both my parents taught at Gresham's, and my father was head of the Classics department. When he returned from fighting with the 14<sup>th</sup> Army in Burma during the war, he threw himself into the life of the school, producing plays, taking games, running the CCF and the sailing club. When he was ill, he carried on teaching, but died when I was nine. The generosity of the school, particularly Logie, meant I could continue there after his death. I am hugely grateful to Gresham's for the enlightening and inspiring education that I enjoyed so much"



Sir James with Logie

After leaving Gresham's, Sir James studied at the Royal College of Art. It was during this time that he became interested in the link between engineering and design, and he has subsequently donated over £100m to engineering education.

## Engineering and Science Education

James Dyson has long argued for an increased focus on the teaching of Engineering & Technology in schools. In 2002 the James Dyson Foundation, Dyson's charitable arm, was established to inspire the next generation of engineers. A recent six-year-long project, with schools across Bath, aimed to prove a new teaching model for Design and Technology (D&T) in schools, with a curriculum based on iterative design, problem-led learning, and the installation of modern industry-grade equipment. All the activities – developed by Dyson engineers – map against the new GCSE subject content, making things easy for teachers. The project brought real-life design engineering into the D&T classroom. The results showed a 37% increase in the number of pupils who chose to study D&T at GCSE, and improved correlation between gender and engineering. After the study, pupils were two and a half times more interested in engineering careers. Notably, teachers felt more confident and reported greater enjoyment of the subject amongst their pupils.

Beyond schools, the James Dyson Foundation has supported a range of institutions including The University of Cambridge, Imperial College London and The Royal College of Art, as well as establishing the Dyson Institute of Engineering and Technology on Dyson's Malmesbury Campus.

*Note from the Editor: As will be seen from the illustrations, the new centre will replace the old thatched buildings ("The Scruff shacks"). Many OGs will have happy memories of these buildings - their thatch now replaced with tiles - which have in their time been used as laboratories, classrooms, workshops, storerooms, drama studio and tuckshop. Careful thought is being given to providing an appropriate space to commemorate the much-loved **John "Jumbo" Burrough** (S 1946 – 82), after whom the "shacks" were nicknamed, and the OG Club hopes to arrange a special day when OGs can come back and view the buildings for the last time, before they disappear. In the meantime, if any OGs have photographs of "Jumbo", the Editor would be pleased to receive copies, as consideration is being given to create a montage, by way of a tribute to a member of staff who did so much to popularise handicraft and technology at the school.*



# Development

Dear Old Greshamian,

It is a real pleasure to write to you, having very recently joined Gresham's School as Director of Development. I have come to Gresham's having worked in Alumni Relations and Development at the University of Oxford for over seven years.

In what has been a very short time since joining, I have already learnt a great deal about the school, its rich history, its ethos and the importance that it puts on educating each Gresham's pupil as an individual. What has also been very clear since even before I joined was the affinity so many Old Greshamians have for their school and the impact it has had on their lives. Having already spoken to a number of Old Greshamians, it is evident that the School offers its students, both past and present, a very special education and a sense of community felt both when here and after you leave.



I very much hope that we at the school will engage with as many of you as is possible this year. We have a number of events planned, both at the School, in London and beyond. We always want to hear from you and offer opportunities for Old Greshamians to meet up with peers and former teachers, but also to learn about recent and current developments at the school or topical matters that Old Greshamians are currently involved in within their professional lives.

As ever, the school has great aspirations to not only maintain its high standing, but to build on all that it has done, which includes, crucially, offering as many opportunities as is possible to students to study here, regardless of their financial background. This is an appeal which is of vital importance and one that you will notice us raising over the coming years. Enabling such gifted students the chance to experience and benefit from a Gresham's education has a very tangible effect, both on the pupils themselves but also on the school and the enrichment of the student body as a whole.

I am delighted to be in a position where I might speak to and learn from so many Old Greshamians about their times here and since leaving the school. I hope to have the opportunity of meeting many of you and welcoming you back to the school in the near future.

**Ed Margetson** (Director of Development)  
[emargetson@greshams.com](mailto:emargetson@greshams.com) / 01263 714529

# The Gresham's Foundation

*We would like to thank the following Old Greshamians, Parents, Governors, Staff, Friends and Organisations for their donations to the Gresham's Foundation over the past year. (Donations 16<sup>th</sup> June 2018 to 18<sup>th</sup> June 2019)*

Mr T Allison	The Flux Family	Dr E Newman
Mr G A Alton	Mr C Ford	Mr D Norfolk
Mr R D Alton	Mrs R A (Molly) Freegard	Mr & Mrs W H Osborne
The Atkinson Family	Mr C Gill	Mr A Payne
Mr M J M Baker	Mr A Gillam	Mr P G Peal
Mr R J M Baker	Mr J Gillam	Mr R H Peaver TD
Mr N Bankes	Mr & Mrs M L J Goff	Mr J Perry-Warnes
Mr I Barber	Mr S Gorton	Mr K Potter
Mr R Barclay	Mrs E Green	Mrs C Powrie
Mr C Barnes	Mrs C Greenway	Mr A Rizzo-Gill
Mr J S H Bedale	Mr H Hammond	Mr M Roberts
The Bennett Family	Mr A Harley	Mr & Mrs G Roberts
Mr P R Bodington	Mr I Hay	Mr S Ross
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Miss J Bruce Lockhart	The Hollinger Family	Mr A W D Sankey
Mr L Bruce-Lockhart	Mr & Mrs M Hopkins	Mr M E Sheridan
Mr & Mrs A Brucki	Mr R Howard	Mr D Shove
Mr D Buck	Mr J Hughes	Mr D R Sly-Jex
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Mr P C Caston	Mr R Johnson	Mr R Stearn
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Mr R G Collins	Mr & Mrs C Lacoste	Lt Col J B M Troughton
Mr R L Collins	Mr A Landamore	Ms E Usher
Mr S Coussell	Mr G Large	Mr I G H Utting
Mr & Mrs G Crame	Mr M Lintott	Mr A Village
Dr A R Dansie	Mr R H Lomax	Dr M C K Wiltshire
Dr S Dean	Mr H Ma & Ms Y Chen	Mr K W Yeung & Ms I L Leong
The Doll Family	Mr L MacKinlay	Sir Colin Anderson Memorial Fund
The Dugdale Family	Mr P A C Margetson	The Richard Gurney Charitable Trust
Sir James & Lady Dyson	Mr P Marriage	The Fishmongers' Company's
Mr A A Edwards	Dr K Mitchell	Charitable Trust
The Faye Family	Mr J K Morgan	The Old Greshamian Lodge
Mr S Felmingham	Mr J Mumby	



# Space to discover.

At Gresham's, there's no limit to what your child can achieve. With an idyllic 200-acre countryside setting every child can discover their interests and realise their potential.



## Open Mornings

An opportunity to meet our pupils and staff, explore our facilities and see the school in action. For dates and further details, please visit our website.

An independent boarding and day school for girls and boys aged 2 -18.

[greshams.com](http://greshams.com) | Holt, Norfolk

## Auden Theatre “Take your Seat”

You are cordially invited to play a part in the future of The Auden Theatre. Take centre stage by putting your name in the spotlight and sponsor one or more of our brand new seats. Each sponsored seat costs £150 and will carry a unique plaque which can celebrate your family, friends, or business, commemorate a special occasion, or honour the memory of a loved one. Contact the Development Office for more information.



## Gresham's Futures

Sue Osborne, Gresham's Futures Adviser, started in post in October 2019 and has been extremely well supported in all Futures Events throughout 2019 – 20 by OGs returning to give talks and share advice, information and expertise with current pupils.

The first was the Futures Careers Fair in the Michaelmas Term, which took place in December in Big School Hall. The fair is designed for Year 9 upwards, to give both pupils and their parents an insight into both the variety of employment opportunities post 6<sup>th</sup> form/higher education and the skills/qualifications that employers are looking for. Big School Hall was packed to the gunnels with exhibitors, pupils, parents and OGs, with the following offering their professional knowledge:

- **Miranda Marshall** - Director, Hayes + Storr
- **Ben Parker** - Trainee Solicitor, Hayes + Storr
- **Ben Rivett** - Savills Estate Agency
- **George Loades, Amber Rose, Alex Coghill** - Accountants Larking Gowen

In the Lent Term, the “Careers Bites” talks took place. The talks are informal discussions to give pupils from Year 9 upwards the opportunity to meet and chat with speakers from a diverse range of employment sectors. The following OGs came back and shared their career pathways with pupils:

**Izzi Rainey** (O 2005 – 10) and **Lara Mullis** (c & E 2000 – 10)

Izzi and Lara came in and talked to pupils about how they set up and run their textile company, Izzi Rainey ([www.izzirainey.com](http://www.izzirainey.com)), which is based on Izzi's family farm in Norfolk. It was established in 2014, after Izzi graduated from the Glasgow School of Art and Lara finished her drama degree at Hull University. The girls design and manufacture high quality homeware and interior products, with the inspiration for the designs drawn from life on the family farm.

**Nathan Lomax** (k & T 2006 – 12)

Nathan is Director and Co-Founder of Quickfire Digital, an award-winning digital marketing agency specialising in the design and build of websites and IT infrastructure/systems with clients across the UK and internationally. Nathan came in and shared his startup story with pupils and his pathway from Gresham's to where he is now.

In the Lent Term, Gresham's Futures also hosted the Business Breakfast, welcoming a host of local businesses to Big School Hall to meet some of the 6<sup>th</sup> Form pupils over breakfast. The event is designed to give pupils an understanding and opportunity to practise essential "soft skills" in talking to, and meeting, a variety of business organisations to find out about a variety of professions and their job roles, and what they can offer in future employment, work experience, summer jobs.

The pupils all received expert profession skills in business networking coaching before the event from **Sam Curtis** (c & H 1986 – 93 & S 2003 - ), which really helped with pupils initiating discussions. Several employers remarked how professional the Gresham's pupils were.

It was a super event, full of energy and enthusiasm from both pupils and employers and superb representation from OGs, including:

**James Allen** (T 1971 – 75) – Senior Partner, Roche Chartered Surveyors

**Simon Willcox** (k & T 1971 – 78) – Head of Business Development, Locker and Riley

**John Downing (former parent)** – Company Secretary/Resident Land Agent, Walsingham Estates Group

**Duncan Baker** (W 1993 – 98) – Finance Director, CT Baker, Ltd.

**Miranda Marshall** (c, G & O 1975 – 82) – Director, Hayes + Storr

**Susan Matthews** (O 1989 – 93) – Director, Hayes + Storr, Head of Agricultural Department

**James Glennie** (F 1969 – 74) – Art & Antique Appraisals

**Rowan Glennie** (k & T 1998 – 2007) – Pub Management, The Anchor, Morston, Norfolk

**Harry Farrow** (k & T 1999 – 2007) – Pub Management, The Anchor, Morston, Norfolk

**Stephen Oldfield** (c & O 1973 – 80) – Partner, PWC UK

**Daniel Brighton-Watt** (W 1999 – 04) – Account Manager, NFU Mutual

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

**James Cowan** – Director, Norfolketc

In the Summer Term, the Lower 6<sup>th</sup> Conference was held in the Britten Building. This was an event for both pupils and parents to gain a further insight and understanding of some of the different pathways available post 6<sup>th</sup> form. There were talks from universities, business management courses, studying abroad, apprenticeships at higher and degree level, employment and gap year experiences. Again the event was well supported by OGs:

**Isabelle Erixon** (c & O 2001 – 11) came back to talk about her gap year experience, which she did after finishing her undergraduate degree in History of Art at Nottingham University. Isy travelled to different countries after graduating, so talked to pupils about those different experiences and the highs and lows of travelling on a gap year. She is now back in Norfolk for the summer before undertaking an MSc in Carbon Management at Edinburgh University.

**Joanna Wallace Brown (née Wallace)** (O 1985 – 87) of Wallace Brown Career Consulting <http://www.wallace-brown.co.uk/> came in to give her expert advice on Higher and Degree Apprenticeships; the benefits of taking a gap year and the importance of work experience, whether applying for university, an apprenticeship or going straight into the employment sector.

If you are an OG and would like to come in for any of the above events, or are able to offer work experience, summer jobs or employment/apprenticeships, do get in touch. Please email Sue Osborne at [futures@greshams.com](mailto:futures@greshams.com).

**Sue Osborne**

## **Forthcoming Careers Events:**

Careers Fair (for Years 9 - 13 and parents): Wednesday 4th December 2019, 4.30 - 7.00 p.m. in Big School Hall.

Making the most of a Gap Year (for 6th form): Wednesday 5th February 2020, 5.00 - 7.15 p.m. in the Britten Building.

Career Bites talks: Lent Term from Thursday 14th January 2020 every week until Easter, 4.30 - 5.30 p.m. in the Dining Hall Meeting Room.

Business Breakfast: Thursday 5th March 2020, 7.45 - 8.45 a.m. in Big School Hall.

Forces Liaison Event: Friday 20th March 2020, 2.45 - 4.15 p.m. in Fishmongers' Hall.

L6th Conference: Friday 12th June 2020, 2.30 - 5.30 p.m. in the Britten Building.

# Honours and Distinctions



Capt. Bradburne in 1941



John the lay Franciscan

The late **John Bradburne** (F 1934 – 39) was set on the first step to sainthood in July 2019, when The Congregation for the Causes of Saints in Rome issued a formal *nihil obstat*, allowing the cause of beatification, the first step to canonisation, to begin. Bradburne was martyred by ZANU-PF guerrillas in Rhodesia in 1979 while working in a colony of abandoned lepers.



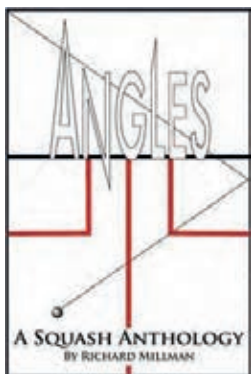
**Patrick Peal** (W 1967 – 71) was nominated Third Sector Director of the Year by the Institute of Directors (East of England).

**Richard Millman** (k & T 1970 – 77) received the United States Olympic Committee Developmental Coach of the Year Award in 2015. A significant figure in the American squash world for a quarter of a century, and a several times U.S. National Champion in Masters play, Richard has coached at Cornell and has been a teaching professional at clubs in Maryland, California, Georgia, New York, and currently in South

Carolina. He has served as the Director of Performance at US Squash, chaired the Men's Committee, and for a decade was the coach and manager for Team USA's men's squad. Paul Assaiante, the U.S. national coach, has said of Richard that "he has the most creative mind in the game and has had a tremendous impact on the development of squash."







Richard has authored two books, *Raising Big Smiling Squash Kids* (with Georgetta Morque, 2006) and *Angles: A Squash Anthology* (2008).

**Jonathan Platten** (F 1974 – 78) won the 2019 Orwell Society Student Dystopian Fiction Competition. Formerly headmaster of Norfolk's first academy school, Norwich Open Academy, Jon is undertaking an MA in biography and creative non-

fiction at the University of East Anglia. His short story was praised by the judges for its “dystopian elements” and its “witty critique of contemporary educational policy”. Jon pays tribute to **John Rayner** (S 1963 – 2002), who let his L6th form do a study of any author they chose. He opted for Orwell and loved reading much of his work beyond the well-known *Animal Farm* and *1984*. This had nothing to do with the exam. syllabus, but it was “a wonderful experience and 40 years later proved useful”. The prize was presented by George Orwell's son, Richard Blair.



Richard Blair with Jon



**John Fishwick** (c & H 1970 – 79) was President of the British Veterinary Association in 2018, having previously been President of the British Cattle Veterinary Association in 2010. He is currently Senior Lecturer in Dairy Herd Medicine at the Royal Veterinary College, UCL. After leaving Gresham's, John went up to St. John's College, Cambridge, and recalls his time at school, and the staff who taught him, with great affection.

**Duncan Cargill** (F 1984 – 89) won a Silver Gilt Medal at the 2019 RHS Chelsea Flower Show, where he co-designed the Perennial Lifeline Garden. The design was inspired by Sir Roy Strong's The Laskett Gardens in Herefordshire and was staged as a walk-through exhibit in the Great Pavilion. After a 20-year career as a creative director in the advertising industry, Duncan decided to follow his heart and retrain at the London College of Garden Design. He received the Society of Garden Designers' 2019 Award for







his graduate project, and now runs a successful garden design practice with his business partner Tom Sykes.

**Olivia Colman CBE** (O 1990 – 92) had what was, even for her, an outstanding series of awards in 2019: a CBE in the Queen's Birthday Honours, a Golden Globe for Best Actress, a British Academy Film Award (a "BAFTA") for Best Actress in a Leading Role, an Academy Award for Best Actress (an "Oscar") for her performance as Queen Anne in the film "The Favourite", and finally the first Raindance Icon Award at the launch of the 2019 Raindance Film Festival.

**Ali Claburn** (F 1989 – 93) is the founder and CEO of Liftshare.com, which has, for the second time, won the Queen's Award for Enterprise. Categories for the Award are: sustainable development, innovation, international trade and promoting opportunity through social mobility. Liftshare was selected in 2019 for its "exceptional contributions to the environment". The

company is one of fewer than 200 winners of the Sustainable Development category. Ali's team has



Ali and his team

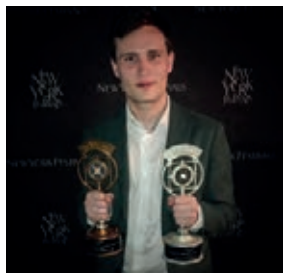
won a further three awards this year: The STA Excellence in Innovation and Technology Award, The Best Sharing Economy Company at the Tech4Good Awards and The Employer of the Year Award. Ali is delighted that air quality and the environment are at last back on the agenda. He mentions that if any OGs work anywhere with parking issues, or want to cut emissions, then they are encouraged to get in touch! Ali agrees wholeheartedly with Sir James Dyson's statement that Gresham's gives pupils the chance to be creative, and is very happy that his organisation is already helping at Dyson HQ.



Ali wondering if anyone will answer the door

**Ben Youngs** (k & T 1996 – 2005) became in 2019 the most capped England scrum half of all time.



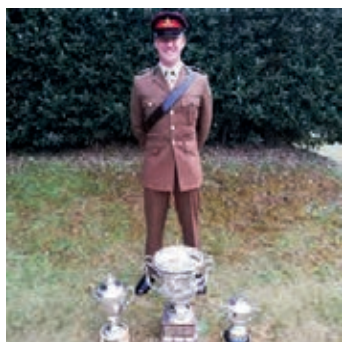


**William Warren** (H 2001 – 07) won Silver and Bronze New York Radio awards for his investigative documentary looking into the Home Office's treatment of Afghan interpreters.

**Alexandra Wallace (née Paske)** (E 2004 – 08) has been awarded the Sunday Times Sportswoman of the



Year Grassroots Award for her business, The Mintridge Foundation, which works with young people across a range of sports in schools and sports clubs across Britain, supported by a team of 30 professional athletes. This accolade follows her AVIVA Women of the Future Sport Award in 2017. In May, Alex cycled 125 miles visiting the three schools that she had attended, giving presentations at each establishment and showcasing what young people can achieve by showing "passion and purpose".



**Captain Matthew Purdy** (F 2005 – 10) was awarded the Harrison Medal for Sporting Excellence at the Royal Artillery Sports Awards night in October 2018.

**Peter Horton-Fawkes** (W 2009 – 11) graduated in 2017 with a 1<sup>st</sup> class BA in History from Durham University.

**Benedict Weissheimer** (T 2011 – 13) graduated in 2018 with a 1<sup>st</sup> class BSc in International Management from the University of Warwick. He achieved the highest grade average of the class of 2018.



Gareth and Clare



Clare at Bisley, 2019

**Midshipman Clare Mawson RN** (c & B 2003 – 14) was awarded the Officers' Association "Spirit of the Navy" Sword on passing out of BRNC Dartmouth in April 2019. This prize is awarded to the officer cadet deemed to have shown outstanding "courage, commitment, leadership and teamwork". The picture shows Clare with the proud OC of the school CCF RN Section, **Lieutenant Commander Gareth Burnell** (S 2004 - )

**Ben Jermy** (k & H 2007 – 15) graduated in 2019 with a 1st Class BA in Business and Marketing Management from Oxford Brookes University.

**Jack Webster** (W 2011 – 16) graduated in 2019 with a 1st Class BA in Media and Communications from Leicester University. He also won two academic prizes.



Francis with Sophie

**Francis Retter** (S 1997 – 2019) was awarded a Distinction in his MEd in Educational Leadership and School Improvement from Cambridge University. He was also awarded a Master's prize for his thesis entitled "Negotiating the Transition from Prep. to Senior School: Pupils' Perceptions of the Transition Process at Two Different Schools".

# Engagements, Marriages and Births

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

## Engagements

**Adam Griffin** (k & W 1984 – 95) is engaged to Monica ShangJia Lin.



Adam and Monica got engaged on the Orient Express

**Rebekah Abbott** (c & O 1988 – 98) is engaged to Tim Lunn.

**Helen MacBrayne** (c & O 1994 – 2002) is engaged to **Richard Hammond** (W 1999 – 2004).



**Anthony Boesen** (T 1999 – 2004) is engaged to Alice Marshall-Chalk.

**James Cann** (W 2000 – 04) is engaged to Edita Stonkute.

**Robert Schmieder** (F 2004 – 05) is engaged to Anna Mar.

**Dr. James Bannock** (k & T 1995 – 2006) is engaged to Katie French.

**Alexander Cann** (k & H 2001 – 06) is engaged to Alice Warby.

**Sarah Radley** (c & E 1997 – 2007) is engaged to Rikki Bridges.



**Thomas Hunt** (T 2000 – 07) is engaged to Nicky Loedolff.

**Jack Pearce** (T 2002 – 07) is engaged to Jessica Paige Smith.

**Ben Brooke** (T 2004 – 08) is engaged to **Rebecca Buckman** (c & E 2000 – 11).

**Caitlin MacLachlan** (c & E 2003 – 10) is engaged to Joseph Mack.

**Bryony Shipsey** (E 2008 – 10) is engaged to Joseph Powell.

**Roya Athill** (E 2005 – 11) is engaged to Toby Baker.

## Marriages



**Rosalind Holder** (c & O 1987 – 96) married Peter Darton at Clavering in July 2019.

**Hannah Marshall** (c & E 1986 – 1997) married Andrew Boyce in August 2019.

**Dr. Rory Macnair** (W 1993 – 98) married Siobhan Wild in September 2017.



**George Williams** (k & H 1992 – 2002) married Rebecca Cowan at Oxnead in May 2019.

**Oliver Harrold** (c & W 1996 – 2002) married Rebecca Woodrow in September 2019.

**Christopher Balding** (k & T 1994 – 2003) married Shai Ashkenazi at Holt in July 2019.

**Hannah Darby** (c & O 1996 – 2004) married Timothy Lacey at Little Dunham in September 2018.

**Jeremy Elliott** (F 1999 – 2004) married Holly Cook in 2019.

**Jonathan Smith** (F 1999 – 2004) married Nina at Field Dalling in June 2019.



**Dr. Alice Davies** (E 1999 – 2004) married Rory Cheyne at Great Walsingham in

December 2018. She was given away by her brother **Will Davies** (H 1999 – 2005) and bridesmaid was **India Davies** (E 1999 – 2000). In the bridal party were **Katie Cowper Johnson** (c & 1995 – 2004), **Dr. Josie Murphy (née Barton)** (c & O 1996 – 2004), **Kate Gough (née Creelman)** (c & B 1997 – 2004) and **Saskia Sims (née Payne)** (c & B 1994 – 2004).



**Adam King** (T 2000 – 05) married Fiona McDonnell in London in April 2019, with OGs **Nick Hanington** (T 2000 – 04) and **Duncan Scott** (W 2000 – 05) among the wedding party.



**Sarah Bertram** (E 2003 – 06) married Nicholas Smith in August 2019. Her bridesmaids were **Emily Lever (née Stickler)** (E 2003 – 08), **Pippa Hawkins (née Dyble)** (E 2003 – 08) and **Anna Blunden** (E 2003 – 06).



**Georgina Darby** (c & O 1996 – 2007) married James Thomas at Little Dunham in July 2019. Bridesmaids included



# A WEDDING STORY

## AS *Unique* AS YOU



*'We chose Gresham's for our wedding as Sam had such fond memories of boarding there. It just felt right. The marquee looked amazing on the lawn and we played Giant Jenga and Croquet. Great friends, happy memories, the perfect start to our new life together.'*

Sam & Amy Prescott, 2017

## WRITE YOUR NEXT CHAPTER WITH GRESHAM'S

For weddings with a distinct personality,  
contact Amy Pearce on 01263 714530, [apearce@greshams.com](mailto:apearce@greshams.com)



**Sophie Robins** (c & O 2000 – 07) and **Hannah Lacey (née Darby)** (c & O 1996 – 2004).



**Jessica Robins** (c & E 2001 – 09) married Jonathan Malings in May 2019.  
**Kate Sheringham** (O 2007 – 09) and **Sophie Robins** (c & O 1999 – 2007) were bridesmaids.



**Alex Paske** (E 2004 – 09) married Peter Wallace in August 2019.



**Laura Davies** (E 2006 – 11) married Jason Bobbins at Cromer in May 2019.

## Births

Congratulations to **Dr. Rory Macnair** (W 1993 – 98) and Siobhan on the birth of Huw in October 2018.

Congratulations to **Simon Blackburn** (H 1996 – 98) and Joanna on the birth of Barnaby George in March 2019.

Congratulations to **Molly Pert (née Garnier)** (O 1994 – 99) on the birth of Hamish Flynn in March 2019.

Congratulations to **Sophie Bailey** (S 2000 – 01) on the birth of Oliver Maclean in Tamworth, Australia, in October 2018.

Congratulations to **Ben Mansfield** (k & F 1990 – 2002) on the birth of Rafael Jack Charles in January 2019.

Congratulations to **Tanios Watfa** (T 1998 – 2004) and Hannah on the birth of Joseph in November 2018.

Congratulations to **Tom Appleton** (T 1997 – 2002) and **Ellie (née Bowers-Jolley)** (E 1995) on the birth of Miles Emmett in November 2018.

Congratulations to **Melissa Jenney** (O 1999 – 2004) on the birth of Sebastian Michael Phayer-Jenney in April 2019.

Congratulations to **Sophie Snuggs (née Carter)** (O 2001 – 02) and Robert on the birth of Amalia Rose Charlotte in June 2019.

Congratulations to **Arabella (née Peaver)** (c & E 1991 – 2005) and **Adam Stickler** (F 1999 – 2005) on the birth of Ottilie Emily in February 2019.

Congratulations to **Zuleika Gerrish (née Parkin)** (c & B 1993 – 2003) and Oliver on the birth of Emerald Cicely Lefebure in May 2019.

Congratulations to **Robert Stilgoe** (k & W 1999 – 2010) and Katy on the birth of Rupert Peter in February 2019.

Congratulations to **Luke Levitt** (T 1997 – 2004) and Hannah on the birth of Theo Jonathan in September 2019.





## OG News

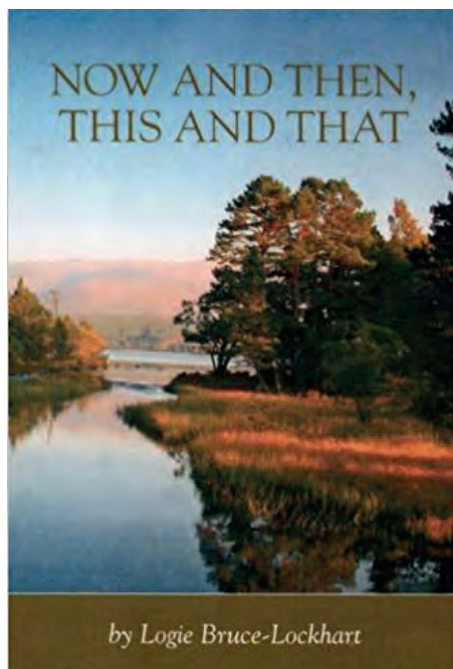
**Paul Shove** (F 1942 – 46) celebrated his 90 birthday on 10 July, 2019. The picture shows Paul and his wife Pegi in a 1951 TD MG, such as he owned when he worked in Malaysia. The car ride was a gift from his daughter. Paul also received a custom-made bench from friends at the Weald and Downland Open Air Museum in West Sussex, where he has been a volunteer for 30 years.



**Ruth Rose** (W 1946 – 51) appeared on a national television news channel explaining why she was strongly in favour of Britain leaving the EU and then engaging in a good-humoured discussion with an equally enthusiastic “Remainer”.



**Logie Bruce-Lockhart** (HM 1955 – 82) was the founding President of Holt Rugby Club in 1961, the late **John Williams** (S 1938 – 1973) becoming its first Chairman. Logie mentions this in his memoir *Now and Then, This and That* (266 pp, pub. 2013 by The Larks Press @ £14) but this fascinating, perceptive, sometimes moving, quasi-autobiography contains a wealth of recollections, notably his wartime experiences – by turns harrowing and hilarious – related with the insight, wit and humanity for which he is renowned. At his advanced age, Logie feels able to speak frankly on a range of matters relating to his time at the school! (*This would be an ideal Christmas present!* – Ed.)





Mr. & Mrs. Mike Stott

**Mike Stott** (W 1952 – 56) refereed the first fixture of Holt Rugby Club in 1968. When, in October 2018, the Club celebrated 50 years of fixtures at the Bridge Road location, five members of the original team were on the touchline.



**Professor Nicholas Day CBE FRS** (k & OSH 1948 – 57) is a statistician and cancer epidemiologist, renowned for his influential work in quantitative epidemiology, especially of cancer, his main research focusing on finding the causes of cancer in order to improve its treatment. In later years, he also extended his investigations to other areas of disease. In collaboration

with an American colleague, Nicholas wrote a two-volume monograph that provided a definitive account of the use of statistics in cancer research. He made significant contributions to cancer screening, where his findings form the basis of national screening policies for cervical cancer, amongst others. He was also responsible for projecting the future incidence of AIDS. Nicholas has held many prestigious positions, including Director of the MRC Biostatistics Unit from 1986 – 89. From 1997 until his retirement in 2004, Nicholas was the Co-director of the Strangeways Research Laboratory in Cambridge. Having received a CBE in 2001 for his services to statistics and epidemiology in cancer biology, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 2004. Nicholas is a son of the late **Jan Day TD JP** (S 1933 – 1957), sometime Second Master and OC of the Corps, and subsequently Headmaster of Elizabeth College, Guernsey.



Jan Day



**Tim Ewart** (OSH 1958 – 65) joined ITN in 1981. As ITV News' Royal Editor since 2009, he covered all major overseas tours, the Diamond Jubilee, the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, the birth of two royal babies and celebrations for the Queen's record-breaking reign and 90<sup>th</sup> birthday, as well as interviewing all the senior members of the Royal Family. During his long career at ITN, he was their foreign correspondent in Africa, Moscow, Warsaw and Washington, and Sports Editor, covering many of the biggest international stories, from the Cold War and the collapse of the Soviet Union to The Olympics. He has reported from over 100 countries, and also found the time to write three books: *The Treasures of Queen Elizabeth* (André Deutsch, 2012), *Queen Elizabeth II: A Celebration of Her Majesty's 90th Birthday* (André Deutsch, 2016) and *Queen Elizabeth II: A Celebration of Her Life and Reign* (André Deutsch, 2018). For the wedding of Duke and Duchess of Sussex, Tim featured on Channel 7 Australia and

ITV's coverage of the day. He also presented BBC News South East for three years.



**Charles E. Rounds Jr.** (W 1964 – 65) is the author of *Loring and Rounds: A Trustee's Handbook* (2019), the 25<sup>th</sup> edition of which has now been published. The first edition of this work of over 1,500 pages came out in Boston, Massachusetts in 1898.



Michael with Sir James Dyson & the HM

**Michael Goff** (F 1968 – 73) has become the first OG Chairman of Governors. Michael is a past OG Club Chairman and has been a staunch supporter of the school for many years.



**Dr. Victoria Holliday** (G 1971 – 73) has retired from general practice and, as chairman of her parish council, has been campaigning for an improvement in emergency ambulance response times in the local area.

**Dr. Alastair Baker** (OSH 1970 – 74), Consultant Paediatric Hepatologist at King's College Hospital, London, has been promoted to Professor of Paediatric Hepatology at King's College London from September 2019. (Alastair explains that this means "Children's Liver Disease"!)



Jamie Carstairs

**Jamie Carstairs** (F 1972 – 75), sometime President of the Photography Club at Gresham's, now manages the *Historical Photographs of China* (HPC) project at the University of Bristol. HPC locates old photographs dating from the 1850s to the 1950s, taken in China, Hong Kong and Taiwan, digitises them to a high standard, and disseminates the images on the acclaimed web site ([www.hpcbristol.net](http://www.hpcbristol.net)).

There are currently over 20,000 images on the open access, fully searchable site. Many of the photographs, negatives and lantern slides have been lent to HPC, to be copied, by families whose ancestors visited or worked in China. HPC is now collecting photographs and slides taken up to c.2000, but these are not yet online. Jamie helped set up the HPC project in Bristol in 2006, after a career as a photographer in London. Before that he was an English Language teacher in Italy and Hungary, after taking a degree in Anthropology at UCL. He is a co-author of *Picturing China 1870-1950*.



**Graeme Fife** (S 1970 – 78) has pursued a career as a university lecturer in Classics,

broadcaster, prolific playwright and author since leaving Gresham's.

**James Steggles** (H 1974 – 78) sold his property management business in 2016 in order to semi-retire, and is pleased to say he doesn't miss it one bit! He is now doing small-scale property development and surveying for asbestos, as well as spending more time on his boat. The dinghies are long gone and replaced with a gas-guzzling sports cruiser in the sun, but he still has fond memories of sailing and maintaining the Firefly fleet at Gresham's.



**John Lanchester** (c & H 1972 – 80) was described in 2019 in *The Daily Telegraph* as having “some claim to be the Orwell of our day, our most brilliant journalist-novelist, with a rare gift for reconstructing

the chains of cause and effect behind the often inexplicable events in the headlines, and a Chestertonian ability to turn received wisdom upside down”. The *New York Times*, for its part, characterises him as “an elegant and wonderfully witty writer”, while the *Los Angeles Times* calls him “a writer of rare intelligence”. John’s latest book, *The Wall* (Faber, 2019), is a dystopian fiction set in the future, following an environmental catastrophe.



**Dr. St. John Simpson** (T 1978 – 80) described as “stunning” a collection of 4<sup>th</sup> century Buddhist sculptures from Afghanistan that was intercepted by customs at Heathrow some years ago, and which recently went on display at the British Museum, before being returned to the National Museum of Afghanistan. St. John, Senior Curator in the Middle East Department at the British Museum, said that the Museum regularly deals with cases of smuggled artefacts, a number of which are seized at British airports. In the case of the Buddhist sculptures, they were probably looted during the Taliban’s

destruction of Buddhist artefacts in the early years of this century.

**Captain Henry Brewis** (OSH 1978 – 82) has entered the debate surrounding the proposed third runway at Heathrow, twice pointing out in the national press that the extra fuel that has to be used in order to allow aircraft – particularly long-haul flights – to circle the airport, in the frequent event of delays before landing, produces huge amounts of CO<sub>2</sub> and that the most environmentally friendly option would be to provide more runway capacity.

**Fiona Gathercole** (O 1980 – 82 & S 1986 - ) has completed her 100<sup>th</sup> term working at Gresham's.

**Robert Dale** (T 1979 – 84) is senior partner at Daniel Connal Partnership, which was given the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors East of England award for community benefit, in recognition of their work on the Maltings, which reopened in September last year.

**Paddy O'Connell** (F 1979 – 84) had a special connection with the events surrounding the 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary of D-Day, his father having served with 47 Royal Marine Commando, which took part in some of the heaviest fighting in north-west Europe during 1944 – 45. Paddy, a distinguished BBC broadcaster, has been fundraising for 47 Charity, which cares for veterans of the unit.

**James Ironside** (W 1980 – 85) started learning to fly three years after leaving Gresham's, later becoming a flying instructor for four years before joining an airline, where he worked for 13 years. He

left the airline in 2006 and has since then been flying business jets. He is married, with two children aged 17 and 14.



**Airlie Inglis (née Carver)** (O 1980 – 85) and her husband Charlie were winners of the 2018 Ian MacNicol Trophy, a Norfolk FWAG farm conservation award that showcases farms displaying excellent environmental practice and conservation techniques alongside a sustainable farming operation. Runners-up were father and son **William** (F 1973 – 76) and **Charlie Mack** (k & F 1988 – 2003 & S 2015 - ).



Juliet (R) making a point

**Juliet Donovan** (O 1982 – 84) was called to the Bar in 2002 and now spends her

working life defending and prosecuting a broad spectrum of crime, from serious sex crimes, assault and burglary to fraud, drug supply and importation. She has also represented soldiers at court martial hearings. She is a Grade 3 Prosecutor for the Crown Prosecution Service, and is now on the CPS Rape Panel, as well as on the Attorney General's list. In 2006 she was awarded a Pegasus scholarship as an intern at a legal aid office in Manhattan, and in September 2011 became a qualified mediator for East Anglian Chambers. She now specialises in cases involving young adults and children and is also a qualified restorative justice facilitator. Juliet recalls how, when she applied to join Gresham's 6<sup>th</sup> Form, the Headmaster, **Logie Bruce-Lockhart**, said of her entrance assessment: "She answered all the wrong questions very ably; we are prepared to take the risk!" **The Rev. David Hart** (S 1980 – 84), her RE teacher, was "a total inspiration and with some unorthodox techniques he really brought Theology and the Bible to life", and **Duncan Baxter** (S 1975 – 84), was such good fun that her English lessons were "always full of winning hearts and minds, and perfecting comedic timing"! She is grateful, too, to the careers master, **John Mainstone** (S 1968 – 91), who helped to guide her into studying Law.

**Julia Meschter (née Barsby)** (O 1985 – 87) was visited by **Eliza Miller (née Hill)** (O 1985 – 87) and **Emma Armitage (née Bowett)** (O 1985 – 87) in Portland, Oregon, for the first time in her 22 years living in the USA. Julia enjoyed showing them the city



of Portland and Mt. Hood, with snow on the slopes at the end of July. Lots of Oakeley stories were shared and memories made.

**Guy Costley** (OSH 1985 – 90) has moved back to Norfolk and recently won a design award for a house which he designed and built himself.



**Heather Simpson (née Black)** (E 1988 – 90) founded her firm, Norfolk Hideaways, in 2009, spending seven years growing the business from just six properties to an award-winning holiday letting agency with over 300 cottages, prior to selling in 2016. Since returning from France with her family, Hetti has qualified as an estate agent and spent six months preparing her new Norfolk-based company, Big Skies Estates, which was launched in April 2019.



**Christopher Barnes** (OSH 1989 – 91) and **Paul Hands** (S 1992 – 2014) took part in an evening of music and poetry in the Britten Centre in September 2018. Entitled “Never Such Innocence”, and the brainchild of the **Rev. Angela Dugdale MBE DL** (S 1987 – 94), the event helped to raise funds for an updated First World War memorial board in the Chapel. Chris, a tenor, was accompanied by Philip Adams, his programme including songs by Butterworth, himself an early casualty of the war. Paul read extracts from *When Heroes Die*, the book by Sue Smart recounting the lives of OGs who fell.



**Lieutenant Colonel Paul Clayton MBE** (k & T 1983 – 92) commanded the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion of his regiment, The Royal Welsh, until August 2017, after which he was deployed on a UN tour in South Sudan.

**Dr. Sarah Brown** (O 1992 – 94) graduated from The Royal Free and University College Medical School in 2000. She also obtained an Honours BSc in Immunology and Cell Pathology during her undergraduate years. Following graduation, she trained in Paediatrics, subsequently gaining a highly competitive London specialist training post



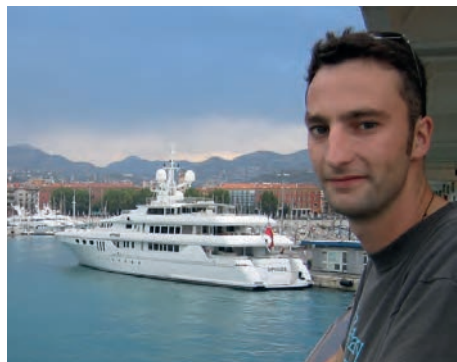
in Paediatric Respiratory Medicine. Her training rotated through a number of centres, including the Royal Brompton Hospital, Great Ormond Street Hospital and the Royal London Hospital. In addition, she spent two years undertaking a research degree within the Department of Leukocyte Biology at Imperial College London, and was awarded an MD (Res) in 2015. Her thesis was entitled “Mechanisms of Resolution of Inflammation in Paediatric Neutrophilic Lung Disease” and she presented her research at the North American Cystic Fibrosis conferences in Anaheim, California and Phoenix, Arizona. Sarah has presented at national and international meetings and has published numerous articles in the literature. She is now a Paediatric Respiratory Consultant at the Royal London Hospital in Whitechapel, London, where she is the clinical lead for bronchiectasis and the respiratory care of children with complex needs. She is married with two children.

**Adam Griffin** (k & W 1984 – 95) worked in marketing at Sony Music for twelve years looking after major US artists in the UK, including Beyoncé, Britney Spears,

Faithless, and Usher, and was responsible for commissioning remixes for the main pop label, RCA, as well as product-managing numerous hits, including the duo Madcon's "Beggin", and Rogue Traders' "Voodoo Child". He also spent time as a club promoter at the Hanover Grand nightclub in London. Adam's company "Perfect Havoc" had a chart hit, "Sorry" with the DJ and producer Joel Corry.



**Flight Lieutenant Jeremy Bowles** (T 1990 – 95) is a helicopter pilot in 84 Squadron, Royal Air Force. He has appeared on Forces TV, describing an aerial firefighting operation in which his Cyprus-based squadron was involved.



**Dr. Nicholas Tucker** (c & W 1989 – 96) is Senior Lecturer in Molecular Microbiology at the University of Strathclyde.



Jonnie's tree house

**Jonathan Besley** (H 1991 – 96) is passionate about the beneficial effects of tree houses on our mental and physical wellbeing. He has built a tree house in his garden as an outdoor space for the whole family where they can spend the night, enjoy views of the garden and surrounding countryside, and where the children can play with their friends. Jonnie is Deputy Head of Orwell Park Prep. School.

**Dafydd Marston** (T 1993 – 98) is the Competitions Officer for the Council for Cadet Rifle Shooting.



**Duncan Baker** (W 1993 – 98) has been selected as the Conservative Prospective Parliamentary Candidate for North Norfolk. Duncan has been involved in local politics for over ten years and is a serving North Norfolk



District Councillor for the Holt Ward. He is also the Conservative Leader at the Council. He is locally based, as Finance Director of C. T. Baker, which has been established in Holt since the mid-18<sup>th</sup> century.

**Anthony Coleridge** (k 1994 – 98) opened for The Prodigy at Alexandra Palace in November 2018.

**Ben Armstrong** (k & T 1991 – 99) is living in Edinburgh, where he is working at the University as a Project and Programme Manager. He and his wife, Karen, have a three year-old son, Aidan.

**Wing Commander Matthew Peak** (k & F 1985 – 1999) is Chief Engineer for the RAF's new F-35 Lightning aircraft and Commanding Officer of Engineering and Logistics Wing at RAF Marham.



Katie Walton (S 1987 - ) and Ashley

**Ashley Rubens** (k & T 1993–2001) works as a vet in the West Country and regularly helps

Gresham's CCF as a Duke of Edinburgh's Award Supervisor and Assessor.

**Tim Armstrong** (k & F 1991 – 2002) has recently become a partner in PwC, currently working out of their Reading Office, to which he commutes weekly from Norwich. He and his wife, Eleanor, have a three year-old daughter, Fleur.



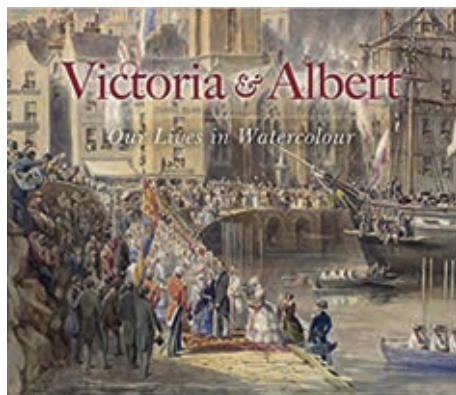
Becky Taylor (L)

**Rebecca Taylor** (c & E 1996 – 2002) is a keen runner and in 2018 came 3<sup>rd</sup> in the 42-mile Ely-Cambridge return ultramarathon.

**Roman St. Clair** (k 1997 – 2002) has started a charity, "Football United", bringing football to refugees in the Bekaa Valley, Lebanon. The charity organises training sessions for Syrian children twice a week, hires coaches and provides kit, boots and pitch rental.

**Dr. Carly Collier** (E 1997 – 2002) curated an exhibition of watercolours collected by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in

their sketchbooks and, in some cases, on display to the public for the first time. The exhibition, selected from the Royal Collection Trust, included works by both professional artists and members of the Royal family, and went on tour to Newcastle, Poole and Wolverhampton. They were described by Carly as “a particularly personal type of collection... We know Victoria and Albert formed a large collection of works on paper and they were very engaged with it... They were almost curators themselves.” Carly has authored a book to accompany the exhibition, *Victoria & Albert: Our Lives in Watercolour*. In August, Carly was featured on Channel 4 talking to the historian Saul David about Prince Albert.



**Charles Mack** (k & F 1988 – 2003 & S 2015 - ) has launched his own business, East Coast Hockey, supplying hockey equipment and associated kit to a worldwide clientele. A partner in his family farm enterprise near Holt, Charlie is by training a chartered accountant. He has recently been appointed Head of Economics at Gresham's, in succession to

**Peter Detnon** (c & H 1982 – 92), who has returned to work in the Middle East.



**Zuleika Gerrish (née Parkin)** (c & B 1993 – 2003) attended Oxford Brookes University and Wimbledon School of Art. She has managed a number of high profile and successful galleries, as well as running her family business, Michael Parkin Fine Art. She is a professional cake-maker, and specialises in the unique “Cakely Homes”. She is Operations Manager for the Mayfair-based Antique Jewellery Company.

**Christopher Jacklin** (F 1998 – 2003) received good reviews for his performance in London with Opera Settecento of Handel's rarity *Venceslao*. By coincidence, on the same day *The Times* carried a complimentary review of “the excellent

James Thomson from Westminster Abbey”, singing the role of the boy king Joas in Handel’s *Athalia*. James, now a Year 9 pupil (3<sup>rd</sup> former) at Gresham’s, is the son of **James Thomson** (S 2000 - ).



**Tom Youngs** (k & T 1995 – 2004) has been capped 28 times for England in the course of an outstanding rugby career and is currently in his 15<sup>th</sup> season as a hooker with Leicester Tigers. Equally passionate about farming, he has been appointed an ambassador for The Prince’s Countryside Fund.



**Siam Kidd** (T 1999 – 2004) is a former RAF pilot, and is now a full-time trader, business owner and cryptocurrency keynote speaker. He gave a fascinating talk to pupils as part of the school’s Academic Enrichment Lecture Programme.

**Ben Pienaar** (T 2001 – 05) has joined Gresham’s staff as Director of Rugby.

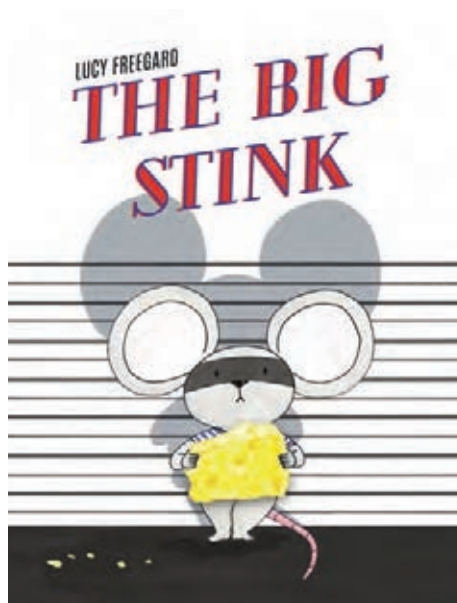
**Will Harrold** (W 2001 – 06) will be playing his golf in the US next year after an excellent finish to his season on the US PGA Tour’s China Series.

**James** (c & W 2000 – 07) and **Rebecca Buckman** (E 2000 – 12) have set up The John Buckman Foundation in memory of their father, who died of brain cancer in 2018. They hosted their first annual charity ball in May at Sennowe Park.

**Dr. Benita Turner-Bridger** (E 2002 – 07) has been awarded a Doctorate in Neuroscience from Cambridge University.

**Thomas Killingbeck** (W 2002 – 07) is part of the band Green Lung. Their sound harks back to the golden days of psychedelic rock and proto-metal, “injecting those classic sounds with occult venom and punk energy”. When they started this band the last thing on their minds was gaining national newspaper coverage. But, says Tom, “If you sing about Satan long enough, he doth provide”. “Call of the Coven” was declared Single of the Week in *The Guardian*.

**Elizabeth (Lil) Rice** (O 2003 – 07) appeared on ITV’s “The Big Audition” in December 2018.



**Lucy Freegard** (c & E 2000 – 08) has brought out a new book, *The Big Stink* (Pavilion, 2019). Her books have been translated into several languages and are published in the UK, USA & Canada,

Taiwan, China, Korea, and Mexico. In 2018 Lucy was delighted to attend Gresham’s Pre-Prep’s Speech Day as their guest speaker. She regularly runs storytelling and craft events in bookshops, schools and at festivals, including the Edinburgh International Book Festival; appearances this year include Bradford Literature Festival, Bath Children’s Literature Festival and Cheltenham Literature Festival. More information can be found on her website: [www.lucyfreegard.com](http://www.lucyfreegard.com).

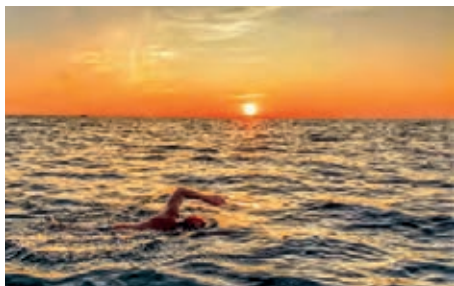
**Antony Clark** (HM 2002 – 08) has left Malvern College after ten years and is now Rector (Headmaster) of Michaelhouse in South Africa. He is the second Honorary OG to hold that post, the first having been **Warrin Bushell** (S 1907 – 12).



Barney (2nd L)

**Barnaby Martin** (k & F 2002 – 08) has joined The London Philharmonic Orchestra 2018/19 Young Composers Programme, which offers emerging composers the opportunity to workshop a new piece with the Orchestra’s musicians across a year, leading to a public performance at Queen Elizabeth Hall, Southbank Centre, showcasing the new works. The participants are mentored by the distinguished composer James MacMillan, who provides expertise and guidance in a series of seminars and workshops.





**Dr. Rob Willmore** (T 2004 – 08) swam the Channel in September with eleven others to raise funds for London's air ambulance. Two teams of six started at midnight in the dark, cold water of Dover, heading for French shores. Around 14 hours later, despite the cold and jellyfish stings, the relay teams landed on French soil. So far they have raised over £33,000.

**Ruth Owen (née Myerscough)** (c & O 2000 – 09) is assistant Director of Sailing at The Royal Hospital School, Holbrook.

**Madeleine Howell** (O 2003 – 09) has continued to write for *The Daily Telegraph*, her articles appearing regularly in the Weekend section of the newspaper.



**Theo Knapp** (T 2005 – 10) opened and closed for the disc jockey Pete Tong's set in May 2019, under his professional name, DJ Theo Ian Iagö.



Bryony becomes engaged

**Bryony Shipsey** (E 2008 – 10) is working as an intermediate ambulance practitioner.

**Veselin Ivanov** (T 2009–10) has embarked upon the Educational Leadership MA programme at Harvard University.



**Betty Jones** (B 2006 – 11) played the role of Claire in *Ordinary Days* with SLAM Theatre at The Cockpit in September. Having studied Music at the University of



York, Betty went on to complete her MA in Musical Theatre at Mountview Academy of Theatre Arts. After graduating, she went on to perform in the Thursford Christmas Spectacular and appears regularly at Brick Lane Music Hall.

**Georgie Mason** (B 2006 – 11) is completing her Yoga teacher training and intends to follow this up with Yoga for Children and Mindfulness and Meditation courses.



**Hannah Fritsch** (E 2008 – 12) returned to Gresham's and gave an inspirational, candid and moving talk to pupils of various year groups about her recovery from addictions. She was deeply impressed by the sincerity and maturity of the questions that the pupils asked after each session.



**Veronica Caraman** (B & Q 2010 – 12) is working at Deutsche Bank.



**2nd Lieutenant Charlie Jefford** (F 2003 – 13) was commissioned into the Royal Engineers in August 2019.

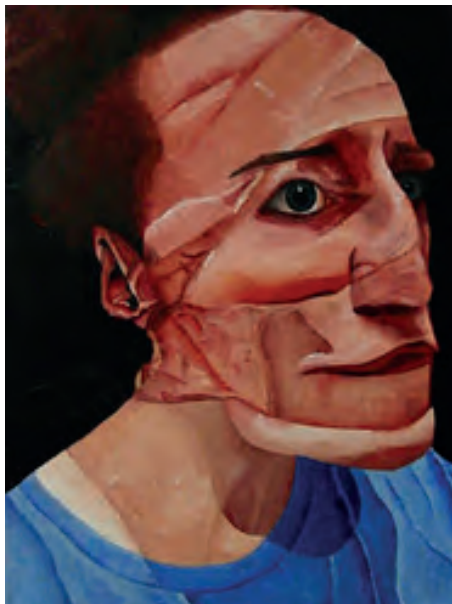


**Amy Lukins** (B 2008 – 13) joined the Young Farmers Club shortly after returning from six months in Australia. After finishing college, she worked all round the country for three years as a polo groom. Then, finding herself back in Norfolk and needing a new challenge, she opened her own business, Marsham Saddlery and Country Clothing, together with a friend and business partner. Eventing is an important part of her life and she hopes to compete at Houghton International Horse Trials (wearing light blue North Norfolk sleeves).

**Noah Horne-Morris** (F 2008 – 13) produced a debut video for his single “Seventeen”, followed by a second single, “Astronaut” in May 2019, an online review commenting that “the main distinction found in his sound is through his unusual choice of instrumentals. If anyone can bring back the harp, it’s Noah Horne. Yet, there are plenty of contemporary elements found within the soundscape to make sure it’s an accessible single which won’t



fail to amass plenty of attention on the contemporary airwaves”.



A painting by Pandora

**Pandora Layton** (E 2008 – 13) graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 2016, with a BA in History. A former Fishmongers’ Fine Art scholar at Gresham’s, she

founded Trinity College Fine Art Society, and was its first President. She went on to complete an MA in Painting from the University of the Arts London (2018), and is currently studying for the degree of Master of Research in Fine Art at The Royal College of Art.



**Tom Fisher** (T 2010 – 13) was nominated “Big Sky Player of the Week” after his outstanding performances playing tennis for Northern Arizona University against Montana and Montana State Universities.

**Ellioté Long** (c & E 2007 – 14) is working as a private tutor based in North Norfolk offering one-to-one classes in French and Spanish.

**Nina English Darmstadt** (E 2009 – 14) has moved to Costa Rica to work for Global Leadership Adventures, a company that provides young people aged 13 – 18 with opportunities to volunteer abroad during the spring and summer holidays. GLA offers programmes in 20 different countries across the world, focusing on different volunteering themes.



**Michael Thomas** (T 2009 – 14) has passed out of the RMA Sandhurst.



**Callum Chapman** (H 2009 – 14) starred as Pip in *Great Expectations*, directed by Phil Willmott, as part of the Free Theatre Festival in London during the summer, their goal being to reach as diverse an audience as possible and to encourage a new generation of theatregoers.

**Tom Dale** (T 2010 – 15) has launched a website, [www.tomdaleart.com](http://www.tomdaleart.com), containing

his whole oeuvre, all of which is available to buy, from canvases to hand-painted jackets to posters.



**Oliver Ross** (k & H 2006 – 16) won the inaugural Sworders Art Prize, for work by an artist aged between 16 – 23, introduced to run alongside the Sir John Hurt Art Prize at the Holt Festival this year. Pictured with one of the judges, Professor John Last, Vice-Chancellor of Norwich Arts University, Oliver's winning painting Exhibition was part of his recent Degree Show at Leeds Arts University, from where he graduated with a 2:1 BA in Fine Art in July 2019. As well as prize money of £750, he won a Solo Exhibition at the new Contemporary art space The Gallery in Holt.

**Harry Simmons** (W 2007 – 16) has been promoted to the 2019 – 20 Leicester Tigers Senior Squad. He represented Norfolk, Eastern Counties and London & South-



East before joining the Tigers Academy after leaving school. A first-team debut followed in November 2017, and at the end of the term he was chosen as Young Player of the Year by his team-mates. A true all-rounder, he has also represented Norfolk in the National Athletics Championships, winning Gold in the long jump, plus Silver medals at 100 and 800 metres. He also played county hockey and gained selection for the Norwich City FC Academy.

**Isaac Little** (k & W 2007 – 17) published "Blood in the Streets of Athens: 74 years since Britain's Forgotten Betrayal" on the Warwick Globalist website in December 2018.



**Ferdinand Löscher** (T 2015 – 17) is studying Computer Science Engineering



at university, and at the same time is a software engineer intern at Google. His “Finderr” team recently won the Imagine Cup 2019 EMEA Regional Final.



**Toby Little** (k & W 2010 – 18) was a member of the Great Britain U21 Rifle Team which competed in the World Championships in New Zealand in early 2019. This competition takes place every four years and Toby was one of the seven-strong team. In 2017, Toby was selected for the Athelings team, in 2018 he competed for the Great Britain U19 team, and this year he won the South London Championships.



**Virginia Seldon (née Panea)** (S 2008 - ) is Housemistress of Queens’ House. She has been nominated as one of “Norfolk’s 100 most inspiring women of 2019”.





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## Ferblanc

In the summer holidays after leaving Gresham's in 1992, I broke my neck. Badly. C1, C2, C3. I spent the next few years wondering why I had been so fortunate(ish!) when most people with that scale of break suffer paralysis or death.

So I set up Ferblanc, a charity to fund neurological research. Initially the objective was to discover how to reconnect the spinal cord. As our following grew, the breadth of my vision did too. I felt that if we took a more multi-disciplinary approach, investigating various neurological disorders, then discoveries in one field would assist developments in another. What can we see in stroke that links to Parkinson's?

Our biggest fundraising vehicle so far has been cycle challenges. Over 15 years we will cycle 4000 kms round France in eight étapes and hopefully raise £500,000.

Each of the challenges is 500+ kms and takes four days to complete. Most recently, in September 2019, 22 cyclists covered the 515 km from Geneva to Champagne in four days, raising £75,000+ (still increasing at the time of going to press). The cyclists, all



L to R: Winkie Goodwin (née Mason), Pip Weston, Paul Clayton, Henry Raker, James Harrison, Humphrey Berney, Jo Savory (née Herbert)

amateur, cover all of their costs, so that every penny of the donations they receive goes to advancing neurological research. Many OGs have participated in the challenges and thus have hugely supported the charity and its research:

2011: **Alisdair Macnair, Ben Tucker, Philip Weston** (W 1992), **Buntly Bailey** (née Clabburn - brothers, sisters, daughter at Gresham's)

2013: **Alisdair Macnair, Pip Weston, Thomas Jacobs** (W 1992), **Hugh Semple** (OSH 1992), **Rachel Dawson-Smith** (E 1992), **Jo Pertwee (née Peppit)** (O 1992), **Rory Macnair** (W 1994)

2015: **Alisdair Macnair, Pip Weston, Alistair Lind** (W 1992)

2017: **Alisdair Macnair, Pip Weston, Louis Clabburn** (F 1992)

2019: **Humphrey Berney** (1996), **Charlotte Clabburn** (wife of **Ali**, F 1994), **Lt. Col. Paul Clayton MBE** (T 1992), **Winkie Goodwin (née Mason)** (O 1991), **James Harrison** (H 1992), **Georgia Hendey** (wife of **Neal**, T 1992), **Jo Savory (née Herbert)** (O 1992), **Pip Weston**.

And me. In all challenges.

More details about Ferblanc's work, its fundraising and how to donate, can be found at [www.ferblanc.org](http://www.ferblanc.org).

**Henry Raker** (W 1987 – 92)



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# A Headmaster's Centenary

**“A single-minded, brave-hearted man of genius,  
a great headmaster.”**

At the centenary of the death of **George William Saul Howson** (1860 – 1919), we reflect on the nature and working methods of the man who was largely responsible for making the School what it is today. Unlike most of his predecessors, Howson was not a clergyman, but instead preached a practical Christianity of high ideals. Corporal punishment was used sparingly, and pupils were expected to adhere to a code of conduct and morality. Howson's straight-talking northern character invigorated the quiet rural Grammar School with a gust of fresh air and anti-establishment attitude. His curriculum was refreshingly modern, with an emphasis on Science, rather than the traditional emphasis on the Classics and the 3 'Rs'.



The ambitious new HM, 1900

Howson came from a family of schoolmasters. His grandfather had been Second Master at Giggleswick in Yorkshire, and his father taught at Horton-in-Ribbersdale, Alston and Penrith. After attending Giggleswick, George went on to study the new subject of Science at Merton



Fishing in Banffshire with friends & sister May, c.1891

College, Oxford, achieving a First in his Final Honours. After teaching at Newton Abbott in Devon, he became Senior Science Master at Uppingham, being appointed by the legendary Headmaster Edward Thring. Early photograph albums often show George enjoying outdoor pursuits such as fly fishing, photography and walking, both at home and abroad, in company with friends, colleagues and sisters Mary and Rosa.

An advertisement for the post of Headmaster at Gresham's in 1900 attracted 140 applicants, with 53 being considered and 12 interviewed in the first instance. At the final interviews in London five men were invited and the Governors voted on the remaining two candidates 4:11 in favour of George Howson. Encouraged to apply by the promise of



new buildings and facilities, Howson had bombarded the Governors with letters making clear his determination and vision, producing 25 copies of a printed booklet as part of his campaign to win the position. At the end of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, the Gresham Grammar School had been reconstituted under the Endowed Schools Act, giving the Foundation a new lease of life. With newly released income from the endowment fund, the Governors had decided to build a new school on land at Waterloo Farm on the Cromer Road. The Headmaster, **The Rev. Reginald Roberts** (HM 1867 – 1900) was pensioned off and staff given notice to offer the new man free reign.



Howson with sisters Mary & Rosa in a group of boarders, 1900

When Howson took on his new role in 1900 he had only one building, the Old School House, and seven boarders. The new buildings were not to be ready for three years. With the help of the railways, though, he was soon able to recruit from further afield, attracting boys from the new professional and business classes from London and the Midlands. Within five years he had 170 pupils and four boarding houses. In his application Howson had stressed his experience in the recent construction of modern

science laboratories, his knowledge of French and German, his experience as a house tutor, energy and enthusiasm, and the potential contribution of his two sisters, Rosa and Mary. Using these attributes and bringing the influence of Thring to bear, Howson soon set about recruiting young and dedicated staff to help bring his ambitious vision to fruition.

At the centre of Howson's vision lay his plans for a Chapel to be the focus of the School's daily worship. The foundation stone was laid in 1912 and fundraising began in earnest, with Howson giving generously. By the time he turned the key in the lock in January 1916, the Chapel was already becoming a memorial to the many OGS who gave their lives in the service of their country in the Great War. A School Mission

was started in the early days and visits took place every Whit Monday to the Thorpe Hamlet Church Lads' Brigade. Howson strove to uphold the tradition of Thring to aim



With Field-Marshal Wood at the opening of the new buildings, 1903



for a life that is strenuous, thorough and sincere in all aspects. He gave everyone the impression that he had a great purpose and would achieve it whatever. The Director



The Chapel foundation stone is laid, 1912

of Music, **Geoffrey Shaw** (S 1902 – 10), remarked that “Mr Howson was singularly blessed in that to him was given the complete realisation of his ideals.” Quite simply, his ideal was Christian citizenship, and the powerful lay sermons he preached in Chapel each term reflected this aim, stressing the importance of practical good conduct and moral example rather than spiritual exploration of faith.

Howson encouraged social responsibility as well as high ideals in his pupils. The school soon became known for good manners and a welcoming atmosphere to visitors, with many boys returning as OGs. Pupils were asked to adhere to a strict moral code of honour, promising not to swear, to smoke or behave “indecently”, and to report infringements by themselves or others to their housemaster. Howson’s belief in self-discipline was reflected in an early decision not to have printed rules and to leave doors and windows unlocked. Boys thought of the Headmaster as a father figure, “who gave us our best gifts, our highest ideals”, and who inspired confidence, trust, friendship and affection. Many spent holidays with George in London, Bolton Abbey, on the Broads or the Thames. **Professor George Hutchinson** (W 1917 – 22), who found Howson “a most peculiar man” with unconventional ideas, conceded that boys were treated more humanely than in most other public schools, the use of the cane being rare and sparing. A feeling of brotherhood was often talked about, with masters and boys working together for the good of the whole.

Howson had the ability to attract and recruit excellent staff, but some of the younger men found his high ideals and the somewhat rarefied moral atmosphere hard to live up to and believed it would have benefited from tempering with more criticism and humour. Demanding high standards of himself as well as others in terms of hard work, punctuality, honesty and sincerity, Howson could apparently be a “terrible man” to “the malingeringer, the underhand, the shifty and secretive.” Freedom of speech was encouraged in staff meetings, however, and he asked for and considered suggestions for change, often taking a vote where there was division. When **J. H. Simpson** (S 1908 – 10) joined the staff in 1908, he found a freshness of mind and spirit, with little boredom or cynicism in evidence. Howson knew his boys and staff well, encouraging senior boys to roam freely in his own house even when he had visitors, and sought to draw home and school life together by inviting parents, boys and masters to dine together on a regular basis.

George was a cultured man, a lover of poetry, flowers, good furniture, china, paintings and music, and he brought this homely atmosphere into both his House and School. An evening in the company of Howson was a refreshing experience; he was known for having a fund of good stories, and for his shrewd and humorous wit and excellent fireside conversation. Boys were encouraged to entertain staff to study teas for informal conversation and society and to discuss



Instructing boys in the art of photography by the Glaven

current issues freely with masters in regular debates. The humanities flourished, with music and drama featuring strongly in the curriculum alongside drawing, with clubs and societies, lectures and outings to local factories extending the boys' education well beyond the confines of the classroom. Howson had a dislike of the hero-worship attached to games in most public schools, and inter-school matches as well as raucous cheering were not allowed. Boys were encouraged instead to have a healthy and well-balanced approach to exercise, playing courteous matches against local clergymen's and visiting university teams or taking part in non-competitive Swedish drill. Howson himself took delight in early morning swims in the freezing outdoor pool and enjoyed skating on the School pond and tobogganing in the snow.

Each week Howson would teach a lesson to every form, often using them as an opportunity to discuss important topical issues from newspaper articles or to reinforce a message from one of his sermons. Hutchinson recalled being rather terrified at an invitation to the Headmaster's study with one or two other boys one evening to discuss an article on the decline of the written word and claimed that Howson had adopted a book preaching the obsolescence of men and the superiority of women. Certainly, he encouraged a debate on women's suffrage in 1909, concluding that any doubts he had on the wisdom of the movement were removed after the discussion. In this and many other of his attitudes, Howson differed from many of his contemporary leaders of educational institutions, with his hatred of the snobbery often to be found in public schools and his liberal, anti-establishment views. Both his rather heavy, florid appearance and his straight-talking northern manner set Howson apart from his peers. He was a non-academic, practical, forthright and confident man, who would often puzzle people on first meeting by the seeming contradictions suggested between his appearance and nature.

Although he did not teach science at Gresham's, the subject was central to his vision for preparing boys for a life in business in the modern world. Encouraged by the stimulus for

science given by the Balfour Act of 1902, Howson's new prospectus stressed the need for practical education, covering not just the 3 'R's', but Geography, History, English, French, Natural Science, drawing, music, and drill. At his address in 1912 to mark the School's 350<sup>th</sup> anniversary, Howson predicted, "I hope, nay prophesy, that our curriculum will become the model for the majority of public schools". He was unconcerned with public examinations, but strove to win Oxbridge scholarships instead, to which the Honours Board in Big School bears testimony. Boys were encouraged to work on their own in the up-to-date science labs, carrying out experiments and conducting the sort of original research normally only begun at university level. A Natural History Society was founded, with Howson as its first president, that soon attracted 200 members. Boys explored the beautiful Norfolk countryside on their bicycles, investigating the varied flora and fauna, and making detailed scientific studies that often led to publication and drew many into careers in the field. "Creativity and originality, especially in science, were a natural product of the way the boys were taught", argue John Smart and Hugh Wright in their introduction to *Howson of Holt*, the re-issued biography by J. H. Simpson.



The world-weary Howson of 1918

Both pen and camera portraits of George Howson show a marked change in him, from the lively and vigorous young man to the tired and dispirited-seeming character of latter years. The once kindly, tender-hearted man became somewhat short-tempered and even "Napoleonic" in his last few years, perhaps worn down by the ill health he suffered from 1917 and by the deaths of so many of his beloved boys during the War. Continuing to work despite poor health, Howson went to London in the last week of December 1918 to attend the Headmasters' Conference and a meeting of the war memorial committee. Being too ill to attend either, however, he returned to Holt and died aged 58 on 7<sup>th</sup> January 1919.

Howson's funeral was held on 11<sup>th</sup> January in the Chapel that meant so much to him and he is buried on its south side. As Headmaster of what was by this time regarded as one of the top public schools, with nearly 250 pupils, Howson's obituary appeared in *The Times* and its *Educational Supplement*, with emphasis placed on his great personal influence on the School's success and achievements. Tributes by colleagues, friends and OGs in *The Gresham* followed, with some claiming him as the true founder of the School, ranking amongst the really creative educationalists of his generation, a builder of character, and maker of traditions. One OG remarked simply, "He has gone, but his guiding spirit remains, his example and influence abide with us."

## Sidney Steer – another victim of the First World War?



Photographs of the Gresham's Cadet Corps in the first decade of the 20<sup>th</sup> century often show an adult NCO standing, ramrod-straight, near the first OC, **Major John Chambré Miller** (S 1900 – 28). A quintessentially soldierly figure, his meticulously waxed moustaches forming a contrast with his CO's sometimes voluminous beard, this was the Corps "rifle sergeant", **Sidney George Steer** (S 1901 – 15).

The son of a gardener, Steer was born at Mitcham, Surrey, in 1875. As a 20 year-old private in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion, Scots Guards, he married the 18 year-old Gertrude Willis, the daughter of a Caterham plumber, in August 1896. Sidney served with his regiment in the Boer War of 1899 – 1902, receiving the Queen's South Africa medal and King's South Africa medal (with campaign clasps). However, before the 1902 peace treaty of Vereeniging had been signed, he left the regular Army, being appointed by the Fishmongers' Company as the "Rifle Corps Sergeant Instructor" in 1901 and joining the 3<sup>rd</sup> (Volunteer) Battalion, Norfolk Regiment (to which all members of the Corps, including the cadets, belonged at that time).

Under its dynamic and reforming new Headmaster, **G. W. S. Howson** (HM 1900 – 19), Gresham's had very recently moved to its new location on the eastern edge of Holt. When Sidney Steer arrived at the school, he and Gertrude already had two children, Charles and Constance, aged five years and one year old respectively, both born at Caterham (the location of the Guards depot). Sidney would have been on active service in South Africa when Constance was born. Following his appointment to Gresham's, the Governors provided the family with a house in the nearby Grove Lane, which at that time would have been a much more rural location than it is today (even the Cromer Road was not tarmacked until well into the first decade of the 20<sup>th</sup> century). Three further children were born in Holt, Sidney in 1906, Harold in 1908 and Phyllis in 1911.

Steer was evidently a well-liked personality. Every inch the guardsman, he cut an imposing figure. **Lord Reith** (B 1904 – 06) respected him greatly and recalled that "you could *hear* his (Steer's) salute". Major Miller was ably assisted during the Corps' first four

years by his second in command, Lt. **J. R. Eccles** (S & later HM 1900 – 35) but he relied heavily on the experienced NCO in matters of training and administration.

The Edwardian years must have been an enjoyable time for Sergeant Steer. He had a steady job, good accommodation, a growing family and was a valued colleague at a school that, along with its Corps, was enjoying a rapidly improving reputation nationally. His work revolved around a steady routine of parades, training afternoons, field days, range firing, OTC camps and Bisley competitions. He had put down roots in the town and must have believed that he had a secure career that would probably be his more or less for life. Photographs at this time show him looking relaxed, yet authoritative and self-confident, clearly at ease with himself and his position in the school community.



Aldershot, 1905; Steer in shirtsleeves at the rear



Steer at Windsor OTC camp, 1911

All this changed with the outbreak of the First World War. Steer's eldest son Charles enlisted as a drummer with his father's regiment, 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion Scots Guards, and became an early casualty of the conflict, being killed by shellfire during a reconnaissance on 20<sup>th</sup> October 1914. He was just 18 years old and was the first member of the battalion to be killed in action. He was buried

by the Germans at Kruseecke (Flanders) then reinterred at Zantvoorde British section of the German cemetery there. A graphic photograph of the young man's mangled corpse appears in a history of the British Expeditionary Force operations 1914 – 15. Each year on Remembrance Day, Charles's name is read out, along with the other Holt dead from the wars of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, at the town's war memorial.



Sidney's son Charles



A few months after his eldest son's death, Sidney Steer, at the age of nearly 40, was recalled to the Colours in early 1915, and was attested in the rank of Private in the 12<sup>th</sup> Battalion, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry at Farnley Park, Otley, Yorkshire, on 12<sup>th</sup> February 1915, being mobilised the following day and simultaneously promoted Acting Sergeant. Two days later, he was promoted Acting Sergeant-Major. All did not go well, however, for on 14<sup>th</sup> November that same year he was placed under arrest, awaiting trial, for drunkenness on duty. His behaviour at Gresham's had always been exemplary. Was the cause of this uncharacteristic fall from grace a combination of grief over Charles's recent death, sudden separation from his young family and the ending of a happy and secure life at Gresham's?

He was tried by District Court Martial four days later, and sentenced to be reduced to the acting rank of WO Class II (Company Sergeant-Major), implying that he had, however briefly, been an RSM. Intriguingly, however, this entry in his service record has been crossed out in pencil, and the following annotation added: *"Quashed by order of War Office letter...(Adjutant-General's Department); sentence illegal as accused has never held any permanent rank above that of private"*. That same day, Steer was returned to duty as Acting Regimental Sergeant-Major. He did not enjoy his new status for long however, for, in yet another reversal of status, eight days later, on 26<sup>th</sup> November 1915, he was posted to the 13<sup>th</sup> (Reserve) Battalion (Pioneers) King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, in the lower rank of Acting Sergeant. Pioneer battalions were mostly composed of older soldiers, as well as those deemed unfit for front-line duty, whether through age, injury or some infirmity. Formed at Ripon just a month before Sergeant Steer joined it, this battalion had been raised from the depot companies of the 12<sup>th</sup> (Service) Battalion (Miners).

Sergeant Steer's medal card describes him as serving subsequently in the Army Labour Corps (which was formed from pioneer battalions of infantry regiments). Further tragedy awaited him, however. On 14<sup>th</sup> February 1918, Gertrude gave birth to a baby son, who was given the name George. Sadly, the little child died the following day. George



Gertrude Steer

was born near Caterham, meaning that the family, for whatever reason, had by then moved back to their original home area in Surrey. Why could this have been? Surely the Governors did not require the family to vacate their accommodation while Sidney was away at the War? Certainly, Sidney was no longer employed by the school, and it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the Steers were obliged to return to Surrey, having had to vacate their school house.

When he was demobilised, Sidney Steer may perhaps have hoped to return to his old job at the school, but at the end of hostilities his position at Gresham's was, for whatever

reason, no longer available to him. Instead, a Sergeant-Major Calvo, of the Royal Sussex Regiment, was appointed to the post in 1919. WO2 Calvo left the school in 1921, and was replaced by RSM R. Wright, late Royal Scots.

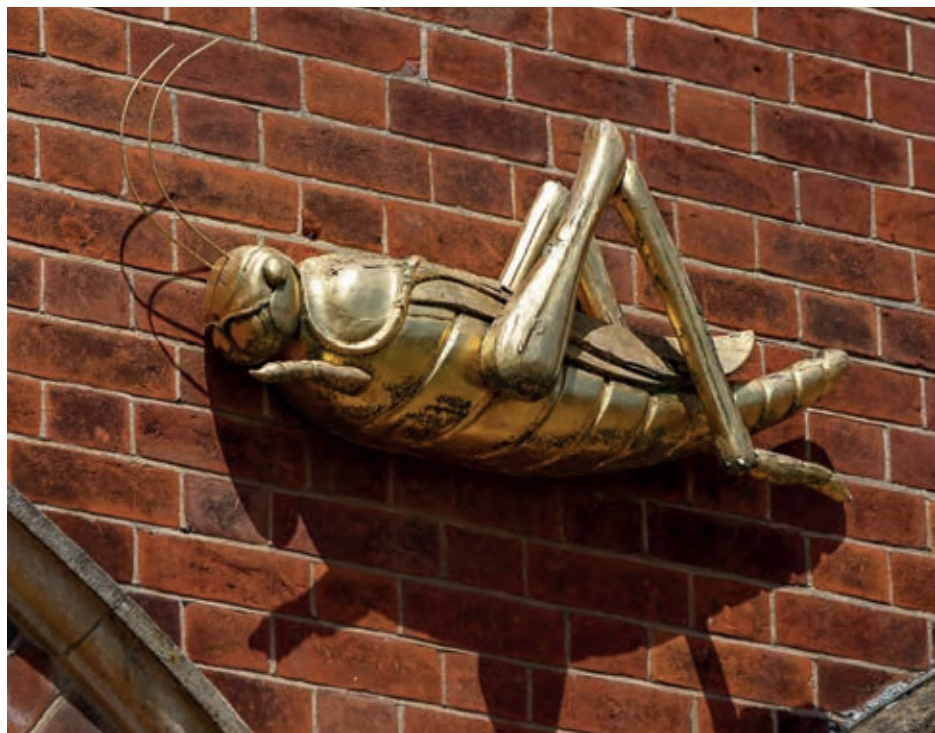
Sidney is described as a “labourer” at the wedding of his second surviving son Harold to Jeanette Allan at Caterham in 1930, when he was aged 55, and he appears to have been resident in Bristol in 1938. He is known to have moved with Gertrude from Caterham to Brighton in 1944. Gertrude died in 1954 in Brighton, and Sidney died there the following year, aged 80. Both were buried in Caterham, thus, as it were, coming full circle.



Sidney Steer in later life

The Cadet Training Centre at Frimley Park holds an outline record of every CCF contingent, details of which appear to have been provided by the schools themselves in the post-war era. The entry for Gresham’s, however, makes no mention of Sidney Steer, who played such a key role in the setting up of the modern Corps.

**Richard Peaver** (S 1971 – 2008)



# An Indian Railway Pioneer

From an article that appeared  
in the *Mumbai Mirror*, 7<sup>th</sup> January 2018

Noted art historian, British author, and daughter of one of the youngest General Managers of Indian Railways, Professor Dawn Ades is in India along with her son Thomas to experience her father's legacy, and visit the place where he worked.



Professor Ades's father, **Arthur Tylden-Pattenson CSI** (W 1904 – 06), came to India in 1910 to work in the administration of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, Central Railways' predecessor. Born in an old Kentish family in 1888, Tylden-Pattenson had gone to work at the Great Western Railway in England straight from Gresham's School in Norfolk. In India, he rose rapidly through the ranks to become India's youngest General Manager, serving in that role from 1932 – 34, before eventually returning to England.

Professor Ades and Thomas, a distinguished composer, conductor and pianist, visited the CSM Terminus building (formerly Victoria Terminus) in Mumbai (formerly Bombay) the same day of their arrival. "It was (our) first day in India, so everything was new to us. The staff and management of the CSMT were clearly very busy, but they did everything to make our experience rich and smooth," Thomas told *Mirror*.



Mr. Sharma, Prof. Ades & Thomas Ades



Thomas said that his mother became emotional after seeing the portrait of her father. "We were so happy to find it, displayed with his predecessors and successors in such a beautiful way. D. K. Sharma (General Manager, Central Railways) and his team were extremely welcoming. It was emotional for my mother to be in the very place that her father used to work, and to see how well his heritage is preserved. We were also shown the museum, which was opened specially for our visit, with its fascinating photos of the history of this great railway."

According to Thomas, his grandfather was known in the family as 'TP'. "He was born in 1888 and came to India in 1910. He was awarded the Order of the Star of India for his exemplary service. He married my grandmother after his return to England in 1941, so neither she nor my mother ever visited India."

And, according to family lore, Tylden-Pattenson used to keep rescued tiger cubs and monkeys in his house in Bombay.



The former Victoria Terminus, Bombay

Both Thomas and Professor Ades were impressed with CSMT. "It is a magnificent building, a splendid fusion of Gothic Revival and Indian elements, with wonderful Romanesque carvings. We have never seen such a beautifully harmonious combination of different styles." The mother-son duo feel that the Railways' plan to transform the entire building into a world-class museum is an excellent idea.

"My mother thinks the management has maintained the museum beautifully. There are some excellent vintage photos and models of the early trains, and a good selection of old documents. She is a curator herself and she was impressed with the way this building, a UNESCO world heritage site, is not only a well-preserved historic structure but also a working railway station."

# The Cycling Parson

Committed parish priest, church builder, and cyclist

**Christopher Armstrong** (c & F 1953 – 61) has brought out a new book entitled “*Scholars, Saints and Sinners*” (ISBN 978 1 909796 63 8, pub. 2019 @ £9.95 by Poppyland [www.poppyland.co.uk], from whom the book is available, as well as from bookshops and Amazon) which tells the stories of a dozen idiosyncratic Norfolk clergy. One of these reverend gentlemen is the OG Walter Marcon, whose suffragist daughter, Grace, was the subject of an article in the 2018 Magazine. Chris has kindly given permission for us to reproduce the chapter on the “cycling parson”.

“About 76 years before I began writing these memories I was born at Edgefield on Dec. 29<sup>th</sup>, 1850, in the same room in which I now sleep, and in which I expect to die.”



These are the opening words from *The Reminiscences of a Norfolk Parson* written by an extraordinary and devoted parish priest, **Canon Walter H. Marcon** (1860 – 61). Marcon’s father and grandfather preceded him as Rectors of Edgefield – between them they clocked up a remarkable 108 consecutive years in charge of the cure of souls in that parish. Perhaps it was no coincidence that the patron of the living was Walter’s uncle.



Mr. Elton

At the age of 10 Walter was sent to Gresham’s, then the local Grammar School. It was not an experience he enjoyed, describing in his *Reminiscences* a routine based on the liberal use of the cane. He tells of the Headmaster, the **Revd. Charles Elton** (HM 1858 – 67) – “an exceedingly severe man” – lining up a class of a dozen boys around his desk and plying them in turn with questions. Failure to answer correctly meant the boy had to hold out his hand for Elton to whack it with his cane, an action which sometimes resulted in the whole class crying at the same time. Walter stayed there just one year, though his younger brothers stayed there a full five, having not started at the school until the age of 13; perhaps the most surprising aspect of the

story is that Walter subsequently sent his own son to the same school. It may have helped that his son was awarded an open scholarship and also that the school had changed much and was by then under the headmastership of **Mr. Howson** (HM 1900 – 19), whose twenty years of stewardship turned a small Grammar into a flourishing Public School.



It was perhaps Walter's experience at a young age which led his father to advertise in the *Norfolk Chronicle* in November 1866:

*The Rev. W. Marcon B.A. (Eaton [sic] & Oxford) wishes to receive TWO or THREE BOYS, between 10 and 15 years of age, whom he could educate with his own Sons. He offers good instruction, kind treatment, and a comfortable home. Address, Rev. W. Marcon, Edgefield Rectory, Norfolk.*

It was not his first such advertisement, but one can imagine that he was not amused by the misspelling of his alma mater.

Walter, after his bad experience at Gresham's, was sent to a grammar school in Devon where, fortunately, he was caned only once – for breach of the Sabbath. He was caught responding in like manner to a bully who had “cuffed” him. Even at this early stage he was clearly a pragmatic Christian, recording that he “could not see the justice of putting off retaliation from Sunday to Monday”.

He finished his formal schooling at just 15 for reasons he does not explain in his reminiscences and returned to Edgefield where he took responsibility, with his father, for the education of his younger brothers before they went to Gresham's.

His father must have been quite a hard act to follow. Educated at Eton, where he was in the XI for two seasons, he went up to Oxford, winning his cricket blue in 1843. Despite his apparent failure to take any wickets in the match – or in his other five first class matches – he was a fast bowler of fearsome repute. No less an authority than W. G. Grace recorded that Marcon bowled (round arm) so fast that a delivery would “smash a stump” if hitting it on the full, and it was said that three long stops were required when he was bowling! Grace may have had his reasons: his father, playing for Mangotsfield (a club he founded) against Lansdown, Marcon's then club, was bowled for just 1 run by Marcon in the first innings and didn't bat in the second, in which Mangotsfield were reduced to 18 for five wickets, all clean bowled by Marcon. Later, while the incumbent of Edgefield, he played for Gunton – a two innings match played in August 1866 resulted in a win for Gunton over Reepham, perhaps a victory ordained in Heaven; the Gunton team included four clergymen, that of Reepham only two!

Despite the early termination of his schooling Marcon went up to Oxford in 1869 – again family connections may have influenced his choice – his great uncle was a Demy of Magdalen College (a form of fellowship so called because those selected were entitled to half the allowance made to Fellows). Others to hold such fellowships have included Oscar Wilde, Lawrence of Arabia, and in more recent times George Osborne. Ironically,

to qualify the original requirement had been that candidates should be poor, of good morals and disposed to study.

Graduating in 1872, Walter had already determined upon a clerical career, but filled in the year before he could be ordained as a private tutor. As an aspirant curate he adopted a rather original approach – rather than the more usual way round he “interviewed several clergymen” before “finding one to my mind”. His choice fell on the Revd. Mr. Grove of Govilon, near Abergavenny. This decision was later to have significance for Edgefield; Marcon recorded that he owed a large debt to Grove, not least for an introduction to one of Grove’s close friends, John Dando Sedding, who later became the architect who supervised Marcon’s great achievement – the transfer of Edgefield Church to a new site.

In 1879, three years after becoming Rector of Edgefield, Marcon set off on a sort of Grand Tour, stopping en route in London to fortify himself with a morning’s shopping in Burlington Arcade followed by lunch at the Criterion, before setting out for Calais. His trip was of several months duration and he recorded his impressions with daily entries in his travel diary.

These were sometimes written in ink and sometimes pencil – the latter are somewhat faded but still legible. The diary, now in a rather sorry state, is in the care of the Norfolk Record Office, and is a delightful, if sometimes discursive, account of his travels, in particular in Italy. Like his fellow Norfolk clerical diarist Benjamin Armstrong, he interspersed his descriptive entries with the occasional sideswipe at continental manners – “The Germans are not over-etiquettish, they put their knives in their mouths and make a rare good dinner”. Unlike Armstrong he illuminated his descriptions with sketches; buildings, church interiors, lakeside scenes, fishermen and boats all display an almost draughtsman-like talent.

He describes his expeditions to many Italian cities and the sights he saw. In Venice he visited gallery after gallery and commented particularly favourably on the works of Bellini – an ironic choice of favourite, as will become evident later.

He probably deserved the long holiday – by then he had already become engaged in planning an extraordinary labour of love – moving the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, stone by stone, brick by brick into the centre of the village and rebuilding it with the same materials.



Edgefield was one of quite a number of villages where the church was at a distance from the cottages. The reason was the Black Death. The plague caused the villagers to move to a healthier spot, leaving the church remote from the souls with whose cure the Rector was charged. In his *The Translation of a Church* published in 1928, long after the move was complete, Walter Marcon described the state of the old church when he became Rector. He remarked that since the time of the Dissolution of the Monasteries (Edgefield had come under the oversight of Binham Priory) the church had not seen any “attention from the carpenter or the mason” until 1800 when a previous incumbent re-roofed the church, funding the cost by selling off all the lead and brasses and four of the five bells. He describes walls green with damp, rotten woodwork, pews so shabby that “they would not be tolerated in a stable”, a stained altar and, most ominously, the external walls, affected by damp in the foundations were showing signs of collapse. A “ruinous Lord’s House” was his succinct description and one day, while in the church, he felt “called” to act and to re-build.

He responded to the call with astonishing energy. He quickly identified the tasks – classifying them as human, legal and financial. Change is rarely universally popular, and he was aware of some local opposition to his plans. Though many endorsed his plan, with so little movement at that time many village families went back generations and change on this scale was anathema to some. A petition was raised and sent to the Bishop calling for the retention of the *status quo*. Marcon recorded that the Bishop’s response required a notice to be put on the door of the church advising those concerned how and where their objections could be heard. When Marcon received this response he was staying at the home of his cousin (who was to succeed his own father as patron of the parish) Wattisham Hall, near Downham Market. Marcon was delighted that the document, with its lengthy preamble in formal legal language, did not mention the means of registering opposition until the very end. He concluded that few of his parishioners would wade through all the jargon, and persuading his cousin to take him into Kings Lynn, he hired a horse and gig with a driver and set off the 35 miles or so for home, arriving to attach the Bishop’s statement to the church door just in time for Morning Service, as required by the Bishop. With an almost Machiavellian flourish he affixed the document so that the legalese was at eye level. As he had anticipated, few stooped to read the whole document, and there was little further opposition.

He had already, as soon as he felt the call, summoned what he described as ‘the heads of the parish’ to a meeting at the Rectory, and persuaded them, only after some effort, to sign a document approving the re-building of the Church. Approval soon followed from the Ecclesiastical Court and his next task was to raise the funds. Something in the order of £2,000 was needed to carry out the scheme, and an appropriate site had to be found as well. As far as the latter was concerned he was fortunate in that

the Marchioness of Lothian, who owned an estate in the village, agreed to donate a site in its geographical centre, but the raising of enough cash called for more effort. Subscriptions were sought and one of the first was for £100 from his uncle, the patron. Gradually the target was achieved.

Meanwhile he had asked J. D. Sedding, the architect he had met in Abergavenny, to undertake the task. Sedding was a good choice. He was a much respected ecclesiastical architect, responsible for several churches, notably Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, described by John Betjeman as “the cathedral of the Arts and Crafts Movement”. He was also the architect of St Martin’s in Marple, Cheshire, whose interior was designed by William Morris. Sedding also met and was influenced by Ruskin.

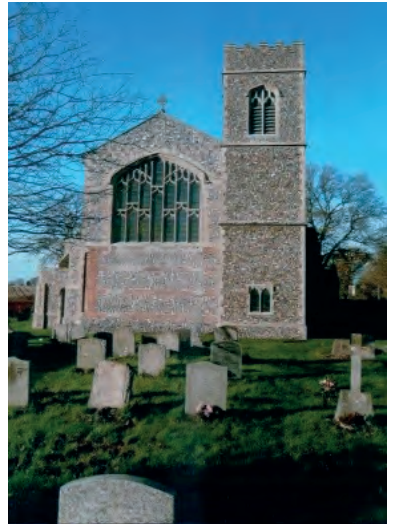


His task at Edgefield was unusual. First he had to remove the roof from the old church followed by the windows and pillars and then the stones. These were all marked to ensure that they could be put back in the right order, and were laid out in their correct place on the grass surrounding the church. Eventually only the unusual octagonal tower remained, as it does to this day.

It was ten years before all the stones had been brought from the old site to the new and the building finally resumed its shape, until, at last, on 14<sup>th</sup>

July 1884, the Bishop of Norwich, Bishop Pelham, consecrated the church. Once all the internal work had been done, Marcon could look back with satisfaction on an extraordinary achievement.

But Marcon was not just a man on a mission to rebuild the church premises. He was as concerned with the lives and welfare of his parishioners. Initially, when returning to Edgefield as Rector, he had been concerned that the lack of lively and stimulating conversation and company might affect the quality of his life, but he came to adjust his view, as explained in his *Reminiscences*:



The new church

I found life amongst bucolics very slow and lonely. I thought them ignorant, inexperienced, and wished I could transport them for 6 months into the Midlands where a daily paper was a common thing, and bring them back again. But I have corrected and abandoned this view, ignorant they certainly are not, but very full of knowledge of such things as they were familiar with and I was not.

He had always sought to broaden the interests and experience of the parishioners; as a boy he had assisted his father in providing regular “Penny Readings” for the locals which the *Norfolk Chronicle* described as “fully appreciated by an attentive audience”. As an adult and Rector his affection for both the ways of the country at the time and the cottagers is apparent in his *Reminiscences*, and that affection was clearly reciprocated. One 95-year-old former parishioner undertook a fourteen mile round walk from Sheringham to enjoy refreshments with his former Rector. He was fortunate to find him at home and not either on parish business, or exploring on his bicycle, for the use of which he became renowned.

As was the way of the time, the Rector was much involved in secular parish matters. Sir Diarmaid MacCulloch describes the role of contemporary clergy as “as much local governors and social workers as spiritual pastors”. Marcon found a village with, to all intents and purposes, no school. He promptly employed an interim teacher at his own expense and sought, with limited success, subscriptions from the local “chief residents”. When a School Board was formed by the Education Department he became its clerk.

Housing was another of his concerns. He described many of the cottages as “wretched hovels” with “little accommodation for the decencies of life” and determined to do something about them. Elected to the newly formed Parish Council, he had to overcome “difficulties, obstructions and antipathy” before new homes of satisfactory standard began to be built. His battles brought him to the attention of the Rural Housing Association, who directed the gift of an anonymous donor to the improvement of other homes in Edgefield.

All this social care was undertaken in a spirit which may seem a little odd to the modern reader but which was perfectly acceptable at the time. Phrases in his reminiscences such as “sympathetic guidance”, “Now, the proper way with ignorance is not to blame it, but instruct it” and commendatory references to the ability of the “women folk” to “arrange their small treasures neatly, and keep their homes clean” are sentiments which rather have a ring of one verse in Mrs. Alexander’s hymn “All Things Bright and Beautiful” about them.

*The rich man in his castle,  
The poor man at his gate,  
God made them high and lowly,  
And ordered their estate.*



The sentiment implicit in this verse about social class being important, God determined and permanent, so infuriated my late father that I recall him in the 1950s, when pressed by a Sunday School teacher to include the hymn in Morning Service, announcing “We shall now sing that dreadful hymn, ‘All Things Bright and Beautiful’, omitting the silliest verse”! Despite a tone which to us today may seem a touch patronising, there can be no doubt that Marcon’s efforts were motivated by nothing more than a determination to improve the lot of his parishioners, and were recognised as such by them. He was a faithful, caring man who took his responsibilities seriously and discharged them remarkably effectively.



Brief reference was made before to his renown as a cyclist. In Edgefield Church today a window commemorating the centenary of the opening of the new church has a panel showing Marcon, dressed in clerical garb reminiscent of depictions of Chesterton’s Catholic Father Brown, riding a bicycle. He delighted in the development of the cycle and claimed in his *Reminiscences* to have ridden, “with the exception of the Otto” (a peculiar machine comprising two large wheels between which the rider sat on a seat suspended between them, steering with the aid of handles which disengaged the drive from one wheel when held) “every make of bicycle, high and low, with tyres wooden, solid, and pneumatic, from their first appearance”. By way of social commentary

he suggests that in the 1860s the machines were not seen as “suitable transport for a gentleman”. This did not deter him, he cycled just about everywhere. A trip to the continent? Well, take a couple of days cycling from Edgefield to pick up the ship at Harwich. At home? Well, Land’s End, the Welsh mountains and the lakes of Scotland were all within his range. A wider choice of destinations? Well, why not ride in France, Belgium and Germany? He must have travelled very light!

While on his long mini Grand Tour of 1879, Walter had mused in verse, writing while visiting the Italian lakes:

*Perplexed am I at Como  
To know which place is best  
I'd better bide a bachelor  
And let t'other thing rest*

but in 1883 he married Sarah Hatherall, the daughter of a retired tradesman, in Cheltenham. Strangely, she doesn't merit a mention in his *Reminiscences* – in fact there are very few references to his family in that work, and those that there are refer to his father and his siblings, rather than his own children. The nearest he comes to any reference to Sarah is when in discussing new homes built to replace some of the crumbling cottages for the local labourers he says that he “and the ladies of the house” would gladly exchange their old Rectory for one of them. He and Sarah had four children, three daughters and a son, born between 1885 and 1889. It is the youngest child, Grace, who is of particular interest. She was sent to board at a tiny school at 1 Park Road, Cromer run by Grace Pollard who, with one assistant, taught, at the time of the 1901 census, half a dozen boarding pupils. At the time of the previous census, in 1891, the family had employed a governess.

Grace became quite a well-known character, though under an alias, Frieda (sometimes Freda) Graham. She was a leading suffragette, and no stranger to the courts. In 1913 she was twice bound over to keep the peace. In August at Bow Street she was charged with obstruction following a scuffle in Whitehall, when she was one of a group with Mrs. Pankhurst demonstrating at a rally organised by the Free Speech Defence Committee. Just two months later she was charged, at Westminster Magistrate's Court, with obstruction and assault. Her “binding over” so soon after the previous sentence seems unexpectedly gentle. But her freedom was short-lived.



Grace Marcon

On 22<sup>nd</sup> May 1914 she visited the National Gallery. Once inside, she removed a hammer she had been hiding under her coat and proceeded to hit out at the paintings in the gallery she was in. Whatever her father's views on her behaviour, and there is no clue in his memoirs, he would surely have been disappointed that of the five paintings to which she caused particular damage three were by his favourite, Bellini. She appeared in court at Bow Street again the same day and re-appeared two days later. She didn't seem anxious to co-operate with the court, refusing, the *Daily Herald* reported, to take any interest in the case, staying silent and turning her head away when asked to plead. A plea of “Not Guilty” was inferred but the case was found to be proved. Grace then addressed the jury saying, in not unfamiliar suffragette-speak, that her action was “a protest against the illegal and unconstitutional action of King George in refusing to receive a perfectly legal and constitutional deputation of women”. She went on to describe this as “an incitement to militancy”.

Her comments cut no ice with the jury and she was sentenced to six months imprisonment and was held in Holloway. It was perhaps inevitable that she should promptly decide to go on hunger strike, and she was released early, under the terms of the Cat and Mouse Act, in a pretty poor state. She had one more recorded encounter with the police. After her discharge from prison her health was very poor as a result of her hunger strike. But the suffragettes looked after their own and she was accommodated in what was, effectually, a Field Hospital for the care of those suffering from the after effects of hunger or force-feeding. This was in a house in Camden Hill Square.

On 13<sup>th</sup> June 1914, under the headline POLICE BREAK INTO FURIES' STUDIO *The Daily Mirror* reported that Special Branch had broken into the house by breaking the dining room window after placing a cordon of police around the house. They must have been disappointed – Freda Graham was the only occupant apart from two nurses who were looking after her. They missed the larger fry – apparently Mrs. Pankhurst had previously been treated there on a number of occasions. The press report went on to say that while two detectives had entered Freda's room they "had taken care not to disturb her", and that "documents which are regarded as being of great importance to the police were seized". After all this excitement, the Museum of London tells us that she went to Canada, and there married Victor Scholey, the photographer who had originally recorded the Sidney Street siege, but that she returned to Norfolk as a single parent during the decade of her father's death, the 1930s.

Walter Marcon continued as Rector of Edgefield until his death in 1937, having clocked up 61 years in the role. His time in the village saw immense changes in country life, not all of which met with his approval, but he was certainly in the vanguard of efforts to improve the lot of the rural poor and his popularity with his flock is not surprising. He was clearly a man not just of faith and compassion but also of great character and energy. One suspects he would have been fun to know.

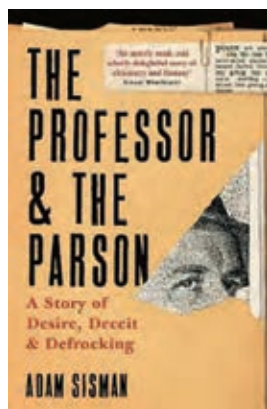
*(Canon Marcon was appointed a "co-optative" Governor of Gresham's School in 1901. He apparently used to cycle the four miles from Edgefield to Holt when attending Speech Days – Ed.)*

# The Fake Parson

Liz Larby enjoys a picaresque tale of fraud and deceit

“I embarrassed myself by uncontrollable guffaws...This is a truly wonderful story.” (A. N. Wilson in *The Spectator*)

*The Professor & the Parson* by Adam Sisman  
(publ. 2019, Profile Books)



In this fascinating new book Adam Sisman tells the extraordinary story of one of England's most eccentric conmen, a serial seducer, fraud, bigamist, and possibly the last Anglican clergyman to be formally defrocked! The **Rev. Robert Parkins** (sic) (S 1945) was appointed to teach History and Divinity, as well as acting as assistant to the Gresham's Chaplain, the **Rev. E. F. Habershon** (S 1932 – 46) in 1945. (*An article about "Parkins" appeared in the 2016 OG Magazine – Ed.*) One OG has described him as “quite harmless and a real hoot”, rumoured to be driving round the Norfolk countryside in his Baby Austin collecting money for bogus charities, and claiming a First from Keble College, Oxford, which was soon found to be

untrue. Mr. Habershon soon discovered Parkins was not listed in *Crockford's Clerical Directory* and went to the Headmaster, **Martin Olivier** (HM 1944 – 54), with his suspicions. After making inappropriate advances to the daughter of a colleague, “Parkins” (his actual name apparently being Robert Peters) left rather suddenly, with the police in his wake. He was soon to be tried and imprisoned for bigamy.



As the biographer of historian Hugh Trevor-Roper, who had been fascinated by the whole subject of fraud, as well as a well-publicised victim in the Hitler diaries scandal, Sisman based the main part of his book on the dossier of Peters' life compiled by Trevor-Roper over a period of thirty years. The unfortunate Peters had first appealed to him for help at Magdalen College, Oxford in the 50s, when he claimed persecution by the Bishop! Trevor-Roper soon discovered him to be teaching there under false pretences with forged qualifications, mainly first-class degrees, and an array of different

dates of birth, leading to a fascinating trail of further investigation. The charming and highly plausible Peters, despite being defrocked for bigamy and married at least seven times, it turned out, continued to preach in an amazing variety of locations from Oxford to South Africa, New Zealand to Canada. He held a string of academic posts in universities in Manchester, Nigeria, and Natal, eventually appointing himself principal of his own bogus theological college.



A 1955 newspaper article

was status, rather than money, that drew his subject further and further into deceit, and ponders why such an obviously intelligent man would not have used his intellect in a more honest academic career. Perhaps this discussion could have been taken a little further, to analyse the psychology of this captivating character in terms of a personality disorder or other reasons to explain the bizarre behaviour. Overall, it is a joy to read, especially knowing that the fraudulent parson managed to hoodwink even our own colleagues, amongst so many on his rollercoaster adventures.

Sisman's well written and highly entertaining book follows the fraudster from "lie to lie, job to job, marriage to marriage, continent to continent", supplementing Trevor-Roper's research with his own and bringing the story up to date. At times the tale is hilarious, at times rather sad, in particular the last footnote where Peters' own son requests information on his father in the year after his death, 2005. It is fascinating to speculate on why Peters continued to lie, even when repeatedly exposed, proclaiming his innocence with great astonishment and often claiming persecution. Sisman suggests that it

**Liz Larby** (Archivist)



# Sundials at Risk of Dying Out

Taken from *The Daily Telegraph*, 17th February 2019

Sundials are at risk of dying out, a Cambridge expert has suggested, as he lamented the "extraordinary challenge" of getting young people interested in the timepieces. **Dr. Frank King** (F 1955 – 61) estimated sundial experts were now down to their last 100 around the globe. He said few young people were rigorously tackling the mathematics required to design the timepieces – with British schools "scraping the surface" when it came to algebra, trigonometry and geometry.



The Golden Jubilee sundial

The sundial enthusiast, 76, a former computer science lecturer at Cambridge, is one of the leading experts in the field and designed iconic British timepieces, including the 22-metre Noon Mark on the London Stock Exchange, which measures 22m long, and the Golden Jubilee sundial outside the House of Lords.

But he said there were few left who knew the science behind how sundials work, or even their religious origins. He told the BBC: "Sundials are old hat. Those few people who are making innovative sundials are making extensive use of computerised tools to design them – that's a good thing. (But) to get young people interested in sundials is extraordinarily challenging."

Dr. King, who is also chairman of the British Sundial Society, said the group had 600 members in its heyday, as recently as 1995. Numbers have now more than halved, with Italy and USA retaining some of their own member experts.

Sundials contain a gnomon, a thin rod, that casts a shadow onto a platform etched with different times. As the sun changes during the course of the day, the shadows change as well, reflecting a change in time. The latitude and gradient help decide the precise location, and the gnomon should be pointing at the north celestial pole. Their accuracy can vary, depending on the time of year.



Dr. King who is the university bellringer at Cambridge and the keeper of the sundial on Great St Mary's Church, said those with sundial expertise could design spaceships and power driverless cars – because the mathematical insight is akin to the one used for GPS technology.



Dr. Frank King

“Whilst we can live without sundials, I’m worried we cannot live without communication satellites and someone needs to have the knowhow to do that,” he said. “I don’t think education coming through schools these days is satisfactory to replenish people writing code for communication satellites or driverless cars or the rest of it.”



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## The Broxbourne Clock

**Helen Jones** (G 1976 – 78) enjoyed the “Inventing the Future” Exhibition in 2018, and was particularly interested in the section devoted to **Martin Burgess** (k & F 1944 – 49), the country’s leading horologist. In the 1960s, Helen’s father, **Richard Jones** (F 1932 – 36), had charge of one of Martin’s clocks, a 15ft high device, in their modernist house. Helen recalls meeting Martin once when she was a child, and the Gresham’s Foundation put her back in touch with him. Helen has allowed us to reprint her reaction:

“Thank you so much for facilitating contact with Martin Burgess...It was fascinating. He remembered me as a toddler! I told him I’d grown a bit.

“The story behind the clock was that my father invited Martin to this very modern house my father had had designed and built, and while there Martin commented that the house seemed to be missing a clock. The first floor living room had a glass wall dividing it from the stairwell, and Martin designed what turned out to be the first of his sculptural clocks specially to go in this space. The clock used the components as visible design pieces, so the mechanism is a work of art. There were three huge cogs; the smallest at the top had minutes, the middle one hours and the lowest the days of the week. The hands were fixed and the cogs turned. The pendulum was hung from the ceiling. The clock was driven by a massive weight, that travelled between the first and ground floors over a period of a year. Winding the clock was an annual event that took ages, and involved a long pole to winch the weight slowly up to the top of its travel. Everyone, family and visitors alike, took their turn to walk up and down the stairs a few times pumping the winding pole. I learned to tell the time young, apparently – maybe it was easier, as the minute hand pointed to its own wheel, with minutes on, not hour figures.



“The clock was on loan during our tenure at the house in Broxbourne, but the next owner did not wish to keep it, and it was returned to Martin’s workshop when we moved out in 1970 or 71. It was sold to an American eventually and, as the “Inventing the Future” catalogue mentions, was in Rockford Time Museum, Illinois.

“Martin graciously suggested that my father’s invitation to him to build this first clock was the start of his career as a sculptural horologist, indeed of the new movement itself... He was very modest, suggesting the company he found himself in in the Gresham’s Exhibition was more exalted than his own achievements warranted. I disagree, and told him so.”

## The Genesis of Dave’s Diner



The photograph of Dave's Diner in the recent number of the OG Magazine prompted memories of how it came to be made. Its conception and construction were very unusual. They appear to have gone unrecorded, indeed **Roger Betts** (Bursar 1990 – 2003) and I may be the only people who know how that very popular “tea room” began its life, so perhaps now is the time to record it.

While funds were being raised for building the Cairns Centre, and especially when it was being built, it turned out that two members of staff privately took more interest than everyone else, except perhaps the Heads of Design and Art. Their new home was officially opened by Lady Cairns at the end of its first year of use in the Summer of 1990. The two silent observers of this development were **David Olby** (S 1960 – 2018) and **Tim Brierley** (S 1989 – 91). Tim was a professional actor when he was appointed to teach English and Drama. He soon spotted the potential for an Experimental Theatre when he heard that Design was to be moved out of the “Scruff Shacks” – a listed building with its near-iconic thatch, where all the famous Gresham's engineers had learned their skills.

The reasons for David Olby's curiosity were not so obvious, and he was keeping them to himself. He had a vision for not just a tuck shop, but a tea room for the younger forms to give them something that he could see they lacked – a social centre. The 6<sup>th</sup> form centre was new, and girls had only recently arrived at the junior end of the school. David Olby was ahead of the rest of us. I do not recall his ever discussing it with me or anyone else, but his own family doubtless made him aware that girls of that age have social needs too. Roger Betts succeeded **John Russell** (1981 – 90) as Bursar when John retired in December 1989, just as the Scruff Shacks became available for the realisation of Dave's great dream.

When that iconic building had finally been emptied, David Olby was given the green light and started more or less single-handedly to construct his tea room. He told me afterwards that the first challenge was that as soon as he took the shelves out of the store room that was to be his kitchen, the wall fell down; they had been propping it up. Undeterred, and with the help of the work staff, it was put up again. The tea room itself quickly followed with its splendid patio facing the Chapel across its spacious lawn. All was ready for the start of the next term. How did he do it? That was the question that the Chairman of Governors asked when he saw it in its early weeks. It had not needed its own budget and no decision to build it had been recorded, as far as he was aware. Only the new Bursar and David Olby really knew what had been going on. We all quickly saw what an inspired idea it was.

This was “Dave's Diner”. The name given to it on day one by its customers described it exactly. Dave had the skills and contacts. Favours were doubtless called in from all over North Norfolk. Costs were therefore very low. David Olby constructed it virtually single-handed, with specialist help readily supplied from the work staff when it was needed. He knew what he wanted, and how it should be run. It was his idea. It quickly paid its way. The kitchen was much admired. The seating had a traditional style that was an instant success.

The experimental theatre that Tim Brierley made in the other half of the Scruff Shacks, also with Roger Betts' support, followed soon afterwards. Tim designed it, it was built with the help of the work staff, and Tim decorated it with his own hands. The seating and staging were adapted from elsewhere, just as with the furniture and decor of Dave's Diner. The rest, as they say, is history – except that nobody seems to have written it down at the time. That is the story of the arrival of these two places that have been so much used and loved. The Scruff Shacks had long been central in their position in the school and quickly became central in completely new ways, as they sprang into their new seemingly spontaneous life. The result is clearly standing the test of time and is an object lesson on what can be achieved by enthusiasm when well supported. The new Bursar gave them a flying start and the life of the school was so much the richer, with a new Centre for Art and Design thrown in.

**Hugh Wright (HM 1985 – 91)**





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## Recollections of Life in the “New San”

My father died when I was two, so my mother had to find a job with accommodation. And so it was that we took the long journey from Liverpool to Holt station and thence to the New Sanatorium. It was 1956/7. Sister Richardson had arrived. The sanatorium was built along the lines of a TB hospital and it was stunning inside, with high ceilings and lots of natural light. The gardens were very beautiful, and there was a superb terrace looking across an open field, where Star, a gorgeous white carthorse, pulled the plough. The next year the farmer of Waterloo Farm bought a tractor, and Star disappeared.

In those early years the Sanatorium was packed with epidemics of streptococcal sore throats. There were 29 beds in the wards, and occasionally beds had to be put up in the main corridor at times of high need. The mainstay of treatment seemed to be pink antiseptic gargle, and much later the use of antibiotics. But within eight years, the epidemics just disappeared. Rheumatic fever also disappeared. The Sanatorium became an expensive relic of a bygone age. There were moments of jollity, and I remember my mother intercepting (the music teacher) **Michael Pickard** and another young master returning from the pub. “How much have you had to drink?” my mother asked? “Only eight pints,” came the chastened reply.

In the summer of 1968, my mother and I were washing up in the kitchen, when an enormous sheet of flame passed by the outside window. We did not know it at the time, but two planes had collided over Holt, and the sheet of flame was burning jet fuel. The fuselage of one plane came down 30 yards away in the woods opposite the kitchen. It was a great tragedy, and all the aircrew were lost.



In the days before the Central Feeding Block, masters were farmed out for lunch, and **Michael Allard** (S 1959 – 82) and the Headmaster’s Secretary came for lunch each day at the Sanatorium. Poor Michael struggled to teach me the piano, but I had no talent!

Now retired, we divide our time between Blakeney and Essex, where we have grandchildren duties. We did pop over to see the now “old” Sanatorium recently. Where once stood my rabbit hutches, there now stands what I believe to be the Headmaster’s house. I think my rabbit hutches, built under the stern tutelage of “**Jumbo**” **Burrough** (S 1946 – 82), looked rather better!

**Dr. Jonathan Richardson** (c & T 1962 – 71)



*(Note from the Editor: In August 2019, Lord Low of Dalston CBE visited the school with his childhood friend, Mrs. Janet Stewart, daughter of the **Rev. Wilfred Andrews** (S 1950 – 74). Lord Low spent part of his childhood in the Sanatorium, where his mother, Sister Low, was the San. Sister. Lord Low has been blind since the age of three.)*



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# Does Artificial Intelligence Worry You?

**It's unintelligent artificiality that bothers me!**

It is with utter astonishment I've discovered this is my twelfth contribution to the OG Magazine.

I'm sure John Smart (my first editor) will forgive me for saying he was overly generous in virtually allowing me free rein with texts that sometimes "went the extra mile". With some justification, Richard is a little less lenient than his predecessor. Yes, of course there is some mischievous content, especially if you read between the lines. I admit to being what the media now calls a "controversialist". I was one when I was at Gresham's and it frequently got me into trouble. Now I'm an octogenarian I'm much less tolerant of irrational behaviour and more than ever irritated by other people rather than circumstances. Someone of note once said, "The world would be a much better place if it wasn't for people". As a bit of a dinosaur myself, I appreciate the sentiment.

Not long ago we were all using typewriters, having spent thousands of hours laboriously writing our school work into bright red hard back notebooks. My first part-time job was



Sweetbriar Lane, Sheringham

at age seven, when I found myself opening and closing level crossing gates just to the west of Sheringham station to allow players in and out of the golf club. Most would generously slip me a sixpence, with which I was able to buy two ice-creams. The photograph below was obviously many years later, showing regulatory signals without gates, as well as my grandpa's cream painted house in the background where we'd stay on summer holidays.

Some four decades later I was back there playing a twosome with my father-in-law. His career had been professorial at Princeton University, where he taught history and Latin so, by definition, he was a thousand times more intelligent than me. And, humiliatingly, a golfer with less than 10 handicap! So, while at the third tee I must have skied at least a couple of drives onto the shingle beach below, he, with his knees bent low-dip style, accurately shot a drive straight down the fairway in perfect position to make the green in two. However, it was when we'd shot our drives at the par 5/7<sup>th</sup> the trouble started. A foursome in front of us was searching for a ball. After a pause of no more than a minute Henry, exercising our right to go through a four ball, strode out towards the oblivious players. He raised his club in the air and, waving it from side to side, shouted in his



broadest New England accent, “Would you mind moving over so we can come through?” They ignored him. I held my breath and then came a torrent of expletives best left to your imagination, dear reader. They let us through.

It transpired, at university, he had partnered Jack Kramer, well known for his pithy Wimbledon observations long before John McEnroe was out of “diapers”! “OK, Mike, I’m gonna give you a three game start.” “Oh, thanks, but there’s no need. That’s not fair!” First set to him 6 – 0. Then to even things up I accepted the offer. Second set to him 6 – 3. With his daughter, we had also formed a ten pin bowling league trio at some remote venue in west London. Let’s just say I was glad to be on his team!

My first office experience was in London’s business quarter, which pompous over-inflated claret-faced males, whom we met now and then, called “the City”. “Oh, I have a job in the City, you know”, as if it were an honour bestowed by royalty. “So do I”, my dad would say with a self-satisfied look that implied “What do you think I am – a taxi driver?” Excepting 9 a.m. (wake-up-and-smell-the-coffee-time), entering the office at any time of the day was like walking into Caesar’s Palace, Las Vegas to the 24/7 chatter of what all casinos out there call “the slots”. I know, I went there for two travel conventions in the late 80s. For those who’ve never visited, Vegas, with its 150,000 hotel rooms, is like its own planet. You go there, spend a lot of money, lose a lot of money, devour a few all-you-can-eat-for-ten-bucks buffets (while you play their version of bingo), freeload from what they call a champagne fountain (only it ain’t champagne), see a few sexy stage shows then leave, saying to yourself, “Why in hell’s name did I put myself though that?”



Caesar's Palace today

For new readers the highlight of my career in the “City” was flirting with a beautiful blonde secretary who was almost a look-alike Marilyn Monroe, the pin-up of Hollywood in the 1950s. Her name was Fay and after a few weeks I plucked up enough courage to ask her out. “How sweet of you, Michael; I’d have loved to, but you see I’m married”. In those days that meant “don’t even think about it”. So, somewhat deflated, I switched my attention to a delightful dark-haired girl. We had a brief relationship until I was summarily dismissed for disrupting office solemnity!



Dad was miffed, since it was he who'd got me the job. He was a bit of a "noise" in the city's marine world, having served ten years in the merchant navy, which is of little surprise, since his two given names were, truthfully, Horatio Nelson! If I told you he married a woman called Emma Hamilton, I know you'd not believe me; so I won't, and he didn't!

I was a year old when unexpectedly, my mother died. Nelson found a partner soon after the tragedy and they married in Sheringham with a ready-made bawling baby in the congregation! My new grandpa was head honcho at the Gas and Electricity works opposite the golf club. So his daughter perambulating a baby around town, the day after she married my dad, did cause a few raised eyebrows.

Sometimes I wonder if OGs scan the magazine for contributions from or references to their contemporaries. When I was two years old the school was moved from Norfolk to Cornwall; presumably over 300 miles was geographically considered a safe distance from enemy attack. I was to have interviewed **Paul Armfelt** (W 1942 – 46) who lives in New Zealand. In fact we started corresponding, then, due to some legal issue, sadly we had to abandon the feature. Although Paul joined the school while it was there, my aim was to touch base with one of the few OGs still alive who were evacuated to Newquay during the war years 1940 – 44. The original idea was to find a war veteran, but I doubt if that would have been possible. While researching for another commission I came across the enigmatic **Professor Antony Copley** (OSH 1950 – 55), who was admitted the same term as me in 1950. He was an academic and wrote extensively about his time at Gresham's. Published online, his memoir is a routine journey through five years at the school, revealing his sporting conquests, academic achievements and amateur stage triumphs. There are two group photographs of Old School House but like most school photos none of us even vaguely resembles what we grew into. In fact I spent ten minutes with a magnifying glass deciding which one of four possibilities might have been me! Antony had an uneasy life, departing it only two years ago. I remember him as holding somewhat strong opinions and that's the clear message of his memoir. But what's wrong with that, so long as you allow others to have equally strong views.

Every so often I refer back to one of Gresham's iconic tutors; the late, great **Hoult Taylor** (S 1928 – 43 & 1944 – 60). He it was who recognised my inability to get through a lesson in English Literature without laughing out loud; especially when studying Chaucer's *The Miller's Tale*. This might explain why he cast me in several productions, both at OSH and Shakespeare in the woods. So, following my abortive attempt at a sensible job, I auditioned for the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, from which I graduated in 1960 along with several performers who, aside from stardom, have made it onto our national honours roll-call. Six decades later, Sarah Caroline Olivia Sinclair CBE, known and loved

by us all as **Olivia Colman**, arrives with her 67 wins and 47 nominations! In this year of stratospheric success she may now add one further accolade which comes with my personal congratulations – the cover of the Old Greshamian Magazine

Following his gift of a new “STEAM” block, you’ll read much about Sir James Dyson in the press and on other media platforms. I interviewed him in our 2017 issue. One of my questions was: *Most of your achievements relate to air movements. Do you have other areas of interest where we can look forward to new products? For example, driverless cars have been mentioned so what would you like to do with them?*



First non-electric vacuum cleaner – invented in Chicago 1869

Part of his answer was: We are making intelligent machines which use cameras and vision system interpretation to understand and predict our needs – using hardware and software together. This is only the start – AI and machine learning has the opportunity to really improve lives.

Sir James himself agreed when I asked if he was not more an innovator than inventor. He left Gresham’s in 1965, first to study art and design then, he says, moving logically forward to manufacturing. I vividly remember him as an eight-year-old and even today I’m reminded of him each time I use the only “loo” in my local Aldi. Having dutifully washed my hands, I then subject them to the Dyson (embossed) supersonic hand dryer which, scarily, moves the skin around vigorously as it does its work. Does artificial intelligence worry you? It’s unintelligent artificiality that bothers me – and there’s been plenty of that around recently.

Facebook suggests I have 68 friends, half of whom I’ve never heard of. One of the more erudite of this random bunch asked me recently what I would do if I were Minister of State for Education. It’s a huge question encompassing so many nuances and I’d have to do a lot of research before interfering with curricular and academic issues. Four years as a governor at Wyndham College was unrewarding enough. In a recent report we were told the attrition rate of secondary school teachers is gathering traction, mainly because classroom discipline is at an all-time crisis point. One thing’s for certain – I’d rearrange the antediluvian holiday schedules. Yes, I know it’s been a subject of debate for years

without any substantial changes. I would propose five holiday breaks per year but with enough home work to occupy students without jeopardising their recreational activities. To avoid a frantic catch-up at the 11<sup>th</sup> hour, I'd have work submitted online at regulated intervals. Artificial Intelligence would analyse the work enabling "live" teachers to enjoy their holidays as usual.



The vanishing elephant

Finally, the abolitionists are getting more vocal with the press reporting on a regular basis. *The Sunday Times* carried a piece in July saying Labour would pass a motion to stop universities admitting more than 7% of private school students, instead of the current 40%. If you want to know more, go to: @abolisheton. By the time this magazine is published we "may" no longer be at the beck and call of the European Union; that's if the Prime Minister pulls off the most spectacular illusion since Siegfried & Roy vanished an elephant on stage in Las Vegas. Thus far the analogy is appropriate, except seconds later the elephant reappears!

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**Mike Pemberton** (OSH 1950 – 55)



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## “The Monarch”

The request in last year's Magazine for recollections of the famed tree, reputedly the tallest in the school woods, has elicited the following tales:

**George Cushing** (H 1944 – 50)

recalls that in either 1947 or 1948 he climbed to the top of The Monarch, having been impressed by Pat Gillam's ascent. Pat had also told him that if he was going to do it, then he should make sure to take his penknife with him to carve his initials at the summit. He recalls that getting up to the lower branches was far and above the hardest part of the climb, but by using a fallen tree that had been leant against The Monarch (by, he thinks, either Pat Gillam or Roy Kemp) he was able to use it as a makeshift ladder to get up to the crutch of the tree, and from there on he remembers that the rest of the climb was relatively straightforward. On reaching the top, he found that a piece of board had been nailed in place, and he believes there were four sets of initials carved into it before he added his own, and he also recalls that the view was well worth the climb!

**Michael Brett** (H 1954 – 58) writes:

Spotting the brief article on the remembered “Monarch”, I was not alone in climbing the tree towards the end of Summer Term 1958. Gresham's taught me many lessons, but by the time I joined Howson's in 1954, when **Andy Mulligan** (c & H 1945 – 54) was House captain, I had climbed many trees and loved the adventure. My father, having done War service in the Navy, had instilled “one hand for the ship and one for yourself”, and so it was when climbing. As I recall the climb, just after six in the morning, the only challenge was to handle the first six to eight metres. This I managed using a larch pole that I had prepared the day before. After that, the climb was scaling a ladder with irregularly spaced steps. Yes, the “Monarch” was tall, yes, I recall it was illegal, but reckless for me? I think not, when I remember hairy sailing days with too much canvas up, or skiing in fog, and when I watch today's rugby. The only disappointment was that on reaching the top, I found several brass straps, stamped with the names of those who had come before me, wired on a branch a half metre from the top. My lifelong love of trees and woodlands stemmed from happy years under the tutelage of **John (“Jumbo”) Burroughs**.

**Neil Colombé** (c & W 1950 – 60) writes:

I write in response to the Editor's requests for information about the scaling of “The Monarch” – the fabled tallest tree in the School woods. It was all but 60 years ago in 1960, my last term at Gresham's. Having narrowly failed Cambridge the previous year,



I had been marking time whilst applying for other universities. By this time, I was 19 years of age and my colleague **Andrew Kitchen** (F 1954 – 60), who accompanied me to Edinburgh to read Mathematics, was 20! I had in fact been the longest-attending pupil in 500 years, at 31 terms, equalled only by **Nicholas Day** (k & OSH 1948 – 57) (another housemaster's son – my father being **Paul Colombé** (S 1936 – 77). This record has probably been beaten since the introduction of a Pre-Prep school.

Andrew and I had been made school prefects by default, if not on merit, and, having few compulsory lessons, whiled away the summer term walking the school woods and fields! With the idea of doing something memorable before leaving, I decided to attempt climbing “The Monarch”. Armed with brass name plaques hastily forged in the “Scruff Shacks” (“Jumbo” Burrough’s workshops in the thatched buildings) we set off to prove our valour. We, I recall, were three, one of whom was the late **John Yelloly** (W 1956 – 60) and the third, whose name escapes me, I believe never made it to the top, or elected not to try (but perhaps he will correct me!).



Being devoid of lower branches, the initial climb needed a rope or a ladder and, given the nefarious nature of the enterprise and the need for stealth, I think we elected to use the former. My father used to help clear the woods of dead lumber and might well have been in the area!

I remember little of the actual climb other than that there were plenty of useful branches higher up at that time, and sufficient foliage to hide the ever-increasing drop from vertiginous eyes. We emerged at the top (a few feet below, where the tree would still sustain our weight), noted that the trees round about were indeed lower, and that there were other plaques attached to the trunk, to which ours were added. I seem to recall one inscribed **R. P. Bagnall-Oakeley** (o & K 1918 – 27 & S 1931 – 68), the famous naturalist, teacher and friend of **Logie Bruce-Lockhart** (HM 1955 – 82), but that might be a fanciful idea.

It would be interesting to know if there are still some brass plates up there, and if, or when, the tree stopped growing. Assuming it's a Scots Pine, they can live several hundred years and reach heights of over 100ft.

**Stephen Taylor** (OSH 1958 – 63) writes:

I am delighted to see “The Monarch” still reigns. I remember it well and “scaled” it a few times, as a self-made plaque nailed to its then top should testify. It was a tradition to affix a plaque at the point one reached.

It was a perhaps little-known activity (at least by the “authorities”) of a little-known group of boys who would sneak out of their respective houses under the sleeping eyes of the dorm. prefect at the crack of dawn on summer mornings to go into the school woods to the Monarch, make their Hillarian attempt, puff on a Woodbine and sneak back into their houses undetected, the latter being no mean feat in itself.

The climbing itself, once past the fork a bit, was relatively straightforward. The challenge was to get up to and past the fork and then up a little. Before that point lay the danger of falling, which indeed I once did from a few feet up from the fork, landing on my bicycle leant against the foot of the Monarch and requiring emergency transportation by ambulance to hospital in Norwich - the consequences of not only danger, but also crass stupidity.

**John Dansie** (H 1962 – 66) writes:

I was pleased to read in the November '18 Magazine that “The Monarch” is still standing. I can tell you that some lower branches have been removed, no doubt in the name of “elf an’ safety”. In c.1965 there was a branch about 15ft up with a rope attached. I stand to be corrected, but I believe I held the record for climbing to the top – and down. This record was short-lived, as somebody else failed to hold on to the rope and got to ground level considerably quicker, together with a broken ankle. (*Stephen Pryor thinks this might have been Tailor/Tailyour – Ed.*) Another fellow climber decided to celebrate reaching the top by urinating, forgetting in his triumph that he would have to climb down. Ah, happy days.

For many years I lived here in Gloucestershire in splendid isolation from all things Greshamian and then suddenly five years ago somebody dobbed me up and I began receiving the *Old Greshamian*. I quizzed my brother, **Dr. Anthony Dansie** (H 1958 – 62), but he denies all knowledge – who done it??

There is no question that my association with “**Jumbo**” **Burrough** and working in the workshop and school woods has led me, after leaving the NFU, to become a volunteer Cotswolds Warden. Due to ash die-back we are now unfortunately cutting down trees, rather than climbing them. I've lived and worked in the south Cotswolds for nearly 50 years, but my work with the Wardens has taken me to valleys, streams and woodland that are completely new to me. Again, returning to school days, if I find a suitably seasoned lump of wood I will bring it home and turn a bowl. It only takes a couple of hours now, not a whole term!

How many of my contemporaries recall arriving at Howson’s as new boys in September 1962? The lights had failed and my parents had to leave me in this totally alien environment in the pitch dark...very character-forming! My mother's brother was over

from America and had accompanied us, and was somewhat astounded: "Holy Moses, you're paying how much to leave your son here?"

It would be good to hear from a few more of "the 60s lot".

P.S. I would add a codicil. You state in your article that climbing "The Monarch" was illegal. This I dispute, M'lud! I do not believe that there was ever a school rule forbidding the climbing of trees. I appeal here to higher authority: **Mr. Bruce Lockhart**, Sir, was there a rule forbidding the climbing of trees? If you are going to publish my confession then you must publish my defence. There may well have been a rule, possibly from Howson's time, fussy old toad, forbidding boys from urinating from a tree top, but then, that wasn't me.

**An ex-Head of School**, who wishes to remain anonymous (!) writes:

I read in the latest OG Magazine that you wish for stories relating to "The Monarch". I climbed "The Monarch" on several occasions and can vouch for the amazing view of the coastline from the top. On one visit, a hand-painted French road sign and a metal-framed green canvas chair were fixed near the top. As about fifty years have lapsed, I doubt if I could identify the location of the tree. Judging from the photograph, it has fewer low side branches and would be much more difficult to conquer. Getting up was far easier than getting down safely.

**Dominic Marshall** (T 1967 – 68) writes:

Your picture of "The Monarch" in the *Old Greshamian*, together with a request for stories, has prompted me to respond. A few years ago I paid a brief visit to Gresham's to show the school off to a South African cousin of mine whose brother, incidentally, was a former teacher at Michaelhouse School in Natal, with which I believe Gresham's has had staff connections in the past. During the visit I recall not being very aware of "The Monarch". In my schooldays the tree stood head and shoulders above the rest of the woods, so I am very heartened to hear that my old "friend" is still going strong 50+ years on.

So why do I have this bond of friendship with a tree? Well, the year is 1967 and three Tallis lads, **Chris Ellingham**, **Rupert Manners** and myself, decide we want to make a statement that will be unmissable by all. At this time "The Monarch" was already topped by a wooden cross that had been put there some three or four years earlier. We had no wish to "undo" the endeavours of whoever had put the cross there, but rather our aim was to "outdo" them. To this end, we set about creating something that would be higher than the cross and very visible. Two of us were in the sailing club which, very obligingly, had sails well past their sell-by date, namely a white Firefly mainsail and a red Cadet spinnaker. These were sewn and stuck together one on the other to create an eye-catching and substantial flag.

My contemporaries will recall that staff member “**Jumbo**” **Burrough** had a wooden shack in the woods, in which was stored all manner of equipment for forestry and outside works, including saws, ropes and pulley blocks. This locked store, very conveniently, had a removable hatch in the roof. The woods also had a number of larches ideally suited to the purpose of a potential flagpole on which to hang our flag. Using Jumbo’s saw, one such 5-6 metre larch was selected and sacrificed in the cause of our mission, taking care to hide both the trimmed-off pole and the remaining stump from the eagle eyes of Jumbo.

And so to the execution of the deed. On the night before Speech Day 1967, had CCTV existed, it would have borne witness in the very early hours of the morning to three young men climbing out of their Tallis ground floor study bedroom windows and hot-footing it off to the woods. There the shack hatch was removed, as too were ropes, blocks and tackle. The larch pole was retrieved from its concealment in the undergrowth, the flag attached and the real challenge began.

Having climbed “The Monarch” previously to suss out its geography, I set off up it followed by Rupert, carrying between us ropes and pulley blocks. Without going into all the mechanics of how we achieved our aims, we all three hauled the pole to the half height of “The Monarch”, where we temporarily lashed it to the tree. Chris, when not doing somewhat of a war dance having been savaged by midges, provided much needed lifting power at ground level, Rupert remained at the mid-point of “The Monarch”, while I climbed to the top, taking another block and rope. The three of us in our different positions then hauled the pole to the top of “The Monarch”, where I unfurled the flag before lifting it the final few metres and lashing it in position.

We retrieved and returned all the rope and tackle to Jumbo’s shack so he’d be none the wiser, before heading back to our beds, exhausted but triumphant. In the morning, it being Speech Day, we were able to admire our handiwork, as indeed could the whole school together with parents and visitors. Logie Bruce-Lockhart did us the honour of mentioning in his speech that it had not gone unnoticed that the skyline of Gresham’s had mysteriously changed overnight, but no-one apart from the perpetrators was any the wiser as to who was responsible.

Not long afterwards, the powers that be judged that “The Monarch” with its encumbrances was a safety hazard, and I believe a member of staff removed them.

As far as I am aware, our secret has remained just that for the last 50-plus years.

As the short article in the *Old Greshamian* titled “The Monarch” points out, this (under school rules) was an illegal and, I suppose I must admit in hindsight, highly dangerous

exercise, but boys will be boys! None can deny it was an achievement – but to current and future Greshamians, and with the passing years having instilled rather more sense, I would say this is an exercise that is not worthy of replication.

Finally, I would like to say to my “friend” – I meant you no harm, and for all the exuberance and foolishness of youth I hope you will forgive us for disturbing your lofty serenity, and that you will continue to stand through many generations of future pupils as a much loved sentinel over Gresham’s.



Nowadays it's easier to see above the trees

**Stephen Pryor** (OSH 1963 – 67) writes:

I was interested in your article in the November OG Magazine about “The Monarch”. The tree was talked about, but I never had the nerve to attempt it. I heard that successful climbers had some way of recording their ascent at the top. I recall that it was necessary to ascend and descend in the shortest possible time. During my time there, the **Holland twins (Dr. Philip & Anthony)**, both OSH 1962 – 66) apparently accompanied an older boy named Steve Tailor when he made the successful attempt (*see Steven’s piece above – Ed.*). However, in his haste to beat the record he dropped too high and broke his ankle. The Hollands allegedly had to wheel him away on a bicycle.

**Bruce Kettle** (F 1961 – 65) writes:

I read with interest your article on “The Monarch”, which I am pleased to hear is still growing in the school woods. It always presented a challenge, to climb to the highest point in the woods. To achieve this took some preparation, first of all to engrave a name plate to attach at the top as a record of your climb. It meant a very early rise because you had to complete the climb and be back in your house (Farfield in my case) before you were missed. All lower branches had been removed to quite a height to discourage climbers, so you had to take a rope and string with a stone or similar weight that could be thrown over a branch high up in the tree. The first part of the climb was then using the rope against the tree trunk. Once you had reached the first branch, my recollection was that the rest of the climb was relatively straightforward, provided you had a head for heights. Reaching the top, you nailed your name-plate to the tree and rushed back to be in time for breakfast.

**Robert Bradfield** (F 1971 – 76) writes: I have just finished enjoying the OG Magazine — one of the best — and saw the note regarding “The Monarch” in the school woods. Should ever the day come when this marvellous tree falls down or is felled, there will be



a surprise, in that that right at the top, nailed into the tree, are a number of metal plaques commemorating who had managed to get to the top! I cannot remember how many were up there when **Jonny Martin** (c & F 1966 – 75 and S 2002 – 15) and I climbed it: certainly three or four, prior to the addition of ours. Rumour had it that “The Monarch” used to be taller, but was hit by a fighter jet. Pieces of aluminium could be found in the woods, but I am not 100% sure if this is just hearsay. *(This clearly refers to the widespread debris resulting from the tragic collision in 1968 of two RAF aircraft over Holt, an incident mentioned in “Recollections of Life in the New San” – Ed.)*

Jonny and I used to be avid rock climbers, having scaled a number of peaks around the UK, usually under the auspices of **John Walton** (S 1971 – 2010). We also set up climbing routes up one of the beech trees where the climbing wall was, which will explain the large chunks of iron in the tree. I hasten to add that we did get permission from Jumbo Burroughs!

## OG Travel Grant: A Cricketing Gap Year Programme



In October 2018, with the help of the OG Club, I started a six month programme with the Darren Lehmann Cricket Academy (DLCA) in Adelaide, Australia. This is a high-performance programme with highly qualified coaches that trains budding cricketers like elite athletes. On top of the training with the Academy, I played for and trained with East Torrens

District Cricket Club. The opportunity to join the Academy came about after I got in contact with Mark Sorell, an Aussie cricket coach at Gresham’s in 2014 and 2015. I explained to him that I wanted to play cricket in Australia during my Gap Year. Being a former coach at the academy, he advised me to sign up for the DLCA...and I am so thankful for him for doing so, as I had a brilliant time out there: it was an experience of a lifetime.

Being in Adelaide, I realised the benefits of going to Gresham’s. Living the other side of the world was made easier having being a boarder in the 6<sup>th</sup> form, and getting really sound advice prior to going. There were unexpected ways that my time at Gresham’s came in handy. When the opportunity arose to speak at a cricket dinner attended by the

likes of Ricky Ponting, Allan Border and Michael Kaspowich about the DLCA, I had no qualms about jumping at the opportunity. My experiences of public speaking at school, especially as Head of School, gave me the confidence to go for it; and that dinner turned out to be one of my highlights in Australia. In truth, had I not gone to Gresham's I doubt I would have done such a thing on my Gap Year. My love of cricket was greatly fostered in my time at school. Playing matches regularly during the summer, training all year round from a young age and going on tours to the likes of Barbados developed a passion in the game, without which I would have never pursued what I did.



Living and playing cricket in Australia for six months was an unforgettable experience and it was not only good for my development as a cricketer. Living on the other side of the world wasn't easy at times, but in general it was really enjoyable and doing so will certainly stand me in good stead for the future. Also, the

freedom and having fewer responsibilities was something that I felt I needed immediately after leaving school. In terms of my development as a cricketer I feel like a completely different player to when I left. I now have a serious ambition to make it, and I know what is required to do so. But my time out there wasn't just to set myself up for the future. After all, it was my Gap Year, so I made sure to have a good time while in Australia. I have so many highlights, but there are a few that stand out. One was net bowling against both the Australian and Indian test sides at the Adelaide Oval nets in the lead-up to the test match. By doing this, I was lucky enough to bowl at the likes of Shaun Marsh, Marcus Harris, Parthiv Patel and Buveneshwar Kumar. Another was playing Finals for my club as we looked to win a flag. And finally somehow managing to be in the members' area for three days at the Test Match. Something I will look back at very fondly is my time at my club, East Torrens. The lads there were really welcoming and I also made some good mates. I loved getting involved with the social aspect of the club: attending club functions, presentations, watching games and staying on after training.

It was the best six months of my life, and I'd like to thank Gresham's and the OG Club for helping me get there and make the most of it.

**Billy Buckingham** (k & H 2003 - 18)



Philip Newell (HM 1935 – 44)

# The Philip Newell Memorial Fund

## Volunteering in Nepal

Nepal was my favourite place that I visited on my gap year in 2015. **Jenny McNeill-Moss** (c & B 2003 – 14) and I had travelled India the month before, and I found it a difficult place to love. The vibrant markets, food and culture were captivating, but I found the poverty difficult to stomach every day; children were begging on the streets. Nepal on the other hand, was softer and less intense, and the people I met and their outlook on life was so humbling, with hearts bursting with love. This memoir will not be able to completely convey the lessons I learnt or the subtle magic of the country, but I will attempt to do so!

Stepping out of the plane at Kathmandu airport, besides the torrential rain and thunder, Jenny and I were struck by the ribbon on mountains circling the city! We had had minimal contact from the co-ordinator of “Hope and Home” charity, so had no idea what our volunteering was going to consist of, or where we were going to be based, but our experience could not have turned out better.

On arrival at the charity headquarters, we enjoyed a fantastic welcome meal with the other volunteers. Sitting on the floor, we ate traditional Nepalese cuisine, consisting of classic dal bhat (rice and lentils) and some very strong rice wine. We were also treated to a display of traditional dancing, which was mesmerising and beautiful.

On our first day, we had a language class in the breakfast room where we learnt basic phrases such as yes (hajur), no (china) and thank you (danyebad). Jen and I explored Thamel, the main shopping area of Kathmandu and we reflected on how different walking the streets of Kathmandu felt in comparison to Delhi: the shop keepers weren't as vocal, fewer people stared at us, there were more Westerners, and there were fewer stray dogs and begging children on the streets. Everything was also slightly more expensive than India, which was extremely cheap.

In the afternoon, our group headed to the famous temple of Swayambhunath in the Kathmandu valley, which dates to the 5<sup>th</sup> century. Adorned with prayer flags and with the Buddha's eyes painted on it, it is the most iconic stupa in Nepal. Everybody walks round it clockwise and spins the golden prayer wheels on the outside of the temple, sending your prayer upwards to the gods. Unlike many people, and historic and culturally important

sites, the stupa survived the 2015 earthquake which occurred three weeks after we left Nepal.

The next day Jen and I had a culture class by a lovely Nepali girl called Yuzeena. We talked about some of the cultural norms in Nepal, such as the caste system, which is still very relevant today. According to Yuzeena, each caste is descended from a body part of the god Rama. For example, the top caste is from his head and are deemed the most intelligent. These people will not even eat in restaurants, for fear of having their food made by a person from a lower caste. Afterwards, we took a five-hour bus to Pokhara and a taxi to our homestay in a rural town called Batulechaur. We met our “Amma” (mother) called Dikki, who would be looking after us for the next three weeks.

Jen, I and another volunteer called Bec soon felt comfortable in our new home, and felt close to Dikki, who spoke little English but was so loving and kind! Dikki told us how her marriage is a “love” marriage, meaning it wasn’t arranged, which is very uncommon in their generation. The house was very simple, with a small communal area, kitchen, three rooms and a little garden. We then met Sarada, who is the founder and head of the Annapurna Self-sustaining Children’s Orphanage that we were going to be working for, located only 100m up the road.

Sarada is one of the most inspiring women I have ever met. She has the happiest and most loving character, and within minutes I was already certain that the orphanage and the children mean everything to her. She spoke to Jenny and me of her vision: the orphanage is self-sustaining. They grow nearly all their own food, with six cows, two buffalo, chickens and a big vegetable patch. They also have another acre close by for growing vegetables, fruit and honey

Their motto is “provide the net, not the fish” and their philosophy is for donors to help them to help themselves. They’re constantly striving to become 100% self-sufficient, so that



The stupa



Georgie, Dikki and Jenny

they're not dependent on donor funds. On top of this, Sarada said how the other "Ammas", the women who help to run the orphanage, are disadvantaged women, such as widows who are shunned from society and are even rejected by their families. Sarada has taken these women under her wing, providing them with food and a place to live, and together they look after the children. Jenny and I were touched by everything Sarada had told us, of her vision, and how the orphanage is run with love at the heart of everything.



The view from Georgie's house

That night we had our first meal with our new Amma, Dikki, which was rice, dhal, lettuce and a curried cabbage and potato aloo – delicious. The next day was the first day of Holi festival, and when we arrived at the orphanage the children and Ammas were going nuts! Bright powder paint was being thrown everywhere, and kids were screaming and attacking each other with water pistols. The kids painted our faces, and by the end we were absolutely caked in powder paint and soaked with water!

We caught a bus into the nearest town, Lakeside, and were continuously bombarded by gangs of boys shouting "Happy holi!" and smothering our faces with paint. So many people were out on the streets, and everyone was driving on their motorbikes or cars with boom-boxes blaring reggae dub music!

The next day, we were excited to start our work at the orphanage. Sarada showed us the children's quarters which were very simple but adequate, and the kitchen outside where they use biogas from burning dung from their cows, with a fire and gas cooker for emergencies.

Whilst the children were at school, we swept the rooms and the outside dormitories - one of which is literally above the cow shed! I then mopped the rooms whilst Jenny weeded the spinach patch. Our days consisted of cleaning in the morning, and then gardening in the afternoon and preparing the children's meals. Meal prep was one of my favourite tasks. Jenny and I would sit on our stools and chop and sort vegetables for hours whilst reminiscing on funny memories at Gresham's. Occasionally, one of the Ammas would bring us black tea with ginger and sugar, and biscuits.



Georgie, Jenny and Sarada



One day we arrived at the orphanage and the children were preparing themselves for a group outing: a picnic! It was sweet watching the girls comb and plait each other's hair. The kids were so excited. We then got onto a bus that the school lent the orphanage for the day. They were all screaming and jumping around, shouting "Miss! Miss!" for us to sit next to them.

I sat next to a 13-year-old girl called Sarati, who was wearing her new red Sari with yellow flowers on it. She said she loves sports and wants to travel the world and be a beautician when she's older. Her English was really good. One of the boys brought a radio onto the bus, so throughout the journey, Nepali music was blaring out and all the kids were singing along. Also, every time we drove past a red rhododendron bush, the teachers and kids would go wild with excitement as they're Nepal's national flower.

We ascended a ridiculously steep and curvy road up a mountain (with no seatbelts - it's fair to say my blood pressure was pretty high) until we got to a village with a wonderful view of the mountains and lots of rhododendron bushes. The kids and ammas climbed the trees and picked the flowers, and then handed them around and ate them. Apparently, they help when you have a sore throat, but were sour and quite disgusting when I tried one! At the picnic site, Jenny and I helped to serve the food to the kids, such as dried snack foods like Bombay mix, a boiled egg, some radish curry that Jen and I helped to prepare the previous day, and chickpea aloo.

The day was a success, except for the children having the habit of throwing litter out of the bus window! The two girls I sat next to on the way home got quite a shock when I suddenly screamed and lunged at them to stop them throwing their plastic cups and litter out of the window! I found this pretty disheartening, especially as they live in such a beautiful area.

Another thing that was also upsetting was finding out that none of the £450 programme fee went to the actual orphanage! It went towards our room and board in Kathmandu and at Dikki's; however, I don't think that Dikki even receives that much. Sarada said that volunteers normally pay around £500 to her direct; however, Jen and I didn't have that much to give. Instead, we asked what she really needed, and she said that daily necessities such as rice and brooms for cleaning are most important. We walked with her to a corner shop, each giving 1,500 rupees, which she spent on rice, oil, soap, lentils, salt and brushes. It was the best money I had spent in a long time. It was a long way off £500 but Sarada was very grateful, and said that if we want to donate when we're older and are earning, then that's great. Jenny and I both agreed that if we ever came back, we would not go through Hope and Home charity, but would pay Dikki and Sarada directly to stay and volunteer with them.

The remainder of our time spent at Dikki's and helping at the orphanage was very simple but extremely enjoyable. We helped with the gardening or moved cement (they were building a cow shed so that they could renovate the present stable into another girl's dorm) or we swept, mopped or chopped vegetables. At other times we would play with the kids when they got back from school.

In the evenings, Jenny and I would walk to our favourite spot at a river close by. Batulechaur is very rural and beautiful. We would walk past gardens which mostly consisted of a veggie patch, flowers and a haystack, and you would often hear baby goats during the day (which eventually drove us a little insane because their yelping is relentless) but despite this, you couldn't help but feel relaxed. On one of our walks back from the river, the sun was coming down and was bathing the sky in a soft pink, and we could just see the tip of the snow-topped mountains peeking out from the clouds. We then met a man who told us to be careful as it was getting late and that we should beware of tigers!



All the gang

On our final evening at the orphanage, we played catch, a Nepali handshake/clap game, tug of war, and Jen and I taught them the hokey-kokey, which they all loved! We then took one last picture with all the kids, ammas, and the two of us, with the garden in the background. It was sad saying goodbye; however, I know I'll return at some point in my life, and with more cash in my pocket so I can make a bigger difference.



We completed our fantastic month in Nepal with a five-day trek to Poon hill. Despite having a bad tummy bug, the trek was so enjoyable. We would walk all day, sharing stories with each of the group members (from Canada, Australia and New Zealand), and eventually reach little guesthouses nestled into the mountains where we spent the nights. It was also rhododendron season, so often we would be greeted by whole valleys that were lined with the pink and red flowers.

My time in Nepal was short, but it shaped me in ways that I am very grateful for. Despite often having little,

Nepalese people share an inspiring quality of always being happy and grateful. Shortly after leaving Nepal, we heard about the devastating earthquake which killed nearly 9,000 people. It was shocking and truly upsetting to hear. Something that gave me comfort, however, was knowing that many Nepali share that incredible strength of spirit, which hopefully helped them in those dark times.

Thank you so much to those who granted me a Philip Newell Bursary; with your help I was able to experience something truly special. Nepal's magical landscape, culture and people will stay with me forever, and I can't wait to go back.

**Georgie Lomax (c & B 2007 – 14)**

## **The Institute for Women in Migration in Mexico City**

After completing my IB in 2014, I went straight on to UCL to start my BA in French and Spanish. So, instead of applying to the Philip Newell Memorial Fund to help finance a gap year project, as is usually the case, I came to it in the summer of the penultimate year of my undergraduate degree. I had just finished my year abroad placements and I was looking to gain some work experience before going back to London for my final year. I applied for a legal assistant internship at the Institute for Women in Migration (IMUMI) in Mexico City, and I got the job. Since it was an unpaid position, the bursary from the Philip Newell Memorial Fund gave me the help I needed to accept the offer and move back to Mexico City for the two-month placement.

IMUMI is a relatively small NGO which works to promote the rights of Mexican and Central American women and families caught between intra-familial violence and the institutional violence of borders, detention and deportation. While at university, I had campaigned for women's and migrant's rights and IMUMI's focus on the intersecting oppressions that migrant women face caught my attention. I was also impressed by IMUMI's interdisciplinary approach to migrant women's rights advocacy, which combines pro-bono legal aid, research and campaigning. I also knew that I stood to learn a huge amount from this placement. I would be working in a bilingual office with experienced immigration lawyers, who would also be mentoring me and, being a relatively small organisation, IMUMI would enable me to take on a lot of responsibility. Most of all, I wanted to be part of this organisation and make a contribution to the wonderful work they're doing, which is needed now more than ever.

During my placement, I worked as a legal assistant to an immigration lawyer in IMUMI's US legal clinic. I drew up psychology literature reviews on family separation, conducted interviews for visa applications, and prepared the Mexican citizenship paperwork for children who had been returned from the US. I also helped with research on vital records

procedures in the US, translated court transcripts and represented the organisation at a national conference on gendered violence at UNAM. These were all totally new experiences for me and every day I learned something new, all the while improving my Spanish fluency.

The visa application process can take years, so I wasn't able to see one through to completion but I did get to work closely with two clients. I think this was my favourite part of the placement, and the part that taught me the most. I worked on U-Visa applications for these clients, both survivors of domestic abuse fighting to be reunited with their children in the US. They knew their stories better than anyone and so my job was simply to help them present their cases. This work taught me how important it is to build the relationship between advocate and beneficiary based on solidarity and understanding, rather than pity.

Working at the IMUMI office may not seem like the grand adventures that these Philip Newell Bursary write-ups usually describe, but every day was different and the work I did was really rewarding. I learned a lot about the workings of pro-bono advocacy, migration in the region and the tools available to help vulnerable people who are victimised by borders, all thanks to the opportunity that the bursary gave me.

I know that talking about my holidays isn't strictly the point of this report, but I wanted to add a few words about the days I spent visiting Mexico's borderlands. Having grown up in the UK, I had very little experience of land borders and they had always been a somewhat abstract idea for me. But visiting Yaxchilán and Tijuana, I saw two very different types of border first-hand.



Mural for the Unknown  
Undocumented Worker, San Diego



View across the Usumacinta river,  
Frontera Corozal, Chiapas

The Chiapas-Guatemala border is marked by the Usumacinta River, but you wouldn't realise it just by looking. Besides the jungle, the howler monkeys and the astoundingly complete Yaxchilán ruins, there is nothing remarkable about the river banks. It's certainly not how I had imagined an international border. Our guide, Jesús, explained that Hach t'an (also known as "Lacondan") is the first language on both sides of the river and said that this is really one community which happens to have a river running through it.

Later, in Tijuana, the imposing border fence was hard to ignore: it's visible from points all over the city, even stretching out into the sea at Playas de Tijuana, and you have to go through a heavily-policed crossing point to get to San Diego. This border landscape was nothing like Yaxchilán. But, just as at the southern border, the difference between the people of these two cities isn't so stark. I saw that a line on a map, or even a real border wall, cannot contain and separate human realities; it was real-life introduction to the "border culture" that I had read about in Gloria Anzadúa's *Borderlands / La Frontera*. It felt like an appropriate ending to my two months working with transnational families caught up in the violence imposed by man-made borders.



The border fence, Playas de Tijuana

Needless to say, my time at IMUMI made a huge impression on me. I'm currently working on migrant children's rights in a Communications internship at UNICEF Latin America and I am applying for Master's programmes in Human Rights for next year. All of this was possible because of the help I got from the Philip Newell Memorial Fund, so I'd like to take this opportunity to thank those that awarded me the bursary.

I used the award money in a slightly unusual way, working in an office instead of anything more adventurous, so this report might not be too thrilling but I hope it might give some young Greshamians some new ideas. I highly recommend anyone considering applying to do so, even if you think your plan is a little out of the ordinary!

**Ellioté Long** (c & E 2007 – 14)

## Volunteering in Ghana

This account is not going to be your typical volunteer's tale of happy travels and largely successful projects. In July 2017, I spent a month in Ghana volunteering in a community for people with disabilities and travelling. The learning experience that I had was by far the most important thing that I gained. I went in with the aim of helping in any way that I could and knowing that I would have many brand new and unexpected experiences. But I had no idea just how challenging and different some of this would be, and how much I would gain in retrospect.

In Ghana, some cultures believe that people with disabilities have been bewitched by an evil spirit or devil. Therefore, parents often abandon their babies when they discover that



they are not developing normally. As an anthropology student, I was particularly curious about these cultural conceptions of disability and was keen to learn more about this and how prevalent these beliefs were when I was on the project. The project I chose was to spend five weeks at a community for disabled children and adults in the Brong-Ahafo region in the centre of Ghana with ten of my fellow University College London students. The aim of the project was to become part of the community and help with the day-to-day functioning of the establishment, while carrying out supplementary interventions such as hand-washing programmes and helping with physiotherapy. There were around 70 permanent residents plus local live-in carers and the retired Dutch couple who directed the community. We were told that the community was lacking resources compared to standards in the UK but for Ghana it was considered a high standard.

Landing at Kotoka Airport, Accra, and walking through customs, it became evident that our group was very conspicuous. With our fully-stuffed backpacks, we were an obvious target ready to be exploited by eager taxi drivers. In our tired state we were too keen to get to bed to care about paying 50 *cedis* (just under £10) for the 25-minute ride to the hotel, which may seem cheap but was around twice as much as what a local would pay. We spent three days in Accra, beginning to acclimatise to the culture and weather by visiting local street markets and food stalls full of live snails the size of your fist, live crabs, pigs' feet, fish tails, and homemade peanut butter, among many other things. The food was based around rice and cassava in various forms and often very spicy. For example the classic dish *jollof* rice, cooked with spices and sometimes other vegetables, was generally not too spicy for me. However *gari fortor*, a dish of baked ground cassava with spices and served with meat stew, was much too spicy, which I found out the hard way.

In order to get to our project we took the popular VIP bus service for four and a half hours to Kumasi, and then hired a small *tro-tro* (minivan) for just our group for another four hour stretch. The sun was just setting as we arrived at our final destination. The community was gated and set within a cul-de-sac containing a hospital (not like any hospital you are imagining) on the edge of a rural town. On arrival we had a warm welcome followed by dinner and then rest before an introduction to the community the next day. Each volunteer had a personalised timetable – my role was to conduct one-to-one individual sessions with individuals in particular need of special attention, feeding one child with motor control difficulties at every meal and running music and dance sessions in the afternoons. It was difficult to adjust to such a full-on schedule with early starts and early nights but we had to in order to have enough energy for the next day. I quickly formed a bond with the boy whom I fed every day. He was about 14 years old and had cerebral palsy which impacted his mobility and severely affected his speech. Even though we could not communicate verbally, he understood English to a very high level and we would frequently laugh and play together. Every day the residents of the community

amazed me with their energy and resilience in spite of their unbearably sad histories and extremely basic living conditions. It was chilling to consider how many of them might not have been alive if they had not been taken in by the community.



I wish that I could say the five weeks of volunteering passed without major mishaps but unfortunately, problems arose between my volunteer group and the Dutch couple who managed the community. This included concerns about basic hygiene and respectful treatment of the residents. There were clashes over differing opinions about how the community could be run more effectively and

some of the volunteers felt very uncomfortable as a result. We realised that this was not an unusual thing to be feeling but were concerned that the directors did not want our help. This was distressing and although I cannot go into more detail for ethical and data protection reasons, this resulted in the group leaving the community early. It was too soon for us to gain a comprehensive picture of the nature of the community, but early enough for the group to have made up its mind that it was not comfortable remaining there. The feeling was that, even though the residents seemed happy, they deserved better and were not being properly treated. It was not Ghanaian superstitions about people with disabilities which were problematic, but the particular viewpoint of the management that Ghanaian attitudes could not be changed. We as volunteers felt powerless and unable to implement lasting change and so took the decision to leave. Even in light of the short time that we were there, I still think that we helped to relieve some of the pressure from the Ghanaian caregivers who worked full-time, seven days a week with few holidays, for the minimum wage.



Despite leaving early, I was still able to visit some famous parts of Ghana, such as Cape Coast Castle (a famous slave port) and the Kakum forest canopy walkway. Learning more about the social and cultural history of the country that you are volunteering in is important for all international volunteers so that you have the appropriate attitude and

respect for local people. In addition, I visited a Ghanaian university lecturer who was made known to me through UCL connections. I went to visit him where he lectured in Microbiology and Immunology at the University of Cape Coast after we had left the community. He knew how people saw disability in Ghana from a rare perspective, due to his level of education and the personal experience of his young son having autism. He recommended, after a period of reflection, writing up the experience as objectively as possible and said that what we went through was challenging and unacceptable in Ghana, but also by no means the only occurrence like this. This provided much needed validation that the feelings of the group had not been totally irrational and misplaced.



Although this was definitely not how I envisaged my project turning out, I can take many positives away from this experience. I got to spend one month in a beautiful country with a group of volunteers whom I had not met before and I am now great friends with many of them. I met so many inspirational Ghanaians who taught me about their language and culture, things which I can now pass on to my friends and family to promote intercultural understanding. The charity that I volunteered with conducted an in-depth review of their volunteer training process and root cause analysis of the specific events that happened during my time as a volunteer, so please be assured that everything has been done to ensure that events like this will not happen again in this organisation. Furthermore,

I have learnt valuable lessons about working with NGOs as a volunteer, negotiating relationships between international organisations and also lessons about myself. These topics served as an inspiration for my dissertation for my anthropology degree, for which I achieved a 1<sup>st</sup>, and led me to explore the field of international development in more depth.

As a result, I would now like to follow a career in international development, perhaps global health project management, and am currently enrolled on the International Citizen Service programme to complete three months volunteering abroad with VSO. After a period of reflection, I can honestly say that being given a grant from the Philip Newell Memorial Fund to go on this project has changed my life for the better, and that I feel more confident in myself and what I want to do in the future as a result. Thank you to the Fund for enabling me to have these experiences – I am truly grateful.

## Turtle Conservation in Sri Lanka, July – August 2018



Sri Lanka is one of the most beautiful countries I have ever been to, with its long stretches of picturesque coastline and scenic views. I was very lucky to have the opportunity to volunteer for three weeks in July – August 2018 on a sea turtle conservation programme. Sri Lankan animal and sealife sanctuaries are severely underfunded, and they rely heavily on the tourism industry. However, this means that these sanctuaries are often unethical and

not at a standard that would be allowed in a country like ours. Although many might see the answer to this problem as stopping these people from running sanctuaries, most people in Sri Lanka do not have enough money to set up an ethical sanctuary on their own. This is why the volunteer programme at The Mighty Roar takes volunteers to the sanctuary in Ambalangoda each day to clean out tanks, feed the turtles, collect water from the sea to refill tanks and recently has been able to build a new, larger tank to make conditions better. They have also set up their own hatchery, a minute's walk from the volunteer accommodation, which they are in the process of expanding to facilitate tanks for injured or disabled turtles on their premises. They also rely on the volunteer help and support to be able to do this and, unlike the other sanctuary, they release the baby turtles less than an hour after hatching.



The three weeks I spent in Sri Lanka were hectic and I was always busy. The first day I was there, we had a call from a local who had found an injured turtle on the rocks down by the sea. This turtle was badly wounded and sadly missing one of its front flippers, but we took it to the sanctuary and had a vet come and treat it the next day. The volunteer programme ran Monday to Friday, and volunteers would either go to the sanctuary, help out at the hatchery or do a beach clean. At the sanctuary it wasn't easy to get the owners to agree to let us clean the tanks, but we pushed them to organise the tractor which would bring the water we collected from the sea to the sanctuary. Many of the little turtles had injured flippers, and after watching them I realised that it was because the other turtles were biting them, since they were so hungry. Feeding the turtles was a huge priority for the volunteers. I also did a few beach-cleans, where a group took bin



bags and walked along stretches of the beach picking up rubbish. The amount of litter was incredible and I felt mixed emotions coming back after each walk with all of us carrying bin bags packed full with rubbish.

A huge part of my trip was exploring on the weekends. Short trips took me to places such as Galle and Mirissa, seaside towns popular with tourists, where I was able to see more

of the culture of the coastal towns and where I saw Sri Lankan fishermen still fishing. I was lucky to have the chance to go on a safari in the Yala National Park and see some amazing animals, including Indian elephants! My travels also took me on an eight-hour bus journey up to a beautiful city called Ella where I went and saw the Nine Arches Bridge and Ella waterfall. I stayed in a little homestay surrounded by paddy fields and tea plants. From Ella we travelled to Kandy by train, a journey that took another seven hours; however, Ella and Kandy are inland and much higher up than Ambalangoda, and the vast expanses of tea plantations and the beautiful hilly terrain that differed so much from the amazing coastline helped pass the time

One of the highlights of my trip was on my last weekend, when a small group of us were called over to the hatchery after a new collection of eggs was buried to keep watch for a bit. It was dark, around 11.30 p.m., and we were sitting watching, when all of a sudden one of the mounds where some eggs were laid started to move. This movement became more pronounced, and then out of the sand popped two little flippers. This baby turtle was followed by 83 more! We soon had 84 little turtles crawling around in the bucket as we waited to take them to the beach for releasing; we just needed to weigh and measure a group for the records. We then took them to the beach and watched them waddle towards the water and away into the ocean. It was one of the best things to watch!



I was also able to raise some money to take with me to Sri Lanka as, alongside the turtle programme, The Mighty Roar also run a teaching and childcare programme.



The majority of these schools and kindergartens are volunteer-led in the area and so they rely on the generosity of locals and volunteers. I was able to help one of the kindergartens by buying paint, some fans and fencing to put up in order to make it a



better environment for the pupils. I was also lucky enough to spend a day at the kindergarten with the five kids that are pupils there, and the joy and happiness that going to school brings them is evident. They were so inquisitive and tried to copy what we said all the time, showing just how much they want to learn. I was extremely pleased to be able to help them and to know what a difference it would make.

Although the majority of my trip was extremely fun and positive, it was also important to experience the harsh reality of what these communities have had to deal with in the past. Ambalangoda and the surrounding areas were hit particularly hard when the tsunami hit in 2004. On 26<sup>th</sup> December the tsunami came in two waves, causing the largest rail disaster in the world. As well as killing the majority of the 1,700 passengers on board, the total death toll reached over 30,000. A short walk down the road from our accommodation was the Tsunami Picture Museum, run by a family who had been affected by the tsunami, and the stories and pictures they had collected for the museum were extremely thought-provoking. A Buddhist statue was also built in remembrance and, at 18.5m high, is said to be the height of the second wave. This really puts the height of the water into perspective.

I really appreciate the contribution of the Philip Newell Memorial Fund which helped enable me to go on this trip. It is such a wonderful country and I have learnt so much. I highly recommend Sri Lanka as a destination for everyone, be it volunteering or a holiday!

**Jessica Dykes** (c & O 2011 – 18)

## Projects in Ecuador

I was one of the fortunate ones to be granted some of the money from the Philip Newell Memorial Fund and with that the opportunity to go on a Gap Year, filled with an abundance of memories which are very special to me. Even small things, for example flip-flops which I bought on my travels and which accompanied me for the following six months of

travelling, were hard to throw away when they eventually broke and made me reminisce about some of the great times I had and everything I have learned.

All of this started with my urge to experience the world, its cultures, languages, and beauty, before heading for university. For this, I chose to go to South America, as this would give me the chance to learn Spanish and also get to know some of its rich cultures. Moreover, the nature's beauty, diversity and singularity is famous in all parts of the world, in particular the Galapagos Islands. Hence, my choice fell on working with the organisation "Projects Abroad" on the Galapagos Islands, Ecuador (specifically San Cristobal). In preparation for this, I spent the time between my graduation and the beginning of my trip learning Spanish, which I had never previously studied. Even though I thought I was prepared, I was still nervous and sad, as well as extremely excited when the time came to pack my bags for the next nine months: nervous at not knowing exactly what I would encounter on the other side of the world, sad at not knowing when I would see my friends and family again, and excited at one of the biggest adventures of my life starting.

At the beginning of October 2015, the time had come. My flight from Frankfurt to Guayaquil, Ecuador, departed at 11 a.m. and after a 13 hour flight, I arrived in Guayaquil in the afternoon. On arrival there, I was picked up by someone to bring me to my accommodation for the night, as flights to San Cristobal only leave in the morning. The trip there was my first flavour of a South American city at night. There is always a sense of anticipation in the air when arriving in an unknown city. However, looking around, fully noticing how little one knows about one's environment, one becomes really aware of how reliant one is on the people around oneself. I find this to be a very grounding feeling. That night was spend picturing how the next day and the arrival at my project place would go.

With the morning rays, I was ready. The flight to San Cristobal went well, and I was picked up by a representative from the organisation on arrival. She brought me to my host family and introduced me to my lovely host mums, Consuelo and Ofelia. They were brilliant, and I am very thankful for making all of us feel like a real family. I also had a host dad named Albert, who always had a smile on his face and tried to teach Spanish and Quechua to us – with Spanish he succeeded more than with Quechua! To complete the family, the granddaughter of my host parents stayed with us, Karla. She was 16 at the time and was also a student in one of my groups. She is such a gem, very talented in singing and dancing, and doing the IB at the moment at the local school. Apart from the family, there were normally around six other volunteers, which made living there very lively and family-like; we all called each other brother and sister, and welcomed every new volunteer in our midst. Most of the others worked in the conservation project on the island, while I started teaching English first and only at the end worked in the conservation project.

I taught English in the afternoon programme. For the first two weeks, I was helping another volunteer teaching the classes. However, she had to return to Germany. So, I was in charge of leading the classes for the four different courses from then onwards, with occasional help from other volunteers. The children ranged in age from 6 to 17, and thus I had to juggle a very broad set of skills to get the material across (respect to all teachers for doing this day in, day out). Three courses had textbooks that were used to help relay the vocabulary and grammar. We also developed other games to make the learning more diverse and interesting. With the more advanced courses, we could also do something more suited to their interests. For example, with one of the courses we planned an (imaginary) trip around the world. The students could state what city and country they wanted to go to and for the following classes, I prepared texts about the sights in the cities. They had to use these and the computers to plan which sight they wanted to visit. That way they could practise their research and planning skills. Using these kinds of exercises, I tried not only to teach them the English language, but the culture as well.

During the Christmas time, another volunteer from the Netherlands and I decided it might be a good idea to introduce the most advanced group to some literature: *A Christmas Carol*. We found a play version online, and then rehearsals commenced. This was quite difficult, as many had no experience in acting, and thus having them concentrate in the evening and learn this skill while also learning a play in English was a challenge - that I hope we accomplished. This play was also performed in front of the parents and the other school kids in a Christmas get-together. It went quite well, only that we had never practised the show with microphones, which was a more logistical problem, and the girl who was meant to play Scrooge dropped out the week before due to the big IB workload, and thus I had to take on her role, which was a lot to learn in a week. Thankfully, everyone was very supportive, and we had a great time, even with some errors!

With other classes, I had the idea to look into how Christmas is celebrated in different countries in comparison to in Ecuador. Every child had to introduce the traditions of one country and also write a small text of how they celebrate it in their family. This was a very fun exercise. We also used the song "Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer" as a listening exercise. I had printed the lyrics and cut into small segments of the song and by listening to the song, the children had to sort the lyrics accordingly. This game was fun, as well as putting us in a Christmas mood.

The most difficult thing I encountered whilst teaching was the barrier of the language. My Spanish was quite limited before going there, and thus when I was trying to explain grammar to the kids, I could not translate the tenses, for example, into Spanish, because I didn't know them. I observed that volunteers that spoke the language better could

communicate the class material better. Hence, for anyone going abroad to teach a language, I would advise to be able to speak the local language as well.

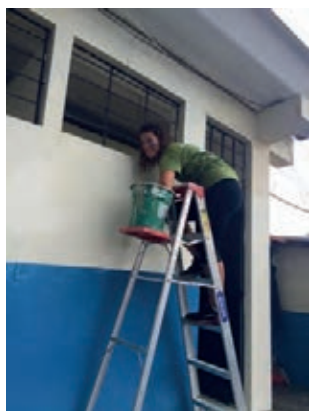
At the end of the teaching period, we had a “graduation”. I had to give a speech as I was the teacher that had been teaching there the longest. It was quite scary to give a speech in Spanish, but luckily some of my local friends had a look at it beforehand, in order for me only to be able to mess up the pronunciations. However, even though the pronunciation probably wasn’t perfect, everyone understood what I wanted to say as they laughed at my inserted jokes! This speech was a big indicator for my very improved Spanish and I was proud that I had the courage to do it. After the speech, every child was called up on stage to receive their report card and diploma – never have I got so many hugs and kisses on the cheeks before in my life. Sadly, that was the last time in my role as a teacher with these kids, but I still stay in contact with some of them.

My next project was working with the conservation team in Galapagos. In this project, the volunteers support the National Park rangers in looking after the wild life of the island. Several times a week, we would go to Galapaguerra, the tortoise centre of the island, where we would start the day with an hour of machete work – clearing the centre of plants that obstruct the floor, sometimes even chopping down whole trees. Another thing we did was cut Otoy (their food which is being grown on small farms) with machetes and then feed it to the tortoises – never have I seen tortoises “run” as fast as they did when we brought the food. Additionally, in February it was time for the annual tortoise monitoring. Thus, we spent hours walking through the whole centre searching for the giant tortoises and then weighing, measuring and “relabelling” them. This was not an easy task, as the centre was quite big and the tortoises are not the lightest creatures on earth (small understatement).

Apart from working in Galapaguerra, we also had to monitor the petrel population on the island. Petrels are indigenous birds to the islands which breed in holes in the ground in the highlands and thus, the eggs are endangered to be eaten by introduced species, for example rats and cats. Many times, we had to walk through shrubs and small canyons, through massive mud puddles and jump down cliffs to find these nests. It was hard work, but also really fun, as it was a challenge getting to these places. Tip: banana trunks and ferns are not too stable; be careful when using them to climb up a side of a hill.

We also helped with the monitoring of sealions. In order to be able to do this, we had an introduction session on how to distinguish the different kinds – if it’s a female, a young male or an alpha male. Using this information, every morning volunteers went to different beaches to count how many of each were present. Moreover, we also had the great opportunity to be placed with a ranger from the National Park on different beaches

all around the island, where we counted the sea lions at 5.30 p.m. and at 5.30 a.m. This trip was quite the experience. Firstly, because these beaches are off-limits to anyone, except to the National Park rangers and thus, this opportunity to see another part of the island was particularly rare. And secondly, because apart from camping on a beach with a beautiful night sky, we also learned some (unintended) survival skills. For example, when we were setting up our tent, it turned out the sticks that are meant to hold up the tent were too long for the tent, and thus could not be used. Now, we were not sure whether it would rain overnight, and during the night, it normally is quite windy. Thus, we had to find another solution by using shrubbery in the surrounding area.



Once a month, we also had so-called “Community Days”. On these days, we would go out into the community and help with some tasks. For example, painting a school or beach clean-ups. These tasks were decided upon by our boss in close collaboration with the local community in order to make our efforts as useful as possible.

Apart from the volunteer work, I was also able to partake in parts of the local culture (a lot of which I still don’t understand). I got to experience New Year, with its traditions and importance of the family. For example, on New Year’s Day every household would construct a doll resembling a person who lives in the household who had experienced

a lot of bad luck the past year and write small poems about the entire household and its members. At midnight, these dolls would then be brought into the streets to be burned, to symbolise getting rid of the bad luck and that better luck should/will come with the new year. This left the streets filled with small fires. The second thing that I found remarkable that almost everyone of the entire community got together in the town square to celebrate together with music and drinks. By 7 a.m., there were still grandparents dancing around and chatting with their friends, and children running all over the place. Everyone celebrated the beginning of the New Year together. We were also introduced to other traditions. A birthday tradition that we had was that the person whose birthday was celebrated had to take a bite of the cake and as the person was taking the bite, another person would push the birthday person’s face into the cake. That always made for a lot of fun.



Besides the traditions, we also learned a lot about the ecosystems and the history of the islands themselves. For example, did you know that one of the islands has a long history of being used as a prison? For example, between 1946 and 1959, when prisoners were kept on the Isabela Island, where they were forced to live in poor conditions and to construct the so-called “Wall of Tears”.



The Wall of Tears



We also spent a lot of time doing different activities: learning the basics of salsa and bachata, dancing some Zumba, playing football, snorkelling and surfing at the various beaches, and my personal favourite: learning how to dive. During my time on the island, I took the opportunity to complete several diving certificates and with these, I was not only able to explore the island above water, but also the extensive marine life. There is one moment of diving

between diving with Galapagos sharks, hammerhead sharks, white and black-tip reef sharks, at wrecks and with mantas and other kinds of rays that I will never forget, and that is my first night dive. These take place in the evening when it is dark, and thus the divers only have flashlights to help navigate the underwater world. This can be quite terrifying as underwater there could be something coming towards you from all directions and from above and beneath you, and in the dark you can only shine light on a slither of space around you. My favourite part of the dive was the kneeling on the sand, turning off the lights and observing the dark...or not so dark, when you move your arms around and bioluminescent plankton would light up the dark like hundreds of fireflies. My main thought in that moment was: Magic! How tiny organisms can create such light in the dark seems a wonder to me and nicely highlights the special place Galapagos will always have in my heart: it is not only a place to be studied in Biology when discussing evolution, but is a magical place, or “Islas Encantadas” (Enchanted Islands) as they are often referred to in Ecuador. The different ecosystems make the islands a unique place, but also the persons I met enchanted my time there to ensure that I will always look back on this time of my life with a smile and remembering those fond moments.

## SLV Psychology Placement in Sri Lanka

Instead of taking a gap year after leaving Gresham's, I went straight into a 4-year Psychology degree at the University of Glasgow. After completing my degree, I decided a year off was probably needed and decided to volunteer with SLV.Global, an organisation that places Psychology graduates in mental health projects around the world. I was accepted to work for two months in Sri Lanka. To fund this trip, I applied for the Philip Newell Memorial Fund, which greatly helped me in taking this opportunity to be immersed in a completely different culture, gain work experience (in a challenging setting) and, hopefully, help those in real need.

For the duration of my two-month placement I was based in a "homestay" arrangement with three to five other girls (people came and left at different times). We worked from around 8 to 4 p.m. Monday to Friday, split into morning and afternoon sessions. From Friday evening to Sunday evening we always used the opportunity to travel to different parts of the country to explore, see more of the culture and give our host families a break. Two of the girls who joined the placement and stayed in the same house as me turned into great friends very fast and we did all our weekend travelling together.

The work itself ranged from session to session. Depending on the area around Colombo where we were staying, we were assigned to different projects. On Monday mornings all volunteers from my area (Kotte) would meet for a planning session, in which we would read a file which described the clients and the work we were assigned to for the week. The sessions were designed to focus on one psychological benefit which could be: creativity, mental resilience, language, socialisation, emotional awareness, self-exploration, life skills, etc. To achieve one of these aims, we had to decide the most appropriate psychological techniques for the session, such as mindfulness, gross motor skills, fine motor skills, coordination, memory and cognition, confidence, identity, teamwork, communication skills and problem-solving.



Session for children and adults with physical and mental disabilities

On Tuesday mornings, for example, I was assigned to a session with two other volunteers, taking place in a beautiful old open-air temple. The service users who came to this session were of various ages and all had a mental and/or physical disability.

Each week we would brainstorm the potential activities that we could introduce and how they could help with the week's overall aim e.g. "to improve teamwork and mobility". This might mean we would start with some fun music and dancing, then sit everyone down to develop a group art mural based on a particular theme such as "jungle". On Wednesday and Thursday mornings we always went with 20 or so other volunteers to NIMH (National Institute of Mental Health) to engage different groups of service users in whichever activity had been planned for that week. NIMH has three different types of wards - Acute (for those experiencing mania, depression and having a high risk of suicide), Intermediate (for those whose symptoms are settling, yet still have issues which do not allow them back into society) and Long Term Rehabilitation (otherwise



NIMH Half-way home, Mulleriyawa

known as "In-patients"). Service users at NIMH lived in the Institute, mostly with schizophrenia and depression. However, due to confidentiality obligations, we volunteers never knew what diagnosis the clients had been given. This was similar to the work we did on Fridays at Mulleriyawa (MWH), a women's institute, where most had been passed along from NIMH for space and capacity reasons.

One of the reasons why MWH exists is because of the stigma that surrounds mental illness in Sri Lanka. It is a huge issue that hinders people seeking the professional help they need. For women, long term care units are needed because traditionally it is the women who are the carers within their family and so, if they themselves become sick, there is no one to look after them. The stigma is so strong that, for many people residing in a mental health institution or given a diagnosis, they *and their family* will face a rejection from society. We spoke to a head doctor at Ratnapura hospital, who told us that, for example, if he had been diagnosed with a mental illness, not only would he struggle to find a wife but his sisters will also struggle to find husbands. Such is the scale of misunderstanding of mental illness.

When someone in Sri Lanka starts to show signs of psychosis, they will usually be taken to the shaman of their village to "extract the demon which has possessed them". Although these beliefs are slowly changing and focus towards modern medicine is improving, this is still the normal protocol for many rural communities. We spoke to a couple of Sri Lankan psychologists who told us that, for them to be able to get their client to take the necessary medication, they will have to work alongside traditional healers, otherwise they will be ignored. So, as long as they take their

prescribed medication and/or go to the therapy sessions for their diagnosis, they are also allowed to take part in the rituals and listen to their horoscope readings for peace of mind.

Unfortunately, there are only 17 clinical psychologists across the whole of Sri Lanka, serving a 21+ million population. This is largely due to an emigration “brain drain” and higher pay in countries such as India and Australia. As the understanding and appreciation of mental illness improves, hopefully more funding will be focused on the mental health sector, which will encourage more psychologists to stay.

This piece could not be written without drawing attention to the atrocities of the Easter Sunday bombings. It was my last day in Sri Lanka, a country which I had really fallen in love with, and had become to feel very much at home within. Therefore, even though two of the bombs went off in the town in which I was having my morning coffee, it took several days, even weeks, for the horrors to sink in. We had seen first-hand how the civil war from 1983 to 2009 and the Boxing Day tsunami of 2004 had caused such profound effects on the country. For the country to then suffer such an unjust act of hate and violence was incomprehensible. This really couldn't have happened to a community less deserving, with a culture built on compassion and care for others (influenced by Buddhist traditions and beliefs). I was so sorry to leave, just as more help was evidently needed, but hope to return in the near future. I strongly encourage anyone to visit the country or, even better, go out to live and work there. I have memories rich with new experiences and happy times and am very grateful for the time I spent there. Thank you, Gresham's, for helping to make it possible.



Railway station in a poor neighbourhood

**Kate Woodhouse** (c & B 2003 – 14)

## OG Sport Cricket

### Ted Arrowsmith Memorial Cricket Match



On Sunday May 5<sup>th</sup> 2019, around 25 of Ted's closest friends and family came together for our first annual cricket match to remember our much loved friend. The game was played in a great spirit, with all abilities given a chance to play. Both boys and girls took to the field as we remembered Ted and all of the great times we had. *(The picture shows star cricketers Hannah Fritsch, Natasha Watt, Scarlett Knights and Holly Hunt – Ed.)*

We were delighted to be joined by Ted's family, with Ali, Ted's brother starring with both bat and ball. Everyone contributed towards a superb match tea and Ted's father ensured the beers didn't run out! After the game a small presentation was given. Ted wouldn't have wanted Ali to win anything, though, and so our man of the match for this year was given elsewhere.

We have now agreed to meet every year on the first Sunday in May over the bank holiday to celebrate Ted's life and all of the great times we had.

**Nathan Lomax** (k & T 2006 – 12)

## Hockey

The new season started with a bang as HOGS hosted long-term friends Dereham Hockey Club 2<sup>nd</sup> XI on 5<sup>th</sup> September. The HOGS were looking rather youthful, with George Sutton, Michael Skerritt and Willem Wibaut bossing the midfield, and it was the HOGS that took an early lead when Wibaut's shot was saved and Charlie Mack tucked away the rebound from a tight angle. One soon became two with some neat play by Henry Sayer in the buildup. Tom Dale in the HOGS goal was tested and produced some fine saves before the halftime break.



The second half saw the HOGS soak up a lot of Dereham pressure before shipping a goal, making the score 2 – 1 and game on. Tom Nichols was working hard in midfield and put in a typical workhorse performance. Mack then scored a trademark tap-in to complete the hat trick, before John made it 4 – 1 with a lovely turn of pace before the final whistle. A great evening of hockey played in good spirits.

If there are any local OGs who would like to join the HOGS for the 2019/20 season please email [bh@beestonhall.co.uk](mailto:bh@beestonhall.co.uk) or [cmack@greshams.com](mailto:cmack@greshams.com).

**Charlie Mack** (k & F 1988 – 2003 & S 2015 - )

## **The Old Greshamian Golfing Society**

**President: J. A. D. Mumby, Esq.**

**Hon. Secretary/Treasurer**

R. J. Stevens, Esq.  
Riverside  
12 Mill Lane  
Fordham  
Ely CB7 5NQ

**Captain**

M. R. Barnard, Esq.  
3 Seagraves  
Boxworth  
Cambridge  
CB23 8LS

Firstly, it is with great sadness that I confirm the deaths of four eminent OG golfers during 2018 – Peter Morton, Pat Mumby, Jim Balch and Julian Mumby. Our thoughts are with all of their families. Pat Mumby and Jim Balch in particular were great servants to OG Golf, both of them ensuring the continued survival of the Society at a time when it was in danger of lapsing. We owe them both a great debt of gratitude.

We continue to receive huge support from the OG Club, and we remain extremely grateful for that. With the odd exception, our meetings are generally well supported by members, but we are always looking to recruit more, and if you are a golfer – regardless of ability – please do get in touch; details at the foot of this report.

An update on events since my last report:

### **The Runyard Trophy – Bury St. Edmunds, Monday 10<sup>th</sup> September 2018**

The OGs were unable to raise a side for this event, which has struggled to secure ongoing support after a positive start. Indeed, the organisers have subsequently decided that due to lack of ongoing support The Runyard Trophy will be suspended for the foreseeable future.

#### **4 Schools Match, Royal Worlington: Friday 12<sup>th</sup> October 2018**

Represented by Jeremy Mumby, Robert Mumby, Robert Markillie and Richard Stevens, Gresham's were successful against Uppingham in the morning, going on to win the final against Tonbridge after lunch.

#### **Autumn Meeting, Woodhall Spa, Friday 2<sup>nd</sup> & Saturday 3<sup>rd</sup> November 2018**

This year's Autumn Meeting attracted 20 OGs to Woodhall Spa for two days of golf, kindly organised by Jeremy Mumby. As it turned out, it was a tough couple of days for anyone whose name wasn't Mumby. Will, of that name, prevailed over the Bracken Course on Friday afternoon winning the Guy Marsom Memorial Trophy with 34 points, Jeremy won Saturday's golf over the newly deforested Hotchkin course with 36 points and Robert made it a family clean sweep by taking the combined prize with a total of 66 points.

#### **Spring Meeting – Royal Worlington, Friday 22nd March 2019**

Sixteen OGs attended our first meeting of 2019 and youth prevailed in the contest for the Fishmongers' Trophy which was won by Patrick Slamin with 34 points, in testing conditions, with Curtis Few a shot behind in second place. The afternoon foursomes was won by Malcolm Baker and honorary OG Joe Jones with 37 points. Catherine Ellis and Michael Stevens came 2<sup>nd</sup> with 34 points.

#### **Halford Hewitt – Royal Cinque Ports/Royal St George's, Thursday 11th - Sunday 14th April 2019**

This year the draw paired Gresham's against Uppingham, and the Rutland school proved too strong, winning the contest 4½ - ½. Further disappointment was to follow when suffering a loss to Trent in the first round of the Prince's Plate. Despite this, 2019 was a notable year as it saw Jeremy Mumby play his 50<sup>th</sup> Halford Hewitt match for the school, the first Old Greshamian



Tom Allison, Luke & Tristan Hedley & Adam Mann at the Halford Hewitt



The President & Captain Mike Barnard braving the elements at the Halford Hewitt

to achieve this landmark. Alongside Jeremy, those playing this year were: Tom Allison, Tom Brearley, Bob Hammond, Luke Hedley, Tristan Hedley, Adam Mann, Anthony Morrison, Dominic North and Ollie Webb.

#### **Grafton Morrish Qualifiers - Denham GC, Sunday 19th May 2019**

The plan to switch qualifying to Gog Magog failed to materialise and the team returned to Denham for this year's attempt to qualify for the finals weekend in north Norfolk in the

autumn. Sadly, the team comprising Louis Baker, Luke Hedley, Jimmy Marsom, Anthony Morrison, Will Mumby and Grant Pointer were unable to achieve a qualifying score to allow them to progress, but efforts to do so will continue in future years.



Johnny Clarke is presented with the Seniors Prize, Summer Meeting

### **Summer Meeting – Sheringham, Sunday 23rd June 2019**

Our President, Jeremy Mumby, reports: We had a lovely round of golf in relatively benign conditions – a bit grey to start with, and then a freshening breeze to finish – but it stayed dry all day. As ever, Sheringham was a delight to play, although the fairways are still suffering from last year's drought. Overall scoring was patchy, but we had a clear winner in Catherine Ellis, who scored 39 points off the white tees!

Her handicap is now 10! Runner-up was John Peel, with 37 points and Johnny Clark was the winner of the seniors section with 36. The winner of the staff/pupils cup was Tom Howland with 31 points. My thanks to all those, especially Tom Howland at school, who helped to put this day together at relatively short notice – we shall endeavour to give members a bit more notice next year.



Catherine Ellis receives her prize at the Summer Meeting

### **Cyril Gray Tournament – Worplesdon, Thursday 27th - Saturday 29th June 2019**

A favourable draw against Bishop's Stortford resulted in a 3 – 0 victory in the first round. However, we came up against a strong Rossall side in round 2 and went down 2½ - ½, with Rossall eventually progressing through the competition to end up as beaten finalists. Representing Gresham's over the two days were Mike Barnard, George Copley, Tom Hawes, Jeremy Mumby, Robert Mumby, Richard Stevens and Peter Watson.

### **Match vs Fishmongers' GS – Brancaster, Monday 1st July 2019**

Martin Colyer of the Fishmongers, who organised everything on the day, reported as follows: "An excellent day, and a draw was felt to be fair by both teams. The Fishmongers thoroughly enjoyed the company of the OGs; it's good to see so many playing in the match each year on both sides. We had a fine tussle on the links and the handicaps and the pairings made for a very equal match!" Representing the OGs were: Andrew Bell, Mark Buckingham, Johnny Clarke, Norman Edwards, Curtis Few, Robert Markillie, Jeremy Mumby, David Newling, John Rolph and Tim Webster.

A further new event, a golf day at Ryston Park, had been scheduled for Friday 26<sup>th</sup> July. This was organised by OG Pat Blyth, current Ladies Captain at Ryston Park, and also intended to be played in memory of Tony Rains, former President of the OG Golfing Society, and member at Ryston Park, who died a couple of years ago. Sadly, the timing seems to have been severely affected by summer holidays and other commitments, and the decision was reluctantly taken to cancel the event.

Events scheduled for later in the year are as follows:

**Autumn Meeting & AGM – Aldeburgh GC, Friday 27th September 2019**

**4 Schools Match - Royal Worlington, Friday 11th October 2019**

Please let me know ([richard.stevens@allen-newport.co.uk](mailto:richard.stevens@allen-newport.co.uk)) if you would like to be considered for selection for any of these meetings.

**Provisional fixtures for 2020:**

**Wednesday 8th January** – Halford Hewitt AGM & 2019 competition draw

**Friday 20th March** – Spring Meeting, Royal Worlington

**Thursday 2nd – Sunday 5th April** – Halford Hewitt, Royal Cinque Ports & Royal St. George's (practice day, Wednesday 1<sup>st</sup> April)

**Sunday 17th May (tbc)** – Grafton Morrish Qualifying – Denham GC

**June, date to be confirmed** – Summer Meeting, Sheringham

**Thursday 25th – Saturday 27th June** – Cyril Gray, Worplesdon (practice day Wednesday 24<sup>th</sup> June)

**Monday 6th July (tbc)** – Match vs Fishmongers' Golf Society – Royal West Norfolk

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

**Early October (tbc)** – 4 Schools Match, Royal Worlington

**October/November** – Autumn Meeting & AGM, Hunstanton (tbc)

The Society remains anxious to recruit new members, especially pupils as they leave school, and steps are being taken which will hopefully improve contact with the school, and the new master i/c golf, Tom Howland, so that there is greater awareness of the OG Golfing Society, what it does and what it can do to support younger golfers. Whilst we wish to encourage golfers of all ages and abilities to join the Society, we hope that improved communication with the school and school leavers will lead, in turn, to better golfers becoming available for the scratch competitions. There is a feeling that other schools have progressed, whilst Gresham's has been treading water in competitions such as the Halford Hewitt and the Grafton Morrish. We can see opportunities to bring some younger golfers into these competitions, but it must start at the point that they leave school, so it is important that we enhance and improve communications.

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

**Richard Stevens**  
**Riverside**  
**12 Mill Lane**  
**Fordham**  
**Cambs CB7 5NQ**

**Tel: 01638 721571 (home)**  
**01638 718392 (office)**  
**07889 751275 (mobile)**

[richard.stevens@allen-newport.co.uk](mailto:richard.stevens@allen-newport.co.uk)

## Gresham's OG Swimming Gala

Gresham's Girls	37
OG Ladies	33
Gresham's Boys	47
OG Men	38
<b>Gresham's</b>	<b>84</b>
<b>OG's</b>	<b>71</b>



Gresham's swimming team were delighted to welcome OG swimmers to a Gala and BBQ on Sunday 9<sup>th</sup> June 2019. It was great to see everybody, we had swimmers aged between thirteen and thirty competing, and everybody really enjoyed themselves.

Afterwards we went outside and enjoyed a lovely barbeque provided by the OG Club. We were very lucky as the sun was shining and the pupils were able to sit and chat to the OGs about their time in the swimming team.

I would like to encourage any OG swimmers to attend these events. It does not matter how old







you are or the last time you swam, the pupils really enjoy meeting and chatting about swimming. It is very inspirational for pupils to chat to people who still hold school records, because they are all trying very hard to break them!

We look forward to the next OG Swimming Gala and welcoming more people back to the swimming pool.

**Tania Liberman** (tliberman@greshams.com)

## Begin by Asking Why

*Reprinted from U.S. Squash Magazine, October 2018*

I started coaching in 1977 at the Hunter Squash Club in Norwich, England. I had attended Gresham's School, a boarding school in Norfolk, and, while I had gained entry through an academic scholarship, truth be told, I had somewhat lost my way on my journey through that fine institution.

The headmaster was one Logie Bruce-Lockhart, still living to this day, and one of the great heroes of my life. The son of a headmaster himself, he had commanded an armoured car troop in the Second World War, played rugby for Scotland, rugby and squash for Cambridge and become one of the leading minds in education in post-war Britain.

And that description is a travesty of the full measure of the man. For me, the reason I will always love him is that he took nothing at face value. He loved a rogue because in a rogue he saw potential - perhaps potential temporarily diverted from its best direction - but potential nevertheless. Around him, Logie recruited folks of a like mind, but not yes-men. He recruited people who saw the brilliance of the human species and who had a willingness to dig a little deeper, and then a little deeper still.

For this reason Gresham's, in the period of Logie Bruce-Lockhart's tenure, produced students that were unwilling to simply accept the status quo, perceived wisdom or the accepted theory. Gresham's under Logie Bruce-Lockhart produced minds that were unwilling to "go quietly into that good night", as Dylan Thomas wrote.

For that reason, when I became a squash coach, I could not simply join the flat earth society and simply accept the perceived wisdom. I could not in all conscience simply repeat whatever dogma had been passed to me and pass it on unchallenged.

Recently, I have been reading the brilliant book *Legacy* by James Kerr – the story of the New Zealand All Blacks and what he believes they can teach us about the business of life. In the third section of the book, entitled “Purpose”, Kerr talks about a period after the All Blacks had suffered a terrible defeat at the hands of its great rivals, the Springboks of South Africa, and had returned home in ignominy. Kerr describes how the coaches set about “a complete overhaul of the most successful sporting culture in human history.” It is a wonderful chapter and well worth the read, but the net conclusion is the following: “Reasons lead to conclusions, emotions lead to actions. Begin by asking, “Why?”

That is what I did in 1977. I said to myself: What right do I have to pass on information to my students without questioning whether or not I believe it myself? And I realised right then and there that, both as a student and a coach, I had no right to ask people to accept my advice because of who I was or how good a player I was. There is only one basis for accepting advice and that is because it stands up to the candle light of reason. Begin by asking why.

By seeking their true purpose, by asking why, All Blacks head coach Graham Henry, his assistants and support staff, and the players of the All Blacks turned a failing programme back into a successful programme. The All Blacks have now won the last two World Cups and are favoured again in 2019.

As you work on your squash game and you are confronted by information, tips and techniques, training schemes and wisdom, whether it's me or anyone else, before you start accepting it, make sure you do one thing above all others. Begin by asking why.

**Richard Millman** (k & T 1970 – 77)

## OGRE (Old Greshamian Rifle Establishment)

The Old Greshamian Rifle Establishment have had another eventful year shooting. A lot of successes as usual, and ten members even spent a long weekend representing the club in Jersey.



The Piglet Shield

The Piglet Shield match is often the only opportunity many OGREs get to shoot smallbore each year. This year eleven OGREs descended on Winfarthing range near Diss in February for the friendly competition against the School team. OGRE won the



team of 8 competition with a score of 1,527 (ex 1,600) vs GRC's 1,503. Jeremy Hinde and James Purdy were the joint top scorers, with both scoring 195 ex 200.

Six OGREs volunteered their time to coach the School team at Bisley at the beginning of April, passing on their valuable wisdom while attempting to keep warm and dry!



Coaching GRC at 900yds, Easter 2019



OGRE v. GRC

Six more OGREs arrived at the weekend for their own training for Jersey, and what better way to start than with a team match! OGRE vs GRC at 300, 500 and 600 yards. It was a close-run match, with OGRE top scoring over first two ranges and GRC top scoring at 600 yards. Overall, it was a narrow victory for OGRE, with a score of 1,154 (ex 1,200) vs GRC's 1,149.

After the School team left, the OGs stayed on for more training, spending Saturday afternoon on electronic targets, much like those used in Jersey. The Sunday was useful training too, with long range practice in heavy mist/fog at 900 and 1,000 yards.



OGRE training in mist at 1,000 yds

This year was the first official "OGRE Tour", with ten members of the club taking the ferry to Jersey in order to shoot their spring meeting. The tour was captained by Pete Holden.

A note from Pete: *"So proud of the OGRE touring team. They shot really well all week and there were some moments of absolute brilliance in the mix. They conducted themselves impeccably on and off the range. Special mention to Phil Rose, who coached the team match to a fantastic standard. We had three in the top 10 grand agg positions: Chloe Evans (3<sup>rd</sup>), Pete Holden (4<sup>th</sup>), Roland Johnson (7<sup>th</sup>), with Richard Stewart just missing out at 11<sup>th</sup>. Absolute legends. We came, we shot, we had so much fun. Thank you, all of you!"*



Richard Stearn and Phil Rose in Jersey

A special mention to Richard Stearn, who put the 1,000 yard mist/fog practice to good use and scored a full 105 ex 105 in the long range match, finishing 4<sup>th</sup>.

Once again, the main event of the year is the NRA Imperial meeting at Bisley, this year being particularly notable as the 150<sup>th</sup> Imperial meeting. It was an unfortunate year for team placings this summer, with our Veterans A team coming a close 2<sup>nd</sup>, while the Veterans C team was placed 3<sup>rd</sup>. We were also 2<sup>nd</sup> in the Lucas, 2<sup>nd</sup> in the Marlingham, and 3<sup>rd</sup> in the Bank of England. We will make up for it next year, I'm sure.

In contrast to this, our individuals shot stunningly! Five OGREs finished in the top 100 of the Grand Agg: Glyn Barnett 3<sup>rd</sup>, Clare Mawson 15<sup>th</sup>, Matthew Purdy 23<sup>rd</sup>, Henry Howard 72<sup>nd</sup>, and Nigel Stangroom 80<sup>th</sup>. Roland Johnson and Glyn Barnett both scored 100.14 in the Century and had to tie shoot to determine the winner, with Glyn coming out top. We were treated to two more tie shoots over the week, one for each of the Purdy brothers; James tied for 1<sup>st</sup> in the Alexandra with 50.9, while Matthew tied for 1<sup>st</sup> in the Lovell with 50.7; both brothers won their respective trophies and were greeted by the crowd of OGs behind them.



Supporting Matt's tie shoot

On the last day of the Imperial are the finals of two major competitions. In the St. George's final were three OGREs: Glyn Barnett 7<sup>th</sup>, Clare Mawson 84<sup>th</sup>, and Nigel Stangroom 98<sup>th</sup>.

Her Majesty the Queen's Prize is the very last event of the meeting, and it's definitely the one to watch. There's a brass band playing between ranges, every firer has a plotter to display their progress, and the leaders are displayed live on a scoreboard. This year was certainly not one to miss, as it was won by OG Glyn Barnett with a huge score of 299.47. This was Glyn's 3<sup>rd</sup> time winning Queen's. Glyn was then "chaired" off the range by fellow OG and Norfolk shooters, and taken on to prizegiving, and later a tour of Bisley's many clubhouses so that everyone could celebrate with him.



Dr. Glyn Barnett being chaired off the range

The four OGREs in Queen's: Glyn Barnett 1<sup>st</sup>, Clare Mawson 29<sup>th</sup>, Harriet Bennett 89<sup>th</sup> and Nigel Stangroom 98<sup>th</sup>.

Here's a summary of other individual achievements:

**Glyn Barnett:** 1<sup>st</sup> Century (100.14), 1<sup>st</sup> Thursday Agg, 1<sup>st</sup> Saturday Agg, 1<sup>st</sup> Tucker Agg, 1<sup>st</sup> Clementi Smith, 1<sup>st</sup> Weekend Agg, 1<sup>st</sup> Century Range Agg, 2<sup>nd</sup> Newspaper Agg, 2<sup>nd</sup> Marjorie Kerr Agg, 2<sup>nd</sup> OTF Agg, 4<sup>th</sup> Short Range Agg, 4<sup>th</sup> Lord Tedder Agg.

**Roland Johnson:** 2<sup>nd</sup> Century (100.14)

**James Purdy:** 1<sup>st</sup> Alexandra (50.9)

**Matt Purdy:** 1<sup>st</sup> Lovell (50.7), 1<sup>st</sup> Palma Agg, 1<sup>st</sup> Stickledown Range Agg, 1<sup>st</sup> Gunmakers Agg, 1<sup>st</sup> Elkington Agg

**Bryony Fraser-Burn:** 4<sup>th</sup> Sunday Agg

**Clare Mawson:** 1<sup>st</sup> Admiral Campbell, 5<sup>th</sup> Short Range Agg



OGRE, Norfolk and GRC with the silverware haul

Congratulations to all those members who represented their country both nationally and internationally this year:

**Glyn Barnett:** Great Britain & England

**Clare Mawson:** England, England U25 & UK Armed Forces

**Matthew Purdy:** England

**Chloë Evans:** Wales

**Toby Little:** Wales & Wales U25

**Harriet Bennett:** UK Armed Forces

**Richard Stearn:** UK Armed Forces

**Nigel Stangroom:** England (Coach)

**Christopher Heales:** England (Coach)

Unfortunately, not everything in 2019 was good news. The OGREs were deeply saddened to hear of the tragic passing of fellow member, Teddy Arrowsmith. Teddy shot with GRC in 2009 – 10, taking part in both Smallbore and Fullbore, including firing with the cadet four team in 2009 alongside the winning Ashburton team. Our thoughts and sympathies go to Teddy's family.



Teddy with Benson in 2009

As the School team continues to produce outstanding shooters, OGRE wishes to thank Freddie Grounds for his work as shooting master and training our future members to such a high standard.

**Henry Howard,** Captain, Old Greshamian Rifle Establishment

*(If any prior members would like to know more about the club or events, please contact: [OgreCaptain762@gmail.com](mailto:OgreCaptain762@gmail.com).)*



## OGRE Inaugural Tour of Jersey

<b>Captain</b>	Pete Holden
<b>Vice-Captain</b>	Chloe Evans
<b>Adjutant</b>	Roger Culverwell
<b>Armourer</b>	Rich Stewart
<b>Social Secretary</b>	Jem Hinde
<b>Team Members</b>	Henry Howard, Roland Johnson, Phil Rose, Richard Stearn, Nick Tucker

### The ethos of OGRE and background



Founded as a mechanism for the continuation of target rifle shooting beyond the school years, OGRE have supported countless OGs in the transition from school years to adult shooting. This year, I had the honour and responsibility of being elected Captain of the very first OGRE overseas tour. With the support of my Vice-Captain and Adjutant, we selected a team of ten tourists, who

came from a broad range of ages and experiences, to travel across to Jersey to compete in their 2019 Spring Open Prize Meeting.

The purpose of the tour was twofold:

1. To give opportunity to young OGREs who need that “foot up” into the world of senior touring teams, such as England and Great Britain teams.
2. To set up “the recipe” for future OGRE touring sides to use, whether that be to Jersey or further afield. We hope this concept is something that will be adopted annually!

To this end, we travelled out for five days to the Island of Jersey in May 2019, and competed in the Jersey Spring Open Prize Meeting and Team Match. Although Jersey is a relatively small land mass, with small population, the standard of competition is extremely high and the Channel Islands can frequently be found high up the medal tables within our sport.

### **April: The training camp**

The team met in early April at the National Shooting Centre at Bisley in Surrey for a weekend of training and practice. Weather was extremely cold and misty, but it was a great opportunity to meet as a team, and practise shooting as a team and on electronic targets to improve our team discipline ahead of the tour.

### **May: The tour**

After a relatively painless sea crossing on the ferry, we quickly set up our kit and bedded into our accommodation, before spending some R & R on the beach before dinner. Our Social Secretary, Jem Hinde, did a fantastic job of ensuring we sampled some of the best food that the island had to offer; mainly fish, lobster and steak.

The following day, we arrived early on the range to collect our competition cards and make ready for the shooting. We were shooting on some new electronic targetry that recorded shot position and scores on competitors' phones or tablets, so a little training was required to get our bearings with the new technology.

The OGREs set their stalls out straight away, with Pete and Chloe recording clean sheets in the first competition at 200 and 500 yards. This form continued into the second competition at 300 and 600 yards, with Henry, Rich Stewart, Chloe and Pete all making it into the top 10. Pete made 2<sup>nd</sup> place and lost a tie shoot for 1<sup>st</sup> against the Welsh Commonwealth Games Medallist.



Chloe flies the flag

The following day saw the team drive across the island to another rifle range, adjacent to the horseracing course, where the long range competitions were held, to the backdrop of the coastal headland, the sea and 2<sup>nd</sup> World War fortification towers and gunnery platforms. The long range competitions were a little more challenging than usual, due to a large amount of sea fog passing over the island that morning. At one point, all the targets disappeared altogether and there was doubt over being able to complete the shooting format. During a welcome break from shooting in the fog, half the team descended on Nick's VW Campervan for shelter and a warm drink, made fresh on the camping stove. Thankfully, it did clear out, with Jem, Henry, Chloe and Nick all recording very impressive scores. Richard Stearn shot superbly and was one of only four full houses on the range on the entire day.

That afternoon saw the shooting return to short range, 200 and 500 yards, where Rich Stewart recorded an awesome clean sheet to finish 3<sup>rd</sup> and Pete, Roland and Henry also made top 10 appearances in strong but steady wind conditions.



The following morning saw Pete finish 3<sup>rd</sup> in the 300 and 600 yard competition that formed the finish of the Grand Aggregate of all competitions. Jem, Chloe and Roland finished within the top 10. The OGREs also had a strong presence in the Grand Aggregate, with Chloe finishing 3<sup>rd</sup>, Pete 4<sup>th</sup>, Roland 7<sup>th</sup> and Rich Stewart 11<sup>th</sup>.

Monday afternoon saw the completion of the matches with the All-Comers' Team Match, where Wales, OGRE and the British Army were competing against Jersey and the UK National team. The OGRE Team finished 4<sup>th</sup>, being narrowly defeated by Wales by a single point. There were strong scores put down by the whole team out of a possible 150 points, including Pete with 150, Roland with 148 and Henry with 147. Special mention has to go to our dedicated wind coach that afternoon, Phil Rose, who mastered the strength and angle changes to an incredible standard on the range that day and whose bedside manner calmed the individual team members to produce their very best performances. That evening, all the competitors met at a hotel on the other side of the island for the team dinner and prizegiving presentations.

### **Thoughts on our return**

For me, what made this team so special was that, although we all knew each other because we are members of the same club, the entire team were completely committed to the cause from day one. Every team member participated in the team training and everyone played their part on tour. Special thanks go out to Chloe and Roger for their fantastic organisation, as well as Jem and Rich for keeping us fed and watered to the highest standards, and our rifles and equipment in fine working order throughout.

This tour could not have been possible without the generous support of the OG Club, and we as a team are sincerely grateful.

**Peter Holden** (c & H 1989 – 99) Team Captain

## Round Norfolk Relay 2019

2019 was a vintage year for the OG runners in the Round Norfolk Relay. This was the tenth time the Old Greshamians had entered this unique event, a 197 mile relay around the perimeter of Norfolk. Perfect weather conditions saw a vintage team take to sand, shingle and tarmac for legs ranging between 5.5 and 20 miles.



Jason Snook

Completing the run in just over 28 hours, the team included 10 runners who had completed the event at least six times before, with Simon Cooper, Sam Kingston and Paul Marriage each having run for the OGs on nine occasions. Paul Marriage was also one of six runners whom we would pick out for vintage performances in terms of speed. PJ ran under a full moon at a 7:23 minute mile pace, whilst Ed Sidgwick was our fastest runner at 6:44 minute miles, closely followed by Steve Fields, running for the OGs for the first time, at 7:02. Howard Olby and Alex Hewson not only have both run for the team on eight occasions before, but they both completed their runs in 7:18 minute/miles, and Dan Watt, one of our younger runners, also broke the 8 minute mile barrier.



Dr. Glyn Barnett – not just a crack shot!

Six of the legs are off-road for the majority of their distances. The terrain can be varied and uncompromising but Jason Snook, Sam Kingston, Nessie Browne, Louis Clabburn, Glyn Barnett and Howard Olby took it in their stride.

Running distances of 25 km+ at any time of day is not for the faint-hearted, but to do that in the middle of the night you need to be made of sterner stuff, and this year those to volunteer

for these grueling legs were Mark Jones (once again!), Adrian Rutherford and Grant King. Preparing to run a leg in the very early hours of the morning is never easy, and Simon Cooper and Rob Hurst ran with the break of dawn, before handing the baton to Julie Flower, who ran her leg having spent the whole night following the team round the course, supporting the runners. That really is not easy!

As well as special gratitude to Julie for her mammoth task in all-night support of the team with son, Alex, thanks go to Freddie Truman, Ian Walters, Karen Neil and Emma Dale for their supporting shifts over the weekend, especially Emma, who kept morale high amongst

the group for the full 28 hours with an energy that the fastest runners would be proud of. Both Karen and Emma ran in the very first OG RNR team in 2005, and in many since, along with George Youngs, who flew in to support the team at the 3 a.m. Thetford changeover. Yes, 2019 was a vintage year, not because of our overall position of 47 out of 60 but, because of an extraordinary camaraderie and OG spirit over an intense 28 hours.

The OGs have an ambition of climbing back up the results table to the giddy heights of the top 30. If you think you could help and make 2020 a really special year, we would be delighted if you got in touch.

**Robert Dale** (T 1979 – 84)

# AUDEN THEATRE





Gresham's School Presents  
**Sweet Charity**  
**November 19-22**

Proteus Theatre presents  
**Macbeth**  
**November 6**



James Boyd  
**The Sunlight  
on the Garden**  
**November 30**



**The venue is also available for private hire**

For details of all our events please visit our website  
[audentheatre.co.uk](http://audentheatre.co.uk)  
**Box Office 01263 713444**






## Obituaries

**Robert Roseveare CBE** (o, k & OSH 1933 – 42) died in July 2019. Details of his distinguished career appeared in last year's OG Magazine, and they are reprinted here:

Robert Roseveare had a remarkably wide range of family connections with Gresham's. He was the great-nephew of **Warin Bushell** (S 1907 – 12), who went on to be Headmaster of Solihull, Rector of Michaelhouse in South Africa and Headmaster of Birkenhead, and who, when he died in 1957, was the last surviving member of staff who had served under Mr. Howson's Headmastership. Mr. Bushell himself had two OG nephews, while Robert had six first cousins once removed, all brothers, who served in the Army in the First World War, two of whom, **Capt. John Beck MC** (H 1900 - 05) and **Victor Beck** (H 1900 - 03) were OGs. Three of the six brothers were killed, including John, whose son **Roger** (o & W 1926 – 32), later attended Gresham's. Their uncle, Frank Beck, who worked on the Sandringham estate, was the OC



David Jason as Frank Beck in "All the King's Men"

of the Norfolk Regiment "Sandringham Company" that mysteriously disappeared at Gallipoli. Frank's brother Arthur was Agent to the King at Sandringham and had five sons, all of them OGs.

Robert himself was Head Boy at Newquay, before serving in the Fleet Air Arm in the Far East in the later stages of the War. After three years at Cambridge, he joined the Home Civil Service, coming 5<sup>th</sup> in the 1949 traditional intake, and worked in the Ministry of Power, spending time in the Minister's Private Office, the Cabinet Secretariat and the Washington Embassy as a civil attaché. He was then seconded from the Ministry's Steel Branch to assist Lord Melchett, the Chairman of the embryo British Steel Corporation, becoming its Secretary when it was created in 1967 (inheriting over a quarter of a million employees from the private steel companies). His tasks included liaising with the Government, Parliament and the press, and he became one of the Managing Directors of the Corporation. He ceased to be a civil servant in 1971 and retired from the BSC in 1983, having had the good fortune to experience both Whitehall and a major industry from the inside.

**Michael Perkins** (W 1938 – 42) died in 2018. His son David writes: My father was in Woodlands in the early 1940s, his Housemaster being **Mr. Max Parsons** (S 1928 – 54). By coincidence, in the 1960s both my brother were later sent to Idlicote

House, a prep. school in Warwickshire, where Mr. Parsons was Headmaster. A formative experience, I would say!

My father went to Sandhurst in 1943 and was commissioned into The Queen's Bays, a cavalry regiment equipped with Sherman Tanks. He saw action in Italy from August 1944 until the end of the War, and stayed on until 1946, maintaining law and order in Northern Italy. Upon being demobbed he went on to The Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester to study Agricultural Management. He then went into partnership with his father on two Fenland farms in Cambridgeshire, and took a great deal of interest in the business until it was sold in 2006, farming it in partnership with his two sons.

Michael married our mother Elizabeth in 1948, and they had three children. Our father always thoroughly enjoyed reading *The Old Greshamian* magazine and had many happy memories there, making many friends, several of whom were unfortunately killed in the War. He also served in the school Cadet Force when Gresham's was evacuated down to Cornwall.

**Charles Wicksteed** (k & OSH 1936 – 43) died in December 2017, his death being noted in last year's Magazine. **James Blackburn** (OSH 1964 - 68) has provided the following obituary:

I first met Charles at his home at 4, Victoria Avenue, in Leicester. This was on the instruction of **John Rayner** (S

1963 – 2002) to call on him, as he was donating a considerable art collection to the school, which was to be packed and taken to Fishmongers' Hall, as the school did not have insurance cover for it to go there at this time. What I didn't know was the extent or size of the collection. When I arrived, there was to be no packing – he had already put it in tuckboxes, as it was all small Far Eastern artefacts, a collection of ivory, porcelain and jade.

This was the start of a long journey and friendship. We took Charles initially with the collection to Fishmongers' Hall, and also on a number of other occasions, which he very much appreciated, as my wife and I did as well, meeting Keith Waters, the Clerk to the Company, and being well entertained for lunch. Another visit followed a year or so later, to see his collection on show. The collection then was of considerable value, and in time was handed back to the school to display in Holt in the Headmaster's study, until a prospective parent remarked that ivory collections were not to be encouraged, so it was taken off display, and there it remained until Charles died. Then it was returned to his son, to sell with his inherited artefacts and he would reimburse the school. There are now restrictions in place on the sale of ivory and no auction houses will take on unauthenticated sales, as it has to be seen to predate 1947 with written proof, which we don't have, so a £60,000 valuation went to zero; fortunately Charles never knew of this demise. It is still hoped that a small sum may be raised with the sale of the jade and porcelain.

Charles's school life was split between Holt and Newquay, which he spoke of very fondly. After school he did National Service in Burma, where he acquired his interest in his lifetime hobby of collecting his artefacts, and he loved his time in the Army.

Charles lived two lives, rather the black sheep of a well-respected family from Kettering making playground equipment and machine tools (I have sold many a Wicksteed powered hacksaw) and also owning the well-known Wicksteed Adventure Park. Charles, though, was not involved in the business.

He married a ballerina and had a family. I said he lived two lives, because in 1968 he suffered a severe stroke while playing hockey. This changed his life, having to undergo four years of treatment and convalescence at Stoke Mandeville. His speech and disability left him trying to make the best of life by his new-found interest in painting reclining women and other forms, creating 300 pictures, of which some have featured at Gresham's.

The house in the centre of Leicester, at the end of a Victorian terrace, gave no indication of his background. As his son Oliver said in his eulogy, Victoria Avenue housed a rainbow of nations.

Charles battled through life on his own, having divorced in the 1970s, but was never unhappy. I thoroughly enjoyed knowing him.

**Commander Malcom Paton RN** (H 1939 – 43) died in January 2019. He joined the Royal Navy on 21<sup>st</sup> January 1944 – exactly



140 years to the day after his great-grandfather, Thomas Goble, was pressed into service. Malcolm, who was born, and died, in Norfolk, was brought up on tales of his ancestor, whose remarkable career fascinated him, and on whose life he gave lectures during his retirement, including talks to Gresham's historians.



Malcolm as a Lt. on HMS Lion, 1959

Little is known of Malcolm's great-grandfather before he joined the Royal Navy. Thomas was born in Sussex in 1780. However, he was illegitimate and appears to have been raised by his aunt, his mother having died in childbirth. His name was changed from James to Thomas at the age of four, after his father married and had a legitimate son, who was himself given the name James.

Thomas Goble joined the merchant navy in his teens, but was press-ganged into the Royal Navy in 1804 – the year before Trafalgar. He joined *Victory* a couple of weeks before the battle, serving as a Master's Mate. Soon after the battle began, Nelson's secretary, John Scott, was killed and the 25-year-old Goble was quickly promoted to Secretary to the Fleet. He carried the slate, on which were recorded all the movements of Nelson's fleet and those of the French and Spanish, as well as significant moments during the battle. In Benjamin West's celebrated painting of the death of Nelson, Goble is portrayed looking down at the Admiral, who had been fatally wounded by a musket ball.



Goble (circled) on *Victory*'s quarterdeck

Thomas is supposed to have had a fiery temper, and was twice court-martialled. On the second occasion, he was dismissed the service and moved to Fareham, where he spent the rest of his life. At the age of 42, he married Mary Goodeve, who was exactly half his age, at St. Mary's Church, Portsea. However, it was not until he was 57 that Malcolm's grandfather, Edgar, was born. Again, it was not until Edgar Goble was himself 57 that Malcolm's mother, Brenda Goble, was born. So it was just three generations that spanned the 195 years from the birth of his great-grandfather in 1780 to the death of his mother in 1975.

Thomas and Mary died within a few months of each other in 1869. Mary was 68, Thomas, 89. They are buried together in Portchester Castle.

**Patrick Mumby** (k & H 1934 – 43) died in November 2018. His son, **Jeremy** (k & T 1963 – 72) writes: Patrick was sent away to Gresham's Junior School in September 1934, at the age of nine. As a child he suffered from a weak chest and was always catching colds, and so it was thought he would benefit from the bracing east coast air! Travelling from Nottinghamshire to Holt at that time was a major undertaking and Patrick recounted how it could take up to four hours by car. On some occasions he was even sent back to school by train, first from Newark down to Kings Cross, then across London to Liverpool Street, to catch the school train to Norwich and then on the final leg via the branch line up to Holt.

At Gresham's he was an academic and sporting success right from the start. Although described as a good all-rounder, he was particularly keen on Mathematics. He eventually won his colours in all three sports, cricket, rugby and hockey, became house captain of Howson's and eventually became school captain.

In the summer of 1940, following the British retreat from Dunkirk, North Norfolk was considered in possible danger of invasion and the school was evacuated down to Newquay. According to his contemporary **Denis Jacobson** (k & H 1936–43), who still lives in Nottinghamshire, Cornwall during the war was very quiet and considered relatively safe and the boys had the freedom to roam as far as their legs or bicycles could carry them, as long as they were back for evening rollcall. There was hardly any traffic, and the masters encouraged them to spend as much time outside as possible.

In later life, Patrick acquired a large water colour of Fistral Bay and he told how he once fell off the cliff there while climbing with a great friend, **Tom Bourdillon** (H 1938 – 42). Tom evidently went on to use this experience to good effect, as he became a leading international climber and was on both the 1952 and 1953 expeditions to Everest. Sadly, Tom died in a climbing accident in Switzerland in 1956 and as most of you will know, Gresham's has just erected a 30 metre climbing wall in the school woods in his memory.

By 1940 Patrick had been joined at the school by his two younger brothers,

John and Alan. During their time down in Cornwall, the boys did not see much of their parents – despite the fact that his father saved up as many of his wartime petrol coupons as he could, his parents only made the journey down to Newquay once. Patrick recalled various tortuous train journeys back up to Newark in trains packed with troops. On one occasion his mother was waiting at Newark station and became very concerned when they did not appear on the platform. She marched up to the train driver and insisted he didn't move off until she had found and extricated the three boys – they were all fast asleep!

In 1942 he sat the entrance exams for Cambridge and won an Exhibition to read Natural Sciences at Christ's College. He had really wanted to read Mathematics, but by 1942 this subject was closed to undergraduate entry. He duly arrived at Christ's in 1943 and then won a further scholarship to read Mechanical Sciences in 1944. During his time at Cambridge he maintained his keen interest in sports, particularly hockey and golf, both of which he played for the University. He was awarded a Blue in hockey but there were no golf "varsity" matches during the war. Apparently, he met briefly Logie Bruce-Lockhart while up at Cambridge.

Transport was very difficult during the war and he recalled cycling out to the Gog Magog and Royal Worlington golf courses, and sometimes catching the train, and he even cycled the 80 miles home back to Newark on a few occasions.



In 1945 he joined the Royal Navy as an Engineering Officer. He always said his time in the Navy was rather uneventful and the nearest he got to the enemy was guarding German U-boats in Bremerhaven. As a keen sportsman, he was not keen on the habit of the Captain and war-weary senior officers to chainsmoke extra strong Players cigarettes and consume copious quantities of Plymouth gin in the wardroom.

Back on dry land, he managed to continue playing hockey, and represented the Navy on a number of occasions. He left the RN in 1947, and despite overtures to sit the Civil Service entrance exams, he joined the family clothing business, Mumby and Son. He was the 5<sup>th</sup> generation to do so. The business had been founded by Patrick's great-great-grandfather, John Ives Mumby, who was born in Newark in 1783 and who first set up as a Dyer of Cloth in the very early years of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. He became joint managing director with his brother John in the 1960s.

Back in Nottinghamshire, Patrick maintained his interest in hockey, where he played every week for Beeston Hockey Club, eventually becoming captain, and he also represented Nottinghamshire for many years. He married Patricia in 1952 and had four children in quick succession – **Jeremy**, Wendy, **Robert** (k & T 1967 – 75) and **Julian** (k & T 1972 – 79). The three boys attended both the junior and senior schools at Gresham's.

Patrick was actively involved with the clothing industry, both in the Midlands and nationally. He was chairman of the Midland Clothing

Manufacturers between 1970 and 1968, and Chairman of the Federation of Clothing Manufacturers of Great Britain in 1967.

Throughout his life Patrick was a dedicated golfer. In the 1920s and 30s his father, Harold, had been a very prominent member and then President of Newark golf club. He enrolled Patrick as a junior member in 1939 aged 14, and in 2014 Patrick was awarded an honorary life membership of Newark Golf Club, having completed 75 years as a member, which is a record for the club and perhaps in the country as a whole. He became Captain in 1969 and in his prime he played off a handicap of 5.

He was a stalwart supporter of Old Greshamian golf. In 1966, the OGs had failed to field a team for the Halford Hewitt, the golf tournament played between the old boys of the 64 leading public schools in Britain. Played in the first week of April each year at Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club, Deal and Royal St George's at Sandwich, each school fields a team ten, five foursome pairs, making it, with 640 players plus reserves and supporters, probably the largest amateur golf event in the world. To fail to field a team was a major *faux pas*, and Gresham's was in very serious danger of being thrown out and replaced by a one of the long list of schools on the waiting list. **Derek Addleshaw** (S 1928 – 55?), a lifelong friend of Patrick's from the school, and at that time housemaster of Crossways, got in touch and persuaded him to become Honorary Secretary, and between them they ensured that the OGs never again failed to raise a full team, come what may. They even

fielded a one-armed golfer on one occasion! He remained Secretary until 1978, when he played his last match for Gresham's, having played 31 matches between 1951 and 1978. He was particularly proud when in 2014, his grandson, Will, made his Halford Hewitt debut for the OGs, playing top pair with Jeremy.

On retirement in 1979, Patrick decided to return to his first love, Mathematics. He enrolled at the University of Nottingham and gained a postgraduate certificate in education. From there he went on to teach Maths at Bramcote Prep. School near Retford. However, he always said that this turned out to be one of the hardest jobs he had ever done. He found it particularly difficult to teach something which he found blindingly obvious, to pupils who found it completely baffling. He retired from teaching in 1982. He became a Trustee of Southfield Housing Development in Newark, joined the Board of the Trent Navigation Company and was Chairman of the Newark Tax Commissioners. He also played seriously competitive Bridge and Chess, playing Bridge for Nottinghamshire and even ended up in the East Midlands chess team.

He is survived by his four children and seven grandchildren.

**Roger Austin** (H 1939 – 43) died in September 2017.

**Professor John Lennard-Jones** (H 1940 – 44) died in April 2019. The following obituary is adapted from *The East Anglian Daily Times*:



Professor John Lennard-Jones has died at the age of 92 – a fortnight after his wife Verna's funeral. They had met at University College Hospital and married in 1955. John was born in Bristol in January 1927. He was about five years old when the family moved to Cambridge, where his father was Professor of Theoretical Chemistry at the University. In 1935 John joined King's College Choir School and in 1941 moved on to Gresham's, at that time evacuated to Newquay in Cornwall, taking Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry for his School Certificate. Aged just 17, he went up to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, to study for a BA in Natural Sciences.

In 1946 John was employed in Birmingham by the Medical Research Council as an assistant research worker at its industrial medicine and burns unit. He completed his first project – about the value of penicillin in finger-pulp infections – and a career in medicine followed. The late 1940s and first half of the 1950s brought many key moments: a first medical degree at Cambridge; undergraduate clinical training at University College Hospital, London; a second medical degree; appointed house physician, house surgeon, senior house officer.

In 1955 John gave his first presentation at the British Society of Gastroenterology meeting, in Oxford. And he married Verna, who was nursing on a midwifery ward at UCH. Between 1956 and 1964 they had sons David, Peter, Andrew (who followed his father into the profession) and Timothy.

As medical registrar at the Central Middlesex Hospital, John started to develop an interest in the control of gastric acid secretion and the way duodenal ulcers developed. In 1958 he returned to University College Hospital, again as medical registrar. He also began to help at St Mark's in London – a small, specialised, gastroenterology hospital building an international reputation.

The 1960s and '70s were full of achievement. In 1961 John became senior medical registrar to the Department of Gastroenterology at Central Middlesex. A couple of years later, he became a member of the Medical Research Council's Gastroenterology Research Unit there, and had a growing commitment to the care of inpatients at St. Mark's. In 1965 he was appointed consultant physician to UCH, St. Mark's, and the MRC at Central Middlesex. He chose not to develop a substantial private practice - he cared passionately about the NHS and was uninterested in making lots of money and doing private practice on the side.

When he became honorary secretary of the British Society of Gastroenterology, meetings were held at home, around the dining table. John gave the 1977 Humphrey

Davy Rolleston Lecture, on "Colitis: Cure or Control", at the Royal College of Physicians; and from 1978 to 1991 chaired the medical advisory committee of the National Association for Colitis and Crohn's Disease. In 1983 John was appointed President of the British Society of Gastroenterology, and in 1986 became a member of the Council of the Royal College of Physicians. In 1991 he joined the executive committee of the British Digestive Foundation, and chaired the steering committee of the British Association of Parenteral and Enteral Nutrition.

John retired from clinical medicine in the early 1990s, but he was still involved in research projects, nutrition and medical ethics. He and his wife moved to Woodbridge, where they built a house and lived there until a few years ago, when they moved to a more manageable bungalow nearby. A long-time member of St John's parish church, John played a leading role in a project to replace the spire, an ambition which was realised in 2002. Other hobbies included golf, gardening, natural history and especially birdwatching, the Suffolk Wildlife Trust and walking.



Tim cites a letter from a man running a gastroenterology unit in Australia and calling himself a disciple of John. He'd never met anybody who just listened to people, had patients' interests so much at heart, and was so unassuming, diligent and effective. The charity he co-founded says: "John's compassion and sense of humility within the spectrum of the whole natural world, and his ability to listen and resolve conflicting evidence, made John not only a fine personal doctor but also a great leader and a productive, imaginative researcher."

**William Fry** (k & F 1940 – 45) died in July 2019.

**David Hammond** (D & H 1938 – 46) died in May 2019. The following tribute is adapted from a eulogy given at his funeral:

From an early age, David and his brothers loved sport and Gresham's was the perfect place for this to flourish. He was awarded school colours at hockey, cricket and rugby. He spent most of his school years evacuated to Newquay in Cornwall, returning to Holt for the 6<sup>th</sup> form. He was a school prefect and in later years was President of the OG Club. He made lifelong friends at school, most notably the Gillam family. John Gillam remembers him eventually deciding to learn to swim at the age of 17, attracting a large crowd of boys to cheer him on!

He was an outstanding hockey player and played many times for Norfolk; he also represented the Eastern Counties, which resulted in his first overseas trip to play

hockey in Paris. He was very loyal to his clubs: Grasshoppers Hockey Club and both West Norfolk and Barleycorns Cricket Clubs, not forgetting the Grassiles touring side.

When David retired from team games, he took up golf and joined Sheringham Golf Club in 1963 (a relatively late starter to the game at the age of 35). He played off a very competitive 11 handicap and refused to have an increase later in life when the drives were not going so far; his canny knack of being able to get up and down around the greens never left him. Friends will remember his unique putting style with his trusty bladed putter "Calamity Jane". He was captain, president and later made a life member of Sheringham Golf Club. He was also President of Norfolk golf and captain of East Anglian Farmers and Norfolk Farmers Hockey Golf Societies.

After Gresham's, David went to Shuttleworth agricultural college, returning to the farm at a time when the land was still partly worked by horses. He took over from his elderly father, taking back land his father had let out, increasing the farm to today's acreage. He built it into a well-run business, and in 1982 he had the foresight to install an irrigation system (although he never got the hang of how to move the irrigators – far too technical!). In fact, David and machines just didn't get on, which, for someone who spent his working life dependent on machines, was often a source of furious frustration. On more than one occasion, this machine-rage could lead to a Basil Fawlty-style punishment being meted out to an unsuspecting inanimate object – even the lawnmower!

In 1956 he married Christine, and they moved into what her family referred to as “Cold Comfort Farm” (it was pretty primitive in those days!), sharing the house with the in-laws until Arthur died in 1961. **Sally** (G 1974 – 75), **Walter** (k & H 1968 – 77) and **Harry** (k & H 1970 – 79) arrived in a four year period, and it was a pretty perfect childhood with the run of the farm, horses, dogs and summer holidays at Holme with the Coleridges – typically, women and children on the beach and men on the golf course. They did not go far from home, so that David could always head back to the farm if the harvest called.

David was immensely modest and naturally reserved. He hated arrogance or anyone who boasted about their accomplishments. He was a gentleman – as in “a gentle man” – through and through. He treated everyone with the same respect, would talk to anyone, and usually did. He was often late arriving at a party (timekeeping was never his forte) but was always there at the end. A handsome man who charmed everyone. The daily round of shopping in Holt could take hours as he engaged with all the shopkeepers, as well as talking to many passers-by on the pavement. It was a great sadness for him when he could no longer drive and get around on his own. He remained interested in the farm to the end, with Walter giving him daily updates. But above all, for David it was always about family and, although there is no grandparent who is not insanely proud of his grandchildren, he probably tops the league table.

**John Gillam** (H 1944 – 48) has added the following personal tribute to David: Last year saw three exact contemporaries – who started at Gresham's on the same day as me – beat me to the Pearly Gates. **David Mace**, **Tommy Stuttford** and **Keith Dugdale** were all remembered in last year's OG Mag. This year David Hammond has joined them, and many are the memories which flood back. He has been well written up in his formal obituary, but for me he lives on in more personal memories of the very early days.

He came into the lives of my brother Peter and me two months earlier than the other three. He was the first Greshamian we met. Recognisable by the school name on his Corps uniform – he was on his way back from camp – we got into conversation outside Dawson's Cycle Shop on Station Road in Holt. It was the start of a 75 year friendship. Living at Bale, and later at Kelling, he became so much a family friend that, to my mother, he was her fourth son.

At school, of course, he was a formidable personality – in all the teams and later a School Prefect – but there were the holidays too. In the summer (and there were proper summers then) there were cycle rides at 6.00 a.m. to catch dabs in the Blakeney creeks, pedalling back for a succulent fish breakfast at Shrublands. There were hard-fought games of croquet or bowls on the lawn. If competition was fierce, a flickering candle might be held over the jack or an outlying wood while dusk turned to night. In winter (there were proper winters too) there was skating on



the Catpits along the Kelling Road, and expeditions to collect Christmas holly, sitting perilously on the bonnet of his car – he had one while at school as a dayboy, to go to and fro.

As we grew up, there were formal dinner parties at Bale or in Holt, merry summer barbeques at Hill House, where we would rub shoulders with members of staff – **Stuart Dodd**, **Stuart Webster** and **Laurie Taylor** – with, always, bowls and croquet alongside. And there was tennis on his immaculate grass court at Bale, and, once a year, the fete.

He was one of two witnesses at my second marriage (the other was **Logie Bruce-Lockhart**), and subsequently godfather of our youngest daughter, **Frances** (O 1989 – 94). People were of great importance to him. I envied him for his wide circle of friends, some remembered long after they were gone – “Have you seen Maude recently?” (He knew her as a maid with the school at Newquay, and years later when she looked after my mother) or “I thought I saw Tom Sterland the other day..,” (the manager of the farm where I spent a year as a pupil). Like all of us, he was immensely proud of his family.

The last years were punctuated by pub lunches, often with **Tommy** and Pamela **Stuttaford**, and later **Steve Benson**. Towards the end, these were arranged at his cottage, the last with Richard Jefferson who made the Golden Pie. He accepted his limited mobility philosophically and never lost his unique waggishness.

What was his secret? This will always be a mystery, but timing is probably in the answer. He did not tell jokes, but his wry, never malicious comments on people and situations were....just his own. He is, and will ever be, missed.



**Colonel Paul Raywood TD DL** (OSH 1942 – 46) died in February 2019. His son, **Charles** (T 1973 – 78) writes: As a small boy, I thought of my father first and foremost as a soldier, and he was very much a hero to me. The fact that he had a day job with an insurance company was merely a detail (I suspect to both of us). In fact, the only time I heard him talk enthusiastically about his erstwhile employer was when he declared (on more than one occasion): “I intend to enjoy their pension in retirement for more years than I worked for them” – and I think he almost did.

He did his soldering during his spare time, an example of his commitment to things that were important to him. He commanded the 6<sup>th</sup> Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment, eventually reaching the highest rank attainable at the time in the Territorial Army, that of a full Colonel. He went on to become Commandant of the Norfolk Army Cadet Force and a Deputy Lieutenant of the county,

On a more local level, he served as chairman of Heritage House, was a member of the parish council, a school governor, a churchwarden, and a staunch supporter and committee member of the Soldiers' Charity (formerly The Army Benevolent Fund). He had a keen sense of civic duty, an innate ability to collaborate, and an inexhaustible capacity to get the best out of everyone and every situation. And in all things, he was a modest, understated and generous man.

As time marched on, and he was contemplating retirement (from his day job), fate was to hit him a mighty blow, with the death of his wife and my mother, Valerie. He was, though, in typical fashion, stoic and practical. I so admired the way he faced this adversity, but my sister Ricky and I could not imagine Father living on his own. And in that regard, we were not wrong. Never one to put off till tomorrow what one can do today, Father had plans, plans that he presented to us one weekend when we came to stay. Over a drink one evening, he declared, "I had such a wonderful marriage to your mother, I would like another one. Do you mind?" Mind? We were delighted, and both told him so. "Good," he said, "Because I am going to marry your Aunt Angela". We

didn't see that one coming - Father marrying Charlie's aunt. And indeed he did marry Angela, some 35 years ago.

He had an unselfish devotion to help, in whatever circumstances and in any way he could, and his generosity of spirit will be sorely missed. These are some of the tributes that were paid to him: "He was a truly remarkable man, a dear friend, a fine individual and a pillar of the community." "Paul was infinitely kind to us all, and with a lovely sense of humour." "You only had to meet him to immediately know that he was one of life's great people: good-natured, highly intelligent, a true gentleman, with his faith so central to his life."



Robert Manning

**Robert Manning** (OSH 1945 – 48) died in February 2019. Having retired from his legal practice in Diss, Robert travelled in 2012 to Westminster Abbey, where he was granted an audience with the Dalai Lama. Exactly two centuries before, in 1812, Robert's great-great-uncle Thomas had been the first Englishman to enter Lhasa, and the first European to meet the Dalai Lama, who was at that time five years old. In 2012, Robert gave a bottle of Lavender water to the

current Dalai Lama to replace the one that his ancestor had brought with him as a gift, but which had broken on his journey in 1811.



Thomas Manning, Robert's ancestor

**Michael Forrest** (F 1944 – 49) died in January 2019.

**John Foster Hall** (F 1944 – 49) has died.

**James (Jim) Balch** (k & OSH 1944 – 51) died in November 2018. He and his elder



brother **Tom** (k, c & H 1944 – 49) went to Gresham's in May 1944, whilst the school was still at Newquay. They came to Holt after two terms when the School returned at Christmas 1944. They were later joined by their brother **Crawford** (c & OSH 1945 – 53). Jim clearly enjoyed his time at Gresham's – often complaining that he had been taken away too soon, cutting short what might otherwise have been a brilliant academic career! After National Service, he gained a place at St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, where he read Estate Management and played rugby...to a level that allowed him also to enjoy the social life. At about this time Jim took up golf – largely self-taught – and this game clearly suited both his sporting ambition and more social inclinations.

After Cambridge he became a Chartered Surveyor, and shortly afterwards joined the family practice in Chelmsford. He found that golf and shooting fitted comfortably with his business career and his sociable nature meant that he made many friends and clients. He was a member of both Rye and Royal Worlington Golf Clubs. He loved both...but especially "Worly". A "Jimbo" – gin, lime and water – can be ordered at the bar, and he was one of several members partial to a little gin poured over the rice pudding!

Jim was a stalwart supporter of the Old Greshamian Golfing Society – OGGs. In 1966 the OGGs were close to being excluded from the Halford Hewitt, having had to give a walkover. The late **Derek Addleshaw** (S 1928 – 55?) was

instrumental in persuading **Pat Mumby** (whose own obituary appears elsewhere in this edition – Ed.) to take over as Secretary and to organise a team for 1967. Pat needed people who could be relied on to play – if called upon. Jim became one of these, attending as a supporter but with his clubs in the car – just in case! He first played in the Hewitt in 1970 and then fairly regularly from 1983. There are many stories about his appearances both on and off the course. He was once prevented from going in to breakfast still wearing his dinner jacket – the opposition, it was felt, didn't need any encouragement as to their prospects before the match! On another, he caused a stir when raising his putter to his shoulder to give a pair of geese a left and right as they flew over the green. His opponent, a well-known Scottish rugby player, needless to say, missed the subsequent putt, costing Jim a round or two no doubt afterwards.

Jim took over as Secretary of OGGS in the early 1980s and promoted it at the School and amongst Old Boys. He was later President of the Society. **Richard Stevens**, who took over from him as Secretary, says, "It is largely because of Jim that the Society continues in rude health today. Apart from supporting the entry of teams to play in the Hewitt, Cyril Grey and Grafton Morrish, the Society holds regular and very enjoyable meetings, mostly in East Anglia. All Old Boys interested will be very welcome."

**Christopher Copeman** (k & F 1945 – 51) died in March 2019. The following obituary is based on one that appeared in *The Guardian*:



Christopher Copeman was an educator and English literature enthusiast with a talent for drawing out the best in his pupils. He was also a passionate advocate of Greek culture, in particular Greek dancing.

Born in Southgate, north London, to Henry Copeman, a surveyor, and his wife, Elizabeth (née Tagent), Christopher was educated at the Beacon School in Amersham, Buckinghamshire, and then Gresham's School in Holt, Norfolk. In 1952, after a brief spell at Norwich School of Art, he joined the Royal Navy as a Midshipman and over the next eight years served on a number of ships, including HMS *Glory* and HMS *Aphrodite*. During his travels he stayed in Cyprus, developing a lifelong passion for Greek culture. He was invalided out of the Navy in 1960, having reached the rank of Lieutenant. The following year he began his career in teaching, working at the Junior School of King's School, Canterbury, and becoming head of its English department the following year. In 1968 he moved up to the senior school, where he began to edit a series of books that celebrated poetry and creative writing and were widely used in schools. These included *As Large As Alone* (1969) and *Living and Writing: Dylan Thomas* (1972). He also developed a reputation in

educational broadcasting, working with BBC Schools Radio and Southern Television.

He returned to the Beacon School as Head of English in the 1970s, establishing a Greek dancing club there and helping out with the production of school plays. He was wonderful at using creative writing techniques, encouraging pupils to work outside in the summer. A gifted performer and fluent Greek-speaker, he would read Gerald Durrell's *My Family and Other Animals*, brilliantly voicing Spiros, the Greek fixer in the book. He was kind and affirming, with a great deal of compassion. In 1986 he became Headmaster of the school, retiring the following year. After retirement he ran a website devoted to Greek dancing and continued his exploration of the country about which he was so passionate. He is survived by two nieces and two nephews.

**Peter Elwin** (k & OSH 1945 – 52) died in November 2018.

**Michael Briggs** (c & OSH 1945 – 52) died in 2019. His family have provided the following obituary:

Mike was born in Holt. His mother Sybil was from Holt, and his father John was a baker, originally from Lincolnshire. Mike's early education was at local state schools, but at age ten he transferred to Gresham's School on a scholarship offered to the sons of the merchants of the town. Mike attended the University of Exeter, where he met his future wife Norma, who was from London. They wed in 1956. In 1958, Mike and Norma emigrated to the U.S. and went to graduate school at the University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill.



Their three daughters were born in Durham, North Carolina. In 1962 the family moved to Lagos, Nigeria, where Mike worked on a Ford Foundation grant to help set up a national library. In 1966 the family moved to Madison, Wisconsin, and shortly after arriving there Mike and Norma had a son and fostered a son. Mike worked as an African Studies bibliographer at the University of Wisconsin, and Norma became involved in the feminist movement. They both later became lifelong members of Prairie Unitarian Church.

Mike graduated from UW-Madison Law School in 1975. He worked as a parole and probation administrative law judge, and also served three terms as a Madison City Council Alderman. Norma also went to law school and graduated in 1984. When Mike retired as an ALJ, he joined Norma in her private practice. In 1999 they moved Oregon, Wisconsin. Norma designed the house, and transformed their 10 acres of land into an amazing garden. They were avid Scottish



country dancers for decades. Norma died in April 2015, and Mike moved to the Capitol Lakes retirement community in downtown Madison. He continued to practice law *pro bono*, and focused on assisting his neighbours with estate planning. Mike also remained active in progressive politics.

Mike had a lifelong love of music, which he shared with many. As a boy, he played church organ, piano and sang in choir, and he later took up the guitar, banjo, concertina and accordion. Mike was a versatile musician, composing originals and arranging standards. He played and sang rousing labour and antiwar songs, and was a member of English and Scottish country dance bands. In his later years, Mike was a peripatetic accordion player, who nicknamed himself “Grandpa Squeezebox.”

Mike was also gifted at languages, with a command of many tongues and a love for the dialect of his native Norfolk. He had a wonderful sense of humour, boundless compassion and intellect, and regaled many with his quick, wry wit. Shortly before his passing, he shared this joke: “What is perfect pitch? That’s when you throw an accordion and it lands in a dumpster full of banjos.”

Mike will be deeply missed. He is survived by his daughters Carolyn, Helen, and Marian; son John, and foster son Chukwuma; and brother Colin. Mike is also survived by five grandchildren, Alison, Kelsey, Emma, Tatum and Cade, and one great-grandchild, Adelynn.

**Colin Keen** (c & H 1945 – 53) died in July 2019. He was a lifelong advocate of the

school and spoke highly of his time and experiences there.



**Daniel Corbett** (k & OSH 1945 – 53) died in November 2018. Born in Blakeney and raised in Holt, he attended Gresham’s before going onto study Zoology and Botany at Goldsmiths’ College in London, where he met his wife, Rosalind. During his national service he served with the Royal Army Educational Corps, and was stationed in Egypt and Libya. On completion of teacher training, he went to work in the Midlands, subsequently moving to Sea Palling in 1969 to take up the headmastership of Stalham Primary School.

Rosalind died in 1974. A second marriage ended in divorce, and then in 1986 he married Lesley, who was also a primary school teacher. In 1986 they moved to Bacton, where he served on the parish council for twelve years. He was a North Norfolk district councillor for eight years, first as a Conservative and then as an independent.

Daniel founded, and was a crew member of, Sea Palling volunteer inshore lifeboat, and also served as an auxiliary officer

in the Sea Palling Coastguard Search and Rescue Team. He had many other hobbies and interests, once writing on Facebook that he liked “fly-fishing for trout, gardening, natural history, cricket, rugby union, local politics, and especially my children and their families”. He also enjoyed good food - especially hot curries - and sailing holidays with friends from Sea Palling. A keen hockey player, he ran the Norwich Marathon in his 50s.

**Dudley Tribe** (k & H 1949 – 58) died in October 2018.

**David Tinkler** (OSH 1954 – 58) died in November 2017. David had a successful career in banking with Barclays, initially working in Norwich and Norfolk and, for most of his married life, in London and



Surrey. This was followed by a further ten years with the CBI as an Assistant Regional Director. In retirement David was a keen member of the local Arts Society, organising day trips and holidays for some years. He enjoyed travel, gardening, the theatre, walking his dogs and spending time with his grandchildren. David maintained strong ties with Norfolk all his life, frequently visiting his sister Enid and family in Norwich. He often spoke of happy memories of his time at Gresham's. After 53 years of marriage he leaves his wife, Sheila, and son and daughter, Nick and Joanna.

**Robin Culver** (H 1955 – 58) died in December 2018.

**Chris (Andrew) Day CBE** (k & OSH 1950 – 59) died in March 2017. The following obituary is adapted from one that appeared in *The Guernsey Press*:

Chris Day was a legal Titan. But he was so much more than that. He was quietly influential all over the island in his roles as chairman of Guernsey Riding for the Disabled, as part of the Cobo Community Centre fundraising team, trustee at the Guernsey Sports Commission, Vale Recreation Club, and the King George V Playing Fields, chairman of the Guernsey Friends of Biberach Group that he co-founded, and as a patron of La Société Guernesiaise. He was a great friend of Sark, where he had a home, and until the end of 2016, when illness took over, he had completed more than 15 years as a volunteer primary school classroom assistant.

Chris Day was born in Horrbridge in Devon and attended Gresham's School before moving on to Magdalen College, Oxford and Gray's Inn. One of three boys, his father (**J. K. Day**, S 1933 – 57) was the principal of Elizabeth College during the 1950s and 1960s, which was directly responsible for his chance meeting with Guernsey girl Jose Guillemette, whom he married in 1964. The newly-wed couple soon moved to Kenya, where for four years Chris taught at the Thika High School. Away from school, he got involved in amateur dramatics but his main interests were rugby, in which he represented East Africa Central Province, and cricket. However, during one game Chris broke a bone in his back and a highly-promising playing career, which had already included several Siam Cup wins while on fleeting visits to his parents in Guernsey, was ruined. In 1968 the family returned to Britain, where Chris had decided to complete his law studies.

For a while, the growing Day family lived in Kent, while Chris completed his law degree at Gray's Inn, filling in spare hours with a job in a bakery. In 1971 they moved back to Guernsey, and he was called to the Guernsey Bar.

His legal contemporaries held him in the highest regard. The current Bailiff, Sir Richard Collas, described Chris as "one of the best, if not the best, local judge to preside over the Royal Court...with a phenomenal intellect, a great sense of humour and a deep-seated sense of

fairness, justice and belief in equality of opportunity for all". Sir de Vic Carey, with whom Chris served as Comptroller for ten years, as Procureur and as Deputy Bailiff for four years, delivered his own appreciation: "He was a man of great loyalty and discretion...(and was able) to see events in this prosperous little island through the other end of the telescope, an invaluable quality when he became a judge."



In 2002 Chris was awarded a CBE for services to the Crown. At the time, in a *Guernsey Press* interview, he admitted that "teaching was really my instinct". Away from the corridors of Crown work and Court Row, he let his hair down with a deep interest in sport and his two main passions, rugby and cricket. He had been still six months away from his 18<sup>th</sup> birthday when his father had given permission for him to be selected in the 1959 Siam Cup. Young Chris, who also played for the strong Blackheath club in London, lined up at scrum half and with his brother **Philip** (k & O 1946 – 56) as captain, Guernsey recorded a rare Siam Cup win.



Scrum half at Blackheath

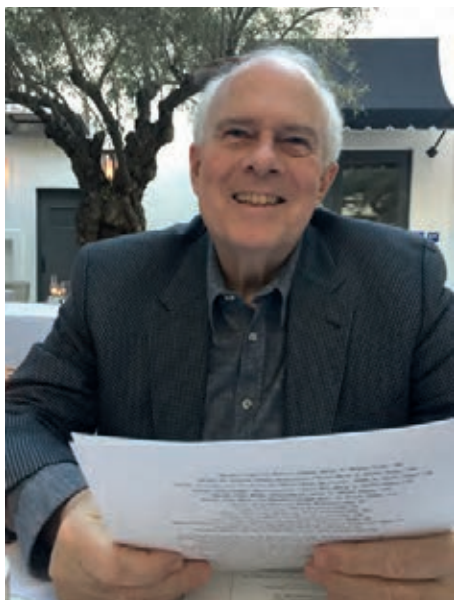
Years later, when fully ensconced in island life, he took over the coaching of the Guernsey 1<sup>st</sup> XV, and at the same time took on responsibility for junior player development. Behind the scenes, he was in charge of the club's disciplinary committee, a serious role but one he managed to encompass with his own brand of humour. In the summer months, he showed himself to be an equally able batsman as he was scrum half...and during the golden days of the domestic club game, when the annual GCA Knockout final was the high point of

the season, arguably no one innings was more memorable than his man-of-the-match effort in 1976. In later years, when his daughter Sarah was part of the Sirens women's team, Chris was their coach and mentor. He also played representative hockey as a goalkeeper for the island 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> XIs.

Chris loved cycling on his old three-gear ladies' bike, and took it off to the UK and France for long rides, often with his children. Although well-travelled – he and Jose visited their daughter Estelle six times in Cambodia – he loved the county of Norfolk and yearned to go back to Malaysia. Gardening at the rear of his Vazon home was another great passion. Chris was learned, highly respected and loyal, but always fun to be with. The island has, indeed, lost a very special character.

**John Bell** (S 1954 – 59) died in May 2019. **Jeremy Tomlinson** (F & T 1960 – 64) writes that John taught him briefly as head of classics at Gresham's, before they later became colleagues at Lancing, where John, an old boy of the school, was a housemaster, head of classics, fives coach, president of the common room and deputy head. John was much admired at Gresham's (as was his friend **John Harrison**, of whose death he was able to be aware, and a further obituary of whom appears in this edition).

**William LeFils Duval Jr.** (OSH 1959 – 60) died in August 2019. The following tribute is adapted from one provided by his family:



Bill was born in Santa Monica, the firstborn child of Charlotte Gibson Duval and William LeFils Duval Sr. The family moved frequently during Bill's childhood to follow his father's work for the Douglas Aircraft Company in the space programme. He attended school in Santa Monica; Las Cruces, NM; and Cocoa Beach, FL; and at Gresham's School in Norfolk, England, before returning to Southern California to graduate from Santa Monica High School in 1963.

En route to the beginning of his college career at Berkeley, Bill stopped off at University of California Santa Barbara to visit a friend, and never made it to the Bay Area. He graduated from UCSB in 1967 and from the UCLA School of Law in 1970, being admitted to the bar in January 1971. He worked in the public defender's offices in both Los Angeles and Santa

Barbara until 1978, when he established the firm of Lentz and Duval with Gib Lentz, his longtime law partner and friend. Bill specialised in criminal defense work, was on the board of the Santa Barbara County Bar Association, and served as president in 1991. From 1997 to 2018 He served on the board of the Downtown Organisation of Santa Barbara, where he was president from 2006 to 2008.

Bill was a man of many talents and interests. He collected Navajo rugs, antique tools, copper cookware, and artwork. He was a skilled cook and was responsible for many epic meals and barbecues for friends, family, and colleagues. He was a red wine connoisseur and made his own zinfandel at home in the 1980s. He was a voracious reader, a car enthusiast, a formidable Scrabble opponent, and a curious tinkerer who could debate like no one else. Bill enjoyed sports as both a participant and a spectator. He played rugby at Gresham's and volleyball at UCSB, and was known as a take-no-prisoners racquetball player. He was a fan of college athletics and was always the most enthusiastic supporter of his children and grandchildren in their athletic endeavours.

Bill loved the beaches of Santa Barbara, the hills of Santa Ynez, and the mountains of Idaho. He also enjoyed travelling, especially to France, where he and his beloved Kathi were able to vacation several times. They particularly enjoyed Paris in the fall — returning to their favourite restaurants, driving through the countryside, and walking on the Île Saint-Louis in the evenings.



All who had the privilege of knowing him would agree that if Bill was on your side, you could have no more fierce or loyal friend. He had the innate capacity to be genuinely interested in people, and each of his connections was unique between him and the many people he cared about. As a friend said, “Bill could talk just as easily with a desperado as with a federal judge.” He was generous with his time for friends, family, and clients alike and frequently took alternative forms of payment for those without the means to pay for his services. He was elegant, charming, bright, and charismatic, with a wicked sense of humour, and he had a soft and sentimental side when it came to his family. There was nothing inauthentic about Bill. He knew who he was and lived life in concert with his essence.

**John Harrison** (S 1956 – 62) died in 2018, an obituary being printed in last year’s Magazine. **Professor Peter Sinclair** (k & H 1957 – 63) has provided the following additional tribute, taken from *The Pelican* (the Corpus Christi College Record):

John Harrison, a classical scholar throughout his life, from the award of a scholarship to Corpus in 1949 at the age of 16 – died on 12<sup>th</sup> August 2018. In Greek, drama is a thing done; poem is a thing made. A “phainomenon” is literally an appearance. These three words epitomise so much of his long working life. He produced numerous plays. He wrote superb English translations for Cambridge University Press of several plays from ancient Greece. Long after nominal

retirement in 1993, he would regularly travel eighty miles by bus from Norfolk back to Oundle to teach Homer in translation for the University of the Third Age. The highlight of his happy return to Corpus for the Quincentenary in 2017 was to see *As You Like It*. There, in Act II, Scene VII, we hear “All the world’s a stage”. John’s world was nothing less.

David John Harrison was born on 18<sup>th</sup> February 1933. The praenomen David, used only by officialdom, was added just to distinguish his initials from his father’s. His life began just twenty days after Hitler’s assumption of the German Chancellorship. It would last into what then looked like the final weeks of Angela Merkel’s. It was not just Latin and Greek tongues that John perfected: German and Russian would later become central to his life as well. His mother’s family ran a large clothes shop; this could have fired his interest in clothes. His father, Cumbrian by birth, was a local government accountant, who became borough treasurer of Dudley and was the first to manage the finances of the huge new metropolitan county of the West Midlands.

In John’s boyhood, the family moved from Walsall to Tynemouth, then Wakefield, and finally Dudley. He specialised in classics at two first-rate historic grammar schools, Queen Elizabeth at Wakefield and King Edward VI at Stourbridge. In the Corpus Quincentenary volume, John recalled how much younger he was than his contemporaries. Most of them had already done National Service. Aged 17,

he was not yet old enough for that; indeed, he brought a child's ration coupons with him. Music, rugger, reading lessons in chapel and plays mingled with study at Corpus. The quality of his tuition was mixed, but there were high spots learning from Edouard Fraenkel, David Pears and Frank Lepper and, in his last few weeks before Mods, the newly arrived Robin Nisbet. Corpus was followed by National Service. In Cornwall and the East Neuk of Fife he learned Russian with the Royal Navy. Passing exams led on to London University and in due course the Admiralty, where what he did was hush-hush. Next, while waiting to apply for the BBC, Sub-Lieutenant D. J. Harrison, RN (Retd.) replied to an advertisement for the post of senior classics master at Gresham's School at Holt in Norfolk. He was offered the job, and said yes. He found it so enjoyable that he stayed not just for a half-year gap but a full six years until 1962. He shared the S, A and O Level teaching with John Bell. Both of them were outstanding teachers. In 1962, Steve Londesborough (who had shared his set of rooms at Corpus, before going to Oundle to teach history) drew his head's attention to John. Harrison, he said, was the ideal person to fill a vacancy there. John was offered this post and accepted. Meanwhile, Amrei Stahl had spent 1961–1962 at Gresham's to extend her knowledge of English, as au pair to the young family of Logie Bruce-Lockhart, its headmaster, before finishing her studies in Munich. Logie recalled how, in 1962, John had serenaded her – successfully with Shakespearian sonnets. Engagement followed, and in January

1964 they married. Amrei's army officer father had spent years as a German POW in Russia. The news that his only daughter wished to wed an English lad of all people was at first unwelcome, but soon the older man and his son-in-law became firm friends, finding how much they had in common, above all a deep fascination with drama and literature. John and Amrei's children, Tom and Lisa, were born at Oundle. John's career there would span 31 years. He taught Latin and Greek, and occasionally English; he became housemaster at Bramston; he persuaded the school to devote a large donation from an American alumnus, coincidentally surnamed Stahl, to the purchase and redesign of an old Congregational chapel in the heart of the town as a theatre, both for the school and for the wider community.

As he had at Gresham's, John taught assiduously, directed and produced countless plays and exercised a wholly beneficial influence, cerebral and personal, on generations of pupils. His elegant attire, his meticulous professionalism, his polyglottal skills, his avoidance of clichés, his support for underdogs and his eye-opening critical views of conventional wisdom all made a deep impression.

After his retirement in 1993, John and Amrei moved back to Norfolk. They had bought and repaired a tiny cottage at Thursford in the 1970s, and later enlarged it. Thursford lies a safe six miles inland from Blakeney's gilded coast. It is nearly equidistant, an hour or so by car, from

both Norwich (where Amrei works as a counsellor) and Lynn. Their house welcomes visitors. It cherishes art, and its great wall of books fortifies it with links to a vast republic of letters, ancient and modern. Thursford became John's base for scholarship.

At his memorial service, the congregation could see handbills of plays going back sixty years. There were scores of warm tributes from friends and pupils, stretching back still longer. A common epithet was "inspiring". We saw the Cambridge University Press series of translations of thirteen Greek plays; John Harrison and Judith Affleck were the joint editors of that series. Many of the individual plays were translated by John himself, sometimes with others and sometimes alone; the commentaries on these and other plays were typically his as well. They began with his *Medea* in 2000. They are beautiful volumes, with text on the right and commentary and explanations on the left. That service for John was held at Oundle church on 28<sup>th</sup> September. It drew hundreds of people, mostly from the Oundle years but many from Norfolk too, and not a few from much further afield. For several, it was a precious reunion after many decades, and a chance to reminisce afterwards about a remarkable man. The service began and closed with the sound of the sea. Rousing hymns celebrated love and hope. There was Elgar, Ravel and Richard Strauss. Judith Affleck read Horace's Ode I.xi (*carpe diem*). His daughter Lisa, and her partner Naomi, spoke movingly and sensitively about the many aspects of John's life, and his thoughts on all matters. And after the service, in the

chancel, we could see what he had written: a monument to outlast bronze.

**Michael McInnes** (W 1960 – 64) died in December 2018. A lawyer by profession, he had lived for a time in Australia.

**Michael Baker** (c & W 1956 – 65) died in July 2019. His stepson **Duncan** (W 1993 – 98) and cousin **Anthony** (k & F 1942 – 50) write: Michael attended Gresham's from the age of nine as a boarder, starting off in Crossways. At the senior school he was in Woodlands under the watchful eye of **Dr. Wilfred Andrews** (S 1950 – 74). Michael was a keen sportsman and interested in the science subjects, which would later drive his initial career choices.



His early days at school were happy memories, particularly on the sports field, where he captained the second XV rugby team and went on to be a good cross-country runner. He represented Norfolk in the senior schools cross-country and achieved 4.29 for the mile on the track. Hockey was another sport he enjoyed, and he played for many years after school. But it was at school that his rebellious nature came out when he got into trouble for

drilling out his hockey stick and filling the head with lead to hit the ball harder!

He enjoyed the sciences and was at one point the oldest boy in the school, with a young **Peter Corran** (W 1944 – 50) as his teacher. One of his favourite stories was how he made a heat-sensitive explosive that went off in the lab one hot day during the exam period and blew the doors off the chemistry cupboard!

He went on to Surrey University to study Chemical Engineering in 1965. After graduating in the summer of 1969 with an honours degree, he started working for engineering firms. But it was a career that was not to last and Michael was disillusioned with the future of engineering in the UK.

It was Gresham's that played a major part in the fate that would provide his future career plans, when in the autumn of 1972 he met with cousins **Anthony** (k & F 1942 – 50) and **Miles** (k & W 1945 – 54) at an OG weekend. Anthony told them that their respective fathers were proposing to sell the family business, C. T. Baker. All agreed that it had been willed to them by the previous generation and it was not theirs to sell. They should pass it on. But who should run it?

Anthony was a senior partner of a firm of London solicitors, Miles a regional sales director of motor dealers Henlys in Northampton, whilst Michael, who was some 15 years younger than them, and not happy with his career, decided to take it on.

They lobbied their respective parents, with the result that in September 1973 Michael joined C. T. Baker and in typical Michael fashion, as nobody could do a better job than him, took the reins as MD on March 1<sup>st</sup> 1974.

Forty-five years later, Michael has built C. T. Baker, Ltd., into one of the most successful businesses in Norfolk, employing 275 people and spread across retail, builders' merchants and supermarkets. Next year it will celebrate being 250 years old and it is a huge sadness that Michael cannot preside over the celebrations.

Outside of work, Michael was a bastion of community life in and around Holt. He championed the town and Gresham's everywhere he went, and was recognisable in his bow tie throughout Norfolk. He represented many clubs and societies, contributed greatly to so many charitable organisations and quietly helped many people through his kindness and generosity.



Mike loved fast cars

He loved his politics and served on Holt Town Council, North Norfolk District Council and Norfolk County Council. But

his passion was to exit the European Union and under UKIP fought two general elections, where he fared well in both 2010 and 2015. Never one to mince his words, he was, however, always a gentleman and respectful of people's beliefs.

Michael was involved with the OG Club for many years, becoming Chairman in 2008. He organised the magazine advertising for over a decade. Under his direction the club took the first major step to have a paid OG Club Coordinator, which paved the way to the modernised club, properly recognised by the school, that we have today. In 2011 he became an OG Governor and was instrumental in helping get the new cricket pavilion built. He was also a District Councillor for Holt when the school sold off its surplus land to Hopkins Homes. He championed that period in support of the school and in doing so his help very much kickstarted the recent modernisation programme.

The Baker family have had the most generations to attend Gresham's throughout its history. Michael's great-great-great-great grandfather, **John Baker**, entered the school in 1781. In more recent times (!) his grandfather, **Dr. C. M. Baker** (1883 – 90), entered the school in 1883 and his father, **C. J. M. Baker** (D 1919 – 23), joined the school in 1919. His daughter **Felicity** (E 2003 – 07) left in 2008. With more Bakers coming through, the long-established line of the family continuing to support the school is set to continue. Felicity was the 39<sup>th</sup> Baker to attend, and Michael recently hoped the school would do a "buy 40, get one free"!

**Graham Wells** (T 1962 – 66) died in June 2018.

**Ian Colquhoun** (OSH 1962 – 67) died in May 2019. **James Blackburn** (OSH 1964 – 68) has provided the following obituary:

I first met Ian as a fellow member of my first study in Old School House. He was definitely in charge, having already been there a year. I saw his name written on his tuckbox and I could not make sense of the pronunciation.

Ian had been born in Bristol and lived the first few years of his life in India, then going to prep. school in the UK. I got to know Ian much more as the years progressed, as I used to see him in Harrogate, near to where he lived, every Christmas as we as a family stayed on my aunt and uncle's farm just outside Harrogate. Ian by this time was living with his father as his parents had separated, and his brother lived with their mother in Cheltenham. His father was Head of Personnel at the Yorkshire Electricity Board, and so Ian followed him into personnel by doing a sandwich course, with six months in industry and the other at polytechnic. The industrial periods took him to London and Brighton, working with electricity companies.

I met up with Ian again when our paths crossed with him working in Bradford with the YEB, married to Anna and living in the old sweet shop in Rawdon. I used to meet him for lunch as I was travelling Yorkshire and the North East selling machine tools in a company car, the likes of which had always eluded Ian: for every promotion he got, the



“car band” went up as well. Which brings me to the early years, when Ian had a rather unreliable Ford Popular; on one occasion, whilst driving down a steep hill in Leeds, he announced he had no brakes. As we hurtled down the hill towards some traffic lights at the bottom – then on green, but by the time we got there well on red – over we went, and up the other side, slowing down as we travelled up the hill opposite. Fortunately in those days traffic was not quite so evident.

In 1980, Ian and Anna moved up to the North East to work for the North Eastern Electricity Board, living in Corbridge and working on the Team Valley Industrial Estate, where I met up with him on many occasions whilst travelling the North East and staying with them in Corbridge.

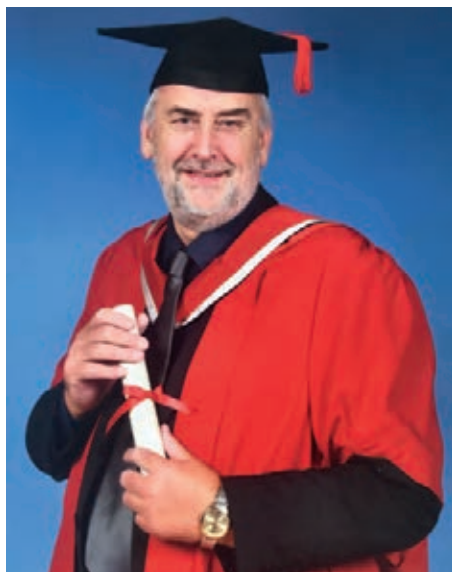
Towards the end of his career he worked for long periods abroad, setting up helpline centres in Saudi and Dubai and back to his childhood times again in India, where he worked under the Carillion banner doing satellite mapping for service lines underground, while also working closely with the British High Commission promoting trade.

Ian at school was always keen on his lifetime hobby of fishing. I remember days at school when he would get up in the night, and go with **Dr. Ian Bentley** (OSH 1960 – 66) and **Nick Bailey** (OSH 1963 – 68) to Letheringsett lake. He continued this passion for fishing with salmon rods on both the Eden and the Tyne.

Ian was a natural sportsman, with school colours in every first team and good at

athletics. I always remember the story **Dick Copas** (S 1963 – 01) recounted one time when he was umpiring a 1<sup>st</sup> XI cricket match, when Ian came up to him and asked to be excused from the field to run an athletics race for the school on an adjoining field, so off he went and returned to the cricket. “Did you win?” Dick asked, and Ian replied, “Of course”. Ian never carried on any team sports after school – a big loss. He did run in the Great North Run but I don’t think he won that one!

Ian developed cancer three months before he died, and was about to be given the all clear, but his kidneys could not cope with the drugs that cleared the cancer. He will be missed by his family, Anna his wife, Annabelle, James and Andrew, and of course me.



Geoffrey Peck

**Geoffrey Peck** (k & T 1967 – 74) died in 2019.

**Professor Wesley Pue** (OSH 1970 – 74) died in April 2019. The following obituary appeared in the Canadian Legal History Blog:



The Canadian legal history community has lost one of its leading lights. W. Wesley (Wes) Pue died on Wednesday 3<sup>rd</sup> April, after a long illness. Wes was one of Canada's leading legal historians, and taught at Osgoode Hall, Carleton, Manitoba and the University of British Columbia. At the last-named he was the first Nemetz Professor of Legal History. Wes was best known for his work on the legal profession, some of which was published as chapters in Osgoode Society books, and much of which appeared in *Lawyers' Empire: Legal Professions and Cultural Authority, 1780-1950* (2016). Wes was also remarkable for the support and encouragement he gave to others, particularly students of legal history who went through UBC's graduate programme in the area. He leaves behind a wonderful wife, Joanne, and two daughters, Heather and Colleen.

**Iain Jones** (OSH 1968 – 73) has provided the following additional tribute: I first met Wes in 1969 in one of those fiver studies

in Old School House, when he appeared in a bulky lumberjack's jacket and horn-rimmed glasses, and with that quiet, deep Canuck voice: "Hi, guys". Then began a lifetime's friendship amongst the anarchic Tom Brown's schooldays of late 1960s Gresham's, with its trunks and tuckboxes and draped walls with cinema posters, mainly emphasising the female mysteries.

He always walked down to school, as he didn't have a bicycle and enjoyed the debate with whomsoever was his walking partner that day, on any subject they chose. He questioned everything, and did not accept any nonsense in an adolescent landscape littered with the stuff. He was the son of Edmonton newspaper parents, with the emphasis on cattle prices rather than racy journalism. Alberta-born, he was fascinated by the Moral Re-Armament group and their arguments, but was never preachy.

Anarchy was replaced by some cohesion, with a change of a more civilised regime, which I think was largely influenced by the quiet authority brought by Wes as he ascended the House hierarchy: his genuine interest in everyone; his quirky sense of humour; and his ability to defuse any potential drama before it needed to occur.

We lost touch briefly, when I left school in 1973, as he stayed on for Oxbridge exams and A Levels, but we caught up when he was studying at Regent's Park College, Oxford. A few years later, when Judy and I were visiting Oxford for the day, quite by chance rather than intention, we

met him on the stairs of his hall, wearing that same Canuck lumberjack's jacket and that big broad smile of genuine delight. His grizzly bear hug cemented a lifetime of visits as we both lived parallel transatlantic lives in Judy (me) and Joanne (Wes). The second lady Prime Minister of the UK was in his class at University, and he described her as a quiet girl, very withdrawn and shy!

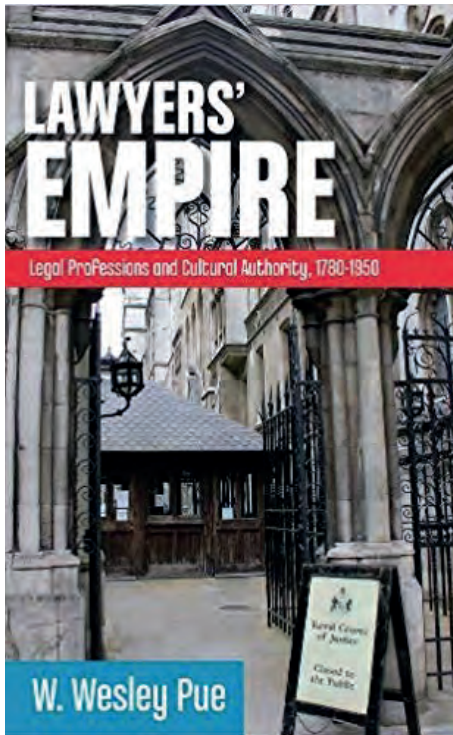
We both studied Law, he in Edmonton and Canada, and myself in Leicester. He diverted into academia and myself into private practice, and we were in irregular contact up until 1987, when we visited the Pies in Ottawa, to drink Upper Canada beer, go beaver hunting (in the swamps outside the city!) and watch Ottawa Roughriders play Canadian football league. He asked me to give a lecture on English Law Practice to his part-time students at the University there. Only a few walked out, and we celebrated with Canadian Guinness in an Irish bar, to which Wes had some Celtic family connection. We travelled to Toronto, watched the Blue Jays play New York Yankees in the newly roofed Sky Dome, and learnt the nuances of pinch hitters from Joanna's dad, Jim Service, and sister Judy, staying with them in North York, Toronto, where Jim had been Mayor and a big supporter of Pierre Trudeau's Liberal party.

In 1988, Wes visited England with Joanne and their new baby Heather, and stayed with us for three weeks, researching and visiting and partying.

We didn't visit them in Manitoba when work took them westwards, perhaps put off by its claim to be the mosquito capital in the summer and biggest snowdrifts province in the winter. They told us later that these were some of their happies days, bringing up Heather and then her little sister Colleen.

We visited them again when they landed in Tsawwassen, near Vancouver, and loved their home in the seaside town atmosphere, right on the edge of the 49<sup>th</sup> parallel, with cross border trips to the USA for gas and alligator steaks, looking over the big blue Pacific Ocean, and by the distant mountains of the Rockies. He visited us periodically and loved to watch Leicester Tigers if a rugby game coincided.

He travelled to various universities and conferences around the world. He became the first Nemetz Chair in Legal History of Law at the University of British Columbia and produced numerous articles, papers and books, culminating in his life's work in *Lawyers' Empire*, a compilation of a number of papers and his own take on lawyers across the world and their influence on the cultures they generally thrived in and contributed to. Heather provided the jacket cover photo of the Royal Courts of Justice in the Strand with the signpost outside "Closed to the Public", typical of Wes's and his daughter's ironic take on all things human. Heather helped him in his research and spent hours in the libraries of Canada and the UK.



Wes was made Provost at UBC's campus in the Okanogan, where he and Joanne settled quickly into a new adventure, and people network, keeping their house in Tsawwassen, before taking a year's sabbatical in Phoenix, Arizona, before returning to UBC Vancouver to teach at Allard School of Law, but this was sadly curtailed when Wes was diagnosed with cancer, which he bravely fought over the last few years. Wes was determined to complete his opus, and leave behind him a legacy of academic respect and the love of his family and extended friendship, all around the world. His writings can be found on his website, for all to see. I was lucky to visit Wes and Joanne in 2016, just as his book was being released, and had

one of the earlier copies signed by him, which was dedicated "For Joanne" and inscribed "To Iain – friends for decades! With great affection – Wes".

We bought seats in the new Britten concert hall at Gresham's as it was being built in 2017, and they are set right in the back row, side by side with our names thereon. We meant to sit there in our seats for the inaugural concert, but it was not to be. We shall all miss him.

**Mark Jackson** (k & H 1970 – 76) has died.

**Julian Mumby** (k & T 1972 – 79) died suddenly on 26<sup>th</sup> November 2018, immediately following his father's funeral. His brother **Jeremy** has thus had the sad task of providing the following obituary, as well as the one for his father, which appears earlier.



Julian was the youngest son of Patrick and Patricia Mumby, born at Coddington near Newark, Nottinghamshire, and, like his two older brothers, **Jeremy** and **Robert**, attended Gresham's School; first in Kenwyn from 1972 to 1974, and then Tallis until 1978. He enjoyed his time at the school, was a keen geographer and historian and enjoyed football, hockey, swimming and tennis. He was popular both with staff and fellow pupils, appeared in a number of house plays, and spent a fair amount of time in the new Girls' House which had recently opened, as Gresham's became co-educational.

He developed a keen interest in current affairs while at Gresham's, and progressed to read Politics and Economics at Reading University, where he gained a 2:1 degree. He travelled extensively, with major trips to Pakistan and South America. After university he joined the Sainsbury's graduate training scheme, where he gained great experience and knowledge of the fundamentals of high street retailing. He then moved on to International Distillers and Vintners (IDV), the drinks distribution company, where he performed what to him, a young man in his late twenties, must have seemed the most idyllic of jobs. He travelled the length and breadth of the West Country, marketing an array of wines and spirits to a wide variety of retailers.

In 1992 he decided to return to academia to take an MBA in Marketing at the City University Business School, where he achieved a Distinction. Following his MBA, he joined the Asda Head Office in Leeds as part of the central marketing team,

and then, after a period of time, joined Vision Express, the fast growing chain of High Street opticians headquartered in Nottingham, as senior Marketing Executive. Here he thrived and was responsible for all UK marketing, working closely with national advertising agencies on various TV and poster campaigns.

He met and married in 1992 Dr. Jane Selwyn. They set up house together, first in Farndon near Newark, and then at Old Grange Farm in Sibthorpe. Their first child, Elizabeth, arrived soon thereafter, to be followed by Tom and George. Julian was immensely proud and supportive of all three children and, as Jane advanced to an increasingly senior role in her GP practice, he took the decision to leave Vision Express and work from home, from where he was able to support the upbringing of the children. He loved his family, home and animals and was very proud of all three children as they achieved high academic and sporting success. Elizabeth was a particularly talented hockey player and ended playing for Wales at Junior and Senior level. He manned the touch lines at Newark Rugby Club and Nottingham High School rugby and hockey matches, involving Tom and George, and was always a regular spectator at swimming galas, hockey and tennis matches. He also spent many hours at Beeston Hockey Club, where Elizabeth and then Tom played to a very high standard, as had his father in the 1940s and 50s.

When George went off to Bristol University in 2017, Julian made the challenging



decision to return to work after a fifteen year break. He joined the office of the Public Guardian in Nottingham, advising the public on the intricacies of lasting Powers of Attorney. The future looked bright, and Julian had heartfelt and sincere pride when toasting Jane on her 60<sup>th</sup> birthday earlier in the year, with her imminent retirement as senior partner of her general practice on the horizon. They were looking forward to the next phase of their life together, and to travelling the world.

His sudden and premature death was a great shock and a huge loss to all his family and friends.

**Nicole de Greef** (c, G & O 1974 – 81) died in March 2019. The following obituary is adapted from the eulogy given at her funeral by her brother-in-law, **Ben Jones** (H 1979 – 84):



Nicole entered life as she lived it, a whirlwind of organised chaos. Jenefer, her mother, just managed to disembark

off the ferry from Holland, Nicole being born in Dovercourt. The early years were spent in Holland. The family were then posted by Shell to Venezuela from 1963 – 70, in due course moving to Norfolk, where Nicole spent her formative years attending Sutherland House, before progressing to Gresham's, where she was amongst her lifelong friends **Vivienne Moaven** (G 1974 – 78) and **Sarah Nichols** (c, G & O 1972 – 81). Vivi has provided some personal memories:

"Nicole began at Gresham's in September 1974, one of four girls with Sarah, **Diana Canning (née Patterson)** (k, G & O 1973 – 81) and me. We were among the first girls to go through from the Junior to Senior School. She was academically very bright and was a year younger than her year group. Nicki was athletic and a strong netball and hockey player. She represented the school in the 400 and 800m. She excelled at languages and studied French, German, and History A Levels. I think she enjoyed her 6<sup>th</sup> form the most, because she was studying with some lovely new 6<sup>th</sup> Form girls and liked the boys in her classes.

"She was a very kind and sweet girl and a loyal friend. I was always notoriously late for school and Nicki was always early, but she never failed to wait for me to arrive before we headed off to Chapel (me making her late). I used to beg her to go ahead, but she never did. Every single morning for five years (in the Senior School) we sprinted across the parade ground and slid through the chapel or Big School hall doors

as they were closing. But we always made it! Nicole took part in lots of extracurricular activities at school: horse-riding, canoeing, sailing, cookery, pottery, woodwork - we even took a Red Cross nursing certificate, where we learnt to make up a hospital bed!

“Nicole also had a great sense of wonder. The first time I went to Holkham beach with Nicki, we were about 13 or 14. I remember us walking up the board walk towards the pines and she said, “Just wait, it’s amazing.” And there it was; the long stretch of sand, the sea in the distance and the vast Norfolk sky. It is one of my fondest memories of our childhood together, that moment when we both stood on the cusp and took in the view. She was incredibly intrepid, brave and sometimes infuriatingly reckless, but I think she was glad that she did everything she did, and eventually found teaching.”

When she left school, Nicole blossomed at St. Andrews. It seemed that every beginning of term journey back to St. Andrews she would arrive with a story for her housemates about a person she had sat next to on the coach or train who had unloaded their worldly knowledge and problems to her.

Nicole also volunteered supporting the elderly in her spare time. For her year out in France Nicole was an au pair, by coincidence in the same town where her university friend Angus was teaching English. The family worked her like a slave, so after a few months Nicole talked Angus into a plot which involved an early morning dash and escape bid to the local

station and freedom. This was not before she had starred in the unlikely role of guest DJ on the local radio.

During the late 80s Nicole descended on London, working in the oil industry. She then moved to Glasgow. Nicole’s restless feet soon returned and in 1995 the Ireland experience beckoned, where she met some intriguing characters, married Noel, and worked for Hewlett Packard and also in the hospitality industry. Her love of rugby was cemented and she spent some fantastic times at Monkstown rugby club.

Nicole’s early years in Ireland were an extremely happy time. But the Irish chronicles ended, and Nicole returned to England after she and her husband separated. At last her vocation was found... teaching! Nicole completed her TEFL course in Norwich, which would enable her to teach and travel at the same time.

Nicole’s love of travel always shone through, whether it was visiting family or friends, which literally took her all round the world. Nicole’s great loves included Bjorn Borg, anything to do with Tutankhamun, all dogs, the great outdoors, reading, she was a prolific letter writer, and an early trailblazer on the internet, which she found fascinating, allowing her to keep in contact with all her friends she met worldwide and, as she quoted, “for free”. A teaching post followed, but only as Nicole could - Indonesia! At last she had found happiness. She loved the lifestyle and the people, where she was known as Miss Nicki.

Unfortunately, whilst in Indonesia Nicole was diagnosed in 2012 with breast cancer. Over the next few years she tried to manage on her own without returning to the UK, finally coming home during 2016. Once back on her feet, Nicole secured another teaching post, this time in Vietnam. Unfortunately, her health deteriorated as the cancer had returned. Back in the UK things sadly took a turn for the worse. However, for a year Nicole was still living her life, travelling all over England and Holland, catching up with friends and family.

Nicole certainly packed her short life with tremendous adventures, touching literally hundreds of people with her unique style.

**Matthew Stower** (k & W 1977 – 85) died in December 2018.

**Kevin Dorman-Jackson** (c & F 1979 – 87) died in March 2019. His sister **Fiona** (O 1983 – 85) writes: Kevin's father's postings in the Royal Air Force meant that he initially had a disturbed schooling, attending four

different junior schools by the time he was nine, so with a friend's recommendation his parents sent him to Gresham's School as a boarder in 1979. This gave him an eight-year period of settled education and enabled him to gain a place in Edinburgh University, where he attained a 2.1 in Architecture, and later whilst studying for a PhD met his wife, Katharine.

As a young boy and in early manhood Kevin, his family name, was a typical adventurous lad and greatly enjoyed the many changes of location and distractions available. He tried many sports with his family and loved the extra ones available at school. He achieved a Gold Duke of Edinburgh Award, and whilst doing this caught the climbing bug. He initially started climbing in the Peak District and later went on to climb in Scotland, the Alps, South America, and the USA. He had a photo of Mont Blanc with a cross near the top where he left his wallet, and always joked that he was going back to find it. He was also an excellent skier and a dinghy sailing instructor.



When he left Gresham's he was given a school £1,000 travel award in 1987 to trek the Royal Inca Trail, which was an opportunity he thoroughly valued, and of which he kept many mementos. He joked that when he went on this expedition his parents moved to a different country without a forwarding address – he of course had the address but had lost it.

With a schoolfriend, he went to work for the Prince and Princess of Liechtenstein as

an under-gardener and occasional under-butler for their parties, before going to Edinburgh University to study Architecture. During his university vacations he worked at the Guinness stand at the London Boat Shows with an ex-Air Force friend of his father, and in the summer taught sailing in the south of France.

His Architectural course consisted of three years' study, a year working for an established firm, and then two more years' study. He thoroughly enjoyed this course and made the most of all opportunities he was offered. On completion of the first part of his degree, Kevin was lucky to get an instant placement with Acangtus Architects for his mid-course break. On his way home from university, his mentor collected him from the train and brought him home after ten hours' work. He was initially tasked to design and oversee a build of student accommodation for Robert Gordon University. His boss's comment on his first design was, "Excellent, I only wish they could afford it". Later, Kevin's plaintive cry was, "You can have any colour you want in Aberdeen, as long as it's grey". After eight months, Kevin had all the "ticks in the box" that were required for his degree.

He therefore decided to visit America and climb with some North American friends. At the end of his climbing in the USA, he did a tour of significant architectural buildings including those in New Orleans, and unfortunately dived into a swimming pool and fractured his spine. When his parents got to his bedside and the full

extent of his injuries was explained to him, he just said, "I'll have to change my lifestyle", and from that moment on, he bore his disability with incredible fortitude. He took two years out before he was well enough to go back to Edinburgh and finish his Architecture course.

His disability prevented him from making full use of his Architectural qualifications but he became involved in various disability design committees and also used some of his many abilities to carry out editorial work for the university magazine and to support others editing their dissertations.

Over the years he has been looked after extremely well by some truly wonderful helpers, and Katharine and his family are grateful for the care he has received from such an array of devoted people, the most devoted of whom was his wife Katherine, who has supported, encouraged and looked after him every step of the way. There was a true meeting of minds and you would regularly see both of their heads bent over the crosswords they were completing. They enjoyed good food, films, exhibitions, talks at the book festival, and the list goes on. All who knew and loved him miss him greatly.

**Candida Davies (née Rawlinson)** (c 1987) died in November 2018.

**Lieutenant-Commander John Russell RN** (Bursar 1981 – 90) died in December 2018. The following obituary is based on a eulogy provided by his children, Duncan and Ann:



John was born in Reading in 1928 during the Depression. His father was a guard on the Great Western Railway and his mother an economic migrant from Ireland. These were hard times; his father would walk to the railway station alongside the track and set traps for rabbits. A good day for John and his brother would be when their father came home with a rabbit for his mother to make an Irish stew. These early experiences of frugality encouraged him throughout his life to make good use of, and indeed reuse, as many things as possible. He always liked a bargain, and took pleasure from finding discounts, earning money-off vouchers and saving Green Shield Stamps and the like.

At the age of nine, John and his family went to witness the 1937 Coronation Fleet Review at Spithead. The sight of the



*HMS Nelson* at the 1937 Spithead Review

huge fleet filling the Solent made a lasting impression, and he determined to join the Royal Navy as soon as he was old enough. Accordingly, he signed up at the age of 16 in March 1945, some months before the end of the war. His parents had wanted him to join the police force instead, so he joined up without their knowing, gave them a week's notice, and left home.

As one of the last boy entrants to the Royal Navy, he had only a few School Certificate results to his name. Starting his adult career as a writer in the Supply and Secretariat Branch, he set about studying with characteristic determination and self-discipline for A Levels and other Naval qualifications.

He married his first wife, Frances, in 1953. They had two children, Ann and Duncan, and enjoyed 19 years of life together until her untimely death from cancer at the age of 42 in 1972. In 1974 he married Joan, a long-standing family friend of his first wife.

Soon after Duncan was born, John was posted to NATO Headquarters in



Fontainebleau. By now commissioned, and a Lieutenant Commander, his task there was to supply NATO's thirteen listening stations spread across the Iron Curtain from Norway to Turkey. One of his subsequent appointments related to the restoration of Nelson's flagship HMS *Victory*, preserved in drydock at Portsmouth Harbour.

With John's Naval career drawing to a close, he studied to become a Chartered Secretary, with a view to becoming a school bursar. He retired from the RN in 1978, after 33 years of service to King, Queen and Country, and was immediately appointed by Oundle School as their Estates Bursar, a post he held until 1980, when he moved to Holt to become Bursar at Gresham's. During his time there he distinguished himself in many ways, taking a keen interest in all the school's staff, academic and non-academic, and introducing some of the discipline that characterised his Navy days - not always to the liking of some of the staff, but always with the school's best interests at heart! An enthusiastic moderniser, he oversaw, among other things, the introduction of computerisation, the overhaul of laundry arrangements and the completion of various major building projects, the largest of which was the construction of Edinburgh House.

John retired from Gresham's in 1990 and enjoyed a long and happy retirement of 28 years, 19 of which were with his wife Joan. Throughout this time, they were both active members of the local



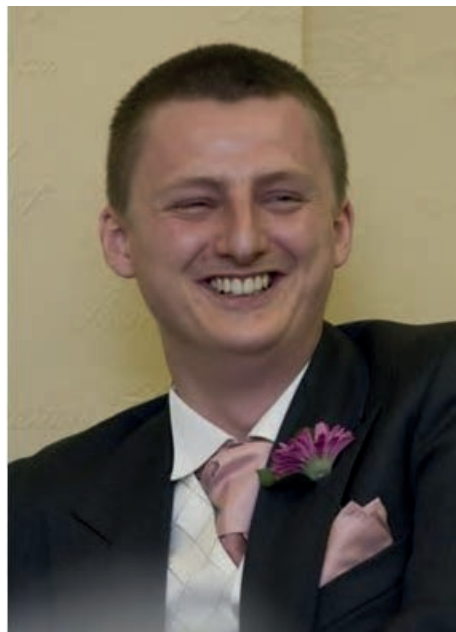
With Tristan Sykes (k & F 1989 – 99) at Holt war memorial

community and enjoyed the company of many friends and colleagues in the area. Grandchildren and great-grandchildren arrived and swelled family numbers. He became heavily involved in charitable work, in particular for King George's Fund for Sailors, the Royal British Legion, St. John Ambulance and even the Holt Flower Club (although the latter was to assist with their annual accounts, rather than anything to do with flower arranging!). The sudden death of Joan was a heavy blow, but he bore it, and his own increasing frailty, with characteristic courage.



**Alistair Peel** (k & T 1983 – 90) died in May 2019.

**Timothy Truman** (T 1996 – 2001) died in June 2019. He had suffered from leukaemia for almost a year. Tim had been working as general manager of the Parkhill Hotel, in Oulton, and was in the



process of taking over the hotel from his parents Ruth and David. There were three attempts at getting him to Addenbrooke's Hospital in Cambridge for a transplant. His brother **Adam** (T 1992 – 97) was a match, but each attempt to go ahead with the operation was unsuccessful.

After attending Manchester University, Tim started working at JustGiving, before moving to Chelmsford and then returning to Lowestoft. He was a huge Tottenham Hotspur fan, but sadly did not get to see their new stadium. **Beth** (c & B 1998 – 2004) and Adam are going to run the Great North Run next year in his memory and to raise money for the charity, since Adam had completed the run twice. **Ben** (T 1989 – 94), Beth and Adam are also raising money in his memory for the charity Bloodwise. To donate to the charity, go to: [www.justgiving.com/fundraising/timmy-truman](http://www.justgiving.com/fundraising/timmy-truman).

Tim's family said, "Tim loved and lived life to the full. He was a man who did not complain. He was a man whom people looked up to, and whom many saw as a big brother. He accepted people for who they are, and was a good friend and everybody's best mate. He leaves a legacy of loving thoughtfulness and a great example of a gentleman."

**Teddy Arrowsmith** (c & F 2006 – 13) died in a car accident in January 2019. Teddy was a member of the Rifle Club in 2009 – 10 and participated in both the Smallbore and Fullbore activities including firing in the Cadet Four alongside the winning Ashburton team in 2009.

**Devante Afia** (H 2008 – 13) died in 2017, an obituary being printed in last year's Magazine. His Housemaster, **Alan Stromberg** (S 2006 - ), writes additionally: It was with great sadness that the school community heard of the death, on 8<sup>th</sup> December 2017, of a very young man and recent OG. Devante Afia was a Londoner of Caribbean heritage who came to Gresham's in September 2009, and into Howson's. He had been placed here with the support of Camden County Council social services department, and to say that it was a shock to the 14-year-old boy is certainly an under-statement. He had had a fractured upbringing, without the benefits that a stable home life can give, and went to a tough inner city school, with all the problems that he might face there. To be landed into chapel one Sunday morning in September was another challenge to face. He struggled to settle in, and by the time he had settled into a good routine, term had ended, and he was home again, into a very different lifestyle and he would need to learn new routines and styles of behaviour over again. He was challenging to teachers (and especially to female ones) and it was not expected that Devante would want to stay for the 6<sup>th</sup> Form - and many teachers would not have argued with him!

But he had great champions at school, not least the then Headmaster and his wife, Philip and Kathy John. Devante had made good friends with their son Alex and spent some time in the family home. It was decided to give Devante a further chance at 6<sup>th</sup> Form, and Camden County Council offered to support him for

a further two years. Devante chose the IB Diploma and started the *ab initio* Mandarin course. There were three boys on this language course: Alex, Devante and Aaron Agboola, another good friend from Farfield. With their teacher Dr. Angel Tsai they went on a summer trip to China that was to change all their lives, but especially that of Devante. He grew up, had his eyes opened to a new culture and learned that he had to take responsibility for his own actions. Always a charming and happy boy, with a big smile (one of his uncles was the 1980s one-hit-wonder, Smiley Culture – but that's another story!) he finally learnt how to enjoy life and to make good friends and influence people! He was a good footballer and joke-teller too, but still hadn't taken to some of the country ways of his Norfolk friends, who might, for example, kidnap their Housemaster's chickens and leave them as a "present" for Devante when he returned to his study!

Devante passed the Diploma with flying colours and was a true success story of the school – but mostly of his loyal friends in Howson's and Farfield who saw the good in him and guided him with great loyalty and fondness through the difficult years.

He progressed to University in London (a Mandarin and Business degree) and enjoyed being back in the big city. He had a love of good music and enjoying himself, and kept up his friendships with his old school friends, too. His death, while still studying, is a great tragedy and a huge loss for his wide circle of friends. His funeral service in Camden was attended

by many of his classmates from his time at Gresham's, as well as his close teaching staff and Mr. and Mrs. John.

**Kim Quick** (S 2003 – 18) died in July 2018, her death being recorded in last year's Magazine. **Sia Vare** (S 2003 - ) has provided the following tribute:



Fifteen years ago, a new wind blew through the Prep. School with the arrival of the Quick family from Oxford. Immediately, it became apparent that Kim was not going to be a typical headmaster's wife. She did not look like a woman who wore hats very often; she wore one for the first Speech Day, but never again! She was an established and distinguished teacher who, amongst other accomplishments, taught English, History, Latin and PSCE. She was erudite, inquisitive and knowledgeable and sought to challenge and inspire her pupils to be the same.

She was as busy outside the classroom as she was in it. She was heavily involved in the Year 8 post-exam programme, which under her aegis grew into an extraordinary programme of great variation, of fun, of challenge

for our leavers, incorporating the hugely popular and ambitious summer fête. She organised grandparents' lunches, speakers for assembly, prepared the Chapel readers, was involved in the school magazine; she organised flowers, cakes, cards and visits for birthdays, babies, happy and sad events, and found time to run a marathon and walk through London at night and be back in time for lessons! Her energy was legendary.

She was instrumental, together with the Parents' Association, in the building of the Library extension and the construction of the ever-popular willow domes. In the Olympic year, she organised our very own Olympic torch run from the Chapel to our dining room, and later on that summer we had our own Olympic games, including a visit by the official Games mascot, Wenlock. She was unrelenting in her quest to create exciting events for our pupils.

The French have an excellent word to describe Kim: *formidable*; she was never a woman for the ordinary or the mundane, although she organised more than her fair share of cake sales. A great example of her creative spirit was at the time of the Diamond Jubilee, when she had an idea; we were to have a street party lunch for the pupils on the tennis courts - so far, so very good. Then after lunch, all pupils were to be given different coloured bin bags and would create the Union Jack on the playing fields, which involved 240 children; three different colours and a Union Jack shape. She wasn't finished

yet; this Union Jack would be then photographed from an aeroplane. She was always 100% certain it would work, and it did, due in most part to her ability to plan any event meticulously, so that obstacles and pitfalls were conquered. This eye for detail was much appreciated by others, who could rely on her to see any potential hurdles or flaws in any event they were organising.

Time seemed to have an almost elastic quality for Kim. She often worked in the small hours and would spend vast amounts of time ensuring that pupils experienced the very best the Prep. School could offer. Her own family would testify to her ability to make time for everyone and everything, squeezing every drop out of every day. As a working mother, she was an inspiring role model to her four daughters, who have had the confidence and encouragement from her to follow their own passions. To James, she was a devoted wife and

unfailing support. Their commitment and love for each other was obvious in 2012 when they celebrated 25 years of marriage and their joint 50<sup>th</sup> birthdays.

Kim's extraordinary talent for challenging adversity became evident during her illness. Her determination to enjoy life despite difficult circumstances was an inspiration to many, and she continued to be a creative and positive force around the school. She was particularly keen to launch a project in conjunction with the PA to develop kitchen facilities for pupils from Gresham's and the wider community to be able to use, and we hope to see her vision realised.

Gresham's Prep. was lucky to have had her expertise, and her influence will be felt for many years to come. We were very fortunate to have known her, worked with her and been taught by her, and inspired by her legacy.





## The Kitchen Cabin

Inspired by Kim Quick's vision, Gresham's Prep. School Parents' Association and the School have been working together with a Norfolk-based company, Forge, to unveil the plan to build a new on-site cooking facility, "The Kitchen Cabin".

The Forge model has been creatively adapted to create an exemplary kitchen hub where both pupils and the wider community will learn to prepare meals, grow ingredients, source local produce and devise budgets. Located in close proximity to the Butterwick Centre, The Kitchen Cabin will be incorporated into the School's Design and Technology programme and be reflective of the new Dyson STEAM building at the Senior School.



The PA have pledged to raise as much as possible towards this ambitious project and have already raised over £30,000 through small fundraising events. Now with the plans moving forward, further fundraising will be kick-started with a lavish Ball on Saturday 16<sup>th</sup> May 2020, open to all parents and OGs.

For more information on this exciting initiative, please contact Alice Kemp or Di Woodhouse at [greshamsprep.parentsassoc@gmail.com](mailto:greshamsprep.parentsassoc@gmail.com), or check the OG website.



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# Letters

**The Rev. Canon Michael Sexton** (F 1942 – 47) was unfortunately unable to attend the over-60s lunch in November 2018, but he writes:

The Centenary Chapel Service should be a very poignant occasion. I well remember Armistice Services at Holt with **E. C. Brooks** (k & OSH 1939 – 45) sounding Last Post and Reveille from the verandah at the West end outside the Chapel. The Great War was never far from us at Newquay and Holt. Of the Staff, **Major W. A. L. Kerridge** (S 1921 – 46) and the **Rev. E. F. Habershon** (S 1932 – 46) had seen action in France and the Middle East respectively, and steady numbers of OGs visited the School and shared their experiences of the trenches.

In the Newquay days, the OTC still wore WW1-style uniforms, complete with puttees. At camp we slept in old-fashioned bell tents: ten or twelve cadets with their feet towards the central pole and sleeping upon straw-filled paillasses on the ground. All our food was served into individual metal mess tins.

At the age of 15, I was once on “guard duty” in charge of a loaded WW1 Lewis gun, with orders to return fire on any enemy aircraft that might try to strafe our military encampment! They never came.



A Lewis gun

Many of the boys had relatives who had served in the 1914 – 18 forces and been killed or injured. The two Hyde brothers (**Alfred Hyde**, F 1940 – 44 and **Christopher Hyde**, k 1940 – 43), who were my contemporaries, had lost an OG uncle.

How memories of a distant past come rolling back! “We will remember them” and although “age wearies and the years condemn”, we 90-year olds are not doing too badly.

Yours sincerely,

**Michael Sexton** (F 1942 – 47)

*And in response to a reply from the Editor, Michael writes further:*

Dear Richard,

Thank you very much for your highly researched monograph on the history of Gresham's Combined Cadet Force – I did not fully realise how distinguished we must have been.

The Newquay days were well before the health and safety era, and field days were a battle royal. On one occasion we were doing a leopard crawl through the heather of Bodmin Moor, avoiding the perils of the local vipers and the occasional uncapped and unprotected mineshaft – meanwhile enduring an artillery barrage of thunderflashes hurled with wild abandon by the much loved **Major Kerridge** (S 1921 – 46).

In wartime there were a number of perquisites for Corps members and the uniform was recognised and honoured. Hitch-hiking was facilitated. At the end of one term, because London was being bombed so heavily, three of us, **John Howard** (F 1941 – 45), **Richard “Tiddler” Brett** (H 1941 – 44) and myself managed to persuade our parents (? and the school) that on balance it would be a safer means of travelling home to Norwich than by the school train.

The US Army Air Force at RAF St. Eval and RAF St Mawgan were generous in giving the air cadets hours of flying time as passengers in their Dakota transport planes and also in providing treats such as chocolate. I am not certain how “authorised” these visits were on either side. My roommate **David Freeman** (k & F 1940 – 6) was a beneficiary.



Bishop Daly narrowly escaped being shot!



Gen. Crowdy

Blank rounds can be potentially lethal: even more so live rounds! I arrived at the Pentire the term after the notorious accidental .303 discharge. The account that I gathered was that the culprit was the future **Major-General “Joe” Crowdy** (o & H 1933 – 42) of the RAMC, and that the bullet shattered through the Farfield floor above. (**The Rt. Rev. John Daly** (o & H 1912 – 21) *Bishop of the Gambia and*

*the Rio Pongas, was visiting the school in Newquay when an “ND” in the room below caused a round to pass through the floor into his room, narrowly missing him! – Ed.)*

I greatly enjoyed my life at Gresham's and valued training in the Corps. Conscripted military service in the Gunners turned out to be a plus, conditioning one to “all sorts and

conditions of men” and providing future opportunities for two-way “professional” ministry with such organisations as an ex-Servicemen’s Guild, the British Legion (as it then was), the Royal Naval Association and the Air Training Corps (officers and cadets).

Yours sincerely,

**Michael Sexton**

P.S. I think the famous hitch-hike lasted three days, and we slept in a haystack and in a relative’s coalhouse!

P.P.S. Incidentally, John Howard was always known as “Boris”: a schoolboy declension via the alliterative “Horace” Howard to “Boris”!

Dear Richard,

As a 10-year OG, I read every issue with great pleasure and exercise my memory recalling as many of my mates as possible from my years spent in both Newquay and Holt. I was fascinated by the article in the 2017 issue (Number 156) written by **John Baldry** (k & OSH 1940 – 49) on his memories of spending the same wartime years in Newquay and Holt. He struck a particularly close chord with me by referring to the help he received from Hoopers Café in Newquay in providing leftover food items for feeding the seagulls.

Hoopers Café and Bakery was started and run by my father and his brother on their return from WW1 and changed hands as a café around 65 years later. Today it has a renewed life as a ladies clothing shop at the intersection of the Main Street and Hooper Street.

Yours sincerely,

**W. Euan Hooper** (k & H 1940 – 50)

Dear Editor,

My brother **Brian Godfrey** (W 1946 – 50), who has read **Sir John Tusa’s** book, has asked me to comment on one statement in the book concerning Gresham’s that the author has asked him about. (John was actually a contemporary of mine, whereas his brother **George** (F 1946 – 51) was that of Brian.)



Apparently, the book speaks of “Gresham’s being devoid of fagging”. I know he has had a brilliant career, as outlined in the OG Magazine (which strangely never mentioned his time as head of BBC World Service, or Newsreader or the Barbican), but I think his memory has deserted him on this point. Fagging was a significant element in the lives of Woodlands new boys, and must surely have been in Farfield, as well as the other two houses. **Max Parsons** (S 1928 – 54), who seemed to dislike me, even allowed me to fag for my own brother! (He seems to have forgotten.) I had to make his bed, polish his shoes, tidy his study, open the window in the morning and shut it at night, empty the “wagger”, *et al.*

But the worst job was bell fag. Prompt timing was never my strong point (it is now!). A prefect would stand under the clock at the end of the passage, and if the bell for meals, prayers or prep was more than a minute late, the poor wretched fag had to do the whole lot again for another week! I had a shock to discover the SAME BELL as all those years ago now sits on the mantelpiece in what was then the Woodlands Dining Room when we visited the house a year ago, escorted by the current Housemaster, the very agreeable Mr. **Francis Retter** (S 1997 -).

Although I failed to gain a scholarship to the school (unlike my brother) they put me in the Upper Fourth, with the scholars like **John Tusa**, **David Punter**, **Alan Carr**, **Andrew Corran** and **Nigel Lewis** (of Hovercraft fame). It was a terrific struggle, and I never reached above about four from the bottom of the class.



A T.21 glider

However, one of the lasting happy memories of the school was the ATC. Having passed the Cert A Part 2 of the CCF, we were eligible to join, and as an RAF enthusiast (Dad was in the RAFVR), I went in under the orders of **Flight Lieutenant Bernard Sankey** (S 1936 – 1970). A week at RAF Cranwell flying the two-seat Prentice was a huge privilege, followed by a Field Day at RAF West Raynham flying in a 500 knot Gloster Meteor two-seat trainer. Probably the best was the week at RAF Halton, where we achieved the prestigious Certificate for flying solo in a T.21 glider. For my 80<sup>th</sup> birthday a few years ago, I flew a Mark IX Spitfire from Biggin Hill (as a passenger, I took the controls for half an hour) with an ex-Harrier pilot. All wonderful memories. Thank you, Gresham’s.

Yours sincerely,

**Max Godfrey** (W 1949 – 53)

Dear Editor,

I was interested to read in the 2018 OG Magazine of the recent Newquay Reunion as, like Gresham's, I too was evacuated to Newquay in the summer of 1940.



Henver Road today

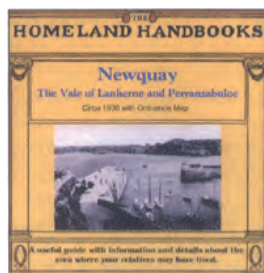
We lived near London and worries about bombing and an invasion led my grandfather to send his grandchildren down to Cornwall. My mother, two of my aunts, eight children, a nanny, two maids and a dog all travelled there in a coach. We stayed in a large house called Breezeland\* in the Henver road.

Although I have only hazy memories of it myself, my mother used to say that we children often played sand castles on the beach with boys from Gresham's School, and that it was largely because of this early encounter in Newquay that at the age of thirteen I was sent to school in Holt.

Yours sincerely,

**Laurance Reed** (W 1951 – 55)

*(\*This 1930s guidebook features advertisements for hotels, including the Breezeland, which offers "The best English cooking nicely served at separate tables" and is "under the personal supervision of the proprietress, Miss Elford" – Ed.)*



Newquay Homeland Handbook

Dear Richard,

I joined Crossways in January 1955 and left at the end of the 1959 Summer Term after one term in Woodlands, when the family moved to Suffolk and I transferred to Ipswich School. My son, **Guy** (T 1990 – 95), was in Tallis in the 1990s.

I am in the process of writing up my reminiscences of the school. I was one of the Crossways' dayboys who were in the common room next to Big School, and we had our lunches at the Sanatorium. It might be of interest for the OG Magazine, but I'm doing this mainly for my own benefit.

There is an issue which has puzzled me, and that relates to the 11-Plus examination. I don't know if you are able to help but, if not, perhaps you could point me in the direction of someone who can, please.

One day, presumably in the spring of 1956, I and my fellows sat the 11-Plus exam. I do not recall that we had any prior warning of this, and when I returned home that evening and informed my parents, it was evident that it was a surprise to them as well. This in itself would not have been much of a problem, except that all bar one of us failed. This was rather a shock, as we had all passed the entrance exam less than two years previously. The father of the only boy who passed was headmaster of a village school; Briston, I believe. I would add that my grandfather was a primary school teacher in Kent and he set me the exam, which I passed with ease.

I am not a believer in conspiracy theories, but this all seemed rather odd. There was a suggestion that it was the policy of the then Norfolk Director of Education not to pass any children at independent schools, as this would result in the local authority having to pay or contribute to our fees. This, of course, could just have been rumour or hearsay but, if true, the School would have been aware. If this was the case, why were we entered for the exam? All very odd, unless, of course, we were all part of a very dim intake!

I look forward to someone being able to throw some light on the subject and any help will be greatly appreciated.

Yours sincerely,

**Chris Snelling** (c & W 1955 – 59)

Dear Richard,



Thank you for sending the OG Magazine, opened on my return from four months filming in New Zealand.

Reading through the Letters pages, I realised I ought perhaps to try to answer the question above for my ageing contemporaries, hopefully just a shade before a tiny obituary about me duly appears in the OG Magazine....

After three decades of responsible jobs in industry, a dragonfly landed on my shirt; and everything changed.

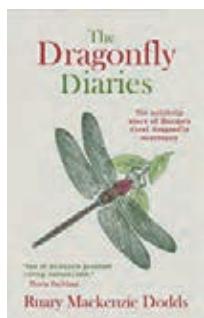
My subsequent passion for these amazing insects got the better of me. I set up Europe's first Dragonfly Sanctuary, founded and ran The National Dragonfly Biomuseum (seven years, 22,000 visitors) and was instrumental in the setting up of the Dragonfly Centre at the National Trust,



The Dragonfly Centre, Wicken Fen

Wicken Fen.

I have appeared on radio and TV, publicising the importance of and threats to dragonflies, more times than I can recall. To my surprise, this work won me Fellowship of the Linnean Society.



I've had three books conventionally published, two of which are about dragonflies, plus a dozen short stories. I still write poetry – for which I was given a Coryphaena at Gresham's – in a Sunday-afternoonish sort of way, but it's dragonflies that continue to obsess me.

I'm just back from a second season's dragonfly survey work for the Greater Wellington Regional Council, and a separate night-filming project, deep in the New Zealand bush. The nocturnal activities of the 127 million-year-old burrow-dwelling species, the Bush Giant, *Uropetala carovei*, were hitherto unknown. After watching 1,025 hours of footage (yes, really) we now know a little more. I'll be giving a talk about it at – amongst other places – the British Birdwatching Fair at Rutland Water in August.



The Bush Giant

I must tell you that my life has been shaped by the support and guidance I received from Headmaster/Housemaster **Logie Bruce-Lockhart**. As a 15-year-old Howson's boy, my mother died and my family disintegrated. I owe Logie and his lovely wife Jo a great debt. What I learned from them, and from Gresham's, was that, provided one works really hard, and is prepared to risk change, following one's heart can bring great rewards. Floreat Gresham's!

Yours sincerely,

**Ruary Mackenzie Dodds** (H 1960 – 64)

Dear Editor,

Well, you could knock me over with a feather! I never thought that my rugby skills might be published in *The Times*. I spilt my morning cuppa when on reading the report of the magnificent gift to the school by **James (Dyson)**, there should appear in the report a grainy photograph of James catching the ball in a scrum lineout, and there – four players behind him – is yours truly. My grandchildren will be very impressed with their old grandad making *The Times* for sport. Of course, this is totally and rightly overwhelmed by the generosity of James. We were in the same house and my other recollections of his sporting achievement included significant skills at hockey and cross-country running. He would consistently be the first back at OSH after the Heath run and I am afraid I usually sought short-cuts but even then managed to finish towards the end.

Yours faithfully,

**Peter Seaman MBE** (OSH 1959 – 65)

Dear Richard,

50 years on...Late autumn, the clocks have gone back and I find I am unexpectedly on business in North Norfolk for the first time in forever, away from my office in Surrey and just a few minutes from Holt, with a lunch hour or so to spare. So I had to drop in. How could I not?

After the event, I notice that it is just 50 years since I joined Gresham's in January 1969 (the January start as, never the academic, I had two attempts at the CE exam...). It seemed an appropriate moment for reflection. There were major changes during that time, and no doubt change still continues today, for sure.

First, my thanks to **Jo Thomas-Howard**, OG Manager, who took me around the school at no notice. Sadly, but I suppose understandably, the first change to be seen is that one can no longer just wander in and wander around. (There is fingerprint access on the House doors now...)

Rollcall has not changed at Howson's, except maybe a few more overseas names? There were always a few, even 50 years ago. The boys appear the same very assorted bunch of lads. I recognised the types. The Boys remain the Boys! I am sure the "house geek" was there, like he was all those years ago.



But one big change took place around that time. I was amongst the last to eat in the house dining room, as the brand new central dining hall was opened just a year or so after I joined, the house kitchen being turned over to student study-bedrooms just as I left the school, and the House hall becoming the more comfortable common room it still is.



The old Bursary (Oakeley cottages) c.1910

The other change at the time was the introduction of a whole new group of pupils. Girls! Fifty years on, this huge change from hundreds of years of tradition seems to have just faded away. The six or so day pupils in the school photo by the time I left in 1973 were based in little-used offices (old cottages) across the road from Howson's, then to become redeveloped as Oakeley House, I see.

As Jo commented, it must have been quite daunting for the girls at that time, being so few and such a novelty amongst so many boys. But I recall all settled into classes (some of which I did share in my later days). It would be interesting to hear reflections on how they felt at the time. I wonder when their proportion of the school's population became just "normal"?

I was shown around the Auden Theatre, even now celebrating its 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary, a big change from the makeshift house play stages, which the school-wide productions now replace, along with the performance spaces in the Britten music centre, where the Music School used to be.

Having spent a career in the entertainments industry (but out of view, never a performer...) I was pleased and interested to see this. Being good at rugby is no longer necessarily life's aim. Also, I met the professional stage crew, so no more pupils climbing the scaffolding to hang the lights or getting to arm the pyrotechnics ... Well, safer than it used to be, no doubt, but one less skill to be learnt.

The thatch is no longer on the handicraft workshops. It looked nice, but I expect the insurance for the blacksmith's forge in there was somewhat eased. The old buildings remain, of course. From the parade ground crunching underfoot, now crammed with parked cars rather than parades and overlooked by the Chemistry labs, renowned in the day for occasionally bulk-producing impressive smells. Big School has had a nice new floor, the Chapel has an organ that works. Some things change only the tiniest bit.

Looking back, Gresham's taught me as much academically as they ever could; still, that was enough to make a career. But Gresham's taught me things, maybe never thought of as important at the time, that matter to me now. Forty years later, when I bought my own lathe to make parts for my classic cars, **Jumbo Burrough's** lessons were finally put to real use. I am sad he is no longer with us to thank. The barograph on the window sill in Big School taught me how to predict the weather with the barograph that I now have on my window sill.

I retain mixed feelings about my old School. Perhaps the lasting legacy was that Gresham's let me be, to take what the geek needed onwards and make something of it. In fact, I have made loads of things since. You will have heard some of them in passing for sure.

Kind regards,

**Tony Crockett** (H 1969 – 73)

*(In a subsequent letter, Tony recalled his time in the Signals Platoon of the Corps and mentioned that he still possesses an 88 set that he had bought privately in 1971 – it worked better than the Army-issued ones! He also drew attention to the fact that his initials are cut in the lead roof right under the Howson's bell. For some reason, he says, he took it upon himself to re-hang the bell, as it was clearly falling off at the time. He made new U bolts in the Handicrafts Shop, then sat astride the ridge of the roof while completing the perilous undertaking. "It makes my toes and certain other parts curl just thinking about it now," he says. "Still at 17, you are indestructible of course." Fortunately, no photographic record exists of this cavalier disregard for "elf and safety".)*

## Acknowledgement

The article about Philip Pembroke Stephens in last year's Magazine contained two photographs, one showing a gendarme and civilians watching the fighting at Shanghai and another of Stephens' funeral, which should have been attributed to the late Malcolm Rosholt. The correct acknowledgement should have read: Images courtesy of Mei-Fei Elrick, Tess Johnston and Historical Photographs of China, University of Bristol. We are happy to rectify this omission.

# The Old Greshamian Club

## Communication and Social Media

To ensure that you receive regular communications and invitations from the Club, we need your up-to-date contact information. Changes can be made by completing the online 'Update Us' form on the website. We would very much like to keep in touch, and use email as our preferred method of communication (if we do not have your email address, then communication will be posted to you). You can change your mailing preferences or stop receiving specific communications from us at any time. **IF YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS, PLEASE LET US KNOW!**

## Gresham's Global Connect



Earlier this year, we launched our new online platform, Gresham's Global Connect. We've received some fantastic feedback so far. Thank you to everyone who has joined; it's great to see so many new members online. Our most recent leavers, those of 2019, have already joined, and we hope the platform will help them find mentors, work experience and internships, etc. **This is your OG platform**, so please add

news and photos to the news feed. You can view forthcoming events and book tickets online. You can also post jobs onto the job board. We will be using the platform to send out more regular newsletters. If you would like to join, go to <https://greshamsglobalconnect.com>. If you need any help, please get in touch with the OG Office: [ogclub@greshams.com](mailto:ogclub@greshams.com).



Exchange knowledge, ideas, and opportunities with a broader network of OGs. Please join our group: **Old Greshamian**.



friend request us at: **OG Club Holt**: [www.facebook.com/ogclub.holt](https://www.facebook.com/ogclub.holt)



## Reunions

The OG Club can help you organise a reunion event, large or small, either at Gresham's or off-site, and can probably assist with a subsidy. If you want to know more, please contact the Club.

## Merchandise

Our new range of merchandise has arrived. More information be found online at: <https://www.greshams.com/old-greshamians/shop/>.



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Colour options are white, silver or grey. Bracelets come with an Osprey London suede pouch (colours vary).



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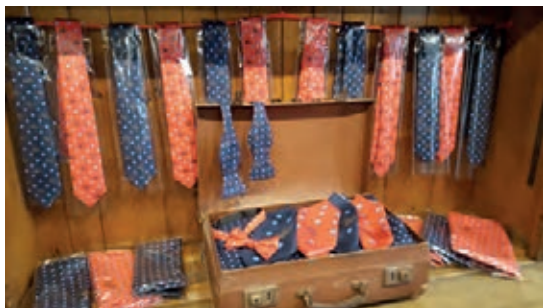
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<https://www.greshams.com/old-greshamians/shop/school-shop/>.



## **A History of Gresham's School Combined Cadet Force**

Copies of this monograph by Richard Peaver are available, free of charge, from him. Contact [rpeaver@greshams.com](mailto:rpeaver@greshams.com).

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**The Old Greshamian (OG) Club** is the alumni society for pupils who attended Gresham's School. We currently have over 6,000 members worldwide. All leavers (across the three Schools) automatically become lifetime members of the Club. Membership of the Club entitles all Old Greshamians to a number of benefits and services. Here are just a few:

**EVENTS** – You will be invited to events, drinks parties and reunion dinners. If you wish to host your own event, either at Gresham's or in another location, we will pay for the first round or offer funds to reduce the overall cost of the event.

**TRAVEL BENEFITS** – We offer travel grants to pupils who wish to undertake interesting projects during their Gap Year, or any period of time after they have left school. Contact Mark Seldon ([mseldon@greshams.com](mailto:mseldon@greshams.com)) for more information. Successful recipients are expected to write a short article for the OG Magazine.

**CLUBS & SOCIETIES** – OGs have access to a variety of OG sporting clubs and societies. More information is available on our website and Facebook page.

**NETWORKING** – We can help pupils/leavers with work experience placements, mentoring and internships. We can put you in touch with OGs working in your chosen profession and we have a growing community of OGs on GreshamsGlobalConnect and LinkedIn.

**NEWS** – You will receive a copy of the annual OG Magazine and occasional notifications by email. We are always delighted to hear from you. If you have any news that you would like to share with us, please get in touch.

**FINDING FRIENDS** – Lost touch with friends and contemporaries? We have an extensive OG database and are happy to help you to reconnect.

**OG MAGAZINE** – The next OG Magazine will come out in October 2020. Please help to make it as interesting and comprehensive as possible, by sending to the Editor details of what has been happening to you, your friends and contemporaries. All suggestions, articles, information and photographs should be sent to the Editor via the OG Club office, or by email to [rpeaver@greshams.com](mailto:rpeaver@greshams.com). **All copy needs to be in by 20<sup>th</sup> July 2020.** In order to help the environment (and reduce cost) we now send only one copy of the

Magazine to each household. If individual OGs living within a household would still like to receive their own personal copy, we will, of course, be pleased to send separate ones. Please let the OG office know if you would prefer this.

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