

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

I hope you will enjoy reading this year 2000 edition of the Old Greshamian Magazine. If it encourages you to contribute something to next year's magazine, perhaps some personal news or a complete article, then so much the better. I know that John Rayner, the Editor, would be pleased to hear from you.

Until 1996 the President of the O.G. Club fulfilled an administrative role which included the chairing of committee meetings. In the year the constitution of the Club was changed to create the new post of Chairman which took over the administrative duties, with the role of President becoming a titular one filled by a person of greater eminence. Sir Philip Dowson has been our President since that time.

We were very fortunate that the first person to fill this new post should be of Sir Philip's Calibre, especially as he has been such a good friend to the School. We are again fortunate that John Tusa, who had a distinguished career with the BBC and is now the Managing Director of the Barbican Centre in London, has agreed to succeed Sir Philip. The Committee join me in thanking Sir Philip Dowson most sincerely for being our inaugural 'titular' President, and look forward to working with John Tusa, his successor.

I wrote in the Chairman's Notes last year about the aim of the Committee to provide a variety of events that the members of the O.G. Club would wish to attend and will enjoy. This was discussed at the Annual General Meeting held in June and several issues were raised. As a result of that the Committee have decided that we will consider these further at our meeting in December and particularly focus on the summer meeting, which includes the AGM. If any members have any opinions about what we should, or should not, be doing at the summer meeting, or indeed at any other events, then we would be very pleased to hear from you. Please will you contact John Rayner, the Club Co-ordinator, using the addresses in this magazine and the calendar. Alternatively please contact me, or any other member of the Committee, with your views.

Finally, I should like to thank John Rayner for all his work on behalf of the O.G. Club but particularly in putting together this magazine. It requires a lot of his time during the summer months when most members of staff are enjoying a well-earned rest.

Iain Mawson
Tallis House (68-73)

**Minutes of the 116th Annual General meeting of the Old Greshamian Club
held on the 24th June 2000**

Present:

C.I.H. Mawson (Chairman), J.H. Arkell (Headmaster), J.S. Rayner (Club Co-ordinator), M. Goff (Treasurer), A. Payne (Secretary), M.J.M. Baker, A. Braybrook, P. Corran, M.B. Everitt, F. Gathercole, F. Gedge, J. Hutchence, A. Inglis, H. Jones, F. King, L. Le Quesne, P. Peal, J. Ramuz and P. Summers.

Apologies:

Apologies for absence were received from J. Blackburn, M. Buckingham, R.N.K. Copas, N.C. Flower and F. Thomas.

The Minutes of the previous A.G.M.

These were approved.

Chairman's Report

1. The Chairman thanked our President Sir Philip Dowson for his considerable support for the Club and the School over previous years. John Tusa had agreed to be appointed new Club President as from October 2000.
2. The Chairman reported that the Committee tried very hard to put on events that the Members wanted ; he drew attention to the great breadth of activities that have been outlined in the recent newsletters and magazines. He made particular comment on the following:- a) The Newquay Reunion which had been well attended and was a great success. b) The O.G. Lecture which was given by S.G.G. Benson on the subject of G.W.S. Howson. He also mentioned that the Club had been supportive of the idea of S.G.G. Benson's writing the history of the School which was going well. c) There would be a reception at Fishmongers' Hall on the 19th October 2000. Sir Philip Dowson would speak and thanks were expressed to the Fishmongers' Company. d) Club Members were invited to put forward to the Committee any constructive ideas. e) The Summer Weekend which had been known in the past up to about six years ago as the Howson Commemoration. The Committee had discussed this in detail and had decided to rename the O.G. Lecture the 'Howson Memorial Lecture'. There would also be a new School prize called the Howson Prize. f) As a matter of record the current Vice Chairman, R.N.K. Copas, the Second Master, who was due to retire from the School in 2001, felt that it was appropriate for there to be a short gap before he took up the Chairmanship of the O.G. Club. The Committee would nominate an alternative Chairman. g) Very sadly Bill Thomas, a former very long-serving master at the School and previous Chairman of the O.G. Club, was not at all well and the AGM particularly wanted to pass their best wishes to him.

Treasurer's Report

The accounts were produced by M. Goff and as could be seen a reasonable profit was returned. A reduction in printing costs in respect of the Magazine had been

achieved as a result of the problems the previous year. A donation of £250 had been given to the John Rowley Memorial Fund. The Treasurer also mentioned how useful the Address Book was and thanked Peter Corran for his assistance with that publication. Particular thanks were also given to the Honorary Auditor, J. Rolph, M.J.M. Baker for the advertising for the Magazine which greatly offset the printing costs, and also C. Barrett of the stockbrokers Barrett & Cooke for assistance with the investments.

Headmaster's Report

The Headmaster gave a full report on the activities of the School. The A Level results this last year were down slightly on the previous year but were in fact better than had been anticipated as the year itself had a very broad spectrum of ability. However, GCSE results were the best ever which was encouraging for the future. Thirty-three members of the School achieved the Gold Award in the Duke of Edinburgh Scheme, which was thought to be a record. As to boys' sport, the 1st XI Hockey were very good and had four members of the Under 21 Norfolk Team who won the Nationals. There were two Blues in this year's Varsity Match from Gresham's. Rugby at senior level was of a reasonable standard, but further down the School (in particular at under fourteen level) the standard was very high. At under fourteen level, the School only lost one game in any of the major sports in either the boys' or girls' games. Generally, the girls' games had been strong, particularly hockey.

As far as music and drama, this was going very well and in particular there were two very good lower sixth plays and an excellent third form play this term. Generally, the current third form in the School was promising in all areas. The Shooting Team as ever were excellent and the Sailing Team were unbeaten in the Eastern Region and found it difficult to get strong enough fixtures.

A new Arts & Technology Building would be built in the Prep School which would mean that the entire school was then on one side of the Cromer Road which would be much safer.

The plan was to sell Norton's Field and accommodate Home Economics in the Senior School. Additional plans for the School included a Pavilion and Sixth Form Club by the Astro Turf Pitches. The School was full with approximately 515 pupils. The substantial fee increase had been caused by the introduction of performance-related pay in the state sector, which in turn had pushed salaries at Gresham's upwards. The Headmaster felt that it was essential to have staff who were good enough to be entitled to claim this extra salary.

A particularly sad event this year was the death of Antony Butterwick, the former Chairman of the Governors for a period of eight years, who had been a great friend of the School. The Choir sang at his funeral and his widow had very kindly allowed the collection at the funeral go towards the School Choir's tour of Venice. It had raised £3,800.

A number of staff were leaving the School including Simon Poppy and Edward Twohig from the Art Department who would be greatly missed, although good replacements had been found. Ron Coleman, who had been a stalwart of the staff for many years, was leaving. The Headmaster reported that the School was

in good heart and it was particularly unfortunate that they were having problems in respect of one teacher who had broken the trust that was expected of teachers towards their pupils.

Another problem had been the abolition of the Assisted Places scheme which in effect denied 60 or 70 pupils to the School, which was a great shame. In part to counteract this, the School was putting great emphasis on the Pre-Prep which was thriving; the numbers had gone up from 55 to 90. The Headmaster also said that there was a shift generally from boarding to weekly boarding but that the total numbers of boarders remained about the same at 330.

Club Co-ordinator's Report

John Rayner gave a list of the numerous activities that were going on over the next six months. Looking ahead, he mentioned in particular the O.G. Ball, the History of the School that should be coming out in about 2002 and also the continued involvement of the Club with the London Children's Camp which continued to be of great charitable benefit. Thanks were given to John Rayner for the huge amount of work that he does for the Club and many and varied events and entertainments that he puts on and assists with.

Elections

Honorary Members: R. Coleman, E. Rooke and S. Poppy.

Officers: Current Officers of the Club were all prepared to continue. They were proposed by the Chairman and seconded by J. Rayner.

Committee Members: M. Buckingham, N.C. Flower, A. Braybrook, A. Lankfer were all prepared to stand again. They were proposed en bloc by A. Payne, and seconded by F. Gathercole, and were re-elected unanimously.

Any Other Business

1. It was noted that we lost in the final of the Londonderry Cup (Squash). The O.G. under 21 Rugby Team were runners up in the Cronk BMW Final which was a considerable achievement.
2. Jim Hutchence thanked the Club for the donation to the Philip Newell Memorial.
3. Dr Frank King reported a record number at the Newquay Dinner and there would be a full report in the Magazine.
4. J. Ramuz asked that e-mail addresses should in future be printed in the Address Book and also thanks were given to Dr D. Horsley for running the O.G. Web Site and all his help there.
5. Henry Jones said that he was unhappy that the title 'Howson Commemoration' had been dropped. It was explained that the Committee had thought very hard about whether or not to make this decision. It was agreed that the decision would be reviewed. There were interesting comments from Mr Peter Summers about the role of Howson as an educationalist although support was given for the Committee's decision.

At 12.40 there being no further business the Chairman thanked the Headmaster and the School for the hospitality the Club had received and the meeting was closed

OLD GRESHAMIAN CLUB
INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT
YEAR ENDING 31ST DECEMBER 1999

	1999	1998
	£	£
Income		
Subscriptions	11,630	10,100
Donations	320	25
Dividends (net)	444	429
Bank deposit interest (gross)	150	261
	12,544	10,815
Expenditure		
Newsletter:		
Printing	4,336	4,426
Postage	3,967	2,450
Calendars	323	290
	8,626	7,166
Less advertising sales	420	-
	8,206	7,166
Secretarial and postage	944	144
Subscriptions	18	18
Insurance	96	-
Dinner deficit (surplus)	27	(59)
Cocktail party (surplus)	(72)	(157)
Gap year students	600	300
OG Concert	96	-
OG Squash	170	118
OG Golf donation	300	245
OG Rugby	85	-
OG Co-ordinator	671	671
Memorial donation	250	-
	11,391	8,466
	1,153	2,369
Provision for corporation tax	<u>(30)</u>	<u>(57)</u>
Excess of income over expenditure	1,123	2,312
Adjustment		
Appreciation in value if investments	7,269	1,259
Write off previous years advertising accrual	<u>(510)</u>	<u>-</u>
Surplus for year	<u>7,882</u>	<u>3,571</u>
M.L.J. Goff Honorary Treasurer		

OLD GRESHAMIAN CLUB
BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER 1999

	Cost	1999		1998	
	£	£	£	£	£
Henderson Elec. & Gen Inv Co Plc	2,803	11,434		6,951	
5p ordinary shares					
2½% Index Linked Treasury	1,860	4,012		3,953	
Stock 2013 £2,060					
J. Sainsbury Plc ordinary	1,660	1,523		2,100	
25p shares					
Shell Transport & Trading Co plc	1,670	4,816		3,456	
ordinary 25p shares					
Scottish Mortgage & Trust Plc	3,178	7,696	29,481	5,752	22,212
ordinary 25p shares					
	<u>11,171</u>	<u> </u>		<u> </u>	
Current assets					
Stocks:					
Colour, buttons and cufflinks at cost					
less sales			1,213		1,496
OG Hockey shirts at cost less sales			52		202
Gresham's in Wartime at cost less sales			53		63
OG Address Book at cost less sales			2,082		1,220
Cash at bank:					
Current account		10,547		3,771	
Deposit account		4,184		4,082	
Business premium account		1,713		1,691	
		<u> </u>		<u> </u>	
Debtors and prepayments			16,444		9,544
			-		910
			<u>49,325</u>		<u>35,647</u>
Less					
Current Liabilities			<u>7,785</u>		<u>1,989</u>
			<u>41,540</u>		<u>33,647</u>
Surplus account					
Balance: 1 January 1999			33,658		30,087
Surplus for year			7,882		3,571
			<u>41,540</u>		<u>33,658</u>

Auditor's Report

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

7 The Close, Norwich

19 June 2000

J.B. Rolph FCA

Obituaries

James Newton Bailey (-85)

It is with great sorrow that James's parents announce his premature death at the age of 33 as the result of a road accident at Louisville, Texas.

On leaving Gresham's in 1985 James spent a year working for Barclays Bank passing Stage 1 of the Institute of Bankers Examination before attending Warwick University reading management Sciences 1986- 1989 where he won the Lucas Prize for the best first year academic performance.

In 1989 James started his career with Cadbury Schweppes as Manufacturing Accountant for Cadbury Ltd. In Birmingham where he acquired his Chartered Institute Management Accountant Certificate. In 1993 he moved to Schweppes France as a member of Cadbury's Accelerated Development Programme as an Assistant Brad manager. This gave James the opportunity to become fluent if French. In 1994 he returned to England as a Financial Accountant at Cadbury's London, involved in the SAP Computer Implementation. In 1996 he was seconded to Cadbury Beverages, Canada and held the position of manager Planning and Reporting. In 1998 James was seconded to Schweppes D.P.S.U. as manager Financial Planning in Dallas, Texas. James was promoted to Director of Strategic Planning in February 1999.

Schweppes D.P.S.U. held a Memorial Service for James in Texas attended by over 100 friends and colleagues.

His funeral took place at Twyford on August 19th and was attended by friends from around the world. We, his parents, were overwhelmed by the tributes paid to him by his Texan colleagues during the service. We would like to thank his housemaster, Mr R. Coleman who read the lesson, members of staff and his friends from school who attended his funeral and sent messages of sympathy and last, but not least, all who generously donated money in memory of James. The collection for Twyford Church Fabric Fund was in excess of £2,000.

Michael Ball () died peacefully on 1st February 2000 after a short illness.

H.F. Bryant () died on 9th January 2000.

Dr Hugh Cane () died in April. The following obituary is reprinted from The Eastern Daily Press:

Dr Hugh Cane, a former Town Reeve of Bungay who did more than anyone to record and preserve the town's rich history, has died at All Hallows' Hospital, Ditchingham.

His death at 86 came six weeks after that of his wife, Margaret.

The present Town Reeve, Reginald McDaniel, said Dr Cane gave his life to preserving "the very special heritage that is our town. Bungay past and present was his hobby."

Educated at Gresham's School, Holt, King's College, Cambridge and St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, he spent ten years in the Colonial Medical Service in Tanganyika, where he met and married his wife.

The family returned to Bungay in 1951 and Dr Cane joined his father's practice in Trinity Street, taking it over in 1954. He retired in 1977.

He was a foundation feoffee of Bungay Town Trust for 47 years, and during his term of office as Town Reeve in 1958 undertook considerable improvements to the grounds – work he continued, as custodian, until the Duke of Norfolk gifted the castle to the town in 1988.

Dr Cane helped to found Bungay Museum in 1963 and was its curator until last year.

He leaves two sons, a daughter and grandchildren.

John Chase (K 24 – 28) died in May 1999. The following obituary is reprinted from *The Rugbeian*:

John Chase died after a short illness in May. He was born in 1910, one of four sons, at the end of the Edwardian era, into an ecclesiastical family, his father being rector of North Walsham, his grandfather having been Bishop of Ely and an uncle Bishop of Ripon. From Gresham's Holt he went to read engineering at Sidney Sussex, and from there went to teach at Glenalmond for two years before joining the Rugby staff in 1936. He and Jim Willans, his contemporary at Gresham's, were the last survivors of Rugby pre-war staff; both have remarkable records of service, in war and peace.

John had learnt to fly with the University Air Squadron at Cambridge, and had just time to start an Air Section before leaving to join the RAF in 1939, to serve mostly with two night fighter squadrons in Belgium, for which he earned the DFC. He returned to Rugby in 1945 as a Wing Commander with a self-deprecating air of authority and a terse idiosyncratic vocabulary, soon to be put to good use in his capacity as a SH tutor. He also had a wonderful wife and two small sons. John soon resumed command of the RAF Section, and took charge of the Shooting VIII.

"In 1949" (James Hunt wrote of John's retirement) "he was appointed housemaster of Stanley House, which had not long been reopened after closure for the duration of the war. The house was full of lively individuals, whom a superficial observer might have supposed John was not the man to manage. He was. He and Marjorie, who brought a champagne quality to her task of housekeeper and hostess and worked with a reckless devotion that seriously imperilled her health, earned the affection of boys and parents alike" – as is confirmed by recent letters from Stanley O.R.s "Write of John's kindness, enthusiasm, warmth and dedication", says one; and another writes: " he gave me a sense of direction, and commanded respect. In his quiet way he guided me through my five years at Rugby with unerring skill....I particularly remember my parents feeling they could share my life at Rugby...And of course there were the idiosyncrasies – the famous 'Bopper' hurled with great accuracy at those in class who appeared not to be paying attention; the quizzical raise of the eyebrow, if he

felt the answer he was getting was not quite the one he expected, or wanted to hear, and the genuine chuckle that made you feel you were talking to a friend."

Those who were lucky enough to be Stanley tutors also remember him as a first class housemaster – unflappable, consistent and always encouraging.

After Stanley John was made secretary to both the Works and Buildings Committee and the Masters' Salary Committee, key posts which made good use of his gifts of infinite patience, scrupulous attention to detail and a great understanding of human nature. He also continued, of course, to teach what he modestly described in later life as "sums".

In 1975 John and Marjorie retired to Rutland, first to Clipsham, later to Empingham, where they were busy with family and village affairs especially those of the Church and British Legion. After Marjorie's death in 1995 the village clearly cherished John, one whom they rightly held to be a "real gentleman."

David Cloudesley-Smith () died in 1999.

Dr Olaf Collin (F 25 – 30) died on 24th April 2000. He worked for many years as a G.P. in East Grinstead.

John Cooper (K 24 – 28) died on 10th April 1999. His widow wrote the following obituary:

My husband, John M. Cooper, died on 10th April 1999 aged 88 years. He was at Gresham's from 1924 – 1928 in Kenwyn House.

He went into the London Assurance (later the Sun, Alliance & London) on leaving school until he retired, apart from service in the R.A.F. Regiment from 1940 – 1945 during which he served in Egypt and Malta.

He had very happy memories of Gresham's and often spoke of his life there and the masters. His great love was natural history. He was influenced by Dick Bagnall-Oakeley, of whom he often spoke, and from whom he learnt about birds and their song, which with a love of butterflies remained with him all his life. His collections of butterflies from Hickling Broad and other places are very fine, after all these years.

John Drinkwater (k & H 42 – 51) died in November 1998, bequeathing a legacy to the School. Michael Baker () has provided the following obituary:

John was a good all-round sportsman XV XI L and after went to Cambridge where he obtained a degree as a preliminary to a medical career but decided not to pursue this. For a time he owned a small market garden at Hingham but following his marriage he went into his father-in-law's family business of wholesale chemists. In due course he was appointed a director. The Drinkwaters joined the School at Newquay where their father was a G.P. – possibly the School doctor there. He moved up to Norfolk when the School returned at the end of 1944.

John Hallett () died in March of this year. The following obituary is reprinted from *The Eastern Daily Press*:

A former prisoner of war and Norfolk public figure has died aged 82. John Nicholas Revens Hallett MBE, who died after a long illness, was born at Weybourne near Sheringham, in 1917. A former pupil of Gresham's School, he trained at Sandhurst then joined the Royal Norfolk Regiment. In 1940 he was captured after being wounded in action and, after treatment in France, was taken to Germany as a prisoner of war.

Mr Hallett was one of a group of soldiers who tunnelled out of their jail. But he was the final man to use the tunnel and was caught. He remained incarcerated until 1945. After the war Mr Hallett married and returned to Germany as part of the occupation. He also had postings to Scandinavia and Hong Kong.

In 1956 Mr Hallett joined the Independent Broadcasting Authority as a programme regulator and moved to Lyng, near Dereham. He held the chairmanship of the parish council on Mitford and Launditch Urban District Council.

Mr Hallett leaves a widow, Patricia, and a daughter Nicolette. The couple also had a son Anthony, who died aged 21.

Alastair Hetherington (W 33 – 38) died on October 3rd, 1999. This is an edited extract of the tribute to Alastair Hetherington delivered at his funeral on October 9th, by his friend, the Reverend Ian Mackenzie.

Alastair was not a stained glass window. (All that colourful clutter!) He was clear glass. Before the word became jargon, he was transparent. He didn't achieve transparency. He was it. That clear skin. Those eyes. That light voice. The writing. That impression of clarity could be deceptive, as if he was a passive conduit for pale light, whereas in his person the tumult of the world and the forces of nature strove to create not only sparkling rationality but sparks of strong emotion, which drove him and others, so that sometimes, almost without knowing it, he created friction around him.

Being a thrawn Scot, every written paragraph was a leaping of words beyond analysis towards action. For him, the light peculiarly available to our species was that generated by purpose. We have that wonderful picture, in last year's birthday book, of Alastair leaping over the desk in the Guardian office to rattle out his leader on Suez.

As a student, I read that leader and was powerfully affected by it. I also witnessed the uproar caused by the Guardian's treatment of Suez in the Kirk's General Assembly, in the very building where the Scottish Parliament currently edges towards that articulate Scottish politics to which as a natured patriot Alastair looked forward. And in the New Club at the bottom of the Mound, the Guardian line on Suez had the more cataclysmic effect of causing members of the Edinburgh Establishment to raise their eyebrows.

Alastair was a great raiser of other people's eyebrows, their hackles, and their standards. His whole life was a leading article on the subject of truthfulness. Not Truth, that ambiguous abstraction which seeks to separate bone from marrow, but the edgy journalistic business of daily separating wheat from chaff.

Was Alastair, like Don Quixote, at times a touch absurd? Such naïve enthusiasm! Such a child-like faith that the world could, one day, be cured! Was

he a touch mad in his simplicity? Well, if he was mad, he was not bad; and that, in corridors of power, is rare enough. But of course, he was not mad.

If he was sometimes a touch off-message, what company he kept! Jesus, that quizzical Don Quixote of the Middle East whose Millennium is about to be celebrated in yet another deadening Dome? Or did Alastair walk with Socrates, that inquisitive Mediterranean man tilting at establishment windmills? Alastair was a kind of energetic knight, leaving us Sancho Panzas a trifle breathless as we hurried to catch up.

But these comparisons hardly fit a sober Scot. They're a bit teasing, and Alastair was no tease. Don Quixote had passion, but he was a trifle shortsighted. Beneath Alastair's physical short sight, his thinking was long. He didn't save the Guardian by whim. He didn't climb mountains only because they were there.

He wanted to be there to see from there, to get the widest vision from there, so that he could return from there to get on with his task of tidying up the world. And that was the real world, not the world of palaces. He didn't get a gong. Gong with the wind. He didn't care a damn? Well, actually he did care. He cared that the editor of an independent newspaper would not be open to the slightest nuance of influence through the acceptance of an honour. Alastair believed in intellectual honours, not honours.

He was a believer in beginnings, not endings. When from my office window at Queen Margaret Drive I saw him stride out about one o'clock, he always had that air of a man about to go on an adventure – about to be launched in a space shuttle; or about to climb the Cobbler; or he could have been a greyhound who'd just spotted a hare. Yet it was none of these things.

If alone, he was just off to the Botanic to devour a book and a sandwich. Or, more often, he was with a BBC colleague, and it would be the prospect of a brisk walk and policy discussion that was animating him. Either way, you got the feeling he was keen to begin the most interesting half hour of his life.

It was typical, therefore, that the news of his sacking as Controller of BBC Scotland (yet another shining monument to the Olympian wisdom of BBC London) came in a letter to staff which was devoid of anything valedictory, let alone maledictory. The letter began cheerfully: 'You are to have a new Controller.' And so we were. And Alastair was to have a new life.

If God does memos, he will have written his staff this week along the following lines:

'We are to have a new companion, a free spirit made word, made flesh, recently made wordless, now again made free spirit. A spirit who on earth leaped from crag to crag, from word to word, image to image, challenge to challenge, achievement to achievement.'

In his disconcerting decisiveness, he could be impatient. He sought with urgency the face of reality. No one human can ever entirely suffice such a quest, though with those he loved there was an openness of friendship only they know. And when his words gave out, with an equal simplicity he climbed a mountain of limitation. Maybe on that last ascent, though he couldn't express it, as his night drew in, he saw a star or two. He had, after all, himself become a star. He had

burned. He had energised others, including us. He had given out light. In an undisclosed form, he is now part of the light of the cosmos.

It is my belief, though I would not impose it on anyone, that stars, when they burn out, do not necessarily cease to exist. They are translated. The Flesh becomes Word again, not in the Edwin Muir sense of becoming wordy – Alastair was never, never, wordy – but in the sense of the opening words of John many of us will hear again this Christmas: In the beginning was the Word.

In the End there may seem to be silence, but in the next beginning may be a word of which we have no knowledge. There are veils of knowledge we are destined not to lift. Existence in Time imposes on us a fundamental separateness which today we specially feel. But wasn't there always a separateness about Alastair, which some took for remoteness?

It is well expressed in these words from the Lebanese writer, Kahil Gibran:

*Love one another, but make not a bond of love:
Let it be a moving sea between the shores of your souls.
Fill each other's cup but drink not from one cup.
Give one another of your bread but eat not from the same loaf.
Sing and dance together and be joyous, but let each one of you be alone.
Even as the strings of a lute are alone though they quiver with the same music.
Give your hearts, but not into each other's keeping
For only the hand of Life can contain your hearts.
And stand together yet not too near together:
For the pillars of the temple stand apart.
And the oak tree and
The cypress grow not in each other's shadow.*

Sam Hinde (F 28 – 31) died on 1st July 1997. Richard Hinde (F 52 – 57) has sent this obituary:

My father had a full and happy life, serving in Burma and India for 4½ years in the Second World War, reaching the rank of Major. He then worked in the Poultry Industry, becoming one of the most respected advisors in the country. In 1959 he had a change of career joining Bond's of Norwich; he and his brother Eric Hinde, also at Gresham's (F), spent many successful years as Directors of Bond's.

Dr Keith Hodgkin (H 3- 35) died on 1st June 1999. He had a distinguished career as a physician in general practice. Richard Reiss (osh & W 26 - 34) recalls that Keith, the younger of two brothers of Sir Alan Hodgkin, whose obituary appeared in the last issue, was a completely fearless player in the school Rugger XV in 1933/34.

J.N.M. Holt ()died on December 29th 1999.

Henry Howard (osh & W 24 - 33) has died aged 85. The following obituary is reprinted from *The Daily Telegraph*:

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Howard, who has died aged 85, was awarded an MC in Palestine in 1936, a Bar to it in the Western Desert, and a D.S.O. in the North West Europe campaign; his character was described by a fellow officer as "absolutely fearless".

His first MC came when he was serving with the Buffs (Royal East Kent Regiment) during the Arab rebellion against the British in Palestine. The uprising stemmed from the Arabs' belief that Britain, the Mandatory power, was allowing too many Jewish immigrants into the country. They expressed their resentment by ambushing and sniping at patrols.

In this form of guerrilla warfare, the Arab assailants were able to hide both themselves and their arms among the local villagers, a tactic which made them almost impossible to detect.

When the 2nd Battalion, the Buffs, were engaged in patrolling the roads and clearing the Arabs from strategic points on a hillside near Tarshiha, a small party commanded by Howard, then a second lieutenant, came under fire from a large group of rebels.

Howard was immediately shot through both thighs and fell to the ground, but he picked himself up and managed to lead the platoon to the top of the hill, which he held for four hours until the surviving Arabs dispersed.

Frederick Henry Howard, the eldest son of a naval captain, was born on February 25 1915 and educated at Gresham's School, Holt, and at Sandhurst before being commissioned into the Buffs in 1935.

Later he was seconded to the King's African Rifles, with whom he served in the East African campaign against the Italians, operating mainly behind the lines in Kenya, Somaliland and Abyssinia. For this work, Howard was mentioned in dispatches.

After the Battle of Sidi Rezegh in 1941, in which the Buffs had sustained heavy casualties, Howard rejoined the regiment and was with the 1st Battalion through all the actions in the Western Desert, including Alamein and Mareth, until the fall of Tunis. It was during this time of intense fighting that he was awarded a bar to his MC.

On the night of January 21 1943 – his fourth running without sleep – Howard led a moonlight attack down the Tarhuna Pass towards Tripoli and drove the enemy back two miles. Four nights later he seized the strongly defended Kidney Hill and held it in spite of the heavy enemy counter attacks.

The Buffs were particularly successful in the Mareth battle of March 1943. In the wording of the official history "patrolling was a feature of life with the Buffs and many calls were made on the battalion in the quest for the enemy's intentions." Howard was particularly prominent, probing right forward into the enemy defences and often being involved in a brisk exchange of fire. Inevitably the German's determined counter-fire caused many casualties.

Howard then attended the Staff College at Haifa and was appointed to command the 1st Battalion, Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry, which he led through the fighting in North West Europe. He considered the German resistance in the Ardennes the hardest that he had encountered. Leading the Oxford and Bucks

in heavy floods, he succeeded in crossing the river Roer on the border of Holland and Germany, and secured many prisoners. He was later awarded the DSO.

In the Ardennes, Howard achieved all his objectives, and in the Reichswald forest, the Rhine crossing and subsequent guerrilla warfare, he gave the battalion inspiration by his cheerfulness, leadership and personal example.

In 1946, Howard was posted to command 2nd Reconnaissance Regiment in Singapore. There he kept a tame pygmy elephant which had been presented to him by the Sultan of Johore. It was invited to parties in the Mess, and would trumpet loudly in appreciation when offered a plate of sandwiches.

He was then advised by General Sir Miles Dempsey, who had commanded 2nd Army in Europe, to leave the infantry and join the Royal Armoured Corps as being especially suited to his talents and style.

He therefore transferred to the 3rd Hussars, of which he became second-in-command at Bielefeld. He was then appointed commander of the Tactical Wing at Lulworth, Dorset, as a lieutenant-colonel, but he found peacetime soldiering dull, and left the Army.

Anxious to relieve his boredom in that final posting, he was liable to surprise his colleagues and superiors by unorthodox activities, such as driving to work from his quarters at Lulworth in an old butcher's van and generally failing to treat senior officers with the respect they thought they deserved. But he never did anything which might have impaired the fighting efficiency of the troops under his command.

His wife had inherited an estate on the Isle of Ulva, near Mull, and there he farmed cattle and sheep for the rest of his life.

Henry Howard was a courageous, unconventional but extremely effective leader who was admired and respected by his men; they knew that he had their interests at heart.

He was a large man and a natural athlete, and represented the Army at throwing the javelin. He was also a good golfer; shot and hunted; and loved fishing and sailing.

He married, in 1952, Jean Parnell, second daughter of the 6th Lord Congleton. They had two sons and a daughter.

Mark Howard (osh & W 30 – 36) died aged 80 on 30th October 1999 in Adelaide. His brother Henry Howard (osh & W 24 – 33), whose obituary appears above, provided this obituary:

He was the youngest of three brothers: F.H. Howard, J.W Howard (osh & W 27 – 35) and Mark Howard. He went as a "jackaroo" to a sheep station in Victoria in 1936. He was commissioned in the army and went with first contingents to the Middle East. He was wounded in Libya, wounded again in Greece and taken prisoner. He was in Oflag IVL and escaped. He was recaptured and sent to Colditz. He was discharged in 1946 with T.B. He was given a very good tract of land in Victoria by the Government. He built a house and fenced it. He bred merino sheep and pedigree cattle very successfully.

He was predeceased by his wife July and his eldest son. He is survived by a daughter and younger son. A valiant heart!

Clive Hunter (1940) died on 4th March 2000.

John Hunter (W 26 – 32) died on March 8th 1999.

Joe Jowers (osh & H 28 - 36) died in 1998.

John King (F 34 – 39) whose obituary was published in the last issue of the Magazine kindly left £2,000 in his will to the Gresham's School Appeal Fund.

John Marden () died in March 1999. The Editor regrets that the following obituary reprinted from *The Daily Telegraph* did not appear in last year's Magazine:

John Marden, who has died aged 80, was one of Hong Kong's last British taipans. His family business, Wheelock Marden, was one of the colony's most successful "hongs" (trading conglomerates), though not one of its oldest. It was founded in Shanghai by John Marden's father George, a hard-driving entrepreneur of the China Coast trade, and moved its base of operations in 1949 after the communist revolution.

In Hong Kong the group flourished in property, retailing, aviation, bullion and share dealing. John Marden – who was chairman from 1959 to 1985 – was a gentler, more amiable figure than his father, but was intensely proud of his company's durability and resilience in the turmoil of China's Cultural Revolution and Hong Kong's ever-volatile markets.

By the early 1980s, however, circumstances were changing. Colonial companies were increasingly under threat from aggressive local Chinese businessmen, and Wheelock itself was subject to investigation for its financial and shareholding arrangements.

In 1945 Wheelock fell to a bid from the shipping magnate Sir Y.K. Pao, who had the backing of the Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank – an alliance which was itself an indication of Hong Kong's changing power structure. Marden was saddened by the takeover, but remained actively involved in the Hong Kong scene, as a philanthropist and a stylish social figure, for the rest of his life.

John Louis Marden was born in Woodford, Essex on February 12 1919. His father had flown fighter aircraft during the First World War before beginning a career as an officer of the China Maritime Customs at Canton and moving to Shanghai in 1925 to establish his own business as a customs broker. The company soon expanded into tugs and lighters and godowns.

Young John spent his childhood in Shanghai, where he attended the Cathedral School. At the age of 12 he was sent back to England, to Gresham's School, Holt and from there he went on to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he read Economics and Law.

He did not return east until after his graduation, when he travelled by the Trans-Siberian railway, delayed by movements of Russian troops skirmishing with Japanese forces on the Chinese border.

During the Second World War, Marden served as a captain in the Royal Horse Artillery in North Africa, France and Germany. In 1946 he joined Wheelock Marden in Shanghai, on the shipping and insurance side, and the next year moved to Hong Kong. His family soon followed, with whatever his father could salvage of the Shanghai business. The Mardens were part of an influx of Shanghai entrepreneurs who enlivened the Hong Kong business scene.

George Marden swiftly bought up a number of old Hong Kong companies, including the Lane Crawford department store – which claims to be older than Harrods, having been founded in the 1840s by a former butler in the East India Company.

John became a director of Wheelock Marden in 1952 and succeeded as chairman when his father retired to England. As was customary in the tight-knit British community, he also sat on the boards of other leading companies, including the Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank, Hong Kong Electric, Dairy Farm (the retail arm of Jardine Matheson) and Hutchinson, a rival hong.

With the chairman of Hutchinson, Douglas Clague (who in turn sat on Wheelock's board), Marden led the development of Hong Kong's first Cross-Harbour Tunnel, which opened in 1972.

The 1.9 kilometre tunnel was the first to link Hong Kong Island with the mainland of Kowloon. Built in the nervous atmosphere of the late 1960s, as the Cultural Revolution gripped China, it became a benchmark for co-operation in infrastructure between business and the colonial administration.

John Marden was chairman of the Hong Kong Shipowners Association in 1978-79. He was also a temporary member of the colony's Legislative Council – the first time that a son had followed his father in “Legco” – and a long-serving local magistrate.

He was a benefactor of St. John's Cathedral, and through his own charitable foundation he supported projects for vocational training and Aids awareness.

He was also a keen supporter of green causes, recognising early on the dangers of the air pollution that now blights the territory. His home at Shek O, in the quiet south-east of Hong Kong island, was one of the territory's finest colonial mansions, set in rolling gardens.

He enjoyed yachts and classic cars, and was a ubiquitous if somewhat unconventional figure in Hong Kong high society: at the Hong Kong Club he was the only member regularly allowed to breach the jacket-and-tie rule, preferring pale blue safari suits and dashing cravats. Invited to perform the opening ceremony for the swimming pool of a local school, he ended his speech by diving into the pool fully clothed.

He was appointed CBE in 1976. John Marden married in 1947, Anne Harris; they had a son and three daughters.

R.A. Newsum M.B.E. () died aged 81 in March 1999.

Oliver Richards () died on 11th March 1999.

Bernard Sankey (S 34 -) died on 1st January 2000. Logie Bruce Lockhart (Headmaster from 1955 to 1982) provided the following obituary:

By the time I arrived at Gresham's, Bernard had already served the School for 18 years – and had been at two others before that. He was teaching when I was seven years old.

Bernard was born in 1905. His father was Head of the Inspection Unit of Woolwich Arsenal. Educated at St. Olave's G.S., Bernard eventually became School Captain. Exhibitioner of Hertford College, Oxford, he read physics and was elected to the Centipedes.

Gresham's was not his first appointment; his remarkably long career started in 1928 at Rossall, followed by St. Alban's. Bernard came to Gresham's in 1937 under Eccles. In that year he married Joanna, his brother's widow, who brought two stepsons, Alan and David.

He settled in Middlefield, where Caroline was born in June 1940. When the School moved to Newquay, he played a prominent part. He was Housemaster of the Day Boys and then of Kenwyn. Newell and Bernard got on very well, and he was sorry to see Newell leave.

At various times he ran the Debating Society, organised film-shows for the boys and started the A.T.C. In the early days of the H.D.F. Taylor productions of school plays, he built a stage under the gallery. Joanna made all the drapes, which had some fine intricate heraldic beasts on them. She was always artistic.

From 1957 – 65 he was Housemaster of Farfield and on giving up the House became Second Master. In 1965 he moved to Hunybeach, where Joanna fell ill. Jo visited her quite often in her last days, and always drew inspiration from her quite extraordinary courage and complete absence of self-pity.

As a friend, Second Master and Housemaster, Bernard was quietly helpful in any way needed. If there was an awkward and tiresome job to do he was the first to take it on and to make light of it. If we were short of someone to hold a stopwatch, take a swimming lesson or to move into a temporary classroom, he would invariably volunteer. All these things he did well and without fuss; he was a patient and understanding teacher.

Modest to a fault, his gentlemanly character would not allow him to be self-seeking in any way. The boys at Farfield in his time were not driven or hectored, but they had the most precious example to follow. Nevertheless when he came across what he considered to be wrong on the part of the boys or staff, he could be stubborn and even fierce – as one sister of the sanatorium had cause to find out. I still remember the vehement whisper drawn from him by another lady's conduct... 'Lady Macbeth!' If there was a problem and I wanted to know what was the right and the good course, he was the first person to consult.

As a wing three-quarter, he ran the 3rd XV from 1945 to 1957. He always insisted that in all matches no one should be permitted to score a try until each wing had done so. Would that England would take a leaf from his book!

Bernard enjoyed nearly 30 years of retirement in Hunworth, where he became a pillar of the church: a churchwarden who helped to reorganise the finances of the

Deanery and a faithful attender. His ninetieth birthday party was a memorable Hunworth occasion which brought together Greshamians of many generations, and he astonished us all – and put us to shame – with his good memory, his good cheer and his clarity of mind.

G Sturge (W 28) died of Parkinson's Disease some five years ago.

R. Vines () has died.

Douglas Wardleworth (o & K 27 – 33) died on 18th November 1999. The following tribute appeared in the Cley Parish Magazine:

Douglas Wardleworth died on 18 November aged 85 – he was born on 24 October 1914, the same day that his father was killed. Douglas was a true Norfolk man; born in Sheringham, he went to Gresham's School and for the last forty years of his life lived in Cley. He played a full part in village life and was P.C.C. Treasurer of St. Margaret's Church, where until ill health prevented him he was a regular worshipper.

Because he was an unassuming man, not everyone was aware of his outstanding character and courage. Commissioned into the Yorkshire Light Infantry during the 1930s, the war found him in Burma. In the jungle campaign of early 1942, Douglas was one of a mere handful of officers in his brigade who survived. He was awarded the Military Cross for swimming to and fro across a river under fire, with wounded men on his back who would otherwise have been left behind for the Japanese – had the campaign been a victorious advance rather than a retreat he would probably have received a higher reward. On his return to India Douglas learned that his newly-wed wife had been machine-gunned and killed. Few people would have emerged from that experience, as he did, without becoming embittered. He returned to England, took part in the Normandy invasion, and miraculously survived unscathed through the ten month campaign that followed – on one occasion a bullet actually went through his battledress tunic.

Mercifully Douglas met Bridget soon after the war in Germany; they were married and enjoyed many years of extremely happy family life. Our deep sympathy goes out to Bridget, and to their son Ian and their daughters Jill and Ann. For Douglas himself, death must have come as a happy release; the last few years were clouded by illness, and for the last three months he was in hospital where he became increasingly frail. We can commend him to God's safe keeping with confidence – and with gratitude for having been privileged to know such a man who was both fun to know, and an example to us all.

John Wearing ARIBA () died on December 7th 1999.

James Willans () has died. The obituary was supplied by John Allen (F), the Deputy Head of Rugby School. He provided a covering letter:

Dear Mr Rayner

It is remarkable that two Old Greshamians, who were Head of school (Captain) and Deputy Head (Vice-captain) together in their last year at Gresham's should

have had such long and distinguished careers as teachers together at Rugby School. In my early days at Rugby I was aware that both John Chase and Jim Willans seemed to emanate an independent, challenging and enterprising spirit that I felt was very much a hallmark of education at Gresham's!

I enclose copies of two memorial addresses which were given to Old Rugbeians. You may be able to tease out something for the O.G. Magazine for both were mentioned by name only in the obituary notices. Both had distinguished war records which are sadly understated and, without corroboration, I cannot enlarge. (Did John Chase really perform a low level victory roll over his home airfield in a mosquito with a cockpit full of French cheese loaded up after a clandestine landing?!) Although the context of the addresses refers to Rugby School boarding Houses, most O.G.s would empathise with the descriptions as being not dissimilar to their own experiences. How well one remembers the impact of one's housemasters (Bruce Douglas and Bernard Sankey, in my case, at Farfield).

Yours sincerely,
John Allen

James Lindsay Willans, Jack to his pupils, Jim to everyone else, had been Head of School at Gresham's, Holt before reading History and English at King's, Cambridge and joining the staff at Canford. It was the habit of Head Master Lyon to select for Rugby men who had made their mark elsewhere, and so it was that the tall and handsome couple, Jim and his young wife Delia, joined the Rugby staff in 1937.

His move to Rugby meant a transfer from the Canford OTC to the Royal Warwickshire Regiment in which he rose to Captain in 1939; and by the end of the war he had served on the Staff of 21st Army Group, been mentioned in despatches and risen to the rank of Lieut. Colonel. On his return to Rugby he commanded the School Corps from 1946-52 and enjoyed the praise that it earned from two of his former commanders, General Templar and Field Marshal Montgomery, when they conducted Annual Inspections.

Jim ran the English Department until 1952 and it has been said that the combination of Tosswill and Willans made their A Level course the best in the land. The rigorous intensity of Tosswill's teaching balanced superbly Jim's more relaxed sharing with his pupils ideas which they then had to pursue as they scoured their texts. True, he pinched all the best parts to read in school, '...even Ophelia' as his pupils grumbled; and as the class burrowed away he might profit from the convenience of School 9's position, immediately above the Common Room, to escape from the classroom from time to time. Down below he would restore himself from his cache of Ginger Nuts and bring such of his colleagues as were free at the time up to date with his gleanings from the daily press. Years of skimming through essays had given Jim an unerring eye for the interesting, not to say 'spicy' piece of news in the mass of daily papers which were delivered to the Common Room; and his greeting "I expect you've seen that article in the Mirror", (or the Mail, or the Guardian) would be followed by the familiar chuckle at the folly of human behaviour which exceeded that of all the fiction on which his pupils were working upstairs.

Jim tutored in Bradley and produced a well-remembered Maria Marten before he and Delia took their young family to School Field. Here Delia '...with whom most of us were in love', as SF men of the time remember, ran the domestic side impeccably while Jim instantly earned the respect and affection of their new flock. Sadly Delia was to die soon after they left the house in 1964 but about half of those who had been under Jim's wing made the effort to dine with him a couple of years ago, refreshing memories at least thirty-eight years old and, in some cases, over fifty.

SF boys of his day behaved with a friendly self-assurance which spoke of the security and controlled freedom which all of them, junior and senior, aesthete and hearty, found in the SF environment. All express bewilderment to this day, at how he knew so much of what was going on beyond the green baize door whilst apparently spending his time deep in an arm-chair in the drawing room – some of it, if we are to believe an eye witness, with his feet on the mantelpiece. Montgomery would have approved Jim's skill in picking his sixth and Head of House, in briefing them thoroughly, in delegating, in expecting to be kept informed; but with infallible judgement and sense of proportion, only taking action himself when heavier forces were required.

One of Jim's many adages which had to be taken with a pinch of salt, but not more than a pinch, was: 'Treat young boys sympathetically, senior ones ruthlessly'. It was noticeable that whereas other houses appeared to have a hard core of 'difficult' senior boys, there seemed to be no awkward squad in SF. Jim was one for quick, firm decisions, just as he chose the brisk familiarity of Dick Broxton's Memorial Chapel services for his Sunday devotions.

It is hard to credit that it is 24 years since Jim retired, so much the same has he seemed since he shrugged off teaching. His second marriage to Renata, widow of David Castle, in 1971, kept them and those around them constantly stimulated as they agreed or squabbled in splendid harmony for almost twenty-five years, whilst Jim's remarkable rapport with the young son won him a place in his new family. He never ceased to read voraciously and remained wonderfully well-informed; he lost none of his wit and little of his healthy head of dark hair; so it remained easy to see in him the full back who, into his fifties, partnered Will Inge in the last line of defence of the Old Guard Hockey XI, exploiting the offside rule and striking clearances which whirred at shin height through advancing boy forwards.

Jim was perhaps fortunate to have worked in an age when there was time to watch the three day Cock House matches in which SF always seemed to be involved. He was probably adaptable enough to have taken to a laptop – and his reports would have been a good deal easier to read had he done so – but the humdrum bureaucracy of modern education with its committees and form filling would have cramped the style of this most stylish of gentleman schoolmasters.

John Williams (S) has died. Logie Bruce Lockhart (Headmaster from 1955-1982) has provided the following obituary:

John Williams died at home on the 30th May 2000, aged 87. Of Norfolk family, he was educated at Ipswich School, which he loved. He was a fine athlete, swimmer, rugby player and Captain of Cricket. At Queen's College, Cambridge,

he got a degree in English and represented the College in boxing, cricket and rugby, narrowly missing a 'blue'. This was followed by P.E. at Carnegie. He started by returning to teach at Ipswich; in 1938 he was appointed Head of P.E. at Gresham's. Joining the Royal Norfolks, he served throughout the war, volunteering for No. Commando, including action in Madagascar. In 1942 he married Nancy Hope, returned to Gresham's in '46, became a Housemaster in the Junior School and its Headmaster in '57. He found time to look after P.E., athletics, swimming and rugby in Senior and Junior Schools. His long and distinguished leadership of the C.C.F. led to the award of the O.B.E. introducing an even wider number of activities, including the Duke of Edinburgh Scheme: not too much foot stamping, but popular and efficient; and lots of gold medals. The Junior School under his influence doubled its numbers and gained in reputation. At rugby he played with renowned vigour for Cornwall, Norfolk and East Counties. He was Chairman, then President of Holt Rugby Club. It was chiefly his efforts that raised it to a thriving club, putting out three teams per Saturday, plus juniors on Sundays. His tall, powerful figure graced the touchline regularly in retirement. His manner was gentle and understated, which concealed toughness and a sharp sense of humour. Always interested in antiques, he ran, as a hobby, in later years a successful little shop in Holt. In his old age, in failing health, he derived enormous pleasure from the appreciative friendship of everyone at Holt Rugby Club, and of his former pupils. He is survived by his son, Paul, and his daughter, Jill.

O.G. NEWS

Edward Adshead-Grant () now lives in the Docklands and runs a sales team, selling security print.

Douglas Aitken (H 75) is Head of Modern Languages at Abingdon School. Douglas and Yvonne, whom he married in 1998, now have a baby.

Tom Allison () is a Eurobonds broker in the City. He is married to Louise and lives near Colchester where he captains the local cricket team.

Robert Anderson () set up his own company for SAP software installation. Robert is a serious biker and is sometimes seen tearing through the Norfolk countryside.

Catherine Andrews () moved from teaching History into Management Consultancy, specialising in cultural change. She lives in Hampstead.

Geoffrey Andrews (c & W 50-58) is enjoying retirement (fishing, golf and gardening, etc.) in Milton on the New South Wales coast. He is in contact with J.R. Adams and Alan Spinks via the internet. Geoffrey's wife Elisabeth, who acquired some A-levels with the help of Gresham's, has also retired – from Queenwood.

Amanda Ashcroft (Faye) (O -90) is Head of Physics at Boswell's School in Chelmsford. She tries very hard to do justice to her career and her three-year-old son. Amanda's brother James (W) is teaching at Gresham's Prep School.

SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY DINNER IN NEWQUAY

This year's Newquay Dinner marked the 60th anniversary of the School's evacuation. There were 77 diners on Saturday 8th April, making this the largest gathering of Greshamians in Newquay since the return to Holt towards the end of the war. One reason for the success of the Reunion was Peter Corran's OG Address Book. This enabled every OG in Cornwall to be sent a personal invitation.

Our usual venue, the Pentire Hotel, no longer accommodates private parties for dinners so we gathered instead in the School's other hotel, the Bay, unquestionably the more comfortable of the two during the war.

There have now been sufficient Newquay Reunions (this was the fourth since 1990) to identify a number of regulars and for various customs to have become established. A fair proportion opt to stay in Newquay for two or three nights which prolongs the opportunity for renewing old acquaintances or simply enjoying magnificent surroundings.

One regular, former Newquay day boy David Michell, arrived in the middle of the informal dinner on the Friday evening. His opening words of greeting were unusual: 'It was from this exact spot', he said, 'that Max Parsons interrupted dinner one evening to announce that the Allies had landed in Normandy.'

Another regular, Michael Sexton, said grace. John Brauholtz proposed the toast to the School and he reminded us how much the School owed the Staff and Senior Boys of 1940. Under the inspired leadership of Philip and Sylvia Newell, they had moved the entire school from Holt to Newquay with remarkable dispatch in extraordinary difficult circumstances.

Somehow he forgot to remind us that, as head boy four years later, he himself played a major role in the return to Holt. By speaking to us that evening he demonstrated that one's responsibilities as head boy do not end on leaving school. Standing in for the headmaster, who was unable to be with us, John Rayner gave us an admirable account of the School as it is today. We were also pleased to hear from Steve Benson. As School Historian, attendance at a Newquay Reunion must surely count as a particularly enjoyable form of research.

Remarkably, the weather was again perfect and provided an excellent opportunity for walks along the Pentire Headland or tours of North Cornwall for those inclined to venture further afield.

The Reunion also provided an opportunity to reconstruct a plan of the Bay Hotel as it had been in 1940. Brian Reid, wartime resident of Kenwyn and Woodlands, had produced an astonishingly accurate plan from memory in 1990. With his help on site, his plan has been refined and, with the additional aid of some wartime Kenwyn House photographs supplied by John Baldry, the plan is now almost ready for lodging in the archives.

On the Sunday morning most of us went up to the Pentire Hotel for coffee. Philip Newell's daughter, Ruth Seton, and her husband Francis were much in demand in the Pentire Ballroom. Meanwhile Raymond Ruddock-West and other former Pentire residents debated how the entrance hall had been partitioned during the war. No general agreement was reached!

An unexpected but most welcome name on the list of diners was Kathleen Warren. Kathleen was one of only two maids to travel with the school from Holt to Newquay at the time of the evacuation. She was employed by Betty Douglas who had been impressed by her honesty at the job interview: 'Why did you leave the Feathers?' she was asked. 'I was sacked,' she replied.

Kathleen regaled us with a below-stairs account of pre-war Holt and wartime Newquay. In later life she built up a successful printing company in Florida which is where she lives today. Thanks are due to Christine Guedalla (née Douglas) for supplying Kathleen's address.

The organiser would also like to thank all those who wrote to him afterwards, many urging another reunion in 2003. Here is an early announcement...

REUNION DINNER IN NEWQUAY – APRIL 2003

In response to popular demand, a Newquay Reunion Dinner is being planned for April 2003. That year, Easter Sunday falls on 20 April and it is likely that the Reunion weekend will be one or two weeks earlier. The current proposal is again to use the Bay Hotel. Further details will appear in future newsletters.

DINERS AT THE NEWQUAY REUNION IN 2000

B.E. and Mrs Alton	R.M. and Mrs Franklin	P.d'A and Mrs Mumby
R.C. Austin	D. and Mrs Freeman	P.A.B. Peacey
M.F.B. and Mrs Baker	J.F.R. Gillam	F.J. and Mrs Ramuz
J.A. and Mrs Baldry	P.M.S. Gillam	J.S. and Mrs Rayner
C.J. Bennett	J.N. and Mrs Green	B.C. and Mrs Reid
S.G.G. and Mrs Benson	Christine Guedalla	R.N. Roberts
J.T. and Mrs Brauholtz	G.S. Hawkins	R. Ruddock-West
G.M. and Mrs Bulman	M.W.S. Hitchcock	Ruth Seton
B.K. Burford	M.R.J. and Mrs Holmes	M.B. and Mrs Sexton
D.C. and Mrs Byford	J.R. Hussey	D.H. and Mrs Spencer-
R. and Mrs Corbett	S.J. and Mrs Hutchence	Jones
W.M. Creak	F.H. King	J.C.R. and Mrs Turner
J.P. Crowdy	J.H.W. Leach	Kathleen Warren
D.M.R. Eagan	J.E. Lennard-Jones	H.B.G. Webb
A.C. and Mrs Eaton	D.G. Mitchell	D.H. Whitfield
M.L.N. and Mrs Forrest	B.B. Mitchell	R.H. Whittaker
E.P. and Mrs Fowler	W.P. and Mrs Moll	P.W. and Mrs Wilkinson
		J.H.A. and Mrs Willis

PHILIP NEWELL – MEMORIAL CARREL

Jim Hutchence, treasurer of the Philip Newell Memorial Fund, has been energetically raising funds for a special carrel for the gallery of the School Library. This would be made by Rob Corbett (another Newquay OG) and would match the existing furniture in the gallery.

This carrel is to house bound copies of the books written by Philip Newell and his collection of photographs annotated by Joe Crowdy (Chairman of the Memorial Fund). Incorporated into the carrel there will be a plaque commemorating Bill Stuttaford, the first Chairman who sadly died in 1999.

The carrel would also be the repository of the volumes of reports submitted by those who have held Philip Newell Bursaries. Volume one, covering the first 10 years of Reports, is now ready for the carrel.

Jim Hutchence wishes to thank all those who contributed to the carrel fund which is now fully subscribed. It is hoped that the carrel will be in place by the end of this year.

F. H. King (F 55 – 61)

LONDON O.G. DINNER HOSTED BY OLD GRESHAMIAN LODGE

The Old Greshamian Lodge hosted a special Millennial Dinner for O.G.s and Lodge members at the Montague on the Gardens Hotel in Bloomsbury, London on Thursday 29th September.

The guests of honour were Steve Benson (S 64 – 82) and Logie Bruce Lockhart (Headmaster 55 – 82). In his own inimitable style Mr Bruce Lockhart introduced Mr Benson, who gave an amusing after dinner talk on the history of Gresham's from Howson to Bruce Lockhart. A book by Mr Benson on the history of the School during this era is in preparation.

The event was chaired by David Barker (c & W 52 – 59), who is the current Master of Old Greshamian Lodge, and who proposed the toast to Gresham's School. Speeches were also given by Steve Moore (S 81 -), who replied to the toast to the School and introduced Mr Bruce Lockhart, and by Mac Leckie (k & H 52 – 59), who thanked Mr Benson and gave an introduction to the history, purpose, culture and values of the Old Greshamian Lodge.

Altogether thirty-seven O.G.s and former masters attended the dinner and messages of goodwill were received from several other O.G.s who were unable to be present.

Any O.G. who would like to know more about the Old Greshamian Lodge is invited to write to its Secretary, Sam Mayoh at 8, Grenville Court, 3, Kent Avenue, Ealing, London, W13 8BQ.

O.G. LEAVERS 10 YEAR REUNION

Having read with interest Ed Adshead-Grant's account of the reunion he organised last year, and not being too shy to steal a good idea, I embarked on organising a similar event for the 1990 leavers. With OG Address Book in hand, and equal doses of enthusiasm and trepidation, I set about contacting all my contemporaries. Some were hopelessly easy to get hold of, and others took months of searching. Anthony Rotsas's letter has just been returned from Nigeria in July. After an initial mail shot the response was dire, a second yielded about 30 willing and able to attend, and a month of pathetic begging phone calls reaped a workable number. Encouragingly, on the strength of my contacting people, a couple of mini-reunions took place in London, so much ice was already broken.

Lunch was held at Dave's Diner, a fine new addition to Gresham's since our time, and Mike Strong did a wonderful job, catering for 55 OGs and partners, and 20

staff. 55 adults were teleported back to the day they left Gresham's, as though the intervening 10 years had never happened. Old friendships renewed instantly, and soon the party was in full swing. Whilst at lunch we were photographed on the Chapel Lawn by Dr Leach, a terrifying sight for all the current pupils, seeing what lay ahead of them in only ten years time!

After a short break in the afternoon, proceedings got underway again in the evening at The King's Head in Letheringsett. Over 80 people were able to attend and we were looked after very well by David and Pam Watts. Paul Marriage spoke briefly after dinner, and was kind enough to present me with two bottles of 1990 claret, which I managed to hide well enough to ensure that none of the Tallis contingent nicked it! He also paid tribute to some among our number who had done particularly well to make it, namely Annette Kirchner who travelled from Washington DC, Jock Lind and Antoine Dons who came from Holland, and Dobs McLean who came over from France. Also a note of thanks to Simon Button, who had to arrange dialysis in Norwich to be able to attend

After this the dancing started and a truly memorable ended in energetic style, dodgy moves-a-plenty, many reverted to 1990 retro grooving. Everyone had a fabulous time, and I hope that those who left in 1991 can get together and recreate what is becoming a very worthwhile tradition. The best part of this whole experience is the number of social events that have been organised in spin-off. Look out the London Eye, the Newmarket Races, and failing that see you in 2015!

George Youngs

CAREERS CONVENTION

SATURDAY 11TH DECEMBER 1999

Several O.G.s kindly gave their time and advice at a Careers Convention at the School.

CONSULTANT

Mr Ed Adshead-Grant
Mr Ian Barber
Mr Jeremy Hinde
Dr David Hughes
Mr Stephen Jefford
Mr Tim Moll
Mr James Morgan
Mr Adney Payne
Mr James Steggles
Ms Emilie Lantau

CAREER AREA

Marketing
Accountancy
Police Force
Medicine
Banking
Architecture
Solicitor
Solicitor
Surveying and estate Agency
European Options

MARRIAGES AND ENGAGEMENTS

Graham Crossley has married Mary Power

Stephen Hinde has married Janice Baker

Sebastian Mottram has married Daisy Williams

Josephine Peppitt has married Charles Pertwee
(Apologies for announcing this marriage in last year's Magazine. The Editor)

Marijcke Veltman has married

Tim Alexander and Nataliya Topchyyeva have become engaged.

James Bulpitt and **Rebecca Duffield** have become engaged.

Richard Odling and Hannah Reece-Jones have become engaged.

HONOURS AND DISTINCTIONS

Frank King (F 55 – 61) has been confirmed as Senior Proctor designate at the University of Cambridge for 2000-01. He would be most interested to know how many previous OGs have been Senior Proctor at Cambridge.

HEADMASTER'S SPEECH

June 2000

I am so sorry that we are here and not in the lovely theatre in the woods. It has nearly stopped but the trees would be dripping and the seats would be wet and I am sure a lot of you, ladies particularly, are relieved to be here, but it is perverse weather that we seem to have on our Speech Days.

Chairman, Honoured Guest, Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,
welcome to this Millennium Speech Day. I am grateful to Lord Butler for agreeing to be our Guest of the Day, for rushing up from University College, Oxford this morning after a function for dons and fellows, last night at University College. I am not going to anticipate my Chairman's welcome to him other than to say how delighted I am that he is here.

I hope he likes this area – actually I know he does as he has a holiday house up here, but I was told a story the other day by Norman Dovey, our Head of Economics, rather against himself and this area:

One of our young female teachers fired with enthusiasm by the new DNA discoveries went to the Holt Medical Practice asking if they could provide her with the elixir of life, something DNA-related which would extend her life significantly – “No,” our School Doctor told her. “There really isn't anything, though you could move to the Fens and marry an economist”. “What, will that make my life much longer?” she asked. “No,” said our resourceful School Doctor. “It won't extend it at all, but it will seem much longer.”

I am, in response to popular request, trying to reduce significantly my report on the year. My secretary tells me I have failed. I feel though I must make a report – that is my prime function on Speech Day, but I have striven to reduce it so forgive me those of you who feel you should be mentioned and have not been.

Before I start I would also mention that this is the 100th anniversary of what one might call the regeneration of Gresham's in 1900 when George Howson was appointed Headmaster and the School moved from the centre of Holt to its present site here. It had a new start and was a leader in its emphasis on Science and the Arts, on personal freedom and trust for its pupils – and very successful it was, as can be seen in the amazing list of very famous former pupils. And we are commemorating this with a cocktail party at Fishmongers' Hall for Old Greshamians, Staff and Governors on 19th October.

One deep sadness this year was the death of Antony Butterwick who was a Governor of Gresham's for many years and Chairman from 1992 until 1999. We felt he was a great friend to us all. He encouraged our Choir enormously and had a deep interest in the School and all it did. His sudden death in May this year was a terrible shock, not only to the staff, but to many of the children who had got to know him well, particularly our Choir whom he had invited to Fishmongers' Hall to sing on many occasions – a great honour for them and something they enjoyed extremely deeply.

Back to the report – We were pleased once again with the GCSE and A Level results. Our GCSE results were the best we have ever had, with 47% achieving A* or A grades, 81% A and B grades and an overall pass rate of 97%. This was a clear improvement on all previous years. At A Level we dropped by 6% in the A and B percentages to 57% but with the very large Upper Sixth Form last year and a large middle we were nonetheless very pleased with the results. Seven pupils this year were made offers at Oxford and Cambridge. In September we shall be offering the new AS Levels with most pupils selecting four separate subjects dropping to three in 2001 when they move into the Upper Sixth Form. They have been encouraged generally to look for breadth with their fourth subject and

they will be selecting a contrasting subject to the main drift of the three subjects they will continue to A Level. Most universities approve of this, as we do, but the staff are of course being asked to provide a third more teaching in the Lower Sixth and the pupils are being asked to cover a third more academic ground.

On the games field the School has again done well with our Under 14 A rugby side undefeated. The girls' first hockey XI and the U16 side were County Champions. Our U14 and U15 girls' hockey teams were also undefeated. The boys' hockey 1st XI was beaten only once and the U14 A side unbeaten. The first XI were county champions for the sixth year running and should have won the regional championship but on an off day went down in the final to a side they had defeated 5-1 earlier in the term. Four members of that 1st XI side were in the Norfolk under 21 side, which emerged as National County Champions early in the summer term. Also in that side were our two Oxbridge Blues, Paddy Aldridge, goalie for Cambridge, and James Fulford, striker for Oxford. Three other members of the School played for Eastern regional sides. The girls first netball team was undefeated as were the U14 A and B sides. This term our cricket 1st XI has been defeated twice by school teams but has had many notable victories winning 8 out of its 12 fixtures and overall our cricketers have won 37 of their 56 matches; that obviously includes quite a few draws, but it is easily a record for the School. Our U14 A side was defeated only once in a limited overs match but it broke their undefeated record in all three major sports this year, which was a pity. The girls' U 14 A sides were undefeated throughout the year. Three girls played in the U14 England rounders side.

The shooters continue to excel – Peter Holden and Ed Wood were Athelings last year and Richard Lee has been selected for this summer to represent Great Britain as an Atheling against Canada. Our shooting club won the British Schools Smallbore Association Championship for the tenth and eleventh terms running this year. Andrew Patrick, Jo Austin and Danielle Foulston were selected for the British Schools' team to shoot against Denmark. Peter Holden won the British Schools' Individual Championship, so, as can be seen, the shooters go from strength to strength and there are many other successes that I haven't time to mention now.

The sailing remains outstanding and we have to travel far afield to find competition.

Our Old Boys rugby side, gathered by John Rayner, were runners up in the Cronk BMW Public Schools U21 rugby competition for the whole country defeating King's Canterbury, Tonbridge and Colfe's School en route. I have also just heard that Claire Badger, Kieran Gillick and Tim Raine have all achieved firsts at Cambridge at the end of their second year.

Choir and jazz bands continue to excel and five Gresham's pupils were selected for the National Youth Choir and two of them, the Collett twins, were selected from thousands of applicants as the only singers to perform before His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales in a National Schools Millennium Musical Tribute. The Choir had a magnificent tour in Malta impressing all who heard them and are due to visit Venice, Florence and Siena in October.

An excellent production of the musical *Barnum* celebrating the life of Barnum the circus entrepreneur was produced at the end of the Easter term and many other productions have taken place during the year: notably this term two lower sixth productions *Churchill's Women* and *The Hypochondriac*, an extract from which many of you have just seen, but both most enjoyable and well executed, not to mention a feast of drama and music from outside Gresham's which has been brought into the new Auden Theatre by Paul Hands and his team. I would also mention the 3rd form play "*I Could Always Find Tears*" and their concert at Salthouse Church last week. They are a most talented and promising group.

The Governors have just agreed to build, during the next academic year, a combined Art, Pottery, Design and Technology and Home Economics block for the Prep School, thus removing the need for the Prep School pupils to cross the road for these lessons which they currently take in Norton's Field. We hope then – in the near future – that we will be able to dispose of Norton's Field having first of all constructed a pavilion and changing rooms at the Senior School. The reception area in the pavilion should provide a new base for the Sixth Form Club thus freeing up the present Sixth Form Club premises to be converted into a Home Economics Centre for the Senior School.

We will be larger than we have ever been next term thanks, as always, to the very strong intake from our own Prep School, now being fed much more abundantly by the Pre-Prep.

There remains a very busy but constructive atmosphere within the School. We have worked hard to meet the needs of the new AS Level syllabus and the ever more complex demands of the beginning of the 21st Century, and we hope we are on the right road through it.

In fact it has been an excellent year but this term has been marred by the most regrettable events in relation to Mr. Tapply who has been charged with serious Child Protection offences and as I said in my letter to parents last week, Mr. Tapply has resigned and is still remanded in custody and on the 29th June was referred to yet another hearing on the 20th July. We deeply regret what has occurred as he has broken the trust which we all hold sacred.

Staff leavers this year are Stefan Gaul, our German Assistant, and Isobelle Fouasseur, the French Assistant, both return to their native lands to pursue their teacher training. Both have been a tremendous help this year contributing to many areas outside the classroom as well as inside assisting on the third form Battlefield trips to France and in numerous other ways as well. Mary Ilsley leaves us to train as an SRN having taught games splendidly at the Senior School getting the best out of the girls with uncompromising and highly skilled coaching. Mike James, excellent Laboratory Technician with a PhD, leaves us to research butterflies in the Sinai Desert following his star. Tony Lascelles, who joined us in January for two terms to cover Martin Weston's teaching, leaves us with all our good wishes to return south to Kent. We are most grateful to him for standing in the breach and he has been a most congenial member of the Common Room. We are also grateful to two other helpers, Alan Sankey with Spanish and Andrew Lane standing in this term for Robin Myerscough, which, in the light of those recent events just mentioned, turned out to be much more of a job than

envisaged. I am especially grateful to Father Andrew, and to Robin Myerscough for foregoing his sabbatical and coming back to us. So that Robin can run the R.S. Department effectively we have appointed the Chaplain of Epsom College to take over the Chaplain's post from Robin in January 2001. Alicia Hull retires from the Individual Tuition Department after eight years excellent service. She will, in fact, continue on a part-time basis for a period of time. Graham Hoskins, our splendid organist and music teacher, leaves us to take over the music at the Prep School. We shall miss him badly. James Holdsworth joined us in 1996 and has taught maths to the highest levels with considerable skill. He has also been a semi-living-in tutor in Tallis this last year, coached rugby, football and athletics and been involved in various other areas of school activities. He is leaving us to join the staff at Eton and we wish him every success, fulfilment and happiness. Joy Cumbers, who joined the Chemistry department also in September 1996, has taught with tremendous dedication and success, has been living-in house tutor in Edinburgh to tremendous effect, has coached aerobics, been on geography field trips and helped in numerous other areas not to mention taking Chapel for a week at least once a year with great conviction and humour. We shall miss her greatly. She is leaving to teach Science at Queen Elizabeth School near Wimborne Minster near where her doctor boyfriend is living. We wish her every success. Edward Twohig has been Assistant Director of Art at Gresham's since September 1993. He has the highest standards and has achieved outstanding results at GCSE and A Level with his infectious enthusiasm and artistic skills. He has also managed to be a living-in tutor in Howson's throughout this time and we will miss him sorely. He is going to Brighton College where he will be Head of Art and goes with our blessing, although we are sorry to lose him and Gabby his wife. He has inspired numerous pupils; they will remember him long and have been given something invaluable by him. Liz Chandler, formerly Liz Millett, also leaves us to join her husband Richard Chandler who taught here in the recent past and is now at Bancroft's School where Liz will be teaching French and German. She has been Head of Modern Languages since 1998 and joined the staff in September 1993. She has carried out this job extremely effectively, been an excellent tutor in Oakeley, Chairman of the Common Room – a slightly poisoned chalice which she has managed very tactfully – and we wish her every success at Bancroft's. We are desperately sad to see her go but agree that there is only one way to be married and that is to be with your husband. Simon Poppy, Head of Art, is leaving to take over the post of Director of Art, Design and Technology, a large post at Oakham School. He has taken it on and I have no doubt will perform it extremely well. The results in the Art Department have improved steadily over the last several years since Simon took on the department in 1989. The numbers studying the subject for GCSE and A Level have increased hugely and the results in recent years have been stunning. We are very sorry indeed to be losing him but it is good that people should move on to take on new challenges and exciting posts which often will release potential within those members of staff that might have remained untapped and might have resulted in their feeling unfulfilled. Having said that we are nonetheless extremely sad to be

losing those members of staff, but I do assure you all that we have found very good replacements for them who, I believe, will fill their shoes worthily.

Ron Coleman, Housemaster in Farfield for eight years and Head of the Geography Department for many more also retires at the end of this term after 32 years teaching at Gresham's. He helped run the cricket here in his early days, produced a dramatic increase in the number and quality of results at GCSE and A Level in the Geography Department, has made 36 trips to the Peak District and on his last trip this term said the weather was the worst he had ever encountered but the third form children were the best he had ever encountered, the most patient and helpful – putting up with the weather and all it caused. A very nice leaving comment, or nice for us who will still be here to hear. He has contributed a huge amount to Gresham's over the years: his mixture of no-nonsense and civilised cultured helpfulness and humour will be much missed. He has much to do in retirement and we wish him and Jill a long and happy one. The patience, which Ron Coleman particularly mentioned in relation to our third form, brought to mind a story that Tony Higgins, Director of UCAS, told me the other day.

He was standing in a queue at Heathrow about to fly to Boston. The aircraft was going to be taking off an hour late as there had been engine trouble and, clearly, everything had been done that could be done to reduce the delay as much as possible. However, the poor person at the check-in desk was having a rough time from the passenger in front of Tony. The passenger was weighing into him how ridiculous it was they couldn't immediately produce another plane, so the plane could take off on time. He demanded to see the Chairman of the company, told them this was not the first time he had to put up with such ridiculous delays. He criticised the response of the airline employee and all the airline employees and gave the poor man a really rough time. Finally, spitting and spluttering, the passenger moved away with his boarding pass.

Tony spoke to the airline official and said how embarrassed he was that he should have had to endure such contumely and outrageous criticism when clearly there was nothing anyone could have done other than what had been done in response to the problem. He said he would much rather take off in a plane with an engine that worked rather than one that didn't. He particularly commended the airline official at the desk for his patience. He said, "How on earth did you manage to keep your patience throughout that? Really, I think I would have climbed over the desk and assaulted him." "No, sir," he said. "It's very easy. You and he are both going to get on that plane an hour late to Boston, and will arrive probably only half an hour late in Boston as we will be able to make up some time on the flight. You will both go to the baggage collection point and you will collect your cases within ten minutes, or so, and he will not collect his cases within ten minutes, or so, as they are now on their way to Tokyo."

Every so often we need to assess what our aims and objectives are at school. There is a danger that schools ignore the complexity of the human character and the multiplicity of areas in which the modern child can excel, and try to straight jacket or stereotype pupils and that would be a terrible thing here particularly in the light of the wealth of successful pupils who have emerged from Gresham's in the arts, in the world of engineering and invention, the world of medicine and so

I think it is wise not to have too prescriptive an aim and objective for the School other than to provide as many as varied activities and areas of excellence as we possible can, starting of course with the academic. We are striving to do all that and will continue to strive. There have been remarkable changes in the world of education of late and in the overall pattern of things one of the largest changes of the last thirty years has been the focus on the education of women. Thirty-seven years ago I emerged from Cambridge University, from one of the twenty-seven all male colleges, and there were three all female colleges. Within approximately eighteen years the number of ladies' colleges had reduced by one and the number of co-educational fifty-fifty male and female colleges had increased by twenty-eight – quite a significant change. I do think, however, we are sometimes guilty of encouraging girls too enthusiastically towards full life, full-time careers. Girls are not fools, however, and work out for themselves that being a doctor, for instance, or a school teacher, can allow a mother to continue to work on a part-time basis whilst looking after a growing family or even full-time as a teacher during the terms, leaving the holidays free to look after the family. We have not perhaps, however, made girls aware enough of the need to focus on their aims and objectives. Do they really want to be career women solely and simply or will they wake up at thirty-five or thirty-six or thirty-seven in a very senior post in a merchant bank but with no husband and no children and less chance of achieving those two accessories than they had a few years before? We are 100% right to be educating girls with the same enthusiasm and care as we educate boys but even in this new Millennium the boys will not be having the babies and the girls do, therefore, need to think carefully about what they want to achieve, finally, out of life. Nicola Horlick has achieved many children and success in the merchant banking world but that may not be available or desirable indeed for all girls. Enough said, or nearly enough, as I will now read a short fairy tale representing another side of the problem.

A Fairy Tale for the Assertive Woman of the 90's

*Once upon a time in a land far away,
a beautiful, independent, self-assured princess
happened upon a frog as she sat
contemplating ecological issues on the shores of an unpolluted pond
in a verdant meadow near her castle.
The frog hopped into the princess' lap and said:
Elegant lady, I was once a handsome prince
until an evil witch cast a spell upon me.
one kiss from you, however,
and I will turn back into the dapper,
young prince that I am and then, my Sweet, we can
marry and set up housekeeping in your
Castle with my Mother,
where you can prepare my meals,
clean my clothes, bear my children,
and forever feel grateful and happy doing so.*

*That night, as the princess dined sumptuously
on a repast of lightly sautéed froglegs seasoned in a white wine
and onion cream sauce,
she chuckled to herself and thought:
I don't bloomin' think so.*

In case any of you are getting worried about me I would add that our new Head of School next year is Charlotte Goff and a very fine Head of School she will be. I hope we are a partnership at Gresham's of staff, pupils and, very importantly, parents. We are still fundamentally a boarding school so inevitably the majority of our parents live some way from the School, but the increased frequency of meetings between year groups, their parents and staff, between parents, pupils and advisers on university entry and between pupils and representatives of many different career areas I hope sustains that partnership, as indeed does the continual meeting of parents with staff at venues such as cricket, rugby and hockey matches and most importantly, recently, at the ever increasing number of theatrical and musical productions. We probably could be even more accessible to parents but I hope parents will never feel any hesitation in contacting Housemasters/Housemistresses, Tutors, myself, the Second Master, Director of Studies, Chaplain, School Counsellor, etc. I must say I do not get the impression that anyone is reluctant to make contact but there may well be some parents who are not aware how much other parents do make contact and may those parents please never feel any reluctance to discuss, and I mean this, personally, difficulties or worries which often can be solved swiftly on a phone, through discussion, or indeed through a meeting arranged between the relevant parties.

May I just add to the parents of the young – and I hope I may do so as I am a grandfather of seven grandchildren – please hold out for the standards that you believed in and maintained when you were young. They are valid – particularly in relation to alcohol, drugs, relationships, work – and don't be pushed to change by the accusation that you're out of date or fuddy duddy. We are not; and history will show that loyalty, faithfulness, self-discipline, kindness and Christianity do work and are the foundation of civilisation and are the truth. And a quotation, while in this vein, may I add from Alastair Hetherington, formerly Editor of The Guardian and an Old Greshamian who sadly died in October of this academic year: this for us all. He said : "There is no such thing as fate that can't be challenged or a force which has to be accepted; men and women by their own efforts can always make a better world." Also

My thanks to George Harston, our excellent Head Boy this year, also to the excellent, Richard Smith and Robert Fulford, Deputy Heads of School, and to all the School Prefects, Prefects and pupils who have generally been hard-working and positive in their response to the opportunities which the academic staff and support staff endeavour to provide. All my good wishes to the leavers. My particular thanks the Richard Copas during what has been quite a difficult year, and to the Bursar, Norman Semple and all the staff for their support and extremely hard work.

My thanks, too, to the Governors, to Chairman David Young, who has been a tower of strength through his first year as Chairman, a difficult year, to Keith

Waters similarly, Clerk to the Governors and Clerk to the Fishmongers' Company, and to all the other Governors who give up so much time and provide such help advising and applying their minds to development and all the myriad problems attached to a school, or three schools, of 830 pupils.

My thanks especially, though, to you, parents, for your kind support, help and patience. I hope you will all have an excellent summer holiday, richly enjoyed by those who have taken A Levels and GCSEs, but enjoyed I have no doubt by you all. Thank you very much indeed.

THE CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH

Many of you were at the concert earlier this morning and I hope you, like me, came away thrilled and inspired at the range of musical talent in the School.

It is one of many radical improvements in school life in recent years that music (in all forms) is so popular and particularly singing. Even now fifty years later I can hear my elder brother saying when I arrived at my public school – you don't want to join the choir, that's for sissies. Now what a pity that School didn't have a Cricket's Choir and in particular a Mark Jones with all his drive and passion and how lucky Gresham's and Greshamians are that we have got both. But it did occur to me as I was listening to the concert this morning that with Mark Jones at the end of a longish term, certainly a long year, if he has got that amount of energy at the end of the year God help you all at the beginning of next term.

The Headmaster mentioned the tragedy of Antony Butterwick's death, and it is. I just want to mention the major and I think very moving part which our Crickets' choir played at his Thanksgiving Service. The Church was packed and Joanna Butterwick had generously suggested a collection in aid of our Choir's tour of Italy next term. The Collection raised nearly £4,000, which is a pretty good indication of how impressed Antony's family and friends were at the singing. Now as parents know the Headmaster has indicated that he plans to retire in the summer of 2002. We have, therefore started the process of looking for his successor by appointing as our advisor the retiring Headmaster of Wellington, Jonty Driver, and in my early discussions with him I was extremely encouraged to hear that the Headmasterly Mafia, and I think they are just that, have an extremely high opinion of Gresham's and in particular of John Arkell, so that we are expected to have a strong field of candidates for this crucial appointment which we hope to finalise in the early part of next year, but in the meantime, as I am sure you would all agree, John and Jean, and it is very much a two-person team, have in no way slackened pace or reduced their commitment to the success of Gresham's and individual Greshamians. We are indeed fortunate and I personally feel extremely fortunate in my first year as Chairman to have that team and they are also great fun to work with.

Now while the overall numbers in the Senior School next term will be as high as they have ever been, I can understand parents' concern about our decision to

raise fees by considerably more than the RPI inflation index, due, as was explained in my letter to parents, to the higher cost of teachers' salaries. Now, not surprisingly, I have had some letters from parents – ten in fact – and I have, of course, responded to them. There is never a good time to make changes of this sort but the Governors did feel that in response to the teacher salary changes taking place in the maintained sector we should act sooner rather than later and I believe we owe such an approach to our staff and that they in turn appreciate it. We hope and believe that future results will prove us right and it is I think worth making two other points. Our fees, and I know they are high, are not out of line with the competition and nor are our overall increases, nevertheless the Governors do fully accept our responsibility to go on seeking and maintaining that very fine balance between insisting on top quality facilities and standards and accepting the cost, to be borne by you, entailed in that provision.

This year has seen the retirement of Tim Riviere as a Governor. He has been an outstanding member of the Governing Body for the past 12 years. Luckily we have been able to replace him with someone we used to know with a different hat, namely Michael Edwards, who before retiring was Director of Education at Norfolk County Council and a Gresham's Governor for some years. It is good to have him back and to welcome from Cambridge University Baroness Pauline Perry the President, or I think Master to you and me, of Lucy Cavendish College. Now her knowledge and experience will be invaluable to us.

But I think enough about Gresham's as my charge to you this morning is to welcome and introduce our Guest Speaker Lord Butler and to all you East Anglians he is not a reincarnated Rab Butler but he is the former Sir Robin Butler, now the Master of University College, Oxford. His career has clearly been a fascinating one. Anyone who has been Private Secretary to Ted Heath, Harold Wilson and latterly Margaret Thatcher, must have all the ingredients for some best-selling memoirs and we can only admire him for not so far giving in to the temptation of doing just that but I fear that with his educational background of Harrow and then Oxford, his career might not be so easily repeated today with the Government's emphasis on State Schools and provincial universities for their top flight civil service recruits. However, I hope he will be able to reassure us that despite Gordon Brown's protestations good pupils from Gresham's can still earn a welcome from Oxford University, at least at University College. Now, Lord Butler, thank you very much for trekking all the way from Oxford to be with us this morning, for agreeing to speak and present a considerable number of prizes, and I hope you will massage your right hand because it is going to get very sore.

Please give a very warm welcome to Lord Butler.

LORD BUTLER'S SPEECH

Chairman, Prime Warden, Headmaster, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen

Thank you very much, Chairman for that very kind invitation. You have stolen my best line. I can certainly assure you that all Greshamians will be very welcome

at University College. That indeed is the main impression that I want to leave with you today.

The Headmaster said that time spent with economists can seem very long and as somebody who has spent a lot of my career in the Treasury I can, indeed, confirm that. I can also confirm that they take up a lot of space. Indeed, it is said that if you take every economist in the world and stretch them end to end they will never reach a conclusion. But they do, of course, preach to us about the virtues of the market and the Headmaster's story about the frog reminded me of a similar position of a frog which had a lack of success with the girl that he wanted to persuade to kiss him and restore him to a handsome young man. He had told his sob story to the girl in just the way in which the Headmaster had described but this girl had an A Level in Economics and she said, "Kiss you and turn you back into a handsome young man. Certainly not. Handsome young men are two a penny, but a frog who can talk, I can make a fortune out of you."

May I just say what a privilege it is to be asked to come here as your Guest and present the prizes at Gresham's and, indeed, a great pleasure. Getting up for the concert this morning and then seeing the dance, and the acting, has been a wonderful morning and I do, very warmly, congratulate those who took part both in the choir and in the performance we saw in the Auden Theatre. A worthy tradition of a School which produced Auden and Britten. And I thought how unlike a prize giving which I recently gave at a junior school actually, but I was reminded of it by the junior choir here who appeared so charmingly on the platform in their kilts and skirts. At this junior school that I went to, the final event was the junior string band from the lowest form in the school and they had been decked out in little kilts, bonnets and a little sprig of heather coming out of the top and they came on to the platform, but they were very clearly early on in their violin careers. There was a good deal of scraping and wailing and what was just recognisable as 'Scotland the Brave' emerged. I turned around to the lady who was sitting next to me and I saw that tears were pouring down her face and I said to her "It is very moving isn't it. Are you from Scotland?" "No" she said "I'm the Music Mistress."

Well, I suppose that today you would expect anybody who comes from Oxford or Cambridge to say something about privilege and indeed the Chairman invited me to say so. And I just want you to reflect for a moment on how words can be hijacked. I said at the beginning of these remarks what a privilege it was to be invited to come to Gresham's and present the prizes – and I feel that. Of course, I didn't mean that that was some sort of private right that is not open to anybody else. It is a privilege to come to a school like Gresham's. It is a privilege to be a pupil here, it is a privilege to go to Oxford, to go to Cambridge, to go to any of the other fine universities that we have in this country and to be taught by first-rate scholars. But that is not the same as saying that is only open to a narrow range of people. Our aim should be that it is open to everybody who has the talent to do it and that, indeed, is our aim. I don't want to get political today, because you might give me the Women's Institute treatment, but it is slightly irritating for universities to be blamed for not promoting the greatest access to higher education when the Government itself, for its own good reasons, has removed the

maintenance grant, has introduced a tuition fee and, in the schools, has removed the Assisted Places. We, for our part, are absolutely determined that all those whose talents lie in our way, and they may lie in other directions as well, should have the opportunity to fulfil those talents to the full. And the really sad thing would be if the result of all this was that anybody felt either that it wasn't politically correct to try to follow your ambitions or indeed that any of these places were not the place for you. Our aim should be that everybody, everybody who leaves this school, should feel that wherever their talents take them they should be able to pursue that to the best of their ability. But of course with that privilege, with the privilege of being educated at a place like this, with the privilege of going to one of our universities, comes responsibility. I was at Harrow, as the Chairman commented, and I always remember a tablet that was up in the path leading up to the Church at Harrow and the word on it were this: *Near this spot Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards 7th Earl of Shaftesbury, when still a boy at Harrow School saw with shame and indignation the paupers funeral which helped to awaken his lifelong devotion to the service of the poor and oppressed.* And of course I do not need to remind any well educated Greshamian that he devoted his life to the reforms of the Victorian era, to changing the life of children made to work in factories, to factory workers and to a whole range of social reforms. People who leave this school today similarly have no lack of opportunity to do good in the world. It is no longer necessary to change the hours of children in factories but we only have to look at our televisions to see what scope there is for doing good, for solving problems in this country and internationally.

This week, Oxford University conferred its honorary degrees and it conferred honorary degrees on two remarkable women. One was Dame Judi Dench and the other was Mrs. Helen Bamber. Now I guess that if I were to ask you in this room to raise your hands if you had heard of Dame Judi Dench every hand in the room would go up. As a matter of interest, how many of you have heard of Mrs. Helen Bamber? I don't see a single hand go up. I was in that position on Wednesday. Now, Mrs. Helen Bamber had a most remarkable career and I just want to tell you a little about it. At the age of 20, only a year or so older than those of you who are leaving the school today, she went as a member of one of the first rehabilitation teams to enter the Belsen Concentration Camp at the end of the Second World War. Those of you who have seen just some of the pictures of the horrors of that and other concentration camps can imagine what sort of experience that was for a twenty-year-old young woman. She worked there to help the victims of that concentration camp to recover from their traumatic experience and return to life. She founded what was called 'The TB Train', which took tubercular children from the former concentration camps to Switzerland for treatment. After that she returned to Britain and she was appointed to the Committee for the Care of Children from Concentration Camps with responsibility for the rehabilitation of a group of young orphans from Auschwitz. These experiences led her to devote her life to the promotion of human rights. She established the Medical Foundation for the Care of Victims of Torture, of which there is still all too much throughout the world. She campaigned to raise awareness of the practice of that torture and the responsibility of the medical

profession for the protection of human rights. She is a patron of Women Against Violence in Northern Ireland, of Latin American Mothers, of the Board of the Gaza Community Health Programme and the International Advisory Board of the Rehabilitation Centre in Columba. What an amazing life of service and I, like you, had never heard of her.

There is immense scope for people who go out with the privileges of the sort of education that you get here to contribute to the welfare of people around the world. A huge range of problems still to be solved and whether your talents take the form of those of Dame Judi Dench, which judging from some of what I saw in the theatre today, many of you might, or whether they take that quieter form, there is terrific opportunity for you to pay back the advantages which you have had in a place like this.

It is not a bad motto in life to aim for the skies and if you attain them to make the skies equally open to others and use your life to help others less fortunate than yourselves.

THE GUNNERS AT ARNHEM

Written by Peter Wilkinson M.C.

Published by Spurwing Publishing

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Price: £11.50, post free, From Airborne Forces Promotions Ltd, Aldershot, Hants

GU 11 2B. Tel 01252-316104

“The Gunners at Amhem”, the author of which fought in the battle as a Lieutenant Command Post Officer in the 1st Airlanding Light Regiment R.A., fulfils a much needed account of the great part played by the guns of the Royal Artillery throughout the chaotic turmoil which was Arnhem.

Eight hundred and four men of the R.A. flew to Arnhem by glider. Ninety-two lost their lives and four hundred and sixty-four were taken prisoner or were missing. The gunners frequently found themselves firing over open sights at an enemy only a few yards away. They were as much in the thick of the battle as the infantry soldiers of the Parachute & Airlanding Brigade.

Whilst there are passing references to the great part played by the Airborne Artillery in the many books written on this epic, the detail of the close nature of the fighting of the six- and seventeen-pounders and the 75mm pack howitzers has not been recounted until now.

Hand to hand fighting is normally the province of the Infantry, but at Arnhem the guns were frequently with the Infantry in the thick of it, as is clear from what Major Cain, who was awarded the V.C. for his valour with the South Staffords, wrote of the gunners afterwards:

“Their steadfastness and courage in appalling conditions were an inspiration to all other units who were in position with them and their conduct throughout the last five days at Oosterbeek will never be forgotten by those who saw it.”

This book makes fascinating reading. Peter Wilkinson brings all the horror of Arnhem to light, not through histrionics or a dramatic style but simply by describing the events and those of many involved in the fighting.

The story builds up from the flights and landings of various Horsas and Hamilcars, to the unloading of the guns and ammunition and their movement through the fields and narrow streets of Oosterbeek, to the destruction of many armoured cars, troop carriers and even Tiger tanks. All comes to light in the harrowing detail of the moment. As battle wore on, many of our guns were destroyed, sometimes with all their crew, sometimes after all the crew were killed, save one, still loading, aiming and firing on his own to knock out tanks driving at him.

The involvement of the Glider Pilot Regiment and a number of individual pilots is well described. From flying episodes, both on tow and landing, and there on the ground, the author refers to the glider pilots as playing their part superbly.

Reprinted from *The Eagle*, the magazine of the Glider Pilot Regimental Association.

THE TIGHTROPE WEDDING

By Michael Laskey
(Smith/Doorstop, £7.99. Tel:01484 434840)
Shortlisted for the T.S. Eliot Memorial Prize

Smith/Doorstop have been quietly pushing new or developing talent for year now rewarding the winners of a yearly competition with volume publication; it is a delight to see their efforts rewarded with Laskey's nomination, the only small press volume to make it onto a shortlist traditionally stuffed with work from the major publishing houses. "Home movies", from this collection, exemplifies Laskey's originality of thought and quality of execution: a home movie of his parent's wedding day is played backwards, initially for sheer hilarity, and then, as signatures vanish into pens and rings are pulled off fingers, the atmosphere is choking: "He stood so still/we didn't exist. There was nothing real/ but that slither of negatives at his feet."

HONK! THE UGLY DUKLING

It has added oomph, ducky

A couple of years ago I described George Stiles and Anthony Drewe as the permanent bridesmaids of the British musical theatre, patiently waiting for someone to propose the big time. That moment has now arrived.

Julia McKenzie's production of *Honk!* for the NT Ensemble is an exuberant smash hit that will delight parents every bit as much as their children. I first saw the show in Scarborough two years ago, when it seemed amiable and good-hearted, but just lacked that extra oomph, the elusive X-factor, which is the hallmark of all great musicals.

There has certainly been some rewriting since then, for the script now seems sharper, the jokes funnier, the narrative more involving. And it is clear that in Drewe we have a lyricist/book writer of rare wit and ingenuity, and in Styles a composer of great range, as capable of music-hall pastiche and jaunty novelty numbers as he is of yearning anthems and touching love songs. With *Spend Spend Spend* now wowing audiences at the Piccadilly, the future of the British musical hasn't seemed so bright for years.

Hans Christian Andersen's original story is only about 12 pages long and surprisingly dull. Stiles and Drewe have given it both sparky street cred and a likeable message urging tolerance of other people's differences. They have also beefed up the emotional content, focusing on the mother duck Ida's desperate search for her aesthetically challenged son when he goes AWOL after being bullied and has to face all kinds of dangers in the wild.

The piece has been staged at the National's Olivier with panache. Designer Peter McKintosh has come up with a satisfyingly simple, circular design of pond and bullrushes and there's no laborious attempt at realistic animal costumes. Instead the cast wear everyday clothes with an ingenious animal twist. Baseball caps with yellow peaks suggest beaks, a Manchester United scarf becomes a turkey's tail feathers, and the Ugly Duckling is a gawky, geeky schoolboy in grey school blazer and baggy shorts.

Young children may need help in identifying the animals, but this is a show that encourages them to use their imagination, and to recognise that its real subject isn't farmyard creatures but their own lives and behaviour.

The Ensemble is in cracking form, with sharp, inventive definition in almost every performance. McKenzie, who has always put me in mind of a clucking mother hen herself, also scores some real directorial coups – a shimmering underwater sequence, a blizzard brilliantly conjured with white umbrellas, and a hilarious Busby Berkeley pastiche for green-flipper and begoggled frogs.

Gilz Terera is a real find as the Ugly Duckling, delightfully nerdy, innocent and vulnerable yet with a bright comic spark about him too. Beverley Klein is full of guts and deep feeling as his anguished mum, delivering the three-tissue ballad *Every Tear a Mother Cries* with heart-tugging emotion, and David Burt is in his element as both her spivvy husband and a delightful bullfrog who sings the show's most catchy number *Warts and All* ("Though I'm Tyrannosaurus Rexy/Some will find me sexy").

Jasper Britton offers both laughs and shivers as the villain of the piece, a suavely sinister, Terry-Thomas-like tomcat with the splendid catchphrase "Hello Ducky", and there is smashing work too from Davis Bamber and Annabel Leventon, who play a couple of geese like RAF-types in a Second World War movie.

It's a lovely production and, if there is any justice, *Honk!* will do for Stiles and Drewe what *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat* did for Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber.

Reprinted from *The Daily Telegraph*.

THE KINGDOMS COME

J.K. Coleridge

Many of you will have read John Coleridge's poems, some of which have been published over the years in a wide variety of magazines. Others, who will have appreciated his interpretations of poetry in the classroom, will not be surprised to see this collection of his poetry

I had seen some specimens of John's poetry from time to time, but was surprised by the sheer quality, especially of his later verse.

Some are written in strict classical metres and rhymes, some in looser modern idiom; some have a ring of true sincerity, and some (the pastoral selection for instance) an observer's eye.

There is something to give all of you pleasure including tantalising glimpses of the private man not all of us knew but whom those of us who did admired. Read it!

Logie Bruce Lockhart

**RECENTLY PUBLISHED
BIOGRAPHY
'BEN NICHOLSON'
BY SARAH JANE CHECKLAND**

It describes the passionate but often painful love between the artist and the sculptor Barbara Hepworth.

Ben Nicholson is one of the three towering figures of British abstract art in the 20th century, along with Barbara Hepworth and Henry Moore. His ethereal white reliefs are among the most powerful legacies of the Thirties. At £1.1 million his record at auction remains the highest for a British abstract painting, while another work has sold privately for twice that amount. But public awareness of the painter has declined since The Times summarised his career as a “triumphal progress” when he died in 1982. While Hepworth and Moore’s sculptures still feature large in parks and city squares, the many Nicholson paintings in museums throughout the world are relegated to basements and storerooms. The reason is that Nicholson reviled the “personality cult” that accompanies success, insisting instead that his work hold its own unaided by associations with its creator. He disdained journalists and art historians, and was never interviewed on television or radio. Furthermore, he was obsessively secretive about his private life. As a result, an assumption has grown that both he and his works were devoid of human content – something which could hardly be further from the truth.

‘Ben Nicholson’ is published by John Murray at £25.

A CAULDRON OF SPELLS

[An extract from the collected writings of Frank McEachran (S) edited and introduced by Lawrence Le Quesne (F) who earlier this year organised a dinner at Shrewsbury School to celebrate the 100th anniversary of Kek’s birth.]

Introduction and memoir

Again, the choice of school to which he went for his first permanent appointment is worth noting (although of course this may have been no more than a matter of chance in the first place). Gresham’s was no run-of-the-mill public school in the 1920s. Although founded in 1554, only two years after Shrewsbury, it was for the first three and a half centuries of its existence no more than a small country

grammar school. In the early twentieth century it was transformed by the patronage of the Fishmongers' Company and the dynamic influence of a great headmaster, G.W.S. Howson, who not merely lifted it into the ranks of recognised public schools, but gave it for then a quite exceptional liberal image. He had the hardihood to take Greek off the curriculum: Gresham's became a predominantly scientific school, where there was no fagging, no beating and no privileges, and where the importance of games was heavily played down – there were no caps or colours, and Howson would not permit inter-school matches. This image soon attracted a clientèle of liberal-minded parents and a range of pupils which included not only a succession of distinguished scientists in the making but also talents as diverse as W.H.Auden, Benjamin Britten, and Donald Maclean (later famous as one of the 'Cambridge Five' and a member of the K.G.B.). Howson's headmastership had ended in 1919, but his influence still dominated the school throughout the inter-war period, and, whether Mac deliberately chose it for this reason or not, it provided an ideally stimulating environment for him to work in (though it should be added that it was apparently a difference of opinion with Howson's far less imaginative successor that precipitated Mac's otherwise surprising departure in 1934). How close his relationship was with the most talented pupils of the era is an interesting but obscure question – especially as W.H. Auden, together with T.S. Eliot, was to be one of the greatest poetic influences on his life. I think I am right in saying that they overlapped in the school by only one year; but Mac certainly knew Auden, though it is uncertain whether he taught him, and John Bridgen has argued most interestingly that he exerted a significant influence on Auden's early ideas. It is more surprising, given Mac's very low regard for music (one of his three forces that rot the human spirit, as he frequently used to inform his friends – the other two being organised games and organised religion), that he also apparently exercised some influence on Benjamin Britten, reputedly by singing him French songs in class; though what effect this experience might be expected to have on a major composer in the making I find it hard to assess.

But the thing that more than any other marked him as an exception among public school masters during these years was his literary achievement, which John Bridgen's bibliography now allows us to put into proper perspective. Between 1927 and his departure from Gresham's in 1934, Mac contributed some twenty essays to literary periodicals, as well as publishing the two books already noted in 1930 and 1932, and in the highly prestigious periodicals at that – most of them in *The Nineteenth Century*, *The Criterion*, and *The Hibbert Journal*. The 1920s were a golden age for periodicals, which had not yet had the ground cut from under them by the massive expansion of the broadcasting media. Some of the descendants of the big Victorian heavyweight reviews were still in the field – *The Nineteenth Century* itself is a good example, and beside them was a generation of new journals more strictly directed to literary criticism and edited by leading figures of the lit. crit. world, conspicuous among them T.S. Eliot's *Criterion*, Cyril Connolly's *Horizon* (to both of which Mac contributed, especially the former), and F.R. Leavis's *Scrutiny*. There were also more specialised, semi-professional periodicals such as *The Hibbert Journal*, in this case concentrating on philosophy.

All these journals took for granted a high level of education and general culture in their readers. Behind them ultimately, perhaps, lay the Victorian assumption of the existence of a leisured and educated intelligentsia whose interests ranged over a wide field of common culture in which all participated, an assumption certainly no longer valid today and perhaps already questionable before 1939. But while it lasted, it provided both a stimulus and an ideal forum for a man of Mac's curious and wide-ranging intellect to develop and display his ideas. The climax of this period of literary achievement must be the early 1930s, when *The Civilised Man* and *The Destiny of Europe* were published ; and I have suggested before now that at this time Mac must have been close to the point at which he could have taken off into a purely literary career, a point reached by very few schoolmasters indeed. His contacts with T.S.Eliot in particular, whom he apparently knew quite well (presumably as a result of his contributions to *The Criterion*, for which he wrote a considerable number of book reviews), would have given him an easy entry into the world of publishing. Indeed, it was Eliot's firm of Faber and Faber which published his two books. Whether Mac ever actually considered abandoning teaching for the hazards and temptations of a literary career, I do not know – it may be that he enjoyed teaching too much by then, or, perhaps more likely, that, given his entire absence of private means, the financial risk would have been prohibitive. His flow of contributions to periodicals continued after he left Gresham's – indeed, it never entirely ceased, though it thinned out markedly after the War, partly perhaps due to a shift in his interests and partly to the progressive disappearance of the kind of periodicals to which he had contributed.

It is all the more necessary to emphasise the importance of Mac's own writings because this was a side of the man of which most of his pupils knew nothing. This book is a selection of spells: it was for them (and to a lesser extent his screeds) that most of his pupils after all remembered him, and it is for them above all that this present volume is intended. But spells were only part of the real Mac, and there is a danger that he will go down in Salopian mythology as a loveable old eccentric who made boys stand on chairs to recite poetry, dispensed Mars bars to all and sundry, and owned three bicycles because he had usually forgotten where he had put two of them. There was a lot more to him than that, and those who remember him with affection should be aware of it. Mac was a man of ideas who had worked out for himself an embracing and integrated world view, which was original in the way the parts were put together. He was one of the very small minority who genuinely have something to say to the world, and I doubt if more than a few of those he taught ever realised this, or grasped what it was that he had to say. It was in his contributions to periodicals and in his books (notably *The Civilised Man*, *The Destiny of Europe*, and *Freedom the Only End*) that his ideas were most clearly expressed, whereas in the two volumes of spells, they found only incidental and occasional expression in their selection of the spells themselves and in the notes; and I think therefore that it is important to look at those earlier writings, and to try to define what those ideas were.

L'APRES-MIDI D'UN FAUNE

He thought he was going to be happy. That is, on the evening of his arrival. He had walked into the long white-washed dining room trying to look assured and self-confident, for he realised the importance of the first impression. Out of the corner of his eye he caught sight of a freckled finger pointing at him, but he tried to ignore this, and pretended not to hear the boys making the usual pun about his name.

He went over to the open fire whose cheery glow looked out of place and yet as though enhanced by its rareness. "A beginning of term treat" he thought to himself. The larger boys made room for him in front of the mantel-piece, and their conversation seemed to freeze away. He looked round, and noticed with a gulping nausea the large piles of thick white bread whose yellow spread looked oily and anaemic in the artificial light. Then he caught a fleeting glimpse of a small thin boy with a brown gipsy face and thick, straight black hair lolling over his eyes. Immediately he turned his head to look at him more closely, but this time he could no find him. He tried unobtrusively to peer round the angle of the fire into the large chattering group of boys, but he did not dare to show himself too interested. Once again he let his eyes wander despondently over the few dejected little outcasts from the main group who stood with their hands buried deep in their pockets, and with furrowed brows trying to look as if they did not want anyone to speak to them.

A young and husky treble voice piped out above the hum, and everyone started moving towards the trestle tables. He felt, with a sudden warm thrill, a soft feminine touch on his arm. He swung round and found himself looking into a cold grey-blue pair of eyes, and with a sudden impression of a grey and white striped uniform he was hustled towards the top of one of the tables.

A thick male voice began incanting in Latin, and he looked down on the long tapering sea of heads swimming before him. He suddenly felt an urge to lift his hands and follow the line to a point with his fingers, as he remembered being showed to do in his first lesson on perspective.

There was a scraping of benches, and a boy sprang forward to pull out his chair. He looked at him vaguely, but instead of sitting down he stared around the room, searching for the faun-like boy. Suddenly he realised that the whole table was staring up at him, and with a nervous little smile he pulled himself back and sat down.

I must not make any remarks about the weather, he said to himself, it would be too obvious. Yet to his surprise conversation flowed quite freely from the beginning. He was amazed to hear himself speaking in a cold literary tone, very precisely, without abbreviating any words and carefully articulating every syllable. He noticed that the others were as perplexed as he was, and he could feel them repeating that peculiar name of his to themselves and making wild surmises at his origin.

Yes, he was an artist. He had only taken a drawing-master's job, because he had to keep alive somehow.

"Can I see your pictures sometime?" asked his neighbour. "I am very interested in art," He started reciting monotonously a very mixed list of well-known painters. "I like them all. They are so lovely."

He looked away from the eager boy, uninterested. No, he is no use. He talks about the dullness of his fellows, but really he is with his emotional deadness is less a product of God than these empty little things who only show their passions in eroticism. He is so humanly intellectual, for he will grow up so critical, examining life with a critical detachedness, and he will repeat catchword about how he has achieved distinterestedness. But really only the artist who throws himself into all the sordid troubles of life, and who sees everything emotionally, and out of perspective, only he can create truly a reflection of his time. The remote critic who in his detachedness feels he can see the world dispassionately, and who talks about creative criticism, is performing a task artistically futile. For art must be alive and vibrant, it must be time, it cannot deny time, it must appeal to the violence of the soul, and not to the aloofness of the dissecting mind.

These intellectuals review art so analytically. They judge pictures by a few set formulae. They talk about impressions and aesthetic values in design and thus lay down of composition and movement. They will praise El Greco for the balance and perfection of the rhythmic sweep, but they will ignore the sheer emotion which makes the picture so terrifyingly dramatic.

They take Stravinsky and discuss the harmonies and the derivations of his rhythms, and they will praise his music for the mathematical intricacy of its construction, but they will never feel the real pagan Slav beating underneath.

Oh I wish I could write music. I have tried, but I cannot. I cannot even play decently. I love, I worship my art, all my time is devoted to it, my supreme life's work is in my painting, and yet throughout I am aware of the rhythmic strain within me that so longs to be expressed in sound instead of canvas.

And now today I have found what I have searched for so long. That little faun-like gipsy boy is a living symbol of all my secret desires. In his sullen eyes I can feel the consummation of my philosophy. If I can find him again and paint him, oh, God, grant that I can reproduce in pigment what exists in flesh and blood – my own soul!

His last thoughts and their sudden climax gave him a wild courage and, interrupting the happy gushings of his neighbour, he began to describe his faun from the strong image before him. He was amazed at the clearness with which he could recollect every trait from that brief glimpse of what really had been himself.

"I don't know anyone like that here, sir," said the boy. "It must be a new boy."

But when the new boys were told to stay behind, he took the opportunity of staying as well, making a feeble joke about being a new boy too. Yet he could not see the faun boy amongst the nervously-stereotyped children in the group before him.

He wandered away with the sudden realisation that the boy was not in school, in fact that the boy did not exist in the material sense, but that he was a cosmic

projection of his own personality. The boy he had seen, and whose features still lived before him, was a concentration, a summing-up, of his own soul.

He understood what was expected of him; by whom, he did not know. He was not interested in metaphysics, he merely let them happen. He was being driven by some power to achieve the dream of artists, to paint his own soul.

Impatiently he went through the dull routine, supervising weary boys writing postcards home, supper of moist biscuits and flat tea, prayers, being sociable with the other masters, laughing at their little jokes- at last he managed to escape to his room.

He locked his door, and throwing open his shining new trunk, excitedly he pulled out his palette and his brushes, and the canvas, and his squashed tubes of paint.

He started to draw rapid outlines with the charcoal. Now that he was beginning his work, the image of the boy faded.

In despair he daubed streams of colour on the picture; gradually the face of a small gipsy boy emerged. But the eyes were dull and commonplace.

"His portrait of the gipsy boy shows great skill, but it is rather uninteresting. It reminds one of Victorian romanticism at its worst"- he took the *Sunday Times* every week.

I cannot, I cannot do it, he thought, if only I could see him once again.

And frantic in the sudden reaction to his previous exultation, he dropped stupidly on his bed.

He was lying there perhaps asleep, perhaps dazed, when the door swung lightly open, and the naked body of the little gipsy boy slipped in. He stood before him dancing, proud of his bareness.

He stretched forward and picked up his brush. The little faun mischievously turned his back on him. He jumped forward to take hold of him and keep him still, but he sprang lightly away. He let him draw near, and then in a flash he twisted out of his clutches.

Then he suddenly turned round again and lifting his deep brown eyes he took his hand and led him out of the door. Down the passage and into the little chapel.

He danced down the aisle to the organ and he followed slowly. The faun child took his hand and pointed to the silent keyboard.

He understood.

He sat down, and trembling put his hands on the keys. Then in a thrill of ecstasy, he played. Theme after theme of his pæan of joy tumbled out, and louder and louder rose his consuming cry. More and more intricate wove the ever-increasing polyphonic strands, and the little chapel lit up and glowed with the glorious presence of God.

Out of the corner of his eye he noticed his faun, sitting with a puckered brow, absorbedly flying his pencil over a sheet of manuscript.

Imperceptibly the divine triumph faded from his playing, and his fingers moulded the instrument into a throbbing extension of his brain. He played his humdrum life, and told of the petty quarrels and the cheap moments of happiness. He remembered the events of that evening, and he told of the little faun-like boy. The music drooped despairingly over his useless canvases, and then suddenly remembering their final victory, it swelled to a last clarion call of achievement.

He fell forward exhausted over the patterned keys.
After a little while he looked round. The faun had gone. He stood up disappointedly and then he noticed the pile of manuscripts on the dusty floor. He picked up a sheet, and with a sudden joy he recognised his brilliant variations of triumph. He looked through the pile, and found all his playing there recorded-for ever.
It is great, he thought, I can look at it impartially, for I know it is not this part of myself that wrote it. In my calmness I can see the beauty and greatness of my own creation. I have expressed as a musician what defied me as an artist. Now I must give it to the world, the supreme consummate achievement.
The door of the chapel had opened. He saw again the cold grey-blue eyes of the woman, and behind her the sleepy ruffled headmaster-a silk dressing gown with a large torch.
He suddenly realised that he was naked, though he could not remember undressing.
The grey-blue eyes suddenly disappeared in a flush of dusky red and the headmaster appeared unsympathetic.
"Yes, I know old Fisher quite well. Very well read and all that, but not very musical, I'm afraid."
P.S.P. Brook

Reprinted from *The Grasshopper*. Copies of this story were sent to the Editor in response to Michael Stern's appeal in last year's Magazine.

'I wanted him still numb and blank'

John Coldstream meets John Lanchester

"What is it about looking at pictures," wonders Mr Philips, the title character of John Lanchester's second novel, "that makes you feel so knackered?" In the brief time that he stands in front of Millais's *Ophelia* (1852), he reflects that he has never seen a dead woman; that the inevitable visit to his mother's funeral in Australia will be the longest and worst journey that he will ever make; that in his first job he knew a man whose brother-in-law, an undertaker, liked his wife to have a very cold bath before coming to bed and then to lie absolutely still; that Millais had a thing about hair – supposedly a masochistic trait; and that he himself envies anyone who has slept with a redhead. He awards the painting six out of ten. After all that, no wonder he could do with a nap.

In a room at the Tate dedicated to works inspired by literature, Lanchester re-examines the Millais and makes the same general point. Looking closely at art is exhausting, particularly if you have, as he does today, the colly-wobbles. Anyway, it is nothing a Rennie and a good lunch in the gallery's basement cannot remedy.

With its Rex Whistler mural, *The Pursuit of Rare Meats*, this is an apt setting in which to beard a former arts columnist for this newspaper and ex-restaurant critic whose previous protagonist, Tarquin Winot in *The Debt to Pleasure*, was a gourmet with a refined taste in serial killing. Mr Philips, however, takes little interest in food: he owes his existence to a tiny detail from a shocking and, alas, very real murder.

During the police investigation into the murder of Rachel Nickell on Wimbledon Common, several witnesses reported seeing a man who was “just sitting on a park bench”. It transpired that he had been made redundant three months before, but, says Lanchester, “every morning he was getting dressed for work and going out. I started wondering about what happened to someone like that. The figure crystallised something I’d been interested in.”

Lanchester had already been aware of how brutal, how euphemistic the word “redundant” is: “The Americans, for example are very shocked by it. They prefer ‘downsized’.” More important, he was curious about the consequences when a working life is truncated: “I’ve known one or two people in this situation. My father took early retirement at 56, basically because he was bored. He did an H.N.D. in electronics and was very active. But what about someone who simply doesn’t know what to do with himself? Someone for whom work is where he has been most at home?”

At 37, and successfully self-employed, Lanchester is scarcely staring into either the abyss or the mirror: “It is partly a generational thing. I don’t have a job for life and I don’t think I will. But you don’t have to be much older than me to have lived in a world where that was a perfectly normal set of assumptions. I wanted Mr Philips to be a figure caught on that cusp.” So, after a quarter of a century catching the train to Waterloo, the 50-year old accountant finds that suddenly he has joined the ranks of those who simply do not know what to do with themselves – “such a vivid and terrible thing”.

The whole story is set inside 24 hours – “I did think of various ways of doing it, but in the end I wanted him on that first day when he is still numb and blank” – and inside a loop from Clapham to the West End and back again. Lanchester pre-empts the pedants; “I’m afraid there isn’t a bus that turns right over Chelsea Bridge. But I wanted him in Battersea Park and the Tate, and after trying it several different ways, I thought to hell with it, I’ll just make the bus up.”

The same applies to a halt at a Soho porn shop and cinema. “I can tell it’s going to come over as a real Jeffrey Archer moment,” says Lanchester. “But I did, straight-forwardly, make it up. The last blue movie I saw was in Germany, in my hotel room, on the book tour for *The Debt to Pleasure*.”

The ruminations and speculations he allows Mr Philips are wide-ranging: the randomness of public art: nose-picking in traffic; the prevalence of tramps on the Circle Line; the aggressive tendencies of those behind the wheel of white vans; the oddness of spies going to work at a “brand-new office building that is one of the most conspicuous and extrovert and obviously expensive in the whole of London”. But, for Lanchester, the most hazardous area, the one that might provoke calculators to emerge from anorak pockets, is that of mathematics and statistical probability.

Among other things, his protagonist works out the percentage of British women happy to take their clothes off each year for money; the speed at which suicides hit the water from the Clifton and Severn Bridges; the amount of “nothing time” in the average person’s life; and the number of people on his bus who “ have never been on a London’s river, seen a corpse or experienced anal intercourse”. There is also a virtuoso passage in which our chances of winning the lottery are compared with those of our being dead by the end of the week.

“I hope mathematicians are not going to find too many howlers, “ he says. “There is a dodgy maths A-level in my past, so I did have to recruit various people.”

What else is there in John Lanchester’s past that provides useful pointers to his eclectic appetite and his learned but zestful writing? For a start, he knows abroad. He was born in Germany when his father, who spent most of his working life in the Far East with the Hong Kong Bank, had been posted to its sole European branch. “I left Hamburg at six weeks old because my parents were moved back to Hong Kong.”

At 10 he was sent to Gresham’s in Norfolk and became one of those long-distance commuting public schoolboys. “As an only child, I was keen to go to boarding school. I wanted to have things like a bike, which we didn’t have in Hong Kong. I knew that there were bigger landscapes and I was keen to see them. Gresham’s really suited me because it was tremendously outdoorsy and sporty and unsnooty. It certainly had a socialising effect.”

Lanchester read English at St John’s, Oxford, and stayed on. But he never completed his “alleged thesis”, which was to have been titled *Rhetoric and Diction in three English Poets of the 1590s*, because he had been doing “more and more bits and pieces of journalism” and had made the “ great discovery that there was more intellectual life outside the academy than in it”.

He describes looking around with a heavy heart at the “luminaries” in the upper reading room of the Bodleian, seeing his own possible later trajectory, if all went really well, via “Readership and fat book to Chair”, and realising “with what alcoholics call ‘the moment of clarity’ “ that it was not for him.

He answered an advertisement for an editorial assistant at the *London Review of Books*, started there 14 years ago this month and has been involved ever since, including a period as deputy editor. He has also been a football reporter, obituary writer, editor at Penguin and, from 1992 to 1995, restaurant critic of the *Observer* – a stint that coincided felicitously with the principal work on his first novel, that delicious melange of murder and haute cuisine.

How, for Lanchester, did food develop from the basic necessity into serious study? “As the homicide detectives put it: Motive, Means and Opportunity.” At Oxford, he found himself “kicked out of his house and broke”, so he started both cooking and reading about cookery. He discovered a “non-canonical genre, into which all sorts of unexpected things can creep – a lot of tremendously interesting sideways cultural, historical, etymological and geographical information”; autobiographical too, with the likes of Elizabeth David, M.F.K. Fisher and Alice B. Toklas “telling stories about their lives”. Thus, 14 years ago, the idea took root of a “cookbook with a story, which had to be a murder story”.

By the time *The Debt to Pleasure* was published in March 1996, Lanchester had just given up his restaurant column: "I had been writing the novel in secret, and it had been helpful to draw on the same concerns in a dramatically opposite way. I finished the book on December 31 1994, and then began to run out of steam on the column. There is a finite number of things to say about Italian food." Another "moment of clarity" came when he found himself writing for the third time exactly the same explanation of how 97 per cent of "Indian" restaurants here are owned by people from a region of Bangladesh and how "it would be as if America were full of European restaurants run by people from Andorra cooking a version of Spanish food". He realised that "this is what I said I was not going to do".

The Debt of Pleasure won four gratifying disparate prizes: the Whitbread for First Novel, the Betty Trask for "a first novel of a romantic or traditional nature", the Hawthornden for "work of imaginative nature" and a Julia Child Award for "literary food writing".

Translations to date total 21: in November he went to launching in Latvia – where "a book costs 10 times more than it did under the Soviets, about one twelfth of the average monthly wage, but where there is 100 per cent literacy".

In 15 months "on the road" he took 52 flights. Even for the much-travelled Lanchester "it was all very new and strange. I decided that everything connected with publishing a book was fine, except the American tour. Everyone says how glamorous it must be, but the main thing is, it's lonely. In Seattle I suddenly realised that I didn't know anyone within 2,000 miles, and that it was four days since I had seen, and another three before I would see, anyone I'd met before." A fear of flying did not help.

Yet America has a special place in Lanchester's affections. In May 1994, he married his girlfriend, Miranda Carter, in the courthouse at Reno. Then the new bride telephoned her agent in London and learned that Macmillan had accepted her 30,000-word proposal for a biography of Anthony Blunt. The first draft was completed six weeks ago.

Their house in Clapham, south London, has been alive not only to the purposeful tapping of keys. The Lanchesters have a 22-month-old son called Finn (Lanchester's mother was Irish; "it means 'fair' which he is") William ("after both his grandfathers and to give him something to fall back on").

He, too, is likely to be seeing the world soon. For Lanchester's next book, which he is unsure whether to cast as a novel or as a memoir, will be "to do with family background"; and the plan is that before Finn starts school they should head East for at least three winter months: "I have this fantasy of taking off one winter day and flicking V-signs down the M25 while sipping Chardonnay on a plane, then arriving back on March 1, saying 'Why do you all look so pale?'" And, as the mischievous Tarquin might have said, why not?

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PHILIP NEWELL AWARDS

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

A YEAR OUT IN THE ARABIC WORLD

Report from Eleanor Besley

Flicking through some back issues of "The Gresham" and reading about other people's daring gap year experiences has left me feeling slightly inadequate. I never was the overly adventurous type so the tales of my few months of complete freedom from academia do not, I'm afraid, involve anything as brave as living in leech-infested jungles or diving hundreds of feet into waters swarming with sharks. I chose the probably softer, and definitely much wiser, option of living and working in Moroccan civilisation for six months, and whilst the physical challenges were minimal compared with those of other adventurous school leavers, the mental challenge of living within a culture so immensely contrasting to our own were unexpectedly intense.

After a few days spent breathing in the busy atmosphere of the country and adjusting to my host family's strict views on the way women should conduct themselves I was offered the experience of visiting a Moroccan souk. These open air markets are a central feature of every town and city in the country and certainly provide a feast for the eyes and an assault on the nose of a probably initially bewildered traveller. I remember how intimidating my first trip to the Rabat souks felt as I was pushed along with a heaving crowd down winding alley after winding alley. These claustrophobically narrow streets are always crammed with traders and buyers and the noise of each street seller trying to raise his voice above that of his next door neighbour creates a constant, almost deafening roar of sound. I can recall feelings of panic as I tried desperately not to lose my companion in the crowd, although with my sticking out like the proverbial sore thumb I don't think that would ever have been a problem. On that busy Saturday afternoon my skin suddenly seemed ridiculously white, my hair humiliatingly pale and my face and arms embarrassingly exposed. It is no exaggeration to say that every single Moroccan I passed stared at me unflickeringly and the vast number of beggars who darted through the streets became suddenly painfully imploring as they pleaded for "deux dirhams" from the "rich little white girl".

The souks are certainly the place to go in Morocco to get some culture shock and although they are daunting with the incessant hassle from the street traders desperate to sell you their goods and the shocking images of crying beggar woman,

often crippled by polio, once this shock is over there is real delight in souk shopping. My GAP partner Philippa and I spent many happy afternoons getting lost in the maze-like streets haggling over the price of already ridiculously cheap goods, often sipping boiling hot tea, sweet mint tea with the good-natured trader we were bargaining with. We found ourselves fighting furiously over the last ten pence we refused to pay, not because we were being mean, but because we knew that it was a way of earning respect from Moroccans, and because we wanted to do our bit towards dispelling the image of white people being nothing but rich and gullible. An image that seems to be felt throughout the country. Possibly we succeeded only in creating a new image of white people being nothing but tight but we certainly always felt satisfied when we walked off filled up with tea and carrying another Moroccan trinket whose price we'd managed to reduce by a massive fifty pence!

Probably the most incredible memory I have of my time out there is the one of my trip to the Sahara. We did the thirty seven hour drive south in a clapped out Renault and when we arrived our comfort was distinctly decreased as we transferred our sore behinds onto camels. The seven of us trekked slowly through the desert for several hours but with the breathtaking views of vast, rich-red sand dunes that surrounded us it felt more like minutes. I certainly felt very insignificant and tiny as we plodded along marvelling at our surroundings, and the whole atmosphere was so calm and so perfectly silent that it seemed my mind was being emptied of everything and simply filled with the sound of the wind and the camel's hooves crunching into the sand. We camped under a full moon which lit the whole desert and provided us with enough light to climb one of the huge sand dunes at midnight, from which miles upon miles of beautiful smooth sand spread before our eyes. We then rose at dawn to watch the sun rising. Again the desert seemed to have changed colour and after waking some lazy, grouchy camels we began the journey home through a sea of pinks and yellows.

Living with a strict Muslim Moroccan family is no fun for two European girls who are on a quest for thrilling new sights and experiences. Being told that we had to be home before the sun set at six o'clock and that we weren't allowed out unchaperoned certainly didn't fill us with the prospect of an exciting six months. So we politely informed them that we were moving out. The move from the family's luxurious home to a run-down dirty flat in one of the poorer suburbs of the city was a dramatic one. Initially we cursed our own stupidity as every time we left our new home the hostile eyes of frosty villagers followed us around, and as each time we opened our windows we smelled the stench of rotting food that had been discarded on the nearby rubbish dump. And the discovery of cockroaches in the toilet made me desperately long for the sanitation and the personal maids we had left behind! Surprisingly, however, it was in this tiny little poor community that we discovered how hospitality is a trait of character that seems to have been bred in all Moroccans. It wasn't long before the stony stares became wide, welcoming grins and the silent contempt gave way to an almost smothering acceptance.

We Brits are used to personal space, we came home and shut the door behind us with an occasional wave to the neighbour whose name we don't know. This is

just not the Moroccan way. We soon found the invitations into fellow villagers' homes to taste "the best couscous in the world" distinctly overwhelming. We were suddenly village celebrities and could not step out of our front door without some small child dragging us by the hand to his home where his mother had spent all day preparing Moroccan delicacies for us to sample. Saying "no" simply wasn't an option. Suddenly everyone knew our names and we were treated like movie stars, being followed by hoards of children screaming our names and trying to touch our notorious white skin. On one occasion we were invited into the home of the family living nearby. We sat in their living room rather awkwardly as they gazed at us in awe with endless questions about how amazing England must be and stroking our hair and telling us how beautiful and perfect we were. It was all very embarrassing and we were trying to make our escape when the mother in the family came out with "We want you to sing for us." On seeing their thirteen imploring faces willing us to sing we humbly obeyed and squeaked out a very poor rendition of a Beatles' ballad. Puce with humiliation and longing to leave we eventually finished it off and sat down, relief washing over us. But it didn't last long as the beaming mother stood up clapping our hands and said "That was fantastic, but now we want to see you both dance!"

A terrifying experience thrust upon us in the first few weeks of living alone was "The Hammam". Having no hot water to wash with we had to succumb to the country's equivalent of a Turkish bath. On arrival at the village hammam we began slowly to undress, feeling slightly ridiculous in front of the highly amused ladies who were studying our every movement. Down to the bare essentials of total nudity we made our way to the huge steamy cave and collected our buckets of water with which we would have the privilege of washing ourselves in front of the other sixty naked women in there. The experience was not made any easier by the fact that every woman in there was scrutinising our naked bodies and most of them were laughing. Watching the women as they washed each other and groomed each other's hair portrayed a side to Moroccan women that we had never seen before. Stripped of their "Fouillards" and other concealing clothes they sat in groups gossiping and giggling, having the kind of fun they are refused when men are present. It was uplifting just to see the transformation in them. There we were, trying to wash ourselves discreetly in this noisy cave when all of a sudden I felt big firm hands on my shoulders. I looked up to see a huge naked Moroccan lady with an equally huge grin and what seemed to me, an evil glint in her eye. She tipped boiling water over me murmuring something about showing me the proper way to wash and lay me flat out on the floor as she scrubbed my body with what felt like sandpaper. I remember lying there as she pummelled my poor unsuspecting body thinking I had never experienced such pain, but when I came out my skin felt so much cleaner and softer that it was worth it.

We soon became regulars at the hammam and our visits never ceased to bring great amusement to the women there. On one unfortunate occasion as I was drying off in the dressing room I found myself being circled by an old woman looking me up and down. She was hurling Arabic words at me which I didn't understand so I asked for the aid of a French-speaking Moroccan girl. As the old woman continued talking and flashing me a toothless grin the girl translated that

she thought her son would approve of me. He was looking for a wife and she wanted me to get dressed and come home with her. She was glad that she'd found me just in time. "Now he can have the summer wedding he wants." Horrified at the prospect, I made a very sharp exit.

My memories of the people in that village are very special. They all took care of us and treated us as their own family. When I had my money stolen in the city one of the poorest women in the village came to me begging me to accept money from her. They told us who we could trust and who we couldn't. They filled us up with more couscous and tajines than we could eat. They lined the streets on the day we left and as we dove away some of the older women and teenage girls were crying to see us go. I know that when I return to the country my first stop will be in the village of Hay Nahda where I like to think I will still be remembered.

Morocco's leader of thirty-seven years died on the 26th July this year, just a few days after my return to England. The news shocked me and I couldn't help feeling a slight stab of both sadness and guilt as I remembered how we'd cynically mocked him. To us his almost sinister "Big Brother" like presence which was felt throughout the country seemed ridiculous. To us the huge portraits of the King placed in every shop, every home and every telephone box seemed a farce when we knew that anyone seen not to be supporting the King would be thrown into jail. To outsiders looking in it seemed to be a mass of frightened followers adoring a man simply because they were ordered to.

But the faces of the country's grief-stricken country reveal a different story. The sobbing men and women I saw on the News were absolutely devastated at the loss of their beloved King, they certainly weren't ordered to cry for the cameras. The truth is that he was a good leader who maintained stability and calm throughout his reign. His country adored him, almost unanimously and he had more faithful, trusting followers than Britain's monarchy could ever boast of. The popularity of his son seemed very dubious at the time of my departure so his succession to the throne could be an extremely unpopular move. Worryingly, it seems only normal in the Arabic world that political chaos and disruption set in at times like these. I only hope that King Hassan's son can be as wise a leader as he himself was and maintain the country's peaceful state. It is not necessary only to do this because there is so much beauty in the average peaceful life of the Moroccan man, who can fall asleep at the side of the road without a care in the world, so I'm quite sure that one day soon I'll be longing to return to find the war-free country I left whose casual, easy attitude is part of its mysterious charm. A charm I hope will survive long after Hassan's death.

EIGHT MONTHS IN AFRICA

Report from Emma Goddard –1998 Bursary

When I found out I was going to South Africa I was ecstatic, but I soon realised if I was going in July I needed to raise money and fast. So I did a 24-hour sponsored silence which raised £1,500. This added to various donations including the Philip Newell Memorial Award and a kind loan from a local businessman, meant several months later I was standing in Heathrow Airport about to depart on the adventure of a lifetime!

I was working in a coloured township called Athlone. Our school was on the edge of the township and bordered a motorway. The other side of the motorway was a black shanty town and only our school wall divided the two. Everyone knows about the well reported disputes between black and white, but rivalry between blacks and coloureds is also an issue. Although a lot of the violence is racial a great deal is centred on gang warfare. This made Athlone quite an intimidating place to live. I was always astonished by the children's blasé manner towards the violence. However, like them, I too learned to live with it!

There were 400 black and coloured children at Eros School and 100 of them stayed in the school hostel. They came from varying backgrounds but most live in townships. All had varying degrees of cerebral palsy. Some were in wheel chairs and had no control over their voice or movements, whilst others had learning disabilities or behaviour problems. The age range was 4 to 21. Of the eleven national languages, three were commonly spoken at Eros, Afrikaans, English and Xosa.

So what did I do? Well, every morning Kate, Kathryn and I (the three Gap students) helped with breakfast then went to school with the hostel children. In school the three of us rotated in the physiotherapy, speech and occupational therapy departments. I also looked after classes when teachers were absent. We worked in the hostel after school on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and did one full weekend duty a month. After a day in school we helped in the kitchen at snack time, bathed the younger children and then supervised them until dinner. It was tiring and hard work but however clichéd it may sound the happiness of the children was reward enough.

In my spare time I set about exploring Cape Town and the surrounding area with Kate and Kathryn. Half-way through our placement we had a one-week holiday, so our friend Adele (a speech therapist from Eros), Kathryn, Kate and I drove along the infamous Garden Route.

When I came back I helped a director called Theo Davids from S.A.B.C. (South African equivalent to ITV) in my spare time. I worked on two film and toured a play around two disabled schools in underprivileged townships, areas I would have been unable to see under any other circumstances.

My time in Cape Town was unforgettable. I left many close friends behind, but the memories went with me as I started my travels in Southern Africa.

For the first three weeks of my travels I was on an overland truck with 21 other people including Kate and Kathryn. We travelled through South Africa, Namibia, Botswana and Zimbabwe and we went into Zambia and Angola. We went canoeing on the Orange River, walking alone in the desert, saw the sun set over Fish River Canyon and then climbed a sand dune and watched the sun rise.

We went sand-boarding, quad-biking, white-water rafting and climbing through canyons. We stayed in the San people's spiritual place and slept under the stars. We saw petrified trees, cave paintings and traditional dancing and singing. We also went on many game drives and saw numerous wild animals, not to mention gorgeous countryside. We spent Christmas in Namibia and New Year at Victoria Falls. Unfortunately Victoria Falls marked the end of our tour and I found myself once again exchanging e-mails and addresses and leaving friends behind.

Eight of us continued travelling together through Zimbabwe. We went to a local craft market and spent a whole day buying and bartering with all sorts of things, from t-shirts to sunglasses. By the end of the day I had a huge box of gifts which I sent home for friends and family. In Harare, the country's capital, we went our separate ways. Kathryn, Kate and I accompanied by our friend Pete travelled towards Mozambique, an untouched paradise.

Travelling through Mozambique was hard as there are no tourist services. Nevertheless Mozambique was well worth the wait. We spent two weeks lying on desolate beaches, having beach bonfires, snorkelling, going night swimming and watching dolphins. We mixed with the locals as they went about their daily work fishing, weaving, farming and selling their goods at the market.

We returned to South Africa and stayed with friends who not only gave us a tour of the city but also took us water-skiing. Eventually we started the last lap of our journey back down to Cape Town. We stopped in all the major places, explored the beautiful countryside, beaches and famous Indian spice market in Durban. We even did some more game walks and snorkelling and went water-tubing. We travelled into Swaziland where we went horse-riding and bathed in hot springs and went to Lesoto to spend a few days hiking in the mountains.

Eventually we found ourselves back in Cape Town. We spent the week visiting old friends and working at the school. If possible it was even harder to leave the second time.

Three months, later it all seems like a dream, until I look at my photos. I work full time and university is the not too distant future. I've told my stories to friends and family but words never seem to do justice to the memories. I simply hope others will be inspired to set off on their own adventure.

AFRICA OVERLAND

Report from Annabel Gorringe

I have always been determined to travel in Africa during my gap and after a teaching post in Kenya fell through the ideal way to achieve this dream seemed to be an overland trip. The origins of this type of travel were lengthy six or eight month journeys from London to Cape Town; however, shorter trips are now more usual. You travel in Mercedes trucks which have been specially adapted on the inside to seat comfortably up to twenty people, store all their luggage plus cooking

and camping equipment. The seats are built round the sides of the trucks which makes them ideal for game watching.

The trip I was doing was thirteen weeks, Nairobi to Cape Town travelling west from Nairobi and into Uganda, then south through Tanzania, Malawi, Zambia, Zimbabwe, Botswana, Namibia and finally down to South Africa. We camped for the vast majority of this time usually in campsites but occasionally bush camping in the middle of nowhere. For most of the trip there were thirteen other people travelling. They came from all over the world, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Denmark, and were mostly in their late twenties, making me the youngest by about five years.

Upon leaving Nairobi we drove out along the Rift Valley visiting Nakuru National Park and arriving in the Kakamega rain forest where we were to spend a couple of days. The Kakamega forest is the last area of indigenous rain forest remaining in Kenya. The forest is run as a conservation area to try to prevent this vital area and its rare and abundant wildlife from dying out. The problems lie not with people from the outside trying to develop the land around it, but with the local people who rely on the forest for their livelihoods. Many of the trees and plants are used for medicinal and spiritual purposes by the people in the surrounding villages causing them to ignore any regulations imposed to protect the forest. It is very hard for the conservationists to try to tell the local people that they have to cut out some of the practices they have carried out for generations in order to protect the forest and its ecosystem for future generations. The wardens realise that it is probably too late for the older generations to change their customs now so their plan is to educate the younger generation and make the young enjoy the forest for what they can see living and thriving, not for what they can remove from it for their own benefits.

It was very interesting to see at first hand the problems faced by those trying to preserve areas such as these. As many times as you see rain forests on television back home it is not until you see the monkeys swinging in the trees and the beautiful birds and plant life that you realise just how amazing these areas are. At the same time however, meeting the local people who rely on the forest makes one realise the problems faced by conservationists and the need for compromise on both sides.

The friendly spirit we encountered amongst the African people never ceased to amaze me. As we drove through remote villages in Uganda the children would run out to the truck just to wave at us as we passed. It actually prompted a mixture of emotions, happiness at seeing all these beautiful smiling faces but also bewilderment at why we were held in such awe and why we deserved such a greeting. I found the same welcoming attitude in Zanzibar when I visited the village at which Alice Carey was teaching. The evening I arrived Alice and the girls she was teaching were invited to the house of one of the Moslem families in the village. Despite having never met me before and not expecting me to be with Alice the family made me feel incredibly welcome in a manner that one would never encounter in Britain.

We came across the same caring attitude months later when, driving down a horrific road in the Namib Desert the truck went down a gully and sent everything and everyone in the truck flying. One of the women, Sarah, fell badly and hurt her back seriously. Thankfully in this, the remotest of places, a local farmer passed us and offered assistance. We went back to his farm where he gave those of us who were hurt a bed for the night and arranged for the flying doctors to air lift Sarah out. I can imagine few examples of people in Britain helping out a group of tourists in this way.

These sorts of experience made the return to the more touristic areas of Africa quite a culture shock. For example, we spent a day in the Ngorongoro Crater in Tanzania where, for supposed conservation purposes, you have to get into the crater in specially licensed 4wd Jeeps. The crater is an amazing place often described as a 'natural zoo', with thousands of animals living within the crater walls. The day was almost spoilt, however, by the driver of the Jeep who was obviously used to a car full of tourists determined to get their sightings of the 'big five' in one day, his only concern being the size of his tip. This attitude extended to leaning out of the windows, shouting and whistling to try and get a reaction from a black rhino a hundred metres away and actually chasing a cheetah with the Jeep so we could get photos of it running. This is apparently the service some people require on safari but it was not what we had come there for.

After a couple of weeks travelling down through remote parts of Zambia and Malawi we arrived in the surprisingly civilised town of Victoria Falls. Our arrival in Zimbabwe coincided with the problems caused by President Mugabe in the run up to the elections. This was not initially apparent in Victoria Falls - it is a town that exists entirely for the tourist industry; however, talking to people in the town made me realise that they were concerned for their futures even there. This was not just the white residents of Zimbabwe, although most of them had sent their children to stay with relatives in South Africa or England. The black Zimbabweans who did not support Mugabe's Zanu PF party seemed genuinely scared for their and their family's lives and welfare after the election. Luckily we did not encounter any violence ourselves but there were many problems to be overcome because of the Zimbabwe situation, primarily the almost total absence of diesel in the country. Huge queues had to be negotiated and bribes given to ensure us enough fuel. An experience I will never forget was driving through central Harare during a total power cut, trying to find a restaurant with gas cookers at which to have a celebratory meal. Not even the traffic lights were working which resulted in some fairly scary moments!

Zimbabwe was the country in which I encountered the strongest remnants of the British colonial rule. Visually, this was the most obvious at the Victoria Falls Hotel with its huge white pillars and towering paintings of British monarchy. The attitudes we have left behind made themselves frighteningly obvious when we met a black school teacher on a train we took from Bulawayo to Victoria Falls. We began talking to him about the forthcoming elections and he pronounced Mugabe as being totally mad. This we accepted but he went on to explain his opinion by saying, 'He is mad. Everybody knows white people are just more intelligent than blacks. He will never win against them.' We tried to argue with

him saying that whites just got more opportunities than blacks but he would not be swayed. He truly believed that he was less intelligent than us because of skin colour and it made us realise how the blacks were brainwashed and put down for so long that even an intelligent man such as him still thought that way.

Our trip ended in Cape Town and although I know that you need longer than a week to get a true impression of such a diverse city it appeared to be a place for looking to the future rather than at its past problems. One of our drivers came from Johannesburg and he told us stories that made us realise that the City's reputation as the most dangerous in the world is far from an exaggeration. It seemed a shame that in such a beautiful country with such potential there remain these pockets of violence.

The massive open spaces and the ability to drive for hours without seeing another living being will remain a prevailing memory for me of Africa. I found the sheer diversity of the landscapes I saw, from the rain forest to the desert and from the tropical island of Zanzibar to the dry plains of the Serengeti, totally mind-blowing at times, so much so that I started to wonder how much more I could take in. It gave me a real insight into the problems facing countries such as Zimbabwe and South Africa as they try to move out of the shadow of white rule. Seeing the problems met by people in Africa everyday totally changed my views on a range of subjects. The people I met, both those with whom I was travelling and those who live there, will stay with me, as many of their attitudes, experiences and opinions were totally different from those I encountered before and had a great effect on me. There are so many things that I could have mentioned but these are just some of my dearest memories of an amazing gap year.

O.G. ART EXHIBITION

'The Last Decade' is an unusual exhibition now showing at The Ben Nicholson Gallery at Gresham's School in Holt. All of the artists have studied in the school's Art studios during the 1990s and have gone on to pursue a career in Art or Design. This makes for a varied and stimulating mix of images. Perhaps the most immediately arresting is the welded steel 'Angel' by Miles Howard. The figure is constructed from scale-like plates, reminiscent of armour, yet it seem strangely imbued with life as it crouches, wings flexed ready for flight. Miles sculpts in his spare time between travelling the world, designing and constructing

sets for events such as the Motor Show. Another life-size sculpture 'Go Placidly' by Jake Whitbread is also convincing in its realism, though Jake's profession is in prosthetic makeup for theatre and television. There are disturbing photographs of his imitation scars and wounds on display.

Many of the young artists are still furthering their art studies and fine examples from their folders are the exacting life-drawings by Clare Gomm at Dundee School of Art. She shows an analytical eye and a thorough understanding of human anatomy. While Katie Harwood, who is hoping to pursue a career in the fashion industry, has contributed a wonderfully inventive set of futuristic design illustrations, full of noise and energy.

Inevitably in such an exhibition there are extreme contradictions in style, from Chris Wright's photographically exact pencil drawings to the videos of performance pieces. Some of the artists have taken experimental approaches, of which the most successful is John Fiddian's drawn installation. His dynamic and expressive gestures recreate the sensation of the passing landscape seen at speed from his car window.

Colour is evident in several abstract expressionist canvases, such as Ruth Butler's aggressively gestured work. However, the most poetic moment is in Pollyanna Hardy's delicate study in oil. She has created a suffused and somehow tangible world in her small abstract landscape, through the interplay of colour, light and texture, giving a moment of stillness amongst the other exhibits.

Simon Poppy

THE CHOIR OF ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

The Choir of St John's College, Cambridge cemented their reputation as one of Britain's leading choirs with an exceptional performance last Sunday evening in the Chapel of Gresham's School, Holt. The choir, directed by Christopher Robinson, performed a varied selection of sacred music and ended with a selection of carols, finishing with John Rutter's 'Star Carol' in which the audience were coached by Mr Robinson to sing in the chorus.

However, it was perhaps the earlier part of the programme in which the choir's rich and vibrant sound was shown to its fullest extent. The pulsating, rhythmical precision of the Renaissance contributions of Palestrina and Byrd ('Exultate Deo' and 'Vigilate', with the latter's well-known 'Ave Verum' providing a respite) gave way to some beautiful lyrical singing in the Romantic pieces by Fauré, Brahms and Mendelssohn. The final 'Amen' of the Brahms was an incredible experience which left the hairs standing on end, whilst Jonathan Bungard's tenor solo in Mendelssohn's 'Ave Maria' was rich yet controlled.

The choir also performed motets by Francis Poulenc and the Te Deum by Benjamin Britten, who was a pupil at Gresham's. The choral singing was punctuated by two solos played by the organ scholar, Chris Whitton. Louis Vierne's 'Carillon de Westminster', with the tolling bells of Big Ben permeating the whole piece, was especially vigorous, and the Chapel organ did well to do justice to a piece more often suited to much bigger cathedral or collegiate organs. The choir sang with precision and clarity throughout, and the unique direction of Christopher Robinson was fascinating to watch. The choir will have gained many new fans through their fine singing here.

Alex Osiatynski

THE HOWSON LECTURE

Exactly one hundred years ago the Governors of Gresham's made a momentous appointment. Their new headmaster, George William Saul Howson, was given the task of bringing a small rural grammar school into the twentieth century and developing it into a national public school. On 28th April 2000 Mr Steve Benson, a former Head of History at Gresham's and more recently Headmaster of Bishop Stortford School, presented Howson's life and career with authority, energy and humour to an appreciative audience in the Auden Theatre.

Rarely has a lecture in the unpropitious slot of an early Friday evening passed so quickly. The pace never flagged as the story of this remarkable headmaster and his impact on his school emerged in vivid episodes and telling photographs. The move to the present site in 1903, the introduction of a modern curriculum, and the highly individual honour system, proved popular at the turn of the last century, and a most unusual school was born. Mr Benson gave a picture of a man of exceptional honesty and strong moral beliefs based on a deeply-felt though not dogmatic practical Christianity.

The photographs gave powerful immediacy to Mr Benson's account. Howson as a young, handsome, perhaps slightly saturnine figure gave way to the tired, frail man photographed in 1918, only six months before his death: his charges posed, grinning happily, perched, crouching like gargoyles, on either side of a doorway, or surrounded their headmaster in formal house groups. The future Lord Reith, with unmistakable jutting jaw, appeared in a pre-First World War group of Officer Training Corps cadets.

But this was no light gossipy talk, captivating as it was. Authoritative analysis always underpinned the material, and the audience was given a glimpse of a new interpretation of J.R. Eccles's career which the soon-to-be published school history will develop. Mr Benson does not, it seems, agree with the traditional view that Eccles was a superb second in command to Howson but a disappointing headmaster after he succeeded that powerful personality in 1919. We await with interest the full story.

This was a treat of an occasion, a most fitting and fascinating tribute to Gresham's School's re-inventor, the man who did so much to create the school of today, and a curtain-raiser for the new history of the School which will, on the evidence of this lecture, prove a thought-provoking, even controversial, account.

Sue Smart

O.G. CONCERT REVIEW

On Saturday 9th September the Auden Theatre witnessed its first musical event of the new academic year with the return of the annual Old Greshamian Concert, and the select audience were treated to an eclectic mix of classical and lighter repertoire.

As before, the first half of the concert featured experienced performers, Stephen Bentley-Klein (violin) and Jonathan Wortley (piano). Stephen is a professional violinist, the mainstay of his work being rather exotic performances with the likes of Shirley Bassey and Rod Stewart, and arranging for Morcheeba, a group known probably only to younger O.G.s. His playing was assured, stylish and confident throughout. Jonathan does not make his living from playing the piano, yet from the performance he gave you would not have believed it. He accompanied sensitively, and really came into his own when performing his solo pieces.

First up was the Brahms a Major Sonata, which calls for a wide range of tone colours from frenetic excitement to warm lyricism. This on the whole was achieved, although I must confess I was not truly nerve-tingled – yet. Jonathan then departed the stage for Stephen to perform two movements from Bach's D Minor Partita. Personally I would have appreciated the whole Partita, as I think it perhaps needs the intricate balance between the various dances that Bach intended. However, the Allemande and Gigue did keep the audience riveted to their seats.

Jonathan's solo contributions were two pieces by Rachmaninov, unknown to me and entitled 'Romance' and 'Daisies'. These rather saccharine titles do not do justice to the works, which are extremely powerful, and they were performed with a sense of style and touch which I felt was far superior to many 'professional' pianists I have heard.

The duo combined once more for a whirlwind rendition of a virtuoso arrangement of Aaron Copeland's Hoedown from *Rodeo*. Stephen amazed with blistering runs up and down the fingerboard, and the audience went into the interval somewhat breathless. It was a fitting finale to an impressive performance. The second half featured younger O.G.s performing in various guises. First to perform was Rebecca Duffield, who performed two works, the first of which I am ashamed to say I cannot remember! (the programme for this half is a rather last minute affair, so there is no written record). However, her performance of an aria from Mozart's *Figaro* was extremely memorable – a near flawless rendition of an extremely virtuosic solo. It was sung with real bravura and measured breath control, matched only by sharp intakes of breath from the audience.

Next was Ros Steele, just departed the school, who performed on the recorder. As ever, it was an assured, stylish performance. Chris Norkett again sung two pieces, first an aria from Handel's *Samson*, and then an intriguing unaccompanied *Summertime*. This was delivered with immense feeling and emotional power.

Abigail Vertigan and Rebecca Brettell then combined for a sensitive performance of Franck's *Panis Angelicus*, before the whole group of singers, including Alistair Nicolau, joined forces for a number of choral items, including Bruckner's *Locusts* and the hilarious *Mermaid Song*. Very befitting for a concert competing with the last night of the proms, the strains of *Rule Britannia* wafted through time and time again, before its pomposity was punctured. The piece was repeated as an encore, and was a fitting finale for a wonderful evening's entertainment.

Alex Osiatynski

OTHELLO

As any who have attempted to organise an O.G. gathering of any sort, sporting, social, musical will know the initial commitment from participants can be difficult to secure some way in advance, understandably as most lead busy lives: to contemplate two performances of a Shakespeare play, technical and dress rehearsals and numerous time-consuming preparatory rehearsals might seem like madness therefore. Amy Spooner I am glad to say was undaunted. She and her mixed bag of O.G.s, pupils and outside actors, collectively the Random Theatre Company, gathered for a production of 'Othello' at the Auden Theatre.

Amy Spooner directed (her sister Lucie as her stage manager) and was clearly determined to put the focus firmly on Othello and his torment, and not to allow the drama to be hijacked by Iago, Branagh-style. This was a happy decision for two reasons: firstly it allowed the audience to appreciate Raphael Rayner's considerable stage presence, and secondly it diverted attention from Chris Peter's rather unthreatening Iago. Of the latter it was fair to say that when he entered, alarmingly and unaccountably brandishing a freshly killed rabbit (the decomposing remains of which haunted the theatre for many days after) and proceeded to stick a knife apologetically into it, one was reminded less of a cynical demi-devil than of a reluctant New Age traveller (dressed appropriately in 'retro-hippy') confronted for the first time with the brutal necessities of living rough.

The atmosphere thickened significantly after the break however, a real sniff of danger and devilry; Rayner's calm control crumbled vividly with outbursts of menacing brutality, his mental torture visualised in a nightmarish video sequence projected ironically onto the gauze covering Iago's lair, while Othello convulsed on the platform above. Lucy Cudden's Desdemona came to life too, as her disbelief at Othello's accusations erupted in flashes of anger – in one incident she unleashed a wincingly accurate slap to the apoplectic Othello – his 'fast warrior' briefly giving as good as she got.

Ben Mansfield's rumpled Cassio gave every impression with his languid swagger that he was totally at ease with his reputation as a womaniser, but he was inevitably aghast at his disgrace, anguished and clinging dangerously to Desdemona. Roderigo (Tom Lowe) was all furtive insecurity and gullibility, and a forthright cameo from Ed Allen (Lodovico) together with Ed Raison as the Duke completed the O.G. squad of actors.

An interesting set (Raph Rayner and Amy Spooner) housed Iago in a drinking den underneath the platform that would become the lovers' deathbed; thus the poisoner lurked dangerously close; the death of Desdemona too was handled with sensitivity, enhanced by some typically subtle lighting by Andrew Ellis. We mourned her death and that of Othello, and raised a glass to the enterprise of the Random Theatre Company.

N. C. Flower

THE LONDON'S CHILDREN CAMP

Several years ago a few friends from School helped out with keeping a few hundred kids amused during their summer holiday. The holiday was at a Lowestoft campsite, owned by a charitable trust established and run in part by O.G.s every summer since 1936. I recall that on one day's excursion from the Camp we visited Kessingland Wildlife Park. Whilst some of the children were savouring Suffolk's interpretation of the bush or outback a child no more than 10 managed to slip away, locate the points box of the narrow gauge railway, work out how to and successfully alter the junction setting. What resulted was the derailment of a passenger carrying model train. This happened in 1982, and I do not recall anyone suffering more than a bump or a bruise; however I would like to speculate that this misguided child with potential is now grown up, and making good use of his technical intuition to run some genetic software dotcom somewhere.

The purpose of this charity has always been to provide abused or deprived children with a summer holiday.

The charity's committee met on 12 August 2000. I attended and was introduced to a lively bunch of selfless people. The meeting was towered over by just one remaining O.G., Pat Peacey, a familiar face framed by a panama and stiff collar with tie, and now past his bicentenary of involvement with the Camp. During our discussion, which, at that point had moved onto matters concerning the website design, Pat turned to me and pulled out from amongst his papers an image of his own. He pointed to a black and white photograph and spoke, "He's dead, he's in some home somewhere, I don't know where he's gone - we lost touch years ago, and he's ...and that's me." The picture I was looking at was of a group of mates from Gresham's, laughing and posing bare-chested around a sports car, enjoying the summer sunshine. The sports car was identifiable as the type Mr

Ashby pulled to bits and then repaired in the REME section of the CCF and the bare chests were the type that do lots of push-ups. "It's an old photo" pat revealed, scratching his silver beard, "We were tent leaders, looking after kids from London. It will be such a shame if things can't get up and running again." Two other O.G.s were invited to the meeting and certainly they were smarter than me, knowing that their absence would result in insufficient attenders to permit a vote on the purpose of the meeting – the winding up and eventual demise of this charity.

There has been a demand for this service in the past. I believe that not much has changed and there is a demand for it now and it could be that there will always be a place for this type of provision for unfortunate children. This charity, established by O.G.s could choose to quit anytime. This is always an option, but it will probably be more fun to continue, certainly more fun for the kids. In order to secure its survival, help is required.

Perhaps you would like to find out more, and by doing so, comprehend how valuable you could be to affecting the fortunes of these children. I should be very pleased to respond to your enquiries. My address is 35, Eversley Road, Hellesdon, Norwich NR6 6TA.

Simon Cooper

The Future of Africa An Appeal for Manor House Agricultural Centre, Kitale, Kenya

More than 10 years ago local professionals together with friends from the U.S.A. and U.K. sat down to evaluate the shortcomings of the existing agricultural production system in the developing countries. They noticed how desperate small-scale farmers were trying to practise an agriculture that they could not afford nor sustain and yet starvation, hunger and malnutrition were never too far away. From diminishing land-sizes, to increasing population pressure, and unemployment, to inflated prices of fertilizer and pesticides, the situation then, just like today, looked bad.

The founders of the Centre, among them the late Mrs A.B.N. Wandera (Social Worker), Prof. J.G. Wandera (a veterinarian), Moses Mukolwe (an Agriculturist) and Mr Davies Nakitare (Founding Director) joined hands with Mrs Polly Noyce Nakitare (first donor of the centre), Mr John Jeavons(Executive Director and President of Ecology Action in the U.S.A.) and Mr Patrick Peacey of U.K. to address specifically the problems of the small scale farmer in developing countries.

Consequently MHAC has come up with an agricultural production system that not only feeds the plants but also the soil. This is the basis of biointensive

agriculture (BIA). BIA is based on the principle that production and sustainability can be enhanced using low cost appropriate technologies such as

- natural pest control
- composting
- deep soil penetration
- crop rotation
- companion planting and close spacing of crops
- sustainable soil management
- water and energy conservation

Backed with a full decade since its inception MHAC has established itself as reputable BIA training centre in the region. It has continued to attract course participants from Zimbabwe, Uganda, Tanzania, Canada, the U.S.A., Sudan, etc. To date more than 200 students have graduated from the Centre's 2-year certificate programme and about 50,000 villagers trained directly and indirectly in BIA. More than 60 community-based projects throughout Kenya represent the enormous potential that BIA has for small-scale farmers.

Talking about the contribution of MHAC to the lives of poor rural Kenyans Dr Eric Rusten, a former program officer with Ford Foundation in Kenya, once said, "Wherever I go in Kenya I am reminded about the impact of Manor House. I have come across farmers who have been trained by Manor House graduates and who can now afford to keep their children in school throughout the year because they are earning profits from their land for the first time in their lives. One of the most important things that Manor House has given people is hope for a better life".

While there is hope in what we are trying to do, many of the resources needed to promote a sustainable agricultural production system are becoming harder to get each day. Funds that once would have been channelled to Africa are now going to Eastern Europe and the former Soviet Union where presumably there is greater economic potential. Disillusionment with Africa has been growing and sustaining projects such as the ones we have started like MHAC is just too difficult.

The harsh reality, however, is that Africa and especially the poor rural communities must become increasingly self-reliant and organisations like MHAC, working closely with the people, can play a crucial role.

If O.G.s feel that they can help in any way with assistance or funding please make contact via any of the addresses below.

The Director
Manor House Agricultural Centre
Private Bag, Kitale
Tel/Fax: 0325-20488 Tel: 30423

U.K. Contact
Patrick Peacey
Potash Cottage
Brettenham
Ipswich
Suffolk IP7 7NZ
01449-737846

Charities Aid Foundation
Kings Hill, West Malling
Kent

Many thanks ! Patrick Peacey ()

LONGITUDE: The Book & The Film A Gresham's Connection.

A letter of gratitude to a wonderful school
by Martin Burgess F.I.L.C., F.S.A., F.B.B.I. (K&F 44 – 50)

Many O.G.s will have seen the T.V. film (C 4 Jan 2nd & 3rd 2000) and many will have read the book by Dava Sobel whose blockbuster success generated the film. Sobel was not a horologist, she was a science journalist. She covered the Longitude Symposium, staged by the Dept. of Historical Scientific Instruments at Harvard University in 1993 to commemorate the birth of John Harrison 300 years before. He it was who made the first successful marine chronometer which solved a hundreds of years old problem which had defeated the best academic brains including Galileo and Newton. Harrison was a North Lincolnshire carpenter who had never been to school and had not been trained as a clockmaker.

The Symposium only took place in the form it did because an old Bryanston boy had become head of that Dept. at Harvard. He had come to my workshop as a young student of 19 in 1970 because of a film he had seen which mentioned Harrison. The film, which went out twice as a 20 minute documentary round the cinemas with big features and was on T.V. twice, was about a clock built for the entrance hall of J. Henry Schroder Wagg & Co. at 120 Cheapside in the City of London. It has the largest clock wheel in the world.

At the Longitude Symposium, which had lecturers from Holland, France, the U.K. and of course the U.S.A., the whole history of the subject was covered. The Harrison material was in large part presented by members of my research team and this was not only the history but more importantly the new science and technology discovered by the researches of the team done since the early 70s. I was the oldest member of the team and I had started to use the methods of Harrison as early as 1960. In this craft research my job was to build and experiment with a modern Harrison regulator clock to find out what Harrison had really done. The questions we needed to answer were: Were his accuracy claims justified? What was the science behind the machines? What could we learn from it? In 1970 all the top horologists thought that Harrison was boasting,

that he had got his results by chance. Not true! His thinking and experimental methods were exemplary by any standards. To do the experiments I built a modern Harrison Regulator clock for Gurney's Bank (founded in 1775, now Barclays) which is now in the Castle Mall in Norwich. It took me 12 years. I could not have done it without the support of members of the team. It is difficult technology.

The solving of the regulator problem was the engine which powered all the other work. Harrison had a marvellous training in precision woodwork but not in clockmaking. A training in that at an early age would almost certainly have killed his massive inventive ability in that field.

Anyone who was going to follow him, to get into his mind, would have to be able to lecture, to write, to be accepted by establishment academics and he would have to be a craftsman who could design and make. He would have to have some private means because no one was going to fund the work fully and it would have to be done full time. In the second half of the 20th century he would have to have had a most unusual education because in our age creative craft skill does not fit well with academic learning. It cannot be learned in a library or described in words any more than scoring a ton on the range or hitting a six at cricket.

The second half of the 40s was not a golden age in the history of Gresham's but none of us at the time realised just how free, liberal and humane it was compared with most other boarding schools. Individuality was respected, unusual interests encouraged and wild eccentricity tolerated, provided it did not hamper other people.

There were, of course, many important influences on me, too many to mention here. One might single out the boost to self-confidence started by Hoult Taylor (English and Drama) when he got me on the stage.

I was not and am not an academic. It was fortunate that, joining the School in 1944, I could be a year in Kenwyn so did not have to take Common Entrance which I could never have passed.

The Head of Physics was Richard Stoney Smith. He taught me what the scientific method really is. It was full Galilean hands-on experiments, trust your own observations before books and people. The whole attitude to material science in the School could be encapsulated as "belief is the enemy of truth." We learned about the gridiron pendulum and bimetallic strip, both invented by John Harrison, the mercurial pendulum of George Graham, scientific heat and latent heat, thermal conductivity, radiation and convection, coefficients of linear expansion and barometric pressure, the construction and use of the micrometer and vernier. All these things matter in mechanical horology.

The success with the elementary Physics was all very well but I was not going to make a professional scientist, my maths was never going to be good enough. In the 5th form I was in the lowest set for maths but I had to pass the School Certificate with enough points to get into the 6th form. I could never have done that without Bernard Sankey. He had been my housemaster in Kenwyn at Newquay and had inspected me when I was 12 to see if I was suitable for the School. He had small children then and he looked after us all so well like an extended family. With all the rationing and the war going full blast it must have

been difficult to do. In the 5th form I had extra maths with him for a year. It was one-to-one teaching. He taught me how to set work out, how to clear my mind, how to do exam papers right down to equipment use and proper use of time, how to draw out and focus what I already knew. It was much more than maths, it was a powerful philosophy. I have used his methods ever since. For me, he was, like Richard Stoney Smith, a great teacher.

In those days all Greshamians up to a certain level spent one double period a week in the workshop regardless of aptitude. No one at that stage was working for an exam in the subject and each was making something of his own choice. It may have been a rather clumsy way of finding out who had no craft talent but it made sure that everyone was surrounded by people making things. It was not only in the workshop that people were making things. There was lead soldering, relief-map making, model aircraft building, radio and even television manufacture in studies, at least in Farfield. No one had a lot of money so if we wanted something the question tended to be not "How can we buy it?" but "Can we make it?"

I had always made things at home but made a slow start at school until Jumbo Borrough started to teach at Gresham's in 1946. He saw I had some talent and provided exactly the encouragement I needed.

I was two years in the 6th form with no exams to take. I became one of Jumbo's specialists, part of a small select group with our own keys to the workshop and free to use it anytime without supervision. The Health and Safety Executive would not allow that now any more than they allow pupils to be taught to light and use a blacksmith's forge though how this can be more dangerous than a game of rugger I will never understand.

In the end I was in the workshop for about 30 periods a week and saw the lower school go past. I was also there in most free time but I spent every afternoon with the Amphitheatre restoration group and of course I was in the plays. Restoring the theatre was a great education in its own right, building up knowledge, manual skill and great physical strength.

In the late 40s I was doing craft research to try to find out how mediaeval mail armour was made. The armour scholars did not know. It is out of place in this article but the tools were mostly made in the school workshop. The work was published in the Journal of the Society of Antiquaries of London in the early 1950s. It helped me to get a post restoring Ancient Egyptian Antiquaries at U.U.L. and was the main reason for my being elected an F.S.A. in 1959. It was all a Gresham's influence largely coming from the Rev. Charles Linnell who introduced me to the right armour scholars and encouraged what I was doing.

I built my first clock in the school workshop and after Gresham's I went straight to what was then the L.C.C. Central School of Arts and Crafts to study silversmithing and design without having to do two years at an art school first simply on the strength of what I had done in the school workshop. In the late 50s Logie Bruce Lockhart asked me to lecture on clock mechanism and it was building the models for this that got me back into clockmaking. Later on I met Richard Jones (F 32 – 36) at an O.G. Weekend and this resulted in my building the first large piece of sculptural horology for his new house. Eventually he sold

the house and the clock returned to me. (It was not a commission, I never intended Richard to buy it). It is in a museum in Chicago now. The roots of all the things I have managed to do are at Gresham's, Holt. Fortunately the teachers lived long enough for me to be able to thank them but I owe the School a debt I am never going to be able to repay.

THE LIFE AND WORKS JOHN PUDNEY (F)

Pudney was born in 1909 in Langley, Buckinghamshire, the son of a farmer, and educated at Gresham's School, Holt, where he was a younger contemporary of W.H. Auden. On leaving school he worked for some years as a radio producer and scriptwriter for the BBC before joining the *News Chronicle* in 1937. He served as a war correspondent before joining the Royal Air Force in 1940 as one of the team of writers, which included H.E. Bates, instructed to put over the work done by air-crews in a way that the public could understand. After the war he was a reviewer for the *Daily Express* and literary editor of the *News Review* from 1948 to 1950, then entered publishing as a director of Putnam, where he built up a list of books on flying.

Before the war he had published two books of verse, *Spring Encounter* and *Open the Sky*, two collections of stories, and a novel, *Jacobson's Ladder*, but it was the war years that brought him fame. The twelve lines of 'For Johnny' were 'written on the back of an envelope in London during an air raid alert in 1941.' This little poem, more than any of the others Pudney wrote at the time, seemed to encapsulate the mood of the war in the air, doing what Arthur Machen had done in prose for the soldiers of the First World war: 'Do not despair / For Johnny-head-in-air: / He sleeps as sound / As Johnny underground.' It first appeared in the *News Chronicle*, then in the collection *Dispersal Point*. It was read, with other of Pudney's poems, by Laurence Olivier on BBC radio and spoken by Michael Redgrave and John Mills in the film *The Way to the Stars* (1945), directed by Anthony Asquith, scripted by Terence Rattigan. (The film was given the title *Johnny in the Clouds* when released in America.) 'There never was a particular Johnny', Pudney wrote later. 'The twelve lines which forced themselves on me virtually... in one go, were meant for them all. It is the same with the named individuals in other poems; the one stands for many.' His later work has been described as 'tougher and more ironic, closer to the vernacular, although perhaps in a self-conscious way'. Besides novels – *The Net* and *Thin Air* are probably more substantial – and short stories, he published children's books, mainly in series, and

non-fiction on a variety of subjects, including war, travel, aeroplanes, steam engines and a history of lavatories, *The Smallest Room*. He edited *Pick of Today's Short Stories* between 1949 and 1963.

Pudney was extraordinarily prolific, in spite of the fact that he suffered from alcoholism. (When writing his history of the travel agency Thomas Cook and Sons, he complained that he found the teetotalist lectures of the firm's founder 'thirsty reading'. He was married twice, first in 1934 to Crystal, daughter of A.P. Herbert; the marriage was dissolved in 1955, when he married again. He died of throat cancer in 1977.

Poetry

Spring Encounter 1933; Open the Sky 1934; Dispersal Point and Other Air Poems 1942; Beyond This Disregard 1943; South of Forty 1943; Almanack of Hope 1944; Flight above Clouds 1944; Ten Summers Poems (1933-1943) 1944; Selected Poems 1947; Low Life 1947; Commemorations 1948; Sixpenny Songs 1953; Collected Poems 1957; The Trampoline 1959; Spill Out 1967; Spandrels 1969; Take this Orange 1971; Selected Poems 1967-1973 ; Living in a One-Sided House 1976

Plays

The Little Giant 1972; Ted (tv) 1972,(st) 1974

Fiction

And Lastly the Fireworks (s) 1935; Jacobson's Ladder 1938; Uncle Arthur and Other Stories (s) 1939; It Breathed Down My Neck (s) [US Edna's Fruit Hat and Other Stories] 1946; Estuary 1948; The Europeans (s) 1948; Suffley Wanderers 1948; The Accomplice 1950; Hero of a Summer's Day 1951; The Net 1952; A Ring for Luck 1953; Trespass in the Sun 1957; Thin Air 1961; The Long Time Growing Up 1971

For Children

Saturday Adventure 1950; Sunday Adventure 1951; Monday Adventure 1952; Tuesday Adventure 1953; Wednesday Adventure 1954; Six Great Aviators 1955; Thursday Adventure 1955; Friday Adventure 1956; The Grandfather Clock 1956 Crossing the Road 1958; Spring Adventure 1961; The Hartwarp Dump 1962; The Hartwarp Light Railway 1962; Summer Adventure 1962; The Hartwarp Balloon 1963; Autumn Adventure 1964; The Hartwarp Bakehouse 1964; The Hartwarp Explosion 1965; Tunnel to the Sky 1965; Winter Adventure 1965; The Hartwarp Jets 1967

**As the last Cross-Channel Hovercraft
is Decommissioned.....**

David Ross writes: The hovercraft inventor Sir Christopher Cockerell (Obituary, June 4) was also a pioneer of wave power in the 1970s. He invented a device known as "Cockerell's raft", two pontoons loosely linked together. The lighter one bounced up and down as it was hit by waves, while the heavier one stayed behind it. The difference in movement between the pontoons drove hydraulic fluid into a generator and electricity flowed. Experts said it had an excellent chance of surviving in the roughest seas because it had a low freeboard and could allow the waves to "slop over the top", as one scientist put it.

It was built at one-tenth scale and floated successfully in the Solent with Sir Christopher and the then energy minister, Alex Eadie, on board. But the government and industry failed to provide funding and the programme was ended by the Conservatives in 1982. It has now been re-started by the Labour government and Cockerell's raft may be reactivated by some of his old team.

Sir Christopher always had a radical approach towards economic issues. He was one of the first to raise the idea of government investment in renewable energy as a means of solving energy problems and growing unemployment. In a letter to *The Times* on December 21, 1976 he wrote: "Is there not a case for mounting a crash programme for the quick development of solar, wind and wave devices so that we can the sooner get back into these [shipbuilding and other] industries?" He was angry but not surprised when his ideas were ignored.

Reprinted from *The Guardian* (9.6.99)

BT GLOBAL CHALLENGE 2000

Newsletter March 2000

A year has elapsed since my last newsletter. At the London Boat Show it was announced who my skipper, fellow crew and sponsor would be for 'The World's Toughest Yacht Race.' My yacht is called Team SpirIT – a consortium of eight IT companies including Comptacenter, Dell Computer Corporation, Ericsson, Fujitsu Telecommunications Europe, Lucent Technologies, Marconi Communications, Nortel Networks and Sun. The skipper is Andy Dare aged 32 who has been involved in training all the crews for the race over the last three years and has as good an understanding of the technical aspects of the new 72ft yacht as anyone.

As a crew we have had several meetings both on and off the water since the Crew Announcement on 8th January. The first was at the MaST Management Centre in Kiddington where we undertook many team building tasks, discussions about how we will be the best prepared yacht to cross the start line on 10th September as well as P.T. beginning at 6am! We have also had four days sailing together in 35 knots of wind. The crew all gelled together excellently and any concerns that I had about our compatibility were totally unfounded.

The plan for the next 6 months leading up to the start includes launching our new yacht, in May at Plymouth, a qualifying race to la Rochelle and back against the eleven other yachts involved in the race and numerous training sessions. As well as this there are around 68 corporate days to be done!

I have now graduated from Southampton Institute with a Degree in Maritime Studies which has enabled me to join the Royal Institute of navigation and have been working on yachts since last May. In September I crewed a Sydney 60 on a roller coaster ride to Barcelona and in October a Swan 86 to the Caribbean (during which I logged my 30,000th mile at sea) where I took up a short appointment as 1st Mate over the Millennium which was spent at St. Barts. I have also continued my racing on 'Jacobite' winning the Swan Europeans and our class at Cowes Week. Each of these voyages has prepared me better for the BT Global Challenge and will enable me to contribute more to team SpirIT.

I will be continuing to work on yachts right up to the start of the race. In fact, I have just heard that I will be bringing a yacht back to Southampton from Antigua in April which will be my fourth transatlantic. I hope that you may feel able to come and see all twelve yachts in Ocean Village, Southampton over the summer. I would be more than happy to show you over team SpirIT.

Thank you once again for your generous support and interest.

Angus Fuller

O.G. RUGBY

Report on U21 Rugby Festival at Richmond Athletic Ground Sept 10th 2000

1st match vs. Uppingham (Gresham's won 14-7)

Waterson opened the scoring in the first half. Good second phase possession secured by the forwards led to a quickly recycled ball; swift handling by the backs created the overlap and the try was inevitable.

Uppingham came back through a try from their ex-England U18 captain which forced extra time. Gresham's rose to the occasion and it was James Fulford in the end who saw the gap and powered through three tackles to secure a hard-earned victory.

2nd match vs. Tiffin (Gresham's lost 7-12)

A very lackadaisical start in what were now extremely hot conditions gifted Tiffin the opening try from an interception. Gresham's were always then playing catch-up rugby, running everything. This flamboyancy at last proved lucrative in the second half as Gresham's managed to draw level as a result of a sniping run from Waters to score in the corner. The conversion was stroked over brilliantly by Bishop to make the scores level.

However, all the Gresham's efforts were dealt a killer blow when in the last minute of the match Tiffin secured a line-out close to the Gresham's line, which was duly taken and driven over for the final score.

Thus there was a disappointing outcome but nevertheless it proved an enjoyable reunion and with most of the players eligible again next year, plus the talent leaving the School in the summer of 2001, the future prospects for Gresham's in this tournament are bright.

Ben Waterson

O.G. SWIMMING GALA

A group of O.G.s ranging in age from 19 to 31 contested a friendly but very competitive gala.

The following took part:-

	<u>Left</u>
Samantha Soppitt	1987
Lorraine Pope	1987
Richard Simms	1988
Nathan Holliday	1995
Andrew Mold	1997
Varian Bush	1997
Kate Elston	1998
Owen Hamilton	1999
Kathy Dovey	1999

Mrs Moore and two of our girls' squad competed as guests for the O.G.s. The final victory went to the O.G.s by 50 points to 48. The highlight of the day was produced by Richard Simms (winner of the first Gresham's Triathlon) who narrowly beat Bradley Fisher in the 100m freestyle. Richard rushed home to Leicester immediately after the gala to be at the birth of his wife's first child, a boy.

Congratulations to him! We hope to see more O.G. swimmers at the next gala in the summer of 2001.

Evan Tuck

O.G. HOCKEY

O.G. Hockey X1 V The School – or as per last year!

This was always going to be a big game. The School have enjoyed a golden era in boys' hockey with 4 or 5 years of top quality teams based particularly on the exceptionally talented group of the Fulford brothers, Paddy Aldridge, Ben Waterson and Tristan Hedley. All were on display in this game save for Ben. James Fulford and Paddy, both fresh from playing against each other in the Varsity Match, were making their debuts for the O.G. team.

As ever, captain Mark Buckingham had begun his team selection in September and, as ever, he was bemused by the fact that he was still stuck with some of the diehards. Fortunately, Boris returned from Germany and Scratch from Harleston (he found the trip quite taxing) to provide some "bite" up front and the defence was certainly the solidest ever with Bannock (aka The Terminator), Shed and Strimmer.

The game started furiously and the School were soon in the lead owing to a brilliant run by Robbie Fulford. The O.G.s clawed their way back with a well-taken goal by Fields and at half time it seemed the game could go either way. The O.G.'s chances were further improved when their eldest player pulled a muscle whilst standing still and had to be helped to the side to be replaced by a young, invigorated and (as ever) late Cargill. Pressure mounted on the School goal but to their credit they held out and eventually their superb short-corner routine brought them two further goals and they ran out worthy winners.

However, the future looks bright for O.G. hockey with a very full fixture list and (so long as Buck gets the team organised in time) we hope to get our revenge this year. Many thanks as usual to Peter Badger, David Horsley and David Walton of the staff for all their help with arrangements for this fixture and throughout the season.

Adney Payne

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear John,

Thank you for including my little piece, Family Connections, in the Magazine – rather ponderous, I thought, but perhaps it will elicit a retaliatory claim from another clan with close Greshamian links.

Two corrections, I think, are called for. Shrublands, now The Beeches, was stated to be the childhood home of J.R.E. These initials, of course, are of weighty significance in the history of the School; it should have read "the childhood home of J.F.E.", the first of the Gillam line (q.v.). (Family legend also relates that the cricket ball clouted by his uncle missed his pram by the proverbial coat of varnish.)

And it was this J.F.E. Gillam, too, not J.P.E. who never existed, who left in 1921.

Yours,
John Gillam (H 44- 48)

Gresham's School Dinner Table Mats

Price £5 per mat, 6 mats including p/p £34.55, payable to The O.G. Club. These mats depict the double crest with the School motto AL WORSHIP BE TO GOD ONLY emblazoned on a scroll below the crests.

Backed on ivory, edged with sage green, the mats measure 9.5 inches by 7.5 inches and have a heat-resistant seal.

These very attractive mats are exceptional value and would make an admirable gift.

A HISTORY OF GRESHAM'S

Those of you who have been good enough to send me anecdotes and reminiscences of your time at Gresham's may be interested to know how things are developing. I am most grateful for the many expressions of interest and support received.

The History will be published in the James and James series of School Histories – and will be in good company: Marlborough, St. Pauls's, Westminster, Shrewsbury, Tonbridge, Charterhouse, over 20 in all, including a number of girls' schools such as Sherborne School for Girls and Queenswood. The book will be hard-backed containing about 140 pages of text with plenty of photographs and illustrations and a section on distinguished Old Greshamians. The size is 28cm x 21 cm and the whole will be a high-quality production.

The main content will be concentrated upon the last 100 years; from the appointment of George Howson in 1900 and the opening of the new school buildings along the Cromer Road in 1903. However, no Gresham's History would be complete without a section on the benefaction of Sir John Gresham and the story of the School throughout its 350 or so years when it was centred upon what we know today as the Old School House at the east end of the High Street in Holt. This earlier period will be covered by Martin Crossley-Evans, formerly a colleague on the teaching staff here, who has researched the History of Gresham's for many years.

The plan is for the printing to take place in the spring of 2002 and for the book to be launched in the Summer Term. Further details with an order form will be sent with the O.G. Magazine next October and Members will be invited to subscribe, pre-publication, for copies at a reduced price.

Steve Benson

E-mail Addresses

We would welcome a note of e-mail addresses. Members may e-mail their addresses to Peter Corran, whose e-mail address is panda@corran.freeserve.co.uk.

The Bruce Douglas Memorial Scholarship

This year's winner of the Bruce Douglas Memorial Scholarship, funded by the generosity of O.G.s, for the most promising L VI mathematician is

The O.G. Address Book

Members of the Club may purchase a copy of the Address Book compiled by Peter Corran. This booklet is invaluable for keeping in touch with one's friends and at £3.50 (inc. p + p) payable to The O.G. Club is extremely good value. We issue a fresh update every quarter and send that with the booklet to the new applicants. Apply to J.S. Rayner at the School.

Careers Convention

9th December

Patrick Cooper, careers Master of the School, would be most interested to hear from anybody who could act as a Consultant at the Convention. Consultants are needed in the following areas:

If you can help please telephone 01263 713083.

O.G. News/Change of Address

The Editor appreciates the trouble taken by members to inform him of their news, and to pass on the news of other Old Boys and Old Girls, particularly their contemporaries and friends. He urges O.G.s not to be reticent about their activities, nor unassuming about their achievements. Anyone wishing to send news of himself or herself or other O.G.s may, if desired, use the form below, which can also be used to notify the Club of a change of address.

To: The Editor, O.G. Magazine

From

House

Year:

Please note the following change of address (delete if inapplicable):-

News of inclusion in the Magazine:-