



Old *Greshamian* Magazine

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Outline Calendar of Events 2002 – 2003

CHRISTMAS MEETING 2002

Saturday 7th and Sunday 8th December, 2002

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING on Saturday: 4.00 p.m.: Library

COCKTAIL PARTY on Saturday 6.00 - 8.00 p.m.: Big School

RUGBY MATCH O.G.s V O.G.s on Sunday 1.30 p.m.: 1st XV Pitch

HOCKEY: O.G.s V THE SCHOOL (BOYS TEAMS)

Tuesday, 11th March, 2003

NEWQUAY REUNION

Saturday, 5th April, 2003

HOWSON LECTURE IN THE AUDEN THEATRE

Friday, 25th April, 2003

TALLIS REUNION DINNER

Saturday, 10th May, 2003

O.G. RECEPTION FOR VI FORM LEAVERS

Friday, 16th May, 2003

SUMMER MEETING

Saturday, 28th and Sunday, 29th June, 2003

GEORGE HOWSON MEMORIAL LUNCH: Saturday 1.00 p.m.

CRICKET: O.G. XI V THE SCHOOL: Sunday 12.00 p.m.

O.G. DRAMA AND MUSIC SHOWCASE IN THE AUDEN THEATRE

Friday, 12th September, 2003

DINNER FOR O.G.s WHO LEFT IN 1970 OR EARLIER

Saturday, 27th September, 2003

CHRISTMAS MEETING 2003

Saturday, 6th December, 2003

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 4.00 p.m.

COCKTAIL PARTY 6.00p.m.



For full details see enclosed Calendar

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

O.G. Club mail via horsleyd@btconnect.com

The O.G. Club's new website address is www.greshams.org.uk

M.J. Baker will be pleased to receive enquiries about advertising in the Magazine. Rates are £120 per A5 page or £150 for the inside back cover (and work to be supplied by the advertiser). Address: 8 Market Place, Holt, Norfolk NR25 5BW (Tel: 01263 712244)

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

Last year I was reflecting on the changes that were due in staffing at the School, including new heads for the Senior School and the Pre-Prep. Since that time, it has also been announced that Tony Cuff will retire as Head of the Prep School in July 2003. His replacement is to be James Quick.

These changes, especially in the Senior School, also affect the O.G. Club as we work closely with the senior members of its staff. During his period as Headmaster John Arkell has been a great friend to, and supporter of, the O.G. Club. It was his proposal that saw us appointing a part-time co-ordinator of events and that led to the Club's being able to organise and support a far greater range of activities than previously. However, the Arkell contribution has not been made solely by John. His wife, Jean, has usually joined him at our events, and sometimes she has represented him when he has been unable to attend. To recognise their joint contribution to the O.G. Club they will both be proposed as Honorary Members at the AGM in December.

Another member of staff who has made a great contribution to Old Greshamians is the present Deputy Head, Sue Smart. I have just returned from Ypres where I joined a School party at a service to dedicate a memorial plaque to the O.G.s who fell in the Great War. Sue's book, *When Heroes Die*, which was published last year, is not only a fascinating history of Gresham's during the first two decades of the twentieth century but more importantly tells the story of the 100 O.G.s and one former member of staff, who lost their lives in that conflict. Like many of you, I suspect, I saw many times while at the School the names of the dead on the oak screen in the Chapel without their meaning much to me. Now, having read *When Heroes Die*, those names mean so much more and this is a great memorial to them. However, as Sue Smart herself said at the commemoration service, when her book has been forgotten, the memorial plaque will remain in St. George's Memorial Church, Ypres. It is fitting that the Gresham's dead, so many of whom fell in Flanders, should be commemorated there as well as at the School.

May I remind Members of the changes that were discussed at the last Annual General Meeting in June 2001, the principal one being that the AGM should move to the December OG weekend, which is always better than the June weekend. Accordingly, this year's AGM will be held on Saturday, 7th December, 2002. This meeting will be the first opportunity for many of you to meet the new Headmaster, Antony Clark, and hear his report on his first term at the School. I do hope that as many of you as are able to will attend.

I shall have completed my term of office as Chairman at the AGM in December and would like to finish with a very sincere thank-you to all past and present Members of the O.G. Club Committee, School Staff and all others who help to make the O.G. Club a success. It has been a huge pleasure and privilege to work with people who are so enthusiastic and hard-working for the good of our membership.

Iain Mawson (T68-73)

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Those of you readers familiar with the usual sequence of items in the Magazine will doubtless have noted the absence of the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting of the Club. The explanation for this is the fact that, as previously published, the A.G.M. has been moved at the Committee's instigation from the end of June to the beginning of December. The meeting will take place at this new time of year until further notice.

Please note therefore that this year's A.G.M. will take place at 4.00p.m. Saturday 7th December in the Library. It is hoped that as many members of the Club as possible will attend. The meeting will be followed by the customary Cocktail Party in Big School which begins at 6.00 p.m. The Minutes of the A.G.M. will be published in the next issue of the Magazine.

THE O.G. CLUB COMMITTEE

Michael Baker
James Blackburn
Alison Braybrook
Jenny Broom
Mark Buckingham
Alistair Cargill
Antony Clark - Headmaster
Richard Copas - Vice-Chairman
Robert Dale
Nigel Flower
Peter Corran
Frank Gedge

Fiona Gathercole
Michael Goff - Treasurer
Fiona Thomas (Holliday)
David Horsley - Staff Representative
Airlie Inglis (Carver)
Alisa Kooreman (Lankfer)
Iain Mawson - Chairman
Bridget Neville (Lilly)
Adney Payne - Hon. Secretary
John Rayner - Co-ordinator
Richard Youngs

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BARCLAYS

OLD GRESHAMIAN CLUB INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER 2001

	2001		2000	
Income	£	£	£	£
Subscriptions	9,300		9,600	
Donations	136		118	
Dividends(net)	461		448	
Bank deposit interest(gross)	<u>178</u>		<u>235</u>	
		10,075		10,401
Expenditure				
Newsletter; Printing	3,600		4,026	
Postage	3,575		3,124	
Calendars	<u>282</u>		<u>350</u>	
	7,457		7,500	
Less advertising sales	<u>(420)</u>		<u>(720)</u>	
	7,037		6,780	
Secretarial and postage	1,469		723	
Subscriptions	18		18	
Insurance	92		97	
Dinner surplus	(720)		(357)	
Fishmongers/Cocktail party deficit	-		447	
Gap year students	1,200		800	
O G Ball	(93)		-	
OG Hockey	250		-	
OG Website	282		-	
OG Concert deficit/(surplus)	(259)		1	
OG Squash	160		-	
OG Golf donation	400		280	
OG Rugby	50		-	
Deficit for year		<u>(6,262)</u>		<u>(904)</u>
OG Golf donation	400		280	
OG Golf donation	400		280	
OG Rugby	50		-	
OG Co-ordinator	793		725	
Memorial donation	-		200	
Equipment	<u>-</u>		<u>78</u>	
		<u>(10,679)</u>		<u>(9,792)</u>
		(604)		609
Provision for corporation tax		<u>(24)</u>		<u>(23)</u>
Excess of income over expenditure		(628)		586
Adjustment				
Depreciation in value of investments		(5,634)		(2,161)
Write off previous year's co-ordinator/advertising accrual		-		671
Deficit for year		<u>(6,262)</u>		<u>(904)</u>

M.L.J. Goff (F68 – 73) Honorary Treasurer

OLD GRESHAMIAN CLUB

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31st DECEMBER 2001

	Cost	2001		2000	
	£	£	£	£	
Henderson Electric & General Inv Co Plc					
5p ordinary shares	2,803	6,164		9,639	
2½% Index Linked Treasury					
Stock 2013 £2,060	1,860	3,940		4,059	
J. Sainsbury Plc ordinary 25p shares	1,660	1,596		1,731	
Shell Transport & Trading Co Plc					
ordinary 25p shares	1,670	4,418		5,139	
Scottish Mortgage & Trust Plc					
ordinary 25p shares	3,178	5,568	21,686	6,752	27,320
	<u>11,171</u>				
Current assets					
Stocks:					
Colours, buttons and cufflinks					
at cost less sales			857		941
OG Hockey shirts at cost less sales			52		52
Gresham's in Wartime at cost less sales			48		48
OG Address Book at cost less sales			1,789		1,870
Debtors and prepayments			1,061		-
Cash at bank:					
Current account		11,144		11,856	
Deposit account		4,442		4,325	
Business premium account		<u>1,770</u>		<u>1,747</u>	
			17,356		17,928
			42,849		48,159
Less					
Current liabilities			<u>(8,475)</u>		<u>(7,523)</u>
			34,374		40,636
Surplus account					
Balance: 1 January 2001			40,636		41,540
Deficit for the year			<u>(6,262)</u>		<u>(904)</u>
			<u>34,374</u>		<u>40,636</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.

J.B.Rolph (H 57 – 62) FCA
 7, The Close, Norwich
 21 June 2002.

OBITUARIES

Denis Aldridge (o & H 30 – 36) has died after a long illness borne with fortitude. His younger brother, **John Michael Aldridge** (k & H 38 – 43), has provided the following obituary:

Denis had a long and successful career in the hotel business, managing several prestigious hotels in Scotland, including Gleneagles for sixteen years. His career was interrupted by WWII when he served in the 1st Bn. The Gordon Highlanders. Denis and I were very close, sharing many interests, and it is sad to lose him. He leaves a widow, three children and seven grandchildren. He was delighted to be told shortly before he died of the splendid and well-deserved tribute to our brother in Steve Benson's history of the School.

Christopher Anderson (T 70 – 75) died at home in Leytonstone, London aged 45. The Revd Andrew Haig conducted the service at his funeral and donations were for epilepsy charities.

Mr Anderson, the second son of Mr and Mrs David and Elizabeth Anderson, was born in Lynn in 1957. He was educated at Silfield and Gresham's School at Holt, and Leicester Polytechnic. In 1979 he joined the Hoskyns Group in London, where he spent the rest of his life, although he always maintained strong links with Lynn.

Suffering from an early age with a severe, persistent and puzzling form of epilepsy, he determined, with considerable courage, not to be diverted from leading a full, independent and rewarding life.

Mr Anderson was a committed church member, attending first the Church of St Giles, Cripplegate, in the City, and latterly St John's Church, Leytonstone, where he became a popular member of the parochial church council. Mr Anderson played hockey for Southgate Adelaide for many years, was a member of Surrey County Cricket Club, and played golf whenever he had the opportunity.

A keen member of the Round Table, he was a past chairman of Leytonstone Table, and was still actively involved in all these organisations. He also achieved a high level of proficiency at his hobby of rug making. His death, at home in Leytonstone, was sudden and unexpected. Mr Anderson will always be remembered with great affection as a polite, caring young man of great integrity – but additionally for his personal bravery and perseverance in the face of difficulties, which he bore without ever complaining.

He will be sadly missed, not only by his family, but by his many friends in Norfolk and London.

George Edwin Ashby (F 60 – 65) died in October 2000.

William Atherton (o & H 17 – 24) died on 19th September 1999. He became very frail in his last months but was still very alert.

Oliver Barnes (S 63 – 93) died on 2nd November 2002. An obituary will be printed in the next issue.

John Barratt (osh & F 21 – 28) died in July 2002. The following appreciation entitled “Last Salute to a born survivor” was published in the *Eastern Daily Press*:-

With his old-fashioned courtesy and easy charm, he appeared, to many, the epitome of the English gentleman. For the better part of 70 years, as man and boy, he had cut a familiar dapper figure, his demeanour and dress, complete with trilby, rolled umbrella and newspaper tucked beneath one arm, in perfect harmony with his surroundings.

It was almost as though John Barratt, stockbroker, soldier and sportsman, had been woven into the very fabric of Norwich's ancient commercial centre, an area filled with banks and law firms and smart family-run shops bordered by London Street and Opie Street.

This was his stamping ground and he fitted it like a glove. There was about him a comfortable and comforting aura of prosperity and success as though everything had come easy to him. But rarely can appearances have been more deceptive.

In reality, his was a life characterised by toil and struggle during the course of which he displayed a remarkable talent for survival. As a stockbroker, he survived the Wall Street Crash of 1929, the Great Depression which followed it and the much later wave of take-overs which swallowed up so many independent family firms. But it was as a soldier that he faced his greatest struggles, not in the heat of battle but in the squalid camps cut out of the malarial jungle linking Burma and Thailand where the greatest enemies were disease and starvation.

Among the thousands of East Anglian territorials captured at Singapore in 1942, he was among the first parties sent north to construct the notorious Death Railway. And it was on the banks of the River Kwai that his life was saved by the skills of an Australian surgeon operating without anaesthetic and it was there, too, that he earned the lasting respect of his fellow captives.

Men like Cyril Ramsay, then a young soldier who will travel to Swannington Church today to pay his last respects to ‘an officer and a gentleman’ who died two days before his 90th birthday.

“We were together in one of the camps up on the railway,” he recalled, “and you couldn’t help but be impressed by him. He was the very best type of officer. There were some who were so anxious to protect themselves that they became what we called ‘Jap-happy.’ But John wasn’t like that. He stuck up for the men under his command and he took beatings as a result.

“He was a wonderful man, and he never stopped working or caring for the former prisoners.” That comradeship born of such cruel deprivation and shared suffering meant so much to John Barratt was clear, but he never regarded his own sacrifices as remotely heroic. “As he saw it,” his son, David, explained, “he was merely in the wrong place at the wrong time and was lucky to survive.”

Born in Brundall in 1912, the youngest of seven children, John Allan Legh Barratt grew up in Sheringham and was educated at Gresham’s.

Like his father, a Norfolk cricketer of repute and a gifted golfer, he shone at sports, achieving success in cricket, golf, squash and athletics.

His schooling ended at the age of 16 when he joined Barratt and Cooke, the family stockbroking firm that his father had established in the late 19th century.

His first job was as a glorified office boy ‘licking stamps.’ Years later, he recalled his initiation into a financial world far removed from the computerised wheeler-dealing of the modern markets. “My father knew most of his clients, originally through being known in cricket and then on the golf course and shooting,” he said. “If you did those things you

were always with people who had money and who were the investors.

"In those days people used to say 'sell in May and go away' and went down to the South of France in their yachts."

The new boy proved a grafter with a genuine flair for the markets, and by the end of the 1930s was bringing more business into the firm than his father and partner combined. Such was his success, he was made an equal partner on September 1st 1939. But it would be a further six years before he could build on his achievement.

For on the day his lofty position was secured, Hitler marched into Poland and two days later Britain was at war.

By then, John Barratt was already in uniform. A former member of Gresham's OTC, he had joined the Territorial Army in 1938 and had been commissioned into the 4th Royal Norfolks, a unit then commanded by John Jewson whom he knew well from their sporting encounters on the golf course and squash court. The battalion spent the early part of the conflict training and on home defence duties, and it was during this period that Second Lt Barratt married Baba Hore-Ruthven. For a while, the unit was based in Gorleston and, despite the exigencies of war, he recalled it as a happy time memorable for some great parties. All of that ended, however, in the autumn of 1941. Ordered to the Middle East, the 18th (East Anglian) Division, which included the 4th Norfolks, was diverted to Singapore in an attempt to bolster public opinion in Australia. It proved no more than a futile gesture. By the time John Barratt stepped ashore, a newly promoted captain on the brigade staff, Malaya had fallen and defeat was inevitable. What followed, in prison camps from Changi to Chungkai, was three and a half years of barbaric captivity and suffering beyond belief. From the very beginning of their ordeal, food was in short supply and Barratt recalled being reduced to boiling snails in saltwater and then, holding his nose, swallowing them whole. But worse, far worse, was to follow. He was among the advance party herded into steel cattle trucks and transported north to act as slave labour on the construction of a railway through the jungle separating Thailand from Burma. Amid the wretched misery of the disease-ridden camps, every day became a struggle to sustain hope and save lives.

In a candid memoir written 40 years after, during a bout of flu, he recalled: "There was no variation of spring, summer, autumn and winter to break the monotony and I cannot remember a Christmas or a birthday...Our clothes were getting tattier, but it was essential to keep a pride in our cleanliness. Wood-ash was helpful for keeping our teeth clean. I shaved without soap every day and used to keep a Gillett razor sharp on the inside of a broken bottle.

I never could decide when to use a new blade for we did not know what was to be the length of our captivity; likewise on the dreadful marches through the jungle I never emptied my water bottle, however thirsty, until I saw it was possible to refill it with boiled water. It was all so necessary to keep alive..."

During the course of his entire captivity, he received only one Red Cross parcel and that was shared with four others.

Privation and punishment were commonplace. During one cruel march, he was brutally beaten with rifle butts for trying to spare his exhausted men from further work. "One must take it and hope," he wrote. "Any flinching or cowardice would only increase their delight in their torture."

His worst moment came after the completion of the railway, when he suffered a suspected twisted bowel. Brought in great agony to a hospital camp, near the famous Kwai bridge,

he was operated on by an Australian doctor. "I believe some concoction of distilled rice wine was first injected into my spine after which I was asked if I could feel the pricking of pins," he wrote. "I felt everything and I do not know how they eventually put me under." Even then, the ordeal was not over. Regaining consciousness the next morning, he found himself suddenly deserted as an Allied air raid on the bridge sent everyone scurrying for cover. "I could see the sky from under the thatched roof of the hut and watched the enormous bombs coming down from a great height, praying that one would land on me and put me out of my great pain and misery."

In fact he made a miraculous recovery and was able, 32 years later, to thank in person the surgeon who had saved his life in such appalling circumstances.

Returning home in late 1945, he took up the reins of the business he'd left behind six years earlier. His first act was to pay off his share of the losses that Barratt and Cooke had suffered during his absence! Then, he set about restoring the firm's fortunes.

He succeeded brilliantly and not only ensured the firm's high standing in the city's business community but its survival as an independent business dominated by national conglomerates.

In the process he made certain he achieved his filial objective of establishing his two sons in business on their own. For while Charlie, the younger son, marked his 21st birthday by becoming a partner in the stockbroking firm, eldest son David was appointed managing Director of Duff Morgan and Vermont, the Norwich motor company of which the Barratt family secured full ownership in 1963.

Always operating under the creed of 'If you give a service you will always have a business – if you do not give a service you do not deserve a business,' he was that rare being – a traditionalist with a flair for innovation. Thriving on change and the new opportunities presented by the Thatcher revolution in share ownership, he was in his 70s when he came up with the idea of The Share Shop, the first anywhere in the country.

A man of great good humour, John Barratt played hard and worked even harder. Away from the office which he attended regularly until failing eyesight led him to retire at the age of 86, he immersed himself in village life at Swannington, hosting church and garden fetes, and indulged his passion for golf at his beloved Brancaster. And through it all he never lost touch with his fellow captives who had suffered the harshest fate of any force during the war. "Though he came to forgive the Japanese," his son David said, "he did not forget."

His determination to keep alive the spirit of comradeship which had sustained them throughout their ordeal was reflected in the annual summer garden parties he hosted for Far East Prisoners of War and their wives. These memorable reunions which represented a typically positive act of remembrance became over the last 20 years the highlight of his own social calendar.

He attended his last one two days before his death. "They meant so much to him," added his son. "He was absolutely determined to live long enough to be there. And that was typical of him. He was a real grafter. His character wasn't shaped by his wartime ordeal. It was his character, with all its resilience that had seen him overcome the Wall Street Crash, which got him through the war. He was a survivor all his life."

Michael Barrett (S 1974- 2001) has died. The following obituary is by **Richard Peaver**:- It is, sadly, only a year since I wrote a farewell for Michael in *The Gresham*. He died, aged only 53, on 19th August 2002, finally succumbing to the cruel illness that had caused his premature retirement, robbing the School of an outstanding and much loved and

respected schoolmaster. As only twelve months have elapsed since my previous article, there is little that can be added to what has already been said; but it is now possible to mention the courage and dignity that he displayed in the face of his affliction (he would have been embarrassed by too fulsome a tribute while he was alive). Michael arrived at Gresham's from Corpus Christi in 1974 and was appointed Head of History in 1989. All historians have their favourite period; his was the mediaeval age, and he brought it alive to his pupils in a vivid and memorable way. When, to his regret, it was dropped from the syllabus, he turned his enthusiasm to more modern periods, teaching them with equal energy and success. His wide-ranging scholarship, allied to his appreciation of the social, artistic and cultural background of whatever period he was teaching, made his lessons highly stimulating. He had a perceptive eye for the telling detail, and his repertoire of historical anecdotes could be relied upon to illuminate even the dulllest topic.

For him, History was not merely a utilitarian skill, but knowledge and ideas, which could provide pupils with an awareness of how the modern world had been formed and of the triumphs and follies that, in all ages, characterise human affairs.

As House Tutor of Tallis for thirteen years, Michael's loyal and devoted work was greatly valued by John Coleridge (for whom he stood in as Housemaster for a term, during John's sabbatical), David Beeby and Peter Paskell. Tallis "gentlemen" were left in no doubt that the highest standards of behaviour and courtesy were expected at all times; everyone, from the Head of House down to the most nervous new boy, could be assured of a kind, firm, wise and sympathetic ear at all times. Oblivious to his bank manager's strictures, Michael undertook a world tour during a sabbatical term, although, alas, his projected *magnum opus* on the architecture of colonial churches never reached the publisher. His book on school matrons, co-authored with Christine Holmes-Walker, did, however, give much pleasure. Michael was President of the Debating Society, Head of General Studies, founder of the School Archaeology Group (which made several fascinating finds in North Norfolk over the years), overseer of the Sir Colin Anderson Trust, founder of the Tolkien Circle, organiser of the War Games hobby, joint Head of Integrated Studies (the sight of him, resplendent in toga, reclining at the Roman feast was, I am told, memorable, and, of course, no-one but he could play the part of Henry VIII in the Tudor feast), play producer and actor. In addition, he was Chairman of the Common Room Association, President of the Common Room Club, enthusiastic (though unskilled) master in charge of countless junior rugby, hockey and cricket sets, photographer, bridge player, skier, singing coach, oenophile, gastronome, Conservative Party worker, writer – and much else, within the wider community of North Norfolk, the history of which he did much to research.

Endowed with a robust sense of humour, and a constant sense of fun, Michael lived life to the full and gave his all to the School, for which he bore huge affection and to which he displayed fierce, though not uncritical, loyalty. Although seldom reluctant to deplore what he saw as a lapse from high standards, or unkindness, or a decline in the nation's or the School's standards, he never used bad language and never lost his temper. His disapproval was no less clear for that. By contrast, he was lavish with his praise, when it was due, and knew that encouragement can be a better taskmaster than criticism.

I understand that he held the highest rank in the Old Greshamian Lodge; Masonic ideals of probity, along with the Craft's adherence to tradition and ritual, would have appealed to his old-fashioned sense of order and decency. A staunch churchman, he was never reconciled to the dumbing-down of the Church of England's liturgies, preferring the dignity and poetry of Cranmerian English, with its majestic cadences and its unfashionable reminders of man's sinful nature. His Prayer Book funeral, attended by over 200 friends,

including nine current or former public school headmasters and three deputy heads, was, although sad, an occasion for remembering a life well lived, one of service and achievement. We shall not see his like again.

Peter Beck (W 19 – 28) died on May 17th 2001 at the age of 92. The following obituary is reprinted from a national broadsheet:

Peter Beck was Headmaster of Cheam Preparatory School when it was attended by Prince Charles – but the school never quite won Charles's heart. The eight-year-old Prince, the Duke of Cornwall, arrived at the school on September 23, 1957, the first heir apparent in British history to be sent to preparatory school. He raised his blue school cap to Mr Beck and then watched his parents drive away. According to Beck, Prince Charles quickly became a good mixer. Mary Beck, the headmaster's daughter and the only girl in the school, was his special friend. Beck, the joint headmaster with Mark Wheeler, had already met the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Anne. The Queen told him that her son should be known as "Charles" by fellow pupils, and "Prince Charles" by members of staff, whom he, in turn, would address normally as "Sir".

In an attempt to head off intrusions, Beck and Wheeler arranged a press visit to the school before Charles arrived, and made a plea to be left in peace. However, in his biography of the Prince of Wales, Anthony Holden says that of the 88 days of Charles's first term, 68 saw stories in one newspaper or another, and rumours abounded of boys accepting bribes from journalists. It was in Beck's study that Charles listened to the broadcast of the Queen's announcement that she had decided to create him Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. While at school he broke his ankle, contracted measles (causing urgent telegrams to the Queen in Pakistan), chickenpox and appendicitis.

Beck was appointed CVO in the year that Charles moved on to Gordonstoun. Years later, Charles met Beck's son, Philip. "I remember your father well," he said. "He caned me once – no twice – for ragging." Francis Peter Beck was educated at Gresham's School, Holt and Magdalene College, Cambridge. During the Second World War he served with the Norfolk Regiment as adjutant of the 1st Battalion in 1941, and brigade major of the 35th and 1st Tank Brigades, 1942-44. In 1946 he married Anne Frances, by whom he had a son and a daughter.

Robert Burton Brett (k & W 46 – 54) has died. The following obituary is reprinted from the *Eastern Daily Press*:

Norfolk timber merchant Robert Burton Brett has died, aged 64, after a long illness.

Mr Brett ran North Heigham Sawmills in Norwich, where he built up a business specialising in English and exotic hardwoods. He was also the man behind the Little Melton Light Railway, which was opened in 1989 and has raised more than £18,000 for charity with almost 55,000 rides. Passionate about his work, he searched out rare and under-rated woods, earning a reputation for quality both in Britain and overseas.

Mr Brett wanted to share his passion for the trade with everyone and over the years he gave much support to Norwich City College students and those attending Jack Fisher's workshop – a centre for people with learning difficulties at Sprowston.

In 1993 he bought 12.5 acres of arable land at Wramplingham and gave it to the Forestry Club as a gift, asking members to establish a wood. Mr Brett's sister, Julie Champney, said: "Bob's sense of humour was allied to an endless concern for others which together won him a host of friends."

The Rev Di Lammas, vicar of All Saints' Church, Little Melton, said: "Long-time churchwarden and parochial church council member really doesn't do justice to all that Bob meant to the church family of All Saints', Little Melton. Whenever a helping hand was needed, Bob was there with his time, his energy and often his chequebook. He plugged a lot of gaps in church and village life." Mr Brett did not marry, but leaves a sister and her family who remember him with great affection.

Myrtale Bridgwater (NTS 68 – 76) died in July 2002. The following obituary is reprinted from the *Eastern Daily Press*:-

A North Norfolk former Army nurse and school matron has died, aged 87. Myrtale Bridgwater lived most of her life in West Runton, and died last Friday. She was born in 1914, and her father was a founder of well-known solicitors firm Hansell's. She was sent to board at Normanhurst Court School in East Sussex. After leaving school she took up nursing and trained at Guy's Hospital in London. In 1940, she joined the Queen Alexandra Royal Army Nursing Corps Association and reached the rank of Major. After V J-Day, she was one of the first nurses to treat the survivors of the Burma Railway, an experience which she found deeply distressing. After leaving the army, she became matron at Gresham's School and remained there until her retirement.

She was a church-warden for many years and remained an active member of the church after retiring. She devoted her time to various charities including the RSPCA, RSPB, the Salvation Army, the British Legion and many others.

Canon Paul Atkins, who knew her very well, said: "Myrtale was a forceful and very loyal person, with a wonderful sense of humour. She was a real personality and a great friend."

The following is an extract from the appreciation of Myrtale Bridgwater delivered by her godson Eddie Anderson at her funeral:

Myrtale trained at Guy's Hospital and as soon as she qualified in 1942 she joined what is now called Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, later gaining the rank of Major.

Having seen service in army hospitals around the country, in 1945 she was sent to nurse surviving prisoners liberated from the notorious Burma Thailand Railway prison camps. Many survivors were members of the Royal Norfolk Regiment. It was a harrowing experience of which she spoke little. Just once she told me the tragedy of those young men, who, having survived against impossible odds against disease, starvation, torture and summary execution, were suddenly safe in hospital beds with food, medicine and the loving attention of those young nurses.

But she saw many die. They'd spent all their energy surviving and now they were safe, they just slipped away. Myrt was deeply affected. As with so many servicemen and women, her hatred of the enemy was overwhelming. Her faith was tested. Such bitterness and anger did her no good and she chose to try to overcome those destructive feelings by finding out about the Japanese. Only a couple of years after the war she visited Japan, where the ordinary Japanese people she met were hospitable and friendly, which helped her a great deal.

For her wartime work she was awarded, amongst her other service medals, the Singapore Star and the Burma Star.

In 1948 I came into her life when I had the great honour of being thrust into her arms at my Christening. Myrt became my Godmother, my mother being her old school-friend

Verily Bruce. To a small boy she was the lovely, sometimes imperious lady who sent me funny postcards from wherever she was then stationed. It was the perfect career for one who so enjoyed the company of men travelling the world.

When she retired from the Q. A.s in 1968 a new career opened up as Matron at Gresham's School - "Sister Bridgwater" to hundreds of boys – and girls later too. She oversaw the design of the new Sanatorium where she lived above the shop, always on call, always super-efficient.

After years diagnosing soldiers trying to avoid the worst of square-bashing, small schoolboys' contrived illnesses were no match for her beady eye. But although she was always brisk and frank in her diagnosis of the acutest forms of pre-mathematics-examination-itis she also knew when her children needed a strong dose of quiet and loving attention – just enough to get them back into class. One of her former charges told me last week one of her familiar catchphrases: "You boys always know where to come for some of my Lotions and Potions." So expert was she with "Lotions and Potions" that the Headmaster gave her one extra responsibility – Sister B was the proud holder of the key to the Staff drinks cupboard. And I have just heard on entering the church this morning, another two names by which she was known – "The Brigadier" and "HMS Bridgwater."

Peter F. Chapman (OSH & H 1933 – 1938) Robert Lymbery has written the following obituary: Peter Chapman, my cousin, died in September a few days before his 81st birthday. He entered the Old School House in 1933 and in due course went to Howson's where he remained until leaving in 1938. He played all the recognised games with enthusiasm, was a keen member of the O.T.C., and sang in the choir. Shortly after he left school the war started and he entered the R.A.F., serving in Cyprus and the Middle East. After his eventual release he made a career in banking with the National Provincial and during the years when he was in London he played hockey for the Bank and served with the Honourable Artillery Company. He eventually moved to the west country and finally to Exmouth where he continued to live after his retirement in 1981. During his working life he earned a fine reputation, made many friends and joined the Rotary Club, Probus and was Treasurer of his Bridge Club. In retirement he retained many of his interests and lived in a delightful house overlooking the sea at Exmouth which he shared with his devoted wife of 52 years, Heather. He is survived by her and their son and daughter.

Harold Cooke (NTS 55 – 85) has died. The following obituary is reprinted from the *Eastern Daily Press*:-

A former member of the Norfolk Battalion who survived as a prisoner of war in the notorious Changi Gaol on Singapore Island has died, aged 82.

Harold Cooke survived four years as a Japanese PoW after the fall of Singapore in 1942. He died on Friday at Halsey House, a Royal British Legion residential and nursing home in Cromer, after a protracted illness. He survived Changi Gaol largely as a result of his pre-war St John Ambulance training. He also helped tend the sick and dying. For 29 years from 1958, Mr Cooke worked for Gresham's School in his home town of Holt, becoming a senior laboratory technician. He was awarded the British Empire Medal for his contribution to Physics teaching. Mr Cooke helped his fellow Far East PoWs through welfare work. He is survived by his daughter Shirley, a senior radiographer at Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge.

The following is an extract from the address delivered by **Ron Cox** (S 59 – 89) at Harold Cooke's funeral:

We remember his wisdom, his generosity, his loyalty, his tact, his encyclopaedic knowledge of local people and affairs, always put to kindly use, but, possibly above all, his modesty, his complete lack of desire to push himself forward. So when, in 1985, he was called to County Hall to receive the British Empire Medal, he was very surprised. This was no surprise to those who knew him, and, although the award was for "Services to Education", it was seen also as a recognition for all his other activities, and, particularly and belatedly, for his life-saving work in Changi Gaol in Singapore during those dreadful days between 1942 and 1945. This honour complemented an even greater one, one given by the St John, his rank as a Serving Officer of the Order of St John of Jerusalem, a high distinction given only after years of service.

Mark Futvoye Foster (H 36 – 39) has died. He was born on 12th July at Gresham's School, Holt, where his father was a housemaster. He was educated at Gresham's School and called up into the King's Shropshire Light Infantry where he saw service in North Africa and Italy and was mentioned in dispatches. After the war he read Agriculture. He went up in 1947 and gained a B.A. in 1950. He was in a family partnership 1950/51 but then did peripheral farming activities including a short stretch as cowman before emigrating to Rhodesia in 1953. He married Elizabeth Brayne in 1951.

After one year as assistant and two as tenant, he was awarded 5,000 acres of Crown Land at Karoi and proceeded to turn a piece of African bush into a productive farm growing tobacco and maize and carrying 800 head of beef cattle. Artificial insemination was used to improve the stock. Water was piped to all paddocks that did not have permanent water. This did not preclude sable, zebra, impala, waterbuck, bush pig, antbears, python and lesser creatures as permanent residents and one drought year an elephant walked through the farm flattening twenty fences. Poaching was always a problem. Mark was Chairman of the I.C.A. (Intensive Conservation Area) when U.D.I. (Unilateral Declaration of Independence) was declared. He joined the Police Reserve and later became advisor on homestead security. However, by 1981, with the children, one boy and five girls, leaving home and coming to Europe and no overseas exchange to visit them, he leased the farm to a neighbour who, a few years later, bought it. In England he grew tomatoes and cucumbers in a tunnel with the same dedication that he grew the tobacco seedbeds and cured the leaf. He enjoyed carpentry and made oak doors and frames for the garage and small tables. He was Churchwarden of Colby. He moved to Wiveton in 1996 with a smaller garden and greenhouse and threw himself into the building and gardening improvements that he wished to make. During 2000 he grew increasingly frail but celebrated his 50th wedding anniversary in February 2001 with most of his family about him, now stretching to eighteen grandchildren, and died on 1st October, 2001.

Trevor Harrison (F 34 – 40) died on 16th December 2001 aged 80. The following obituary has been written by his godson **Frank King** (F 55-61):

Trevor Harrison won the top scholarship to Gresham's in 1934. Worth £100 a year, this scholarship was substantially more than the annual income of, for example, a house matron at that time. At school he excelled academically and he was also an enthusiastic musician and actor.

Had it not been for the war, he would undoubtedly have had a successful University

career. In the event, as House Captain of Farfield, he was one of the Senior boys who assisted Philip Newell with the evacuation of the School to Newquay. He appears in the first photograph in *Gresham's in Wartime* alongside Philip Newell seated with the School Prefects in the grounds of the Pentire Hotel in 1940.

Shortly afterwards he joined the Royal Norfolk Regiment and was one of the first ashore in the D-Day landings. After service in France he was sent to India before returning to civilian life back home. For many years he worked as Company Secretary for Pascall's, the Confectionery Company.

Trevor was a keen churchman. He became a lay reader in 1952 and for some years was a Churchwarden at Christ Church, Purley, where a Service of Thanksgiving was held for his life in January this year.

A strong Greshamian thread ran through the Service. Walter Greatorex had taught Trevor the organ so it was appropriate that *Woodlands* should be the opening hymn. The final hymn, *Hills of the North Rejoice*, used to be sung at the last Service of term. Perhaps it still is. There was some debate afterwards as to whether the most important line was *Lands of the east, awake, soon shall your sons be free or Shout, while ye journey home!*

Trevor leaves a widow, Rosamund, a daughter and two grandchildren.

Kenneth Ancell Holt (H 28 – 31) died on 3rd August 2000.

Edward Ronald Lavender (F 16 – 23) died on 23rd September 2002 aged 97 years.

Bill R.H.B. Mason (F 29 – 34) died on 17th January 2002. The following obituary is reprinted from *The Guardian*:

At the end of the 1940s, the Shell oil company decided to use its film unit to cover motor races. Other oil and motor companies had covered races and rallies, but rather sketchily. Shell wanted decent motor-race films, with cameras around the track, in the pits and among the crowd, and good editing to bring out the tension and drama, not mere sequences of cars roaring past. So it was that documentary director Bill Mason, who has died aged 86, made *British Grand Prix 1949*, the first of an ambitious series, which was followed by films of the Dutch and Isle of Man TT races. Such complex productions are familiar now from television, but in the 1950s they were new, and far too expensive for any but a major oil company.

Mason took his own Bentley on location, sometimes using it for tracking shots, with the cameraman lying perilously along the front wing. Le Mans 1952, when Mercedes Benz competed in France for the first time since the war, brought out the tension. A lone French Lago-Talbot held the lead against the two Mercedes entrants for 23 hours, until in the 24th its engine failed and the driver was seen limping dejectedly to the pits as the German cars shot past to win.

In 1953, coverage of the Mille Miglia was elaborately planned, with British and Italian cameramen deployed over hundreds of miles along the peaks and folds of the Alpine course; Mason, co-driver in a Ferrari, used a portable newsreel camera from the passenger seat during the race.

Mason, a descendant of Rowland Hill, the founder of the penny post, was educated at Gresham's School, Holt, in Norfolk, and Christ's College, Cambridge, where he read English and History. He entered the family engineering business shortly before the outbreak of the Second World War. Unfit for war service because of asthma, in 1942 he

became an assistant director with the Shell Film Unit, which was then making films for the Ministry of Information and the armed services. The unit, famous for the quality and objectivity of its documentaries, had been founded in 1938 on the advice of documentary pioneer John Grierson.

After the war, Mason's first film as a director was *The Cornish Engine*, which showed talent for editing and visual exposition, and was one of a series on industrial revolution-era steam engines. He contributed to the series *How an Aeroplane Flies*, used by air forces and flying schools worldwide. Other films on aviation and technology followed. Then came the racing films.

In 1956 Mason went freelance, and his talent for analysing a theme, interpreting it visually and editing the result put him in demand. For British Transport Films he made *The Power To Stop* on the physics and evolution of brakes on railway trains, and *Maglev*, which explored the magnetic levitation system used experimentally by British Rail. Consistently clear, accurate and entertaining, his work also included the two series *The History of the Motor Car* and *The History of Motor Racing*.

In the past ten years, at his own expense, he acquired archive films and photographs from many countries and edited them into three one-hour videos, *Racing Mercedes 1894-1955*. Tolerant, tall and unruffled, Mason had an incisive mind and an exploring spirit. He is survived by his wife, his son, three daughters and 11 grandchildren.

James Colquhoun Morris died in June 2001.

Jack Pickering (D 21 – 23) died in March 2001, aged 92

James Prince-Smith (T 73 – 77) has died. The following obituary is reprinted from the Regimental Journal of the Light Dragoons: Major James Prince-Smith died in November 2001, tragically, and at the most untimely age of 42. After Gresham's, Sandhurst and times spent farming in Yorkshire he joined A Sqn of the 13th/18th Royal Hussars (QMO) in Cyprus in 1980. He subsequently served with A and D Squadrons in Wimbish, America and Herford. He retired in 1987 having spent the previous two years as Adjutant of the Yorkshire Squadron of the Queen's Own Yeomanry, where he acquired a loyalty to the Yeomanry that equalled his loyalty to the Regiment.

A combination of professional knowledge and diligence made him a highly competent officer. He captained the Regiment's team in the testing Boeselager Reconnaissance Competition for NATO Forces and the team acquitted itself well. He excelled at climbing, cross-country running and langlaufing, for which he led the Regimental team that won the Daily Telegraph Cup.

James Prince-Smith was invariably reluctant to ask others to do an unpleasant job, to the extent that he would often do it himself. He was well liked by the soldiers who served under him and he regularly met up with a number of them at the Barnsley Reunion.

He had a keen intellect and on leaving the Regiment took a degree course at Buckingham University acquiring a well-deserved 2.1. At the same time he joined the Queen's Own Yeomanry, serving them with great commitment. He commanded the Yorkshire Squadron and his last appointment was as a Yeomanry Staff Officer at Bovington. The Yeomanry Directory that he produced was a masterpiece of research. His territorial service ended in 2001, leaving a gap in his life that he was endeavouring to fill when he died.

He was always a hardworking contributor. There was something of Peter Pan in his

character, reinforced by his youthful appearance. Behind his engaging cheerfulness there had always been an element of melancholy, but what dismays his many friends is had they known how troubled and unsettled he was at the end of his life they would have done everything possible to have helped him.

His funeral was very well attended by former serving members of the Regiment and he is buried by the church in the grounds of his mother's house at Morton in Norfolk. He is much missed.

Richard V. Sands (c & F 64 – 71) of Edgefield, Norfolk died in July 2002.

J.W. Saul (K 32 – 35) died in June 2002.

The Hon. Brian Simon (W 28 – 32) died on January 17th 2002. The following obituary is reprinted from The Guardian:

Brian Simon, emeritus professor of education at the University of Leicester, who has died aged 86, will be best known for two things: his four-volume history of the English educational system from 1780-1990, and his life-long advocacy of equal secondary opportunities for all through comprehensive schooling. His history is a standard text, and among the most translated of the 40 or so books he wrote.

His campaigning for comprehensive education, particularly through the journal *Forum*, was indispensable and inspiring reading during the 1960s and 1970s for many of the country's best comprehensive school teachers, several of whom have reminded me how much they needed that kind of support in the early days.

But 30 years on, Simon, who to many of my generation was a humane and perceptive voice, was criticised, even reviled by critics of comprehensive schools, as an upper-class intellectual who misunderstood the needs of the working-class child. He was also attacked as the education spokesman for the Communist Party, which was campaigning in the 1950s and 1960s for the end of intelligence testing. Simon did indeed come from a favoured background, though a conspicuously non-metropolitan one. His parents were great civic figures in Manchester. His father, Ernest Simon, head of the family engineering firm, was made first Lord Simon of Wythenshawe for public services, which included a long spell on the city council and service as lord mayor, during which he campaigned for - among other things - a smokeless city and better housing. He had a passion for education: he persuaded the leader of the Hallé Orchestra and leading Old Trafford cricketers to give lessons to his boys.

Brian Simon's mother, Shena, to whom he was always very close, was for 50 years on Manchester's education committee, working to improve the state system.

Among close family friends was R.H. Tawney, also strongly committed to secondary education for all. The young Brian Simon remembered being told by him in a moment of exasperation with central government that the only good parliamentarian was Guy Fawkes. Doubtless a further educational influence was having the restaurateur Marcel Boulstin briefly as a family chef.

But if all that sounds rare and gilded, another way of looking at Brian Simon's life is to say it was naturally cosmopolitan, with an awareness of international events from which many of his English contemporaries were sheltered.

As a schoolboy, Simon had encountered German fascism at first hand, having been sent to Kurt Hahn's progressive school at Salem, which was already under Nazi attack.

At Trinity College, Cambridge, Simon was part of the concerned generation which,

horrified by fascism, turned to communism. Some of this group became infamous, but allegations that Simon recruited Guy Burgess for the KGB were refuted by him. His communist beliefs, unlike those of many of that generation, survived the war and the 1956 Soviet invasion of Hungary.

While at Cambridge, Simon became involved in international student politics and met his future wife, Joan Peel-a direct descendant of the 19th-century Prime Minister, Robert Peel. In 1939-40 he was president of the NUS, and in 1943, at the age of 27, he wrote *A Student's View of The Universities*, a critique of the university system. But this gently elegant man did not want to go into full-time politics. His aim was to become a teacher, and he trained at the London Institute of Education. Then, after war service with the Corps of Signals and GHQ Liaison Regt (Phanton), he taught in Manchester and Salford. Five years later, in 1950, he was drawn to Leicester University School of Education, where academics were doing field work devising a comprehensive school system. University staff, under the directorship of Steward Mason, worked with the local education authority to produce Leicestershire's two-tier model, the success of which was to help make the case for the national policy announced by Education Secretary Tony Crosland in 1965.

Simon stayed at Leicester for the rest of his professional life, retiring in 1980. His career covered a time when the university had many professors, including G.H. Bantock, who did not share his political views. But there seems to have been professional respect all round, and the school of education became a laboratory for the training of teachers.

Simon became a professor in 1966, the year following the publication of what was to be the first volume of his history of English education, having already published extensively on intelligence testing and local history. He was co-founder of Forum in 1958. In 1970, he co-authored - with Caroline Benn - a research study on comprehensive reform, *Half Way There*, which was based on extensive questionnaires. This work was updated in 1997 by Benn and Clyde Chitty in their book *Thirty Years On*. There is now significant historical work on the costs that the nation and individuals have paid for the class-ridden English education system, which currently gives the UK the largest unqualified population in Western Europe. In 1987, the military historian Correlli Barnett vitriolically described the short-sightedness of 19th century- governments, who were more concerned with the education of the Christian gentleman than with digesting the implications of the industrial and technological revolutions about which they were being extensively advised. Andy Green's 1990 history of the formation of the state and development of national education policy, which compared Britain, the US and our continental neighbours, showed that the British were extraordinarily unconcerned about education as a unifier of the nation.

What Simon taught, during the 30 years when his four histories were produced, was not only that divisive policies were rooted in English culture and society, but also how policy was made. The books contain some gripping accounts of local education authority battles to secure more resources for "their" pupils. When it came to the state system, central government was usually moved more by fear than by hope.

Simon's work on education psychology, some of it in conjunction with his wife, was designed to show the deficiencies of the post-war fashion for psychometric testing, made famous by Sir Cyril Burt, which divided children into grammar and secondary-modern types. Simon's attempts to draw attention to alternative ways of defining cognitive skills, designed to give all a chance, as would seem proper in a democratic society, fell on stony ground. This was during the Cold War, and he was quoting L.S. Vygotski, a Russian

psychologist who had been banned by Stalin for being a touch too creative but who is recognised now as an important name in early childhood work. When Simon retired in 1980, it was not into inaction. Late in life he uncovered the German side of his father's family - its roots in the 1848 revolution, and move to England at the time of the First World War. But the core of his work was educational. He finished the last of his educational histories, bringing the story up to date, although handicapped somewhat by lack of access to Cabinet papers. He also edited a number of books, including key texts from a broad range of political views designed to provide a base for a broad-ranging critique of government policy.

I collaborated on one of these and treasure the memories of a friendly and competent editor and of the warm and entertaining correspondence which then ensued, and also my meetings with him and Joan, who was a vigorous half of the partnership.

Simon wrote a draught autobiography, which was published in a shortened version as *A Life in Education* (1998). Sadly, it was pruned of the personal focus on educational issues. I am left with a sense of a mission not fully achieved. Had Simon lived in a culture more tolerant of communist intellectuals, his educational thinking would surely have been recognised as mainstream earlier. As it is, we are now reliant on a new set of external pressures, those of global culture and European union, to get across his message that an educated citizenry and a large measure of shared culture should be the norm in a modern democracy.

Simon leaves his wife Joan. They had two sons, one of whom predeceased him.

Christopher Simon (H 28 – 33) died in February 2002.

Michael Stern OBE (W 36 – 40) died on July 14th 2002. The following obituary is reprinted from the *Times*:

Michael Alexander Stern was born in Egypt in 1922. His father, T.H. Stern, a British civil engineer from a missionary family, was murdered by an Arab in Iraq in 1931. His son had been looked after in Dartmouth by grandparents and maiden aunts and educated at Ravenswood Preparatory School, from where he went on to Gresham's. His mother remarried, and his stepfather, Lieutenant-Colonel Roland Hamilton, proved a great influence on the young man. Hamilton later became an MP, winning Sudbury in Suffolk for Labour in 1945.

Stern's university education at Downing College, Cambridge, where he read English under F.R. Leavis and history, was interrupted by the war, so he did not graduate until 1947. From 1941 he served in the Royal Signals in North Africa, Sicily, Italy and Greece, and when he was demobilised in 1946 it was as captain and adjutant. The following year, as an assistant master at Worksop, he began a lifetime's career in education. At Bedales in Hampshire next, he was senior English master and a housemaster. Always drawn to a challenge, he then taught at Cotswold Home Office Approved School and (as deputy headmaster) at Langham Oaks Approved School in Essex.

In 1955 Stern read a piece in *The Observer* by Father Trevor Huddleston describing the threat in South Africa of the new Afrikaner nationalist Government's Bantu Education Act. In response he left Britain to become headmaster of St Peter's Secondary School for Africans in Johannesburg. When it closed he started a new white school there, St Martin's, on liberal Christian foundations, but found segregated education and the development of apartheid increasingly difficult to reconcile with his beliefs.

So he moved across the border into Swaziland (then a British protectorate) to found Waterford KaMhlaba, where for ten years from 1963 and with ferocious energy with which others struggled to keep up, he combined the headmastership with teaching, the

physical task of building a growing school, recruiting the best teachers he could find in the continent and abroad, and tearing around the globe raising funds. Christopher Newton Thompson was an indefatigable supporter in Johannesburg, Harry Oppenheimer of the De Beers corporation was an early backer, Robert Kennedy was a supporter and Richard Attenborough became a stalwart patron.

In many ways a conservative educationist with strong personal ties to the Church of England, Stern might be found at one moment with pick and shovel beginning the foundations for a new science laboratory, and at another on the cricket pitch or in the All Saints Church Choir in the nearby town of Mbabane. Another day he might be en route for Massachusetts where a possible donor had been identified, or learning Zulu or teaching Latin. He never rested.

Educationally and socially the school prospered against great suspicion, hostility, and sometimes persecution, from South Africa. Its first head boy, Alan McGregor, became the youngest professor of medicine in the United Kingdom. Matthew Parris, Waterford's second head boy, remembers a state of what sometimes felt like a siege but which forged immense and lifelong loyalties to the school's inspirational headmaster.

Stern and his school became a southern African legend. Nelson Mandela, still in prison, sent his daughters there. Seretse Khama, the leader of Botswana, sent his son Iain; the TuTu and Sisulu families also sent their children. Another Waterford boy, Fernando Honwana, became a trusted assistant to Samora Machel of Mozambique, helping him to act as go-between in negotiations between Margaret Thatcher's administration and the emergency African government in Rhodesia, later Zimbabwe.

The school – Stern's idea and his creation – became his life's work: its successful balance of boys (and later girls) of all races, tribes and religions, the fulfilment of his dream.

In a speech in November 1995, presenting himself with a Founder's Medal, Nelson Mandela said of Stern's time at Waterford that he "demonstrated in the worst days of apartheid, that even those who were free to enjoy the privileges of the system could ally themselves with the oppressed in the interest of non-racialism in southern Africa".

With the future of Waterford KáMhlabá secured (it was to join United World Colleges), Stern returned to England in 1973, continuing to raise funds for the school and remaining in close and regular touch with its development. He became superintendent of the adolescent unit at the Beeches Children's Home in Sidcup, and then, from 1976 to 1980, principal of Millfield Children's Home in Highgate. From 1981 he was appeals director of Mind, and he continued part-time teaching in London until 1989.

Stern was appointed OBE in 1968, and in 1999 he was awarded an honorary doctorate by Sussex University.

In 1986, at the age of 65, he married for the first time. His young wife, Sarah Roberts, who had been widowed, bore him a daughter a year later. Five months after that she died of a brain haemorrhage, leaving Stern a widower with a tiny baby and a young stepson to care for. With his new family he returned to Hampshire where he lived in Steep, near Petersfield, and taught Latin part-time at Bedales until this year. In the week before he died he had seen his daughter, Miranda, excel as Titania, and his stepson, Hugh, graduate from his old university.

Richard Sutton (o & F 30 – 37), a valued contributor to the Magazine, died on 22nd October 2002, aged 84. An obituary will be published in the next issue.

Graham V. Whitehouse (OSH 45 – 47) died in hospital near Perth, Western Australia on 15th August 2001 aged 70 years.

N.D. Woodyatt (F 38 – 43) died in June 2001 at the age of 76.

O.G. NEWS

Dr John Aldridge (k & H 38 – 43) wrote to inform the Club of the death of his brother Denis (o & H 30 – 36). He went on to express his pleasure on reading the well-deserved tribute to his brother Michael in Steve Benson's history of the School. The family had been very disappointed by the fact that there had been no mention of Michael in the literature relating to the appeal for donations to the fund for the building of the Auden Theatre.

John kindly offered to provide the School Archive with a video-copy of his father's 16mm film of Gresham's Prize Days in 1934 and 1935. He ended his letter with an expression of regret that Gresham's and Benenden did not seek to co-operate and mix when evacuated to Newquay.

Alex Allen (OSH 90 – 93 & H 93 – 95) is currently working as an IT consultant for PWC; he is based in Edinburgh and Reading.

Helen Allen (Johnston) (O 91 – 93) has ceased working in publishing in London. She lives with husband Chris in Wimbledon. Helen is now contemplating training to become a primary school teacher.

Robert Alston (W 86 – 91) was fortunately not seriously injured in a microlight accident in January. Sadly his pupil Andy Garlick was killed when the microlight failed to take off from the field airstrip at Alby. Having qualified as an instructor some years ago, Robert decided to earn part of his living that way as part of the general diversification of the Alston family business.

Richard Annesley (OSH 51 – 56) now lives and works as an accountant in North Somerset. He celebrated his 30th wedding anniversary this year and has three grown-up daughters. E-mail annesley@globalnet.co.uk.

Amanda Atherton (Joly) (O 83 – 85) married Andrew in 1999 and their son, William, was born in January 2001.

David Atherton (H 49 – 54) has retired from his lecturing responsibilities and become Emeritus Professor of Engineering Physics at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario. He remains active, developing Magnetic Faultfinding Techniques for steel and concrete pipelines and is very busy as Chairman of a local company with world-wide contracts applying these patented processes in the field.

Lucy Atherton (O 85 – 87) qualified as a solicitor, and is now working as a Legal Adviser to the Engineering Employers Federation in London.

Richard Bailey (c & W 81 – 90) is working as Process Development Manager with Trouw Aquaculture near Northwich, Cheshire.

Nancy Baldwin (Wagner) (O 79) lives in Connecticut. She has worked for Brady Corp. for seventeen years since she graduated. As an ESU exchange student, she was the first American girl to grace the Gresham's campus. **Will Osborne** ('78) went to her school, Robert Louis Stevenson, in Pebble Beach, California. In September she bought her husband to see the delights of Norfolk. E-mail: seoulmates@yahoo.com

Michael Baker (c & W 56 – 65) on leaving School went to Surrey University where he graduated in Chemical Engineering. He worked for May and Baker for a year before moving on to Constructors John Brown (CJB). In 1973 he returned to Holt to run the family business CT Baker Ltd. In 1977 the firm bought Larners of Holt. In 1989 the business expanded further acquiring Edmonds of Stalham and North Walsham. The company now has a staff of 110 and a turnover of £7.4 million. Michael is an elected member of North Norfolk District Council, representing Holt. Not very long ago Michael suffered heart problems subsequently writing about the experience. His account is reprinted in the Magazine on p.62.

Richard Barclay (OSH 41 – 44) suffered the loss of his second wife in 1993, but last year he married Joan Railston-Brown. The couple live in Minchinhampton, Gloucestershire. Richard has amassed four children and six step-children and their families, resulting in 21 assorted grandchildren! Richard still keeps in touch with **Bill Hudson**, **John Moor** and **John Dardier**. He travels widely and recently visited Kenya where he met **Chris Wood** (W 37-42) now retired from splendid work with the African Medical and Research Foundation, an organization supported by his brother **Sir Martin Wood** (k & W 40-45), of Oxford Instruments fame. Richard asked that the School should be made aware of this remarkable work.

Glyn Barnett (k & W 81 – 89) represented England as a full-bore shooter in the Commonwealth Games in which he was a medallist. He continues to pursue a career in Accident & Emergency Medicine. In June his wife Katie presented him with their first baby, Ella. They live in Fulham. Glynbarnett@hotmail.com.

Tim Battle (W 60 – 65), having retired from a 30-year career in NHS management, is now working as a training and development officer for healthcare chaplains.

Jason Baxter (c & W 80 – 87) works in Norwich as an NVQ assessor for the Hotel and Catering Training Company. In July he remarried. He thinks his former teachers would be amused to picture him teaching basic skills to young people!

Steve Benson (S 64 – 82) as well as continuing his work as the Director of Isis East has seen the publication of his keenly awaited history of Gresham's, *I Will Plant Me a Tree*. The book has been very well received – see review. In addition to all this the veteran thespian found time to take to the boards in the Blakeney Players' summer farce 'With Love From Russia'. Steve commanded attention with his accurate portrayal of the key role of Vaslav Nijinsky, a somewhat over-the-hill dancer of the light fantastic. On launching into song all the old magic was there.

Emma Bowett (Armitage) (O 85 – 87) now lives with her O.G. husband James and children Jack and Hannah near Ashford in Kent. Emma's most recent post was with Hotel and Catering Company as a Training Adviser in Norfolk, but now she is a full-time mother and housewife. Sister **Claire** is also married with two children, a girl and a boy, and lives in Essex. The third Bowett girl, **Harriet**, runs the Brook Street office in Cambridge and lives in Soham.

Oliver Bowyer (k & F 88 – 96) has qualified as a Dentist at Bristol. He has since moved to Nottingham and continues to play a great deal of hockey.

Roddy Bray (H 83 – 89), who was School Captain in his last year, has fond memories of muddy cross-country runs, hikes in the Peaks and a play a term for four years. He caught the ‘Africa Bug’ in his gap year and ever since he graduated he has stayed in Africa. He has just set up his own tour company there; it is called African Dawn Touring and offers insight and tailored arrangements for visitors to Southern Africa.
E mail address rodzyb@mweb.co.za

Robert Brown (W 46 – 50) has moved to a village near Dorchester, having retired from a practice as a Consulting Civil and Structural Engineer in Marlow where he worked for the last twenty years.

Peter Brown (H 65 – 69) has written most cheerfully: ‘After too many years in the petrochemical industry, now living in Perthshire and enjoying married life with numerous horses, dogs and cats.’ Tel/fax: 01877 384346.

Anthony Bull (H 22 – 26), not content with purchasing a splendid pair of O.G. Club braces for the paltry sum of £15.50 (see advertisement under Miscellaneous p.101, dear reader), has put pen to paper, recalling his time at Gresham’s and his lifelong love of transport systems including his experiences as a designer of supply routes all over the world to assist the Allied war-effort. See p.68

Martin Burgess (F 44 – 49) kindly donated £28 to the Club as well as presenting a copy of the School History – I Will Plant Me a Tree by Steve Benson (details p.100) – to a friend in Farfield.

Gilbert Burrows (D 22 – 29) together with his late wife has devoted a great deal of time and energy to welfare work. When at Gresham’s in his final year he recalls a biplane fighter flying low over the School, which it was photographing. He has one of the photographs which ‘includes the then new Library south of the Cromer Road but no new hospital near the Eccles wood’.

Roger Carpenter (F 58 – 63) with **Michael Womack** (k & F 58 – 65) made a nostalgic trip to Gresham’s and to North Norfolk to see Michael Allard, Logie Bruce Lockhart and Ron Cox. Roger is Reader in Oculomotor Physiology at Cambridge University. He is Director of Studies in Medicine, Gonville and Caius College.

John Carter (W 72 – 75) concluded his schooling at Norwich School. He was delighted to stumble on the Club’s list of e-mail addresses and has added his own: carter.j@btconnect.co. John has made a career in Aviation, is married with two lovely daughters aged 10 and 8, and still lives in Norfolk.

John Coleridge (S 52 – 85) recalls that he was invited to join the Staff by M.J. Olivier on his birthday, July 26th 1952 – i.e., 50 years ago. John, along with ten other poets, is about to have ten poems published and there are more to come. He has written a well-received celebration of the Pedagogues entitled ‘Without the Boys’: golfing schoolmasters featured include George Heaney, Jim Gillick, Peter Badger and Jim Woodhouse (formerly Head of Rugby and Lancing and a Governor of Gresham’s). John has also just written and published ‘Pro-Tem’ a novel with a distinctly autobiographical slant. Further projects include books on Samuel Taylor Coleridge and SS Peter and Paul. In his word-processor

lurks another novel, *The Turn of the Tide*, which requires radical pruning; the story is centred on North Norfolk and more specifically the windmill at Bircham on the day of the floods in 1953. (John's address is 195, Norwich Road, Fakenham).

Richard Copas (S 63 – 01), having retired last year, is devoting his energies to the community. He is heavily committed to the Holt Youth Project, a permanent youth centre for the young people of Holt and the surrounding villages. The committee have seen their bid for Lottery money turned down but now hope for split funding from the Community Fund and Sport England. Richard has been elected recently to the Town Council.

Geoffrey Copeman (k & OSH 46 – 54) has retired from his post of Vice-Chairman of the Board of Eastern Counties Newspaper Group. Geoffrey has family links with the company going back hundreds of years and is naturally pleased that his son has just become a non-executive director, thus continuing the family connection.

James Cox (OSH 57 – 61), who had lost contact with the Club and paid the penalty of not receiving any mailings, was delighted to register his address in Chiswick and to receive details of the O.G. Reception at which the School's history (see item on p.44) was launched.

Paul Craggs (F 87 – 89) is currently Finance Director for a Rentokil-Initial subsidiary working in East Grinstead.

Major-General Joe Crowdy (D, k & H 33 – 42) has particularly enjoyed his recent role of seeking to promote the rehabilitation of the former Headmaster of Gresham's **Philip Newell** (1935 – 44) as well as helping to manage the Philip Newell Memorial Fund. (See account on p.85 by Frank King) of the dedication on 22nd June of the Philip Newell Display Cabinet in the Library).

Michael Curtis (c & H 51 – 59) has kindly made a generous donation to the Club.

Alistair Dudley (F 73 – 77) is now a director of Connaught Executive, probably the foremost career management organization in the UK, specialising in private executive clientele looking either to change or to regain employment. He also works in the corporate field with Right Courts. As the job for life is now a thing of the past, Alastair finds there is plenty of work available. He has offered to speak to the Sixth Form.

Rebecca Duffield (O 88 – 98) has been appointed Assistant Director of Music at Bedales.

Christopher Dugdale (H 79 – 83) and two fellow-directors have successfully launched Almary Green Investments, a firm of independent financial advisers, based in the shadow of Norwich Cathedral. The firm exists to handle investments and pension business for companies and individuals.

Alastair Duncan (c & F 61 – 70) has been promoted to the rank of Major-General. He is now Director General Training Support Command (Land).

Francey Edwards (O 88 – 93) is working in a junior school in Hackney, running small literacy support groups for years 3 and 4. She loves the work but still cannot believe she is working in a school!

Michael Everitt (H 47 – 52) continues to send the Editor interesting and much-appreciated material concerning O.G.s. He takes particular pleasure in forwarding items culled from *The Guardian* which he suspects the Editor does not read. (Surely not the case! – Ed.)

Ralph Firman (F 88 – 93) won the Formula Nippon Championship at Suzuka in Japan. The victory lifted Ralph into fourth place in the championship.

Christopher Ford (OSH 82 – 87). After UMIST and a year in Paris learning French, Christopher went to live with his parents in Saudi Arabia. First of all he worked at an airport, then via engineering he progressed to assistant manager with a sister company of AT&T (now Lucent) which installs telecommunication networks. As technological advance proved slow in Saudi he decided to return to the UK. He has been working for oneZone as a senior engineer in their testing/design department.

During all this time Christopher and his wife Suzi whom he met at a church meeting experienced the restrictions of life under the Saudi religious leaders. Before they were married, they could not go anywhere just by themselves; Suzi's brothers had to accompany them or they could have wound up in jail! Now the couple are happily settled in Borehamwood and have two young children, Naomi and Timothy.

Richard Ford (OSH 86 – 91) is living and working as a dentist in Bristol. He is married to Yatasha.

Guy Fraser-Sampson (OSH 74 – 77) works in fund management specialising in venture capital; he was originally a partner in a City law firm. He has two sons by a previous marriage, the elder of whom is hoping to go to Sandhurst – which he thinks should please Richard Peaver! Guy married for the second time over ten years ago. Having previously worked in Abu Dhabi and Paris, he is currently based in London. He enjoys a wide range of activities, including dancing the Argentinian tango. He is in intermittent contact with Will Nash and Charles Paton-Philip.

Richard Galbraith (c & OSH 50 – 55), retired and widowed, spends his time travelling and playing golf. Until his retirement in 1998, he was for fifteen years Treasurer for British Airways. He lives in Ealing and his e-mail address is agalbraith@aol.com

Andrew Garner (c & H 50 – 59) is enjoying retirement in Messery, France. **Sarah** (O 82 – 84) together with her partner and daughter Saffron live in an old farmhouse only five minutes away. Sister **Julie** (O 84 – 89), still living in Fulham, had a baby daughter, Emily Megan, on November 23rd.

Josie Gibson (E 93 – 96) took a year out from Oxford to train with the British Olympic sailing team. She is now the No 1 British lady helm in the two-handed Olympic ladies boat and is well placed to be selected to represent Great Britain at the 2004 Olympics.

Christopher Gilling (OSH 46 – 51) who worked for Anglia TV, the BBC and ABC Australia is now retired and living in Sydney.

Ken Goddard (F 50 – 54) is still in contact with Don Arnold and Nigel Kitchen. He worked until retirement with the old GEC plc but still works part-time for a Leeds computer company.

Miles Gooseman (H 92 – 97) while working towards his first-class degree in Marketing at Teeside University also found time to captain his university's squash team who reached the U.A.U. semi-finals.

Rebecca Green (Cunningham) (c & O 76 – 83) is married to Steve, a New Zealander. They have three children: James (8), Emily (4) and Florence (2). Rebecca is nursing neonates part-time in Swindon. The family is planning to move to New Zealand early next year. Rebecca hopes to meet other O.G.s there.

Sienna Guillory (O 91 – 93) apart from pursuing her career in films (see review on p.80) led a group of celebrities supporting the Liberty and Livelihood March, appearing on the cover of *The Field*. Opined Sienna, 'I'd rather be a Leicestershire fox than a battery chicken', adding, 'Lots of people have no idea that I know how to gut a fish, let alone that I've followed hounds.'

Professor John Hampton (c & OSH 49 – 56), consultant cardiologist at Queen's Medical Centre in Nottingham, featured prominently in a Channel Four production entitled 'The Trust' broadcast on January 24th. The series focused on the barely contained chaos of D57 – an over-crowded acute admissions ward treating everyone from heart patients to drug addicts. The consultant was seen sending away patients whom he admitted he would normally keep in. A huge chasm was evident between managers and consultants. John Hampton's view on the political interventions relating to the cardiac waiting lists were quite withering; 'Stalinist' and 'stupid' were just two of the choice epithets he employed.

The Most Revd. David Hand (F 32 – 37) was very disappointed to decline the invitation to attend the Farfield Reunion on September 21st. Writing from Papua New Guinea he expressed the wish that all present would have a wonderful time. He continued: 'I ought I suppose to send my £20, but you will all understand (or not misunderstand) when I reverse that and suggest that each diner send me £20 to forward the possibility of my sharing with less-favoured human beings in a underdeveloped new nation what Farfield and Gresham's have meant to us all.' [Bishop David's address is Box 25, N. Waigani, N.C.D. Papua New Guinea.]

Peter Hannah (F 38 – 42) wrote to say how much he enjoyed the Farfield Reunion. He also derived much pleasure from reading the O.G. Magazine and thereby 'being able to keep in touch with the School that we liked so much so many years ago'. Peter kindly enclosed a cheque for £100 as a donation to O.G. Club funds and to contribute to the cost of the Magazine.

Peter is still Patron of Beeston (Nottingham) Hockey Club which is in the 1st Division of the H.A. National League. He was President from 1976 to 1989. In May he went to Milton Keynes to support his Beeston Juniors and on arrival saw that Gresham's U15 were playing Millfield. He was delighted that Gresham's won on penalty flicks. He enjoyed talking to the Gresham's Staff; the trip was only spoilt when his own juniors lost on penalty flicks! Peter sees a great deal of **Pat Mumby** (k & H 34 – 43) who like him played for many years for both Beeston H.C. and Notts County.

Joe Hardwick (k & W 42 – 50) experienced pleasant nostalgia on reading the last issue of the Magazine. He asked for the addresses of Paul Armfelt and Pat Howgill as well as expressing his intention to attend Newquay 2003.

John Hawksley (c & W 52 – 57) now lives in/near Winchester.

Rory Hederman (H 88 – 93) after gaining a 2:1 in Civil Engineering from Exeter University proceeded to RAF Cranwell. He is now based at RAF Coningsby, flying the Tornado F3.

Jeremy High (c & OSH 52 – 62) having left Kenya is now Director of King Abdul Aziz International School, Riyadh. E-mail: jhigh@hotmail.com

James Holder (F 88 – 93), having been practising as a small animal vet in London, decided to give that up, become a locum at the Holt practice during August and then prepare to travel abroad including South East Asia.

John Hope-Simpson (W 27 – 32) has devoted his life to botany, ecology and nature conservation. He gained an Oxford botany degree, followed in 1940 by a D.Phil. specialising in plant ecology. In 1941-42 he had two brief jobs in agricultural research. From 1943 to 1945 he served in the RAF as a photographic interpreter. In 1945 he became a botany demonstrator at Oxford. From 1947 to 1978 he was Lecturer in Botany at Bristol University. Whilst John has produced a number of research publications in plant ecology much of his time post-retirement has been given to nature conservation.

Edward Hughes (T 87 – 92) is working in Soho as an agent for film and television directors and writers. He is also an aspiring screenwriter and director.

Philippe Jallot (k & H 72 – 80 summer terms only!) has joined the Club. After graduating in France, Philippe went into the telecommunications business. He now lives in London where he works for Freeserve. Com.

Jan Jansen (W 89 – 91) gained his B Sc in Anatomy at Guy's and Thomas's in 1997. While studying medicine he joined a TA Battalion of the Parachute Regiment. Jan spent part of his year out attached to the regular army units. Having moved to Scotland to do his house jobs and basic surgical training, Jan qualified as a surgeon last year. He is now Specialist Registrar in General Surgery on the North and North-East Scotland Rotation. Jan has recently become engaged to Andrea Jones. He would like to get in touch with Colin Byrom.

Julian Jarrold (W 74 – 78) directed the BBC adaptation by Tony Marchant of Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*, the Russian classic about murder and disappointment among St Petersburg's underclass. The revisiting of this great work, broadcast in February, proved fascinating because the hatred, self-justification and murderous intent recorded in *Crime and Punishment* are very evident in contemporary society, particularly America. Julian has also directed the adaptation for television of *White Teeth* by Zadie Smith.

Emily Jenney (95 – 01) wrote to thank the O.G. Club for its cheque for £200 to help fund her placement in India at a school where she expected to teach English, music and drama.

Philip Kemp (H 72 – 74) was very disappointed that having just qualified as an airline pilot for Continental Express, flying ATR –42s, he was immediately furloughed owing to September 11th. Philip and his wife Kathryn had their engagement dinner in 1998 at the Windows in the World restaurant at the top of the North Tower of the World Trade Center. Philip was hoping to be able to work for Charter Operations flying a Citation business jet.

Sireen Khalifeh (E 89 – 91) e-mailed Richard Peaver from Jordan. Having attended an American College in Maine, Sireen returned to Jordan where she worked in the office of Her Majesty Queen Noor and later in her residence as a private secretary. She then took a job at the American Embassy in Jordan as a political assistant. She has found the work very interesting but very depressing as the political situation in the Middle East is sadly explosive. Since Sireen is of Palestinian origin the Palestinian issue is close to her heart; it has been difficult for her 'seeing injustice done by Israel with full world support.' Via a lottery Sireen qualified for the final stage to win a US immigrant visa. Brother Sam went to Sheffield after Gresham's. With his degree he returned to Jordan to work with his father. He now lives in Dubai as the Director of Gulf Chemicals Co. Sireen would like to contact Lizzy Nelstrop, Vicky McDougall, Sam Nash, Sophie Ing et al. Sireen's address is P.O. Box 940 850 Amman 1194 Jordan. E-mail: KhalifehSM@state.gov. [Sireen, why not buy a copy of the Address Book which has a supplement of e-mail addresses?]

John Lanchester (c & H 72 – 80) has received some good reviews for his most recent novel *Fragrant Harbour*, a literal but rather ironic translation of Hong Kong, the setting and focus of the story. See Reviews.

Henry Layte (T 90 – 95) has set up his own theatre company, Rank Taxi, which has had two highly successful years at the Edinburgh Festival and a run in London with his play *Four Little Plays Called Rape*. He is adapting Orwell's *Animal Farm* which will be premièred at the Auden Theatre before a London run and tour. Henry contributed memorably to the O.G. Showcase at the Auden on September 6th with the first part of his partially written play, *Dream Job* (see Reviews). He is building up a list of names of interesting and well-known people who are prepared to endorse the company and its aims, which include educational and community work, as well as an emphasis on new writing and young talent, all with a view to attracting private and corporate sponsorship.

David Layton (W 28 – 33) sent some personal recollections of Benjamin Britten, a friend of his while they were at Gresham's, for onward transmission to Christopher Smith, whose engrossing piece on the composer's youth appeared in the last issue.

Paddy Lewis (T 79 – 84) is a Vice-President of Merrill Lynch International Bank Ltd, working in Newcastle and London. He has been married for twelve years to Nicola. They have two children, Hannah (10) and Charlie (8). They live in sunny Northumberland just north of Hexham on top of Hadrian's Wall – amazing country! He has offered to the School his services as a consultant, advising on career opportunities in private and investment banking, which he already does for the universities in Newcastle.

Ray Lewis (OSH 82 – 87) is still working in finance in New York. He got married in December 2001 and **Andrew Marriage** (k & T 79 - 87) was his best man.

Claire Lincoln (O & E 83 – 88) is working at St Thomas's Hospital, London. In 2003 she will become a potato farmer's wife.

Ollie Lincoln (k & F 81 – 87) is now a marketing manager for a tyre company near Heathrow. In June he and his friend Mike Smith cycled from Land's End to Blakeney in order to raise well over £1000 for the Back-up Trust, which supports spinal injury victims. He was moved to do this on behalf of his friend **Clair Pollard** (E 90 – 92) who was paralysed in a car crash. The two cyclists who took seven days to cycle the 500 or so miles were greeted warmly by friends and family at the White Horse, Blakeney, Ollie's weekend local.

Cecil Lloyd (OSH 38 – 42) wrote to convey his pleasure at seeing photos of the School on the Gresham's website. He suggested that 'Tiny' Bourdillon should be added to the School's list of famous former pupils. He was a climber on the rocks in Newquay in WWII and later was very close to being the first man to climb Everest. He carried up the oxygen tanks which Hillary and Tensing used the next day to reach the summit. (My understanding is that he also cut vital steps for the successful duo too. -The Editor). He had designed, and wore, a rebreathing system to supply oxygen but unfortunately the valves iced over. Cecil recalls attending with Tiny a summer logging camp which the School sponsored in 1942; Tiny showed an amazing ability to spot caterpillars. Sadly he was killed in a climbing accident in the Alps. The Peny-Gurid Inn on Snowdon has some of his gear on display.

Rory Long (H 86 – 90) is working for the Fisheries Research Services Marine Laboratory in Aberdeen. He would like to hear from O.G.s, including those residing in/visiting the Grampian Region. Tel:01224 295374 e-mail: R.Long@mavlab.ac.uk

James Mackintosh (T 75 – 80) After gaining his HND at Suffolk College, James worked on the accounting side for the East Anglian Daily Times. Having qualified as a Chartered Accountant, he moved to Willis, the third largest insurance broker in the world. James finds the maths he did at School helps him enormously as he does the accounts of the major broking company. James has spent working holidays all over the world enabling him to pursue his hobby of scuba-diving. He is a qualified pilot and flies from Crowfield in Suffolk every other weekend. Gresham's seems to be thriving when viewed from the air! James continues to enjoy running which helps to reduce his stress-level. In 2000 he married Joy, another Willis employee.

James wrote to the School to express his condolences to all those at the School affected by the sad news (see Obituaries) of Michael Barrett's death: 'As my House Tutor for five years, he was a trusted friend, encouraging, always approachable on any matter and an expert academic.'

Robert Mackintosh (T 77 – 82), after his degree in agriculture from Aberdeen, advised farmers via ADAS but switched to Chartered Management Accountancy and now works for the Food Standards Agency. He lives in Godmanchester with wife Elaine and son Henry.

Patrick Marriott (F 71 – 76) is now a full colonel and Chief of Staff to the 1st (UK) Armoured Division. He was made an OBE in 1999 'for keeping my head down during operations in Bosnia.' Patrick bumped into Alastair Duncan, then Brigadier, on his return from Sierra Leone and reminded him that he (Patrick) was his fag in Fairfield - 'He looked understandably subdued.' Patrick and Henrietta have two boys, both at Loretto where Logie Bruce Lockhart's brother was Headmaster. The name Bruce Lockhart is equally revered at both Loretto and Gresham's.

Mike Martin- Johns (k & T 74 – 79) after completing a Merchant Navy cadetship spent 12 years at sea, sailing as Chief Engineer. Since 1993 he has worked as Technical Superintendent for a number of London shipping companies. He now works for Burness Corlett & Partners as a Marine Consultant.

Charlette Mc Dougall (O 82 – 87) played the part of a friend of the eponymous heroine in the film adaptation of Sebastian Faulks's *Charlotte Gray*.

Andrew Mc Fadyen (W 91 – 93) played a knight in armour with commendable ferocity in the Living History Day in May at Norwich Cathedral. The event was organised by the Cathedral Education Department.

Len Moaven (OSH 75 – 80) arrived in Melbourne in 1988, then moved to Perth and now lives in Sydney. He is a clinical microbiologist working for a private pathology laboratory. He achieved previously a medical degree and college fellowship and generated a number of publications. Len's sister **Vivienne** (O) lives in Oxford.

Catherine Moore (O 89 – 91) received a cheque for £200 from the O.G. Club to help her to work for six months during a sabbatical for an arts organization in New York called Art Start, which specialises in taking arts to young people normally denied access to any type of arts activity for a variety of social and economic reasons. Sadly, despite being given every encouragement to undertake the experience to enable her to achieve even greater things on the arts scene in her post at Cambridge, no other grant-aid has been forthcoming. Regretfully, Catherine has had to return her cheque to the Club. However, if at some future date Catherine does overcome the shortsightedness of grant-making organizations, the Club will restore its financial support. She needs another £5-6,000 [Does anyone out there have any ideas as to whom she should approach? – The Editor]

David Moreton (c & W 77 – 86) who has worked in a record-shop for the last thirteen years has become, as far as the Editor knows, the first O.G. to achieve a first-class degree from the Open University. David studied a combination of History and Social Science. He is currently taking a PGCE at the University of North London.

Ben Morton (H 90 – 93) who graduated from Exeter University in 1999 is an equity trader working in London, Milan and Dusseldorf.

Christopher Newbury (H 70 – 75) is now leader of the Independent Group in Wiltshire County Council.

John von Nuding (F 66 – 71) is a producer with First Act Opera International, the first British opera company to perform in Beijing. They also performed to an estimated audience of 160 million people at the Grand National 2002. Having brought a production of *Così fan tutte* to Gresham's some years ago, he is keen to present another production this time in the Auden.

Martyn Oates (F 75 – 82) has been working in the fishing industry in Devon for about twelve years. Currently he is operating an oyster farm on the River Yealm. He is grateful for the birdwatching trips led by Dave Horsley and wishes he had paid more attention. Occasionally he sees an osprey. Martyn would be interested to hear from any O.G.s. E-mail Hilary@hoates.fsnet.co.uk

Meino von Olderhausen (E 87 – 90) has graduated with a MSc from the University of Buckingham. She now works for a communication consultancy in Munich.

Meriel Oliver (E 96 – 01) has been out in Tanzania with Schools Project Worldwide to teach pupils about health and environmental issues in the communities. After a period of training, Meriel and three others (one British and two Tanzanian) were allotted their village of 2,500 and so set about discovering the problems, teaching in the primary school and providing demonstrations on pesticides and fertilizers, farming methods, typhoid, malaria, HIV/AIDS and STIs. They also helped to set up income-generation projects (like mini-businesses). All of these had to be done in 10 weeks! Meriel had to learn Swahili in double-quick time. However, these experiences plus all the opportunities for travel, including climbing Kilimanjaro, proved richly enjoyable.

Mike Pemberton (OSH 50 – 55) worked in the City before embarking on a career as an actor. Parts in *Z-Cars*, *Dixon of Dock Green* and *Crossroads* and films for Michael Winner, with appearances alongside Oliver Read and Michael Crawford followed a life in rep and with the Old Vic Theatre Company when he toured the world with Judi Dench in *Romeo and Juliet*. Mike then pursued two other careers as a literary agent and book seller. Now in a complete change of direction, Mike and his wife Tina, who is a superb cook, have opened the Café at Brovey Lair in the Norfolk village of Ovington, near Watton. It's a high-class, upmarket, bookings-only restaurant. The café is predominantly a fish restaurant, with all the food cooked day-fresh. The venue is for parties of about eight. While the atmosphere and clientèle are important, it is the food that really does the talking. www.broveylair.co.uk.

James Pike (k & H 80 – 89) after a gap-year in South Africa read Business Economics and Computing at Surrey University. Graduating in 1993, James worked for Robert Fleming for eighteen months before being lured by **Richard** and **Michael Fleming** to drive Land Rovers to Sudan. James then spent the next five years with BZW before moving into Barclays Investment management research department as a Global Sector Strategist. James married Lucy in 1999 and they now have a baby. James regularly plays rugby with O.G. contemporaries who also live in London.

Tom Pike (k & H 83 – 93) spent a year in Africa before reading Mechanical Engineering at Nottingham. He then followed his father's footsteps and is now a Captain in the 2nd Gurkha Rifles. They were the first to land in East Timor in 1999, two days after his brother's wedding. Following the conflict, Tom was mentioned in despatches. Afterwards he was based in Brunei for two years. He spent a year trekking around welfare centres in Nepal and a spell in Bosnia before being recalled to stand by for Afghanistan.

Agnes Plate (O 91 – 92) enjoyed visiting the O.G. Club's website. She remembers the marvellous year she spent in the VI Form at Gresham's nostalgically. After her law degree at the University of Hamburg she attended the University of Warwick to take her LL.M in International Law. Presently she is in Berlin working as a trainee lawyer. She continues to play hockey in the German Premier League. E-mail :agnesplate@gmx.net

David Pitts (W 73 – 83) has been practising as an architect for twenty-five years. He has his own practice in St Ives, Cambridgeshire.

Wes Pue (OSH 70 – 74), who has the Nemetz Chair in Legal History at the University of British Columbia, Vancouver, recalls his time at Gresham's fondly. Unable to attend the launch of the School's history at Fishmongers' Hall he ordered his copy forthwith and looked forward to reading it. (Readers, you too can order one! Just send a cheque for £32.50, which includes p. & p., to the Bursar's Secretary at School. Make the cheque payable to Gresham's School.)

Mike Rawlings (c & F 69 – 76) and his wife Clarie are living in Denver. E-mail: goodgriefmike@hotmail.com

Angus Rayner (OSH 74 – 79) notwithstanding several canings has fond memories of the School despite his being, as he puts it sardonically, 'the obnoxious little oik that I was'. He would certainly like to resume contact with his contemporaries. E-mail: angus@arayner.fsworld.co.uk. After a two-year gap Angus returned to the UK and worked on the North Sea oil rigs. He then acquired a commission and saw service in some of the hairier units of the Armed Forces. After that Angus set up a security consultancy which has grown into a multi-national group of companies with many activities from website design to diamond mining and the production of both coffee and cocoa. He is married with two children and lives in Somerset. His passion is sailing and he is planning a global circumnavigation when his new boat is completed in 2004/5. He has offered satellite links to Gresham's.

Dr Jonathan Richardson (c & T 62 – 71) practises medicine in a group practice in Shenfield, Essex. He is a Fellow of the American Society of Laser Medicine and Surgery.

Gareth Rowland (F 70 – 75) reluctantly said no to the invitation to the Farfield Reunion in September as he was selected to join the British Sandyacht Team competing in the World and European Championships in Lytham St Annes. He is also a member of the British Ice Sailing Team; it is possible that this sport will become a Winter Olympics sport by 2010. Gareth has offered to speak to the pupils on the two sports.

Joe Rundle (k & F 86 – 98) obtained a 2:1 in Economics at Newcastle University. While there he played hockey for the University and travelled widely. As a vacation job he worked for the Holt Medical Practice running a team who entered key data on the surgery computer.

Toby Scott-Long (OSH 90 – 93) is working in Toronto for Meridian Hotels; he is Guest Services Manager at the King Edward Hotel. E-mail: tscottlo@hotmail.com

Miles Seecharan (W 80 – 85) is working in on-line learning. He is currently an e-learning adviser at Sheffield Hallam University and an Open University Tutor. Miles lives in Stockport with his wife Jo and their children Yani (2) and Oscar (1). **David Moreton** (W 80 – 85) was Miles's best man.

Tim Sellicks (W 78 – 83) and his wife enjoyed the Woodlands Reunion greatly. In October 2001 Tracey gave birth to their first child, Joshua. The Sellickses have moved to Sandy, Beds.

Greg Sergeant (k & T 80 – 90) has moved to Ashted, Surrey. He works for the Laurel Pub Company as Business Development manager. He is happily married to Sarah.

Ben Shrive (c & F 80 - 89) is working for Satellite Broadband Solutions. He wrote to the school offering advice on its computer system.

Chris Smith (W 58 - 63) was taught how to sail by Ron Cox about 40 years ago. He captained the UK Universities against the US Universities. He has recently been engaged in a circumnavigation of the globe in a beautiful yacht which sleeps eight.

Paul Smith (F 92 - 97) ran the London Marathon in April 2002 in 3hours 28 minutes and 19 seconds, just inside his target time of 3½ hours. He raised about £1,500 from his sponsors.

Nigel Stangroom (OSH 79 - 84) achieved a maximum score to win the Association Prize at Bisley (For news of Commonwealth Games and other Bisley successes, see OGRE p.97).

Lorna Stewart (O 89 - 91) returned from her immensely worthwhile year with Médecins Sans Frontières in the Republic of Congo where a vital project to combat the ravages of sleeping sickness was underway. Fortunately as a spin-off from cancer research a new drug has been developed to treat the disease. The inevitable problem is the sheer expense involved! Lorna's role was that of Financial Controller as she is a qualified accountant, but she feels desperately unfulfilled by that and hopes to win one of the few post-graduate places in the UK for speech therapy. The trouble is that many other people are giving up their professions wishing to change to speech therapy. Lorna hopes to become one of the lucky ones.

Rupert Sutton (H 80 – 85) joined Nestlé UK after graduating in Economics at Stirling University. For the past six years he has been in Marketing and Sales for Nestlé in Malaysia and Japan. Rupert has lived in Kobe since 2000. He has learnt to speak Japanese. Rupert is married with one daughter. E-mail: mshacho@ybb.ne.jp

Andrew Thomson (H 76 – 81) who used to work in journalism is now the television equivalent of a sub-editor. He lives and works in Norwich.

James Thomson (H 90 – 95) following his family's move to New Zealand is enjoying life out there. He is working at Wanganui Collegiate School as Network Manager. He is a proud homeowner! The Thomson family have already been visited by **Lucie Spooner** and **Alex Buch**. They would like to see any other OGs who venture to New Zealand. In May-July 2003 the Thomsons hope to visit Gresham's while holidaying in the UK.

Richard Thomson (c & OSH 56 – 64) is currently working for a Japanese consultant as a Civil Engineer in Bangkok on the New Airport. He previously lived in the Philippines, Malaysia, Bahrain, Hong Kong, Kenya and the UK.

Jules Tilley (k & W 71 – 78) is married with two children and living in Cambridge. He is working for UbiNetics, a high-tech startup company.

Maxine Todd (Sidebottom) (O 89 – 91) is married to Ian, a fitness instructor. She is working in Cambridge for Warman & Bannister, an Advertising, P.R. and Design company as an account executive.

Professor J.C.R. Turner (F 44 – 48) wrote observing that there seems to be a huge number of activities at Gresham's these days, whilst during the war there was time for quiet reflection and for the enjoyment of the many fewer things to do. Robin continues to teach a couple of courses at Exeter University partly, he suspects, because he is 'cheap!' In relation to the last issue, Robin pointed out that **Denis Adlington**, whose death was recorded in the last issue, was in Farfield, not Howson's. Robin was sad to learn of the death of **Michael Creak** with whom he had kept in touch for over 50 years. Robin has maintained contact with several Farfield contemporaries, also **Brian Reid** (Woodlands).

Victoria Vanhoutte (E 95 – 97) graduated in July from Edinburgh with a 2:1 in Biological Sciences and honours in Medical Microbiology. She will embark on a PhD in October. It involves the analysis of CD4 T-cells' responses to Epstein-Barr Virus antigens. Victoria is still doing Judo. She hopes to complete her D of E Gold Award this year.

John Vickers (W 29 – 33) was saddened by the death of **Brian Simon**, who was one of his friends in Woodlands. Other friends of his include **Dick Scott** and **David Layton**. John retired as Chairman of the family company in Leeds 18 months ago and as a non-executive director last October.

Anthony Village (W 64 – 68) is Chairman of Noel Village (Steel Founder) Ltd near Doncaster. He lives in Sheffield.

Michelle Walters (E 95 – 96) qualified as a Doctor on the 28th June at Queen Mary and Westfield Medical College, London.

Johnny Wheeler (k & H 74 – 84) is a Major in the Life Guards. He is currently Chief of Staff 43 Brigade based in Wiltshire. He has four children and lives near Newbury.

Hugh Whitaker (k & H 60 – 68) has recently taken up the appointment of Assistant Chief of Staff (Personnel) to the Commander in Chief Fleet as a Commodore and as such is responsible for the HR management for all uniformed personnel serving ashore and afloat in the Fleet Command. He was appointed Aide-de-Camp to Her Majesty The Queen in January. He was also elected to be a Fellow of the Chartered Institute of Personnel Development in May 2001.

Suzanne Whitehouse (Bryan) (G 74 – 76), the daughter of O.G. **William Whitehouse**, having lived in Bayswater until recently, has now moved to Devon. Suzanne and her husband have one daughter.

Robin Whittaker (OSH 54 – 58) having obtained an MPhil from the University of Westminster on Network Effects in Railway Systems is now reading for the London MA in Modern Dutch Studies at University College, London.

Robin Whittle (F 49 – 54), a friend of **Martin Burgess**, was in the 1st XV and Head of House after John Tusa. He did his National Service in the Fleet Air Arm, flying fighters from ships. At Ove Arup he set up their C.A.D. system. While at Gresham's he had a very fast aluminium boat. Later he sailed a succession of 505s. Now he and his wife have a 'shrimper'.

Gareth Williams (k & T 85 – 93) is now Human Resources Adviser with Elsevier Science Ltd in Oxford.

Lester Williams (H), having last year played for the South of England Students, was selected this year to take part in the England Students Rugby Trials.

Tim Williams (k & OSH 57 – 65) after leaving school became an aerospace engineer, married, moved to Canada in 1973 and had two children. He still maintains a small consulting business in the aerospace field and also works in the nuclear energy field. E-mail: Williamsaero@aol.com

Mike Wiltshire (F 62 – 66) writes with the following news:

Dear Mr Rayner,

I visited Gresham's on the afternoon of Sunday 23rd June, and saw some of the cricket match between the Old Boys and the School. I was also able to have a look round Farfield. Much has changed, although much remains the same! But it reminded me that not only had I not been back to the school for 30 years or so, but also that you hadn't heard from me for that time. So I thought that I should set down a brief resume of what I have been doing.

I left Gresham's in 1966 to go up to Trinity College, Oxford, to read Physics. I stayed in Oxford after that to do a DPhil in Solid State Physics in the Clarendon Laboratory. Towards the end of that time, I was invited to move back to Trinity as the Junior Dean, ostensibly to keep an eye on the undergraduates' after-hours activities. From there, I moved to New College with a Junior Research Fellowship, to continue my research in Physics. I remained at New College, working at the Clarendon Laboratory and latterly at Harwell, until 1978, when I accepted a Research Fellowship at the Australian National University in Canberra.

Just before leaving for Canberra, I married Jennifer Pallot, and we took our honeymoon travelling across the USA en route to Australia. I worked in the Solid State Physics department there for nearly five years, and became quite heavily involved in re-developing the neutron scattering activity at Lucas Heights, south of Sydney. I then joined CSIRO headquarters, and was responsible for assembling the brief to Parliament for the Australian Telescope Bicentenary project, a fascinating task.

Jenny and I had our three children, Richard, Vanessa and Stephen, while we were in Canberra. It was a splendid place to bring up children, with many other young families and wide open spaces. However, we did not have the opportunity to travel very much! We bought our first house there, and even began the process of taking Australian citizenship.

But the pull back to England was strong. We returned in 1984, when I took up a post at the Hirst Research Centre at Wembley, which was the central research facility for GEC (as it then was), working on liquid crystal displays and devices. We moved to High Wycombe that summer, and have been there ever since. I worked at Wembley for 10 years or so, where we developed a number of prototype displays, which were among the best of the time. Our attempts to commercialise them were unfortunately not successful, and, the research facility having been moved to Borehamwood, it fell to me to close it.

Not a pleasant task. The fabrication group had been moved to Caswell, near Towcester, so I spent many hours on the M1, shuttling between the two sites. I did benefit from that, because I was able to move almost seamlessly to Caswell after the closure of Borehamwood in 1995/6, and continue my research career.

At Caswell, I initially worked on infrared detectors, but became increasingly involved in the development of photonic bandgap and microstructured materials. These enable us to tailor the electrical, magnetic and optical properties of materials, by incorporating, for example, metallic structures that are very small compared to the wavelength of electromagnetic radiation, which may be radio or microwave signals or even light. This work continued until the beginning of this year, when Caswell was sold to Bookham Technology after the collapse of Marconi. I decided to leave the company then, and freelance for a while. I have been fortunate to be able to do some part-time work on Magnetic Resonance Imaging technology at Hammersmith Hospital, and will shortly be starting a contract with Imperial College to continue work on microstructured materials, and, in particular, the so-called left-handed materials. So I have come almost the full circle!

Life has not been all physics, however. My two sons play rugby, so I soon became involved in coaching, although I never went back to playing. I find now that they are all too big and too fast, so I just spectate! Jenny and I started playing tennis regularly in Australia and have continued that enthusiastically in our local club. E-mail: mike@wiltshire68.freemove.co.uk

Hilary Windridge (E 87 – 89) is now working as the Admissions and Enrolments Officer at Bournemouth University.

Bill Wragge (k & F 60 – 68) is now Health Policy Officer with Cotswold District Council.

George Youngs (c & F 80 – 90) is now working with Bernard Matthews as Agricultural Services Manager. His sister **Emma** has now left VSO, earning exceptional praise.

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MARRIAGES AND ENGAGEMENTS

James Alston and Lisa Brown have become engaged.

Harry Everard and Nicola Wilkinson have become engaged.

Sienna Guillory has married Enzo Cilenti

Matthew Harrison has become engaged to **Susannah McDougall**

Jan Jansen has married Andrea Jones.

Henry Spence and Kirsten McAndrew have become engaged.

Caroline Tasker has become engaged to William Greenwood.

Stephen Wyman has married Serena Curtis.

HONOUR

Maj. – Gen. A.D.A. Duncan (c & F 61 – 70) D.S.O. O.B.E. A.D.C. was awarded the Queen's Commendation for Valuable Service for his operational service in Sierra Leone.

JOHN BRADBURNE (F 34 – 39)

The campaign to bring about the beatification of John Bradburne is achieving considerable momentum. Some of the items available from John Bradburne Memorial Society:

1. John Bradburne's Mutemwa. In poems and pictures edited by David and Hilary Crystal £6.00 inclusive of p&p.
2. Strange Vagabond of God. Biography of John Bradburne by Fr. John Dove SJ £14.00 inclusive of p&p.
3. Songs of the Vagabond. Book of poems by John Bradburne selected by Professor David Crystal £6.00 + £1.00 p&p for one copy.

To order: Write to John Bradburne Memorial Society, P.O. Box 32, Leominster, Herefordshire, HR6 0YB. E-mail address: johnbradburne@hotmail.com. With order enclose return address and cheque payable to The John Bradburne Memorial Society. For orders outside U.K. add £5.00 for p&p. No foreign cash or postal orders please! Society's Newsletter available on request.

REUNION DINNER IN NEWQUAY

5th April 2003

As previously announced, there is to be a Gresham's Dinner in Newquay next April. Unfortunately it has not proved possible to keep to the previously published date and the dinner will take place one week earlier on Saturday 5th April 2003, two weeks before Easter. By chance, 2003 marks the centenary of the birth of Philip Newell who, as Headmaster, oversaw the evacuation of the School to Newquay in 1940. It is very much hoped that the new Headmaster, Antony Clark, will be able to join us in Newquay.

All Greshamians of any generation are invited, and partners will be most welcome too. OGs living in the West Country are particularly encouraged to come. Those who live farther afield may note that, as well as a frequent rail service from Paddington, there is now an inexpensive daily air service by Ryan Air from Stanstead to Newquay.

The dinner will take place in the Bay Hotel, which has now been extensively refurbished since the days when it was home to Woodlands and Kenwyn. It is now a flourishing seaside hotel. As such it is not very formal and precedent suggests that most of the men will wear jacket and tie, or lounge suit, for dinner and ladies will dress correspondingly.

As an added attraction, on Sunday 6th April, morning coffee will be provided in the Pentire Hotel, which was home to Howson's, Farfield and the Old School House during the War.

There are many other attractions in the Newquay area. One which has received much critical acclaim is the Eden Project. In the summer this attracts large numbers of visitors but it should be relatively quiet in early April.

At previous gatherings in Newquay, many people stayed more than one night and, commonly, the night of the dinner was either the first or last night of a two or three night stay. All those who have already expressed an interest in coming or attended a previous Newquay dinner should receive a booking form sometime in December and this will allow for individual preferences.

Anyone who has not received a booking form by late-December is asked to write to:

Dr F.H. King
The Computer Laboratory
William Gates Building
J J Thomson Avenue
Cambridge
CB3 0FD

or e-mail: fhk1@cam.ac.uk

The Bay Hotel has a plentiful supply a single/double/twin rooms with en suite facilities and all at very competitive prices. It is expected that the basic charge for a couple in a double room will be around £70 for dinner, bed and breakfast. This is the price for two people for one night. A supplement will be charged for the Reunion Dinner itself.

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

F.H. King (F 55 – 61)

THE GEORGE HOWSON COMMEMORATION LUNCH

Saturday 22nd June 2002

O.G.s and Honorary O.G.s attending:-

Mr Steve Benson

Mr Victor Brenner

M Anthony Baker

Mr Michael Baker

Mr Andrew Barclay

Mr David Baldwin

Mr Logie Bruce Lockhart

Mr John Coleridge

Major-General Joe Crowdy

Mr Peter Corran

Mr John Craske

Mr Rob Corbett

Mr John Carter

Mr Richard Copas

Mr Matthew Dickinson

Mr Robert George

Mr Eddie Hall

Mr Ted Hotblack

Mr Jim Hutchence

Mr Henry Jones

Dr Frank King

Mr Mac Leckie

Mr Tony Lock

Mr David Lowe

Mr Sam Mayoh

Mr Walter Moll

Mr Martin Olley

Mr Malcolm Paton

Mr John Ramuz

Mr Paul Raywood

Mr Ian Robins

Mr Godfrey Sandys-Winsch

Mr Jeremy Sandys-Winsch

Mr Alan Sankey

Mr Pat Simon

Mr David Spencer-Jones

Dr Tom Stuttaford

Mr Alan Thurlby

Mr Nick Van Den Brul

Mr John Watson

Mr William Whitehouse

Many of the above were accompanied by their wives. Lady Stuttaford, widow of Sir William Stuttaford, accompanied Dr Tom Stuttaford.

Also attending were O.G. Members and Staff Members of the Club Committee, some accompanied by their wives.

J.S. Rayner (Club Co-ordinator)

Next Reunion for a Year-Group

In the summer, the Year of '92 held a 10 – year reunion at the School. If there is anyone out there who would like to organise a similar event this year, contact the O.G. Co-ordinator, John Rayner, at the School.

FARFIELD REUNION DINNER

21st September 2002

Over ninety people attended the second gathering in recent times of former members of Farfield. The occasion fitted conveniently, or not so conveniently for the catering staff, into the first home weekend of the Michaelmas Term. The welcoming drinks were served in the common-room at Farfield. There was quite a press of people in the confined space but the joy was undiminished. The current Housemaster Adam Edwards welcomed everyone and emphasised that young members of the House in his charge were just as conscientious and loyal to Farfield as those present.

Big School looked very handsome as the venue for the main event – a splendid dinner provided by Mike Strong and his superb catering team. The freshly appointed Headmaster Antony Clark in his turn welcomed the Farfield O.G.s. In an engaging speech, he stressed his full identification with Gresham's, his belief in strong links with former pupils and his enthusiasm for his new role. The main speaker of the evening, Laurence Le Quesne wittily exploited his experience of teaching at Shrewsbury to convey the absurdity and complete naturalness of attachment to one's alma mater. Laurence concluded with a toast to Farfield.

A number of O.F.s were prevented from attending for various reasons. The most memorable letter expressing regret at not being able to attend was received from David Hand, formerly Bishop of Papua New Guinea. The letter read as follows:-

Box 25
N. Waigani, N.C.D.
Papua New Guinea

16.7.02

Dear Rayner,

I would dearly love to attend the Farfield Reunion on Sept 21st, but see little hope of doing so – the main reason being financial! At 84 it would be a struggle for me – but worth it!

I hope you all have wonderful time, and remain sufficiently sober to continue to serve your families, relations or what-have-you in the true traditional Farfield spirit.

I ought, I suppose, to send my £20, but you will all understand (or not misunderstand) me when I reverse that, and suggest that each diner sends me £20 to forward the possibility of my sharing with less-favoured human beings in an underdeveloped nation what Farfield and Gresham's and Britain have meant to us all.

God bless you all, and
all yours,
David Hand.

GUEST LIST

Table 1

Victor Brenner
Peter Hannah
Nansi Hannah
David Spencer-Jones
Jill Spencer-Jones
Michael Regester
Augusta Regester
John Smart
Sue Smart

Table 2

Laurence Le Quesne
Mary Le Quesne
Keith Dugdale
Angela Dugdale
Kit Braunholtz
Robin Turner
Anne Turner
Antony Clark
Brigitte Clark

Table 3

Paul Shove
Colin Robinson
John Watson
Canon Michael Sexton
Margaret Sexton
Eric Perowne
David Colman
Mary Colman
David Freeman
Jill Freeman

Table 4

Andy McClelland
SueDee McClelland
Alan Howard
Pamela Howard
Malcolm Ryland-Jones
Anne Ryland-Jones
Richard Creak
Richard Colman
Mrs C. Colman

Table 5

Ian Marsh
George Chapman
Joan Chapman
Ian Robins
Elizabeth Robins
Michael Youngman
Annella Youngman
Christine Guedalla

Table 6

Richard Roy
Jill Roy
Peter Salinson
Alan Mallett
David Baldwin
Chris Armstrong
Denise Armstrong
William Mack
Lynda Mack

Table 10

Simon Gill
Ron Coleman
Jill Coleman
Simon Cooke
Jane Cooke
Don Arnold
Christine Arnold
Michael Turner
James Scoular
Wendy Scoular

Table 7

John Amies
John Harrison
Amrei Harrison
Struan Robertson
David Adlard
Diana Adlard
James Sunderland
Alix Sunderland
John Rayner
Jenny Rayner

Table 8

Gordon Haylett
Jerry Falkus
Malena Falkus
Ben Young
Jonathan Freegard
Fenella Gentleman
Richard Copas
Sandra Copas
Tom Monument
Clara Flegg

Table 9

Adam Edwards
Jill Edwards
Jonathan Wortley
Philip Monument
Mrs P. Monument
Nick Williamson
Gavin Panella
Alastair Nicolau
Jeremy Middleton

LAUNCH OF SCHOOL HISTORY

14th May: Fishmongers' Hall, London

About 150 people attended the ceremony to present the new history of the School to the waiting world. The occasion provided the opportunity for a reunion of a large number of Old Greshamians, but in addition there were goodly numbers of current and former members of Staff, Governors and spouses. Of course, bearing in mind the essential nature of the occasion, Steve Benson and family, Martin Crossley-Evans and friends, and James and James, publishers of 'I will Plant Me a Tree', added to the throng. The two authors found they had their work cut out, signing copies of the book as fast as they were able.

Once the company had made some impact on the canapés and wine they heard three speeches. After a short introduction by David Young, Chairman of the Governors, who expressed his satisfaction regarding the quality of the History, Steve Benson, its main author, complimented Martin Crossley-Evans, who wrote the section devoted to the School's history prior to 1900, on his achievement. He went on to express his thanks to all those who had assisted him in the enterprise. His speech ended, as indeed it had begun, with great applause. The final speech by John Tusa, the President of the O.G Club, had two facets, being both a celebration of all things Greshamian as befitted an O.G. Reunion in the metropolis and an extended congratulation to the authors on their undoubted success. The last part of the speech dwelt interestingly and emphatically on the sad neglect of the School's archives which had added considerably to the difficulties facing Steve Benson. John Tusa expressed the wish that the School establish a fully operational and comprehensive archive which would benefit future researchers approaching the School for assistance. There were no dissenters!

Then it was time for the journey home for one and all including Melvin Hecht and his wife to fly back over the Pond and for Bill Studd and his wife to head all the way back to New Zealand. Even the Staff climbing back on board the Sanders special hired by the School for the works outing agreed it had been a thoroughly enjoyable bash.

Two sad notes concerning guests: Michael Barrett, former Head of History, who took an enormous interest in the historical dimension of the School, has since died aged only 53; Michael Stern (W 36-40), possibly the most distinguished pedagogue that Gresham's has produced, having masterminded and headed Waterford, the most famous school in Southern Africa, died recently in a car crash.

See article on p.77.

Details of how to obtain a copy of the History are to be found on p.100.

John Rayner (Club Co-ordinator)

THE HEADMASTER'S SPEECH 2002

Prime Warden, Chairman, honoured Guest, Lords, Ladies, young ladies and gentlemen. As you may know we have had, this last week, the most tragic death of a much-loved member of the community, James Field. He died in his sleep at home on Monday night. He is the only child of Elaine and Gary Field of Aylmerton and we offer them and all his friends and relations our deepest condolences. He died painlessly in his sleep. When he was here he achieved much in our own Prep School and our Pre-Prep as well as at Gresham's and alongside our sadness must go our thanks for his life, for his gentle, loving character and for his talent for making strong friends. But just now the sadness, of course, predominates and I think it would be appropriate if we were all to stand and observe a minute's silence to think about James and particularly his parents.

[Silence]

Thank you very much.

I am so grateful to Dame Stella Rimington for agreeing to be our guest today. She has been an outstanding success as the Head of MI5 and an example to all girls present. And she is humane, sensitive, and good fun. I will not further anticipate my Chairman's welcome of her but simply to say I cannot think of a nicer and better person to be the Guest of the Governors and the School at my final Speech Day.

I am so pleased we are here in the Theatre in the Woods. The forecast is good until well after lunch and so we will keep our fingers crossed and hope, unlike one particular year I remember, that the forecast holds true.

My daughter told me recently of a Persian Princess who had fallen in love with a commoner and her father was aghast that this should have happened but she pleaded and pleaded with him and told him how much she loved her gorgeous commoner and please could she marry him. The Persian King told her that the commoner would have to go through a test and if he came through it he could have her hand. The test would be to encounter eight lions, one by one, overcome them all and if he were successful he might then marry the King's daughter. The appointed day for the ordeal was chosen and the commoner walked to the middle of the arena and the first lion was released and he came bounding in, roaring and snarling. The commoner raised a hand and the lion stopped and the commoner approached the lion and whispered in the lion's ear. The crowd was silent and expectant. The lion crept off into one corner of the arena and lay down with its paws over its head. The next lion, a tawny lion, was released and came bounding in, roaring and snarling. Again the commoner raised his hand and the lion skidded to a halt. The commoner put his head to the lion's ear and whispered in it. The second lion crept away to the far corner of the arena where the other lion was lying and adopted a similar pose. The third lion bounded in the same, as did the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, the seventh. The final lion came in, not bounding but sliding in aggressively. This looked as if it would present a fearful problem but again the hand stretched out and the lion slowed up. The commoner lent forward, whispered in the lion's ear and he, too, slunk off to join the others. Reluctantly the King admitted that the commoner had come through the ordeal and he could have the hand of his daughter but he was amazed at the control and power the commoner seemed to have over the lions. He asked him, "Pray tell me, what is it? How have you gained this remarkable power over the lions? What did you do?" "Oh", said the commoner, "I told them that after their dinner they would have to make a speech

and they all crept away". Anyway, I often feel a bit like those lions but sadly there is no escape. I cannot creep to the corner of this theatre, kneel down and put my arms over my head, even though I might want to. The speech is required and that is my ordeal. Will I get a princess at the end of it? But what would I do with a princess at my age? And anyway why would I want a princess when I have got such a pretty wife.

Being a schoolmaster accelerates time. Dividing the year into terms, half-terms, home weekends and holidays causes the perception of time passing unusually quickly, so, in that respect, it will be good for me to retire and I hope slow down time a little, although I am warned by others who have retired that that may be a delusion. But this year has been a very good year to end with: lots of success in the classroom with a record 64.3% A and B grades at A Level in the dreaded League Tables last summer and a record percentage of A and starred A grades at GCSE as well last year. I hope this year will be better still and that I won't have to fade away to the edge of the arena and hide on 15th and 22nd August respectively, the dates of the A and AS Levels (15th August) and the GCSE results (22nd August). Incidentally between 1999 and the year 2001 19 Greshamians, we have heard, achieved first class degrees, 5 of them at Cambridge and 3 at Nottingham – and no doubt others achieved firsts who have not informed us. But even as it stands it is a good record. I must commend the staff and the pupils for coping so magnificently with the new AS Levels and this year, for the first time, A2. Academic change, I am afraid, has become a habit with the Department for Education and the most recently introduced change, that of AS Levels and A2s, has not been in many ways a welcome one. However, we decided that the very best way forward was to get on with it and be successful at it and the staff and the pupils have done just that. Last year's results in AS Levels were encouraging, although the pressure upon pupils and staff prevented many of the activities such as House Plays from taking place. This year, four House Plays have taken place and that is a measure of the success of staff and pupils coping with the examination pressure of the Lower Sixth year. That first year only one took place. Congratulations, therefore, to both staff and pupils for that achievement.

I am going to try this year to succeed for once in mentioning only the highest points of our achievements and avoiding too much detail, so forgive me those of you who may feel I have failed to recognise your own personal successes or the successes of your areas of responsibility. Perhaps the greatest success achieved this year has been by the Under 14 boys' hockey side who are National Champions, defeating Millfield in the final earlier this term. Also our Senior Boys 1st Hockey XI ended up in the Quarter-Finals, in the last 16, where they were knocked out but won the play-off with the other team so came, in effect, 5th or 6th. So, a considerable achievement at National Level for them too. We have beaten our record number of wins across the board at cricket with 41 out of 65 matches this year, a lot of draws, obviously, in the difference. We had a very strong 1st XI and a very strong Under 14 side. The Under 16A and B rugby teams were undefeated. Girls' hockey has been very strong with the Under 15 and Under 14A sides unbeaten. Our shooters continue to excel and have now won the British Schools Smallbore Rifle Association Championship for the 18th consecutive term and many individual awards have been achieved. Matthew Firman and John Shanahan are U18 and U15 British Schools Champions and Jo Austin U18 Ladies British Junior Champion, but many, many more too and all sorts of things being achieved at Bisley each weekend. Athletics continue to ascend with 10 pupils representing Norfolk and four, Alex Claydon in the javelin, Celia Dupont and Henry Butt in the high jump and Ben Warnes in the triple jump through

to the English Schools Championships where qualification times, heights and distances are above most schools' records. That isn't an HMC competition, i.e. very limited, it is the National English Schools competition and the winning times of some of the events are close to Olympic standards. Our male swimmers came 6th and 9th out of 64 schools in the National Freestyle and Medley Relay Championship at Crystal Palace – the highest by far we have ever achieved. Drama and Music continue at the highest levels and a remarkable number of plays of outstanding quality have been produced this year from *Pendragon* the musical, *David Copperfield* the Michaelmas Term Play to *Blue Remembered Hills*, *Look Back in Anger*, *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, *The Threepenny Opera* and four rip-roaring House Plays as well, as mentioned, and a lovely Third Form Play *Bonnie Pit Laddie* which took place last week. Some of you have seen an extract earlier. The Auden is used extremely fully, managed and promoted by Paul Hands to tremendous effect. We have five members of the National Youth Choir and the singing goes from strength to strength under Mark Jones. Those are two areas I am going to miss particularly, as I will miss many areas. I am particularly grateful to John Smart, Paul and Mark for the very moving *Happiest Days* production last night. A splendid last evening for me and thank you, all of you pupils who took part. It was absolutely wonderful to put it on in such a short period of time and it was extremely convincing and enjoyable for an absolutely packed theatre last night, starting here and then moving to the Auden. Somebody said that retiring from schoolmastering and leaving the pupils is a sort of bereavement and I fear that will be so. I shall not miss the admin and I shan't miss some of the hassle of management, but that it is fun working with the young and by and large the very best of the young is absolutely true. Working with the young is a tremendous privilege and one sometimes we teachers take for granted. I would add here that the pupils have been constructive, energetic, helpful, polite and kind to each other nearly all the time. One or two of the Third Form who joined us last September had to learn that being kind was an essential element in a happy school but they did learn that and I believe they will pass that message on to the new Third Form who will arrive in September.

My thanks to Steve Benson for producing such a splendid History of the School, *I Will Plant Me a Tree*, and I do commend this to you. It has been on sale as many of you have seen this morning and it will be on sale again from 2.00 until 2.30 on the corner of the Chapel lawn this afternoon.

I must also congratulate Sue Smart again on her famous book *When Heroes Die* and the fact that BBC2 went nationwide with a programme based on that book was a huge accolade for her. It has meant a great amount of work for Sue but what a triumph and what a joy it has been. She has managed this year to cope with all of that as well as her role as Deputy Head. She has been magnificent and a very worthy successor to Dick Copas in that role and it will be a vital role next term as she helps Antony Clark settle in to his new school. His and Brigitte Clark's visit at the end of April when he stayed here for a week meeting a huge number of people and impressing them all was a most reassuring period for him and for us. Gresham's is in excellent hands next year and thereafter.

This is a complete *non sequitur* but may I plead with parents to manage the parties they hold for their children extremely carefully. I am very sorry about this one note that I would really not want to have in my final speech but it is necessary. Much supervision of parties is required. Do not mix age groups! Keep the provision of alcohol to the barest minimum and where the members of the party are young do not provide any at all. We will then avoid the mini-disasters that have come out of one or two parties this year, held

quite correctly out of school time, and thank you for that, i.e. during half terms, holidays, home weekends; but the results of one or two have impinged on school life in an unhelpful way. The fault primarily, I am afraid, lies with the givers of the parties, the parents, and not with the pupils.

It is invidious to single out people for thanks and I apologise to the many people who have made my life a joy at Gresham's whom I do not mention. I must mention Dick Copas and thank him for his huge support as Second Master for the first ten years of my time here. As I said last year when he left, he was a good friend from Selwyn College, Cambridge, where we were contemporaries and he remained a good friend here supporting me in all sorts of areas, advising and helping. The one aspect of him which particularly encourages me now, as I said in my farewell speech to the Staff, is that as soon as he retired he seemed to shed ten years immediately and as we all agreed he looked 45 to begin with, he now looks 35. I am going to be pushed to compete with that but I will try and shed ten years anyway. I must thank Logie and Jo Bruce Lockhart for their encouragement and support as well throughout my time here. Logie has been a real friend and said some lovely things, mostly untrue, but he was very helpful during the good times and at the occasional difficult times. Tony Cuff, besides sending huge numbers of splendid children to the Senior School, has also kept me sane and kept that essential sense of the ridiculous which sustains us all and has also been manifested by all the Housemasters and Housemistresses, who particularly need their sense of humour to get them through. It is extremely hard work running a house of approximately 70 pupils and they deserve all the praise we can heap upon them. And they have all, past and present, been most loyal and supportive and my thanks especially to them. We have some wonderful departments here. The Music and the Drama, as I have already said, continue to flourish, but so do all the other departments. The Maths department must be the best Maths department in the country with 60% of the Sixth Form studying Maths at AS and A Level achieving outstanding results. It has been a cornerstone for many pupils in their selection of A Levels and indeed now AS Levels which commend pupils strongly to universities and gives a balance to their group of subjects. So, my special thanks to Graham Smithers.

My particular thanks too to the two Directors of Studies who have made my life a huge amount easier than it might have been, both Peter Corran and Norman Semple. My thanks to Robin Myerscough, the Chaplain for nine of my years here, and now Bryan Roberts, Chaplain since January 2001. We attend Chapel more than many schools do. It is, for quite a few people, the centre of life and that is good and I know that will continue to be so under Antony Clark, although he realistically acknowledges that it will never be a majority of the School who believe; but it is a growing number and that is good. My thanks to Roger Betts and Alistair Wilkinson, and their loyal clerks Margaret and Julie, for looking after the new building and the finances, always a headache. My thanks to Dave Olby whose careful planning and organisation holds us all together and Mike Strong whose wonderful food sustains us. It looks as if we will have more pupils here in September than we have ever had in the past and that will please Roger and Alistair and keep the cash-flow going in what is inevitably an ever-spiralling cost-pattern as facilities have to be maintained and added to and improved. For instance, we are installing a new language lab this holiday, badly needed for the last four or five years, but it will assist Sue Hincks and her very vibrant modern languages department and not having it would seriously jeopardise that department. I hope parents will approve that sort of expenditure without which your children will not flourish in a very important area of education and

development. I must thank particularly my secretary, Elaine Waterson, who has coped with an ever-increasing mound of admin, arranging and coping with a smile and eternal charm. She is the perfect secretary and will be absolutely vital in assisting my successor this summer and in his first year. The complexities of entry, and recently the news of the sad closure of St. Felix with the inevitable rush of applicants here, a situation where we really wanted to help but were already full, and then the rescue, thank goodness, of St. Felix, is typical of what Sue Shaw has to cope with and she too does it with patience and humour. I am not going to single out members of staff. I have been served by a hugely hard-working, wonderfully cheerful, loyal and uncomplaining staff and I have been extremely lucky. And I shall miss the camaraderie, good humour, wit and friendship of the Common Room. I have also been very lucky in working for a governing body which has supported us so fully and indeed for the Fishmongers' Company which has supported me personally and the School in every sense and has been most generous to us. I particularly would like to thank John Norton, the Chairman of Governors who appointed me, the charming and capable Antony Butterwick, so sadly no longer with us, and David Young, our present Chairman, who gives us a huge amount of time and care to the School, particularly in the last 18 months with the appointment of Antony Clark, Janette Davidson, Daphne Dawson-Smith's successor, and now James Quick, Tony Cuff's successor for September 2003. We have had our occasional moments as a School and David has been hugely supportive and helpful. He has never been too busy to offer advice and time. Throughout my eleven years there have also been two outstanding Clerks to the Fishmongers' Company and to the Governors, Michael O'Brien for my first 2½ years and Keith Waters since then. Both, like David Young, have always been ready with time and advice and tremendous sensitivity to the School and the requirements of the time. A school is a very complex company, if you like, where the main commodity is people and people require careful management, kindness, understanding and infinite patience, all of which Michael and Keith have always provided.

One big thank-you must be to Jean who has put up with irregular hours, all sorts of hassles and problems and yet has always been very patient and supportive, often giving me the wise and calm answer rather than the hectic and immediate one I was heading towards. Some goodbyes this year. We are most grateful to Helen Stoker for standing in the breach and helping us with the Fifth Form Home Economics teaching for the last two terms and wish her success in the future. We are also most grateful to Noel Jones who has taught with great dedication for two years in the English Department to cover the bulging fourth and fifth form years. Noel was formerly Head of English at Fakenham. We are sad to be losing him and we are sad to be losing Alison Dean who has been an outstanding Technical Manager of the Theatre for us over the last five years and for this year also a first-class House Tutor in Britten. We wish Alex Osiatynski all good luck as Director of Music at the British School in the Hague and congratulate him on his appointment and thank him for his three years as Assistant Director of Music and also his work as an excellent House Tutor in Howson's. We wish John Seaman all good luck on being appointed Head of Chemistry at Brentwood School in Essex. Congratulations to him and thanks for his two years' excellent Chemistry teaching and also his contribution to Farfield as living-in House Tutor. Sadly, we bid Nigel Ball farewell. He has taught Maths to our Third Form for six years, a vital foundation, and run the shooting, lifting the levels achieved even above those outstanding levels reached in the past; he himself will be shooting for Gt. Britain against Canada in the summer. We say goodbye to Graham Worrall

after 22 years of outstanding service to the School as Master in Charge of Rugby, as Housemaster of Farfield and as teacher of English, particularly to the GCSE candidates. We shall miss his good-natured character and his good-natured grumbling but I am delighted to say he will be continuing to coach rugby in the winter term. He has also been Chairman of the Games Committee, sorting out tactfully but firmly any problems or clashes that inevitably arise out of very enthusiastic coaches striving for the very best for their teams. John Rayner has taught at Gresham's for 39 years, his whole teaching life, ran the English Department for much of that time, giving English a high profile in the School, produced a huge number of plays, both at School level and house level as Housemaster of Oakeley. He fought the corner for the girls at a time when Gresham's was very much a boys-only school despite the presence of the girls and he had to educate the staff to accept girls as pupils with equal rights to the boys. He and Jenny achieved that superbly well and put in the foundations of co-education at Gresham's which has flourished so fully in recent years. Jenny also, of course, taught at the Pre Prep both on the Britten site and at Old School House before retiring two years ago. John has recently performed excellent service as OG Co-ordinator and the master in charge of liaison with the press, also with producing the OG Magazine and the School Newsletter and the Arts Brochure. He will be continuing with those latter roles certainly for one year and quite possibly longer. We thank him and Graham for their tremendous contribution to Gresham's. They will all be sorely missed.

Peter Paskell gives up Tallis House after 16 splendid years as Housemaster. My thanks to him for his loyalty and support and for running a first-class house. He, of course, remains on the staff teaching Economics and Business Studies, not to mention taking rugby and of course our outstanding sailing, which he has managed for so many years and kept us at the very top. Last summer we were fourth in the National Dinghy Racing Finals. He does a huge amount and is typical perhaps of the Gresham's master or mistress who doesn't just achieve great results in the classroom but does a great deal out of school.

We have, amazingly in these days of staff shortages, found first-class replacements for all the staff who are leaving. We are particularly pleased to have found Jonathan Martin, Old Greshamian and known to several of you, to take over from John Seaman in the Chemistry Department. He will help John Walton with D of E and generally assist with the coaching of games.

I have to mention Michael Barrett who, as many of you know, is very ill and has been looked after at Addenbrookes Hospital but is now in Kelling Hospital welcoming visitors, 2.00pm – 8.00pm any day, but the recurrence of his brain tumour is depressing in the extreme for all who know him and we send him all our good wishes and love, as indeed we do to Ollie Barnes, formerly Head of Biology, who has also been seriously ill for over a year and after a minor operation is continuing cheerfully and bravely to cope with his cancer.

I would like to thank my splendid Head of School, Tom Appleton, ably supported by Susannah Jolly and all the School Prefects who have been a very congenial group and managed the School and their houses exceptionally well. Tom has been strong and cheerful, a perfect combination and a joy in my last year. His singing, of course, has brought much pleasure to many people. I wish the School and House Prefects and all the Upper Sixth leavers, and indeed leavers from the Fifth Form, all success in the future and I shall follow your progress with tremendous interest, but may the results be those you want. Have I a message to leave with you all? What was it Jesus said, "Love one another"? I have found that when one does, things work out well, and when one doesn't, they don't.

Equally, I have found when I try my hardest but offer up what I am doing to God and try not to worry about it, again, things work out well, and when I don't and fuss, things don't work out well. So, for what it's worth, there are a couple of things. But I wish you all, Governors, staff, parents, pupils, who perhaps should have come first, every success in the future. I promise you I will never in any way interfere. Thank you all for your patience, your support, your tremendous kindness to me and to Jean. We will look back on our time here with the great fondness and I am not going to say any more or I will start to get maudlin.

Thank you very much indeed.

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PERSONAL & PROFESSIONAL

THE CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH

Headmaster, congratulations on your Speech and I hope, from the reception everyone here gave you, that you sensed the appreciation and respect we all have for you.

Prime Warden, my lords, ladies and gentlemen: I imagine that John Arkell will have a number of regrets as he retires but equally he must be relieved on at least one front – not ever having to prepare and present another end-of-year speech. And I know just how much trouble he takes to cover the various events of each year and to mention pupils and staff members who have made a particular contribution. This year, of course, has been no exception. Headmaster, thank you for your address. It is clear that the School has had yet another extremely successful and eventful year.

When John Arkell arrived some 11 years ago the Senior School had just over 450 pupils and next year, as you heard from the Headmaster, Antony Clark will inherit almost 530 pupils, which is an all-time record. Now most of the credit for this must go to John Arkell's marketing and selling skills and to the way that he has recruited and retained and encouraged and led the teaching and other staff. He was also responsible for introducing weekly boarding to the Senior School, a wholly successful development, albeit somewhat contentious and ahead of its time originally. And of course, his crowning achievement is the Auden Theatre, which is a marvellous facility for us as well as being one that is used increasingly by outsiders. But John Arkell's reputation is as high beyond Gresham's as it is here. I even had a letter earlier this week from the Headmaster of Christ Church Grammar School in Western Australia. He wanted to pay tribute to John Arkell's work in fostering international understanding through pupils and former pupils here and in Australia and for his care of Christ Church Grammarians in particular. John Arkell's fostering of the links with that School and especially the drama connections have been a huge success and one that I hope will continue.

But of course much of any headmaster's life goes totally unrecorded and involves the problems of individual pupils and individual staff members. And this is, I think, where John Arkell deserves particular plaudits. His humanity, his real concern for people and his readiness to listen and to take infinite time and trouble with individuals, will I am sure strike a chord with many pupils here. Of course he would be the first to acknowledge the support he has had throughout the years from Jean to whom we all owe a great debt. The welcoming atmosphere that she has established at Lockhart House and her work around the School and elsewhere in Norfolk have enhanced Gresham's reputation immeasurably. Together they have given the School outstanding service and on behalf of everyone here can I say to them both, thank you and well done.

I should add that I hope as many of you as possible will take the opportunity, while you are here, of going into Big School and looking at the Headmaster's portrait, which is now hanging there with those of some of his predecessors. We think it is a good portrait, he thinks it is a good portrait, so it must be.

I want to mention one other retirement and that is of John Rayner. The Headmaster has already referred to John but his service extends over such a long period and has covered so many parts of life at Gresham's that I want to echo those comments of the Headmaster and I particularly mention John's recent work on our successful Newsletter and on his liaison with the Old Greshamian Club, which of course is continuing next year.

John, thank you for 39 years' commitment here at Gresham's. It is, indeed, a remarkable achievement.

Governors have recently completed the all-important task of establishing new leadership in each part of the school. I was delighted to learn, though I have to say not surprised to learn, of the favourable impression that Antony Clark and his wife made on everyone they met during their visit in April and I am sure that parents will be equally impressed when they meet James and Kim Quick, and Janette Davidson, recently appointed to the Prep and Pre Prep Schools. These recruitment exercises have, of necessity, occupied a fair amount of our time over the past 18 months. However, in parallel we are embarked on a programme to upgrade our boarding houses. For some it will be mainly decorative with an emphasis on stronger, brighter colours, but for others more extensive improvements are needed. And we are also putting in new fire-precaution systems. This summer we are dealing with Britten and I believe when pupils come back to Britten in September they will see a vastly more colourful and exciting house to be in. I am sure this investment will help us to continue to attract the pupils the School needs and I will, of course, keep parents informed of other significant developments as they arise.

Now it is my pleasure to introduce our Guest Speaker, Dame Stella Rimington, who is very kindly going to present the prizes. Dame Stella is no stranger to schools in East Anglia. She is indeed a Governor with our Headmaster at Town Close and that, of course, is a long-standing feeder school to Gresham's. We greatly value the connection and look forward to its growing even stronger in the years ahead. As the Headmaster has mentioned, Dame Stella was Director General of MI5 for four years in the 1990's at the end of a long and very distinguished career in the security service. I found it fascinating, in the limited research that I was able to do, because these security things are still quite difficult to get inside, that her first job post-university was Assistant Archivist at the Worcestershire County Records Office. She then transferred to the India Office Library in London before moving in 1965 to New Delhi and it was there that she started apparently on a part-time basis working in MI5, later to take up a full-time job in security. Of course it is appropriate for her to come to Gresham's, not least because I am afraid we were the *alma mater* of one of Britain's better known spies of the 1950's, Donald Maclean. I think he gets a mention in our recently published School History, even if he is an OG of whom we are less than proud. I can but hope that Dame Stella will leave us with a few tips as to how to spot any potential spy among our pupils today before they qualify. But it is clear that any of you considering a career in security, as opposed to spying, could do no better than become a librarian and then read Dame Stella's autobiography, 'Open Secret'. Since retiring, Dame Stella has found time to chair the Institute of Cancer Research as well as being on the board of several major companies. We will therefore all have much to learn from her address. Dame Stella, welcome to Gresham's and thank you for accepting our invitation to speak.

DAME STELLA RIMINGTON'S SPEECH

Well, good afternoon, everybody, and thank you, Chairman, for that introduction. I am delighted to be here and particularly proud to be the Guest of the Day at John Arkell's last Speech Day and to join with all of you in wishing him a very happy retirement. As the Chairman said, we are joint governors at Town House Close School and as a governor with him I have come to understand and appreciate the qualities that have made him such a success as Headmaster of Gresham's.

I would also like to take this opportunity of offering warm congratulations to all those who are getting prizes and certificates today. I know that they are the results of a lot of hard work and worry for the teachers as well as for the pupils. And also thanks to everybody who is involved in those fantastic music and drama productions that I had the advantage of seeing earlier this morning. I thought the talent demonstrated there was absolutely breathtaking.

I was going to say that I hope no-one would take offence when I said that I first became aware of Gresham's when, as a comparatively new MI5 officer in the early 1970's, I was working on what we knew as the 'Ring of Five' which was the group of spies for the Russians of whom we only knew four in those days: Burgess, Philby, Blunt and Maclean. But the Chairman has already mentioned that you are not so proud of having had Maclean here. One of the questions that we were trying to answer in those days was how and where they were recruited and we noted that Donald Maclean had been at Gresham's with James Klugman who was later an important figure in international communism. And some of the more excitable amongst us wondered whether the dastardly KGB had planted 'moles' in our public schools but the more sober assessment was that the origins lay in Spain during the Spanish Civil War rather than on the playing fields of Gresham's.

As I am sure you all know MI5 is the domestic security agency and our job then, as now, was to protect the country against serious threats to our national security and when I joined at the end of the 1960's the main threat came from the efforts of the Soviet Union and its allies in Eastern Europe to spy on the West and to get information that would advantage them if we went to war, and there was a lot of spying going on in those days. The Russian KGB and their allies were present in the UK in large numbers masquerading as diplomats, journalists, trade representatives, you name it. Everything was going on rather like, not a James Bond film, but a John Le Carré novel, and those of you who know 'Smiley' and his colleagues will know what I mean. Packets of money were being left in hollow trees on Hampstead Heath in return for secret documents and our job was to find out what was going on and to stop it. Ideally by detecting the spies and getting them expelled and prosecuting their British sources. So we followed them around, we listened to their phones and we opened their mail (and believe it or not the best method of covertly opening letters was to steam them open using a big kettle and a knitting needle). We watched their Headquarters in the Soviet Embassy and we ran double agents against

them to try to find out what they were up to, or to help us try and recruit them to spy for us, while they tried to thwart us with their trade craft, and if you read John Le Carré you know all about trade craft. You signal to your source by a chalk mark on a lamp post and he sees it as he drives past and that tells him that he has left a message in a wall behind a loose brick. And then he leaves an empty coke can on top of the wall to tell you that he has got it. It sounds fictional but in fact it is all true. That is how you do run agents and it is extremely hard for the security agents to detect. It is easy to look back on all that now and ridicule it, especially as it has been so much fictionalised, but it was very serious. We were two armed camps in those days and there was a serious possibility that we might go to war and the advantage would be to the side with the best intelligence. Intelligence work isn't just about finding out other people's secrets, things they don't want you to know, it's about assessing what you have learnt, working out what it all means, finding out more and using that information to prevent damage to the country and to those who live in it. Nowadays when the danger comes primarily from terrorists it is even more important that intelligence is used quickly, but as you rarely learn the full story you may have difficult decisions to take about when and how to act to save lives and catch the terrorists. It is called balancing risk and it is very hard to do and if you get it wrong lots of people might be killed. I don't know how many of you have been watching *Spooks* on BBC television on Monday night. I gather that MI5 have had lots of applications as a result of that series, but of course they are mostly unsuitable because they come from people who believed what they saw there and thought everyone in MI5 was amazingly good-looking and wore a leather jacket, and that it was all very fast-moving and exciting and rather heroic and that everyone is up against the enemy all the time. Whereas, of course, it is all much more prosaic and requires a lot of hard work, as most things do that are worth doing. Intelligence work is rather like doing a jigsaw puzzle with only half the pieces and without being able to see the picture on the front. You have got to work out where the bits you have got fit in and how you can get more or whether the bits belong to another jigsaw puzzle altogether.

So, what you need to do the job well is determination, perseverance, common sense - so that you can judge whether what you have been told is actually true – and a sceptical though not a cynical approach. And those are the qualities I think that will stand you in good stead in life, not just in a career in MI5. Nowadays anyone who wants to join MI5 can look at the website and send for recruiting literature just the same as for any other job. When I joined it wasn't a career you could choose. Nobody knew anything about any of the British Intelligence Agencies and certainly nobody knew how you joined. In fact, as I learned, you had to wait for someone to come up and touch you on the shoulder and say 'Psst do you want to be a spy?' or something like that. As the Chairman said, when I left university I became an archivist, which is another job that nobody knows very much about. You have to find and look after old papers and parchments and keep them safe so that historians can use them to write history. Not many people know that, though I am sure everybody here did. One of the things I had to do was to go round schools giving talks on the work of an archivist and I don't think I could have been very good at it actually because, after one such talk, the Head Girl got up and said, 'Thank you very much indeed for telling us all about your work as an anchovy'. After I had done that for

a bit I gave up work to go to India with my husband who was a diplomat in the British High Commission and I was spending my time travelling around, running coffee mornings and performing in amateur dramatics as diplomats' wives did. I had just come back from a most exciting journey from New Delhi through Pakistan over the Khyber Pass to Afghanistan when I was tapped on the shoulder by the MI5 man working in New Delhi. He was very busy and wanted an extra clerk typist and he thought I looked likely. So, I joined MI5 with my head full of romantic ideas of the 'great game', for those of you who have read Kipling's *Kim* of spies, disguised as tribesmen on the North West frontier. I suppose, actually, I was just the kind of person that they weed out now at the recruitment stage. Anyway, as soon as I realised it wasn't all like that I still had no hesitation in applying for a full-time job and when we got back to London I did so because I thought it looked so much more interesting than the archives.

So my next bit of advice is to keep an open mind and be very flexible about what you do in life, so you don't get so stuck in the rut that if someone comes along and taps you on the shoulder and offers you the possibility of a new and interesting job you turn them down just because it is not what you first thought of. Because life doesn't always turn out how you think. How could I have possibly known that I would end up as Head of MI5, especially as when I joined women were restricted to doing support work, staying in the office, working on the papers, filing, collating information and a bit of intelligence assessment if they thought you were quite bright, but certainly not the sharp-end operational work. That has all changed now and women do all the same work as the men, even the dangerous part, and the next Director-General is to be a woman as well. When I became Director-General the Government decided that it was time to be more open about intelligence work and my name was made public. But all the newspapers still thought that MI5 officers should look and behave like James Bond or Smiley and I didn't, so they got very excited and they came and sat outside our house, climbed into the garden and frightened my daughter, who was trying to work for her GCSEs, and they wrote in their newspapers that I was a 'housewife super-spy'. And one put a photo of our house on the front page as a sort of invitation to terrorists to come and blow us all up, so we had to sell the house and live secretly which was even more difficult for my daughter, particularly if she wanted friends to come to the house. She had to make sure they wouldn't tell the newspapers where we were. Others thought that if I was the Head of MI5 I must be a TV star and I was asked to go on *Wogan* and *Have I Got News For You* and to be a judge on *Masterchef*. I didn't do any of it, of course, because it was all quite unsuitable for the Head of MI5, but I did give a lecture on BBC television about MI5 and newspapers like *The Times* wrote seriously about the sorts of issue I had raised. But one journalist wrote that I had very large ears and that these must be very useful in covert communications. So my final message is that however serious life seems to be it is very important to keep a sense of humour and above all never believe what you read in the newspapers. Thank you very much and I hope you all have a very happy summer.

THE STORY OF GRESHAM'S

Logie Bruce Lockhart(Headmaster 1955 – 82)

First published in the East Anglian Magazine February 1962

Ill-gotten gains can be put to good use. Sir John Gresham was one of the financial agents of Thomas Cromwell as well as Lord Mayor of London, and it was he who, in 1555, bought the Manor House at Holt for £170 and endowed it with local properties.

Contrary to popular belief, Sir John was not a member of the Fishmongers' Company but a Mercer. The Fishmongers' Company was, however, entrusted by him with the care and government of the school and its endowments.

Gresham's early career suffered much from the inability of its headmasters to adapt themselves to the prevailing theological winds. Even if not in holy orders, headmasters had to be licensed by the Bishop of Norwich. In the latter stages of the 16th century more than one made himself unpopular by taking a leading part in Puritan or non-conformist agitation for reform. The north of East Anglia was a hot-bed of such agitation and it formed a bond between the school and local incumbents.

The years 1606 to 1640 under Thomas Tallis brought Gresham's a more than local reputation for the first time; but soon after his death the Civil War brought to the Church and school more conflicts over matters of loyalty and principle. This time the boot was on the other leg and when, on Christmas Day 1650, the school usher was hanged, it was for being implicated in a Royalist rising.

Unfortunately, the ensuing series of clerical headmasters let matters slide almost disastrously. A successful spell of reform under the layman John Holmes (1729) only briefly interrupted a decline due to the policy of appointing clerical headmasters without insisting that they should be free from parochial responsibilities. Local parishes and the school became increasingly inter-dependent, to the detriment of both. This culminated in 1808 with the appointment of Mr Pulleyne, who became incumbent of Sheringham and Weybourne as well as being an official connected with the Bishop's Consistory Court.

Mr Pulleyne appears to have been a dear old gentleman; somewhat enigmatically, he claimed that he gave his scholars an education which was 'a happy mixture of the Profane and the Religious'. In this respect, he was probably right. His reign unfortunately coincided with the establishment of rival schools in Holt (a Church of England School, a Free Church School and a Day Grammar School). At the same time there was a country-wide decline in the fortunes and popularity of the older type of Grammar School. His gentle and widely dispersed capabilities were not able to cope with this situation and by his retirement in 1858 the school was at a low ebb in numbers and in standing.

The governors took the opportunity of providing the present Old School House as a school building for Mr Pulleyne's successors. For 40 years the seniors were taught in one end of the big classroom and juniors at the other. A third classroom adjoining and benches around the edge completed what seems to have been a rather chaotic arrangement. Such systems were, however, common practice and a great deal seems to

have been learnt. It may be that the constant fear of thrashings was not so ineffective as modern theory would have us believe.

Between 1900 and 1919 Gresham's was changed from a small Grammar School with seven boarders to a Public School with a national reputation. There are three main reasons for the spectacular upsurge. First, the personality of Mr G.W.S. Howson, appointed headmaster in 1900. Second, the prosperous optimism of the time, which led to a climate of opinion favourable to experiment and the expansion in boarding school education. Third, the use made by the Governors of the great increase in the school's material resources. It is seldom that the man, the demand and the material resources so happily combine; and the result was inevitably remarkable.

Howson had taught at Uppingham. There he had conceived a dislike for many of the more feudal features of the Public School system. He disliked excessive use of corporal punishment (although he wielded it himself to great effect on occasions); he disapproved of unnecessary restrictions on liberty and privacy, repressive fagging, lack of trust, automatic punishments and 'toughness' in its more unpleasant sense. He had no use for adulation of the 'games blood', for excessive competitive spirit and for the tendency of some schools to force odd men into a mould in a way which might permanently damage the genuinely sensitive. Above all he wanted religion and morals to have a real meaning for boys, beyond the limitations of the muscular Christianity then in vogue.

Most of these things are still the object of attacks on Public Schools today; attacks which are usually anachronistic. In Howson's day, however, the evils to be addressed were very real. He wished to prove that a Public School could be considerate to the individual at the same time as it maintained a high moral tone, that it could provide a modern curriculum and a minimum of punishment together with an impressive level of behaviour and discipline. In short, he showed that a liberal Public School could be a success years before the crop of 'advanced' schools in the 20s and 30s launched their experiments on the between-wars generation.

That he succeeded to a considerable extent was a tribute to his personality, rather than his infallibility. A good schoolmaster will make any idea work, just as a bad one will make nonsense of the most lofty ideals and the most brilliant theories. Many of Howson's ideas were invaluable, especially at that time. All of them were high-minded, a few, like the so-called honour system, possibly mistaken.

According to this honour system, boys were required to promise the headmaster that they would always tell him the whole truth about everything, that they would never indulge in impurity and never smoke.

Such was the impact of Howson's personality in a comparatively small school that this system was largely effective – not, of course, entirely. There is no doubt that the atmosphere was generally one of purity but not without the dangers of genuine psychological stress, violent reaction or priggishness. There have been suggestions, possibly unfair, that the decision to play no matches against other schools was taken as much in order to avoid contamination by contact with other schools as to prevent excessive importance being attached to games.

There was much in this ivory tower worthy of high commendation. Experiment in itself

was essential at this time; and large numbers of the intelligentsia sent their sons as a result. The likely dangers of the indiscipline did not exist because Howson was not prepared to allow them to exist. He never let liberalism extend to tolerance of wrong. More important still, Howson had, from an educational point of view, something to offer that others did not have. He discovered – 50 years before Cambridge – that the classics were not the alpha and omega of education, and that people who *did* things (scientists, craftsmen, actors, musicians and artists) were not necessarily beings of inferior clay.

Gresham's was almost the first school to discover that it need not divide its staff into gentlemen and scientists. It had little choice, for Mr Howson's second master was Mr. J.R. Eccles, destined to become his successor. J.R.E. was a formidable figure as well as an excellent science master. He may have lacked some of Howson's originality and broad humanity but he was a person of great moral discipline and natural leadership. His admiration for Howson possibly led him to continue too rigidly in his path which the great man had mapped out for the school; but results speak for themselves and the 20s and 30s were a golden era for Gresham's.

Since then there has been the war-time exile to Newquay with its multitudinous problems, and the return home with its rapid increase in numbers. The outside world has caught up with Gresham's in many ways. She herself has modified some of the extreme of the Howson-Eccles experiments, and other Public Schools are no longer (if they ever were) savagely feudal institutions for the preservation of the establishment. But she still has her own flair for combining liberalism with discipline, which is the essence of a good school, and still she takes a lead in the shaping of a sensible modern curriculum, while providing for every type of worthwhile enthusiasm. The continued pressure on places has led to another period of expansion. A new House for 60 boarders, to be completed in 1963, will be one of the first in the country in which all but the youngest boys will have a private bed-sitter.

During this new time of expansion there will be several aims which will not be lost to sight. It is every school's duty to produce men equipped to deal with the problems of a scientific age.

In an age when the struggle between Christians and non-Christians is at its most intense, no school can afford to be so liberal that it does not take sides.

When so many are frustrated because they do not know how to make happy use of any leisure they may have, men must be educated beyond TV and spectator-mindedness.

Gresham's must maintain the valuable contacts with the county which have flourished both through her exceptionally friendly relations with the Norfolk Education Committee and through her local boys.

And lastly, if Gresham's is to make an honest attempt to deal with these things successfully she must not grow beyond a size where each boy can be the subject of personal interest.

THE BEST YEARS OF YOUR LIFE?

Andrew Ferris (F 76 – 80)

As adulthood approaches, and adolescence becomes a wistful memory, the young mind tends towards a new kind of self-examination. Decisions have to be made which may well shape the future of the individual. Now, at last, for better or for worse, the youth can regard himself as a personality with some contribution to make to society. Much of the soul-searching of earlier years has died away, but before he can progress in any direction, he must recoup his losses and realise his gains; he must step back and try to look objectively at what has emerged from the traumatic period of childhood. Though he may know already “who” he is, the young adult must understand “what” he is so as to aid him in the critical choices concerning profession, life-style and – most difficult of all – motivations. In order to appreciate what he is, or at least what he wants to be, the young adult must consciously decide how much of his younger self he wishes to take with him into his future life. Looking back and trying to see how much was good and how much was bad is not easy when the vision is clouded by pet likes and dislikes, but, in truth, even these play a great part in shaping the consciousness. The youth, then, finds himself asking – however subjective his approach – how worthwhile childhood really is; are they really the best years of your life?

Perhaps the most difficult and unpleasant thing for a child to have to cope with is his conscience. For him to be decent, responsible, caring, sensitive and – trying not to be too cynical – “a good asset”, it is important for parents to develop their child’s conscience from a very early age. Teaching a child to respect other people’s property and to value his own is essential; a spoilt child will never thank his parents for the way in which he has been brought up. Nevertheless, there is a real danger that the whole thing can be taken too far. As the child grows older, in an effort to halt the inevitable progress, the parent may play on the child’s conscience in an attempt to blackmail him into remaining young; a thankful dependant owing a debt of love and gratitude. Naturally, there is nothing like a cry of “look at all the sacrifices I have made for you” to drive an independent mind to opposition. The problem is age-old; it is one of misunderstanding and a lack of communication, and is usually termed “the generation gap”. Within this general and inevitable framework, the child has a pretty rough ride. As his conscience has been created in his mind, and perhaps without his noticing the process, the child finds it strange that there is this perpetual struggle from within concerning what is good and what is bad. During these upheavals, he begins to wonder whether there is something unusual or even undesirable about himself, and he loses track of any clear-cut identity which he might have thought he possessed. The child has reached adolescence.

Despite the very real discomforts felt during the period of adolescence, there are very many experiences of meaning which, if remembered, are of great value in later life; valuable, that is, not by way of preparing the adult in the event of his meeting a similar experience, but in shaping his outlook and the way in which he deals with the “new” experiences. Naturally, earlier childhood has delightful memories of idyllic Christmases and ‘trips to the beach’ but they are merely “memories” and nothing more. They are of

no spiritual value and do not contribute to the soul. Adolescence is unrest. It is a desire to find oneself; it is a kind of wary enthusiasm. But this enthusiasm must be channelled in some direction; it must be allowed to flower, otherwise it will be withered by frosty cynicism. If these natural and very powerful emotions do find an outlet, however, the results can be staggeringly beneficial to the youth as an individual and thus to society as a whole in the long term. This may seem somewhat melodramatic; nevertheless, although the adolescent may not have to contribute of any real cultural value, if he has found his vocation, whether in sport, science, the arts, or even human relationships, as an adult his influence may be felt by many or a few. Some do not ever have the right opportunities, and still more do not take advantage of them when they do arise, but there are a few who take up the gauntlet, and for them childhood does have a great deal of meaning and value. It is well to say that something does you good but will that necessarily mean that you enjoy it? It is not possible to speak for everybody – all have different experiences in varying environments, but it is possible to conjecture upon the reluctance of many young people to admit to others, or even themselves, that theirs is a happy childhood, or that it will be remembered as such when they become adults. If a young child does not get his own way he sulks. The alternative which has been chosen for him, perhaps by his parent, may be equally if not more attractive than his own ideas, and yet he will refuse to admit that anything other than what he had decided upon is enjoyable. This does not prevent him from enjoying the alternative but he will not lose face. It is inevitable that throughout the child's life many decisions will be made for him. Is it not possible that the same reluctance to admit he is enjoying himself might linger on? If, every time a child was really happy, really enjoying himself, he found it possible to think "I am happy", then perhaps he would feel more able to call those years the best of his life without having to wait for the regrets of old age to force it out of him.

Just as darkness is the absence of light, so unhappiness is life without joy. Where, then, can the child find joy? It can be brought about by discoveries; new experiences, for example, in music, art or literature can be cause for wonder and excitement within the child, providing that he will allow himself to be emotional, and can avoid being influenced too strongly by the constraints of having to live up to an image not of his making. An over increasing awareness of nature, perhaps coupled with a belief in God, can also be a source of joy to the child, especially in the context of the growing intensity of his personal relationships. Friendships and loves, though often painful, serve to bring together all of the discoveries, the experiences, the wonder, and the excitement, and to give them meaning. The child's relationships are so intense that they become an outlet; they enable the flowering of the young mind and spirit to take place. Through love and friendship, the youth is stirred to joy in a way that an adult would never allow himself to be. Naïve and utterly committed to life, the child can enjoy it to the full.

*This essay was entered for the Browne Memorial Essay Prize by **Andrew Ferris** when he was in the Sixth Form. Very soon after leaving school, Andrew was killed in a road accident on the Continent. – The Editor.*

I AM NOT AN INVALID

Michael Baker (c & W 56 – 65)

Wednesday. It was an uneventful start to what should have been an uneventful day. At 7.30 am breakfast was two slices of wholemeal toast with Flora and home-made marmalade and a large cup of Jackson's green peppermint tea.

Off to work, a quick visit to the industrial estate to check that the ready-mixed concrete was being laid at the builders' merchant depot. Next the town centre, which at 8am was already busy. The post had arrived. This was the first job of the day. By 9am the post was opened, sorted and digested and ready to be circulated. Time to visit the Flying Saucer for a meeting of the full council. The main item on the agenda was the district budget and featured, amongst others, parking charges.

A long and somewhat boring meeting where, as usual, everything was discussed two or three times and talked to death by people who apparently have little else to fill their days. Break for lunch at 1.20pm and back to the chamber by 2pm.

2.10pm. I start to feel uncomfortable in my chair. A tingling sensation in my arms. My jaw and teeth ache. There is some tightness across my chest. I don't think I feel like driving home but, after five minutes or so it's passed. By the end of the meeting, 3pmish, it's forgotten. I drive back to Holt. Carrying on the working day all is well until nearly 5pm, when that funny sensation returns but only for a few minutes. Enough, however, to decide that tonight's 90 minute session in the gym will be sidelined. I go home and rest for the evening, just doing a few light chores.

On Thursday, I had to get my partner to BUPA by 10.30am. Breakfast as usual, the industrial estate, the town centre, post. Back home by 9.30 to make the journey to BUPA by 10.30. Business lunch in Norwich at 1pm with our new insurance brokers.

We arrived at BUPA at 10.30am. Prepared to spend a couple of hours with partner before appointment. I don't think I feel very well: tight chest, tingling arms, aching jaw and teeth. My partner goes off to find a nurse. I hear from the corridor "Typical blokes, they've got to get in on the act."

The nurse appears: "Oh dear." She returns with a doctor and an ECG machine. The printout shows irregularities and an ambulance is called. I am bound for A&E at the Norfolk and Norwich. I bid farewell to my partner leaving her to her treatment.

The ambulance crew is excellent.

I arrive in A&E and have another ECG; the printout is different. I should point out that at this time I have not experienced any real pain, just uncomfortable sensations.

Next stop the coronary care unit on the ninth floor.

Bear in mind I had left home fully expecting to return. No bedclothes, no toilet requisites. Who will feed the cat/chickens/fish? A hundred and one questions.

On arrival I am wired up and a catheter is inserted. I tell my nurses that the chest tightness, the tingling arms and aching jaw are returning. A quick look at the machines and I am told, "We weren't sure if you had a heart attack earlier but you are having one now!"

An immediate injection of clot-buster was administered. It was now perhaps 2pm. Then a larger dose of some heart drug was drip-fed over the next 30 minutes. It was followed by another drip-feed over the next 48 hours.

I was a prisoner wired up to an ECG machine on my left-hand side, attached to a catheter in my right arm and flat on my back – helpless.

I woke up the following morning in a small ward of four. The nurses had been absolutely marvellous. I was still largely in my normal clothes. Visitors started arriving and some normality returned.

On about Day 4 the Australian Grand Prix was on television. I found Schumacher and Ferrari's win a great boost to the confidence.

There was concern, however, when the cardiac registrar arrived to carry out an ultrasound survey. Did they think I was pregnant? After a few minutes I saw the most marvellous television pictures of my heart. There it was, full of life, pulsating, the little valves opening and closing, ventricles, aorta, the lot.

The cardiologist concluded after her investigations that since treatment started immediately after the heart attack occurred, the affected area of the heart was only stunned, not dead, and should make a full recovery over the next few days.

On Day 6 I had a treadmill test and was released – I had survived.

I must record my thanks to BUPA, to the Norfolk and Norwich Coronary Care Unit, the ambulance crew and A&E, even the catering facilities. I have no complaints.

The reason for writing this is to remove some of the fear of a heart attack and also a warning – heart attacks are not always characterised by pain.

If you experience a tingling experience in your arms, an aching jaw and teeth and a tightness and pain across your chest, stop everything, dial 999 and get an ambulance.

The sooner you react - don't do as I did and ignore the first symptoms out of ignorance - the more likely you are to recover fully with little or no after-effects.

The follow-up visit for an angiogram underlines this advice. I watched on the screen as they injected dye into my artery. The damaged artery coloured up and I could see that the clot-buster drug had worked. The artery was open and feeding blood to the damaged part of the heart, restoring it to life.

Reprinted from *The EDP Magazine* and *The Holt Times*.



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LETTER FROM W.H. AUDEN TO SIMON HARDWICK (F 47 – 51)

Ensuing Critical Commentary by John Smart (S)

Via Santa Lucia 14
Forio d'Ischia
Prov. di Napoli

July 20th 1951

Dear Mr Hardwick,

Thank you for your letter of July 13 and the poem which has just reached me here.

As regards the poem, I find it most interesting rhythmically. I presume you know that quietness/ madness, delight/sight, see/ within me are not orthodox rhymes in English verse. In this particular poem I like their effect but I hope it was deliberate, as one must always know the rules before one tries to break or modify them. One or two little points of criticism:

L17-8 No one but me shall know this strange new madness

Like the night birds whispering in their silent mirth

Like is grammatically ambiguous, but I presume you mean that the madness is like the birds whispering. In that case the madness is shared between the birds and me. If the birds whisper then they are not silent

L9-12 You begin by contrasting the dull sanity of daylight with the night's mad rusk That's fine The next line breaks into another contrast which is not really clear, because the blind hurrying populace is another sort of mad rush and you don't really say how it differs. Fastness. This word means stuck fast or fortress not speed Things inanimate. I don't believe you are saying what you mean to say, eg when you enjoy the Cumberland mountains you are looking at inanimate things. What I think you mean are abstract ideas of success, money, popularity etc don't you'?

As to your letter, I was delighted to discover that you share my taste for Yorkshire and the Lakes. At Holt, I liked best what was most unlike that, eg the salt marshes of Blakeney and Cley. Perhaps they are all spoilt now.

Solitude versus Society. I think you will find that there are times in one's life when one wants one and times when one wants the other. If you are about to go to Oxford or Cambridge you will, I think, be as agreeably surprised as I was to find that the social life there is not just like Farfield All boys between 14 and 18 are uncertain of and frightened by themselves as individuals. The majority find security, and quite rightly for them, in conformity, House spirit etc etc. But there are always some, like myself and I gather, yourself, who neither want to nor are able to escape that way; at school, therefore, we tend to be solitary and find our happiness alone or with one or two friends than in a group. That is alright, too. The only important thing, I believe, is not to day-dream but to attend to

whatever surroundings we are in, either by choice or fate, eg if you go for solitary walks in the country, attend carefully to the country, to the flowers, the trees, the birds etc, so that you really learn from what you are doing. It's the same thing in writing poetry. No one can be inspired by wishing to be, but one can train oneself to be a good craftsman so that if and when the Muse should visit, one is a well-tempered instrument to her hand.

With best wishes
Yours sincerely
W.H. Auden

I would like to thank Mr Hardwick for his generosity in sending me a photocopy of this previously unpublished letter in his possession. The original is written in violent green ink. What strikes one about this letter? Perhaps, firstly, the generosity of the poet to write in such detail to a schoolboy and, secondly, the practical comments on the art of poetry. Auden wanted clarity and any sloppy contradiction or careless usage is firmly panned. Even a schoolboy cannot be allowed to get away with "silent whispering"!

Auden loved the North Norfolk landscape and he began his piece on Gresham's School, Holt, arguing in *The Old School*, a selection of school reminiscences edited by Graham Greene, that the first requirement of a good school was to be set in a fine scenery: "The first condition for a successful school is a beautiful situation." The wildness and drama of the Norfolk landscape held a particular hold on his imagination as a contrast to the limestone and granite he celebrated in his poetry. His remarks in this letter are echoed by his comments in *The Old School*: "Watching a snow storm come up from the sea over the marshes at Salthouse and walking in a June dawn (not so legally) by Hempstead Mill are only the most vivid of a hundred such experiences."

Auden, as the letter tells, was never a conformist, although fascinated by conformity. He followed his own precepts and valued solitude as well as the friendship of a small and intimate group of friends when he was at Gresham's School. The writer John Pudney was one of those intimate friends and he recalled in his autobiography, *Home and Away*, how Auden "initiated a friendship which though brief was romantic and grandiose while it lasted". Auden would shin up the drainpipe to his friend's study in the early hours of the morning leaving a note or correcting the younger boy's prep.

Pudney also referred to another feature of the letter- how much Auden struck him as a teacher. He took "long didactic walks" with Auden and added that even Stephen Spender (who had also been at Gresham's for a short while), meeting Auden at Oxford, "felt himself a pupil in the presence of a teacher". From the evidence of this letter it is clear that Auden found the role of teacher a natural one. What a stimulating and demanding teacher he might have made!

The general remarks on the writing of poetry and the way in which craft serves the Muse are revealing statements about Auden's poetic theory and practice. Of vital importance is the need to pay attention, to develop a kind of scrupulous realism and not to give way to fancy. Finally Auden stresses the need for craft, not to replace the Muse but to assist its utterance. It is curious to note that the one item belonging to Auden still at Gresham's School is a well-built cupboard which he made in the school workshops. An appropriate memento.

Editor's notes: The letter is to be published in the W.H. Auden Society Newsletter. W.H. Auden was at Gresham's from 1920 to 1925.

HIAWATHA IN THE RAID

Tom Wintringham (F 12 – 15)

*In the dead of night awakened,
Stung to wakefulness by many blows,
Rose bold Hiawatha quickly
Dressed himself in varied garments,
Garments very ill assorted,
Garments that defy description,
From his bed went Hiawatha
Dressed for travel, armed with biscuits,
Dressed in cricket shirt and trousers,
Round his waist a shining "corps" belt.
Asked he then dear Major Miller,
Whence & why this frenzied wishing.
Then they laughed at Hiawatha
Till the tree-tops shook with laughter
With their melancholy laughter
Said the raid was but a false one.
False declared they the raid to be.
Then was Hiawatha angry
Exceeding wroth was Hiawatha,
For he'd scattered o'er the green-sward
Treasured biscuits in profusion,
In the thoughtless joy of leaving;
Inspired by thoughts of going home,
His café-noir he'd flung to others,
Stopping but to fill his pockets.
And he'd ruined both the tyres
Of his faithful Bicycolee,
Bicycolee, his two-wheeled steed,
So the mournful Hiawatha
Sorrowing lay among the bed-clothes
Till the spirit of sleep, Nepahwin,
Shut out the memory of his woes!*

The subject of this poem is a night excursion by **Tom Wintringham** on patrol in the School grounds that proved to be a false alarm. There was no zeppelin! Tom Wintringham in later years led the British Contingent in the International Brigade during the Spanish Civil War and taught guerilla war tactics to the secret resistance groups formed to fight German invaders in WWII.

THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON AND THE LIBERATION OF SLAVES

Oliver Barclay (o & W 29 – 38)

In the history of mankind one of the most appalling episodes was the slave trade of the seventeenth, eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. African chiefs sold their own people and members of tribes they had defeated to slave traders to be transported to the Americas and the Caribbean. The slave trade at its height was a huge business - Liverpool alone had two hundred slave ships. Many of these unfortunates never survived the horrors of the 'middle passage'. In 1807 the legal trade was abolished, in 1833 all slaves in the British colonies were liberated, and the Royal Navy then conducted a campaign with considerable success, against slave ships.

The campaign to abolish the trade and liberate the slaves has been described as 'the first successful human rights campaign'. The name that is most associated with the anti-slavery cause is William Wilberforce, but in a stimulating and fascinating book Oliver Barclay has shown the importance of an almost forgotten figure, Thomas Fowell Buxton, who lived for much of his life in North Norfolk.

Barclay charts Buxton's remarkable career and personality. Not only did he become the driving force behind the movement to liberate slaves, after Wilberforce had succeeded in banning the trade, but took an interest in other issues such as capital punishment. The mainspring of Buxton's philanthropy was his evangelical Christianity. However, like many evangelicals associated with the anti-slavery cause, he also took a wide interest in the welfare of 'unfortunates' at home. As Cobbett remarked, many farm labourers in England had less to eat than slaves in the West Indies, but few cared about them. Buxton did. There is a charming account of his boyhood friendship with and admiration for a gamekeeper: 'My guide, philosopher and friend'.

Of course, his greatest achievement was to drive through legislation against huge odds and vested interests that put down one of the greatest evils of his time, and millions of lives were affected for the better because of his tireless efforts. Oliver Barclay has done an excellent job in bringing to notice the life of this remarkable man; perhaps a small caveat might be that the author's view that Christianity is the only proper motive for moral actions obtrudes into his assessments. This is nevertheless an important book on a very significant nineteenth-century figure.

David Sharp (S)

MEMORIES OF GRESHAM'S IN THE 1920s

Anthony Bull (H 22 – 26)

Mt first encounter with Gresham's was in London. It was at the highest level. My eldest brother, Stephen, had gone to the Junior School, the OSH (Old School House), for his first term in summer 1917. It was planned that he should continue to the Senior School in the School House, the Headmaster's House (later Howson's). Our father was Member of Parliament for Hammersmith. A few days before Christmas 1917, our father invited Howson to dinner at our house in the constituency, 474 Uxbridge Road, Shepherds Bush – Howson was to be in London for a meeting. No doubt my father confirmed with Howson the arrangements for Stephen's transfer to the Senior School. I was summoned from an upper floor in the house to be introduced to Howson as a potential pupil at Gresham's. Howson made a considerable impression on me: I thought that he was formidable but kindly. I have in my possession two letters from Howson – one confirming the arrangements for the dinner; the second a longer letter to my mother thanking for the hospitality. Howson's sudden death on 17th January 1919 was a great shock. My father wrote, "Although I knew him only slightly I feel a great personal loss."

My own arrival at Gresham's in January 1922 was not auspicious. I had travelled from Kings Cross in the so-called School train, arriving at Holt Station around 7.00pm. After over 80 years, I certainly remember that walking to Howson's in the dark in some six inches of snow was extremely unpleasant. I was reassured that my brother Stephen was somewhere around, but he was almost four years older than me and he had friends of his own age with whom to talk.

Over four years later, at the end of the Spring Term, 1926, I left School for the last time to spend four months with the Chemin de Fer du Nord at Amiens, for what is now called work experience, before going to Magdalene College, Cambridge, in autumn 1926. A few days before leaving School I wrote in a letter to my mother, "It is really the boys with whom you are thrown into contact who determine whether one's life should be happy or not here. In this respect I have been unusually fortunate." The friends whom I made at Gresham's remained friends for life.

The second benefit which I derived from Gresham's was that I developed a great affection for North Norfolk. With friends, I went on many expeditions by bicycle from Gresham's. It was rumoured that boys were not to bicycle more than five miles from Holt, but we were careful not to find out if this rumour was correct. I was always interested in transport, which was later to be my profession. We spent time at Melton Constable, the hub of the Midland and Great Northern Railway. In summer through trains from Liverpool and Manchester were split into sections for Cromer (via Holt) and Norwich, while the main part of the train, with restaurant car, proceeded to Yarmouth and Lowestoft. At Sheringham could be seen two trains for London, travelling in opposite directions: one via Holt and Peterborough to Kings Cross and the other via Cromer and Ipswich to Liverpool Street. These experiences were useful in later life, when I was involved in the development of the London Underground Railways, with an interval during 1939 - 46 in the army when I was involved in the planning of supply routes to the USSR, developing a supply route across Africa from the West Coast to the Egyptian Delta and from the

Southern Sudan to Mombassa (for onward shipment to India.) Later I was involved in the development of transport routes for the supplies to the troops fighting the Japanese in Burma. After the end of the war, I spent a year in Berlin on the rebuilding of the German transport system, before returning to London Transport.

However, I continued to go to North Norfolk for holidays and, as I write, my daughter with members of her family are in Burnham Overy.

MEMORIES OF J.R. ECCLES

John C.W. Wynn (H 32 – 35)

He was known affectionately as “J.R.E.” or, not so affectionately, as “the Bog Rat”. He wore galoshes when it was wet but I’m not sure if this had any connections with his nickname.

We were not afraid of him in any way but no one – boy, Old Boy or master – would willingly displease him. He was not a martinet and the use of any form of corporal punishment was banned. Truthfully, J.R.E. could obtain the results he wanted by strength of personality alone.

He had three dislikes – smoking, alcoholic drinks and human females. Smoking and alcohol were completely banned in his presence. On “Old Boy Days” Ministers of the Crown, Bishops, Heads of Industry – if they wanted a smoke or a “quick nip” they had to disappear behind the cricket pavilion out of sight of J.R.E.

As for women – mothers of the boys had to be accepted. Boys’ aunts were all right. Boys’ sisters were suspect. All other females were considered to be not far short of “Instruments of the devil!” I hate to think what he would have thought of co-education.

End result – while we were still at school we had very little idea of how to cope with the “ladies” who were not very close relatives and this state of affairs lingered after we left school. I suppose University would have rectified the situation. For me, six months in France immediately after leaving school and then the Territorial Army did the trick.

His “Honour System” worked 100%. This depended on three promises: “Not to smoke or drink alcohol;” “Not to think dirty thoughts,” (“dirty” unspecified); I am not sure of the third – possibly “Not to swear.” We were on our honour to tell him if we broke any of these promises. The mere thought of telling him was enough!

New boys were invited to breakfast with him two at a time. This was an ordeal. I can’t remember the conversation except that one had to speak clearly and to “converse”. The unchangeable dish was Scotch eggs – extremely hard, three-inch cannon balls. My knife slipped on one and the Scotch egg shot across the table top, hit the floor and slid under a large cupboard. I sat in frozen horror. J.R.E. said “Go and get it, boy” and carried on the conversation without a pause. I had to lie on my stomach, “fish for it” and having retrieved it bring it back to the table. No comment was made whatsoever so I deemed it prudent to eat it. It was experience which, like being dive-bombed by Stukas, I never forgot. To be fair, the food at Gresham’s was far above average.

Incidentally, we were not allowed to carry mackintoshes unless authorised by a senior master. This made us champion runners between, say, the library and the thatched classrooms. There was little traffic then and what there was was slow moving. There was, of course, no bridge across the road. I can certainly remember running flat out across it. One final memory. J.R.E. hated speed and viewed motorcars with deep suspicion.

However, on one occasion he accepted an invitation from a young master (possibly Mr Bagnall-Oakeley) to travel up to London with him in his Lagonda. After a while he enquired as to the speed they were travelling, and on being told proceeded to leave the car. His feet hit the ground and he took off over the nearest hedge. To his relief J.R.E. had gone head-first into a haystack. The only damage he sustained was to his shoes – he had lost both his heels! The remainder of the journey was taken at a very decorous speed.

Plaque marks house where Britten stayed as a student

Reprinted from the Eastern Daily Press

A blue plaque marking the student digs of Suffolk composer Benjamin Britten has been unveiled in London.

Lowestoft-born Britten lived in 173 Cromwell Road, Kensington, between 1931 and 1933 while studying at the Royal College of Music. His room was crowded with a baby grand piano, a large table for composing, a chair, a bedside table and a bed.

On hot summer nights he would sleep on blankets on top of the piano, and, during the day, he composed Opus 1, Sinfonietta and his string Quartet in D Minor at the brick house, built in 1874.

Among the guests at the unveiling of the English heritage plaque was Marion Thorpe, trustee of the Britten-Peats Foundation and a lifelong friend of the composer. Musician Julian Lloyd Webber, who also attended, said: "I am delighted. Britten was a fantastic composer and I play his cello music as often as I can. It is a brilliant idea to commemorate people who contributed so much to their country in this way."

Born in Lowestoft in 1913, Britten was inspired by his home county throughout his life. As well as writing 14 operas and other works, he helped establish the Aldeburgh Festival in 1948. He is buried at Aldeburgh Church.

Furniture with a future

Two of the most prestigious names in the furniture world have decided to join forces, spawning a major force in the industry – based in Norfolk. Edward Brett, the Managing Director of Arthur Brett and Sons, has teamed up with David Salmon – two high-profile names in a sometimes low-profile trade.

If your idea of home furnishing starts in the nearest DIY store's flat-pack section and finishes with a worrying number of spare screws, furniture from Arthur Brett or David Salmon will not be in your plans

These are two companies that between them have spent many decades enjoying the respect and admiration of those who know about quality furniture.

And that respect and admiration has, over the years, grown into a mutual feeling between the two specialists themselves. This has, in turn, developed into a company merger.

Arthur Brett, with a family cabinet-making tradition spanning 150 years, has long been one of Norfolk's finest and most historic furnituremakers, enjoying an international reputation.

Mr Salmon enjoys a similar, if chronologically shorter, renown around the UK and overseas.

The two will maintain their individual identities with separate showrooms and styles, but will work together under a corporate umbrella.

Mr Salmon has taken the position of managing director, overseeing the continued development of the combined companies.

After almost 41 years of service with his family company, Edward Brett will retire from his full-time duties as managing director but will continue as chairman to ensure continuity during the changeover.

Some of the best examples of furniture from the 'Golden Age' have been created from within Arthur Brett's workshops and they are represented in showrooms around the world.

The handcrafted masterpieces of David Salmon focus on classic designs with a modern twist. He also has a fascinating, if slightly unusual, line in posh furniture for house pets – or as he calls them “pets' pavillions”.

So how did the merger come about?

The two share much common ground. As well as a passion for furniture, both companies have a similar type of history. Both Mr Brett's forbears and Mr Salmon himself were involved with dealing in antiques and repairing them – and then making furniture of similar style.

Over the coming months Arthur Brett will update their comprehensive archive of authentic English designs and, utilising Mr Salmon's considerable expertise, extend their design and studio facilities for custom-made projects.

The intention is that David Salmon will continue to further its reputation for developing ground-breaking ideas, such as custom-designed pieces to accommodate those essential items of contemporary living, along with their ability to craft some of the most outstanding exclusive designs with all the authentic and refined detail of an original.

Mr Salmon says he has always held Bretts as a “yardstick” which he has used to measure the progress of his own company.

And Edward Brett expresses his delight at having built up “such a strong bond of mutual respect and trust” with Mr Salmon.

All in all, it seems that the future of both companies, both as individual brands and as a merged entity, is in safe hands.

Craftsmanship is set to continue in Norfolk for years to come – thanks to the two men called Salmon and Brett and their respective teams.

Reprinted from an article written by Edward Foss (T 87 – 92) in the *Eastern Daily Press*.

BECOMING HIS FATHER'S SON

The young Erskine Childers was a boarder among sons of wealthy English families as his father was being educated in Ireland. A new book on the 'alternative' school, which asked Childers to leave after his father's death, reveals a glimpse of the young exile's life. Kieran Fagan reports.

I saw Erskine Childers just once. He had just voted – presumably for himself – in the election which made him President of Ireland in 1973. There was some low-level barracking from a crowd of young men as he left the polling booth. He seemed flummoxed, vulnerable, almost child-like for a moment, then the professional politician's mask fell back into place.

There's another sighting of the child who grew up to be the fourth President of Ireland in a newly published book. He was a boarder at a somewhat unusual English public school when his father – also Erskine – became deeply involved in Irish affairs and was executed by people who had once been his comrades.

Imagine this. You are a teenager at a rather posh boarding school. You are English, as is your father. He had been a major in the newly formed RAF and had been decorated for bravery during the First World War. Now he was an Irish nationalist. He became notorious, an Englishman turned Sinn Féin TD and minister, lost his seat, and took the losing side in the Civil War which laid waste to so much of the hope there had been for the infant Irish state.

And you are at school with the sons of members of the House of Lords and of MPs, a school where clergymen sent their sons. Donald Maclean, the British diplomat who defected to the USSR, would attend, as did the poet W.H. Auden, the composer Benjamin Britten and Lord Reith, the creator of the BBC. In the immediate aftermath of the Great War, the school could so easily have been a haven for jingoism.

If you could use the word progressive about a school without suggesting that all the boys smoked pot and slept with the matron, then Gresham's was that. Childers senior and his American wife Molly chose it for their son because they admired the academic and liberal and creative values of its headmaster, G.W.S. Howson.

Erskine went to Gresham's to board in 1918, just before the war ended. He was coming up to his 13th birthday. In May 1921, his father was elected as a Sinn Féin deputy. The headmaster whom his parents had admired had died but his place was taken by another independent spirit, J.R. Eccles.

As Steve Bensons's history of Gresham's puts it: the Boy "lived for two-thirds of the year in Norfolk, yet in the holidays in Ireland the whole atmosphere was devoted to severing the ties with England".

He wanted to join the officer training corps which prepared the young Englishmen to serve "King and Country", but his mother told him that he could not "wear that uniform for one moment".

Erskine's letters home take up the tale. "JRE (Eccles, the headmaster) is always introducing me as a sort of curiosity, i.e. Sinn Féin, he is awfully nice about it". Eccles

clearly discussed Irish affairs with his young pupil because later Erskine reported: "JRE has changed sadly, he wants independence but thinks the IRA are all brigands". For Ireland and for the emerging Irish nation and the Childers family, 1922 was a calamitous year. In January, the Dáil voted to accept the Treaty, drafted the previous month under threat from Lloyd George of war. Childers had been secretary to the delegation that negotiated the Treaty. In June, the pro-treaty faction won the general election and Childers lost his seat. The Civil War broke out; Michael Collins was killed by the anti-treaty faction in August, and in November the first of 77 executions of those opposed to the Treaty began. In November, Eccles sent for the young Childers to tell him that his father had been arrested for unlawful possession of a firearm. The gun had been given to him by Collins. The boy returned to Dublin immediately to attend the trial.

On November 24th, Robert Erskine Childers was executed by firing squad, by the Irish whose cause he had taken up. In his last conversation with his son, he made the boy promise to work for reconciliation between the English and the Irish and to convey his forgiveness to those who had signed his death warrant.

A pupil at Gresham's recalls the headmaster reading a letter aloud from Childers senior knowing that he was about to be executed but emphasising that he had no bitterness against England. We don't have his exact words but on the morning of his execution he wrote this to his wife and children: "You must be pleased to see how imperturbably normal and tranquil I have been this night. It all seems perfectly simple and inevitable like lying down after a hard day's work...for me it is easy now, for you the hard road." He shook hands with members of his firing squad.

Before young Erskine returned to school after a miserable Christmas holiday, Eccles gathered together the boys of his "house" and reminded them that it would be an unnatural son who would not be loyal to his father – even his politics. However, some parents had complained to the governors of the school about the presence of a traitor. Three former pupils of the school serving in the British army had been killed in Ireland in the previous two years.

In August 1923, Erskine spoke at a public rally in O'Connell Street, Dublin. He protested at the arrest of de Valera, who he would later succeed as president of the Republic. This was too much for the school. Eccles told the boy he could stay until the end of the 1924 summer term, and that his younger brother would not be allowed to attend the school as planned.

Erskine Childers kept his word to his father. He entered public life in Ireland and made a point of not saying or doing anything that would reopen old wounds. He served as a Fianna Fáil TD, and minister, and for 18 months as President of Ireland.

He died unexpectedly of a heart attack in 1974 while attending a conference of doctors. He was a Protestant leader in a Catholic nation, an Englishman honoured by Ireland with its highest office. His death as Northern Ireland's agonies worsened deprived us of a powerful symbol of tolerance and reconciliation.

The name of Erskine Childers is nowadays best remembered in connection with a fine atmospheric thriller, *The Riddle of the Sands*, which his father wrote. Though the book still reads and sells well, we would probably do better to remember Childers, father and son, for their refusal to allow bitterness and recrimination to get in the way of their sense of public duty, no matter where it took them.

Reprinted from *The Irish Times*

OSH RECOLLECTIONS

Extract from a diary kept by Robert Lymbery (k & OSH 33 – 39)
during the summer of 1939.

JUNE

- Mon 19th Raining cats and dogs.
- Tues 20th First three periods in a.m. Weather cleared for 2.00 beginning of play with Wadham College, Oxford which we won easily. Prep; prayers.
- Wed 21st Periods a.m. and p.m. Poured with rain all day; no nets. Went through to Gamble in evening 10 – 11.00.
- Thur 22nd Periods a.m. Went out with Mother and Dad at 3.15 for tea at Sheringham. Back for prep. Took prayers.
- Fri 23rd As for yesterday but stayed at Sheringham for dinner. Back at 9.00 to take prayers.
- Sat 24th Went to Chapel at 10.00 then to Sheringham for lunch. Went to Speeches at 2.00 (Sir John Reith), then tea and on to the play (Twelfth Night). To the Grand for dinner. Back for 9.45 prayers.
- Sun 25th Sheringham for breakfast; Chapel at 10.30, Sheringham again for lunch, went to have tea with Joe at Blakeney, returned to Grand for dinner, back at OSH 9.45. A most enjoyable weekend.
- Mon 26th Back to work. School net in evening. Prayers, prep and bed.
- Tue 27th Periods a.m. School on O.T.C. field day, but 1st X1 stayed behind to have field practice in a.m. and nets in p.m. To bed early.
- Wed 28th First three periods in a.m., then started M.C.C. match at 11.30. First day's play enjoyable; arrived back at 7.00. Prep, prayers, bed.
- Thur 29th Play restarted 11.30 Took 5 for 49. Very enjoyable day but we lost by an innings and 33 runs! Had pav. tea.
- Fri 30th Went to Cromer for x-ray 8.30 – 11.00. Took fielding practice in 12 – 1.00 Periods p.m. Indoor corps parade in evening. P and P.

JULY

- Sat 1st To first three periods in a.m. and took the fourth for Gamble. Played in house game in p.m.; helped in 100 run stand lasting half an hour. Took prayers. Awarded cricket colours.
- Sun 2nd To Chapel and watched bathing in a.m. Short walk in p.m. Tea; evening Chapel.
- Mon 3rd Periods a.m. and p.m. Prep. Prayers.
- Tue 4th Periods a.m. Game of cricket in p.m.
- Wed 5th Embarked on bus at 8.00 and went to RAF Station Marham where we saw Wellingtons and a lot of interesting apparatus. To Hunstanton and arrived back at 8.30.

- Thur 6th Periods a.m. Cricket p.m. Prep and prayers evening.
- Fri 7th Periods a.m. and p.m. Wet day. No cricket. Prep, prayers in evening.
- Sat 8th 'Howson's Commem.' Beat O.G.s at shooting, by a length at swimming. Played in the cricket match; draw.
- Sun 9th Read lesson (Mat VI; 17 – end.) at Commemoration service in a.m.
- Mon 10th Periods in a.m. and p.m. Net in eve.; Prep, prayers.
- Tue 11th The Eight left for Bisley full of hope. Played in match v. E. Norfolk. Lost. Prep, prayers and bed.
- Wed 12th Periods in a.m. and p.m. Began the A.R.P. trenches in evening and took off turf. Prayers.
- Thur 13th Everyone hot on A.R.P. trenches; periods excused at certain times.
- Fri 14th Various periods off for trenches. Dug during prep. Into prayers and dug again afterwards. Return of the VIII (51st at Bisley!)
- Sat 15th One or two periods in a.m. Dug all afternoon and quite a bit of evening. Getting quite deep now. Prayers; bed.
- Sun 16th Holy Communion and morning Chapel. Then went home with Heff and much enjoyed it. Back in time for prep.
- Mon 17th Periods here and there with quite a bit of A.R.P. digging. Prep; prayers.
- Tue 18th 1st round house matches. We all out 90; Howson's 68 for 8. Wet wicket. Prep, prayers.
- Wed 19th House matches resumed for half-hour (rain) in evening. Howson's all out 83; great joy! Quite a bit of digging during day.
- Thur 20th House matches resumed; OSH 2nd innings all out 94. Howson's 30 for 0; we got through on 1st round. Also did some digging.
- Fri 21st Dug with great zest all a.m.; had a very large lunch. Dug again in p.m. and evening. To bed about 10.
- Sat 22nd Had theoretical A.R.P. in a.m. Began 2nd round house matches in p.m.; we all out 162; Farfield 4 for 1.
- Sun 23rd Chapel in a.m. Went with Mrs Wood to Blakeney for lunch, then on for a sail on the Broads; great fun. Back for Chapel. And prep.
- Mon 24th Economics exam in a.m. Dug in the p.m. Continued match v. Farfield in evening.
- Tue 25th Disgusting French exam in a.m. Played in Farfield house match in p.m. which we won by an innings and 16. Took 8 for 34 altogether.
- Wed 26th Exam in a.m. and a long one in p.m. Did a bit of digging in evening. In for prayers. Bed about 10.
- Thur 27th Played in match in p.m. and went to Spencer's for tea. Said goodbye to Stubbs in evening.
- Fri 28th Thought speech for house supper. Did quite a bit of trench digging in a.m. and p.m.; nearly finished. Prayers and bed.
- Sat 29th A spot of light digging in a.m. Said goodbye to people; dug and played rounders in p.m. House supper went off well.

Sun 30th Went down to Sheringham after Chapel with Mother and Dad. Had lunch with Coopers. Went over to Overstrand for tea. Back for Chapel.

Mon 31st Finishing touches put to trenches in a.m. Went to Chapel and prize-giving (unfruitful) in evening. Played rounders and carted luggage to station in evening. Bed at about 11.

AUGUST

Tue 1st Got up at 7. Breakfast. Loaded up car and set off about 9.30. Arrived home about 6p.m.

.....
Fri 25th Left by 3.12 for Holt; arrived 6.50. Had supper with A.M.G. Bed 11.30.

Sat 26th Started match at 2p.m. after very good lunch. Interesting match. Beautiful afternoon. Took 2 for 18 and scored 4 not out! Went home with Heff to Shipdham

Tue 29th Left Shipdham at 11.30 for Heacham. Arrived 1p.m. Had lunch with Major Thorne. Enjoyable cricket match An X1 v. Major Thorne's X1. Took 2 for 12, scored 7 not out! Night at Shipdham, went for walk, bed late.

Wed 30th Home

SEPTEMBER

Sun 3rd 11am War declared.

JUDY HINES

of Holt (Est. 1973)

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RÉGIME THAT BROKE THE MOULD

New history of Gresham's published

Household names litter the list of Old Greshamians. Poet W.H.Auden, composer Benjamin Britten, hovercraft inventor Christopher Cockerell and vacuum cleaner magnate James Dyson all spent their formative years at the North Norfolk school.

But the historic and proud school also has at least one black sheep among its former flocks in the shape of Russian spy Donald Maclean.

There is no evidence that treachery was a seed sown during his school days, but many of the notable alumni put the germination of their careers down to the fertile ethos of the pioneering school at Holt.

Gresham's dates back to 1555 but until 1900 was a small town grammar school based in the market place. It was only when governors decided to make a new start at the turn of the 20th century that it made its mark.

The new school on the Cromer Road, with a new modernising head George Howson, seized the moment of a world that was moving from starchy Victorian times into an emerging Edwardian industrial era.

Howson set the tone with a regime that broke the mould of a public school dominated by the classics, games and the cane. Instead Gresham's provided a balanced curriculum which made modern languages, science, music and drama just as important.

Author of the new Gresham's history book, Steve Benson, said the school's growth from 50 pupils before the move to 240 soon afterwards was "remarkable."

The combination of the governors' foresight and Howson's leadership created a school which attracted pupils from all over the country, ranging from the industrial midlands and north to the artistic London suburbs.

Yorkshireman Howson, himself a chemist, had "huge energy and ambition to create a different school to mould boys' personalities," said Mr Benson.

Discipline in most public schools of the time was driven by the cane, but Howson used an "honour system" of encouraging pupils to own up, and also to report wrongdoers.

The first world war took its toll on the school, where 100 staff and old boys laid down their lives. The pain was felt by Howson who died from heart failure aged 58 in 1919.

His able deputy Ronald Eccles took over for some eventful years in the 1920s and 1930s which saw some of the most famous pupils pass through.

Benjamin Britten disliked the spartan and rigorous school routine. But the sensitive soul fared better than he might have done at other more straight-laced public schools of the time.

Britten's spell at Gresham's was cut short when his brilliant musicianship won him a scholarship to London, aged 16.

Auden was a tougher, happier character, who later said he was inspired to write poetry when at the school. And Mclean was a model schoolboy who excelled at sport and won a modern languages scholarship to Cambridge. His flight to Russia in the 1950s with Guy Burgess revealed the greatest British spy story of the Cold War years.

The second world war saw the school starting to take London evacuees during the 1939 Phoney War, before uprooting itself lock, stock and barrel and evacuating to Newquay in Cornwall, where it operated in two hotels.

Other famous Greshamians include Philip Toosey, real-life senior officer of the Far East prisoner of war camp, portrayed by Sir Alec Guinness in the film *Bridge on the River Kwai*. There were also: Joe Baker-Cresswell, wartime convoy escort commander, whose order to board a damaged U-boat led to the vital capture of an Enigma code machine; head boy-turned teacher Dick Bagnall-Oakeley who became a natural history authority; and Lord Reith who rose to become the first general manager of the BBC.

Mr Benson, who taught at Gresham's from 1964 to 1982, said it remained a fine school, now co-educational, with 500 senior children, 230 preparatory pupils and a 100-place pre-prep school.

THE LAST WORD: Norfolk dialect had one triumph over headmaster George Howson when his liberal views on education were in contrast with his pedantic grammar and dislike of regional accents. He had a habit of giving orders by saying "Have the door shut!" or "Have the window opened!" Legend has it that a new local day boy was encountered in the corridor by the head who said "Have the bell rung." The young Norfolk boy replied; "Noo, sir, that hev'n't!"

Reprinted from the *Eastern Daily Press*

WILD MUSHROOMS

By David Adlard (F 57 – 63)

I went to Gresham's School in Holt, North Norfolk. I was very lucky. It was a very good school, smart teachers, acres of playing fields if you had the mind to 'sport', acres of wonderful woods if nature is your call or, frankly, a camouflage for furtive activity, dragging on the weed and beyond. My headmaster was Logie Bruce Lockhart, who also taught French and played games – he had Blues in rugby and squash and achieved his ambition of not losing a squash game against a pupil until he was 40 years old. As a fly-half he taught me how to drop goals dressed up in his 'Blues' sweater, bellowing encouragement standing under the posts, and, in spite of bellowing, he sang rather well, coaching the congregation.

He was eloquent in word and speech, writing books and contributing articles to the EDP, and as a 'pied piper' he led a winding trail of pale and spotty youths on a fungus foray. Yes, he was a naturalist as well. In those days I liked to kick and hit balls, and had an exaggerated opinion of myself as a 'sporty person' and sneered at other people who had different, gentle inclinations.

But life comes around in a full circle and 25 years on kicking balls was in the past tense and in the present tense I was interested in wild mushrooms as exotica for my menu and I wanted to follow the 'pied piper'. So my first hunt for wild mushrooms was with Logie along the same trail I despised so many years before.

I even put down 'collecting wild mushrooms' as one of my interests in 'The Poor Man's Who's Who'.

But frankly it's a bit of a 'con' because identifying a couple of 'dead-certs' in a huge range does not qualify you as a collector. Pouring over Roger Phillips's Mushroom Book (it's very good) with half a dozen species after your foray and, despite the superb pictures in Phillips's book, inevitably coming up with no positive identification and the waste bin was

the inevitable destination.

Most of us (being the conservative people we are) are happy to use whiter than white mushrooms 'gathered' from the sterilized shelves in a supermarket to fry up on a Sunday morning big breakfast, but shrink away from their wild brothers decorated with a little bit of muck on the stem or ones which have the evidence of a natural interference of a hungry bug.

Our attitudes to the natural world are not based on objective information. Throughout history certain living things have inspired fear and loathing because they are supposedly evil. Bats, snakes, toads, spiders and owls have all been associated with the devil or regarded as harbingers of death. Among those organisms placed in the plant kingdom, fungi occupy a similarly unenviable position. Many believe that most wild mushrooms, described as toadstools aligning them with toads, are deadly poisonous and regard fungi as synonymous with disease and death.

One may mock this instant dismissal about potential, wonderful food which is, by the way, free, and the spin-off is a (questionable to a couch potato) dose of fresh country air. But thumbing through my old Larousse Gastronomique, the 'vade mecum' of chefs and gastronomes, full of quaint black and white pictures and drawings, I found a horrid tale. Under the heading of MUSHROOMS CHAMPIGNONS the introduction starts with a warning: *'We should remember that apart from their botanical characteristics there is no empirical way of distinguishing good from the bad.'* It reminds me about the apocryphal tale where the mushroom hunters fed their gatherings to their cat to make sure that they were edible (probably not a cat loving family!). The cat had a tasty meal, with no ill effect and he settled down to a 'purr'. Some time later they sat down to consume the lion's share, but then the cat died!

Apart from the odd collywobbles Larousse tells us that mushroom poisoning divides into two main categories: Muscarine poisoning which occurs immediately and in most circumstances recovery will be the end result, and Phalline poisoning which is much more serious because the symptoms will not occur until 12-24 hours after eating and the poison will be in the blood stream. A crescendo of bodily traumas ends up with a death rate in 60% of the cases. Not surprisingly the evocative names – Death Cap, Destroying Angel, the Panther – fill you with fear but they also give you the thrill of the chase when you discover them.

But the image of the wild mushroom needs a boost. You could engage in a conversation with 'The Mushroom Man', Clive Holder, an inhabitant of North Creake in North Norfolk. He sells the wild mushrooms he has collected during the season as well as exotica imported from a weekly trip to London shopping at New Covent Garden, Spitalfield and a curious shop in the shadow of St Paul's Cathedral. He told me that Norfolk is one of the most important English counties for collecting wild mushrooms. Why? Firstly it is a big county with a sparse population, so there's lots of country and potential collecting sites and, secondly, there are many different habitats – various types of woodland, heath, marsh, grasslands and local strata have clay under sandy soil.

For him old air-fields are a great source – acres of grassland occasionally mown by jet pilots on low flying practice, and private so you need a licence and a hard hat to collect for example, St George's mushroom, which is, traditionally, the first of the season appearing on, of course, St George's Day, April 23rd. It is also a great source for Fairy Rings Champignons and Field Blewits.

You could engage a conversation with Peter Jordan of the Tasty Mushroom Partnership

and I did when I visited him at Burnham Market, interestingly curiously close to Clive Holder's home. Is that the epicentre of wild mushroom gathering? He agrees with Clive that the clay substructure, which drains the soil, is an important factor in promoting the growth of wild mushrooms. Also he cites the many old estates where the pastures and woods have not been affected by nitrates, the curse of modern farming and the death-knell of wild mushrooms. This parallels collecting on airfields where nitrates are not spread.

Peter is an all-round wild mushroom man. Starting collecting them when he was four years old with his grandfather as a teacher, he has produced a natural industry around his name. He combines an articulate, friendly approach with his impressive knowledge. Peter has become a media man, a lecturer and leads fungus forays around the country and into the forbidden land, France. He has produced an informative video, a must for the collector, and a reader-friendly book for the library of the wild mushroom addict. He is also an amateur chef, which wraps up his credentials. He even dries his own mushrooms commercially using a New Zealand fruit dryer.

During my visit it was a desolate time to find wild mushrooms. Too early for the St George's and too late for the Winter Blewits. But on the road we found, through Peter's local knowledge, some Velvet Shanks (*Flammulina velutipes*) on an oak stump in the neighbouring village. We carried on and later came across a spectacular harvest of Jew's Ears (*Auricularia auricula-Judaea*) occurring on elder trees where, traditionally, Judas was hanged, hence the name. At home base they were placed above my stove immediately to dry them and then as a source of the Wild Mushroom Risotto.

REVIEWS

The Time Machine

Jenny McCartney reviews the latest film of Sienna Guillory (O 91 – 93)

Simon Wells' science-fiction film is loosely based on H.G. Wells' novel. None the less, this film has a few things in its favour: the chief being that although *The Time Machine* is a big budget fantasy released at roughly the same time as *Star Wars: Attack of the Clones*, it is nowhere near as tedious.

Guy Pearce plays the Victorian scientist Alexander Hartdegen, who is driven to invent a time-travel contraption when his kittenish fiancée (Sienna Guillory) is murdered. But when he nips back in time to save her, she is murdered all over again, in a different style. To save the poor girl a series of ever more exotically painful endings, a heartbroken Hartdegen presses fast-forward, and launches himself into the future inside what looks like two enormous ceiling fans welded together.

Pearce's take on Victorian Man is rather odd, bursting with stilted speeches and the facial expressions of an appalled goldfish. The stylists have plastered his hair back in a stiff, greasy mat, and his housekeeper (Phyllida Law) hints that his jacket is filthy. In fact, he looks as though he smells horrid, and you wonder how he ever managed to attract a fiancée in the first place.

It isn't until Pearce gets into the distant future that his hair shakes loose, and so does his acting. His new Australian surfer persona bears almost no resemblance to the old Hartdegen. This is perhaps just as well, because Samantha Mumba, the Irish pop star who plays his Eloi tribal love interest, doesn't seem like the kind of girl to go for a boffin in a smelly tweed suit.

The vegetarian Elois are being killed and eaten by the vile Morlocks, a fast-moving band of carnivorous monsters who are guaranteed to frighten the wits out of small children. Mumba plays Mara with a low-key charm, if a little too tranquilly: her "moments of terror" needed a large injection of panic. Mumba's brother Omero plays Mara's younger sibling, and he too appears at ease on screen. We could even have passed over the mild incongruity of the Eloi's soft Irish accents, if the sound track hadn't added to it with great irritating blasts of swirling Celtic pipes and chanting.

There are plenty of flaws, but also numerous diversions. One is its stunning set, and another is a witty turn from Orlando Jones as a talking compendium of human knowledge, a hologram trapped for eternity behind a screen. The *pièce de résistance*, however, is Jeremy Irons as the evil Uber-Morlock, looking like a negative of Marilyn Manson and camping it up stratospherically. He's come so many lights years from *Brideshead Revisited* that for a moment I almost believed in time travel.

Reprinted from *The Sunday Telegraph*

The three ages of Hong Kong Fragrant Harbour by John Lanchester

Caroline Moore enjoys this novel's grand sweep across 70 years of colonial history.

"Fragrant Harbour" is the literal translation of Hong Kong (or Heung gong): a "Chinese joke", apparently, since its smell, even in 1935, according to this superbly convincing novel, was "distinct, dirty...too brackish to be mere seawater". But the joke has an edge of accusation, for in *Fragrant Harbour* the pollution and corruption are man-made. Hong Kong is in a way the central character of this "epic novel", spanning the past 70 years of Asian history.

It is a wonderfully compelling work. John Lanchester anatomises our infinite human corruptibility, through wartime brutality and modern financial greed, but he also celebrates integrity, courage and life-long love. And though you may be, as I was, vastly better informed about the history of our erstwhile colony at the end of this novel, yet history (including the years of Lanchester's own Hong Kong childhood) is thoroughly, imaginatively and brilliantly fictionalised.

The first part of the novel is written, with acute if near-parodic accuracy, in the 1995 accents of Dawn Stone, a journalist who is, in her own estimation, "bright, ambitious and sassy". She likes to talk American-tough ("let me now state for the record that I think I'm shit-hot"), and is thoroughly on the make. Lanchester sustains our interest in Dawn partly through the accuracy of his satire of the period, but chiefly through the undertow of suggestion that her stance of perpetual cynicism is – as Coleridge once remarked – as naïve in its way as perpetual credulity.

Dawn is just as easily overawed and impressed as she is ready to come up with a wise-crack or cannily-placed article: arriving in, she is open to corruption. The implications of

this will not become clear until much later...

The next, apparently unrelated section, doubles back to 1935, and begins the core of the narrative. Tom Stewart, the restless son of inn-keeping parents in Faversham, leaves for the Far East on the SS Darjeeling, with two suitcases and his grandmother's gold necklace. He is as naïve as Dawn, and far more touchingly innocent: on the outward journey, he is excited to discover that "two sisters" will be joining them at Marseilles.

Stewart's hopes of a ship-board romance soar – until he finds that the "sisters" are nuns, one European and one Chinese. They are both, in their way, as tough-talking, as vulnerable, and as enclosed within the outlook of their era as Dawn. But a bet forces the beautiful Chinese nun, Sister Maria, to teach Tom the rudiments of the Chinese language. The plot that follows might well interest Hollywood – involving as it does superbly re-created wartime Japanese atrocities, lost love and a re-found child. But a Hollywood version would almost undoubtedly be a travesty. Imagining such a possibility make one realise the purely novelistic strengths of *Fragrant Harbour*, where human warmth is inseparable from a sense of history, understated accuracy, and psychological depth.

In the final, brief, modern section of the book, a young Chinese entrepreneur, whose connection with Tom we have only just learnt, is fighting for economic survival in the treacherous world of 21st-century business.

I suspect that most novel-readers, even if involved in financial markets, will find the heart of the novel – up to and including the Japanese occupation of Hong Kong – the most compelling. Lanchester's evocation of the past impresses not just for the knowledge and passion, but because he refuses to wallow in sentimentality or horror, when his story could warrant either or both.

Read this novel now, before a debased screen version hits the big screens.

[John Lanchester: c & H 72 – 80]
Reprinted from *The Sunday Telegraph*

Superb Forum at heart of a fine city

A letter reprinted from the Eastern Daily Press

Anybody who has visited the new Forum in the first few days of its life must have been impressed by the design and scale of the building and especially its vitality.

The gestation period has been long, difficult and fraught with controversy, but the Norwich Society wishes to congratulate the Forum Trust on this exceptional achievement.

The design of Sir Michael Hopkins is architecturally worthy to stand beside the city's historic buildings, and it has the power to lift the soul to great heights. The Forum sets standards which will hopefully raise the quality of design throughout Norwich.

It will be some months before the complex is finally completed, but already there is a feeling that the Forum will become the heart of the city. This is an appropriate start to the 21st century, and something in which we can all take great pride.

Roger Rowe (H 51 – 55)
Chairman, Norwich Society

Poignant Tale of ‘golden lads’

A lost generation of Holt schoolboys is featured in a moving Remembrance Day television programme.

When *Heroes Die* is based on a book of the same name, written by Gresham’s School teacher Sue Smart, about the pupils from the school who lost their lives in the first world war.

The school had 229 pupils at the outbreak of the war in 1914, but by the time peace broke out four years later 100 of them had died.

Leading actor Sir Derek Jacobi tells the heartbreaking story of the youngsters who left home cheerfully to fight for King and Country.

Boish pencilled letters from the trenches, school reports, telegrams and letters from army officers, parents and the headmaster combine to tell a story of pathos and lost innocence. Many of the boys died in the Battle of the Somme, the 85th anniversary of which is being marked this year.

For Mrs Smart the book was a poignant personal journey, having lost a child of her own – her youngest daughter Olivia died in a car accident four years ago – and discovering the truth about so many young lives cut short.

“I know the monumental loss of a member of your own family and the enormous gap it leaves, so it gave me some insight into what it must have been like for those families whose sons did not return,” she said.

Mrs Smart travelled to the Somme to search out where the Gresham’s boys fought and died.

In Sunday’s programme she joins a party of pupils from the school on their own pilgrimage to the places where some of their predecessors were killed.

At the world’s largest military cemetery, where 12,000 graves stretch to the horizon, the visit reaches its climax as the names of all 100 of Gresham’s “golden lads” are read out in the autumnal silence.

When Heroes Die is on BBC2 East at 7.25pm on Sunday

Reprinted from the *North Norfolk News* 8th November 2001

OLD GRESHAMIAN SHOWCASE

The Auden Theatre 6th September, 2002

THE DRAMA ELEMENT

The music side of the above event is covered elsewhere – but, to be honest and taking it all together, the evening came ablaze with Samuel and Dickon Gough in the duet from Bizet’s “The Pearl Fishers”, backed by Mark Jones in full La Scala mode: which doesn’t mean to say that there wasn’t good dramatic material – but when closing the first half in total contrast with the dramatically hushed “Locus Iste” (Bruckner) with two more Goughs added, Tamsin and Daisy, yes, here was the high peak of the evening.

Maybe less spectacular but nonetheless engaging was the half-hour excerpt from Henry Layte’s play “Dream Job” or “The Obligatory Six” (stick with the first, Henry).

Taking a surgeon's scalpel to eviscerate the interview scenario (is there anyone who doesn't have to go through this at some times in their lives?) he explored with dark humour the sado-masochistic possibilities of such encounter. Henry and fellow actors Philip Bosworth and Tom Brooke delivered a tense and riveting examination of the age-old, pre-Inquisition set-up: the power-backed Interrogator and the confused victim struggling in the web. Well written, with plenty of variety of pace and colour in both writing and performance, the drama ably uncovered the terrors of the unsaid.

In the second half there was another dramatic realisation, a light-weight look at the married man/mistress situation, "The Memory of Water", given comic life by Dickon Gough and Natasha Rose, as wry and passionate as the piece allowed.

What a great way this was to start a school year from the performing arts point of view, showing those engaged in this part of the school's activities that there is a future, even the possibility of a paid one, in the uncertain but rewarding profession they may be hoping to join.

Peter Whitbread (k & W 40 – 46)

THE MUSIC ELEMENT

Ten young O.G.s returned to the Auden Theatre early in the Michaelmas Term to give a varied recital of songs, ranging from Lieder to Lehrer. The evening opened with Humphrey Berney singing two baroque pieces and two English songs. He started with an aria from Handel's "Samson", giving a sensitive performance, conveying the pathos of the words and convincing at least this listener that perhaps Handelian opera can, after all, be considered as on a par with more popular examples of the genre. He followed this with the exquisite setting of Tennyson's "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal" by Roger Quilter, Old Etonian and (as Humphrey aptly pointed out) quintessentially English composer of settings of Shakespeare and other poets. Humphrey's sensitive rendering of this tender Edwardian miniature was an absolute delight, capturing perfectly the song's delicate wistfulness and refinement. He concluded with a compelling performance of a little-known song by Geoffrey Bush, again very English in its Finzi-like cadences.

By way of contrast, Samuel Gough and Dickon gave a vigorous and full-bloodedly romantic performance of the famous duet from Bizet's "Pearl Fishers", Samuel's powerful singing complementing Dickon's more youthful voice. It must be extremely rare to have four members of the same family performing on stage together. It was an impressive sight, therefore, to see all the Gough children – three of them O.G.s – coming together in Bruckner's "Locus Iste", a popular warhorse of Gresham's choral singing.

After the interval, Tom Appleton and Genevieve Pott reprised some of the numbers performed in Tom's farewell concert of the summer, adding, this time, the wicked "Vatican Rag" by Lehrer. Those who claim the Americans have little sense of irony have clearly never heard any works by this quirky U.S. professor (nor, indeed, ever watched "The Simpsons"!). Even those to whom the theological and liturgical allusions were obscure would have appreciated Tom's witty performance. And you would not have needed to know what the Audubon Society was in order to enjoy "Poisoning Pigeons in the Park". How rare it is these days to hear unashamedly vicious satire! Yet Tom's and Genevieve's obvious good nature somehow made us feel less guilty at our laughter.

Gerard Collett chose Lieder, as he did last year. It is evident that he has thought deeply

about the genre, and the bittersweet tone of the Schubert songs was authentically and persuasively conveyed.

Last year, Laurie Gethin gave us the Gallic wit and irony of Poulenc. This time we had a marvellous and, to me at least, unknown song, "Melisande" by Madeleine Dring. Laurie is an excellent performer, with an astute feel for both words and music. Crystal-clear diction, allied to a sympathy for the poetry, made her rendering of this rarity both convincing and enjoyable. To conclude, she once again sang some Weill, this time a clever pastiche of nightclub jazz and a complete contrast with the previous piece.

Mark Jones's comprehensively skilful yet seemingly effortless pianism provided sympathetic backing for these young artists, of whom we will surely hear much more.

Richard Peaver (S)

THE PHILIP NEWELL DISPLAY CABINET TRIBUTE TO BILL STUTTAFFORD

Howson's Commemorations are usually well attended by Old Greshamians from the Newell era and they certainly turned up in force in 2002. A special highlight was the inauguration of the Philip Newell Display Cabinet on Saturday 22nd June.

In a prominent position at the southern end of the Library Gallery there is now a handsome display cabinet crafted in the workshop of Rob Corbett (D 39 – 46) to match the existing furniture in the Gallery. The cabinet bears an explanatory note:

PHILIP STANIFORTH NEWELL

Headmaster 1935 – 1944

This display cabinet houses the memorabilia and archives of the Philip Newell Memorial Fund and the reports from those awarded bursaries by the Fund since its inception in 1992.

The cabinet was presented to the School Library by the widow and friends of Sir William (Bill) Stuttaford (1928 – 99 and Howson's 1942 – 47) in tribute to his seven years of dedicated and selfless work as the first Chairman of the Philip Newell Memorial Fund.

At the inauguration, with Bill Stuttaford's widow d'Esterre at his side, Bill's brother Tom Stuttaford (H 1944 – 50) reminded us how Bill had almost become part of the Newell family early in his time at Gresham's in Newquay. Following emergency surgery in his first term, Bill had been advised not to return home for the Christmas holidays and had stayed with the Newells in Newquay instead.

Joe Crowdy (D, k & H 1933 – 42) reminded us that he had been at Gresham's at the start of Philip's career as Headmaster and that Bill Stuttaford had been at Newquay when Philip left in 1944; between them they had had personal knowledge of the whole decade

of Philip's headmastership. Joe noted that the ceremony marked the final and complete rehabilitation of an outstanding headmaster who had guided the School with a sure hand through the evacuation to Newquay in World War II, one of the most difficult periods in the whole 400 years of the School's history.

To add further interest to the occasion, a splendid silver cup was put on show too. This trophy was presented to the School by the Newquay Home Guard shortly before the return to Holt in recognition of the service given by the School's OTC during the War. The Display Cabinet was funded by many Old Greshamians, most of them from the Newquay era, and the Philip Newell Memorial Fund Management Committee warmly thank all those who contributed.

F.H. King (F 55 – 61)

PHILIP NEWELL AWARDS

Philip Newell Bursaries are awarded annually from the Philip Newell Memorial Fund. Bursaries are available to present members of the School and recent leavers. The Bursaries help fund any venture at home or abroad the purpose of which is to help or serve people who are less fortunate than ourselves. Those who are awarded Bursaries are asked to write reports on their experiences.

VOLUNTEER WORK IN MALAYSIA

Report from Will Slater – 2000 Bursary

A 'year out' is not for everyone but I felt the urge to leave the 'conveyor belt' of school-to-university direct. In total I spent eight months away from England with the majority of the time in South East Asia. My elder brother's experience inspired me to take a 'gap year'. However, I wanted to do something completely different with a challenge and be shocked by new surroundings. It's all very good spending time in Australia and experiencing the western world, but it's all too easy. It's just like home apart from the weather! I wanted to get away from England for a good amount of time to sort myself out and to change, maybe, as a person. I feel I've achieved this and have come back a better person, more rounded by the big wide world. It felt a long way from Holt and school at times! Before getting carried away, let me first of all explain a bit about Malaysia and GAP.

The rapid pace of development of Malaysia into a major industrial power over the past twenty years has recently slowed. Nevertheless, this diverse society of different races, religions and cultures continues to adapt to its changing role both in South East Asia and worldwide. GAP Activity Projects is a British-based charity, which organises voluntary placements abroad for students between school and university. In 2000 – 2001, 1400 placements were completed in over 30 countries. Having applied at the beginning of my upper sixth year and after being interviewed, I was informed I would be placed in Penang, Malaysia at a Salvation Army Children's Home.

This is a home for about forty boys ranging from nursery age to late teens. It is located in the inner suburbs of Georgetown, Penang, an island off the north-west coast of Malaysia

and 60 miles from the Thailand border. There were ten volunteers from the UK in Penang and around 40 others in West Malaysia. The boys in the home come from a range of backgrounds; some are orphans, others have parents who financially, mentally or physically are unable to look after them. The purpose and aim of my volunteer work was to help those less fortunate than myself by way of sharing my skills in a developing country and a different culture, to experience a complete change in my day-to-day life, to make a contribution to a community and to develop a sense of purpose. After spending two months in the USA and Australia prior to arriving at Penang Airport via Kuala Lumpur, it was a real 'culture shock' to be greeted by many unknown strangers. I'll never forget my first proper Asian meal of Nasi Goreng at one of the local hawker stalls, and arriving at the home to be greeted by all the kids!

No formal training was given on arrival, but we were given a timetable and were prepared to undertake any work required by the Chinese couple, Captains Leonard and Leonie Long who ran the home. As the home is a residential one, the children were at home during the Malaysian school holidays and I had to be on hand to help at these times as well. My main responsibilities within the home were to teach and speak English with the children when they returned home from their local day schools. In preparation for this, I did a teaching skills course in London before leaving. As a volunteer I helped supervise homework, coached sport and made a contribution to many other activities, including computing. The kids would come back to the home from school at lunch and then commence their cleaning duties afterwards. The afternoon consisted of two hours of studying, which was the hardest part of the day, as keeping the attention of a six-year-old is some task! Recreation would follow and with a full size basketball court and plenty of bikes to go round they were well equipped. The Salvation Army is well-supported by many large multi-nationals, including Nokia.

Dinner would come next and this resembled something out of a monkey's feeding time at the Zoo. Malays like to eat with their hands. Rice was very much on the menu seven days a week. A real Penang speciality is Roti Canai, something everyone should try, and it stopped me from losing even more weight! The evening brought further studying for an hour and my job was reading with the younger children. Milo (hot chocolate) followed after prayers, and by nine at night, our work done, we were shattered! Every Friday, Phil, the other GAP volunteer, and I would take the lads swimming. Soon within a week I was settling in well and getting into the routine. Our accommodation must have been some of the best in West Malaysia for GAP volunteers. We had a two-bedroom flat at the home, with TV, video, microwave and washing machine.

The youngest boy in the home, Jein Kern, five years old, an orphan, required a lot of attention with his reading. By the end of the placement I had noticed a significant improvement in his reading and work ethic. Mahendran, a ten-year-old, was very protective of his younger brother, Jakenath. At times this did cause problems, but we dealt with it. All the boys enjoyed playing sports, such as basketball, swimming, biking and especially football.

While in the placement, Phil and I did encounter some problems with which we coped. GAP, the organising body, provided an agent locally in Penang to check up and supposedly to visit the two of us during our placement. It was the responsibility of the agent to visit the placement but we had no visit until I personally requested her, by e-mail, to pay a visit. The running and management of the home at times were also unacceptable in terms of the way the Captains carried out their work and treated their staff.

The Captains were solely in charge of the running of the home. The other staff members in the home were Malay, Indian and Chinese. Phil and I were assistants to them and supervised activities. It was an excellent experience to be involved in so many different cultures and traditions and one I will never forget. This break from academic studies enabled me to determine future career paths and come back refreshed. The whole experience has broadened my understanding of people and made me appreciate how lucky we are to live in such a civilised country.

Phil and I worked on average about forty hours between Monday and Friday, but were also given two months holiday during our six-month placement to travel around the rest of South East Asia. It's a fascinating region with my highlight visiting Angkor Wat Temple in Siem Reap, Cambodia. The town of Siem Reap is only a few kilometres from the temples of Angkor and serves as a base for visits to the monuments. The name Siem Reap means 'Siamese Defeated'. The world-famous temples of Angkor were built between seven and eleven centuries ago, when the Khmer civilization was at the height of its extraordinary creativity and Angkor constitutes one of humankind's most magnificent architectural achievements. Another memorable visit was to Danau Toba, Sumatra, one of Indonesia's most spectacular sights. It occupies the caldera of a giant volcano that collapsed on itself after a massive eruption about 100,000 years ago. The flooding of the subsequent crater produced the largest lake in South East Asia, covering an area of 1,707 sq. km. In the middle rises Pulau Samosir, a wedge-shaped island almost as big as Singapore. A friend and I motor-biked round the whole island in a day and took in the sandy, pine-sheltered beaches. At an altitude of about 800 m, the air is pleasantly cool, an attraction in itself after the steamy heat of Medan, 176 km to the north. Finally the legendary 'Full Moon Parties' on Ko Pha-Nang, Thailand and meeting randomly several Old Greshamians in the process also sticks out! Other countries visited were Singapore, Vietnam, Laos and Myanmar (Burma), a real adventure, even if a bit dangerous!

After all that has happened I would not change any of the experience. Before going I worked for six months at Bernard Matthews Foods Ltd and Norwich Union Insurance, raising about £4,000, which was hard work! The contribution made by the Philip Newell Memorial Fund helped me enormously and thanks again for your support. Now at university, I'm readjusting to life in England, civilization and reverse culture shock!

The O.G. Magazine limits mean this is a shortened version of events and does not include any photographs or illustrations. A more comprehensive account, with photographs, can be viewed in the School Library, where the report will be bound and placed.

EXPERIENCES OF INDIA

Extract from a Report from Richard Owen – 2001 Bursary

I started to make my way to Lucknow the next day accompanied by three other volunteers. We were to work in the same place, Mohanlalganj, which is an unremarkable village situated about twenty-five kilometres outside Lucknow. It seemed even busier than Delhi on arrival so we arranged ongoing transport out of the city where everything soon quietened down to a more manageable level. We split into two pairs; we would be living a ten-minute walk from each other.

My partner and I were deposited at the gates of a slightly forbidding compound with an old man wearing a loin-cloth wandering around the front. We tried to introduce ourselves

but any attempt at communication soon degenerated into manic smiling from all parties involved. Determined to make a good impression we entered through the gates wearing nervous smiles. We were shown past a riot of colourful flowers to the Brother Superior who asked us a few questions and showed us the whole establishment. The children with whom we would work were mostly older than I had expected but they all seemed so grateful for our presence that any fears were soon washed away by optimism. The few younger children would hold our hands, they were soon imitated by the older children and for days all we did was to walk teams of four children round the flower beds and learn of their disabilities. I slept well that first night after a large meal of rice, dal and cauliflower curry with the six brothers who were all different ages and very kind.

After a day of rest we began the typical daily routine. Woke up at 5am to wash, dress and feed all the children in silence, a rule often broken by everybody present. The two dormitories in which the children slept would smell very bad and human waste was often in piles on the floors and the beds. The whole system was largely self-sustaining with the more able-bodied children helping the others wash and dress. There were also several helpers who cleaned and organized people in return for food and a bed. After this had been completed we would have breakfast, which usually consisted of chipatis, a flat bread, and a chana or bean curry. There was never a shortage of coffee - the brothers were proud of being able to afford instant coffee, a rich man's luxury in this part of the country. I would then go and entertain the children. They all enjoyed attention and some altercations would arise when it was given unevenly. This became more significant when a young boy arrived nicknamed Varansi, after where he was found. He adopted this nickname when the brothers realized that he didn't know his name. His body was pock-marked with black spots on his dark skin. These were suspected to be scars formed from the heat of many cigarettes. Used to fighting for what he wanted it was an uphill struggle to persuade him to accept the new values he needed for a life-time in his new home. At 11 am we would help feed the less able children, most notably Amil and Abil, who were the most disabled people there. They could swallow and make noises but that was all. Their limbs had become so debilitated through lack of movement that they were only capable of occasional jerking movements. After a lunch of rice, dal and curry the brothers, having been awake since 4 am to pray, would have a siesta. I was only too glad to join in. We would spend the afternoon with the children, again playing with them and trying to promote some sort of quality of life until it was game time. The brothers and helpers would present themselves in various items of sportswear and begin a furious game of volleyball. Having never played before, I proved a frustration for the team for whom I was playing. I would often be moved to the team who was winning to help make the games fairer. Immediately afterwards we would help the spectating children inside and feed them dinner. The children would generally eat the same as we did only with less variety and quantity. We put them all to bed at about 5pm and went for our own evening meal which would be the same as lunch. This was the end of our day's schedule but the brothers would continue to attend praying sessions throughout the afternoon ending with adoration, which I once attended. Adoration consists of a half-hour of silence beginning and ending with a reading. Once it is over, the brothers stay in silence until grace is said at breakfast the next morning.

When the three other local volunteers and I had completed three weeks work we decided to go on a weekend trip to Allahabad. We were to attend part of the Magh Mela which occurs every year but is not as auspicious as the twelve yearly Kumbh Mela, a major Hindu

festival. We travelled by bus for five hours to get to the point at which the Rivers Ganges and Yamuna meet to become the Sangam, where the water- colour changes as they mix. It was here that I decided to try my first proper thali, an Indian meal of rice or chapati bread with a selection of sauces and dal to be eaten with the fingers. I chose to eat at a place by the roadside thinking my stomach must have been hardened by the time I had been in India. I was wrong. The next day I began feeling queasy and it took ten days for a full recovery, helped by some dangerous pills prescribed by a local doctor. By this time there were only five weeks left of my placement with the children. The weather had also become very hot towards the middle of the day and the children were moved to a classroom out of the sun where we continued trying to teach some to write their names, others to say words in English and to help a few whose legs we manipulated to stop them being useless. A sense of real inadequacy had stolen across me as I realized that with a proper physiotherapist and plenty of time some of the children might be able to stand and even walk again.

The weeks soon passed and the time came to leave. As a leaving gift my partner and I paid locals to repair a small playground that had once been used by the children. We also made packed lunches and bought everyone there a Mars Bar although most had never seen chocolate and cried when the wrappers were removed. I was sad to leave the home but very excited at the prospect of making my way around India. When it was time to leave the Brother Superior made a fabulous well-rehearsed speech thanking us for our time and effort. I stood up and stuttered a few lines to the effect that I hoped they would continue their good work but the Brother Superior had walked a path that I could not follow.

BT GLOBAL CHALLENGE 2001/2002

The World's Toughest Yacht Race

Report by Angus Fuller (F 90 – 95)

On 10th September 2000 twelve identical 72 ft cutter-rigged steel yachts set sail from Southampton to race around the world against the prevailing winds and currents. I was part of *Team Spirit* skippered by John Read and I was appointed mate and Senior Watch Leader. Each of the yachts had a professional skipper and 17 volunteer crew members including two watch leaders.

The race was divided into seven separate legs as detailed below.

During the first leg of the race, *Team Spirit* encountered a storm off the Grand Banks, a lightning strike and subsequent fire during Hurricane Michael off Bermuda. As a result of this incident we lost all navigational and communication equipment until arrival in Buenos Aires.

Another memorable leg was the third from Buenos Aires to Wellington, a distance of 6,980 nautical miles which lasted 37 days and *Team Spirit* finished in 4th place on 16th January 2001 after encountering 85 knot winds 100 nautical miles south-east of Cook Strait, New Zealand. During this storm the yacht carried her storm sails travelling at 8 knots. The race started from Southampton on 10th September 2000 and returned to Southampton ten months later on 30th June 2001.

The voyage itself was a lesson in man (and woman) management! Apart from the British members on board we had representatives from Argentina, Switzerland, France, Italy,

New Zealand and the United States. Within the confines of a 72ft yacht 18 disparate characters provided some interesting moments. Disagreements over which route to take, often in conditions of great physical and mental stress, meant that the skipper and I had to spend considerable time persuading the crew that the course being steered was indeed the right one. Among the memorable places I visited during the stopovers were the Iguazu Falls and the Beagle Channel in Argentina, the volcanic activity at Rotorua in New Zealand, the Great Barrier Reef off Australia and Table Mountain in Cape Town

Race Summary

Leg 1	Southampton – Boston	20days	3,502nm	10th Place
Leg 2	Boston – Buenos Aires	35 days	6,510nm	10th Place
Leg 3	Buenos Aires – Wellington	37 days	6,980nm	4th Place
Leg 4	Wellington – Sydney	9 days	1,407nm	5th Place
Leg 5	Sydney – Cape Town	29 days	7,845nm	6th Place
Leg 6	Cape Town – La Rochelle	39 days	6,727nm	7th Place
Leg 7	La Rochelle – Southampton	5 days	837nm	2nd Place
	TOTALS/AVERAGE	184 days	33,808nm	5th Overall

I would like to thank you for your generous support for my trip of a lifetime. Immediately upon my return I secured an appointment as skipper running a large new private yacht and we are currently in Las Palmas en route to St Lucia in the Caribbean.

A KAREN HILLTRIBES TRUST WATER PROJECT

The project kicked off in Khun Yuam, a small roadside town in Northwest Thailand. This is the home of Salaha, The Karen Hilltribes Trust project manager and a Karen man himself. We congregated at a small guesthouse and the ten volunteers met each other properly for the first time. None of us was sure what to expect as we made our way in the back of a pickup truck to the village, Ban Mae Jaa. The boys' house was a bamboo hut and quite a squeeze for six of us. Basic as it seemed, we soon became grateful for the bamboo floor, which was much more comfortable for sleeping than the wooden floor of the girls' house, where we ate and cooked.

Over the next few weeks our days were spent damming the water source, building tanks and piping to the village. Carrying sand and gravel and digging the 3.1 km pipeline to the village were hard work in the hot and humid conditions of Thailand at that time of year. We were grateful for the occasional monsoon storms, which provided brief respite from the oppressive heat. By far the most backbreaking work was mixing the concrete for the various tanks using only a hoe. Despite the labour, the work was rewarding and the sense of comradeship that we generated with the locals made the job much easier.

The Karen are a very friendly people, always smiling and willing to share a joke, often at our expense. In the evenings we played football or frisbee with the children and they would come around to our house to use the colouring-in books we had brought with us. The Karen do not have a lot, but what they do have they are willing to share, whether it

is food or rice whisky. It is a fascinating contrast to the West, where people have more, but give less. The Karen are often poorly educated (a situation that is improving, in part due to the work of the KHT), but they are a skilled people, capable of fashioning almost anything from bamboo, from houses to spoons, and their weaving is beautifully intricate. The project reached a climax when we had finished all the work and we threw a party to celebrate. We bought two pigs, which we killed and prepared all day for the evening feast. By this time everyone knew each other well and we had learned to communicate so that the party had a relaxed atmosphere and we celebrated late into the night. The next day we were all sad to leave (as well as nursing hangovers). The experience was incredible and gave an insight into a different way of life, as well as a new perspective on life in England.

George Harston (W 1995 – 2000), who wrote to thank the O.G. Club for the contribution made to the water project, enclosed the above article.

THE HOWSON LECTURE

British explorers have the reputation of playing down heroic exploits with modest understatement. True to tradition, Matthew Dickinson (T 77 – 79) visited his old school a few years ago to tell how he climbed extempore to the summit of Everest; so having demonstrated his skill as a film-maker and communicator he was an obvious speaker to deliver the Howson Lecture on his recent Antarctic adventures.

For Matthew it was a sentimental voyage as he sailed in a 60-foot yacht through mountainous seas and dangerous ice-pack to reach the survey station that his father had helped to build in the 1950s. Video-clips and stills helped the predominantly sixth-form audience to capture the excitement of the moment when Matthew successfully scaled an Antarctic peak that had defeated his father.

O.G. SWIMMING

The customary O.G. weekend Mixed Swimming Gala ended in a victory for the School by 2 points (the O.G.s won the previous two encounters). The former pupils were under strength as Richard Simmons and his wife were about to acquire another offspring; however, he has vowed to show up next year. The occasion was rounded off very happily with a barbecue at Maison Tuck.

Pippa's stroke of genius, raising cash by swimming Channel

Pippa Harrold was celebrating on Monday after taking less than 15 hours to swim the English Channel for the first time.

The 35-year-old, now a G.P. on the island of Jersey, took just 14 hours 38 minutes to make the crossing – and spoke of her delight at the achievement. “The élite swimmers tend to take about 10 hours so it was a very respectable time,” she said. “The weather was just about perfect and fortunately all the training I’ve been putting in paid off.

“I felt a bit stiff afterwards but apart from that I felt fine.

“I was delighted that I managed to do it. Less than 700 people have swum the English Channel and it felt good to be one of them.

“I also managed to raise between £2000 and £3000 for two cancer charities in Jersey so that is doubly satisfying.”

Pippa set off from Dover just before 9a.m. on Monday and arrived on the beach at Sangattes near Calais at 11.35p.m.

“The direct route from Dover to Calais is obviously a lot shorter than that but you have to swim in a big curve so I ended up covering about 30 miles,” she added.

Pippa was born in Holt and is a former pupil of Holt County Primary and Gresham’s School. Her mother Christine Bishop, who still lives in the town, said she went through a variety of emotions as she followed her daughter’s progress via the mobile phone of one of her back-up crew.

“When I first heard she was attempting to swim the Channel I was a little bit apprehensive, as I think any parent would have been – and it was the same when the swim was taking place, even though I knew she was in good hands,” she said.

“There was a huge sense of relief when I heard she made it – and then a huge sense of pride at what she had achieved.”

Reprinted from the *North Norfolk News*.

O.G. HOCKEY

The O.G.s v The School XI

Can it really be a whole year? A whole year since the oasis of calm that is North Norfolk descended into chaos as Flower rounded the goalie and found the top corner of the net with the resulting reverse-stick shot for an unprecedented 40th goal of the season. A whole year since Cowper-Johnson was selling more dummies than Mothercare with a twitch of that magical moustache. A whole year since Bannock proved that man can run faster than horse. Apparently so. The proud eleven that were selected met down at The Feathers for the usual pre-match tactics talk. After confirmation came through that the School's insurance would indeed extend to cover an extra set of forward's knee-caps we came up with the interesting ploy of playing Payne in two games. The experienced Waters and Blyth were placed in defence to settle the nerves of the two spring chickens, Adney and Cargill, while Joe Rundle stepped up to fill the ample shoes and shirt of TCJ, teaming up with Jackman and Hammond to form an absurdly young attacking trio. In the midfield Joffy and I played either side of "Bidet" Deane who added a touch of class without serving any real purpose.

During the game the mix of youth and experience proved too much for the School side. Payne perplexed all of the opposition and quite a few of his younger team-mates who were unfamiliar with his ability to carve routes straight from 16-yard hits to our forward line. Joffy seemed sometimes to have the ball literally glued to his stick, even when Bob "The Gazelle" Hammond had made one of his trademark 3-yard sprints into space. Our patience in midfield was breathtaking, bringing a truly new meaning to the phrase building attacks slowly. After forcing several fruitless short corners, we turned to Cargill who had just returned from Pakistan, fine tuning Sohail Abbas' drag flick. In the blink of an eye the ball was nestling in the back of the net. Rundle started to create havoc down the right flank, finding the right blend of aggressive runs and early crosses, so reminiscent of the great Glennie. Hammond snatched two more either side of the break and the game was safe. The second half was an exhibition of fast free-flowing ...well, no it wasn't. The scoreboard continued to roll over, with Jackman managing to untangle his stick from his David Bellamy-esque facial hair and grab a brace. The only slip up came when a ball out of defence got caught up in some black shoe polish that had mysteriously appeared after Wheeler came on. Cargill finished the game off with yet another drag flick and the Old Boys ran out 8-1 winners. Messrs Badger, Walton and White provided first-class entertainment afterwards in the 6th Form Club where most of the conversation revolved around the excellent HOGS dinner provided by TCJ.

James Marsom(T 87 – 92)

Fulford engineers draw

Extract from an account of this year's Varsity Match reprinted from *The Telegraph*

Rob Fulford, a Cambridge engineering fresher, seemed to be playing Oxford on his own at times, but a 1-1 draw was the fair result at Milton Keynes yesterday.

Oxford made the mistake of sitting back on their 11th-minute lead through the bustling Robert Woodhead, and Cambridge, shambolic in the first half, came roaring through to equalise through Fulford.

Fulford, a former England Under-18 player, inspired all Cambridge's best moments with his stickwork and pace. Having had a lofted short corner well saved by Nick Timpson, his second corner was drilled low into goal.

O.G. RUGBY

Once again the Club participated in the Cunis Cronk Rugby Tournament for Under 21 fifteens mostly from independent schools. The event took place at Richmond Athletic Ground on 8th September. Unfortunately a number of O.G.s dropped out in the last week prior to the tournament and Tim Aldridge, the excellent organizer of the Gresham's squad, broke his hand.

The O.G.s fielded twelve players for the first game versus Bishop's Stortford but borrowed two players and won 19-12 with tries from Cameron Caine and Alex Wilson. For their second game the O.G.s produced thirteen players but could not borrow any. Gresham's beat Dartford G.S. 13-12 with tries by Cameron Caine and a guest player.

The Gresham's O.G.s were not allowed to proceed in either the main or plate competitions as they lacked a front row, Doughty, Grapes and Miller all having dropped out. Strong performances were registered by Cameron Caine, James Dye, Alex Wilson, Johnny Monson, Rory Lintott and Daniel Summers.

Clearly it is vital to ensure that O.G.s who express interest in joining the O.G. Club rugby squad do honour their commitment.

Norman Dovey (S)

O.G. CRICKET

The 2002 match was a classic example of how sometimes low-scoring games are not dull and it probably was the best match that the School and the Club have had for many years. The School had a good team with a nice balance of experienced and younger players who came to the match after a good season. The weather was kind and the School ground looked at its perfect best.

The O.G. Club under the wise and efficient captaincy of Kieron Tuck had on paper one of the youngest and best teams for many years, including all four leavers from previous year's First Eleven. The fact that all the young cricketers now wish to go back to play against the School is a tribute to the School's gifted cricket master Alan Ponder.

The O.G.s batted first and whilst everyone seemed to "get in" they equally managed to get themselves out fairly quickly. Johnny Wyatt scored an aggressive 41 from 43 balls but fell to the first of a number of excellent catches by Philip Peaston in the deep.

The O.G. Club therefore soon found themselves at 109 for 5 with all their first-line batsmen gone save for the Captain. He batted beautifully until he was caught by the School Captain, Michael Pickett, in the covers for 46. However, Adney Payne, who had been called in at the eleventh hour, batted with the doggedness of age for a rather grim 31 runs off approximately the same number of overs to ensure that the Club eventually reached 208 all out.

The School were then left with what appeared to be a modest target, with plenty of overs in which to get them. All of their first six batsman got some runs and in particular Rory Lintott. Tom Farrow appeared to be taking the School to an easy victory. However, Dudman in a marathon spell of 19 overs critically bowled the powerful Lintott for 54. Farrow was then run out needlessly (from the School's point of view) for 48 and from a position of 180 for 5 with plenty of overs to spare the School inexplicably crawled towards the target of 209 for victory. When the last over came amid scenes of considerable tension and excitement, 8 runs were needed for victory and when the last ball was being faced 4 were needed. Jeremy Elliott could only score 2; accordingly the match ended in a very thrilling draw.

As ever many thanks are due to Alan Ponder and his team, both on and off the pitch, for their excellent hospitality.

Adney Payne (c & T 64 – 73)

O.G. SQUASH

Sadly Gresham's lost in the final of the Londonderry Cup to Eton: Gawain Briars (c & H 68 – 76) , former world No. 2, was called abroad at the very last moment. That did for us!

Robbie Wright (OSH 80 – 84)

The Old Greshamian Golfing Society

This year has turned out to be one of consolidation after the successful growth in numbers over the last few years. Disappointingly, numbers were down at both our Spring and Autumn meetings. The former was held as usual at Royal Worlington in March and the Autumn meeting held on 18th October at Woodhall Spa. We also fielded teams in the three old boys competitions, the Halford Hewitt, the Grafton Morrish and the Cyril Gray. In the Hewitt we were drawn against Watson's, one of the strongest of the Scottish schools, and were beaten but not disgraced. Unfortunately, we also failed to qualify for the finals of the Grafton Morrish at Hunstanton and lost in the first round of the Cyril Gray. The annual match at Brancaster against the Governors was as popular as ever and we are still exploring the possibilities of playing matches against the School and/or the Staff at one of the North Norfolk courses (exams and teaching commitments permitting). We are always very keen to welcome new members. Players of all standards regularly turn out for meetings; the main purpose is to meet up and have a good day's golf. If you haven't already joined the Society but would like to receive details of the fixtures for 2003 or just find out more about the Society contact Richard Stevens on 01638 720228 or at richard.stevens@allen-newport.co.uk

Jeremy Mumby (k & T 63 – 72)
Captain

OGRE

The Old Greshamian Rifle Establishment

What was to be a golden year for OGRE started with the now familiar drubbing by the current School crop after a one year hiatus caused by foot-and-mouth. Our thanks once again to Jonah Mitchell and his family for the use of his range and the generous hospitality shown to their visitors.

Out on the fullbore range, the tables were turned when OGRE put the squirts back in their box, beating both them and Cambridge University in the annual three-way. The win over Gresham's gave OGRE the right to represent Norfolk in the Astor County Clubs championship final.

They did not disappoint! All six of the team went clean at 300 yards, but a wobble at 500 yards meant a 600 yard shoot out against Windsor and Dungannon. A shot on the wrong target removed Windsor from the equation, while only two dropped points at 600 yards kept OGRE a point clear of the Irishmen. Glyn Barnett, Pete Holden and Dani Foulston managed not to drop a point throughout the entire course of fire.

The day before, five out of the six shooters in OGRE's A team scored a 50 in the School Veterans. A last score of 48 saw the silverware come our way, while the C team were runners-up in the second teams event and the B side won the third team trophy. We would have had the Schools Veterans Aggregate as well if we'd remembered to enter it... The pots kept flowing in the concurrent team matches. We entered all four and won the Belgian, the Bank of England and the Rifle Clubs, and came second in the Steward. Rich Stewart, helped by Glyn, turned himself into Supercoach to the OGRE-dominated Norfolk team that won the County Long Range (and with it the Victor Ludorum) in what was more wholesale destruction of the opposition than a rifle match. He then did the same for the GB Under 25s team that included Ed Wood. Ed and Guy Bartle both shot for the Territorial Army in both the Inter Services short and long-range matches, with Guy bagging the highest score for the TA in the latter. Pete, Glyn and Mary Boston all shot for England in the National, while Pete was further selected as reserve for GB in the Kolapore.

In the individual matches, Ed achieve second place in the Berryman and the OTF Long aggregates, while Dani was runner up in the Gurkha Appeal. Rich's superb long range won him the 1000 yard Corporation and the Berryman Aggregate. Charlie Aldridge made the tie shoot for the Admiral Hutton.

The Imperial belonged to Glyn, however. He took the Howcroft Newspapers, the All Comers, the LVA Communications and the Fulton Aggregates, was half of the duo that won the Fulton Pairs and came third in the Grand Aggregate. The big one, however, is the Queen's Prize and Glyn's brace of 74's at 900 and 1000 yards in the final saw an OGRE grace the 100 year old winner's chair for the first time. It was an emotional evening as OGRE proudly led the traditional carrying of the Queen's Prizewinner around every club on the Common for a slurp of the punch bowl and a beer in each. I counted 16 stops in all (plus the party afterwards) including the Canadian Pavilion, where Glyn got to play with some *real* fullbore by firing the cannons on their front lawn.

August saw the Commonwealth Games, and two OGREs competing against each other in the fullbore rifle events: David Dodds for South Africa and Glyn for England. Glyn and

his partner led through the first two stages of the pairs before slipping at the last, but still did enough to add another bronze to his silver and bronze from eight years ago. Glyn again led up until the final of the individual contest but couldn't quite hold on to a medal place. Fortune went the other way for David – he was the only one of the 44 participants able to score 75 at both 900 and 1000 yards, giving him silver. Our congratulations to both. Good luck to Mary Boston and Pete Holden, who are about to shoot for Great Britain in Canada.

What a year! Can we repeat it? With the strength and depth we now have, it's possible. Watch this space...

Guy Bartle (k & OSH 78 – 85)



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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear John,

As usual, there was much to enjoy in the *O.G. Magazine* – Brian Simon, whose account of Salem was alpha in the last issue, again provides information of a challenging nature. Where I got stuck was on p.62. Christopher Smith if at Woodlands from 1947-51 must've been a contemporary of mine (1948 – 1953) but I regret to say I do not recall him (the reverse may well be true). But his second paragraph, even on a third attempt, is confusing. He must be referring at some earlier point to sources or texts which are not mentioned here. Is his 'reassessment' part of a longer study which has been compressed for inclusion in the *Magazine* and have you, as editor, or someone else, truncated it to such an extent that it is virtually meaningless?

Who, for instance is the 'David' we met in the second line of paragraph 2? Presumably he is the 'Hugh David' whom we meet further down but should we not be told where and how he fits in? In the same way I am not sure who was at Uppingham or who at Gresham's when. In an article like this, coming fresh to an uninformed readership, should not the dates of those mentioned be included? Is Smith's an account which has already been published as I was inclined to believe? In which case should not the extract or his article be prefaced by a statement of whence what follows comes? There is no clue on p.65. The mention of Stephen Spender (p. 63) might surely have included the account which he gives in *World within World* (p.333/4) not least because it shows true understanding and kindness which are to be found in only the best sort of schoolmaster. That is the only book in which I can check the account. On the other hand the mention of Greatorex's tune, *Woodlands*, is helpful as a corrective to the statement on p.42 questioned by John Davie. The hymn, 'Lift up your hearts', as he pointed out to me, was written by H. Montagu Butler (1833 – 1918).

Will you be kind enough, if you cannot resolve the problems raised by paragraph 2, to send this on to your contributor, in the hope that he can elucidate it and supply the references to which he mentions – as to W.H.Auden – where is his 'testimony' to be found for instance (paragraph 3). I know articles in *Magazines* preclude footnotes but they can be allowed at the end in moderation. Perhaps pressure of space led to undue excisions? I ask, in part, because I was going to send a copy to a friend of BB's, Paul Wright, who wrote of their friendship in the '30s in *A Brittle Glory*, 1986 p.15 when BB was living 'in a small flat in the Cromwell Road'.

Yours,

Ian Lowe (W 48 – 53)

The Editor apologises for the lack of contextual information!

MISCELLANEOUS

The School History

'I Will Plant Me a Tree', written largely by Steve Benson, is published by James and James. Very well received, it is handsomely produced and contains a number of splendid photographs. Copies may be purchased from the Bursar's Secretary, Gresham's School, Holt, Norfolk NR25 6EA. Cheques should be made payable to Gresham's School. The cost is £32.50, including £4.50 postage and packing.

Replacement of missing O.G. Newsletters and Magazines

The Editor would like to express his thanks, and those of the School Librarian, to Godfrey Sandys-Winsch and Michael Willis for providing copies of missing issues of the Magazine.

The Bruce Douglas Memorial Scholarship

These awards go to the most promising mathematicians in the Lower Sixth. The winner in 2001 was Iana Radosslavava and the winner in 2002 is Jonathan Smith.

E-mail Addresses

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

O.G.s should note that a large number of e-mail addresses are to be found on the O.G. Club's website. A collection of e-mail addresses updated every quarter is provided with the O.G. Address Book. See below.

The O.G. Club's new website address is www.greshams.org.uk.

The O.G. Address Book

Members of the Club can purchase a copy of the current Address Book compiled by Peter Corran. The 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: an update is issued every quarter and is sent along with the booklet to new applicants. In addition purchasers receive a list of e-mail addresses submitted by O.G.s. Apply for your copy to J.S. Rayner (Club Co-ordinator) c/o The Common Room.

Careers Convention

A number of O.G.s kindly gave their time and advice to pupils at a Careers Convention on 8th December 2001. Mr Patrick Cooper, the School's Careers Master, would welcome offers from O.G.s to act as consultants at this year's Convention due to take place on Saturday 7th December. The Careers Dept. telephone number is 01263 713083.

All the Rage

Members of the Club can now purchase O.G. Club braces. They have an appropriate striped design, employing the Club's colours and have gold-plated clips. A pair of O.G. braces would make an ideal birthday or Christmas present. The cost is £15.50, (including p.& p.) . Send cheque, payable to The O.G. Club, to J.S. Rayner, The Common Room, Gresham's School, Holt, Norfolk NR25 6EA. For other items of O.G. Club Regalia see Club Calendar

A Plea from the Friends of Kelling School Your help is needed!

Kelling Primary School, which is one of the School's most local 'feeder' schools, is raising funds to replace two aged mobile classrooms with a purpose-built unit.

This project is being partly funded by the Local Education Authority from central government funds. We need to raise a specified 'up-front' contribution of £25k before the project can go ahead.

Therefore we need some generous people to 'dig deep' and help us.

In four months we raised about a quarter of this through generous donations and fund-raising activities.

PLEASE think about this and **act** because any amount, however small, is really helpful.

Please make your cheques payable to:

Friends of Kelling School – Building Fund

And send to : Kelling Primary School

Kelling, Holt, Norfolk NR 25 7ED

Registered Charity Number 1008031

Thank you.

Club Assistance

The following donations have been made by the Club to young O.G.s to assist with foreign travel.

Andrew Nunn	£200
Peter Holden	£200
James Wright	£75
George Harston	£75

Emily Martin	£150
Helen Macbrayne	£50
Ella Pugh-Smith	£50
Charlotte Aldridge	£50

Mailshots

In addition to the usual Newsletter which is sent to all O.G.s in June, the over 50s will be sent an application form for the Reunion Dinner to be held on 27th September 2003. A mailshot will be sent to all Tallis O.G.s regarding the projected Reunion Dinner due to take place on 10th May 2003. See Calendar.

Erratum

Simon Lines attained his degree in Clinical Sciences in 2000, and not in Chemical Sciences as reported in the last issue.

EXAMINATION RESULTS 2002 GCSE

Grade	Number of Grades	Percentage of Grades
A*	192	15.9
A	317	26.2
B	373	30.9
C	265	21.9
A*-C	1147	95.0
D	51	4.2
E	10	0.8

Grade	Number of Grades	Percentage of Grades
A	117	37.3
B	64	20.4
C	63	20.1
D	38	12.1
E	25	8.0
A-E	307	97.8
U	7	2.2

Grade	Number of Grades	Percentage of Grades
A	79	31.3
B	72	28.6
C	50	19.8
D	31	12.3
E	16	6.3
A-E	248	98.4
U	4	1.6

DESTINATIONS OF SCHOOL LEAVERS 2002

85 members of the Upper Sixth left in July 2002. 79 applied in their final year for UCAS Degree courses. The remainder include an ESU student, Art and Drama College applicants, and some who are applying once their A Levels are known. Of these, 10 will re-apply next year, 6 having failed to achieve their first choice place and 4 who have decided to change courses. This year, for the first time, more than half the Upper Sixth applied for a GAP year, confirming the trend of previous years. 18 applied to UCAS from previous years, most getting unconditional offers.

Although the majority of students apply to the older universities, the more vocational courses offered by the newer universities continue in popularity.

Choice of Establishment (for those taking Degree Courses)

2002 again saw a wide range of universities to which students applied.

Number

- 5 Oxford Brookes, Loughborough
- 4 Sheffield, Edinburgh, Nottingham
- 3 Leeds, Southampton, Brunel, Sheffield Hallam, Harper Adams
- 2 Bath, Nottingham Trent, Royal Agricultural College, Northumbria, Exeter, York, Imperial College of Science and Technology London.
- 1 Oxford, Durham, Warwick, Chichester, Southbank, St Andrews, Portsmouth, Reading, Central School of Speech & Drama, UEA, Napier, LSE, Stirling, Brighton, Leeds Metropolitan, Liverpool, Bristol, Manchester, Kings College London, West of England, Kent.

Destination Courses

Many of the disciplines are combined Honours. They are classified under the heading of the main discipline.

Number

- 17 Business/Economics/Management/Commerce/Marketing/Accounting
- 12 Engineering (all types), Physics/Space Science, Computing
- 9 Psychology, Social Sciences/Anthropology, Languages, Politics
- 8 Geography, Agriculture, Architecture, Industrial Design
- 7 Biology/Environmental Science, Medicine
- 5 History, English, English Literature, Philosophy
- 4 Property, Real Estate/Construction Management
- 4 Music, Drama/Theatre Studies
- 4 Tourism/Hospitality/Sports Management
- 3 Physiotherapy, Nutrition, Equine Science, Mathematics
- 2 Law

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(s):

Years:

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

E-mail address

News for inclusion in the Magazine:-