



Old Greshamian Magazine

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November 2003

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Old Greshamian Magazine

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Outline Calendar of Events 2003 –2004

CHRISTMAS MEETING 2003.

Saturday 6th and Sunday 7th December, 2003.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING in the Library on Saturday, 400 p.m.

COCKTAIL PARTY on Saturday 6.00 – 8.00 p.m. Big School.

HOCKEY: O.G.s v THE SCHOOL (Boys teams)

Tuesday, 9th March, 2.15p.m.

HOWSON LECTURE : Auden Theatre

Friday, 23rd April, 2004.

OAKELEY 25th ANNIVERSARY DINNER

Saturday, 1st May, 2004.

O.G. CLUB RECEPTION FOR VI FORM LEAVERS

Friday, 21st May, 2004.

SUMMER MEETING:

Saturday 26th and Sunday 27th June, 2004

GEORGE HOWSON MEMORIAL LUNCH: Saturday 1.00 p.m.

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

O.G. CLUB DRAMA & MUSIC SHOWCASE: Auden Theatre

Friday 10th September, 2004.

CHRISTMAS MEETING 2004

Saturday, 11th December, 2004.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 4.00 p.m.

COCKTAIL PARTY 6.00 p.m.

For full details see accompanying 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, Holt, NR25 7LD. (Tel: 01328 830564) You may fax the Editor on 01263 712028.

O.G. Club website: www.greshams.org.uk.

Club's webmaster, David Horsley: dhorsley@greshams.com.

Address changes: Peter Corran – panda@corran.freeserve.co.uk.

Advertising:

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. (work to be supplied by the advertiser) Address: 8, Market Place, Holt, Norfolk NR25 5BW. (Tel: 01263 712244).

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

I was very pleased to be voted in as Chairman at last December's AGM. The vote was I think unanimous – in that 17 votes were cast from a membership of some 3500, there were no abstentions and none against. Long live democracy! Having taken on the job I want to be energetic, and do my best to retire in 2005 with a Club that has continued to grow and is lively in pursuing the interests of its members. I need a lot of help to achieve this.

Most of you will by now have received the pro forma that was included with the splendid May School Newsletter, in which I asked if you would give us your e-mail addresses. Many have replied – thank you - but if you haven't responded please do so now, even if by e-mail to my address below. We can then cheaply keep in touch with everyone.

All the major staff changes at School mentioned by my predecessor Iain Mawson have now taken place or are at least declared. Antony Clark has enjoyed a very successful first year as Headmaster of the Senior School; he and his family quickly settled into the community. Tony and Helen Cuff have retired amidst well-earned adulation from the Prep School and his successor James Quick and family are in harness – we wish them all good luck. Janette Davidson has made a great impression in the Pre Prep School and numbers continue to rise encouragingly. Roger Betts, the Bursar after many years of successfully guiding our finances through good and bad times is to retire in December, and we offer good wishes to him and his successor Bruno Delacave who was appointed from a very strong field.

You may have read in the press that our President, John Tusa, has been awarded a Knighthood in the July Honours list. We offer him our congratulations and thank him for being our distinguished leader for the last three years. The Committee should be able to announce his successor at the AGM on Saturday 6 December. Please come to this and to the Drinks Party in Big School afterwards.

Do study the enclosed Calendar of Events which seems to become ever more full as time goes by: the credit for this largely lies with our School Co-ordinator, John Rayner, and again we should like to express our thanks for that and for all the hard work he puts into this very rich and increasingly detailed OG Magazine. Do remember to keep in touch – he deserves your help; send us your news and indeed that of other OGs whom you know to the addresses below.

2005 marks the 450th anniversary of our foundation. We should mark the occasion well so please keep Saturday 28/05/05 free for OG celebrations. In the meantime do put forward ideas for the format of that day to any member of the Committee – remember we are here to receive suggestions and look after the wishes of as many as we can.

May I remind you that an excellent Christmas present might be Steve Benson's "I Will Plant Me a Tree" - £32.50, payable to Gresham's School from the Bursar's Secretary at School (only £28 if collected from the School). There are still some copies left.

With best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

Dick Copas (Staff 1963 – 2001).
dick@rnkcopas.freemove.co.uk

The OG Club mail address is: dhorsley@greshams.com
The OG Club website address is: www.greshams.org.uk

Minutes of the 118th Annual General Meeting of the Old Greshamian Club Held at the Library on Saturday 7th December 2002

Present: C. I. H. Mawson (Chairman), R.N.K. Copas, A Clark (Headmaster), J.S. Rayner, P Whitbread, B. Neville, A Mallett, P Corran, S. Hinde, R Maxwell, J. Morgan, J. Blackburn, P. Peal, M. Gathercole, H. Jones, M.Goff, A. Payne.

Before the formal meeting commenced the Chairman reported with great regret the death of Mac Leckie just a few days before. He was a previous Chairman of the Club who had died at a tragically early age. Henry Jones then spoke very movingly about Mac whom he had known for 40 years. He paid particular tribute to the many ways in which Mac had helped the School. He had clearly loved it dearly. The Committee then stood for a minute's silence.

After that sombre start to the meeting the Chairman on behalf of the O.G. Club welcomed the Headmaster, Antony Clark, to the AGM and explained that in the dealings the Club had had with the Headmaster already it was clear he was a great supporter of the O.G. Club and the Club looked forward to having a happy relationship with the Headmaster in the years to come.

1. Apologies for absence: Fiona Gathercole, Alistair Cargill, Thomas Cowper-Johnson, Frank King, Major-General Joe Crowdy, Jim Hutchence, Nick Green, John Ramuz, Alice Martin.

2. Minutes of the previous AGM: These were approved and there were no questions arising.

3. Chairman's Report: Iain Mawson spoke about 3½ years of chairmanship and said that it had been a very exciting time and that he felt a number of excellent innovations had been put in place. He paid particular thanks to John Rayner as Club Co-ordinator who had achieved so much for the Club and also expressed thanks to David Horsley for the work he had done on the O.G. Website which had proved such a success. He reviewed some of the excellent events that had taken place in the previous 3½ years and paid thanks to the Officers of the Club and the Committee for all their hard work. He also paid particular thanks to Peter Corran for all the work that he had done in respect of the O.G. Address Book.

4. Elections: All elections were unanimous and were as follows:-**Chairman** Dick Copas – proposed by Iain Mawson and seconded by Richard Atherton.

Secretary – Adney Payne, **Vice-Chairman and Treasurer** – Michael Goff, and **Staff Representative** – David Horsley, all proposed by Dick Copas and seconded by Henry Jones.

Honorary Members – Graham Worrall, John Rayner, Jenny Rayner, John Arkell, Jean Arkell and Daphne Dawson-Smith – proposed by Iain Mawson and seconded by James Morgan.

Committee Members – Michael Pickett, Charlotte Martin – proposed by Dick Copas and seconded by Iain Mawson.

Co-opted Members – Jamie Waters and Louisa Peaver were co-opted and James Morgan's co-option was continued.

5. Club Co-ordinator's Report: John Rayner went through the calendar and gave the meeting a quick résumé of all the matters that were lined up for the forthcoming year together with a review of the previous year. Everyone was extremely grateful to John

Rayner for all the work he had put in. He explained how he was always looking for new and different events to try to attract O.G.s either back to the School or to events elsewhere. Reports of these events appear in the annual Magazine.

6. Headmaster's Report: The Headmaster explained how he and his family had thoroughly enjoyed arriving in Holt and felt they had all been made very welcome by the locals, the Staff, the O.G.s and the School generally. He felt that the family were putting down roots at the School and he was very impressed by the rich culture that existed at the School. He said it was clear to see that his predecessor as Headmaster had had a genuine love for the School. It was in very good health and that in itself was a tribute to Mr Arkell. He felt there were many things about the School that were really outstanding, although inevitably he felt some matters of a cosmetic type needed to be addressed, but nothing of a fundamental nature. He paid tribute to the Staff and was particularly pleased that Adam Edwards (the current Housemaster of Farfield) had been appointed Headmaster of Fettes Prep School. He felt it was always a tribute to a school if it produced ambitious and able school-teachers and the School was well placed with a number of people who were well-qualified to become housemasters waiting in the wings. With regard to the academic side of the School, there had been a good set of A2 results (A levels) very much in line with what the School had expected. However, the GCSE results were quite excellent in a strong year and he was particularly pleased that three pupils had come in the top 5 in the entire country in their subjects, particularly pleasing as it indicated that the School was catering for the truly outstanding as well as everyone else. He was concentrating on the academic side of the School and had formed a new academic committee to discuss curriculum issues. Fortunately the A level crisis of the summer hadn't really affected Gresham's too badly and he felt the HMC had handled it superbly. The School roll was at 520, which he felt was really almost too many. It would be best if the School had slightly fewer people as it was stretching the capacity of the buildings, such as Big School, the Dining Hall, Chapel etc. However, the Prep School was slightly down in numbers and therefore in due course it would probably be possible to evolve to a number that was comfortable for the School. The Headmaster paid tribute to the culturally rich heritage at the School. He felt that the Auden Theatre enhanced this immensely and gave as an example the fact that in the previous two weeks there had been four separate dramatic productions put on to a very high standard and that the pupils were achieving a good balance in their education. He described the music as being of extraordinary standard and paid tribute to Director of Music Mark Jones. The Headmaster had been able to go for a few days to join the Choir Tour in Majorca which was quite brilliant. The School had six pupils in the National Youth Choir which was quite outstanding.

On the sporting side, the hockey teams were doing well and the U14 boys were champions of the country. The first team had had a very enjoyable tour in Australia. The rugby was perhaps not quite as had been hoped but pleasingly, though somewhat surprisingly, we were in the last 16 of the Daily Mail Cup which is apparently the biggest rugby competition in the world. The girls' sport was good, although some extra coaching talent was required. The School's 450th anniversary was coming up in 2005 and he reported that a committee had already been set up by the Governors under the chairmanship of Antony Duckworth-Chad. A number of novel ideas were being considered and it was hoped that 2005 would be a particularly special year for the School. The Headmaster finished by thanking the O.G.s, saying it was vital for the School to work in concert with former pupils. The support of the Club was much appreciated.

7. Treasurer's Report: The Treasurer handed out the accounts and reported that the subscription that the pupils paid on a one-off basis had been put up to £150 which would he hoped improve the Club finances. The Club's finances were clearly healthy, although the investments had gone down. One member expressed his own view of accounting practice and how investments should be valued which was noted by the meeting. Formal thanks were also paid to Charlie Barratt, the trustee of the O.G. investments for many years.

A question was also asked about possibly soliciting more donations from O.G.s and it was acknowledged that this was a particularly pertinent question. The new Chairman Dick Copas said that he was particularly interested in this matter and the Club would explore it in the near future.

8. A.O.B.(1) This had been the first AGM being held in December and in the afternoon. It was noted that the number of attenders was exactly the average of the previous four or five years.

(2) It was pointed out that orders could be taken at the party in the evening for the new history of the School and it was generally agreed that copies of this book would be available at all O.G. events.

(3) There was a discussion about support given to gap-year students and the Newell Memorial Trust had wondered if the O.G. Club would like to take this over. The O.G. Club felt that it was very important that the School had a big input in deciding which pupils received help. A sub-committee, consisting mainly of staff who were on the O.G. Club Committee, had been set up to deal with this particular aspect.

(4) There was a discussion about communications relating to events and it was agreed that it would be best to try to improve electronic communication with members, although care had to be taken regarding the Data Protection Act.

(5) There being no further business at 5 o'clock the meeting was concluded with particular thanks to the Headmaster and the School for their hospitality and the incoming Chairman also thanked the Committee and particularly key members of that Committee for all the work they did on behalf of the Club.

THE O.G. CLUB COMMITTEE

Michael Baker

James Blackburn

Alison Braybrook

Jenny Broom

Mark Buckingham

Alistair Cargill

Antony Clark – Headmaster

Richard Copas – Vice-Chairman

Peter Corran

Thomas Cowper-Johnson

Robert Dale

Nigel Flower

Frank Gedge

Nick Green

Fiona Gathercole

Michael Goff – Treasurer

Fiona Thomas (Holliday)

David Horsley – Staff Representative

Airlie Inglis (Carver)

Alisa Kooreman (Lankfer)

Alice Martin

Charlotte Martin (Whitaker)

Iain Mawson – Chairman

Bridget Neville (Lilly)

Adney Payne – Hon. Secretary

Patrick Peal

Michael Pickett

John Rayner – Club Co-ordinator

Richard Youngs

OLD GRESHAMIAN CLUB

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT YEAR

ENDING 31st DECEMBER 2002

| | 2002 | | 2001 | |
|--|---------|---------|---------|----------|
| | £ | £ | £ | £ |
| Income | | | | |
| Subscriptions | 12,450 | | 9,300 | |
| Donations | 10 | | 136 | |
| Dividends (net) | 474 | | 461 | |
| Bank deposit interest (gross) | 67 | 13,001 | 178 | 10,075 |
| Expenditure | | | | |
| Newsletter: | | | | |
| Printing | 3,744 | | 3,600 | |
| Postage | 3,000 | | 3,575 | |
| Calendars | 288 | | 282 | |
| | 7,032 | | 7,457 | |
| Less advertising sales | (420) | | (420) | |
| | 6,612 | | 7,037 | |
| Secretarial and postage | 535 | | 1,469 | |
| Subscriptions | 18 | | 18 | |
| Insurance | 97 | | 92 | |
| Dinner surplus | (56) | | (720) | |
| Fishmongers Cocktail party surplus | (180) | | - | |
| Gap year students | 850 | | 1,200 | |
| OG Ball | - | | (93) | |
| OG Hockey | - | | 250 | |
| OG Website | - | | 282 | |
| OG Concert deficit/(surplus) | - | | (259) | |
| OG Squash | 160 | | 160 | |
| OG Golf donation | 425 | | 400 | |
| OG Rugby | - | | 50 | |
| OG Co-ordinator | 777 | (9,238) | 793 | (10,679) |
| | 3,763 | | (604) | |
| Provision for corporation tax | (24) | | (24) | |
| Excess of income over expenditure | 3,739 | | (628) | |
| Prior year adjustment | 1,200 | | - | |
| Depreciation in value of investments | (4,272) | | (5,634) | |
| Surplus/(deficit) for year | 667 | | (6,262) | |

MLJ Goff
Honorary Treasurer

OLD GRESHAMIAN CLUB

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31st DECEMBER 2002

| | Cost | | 2002 | | 2001 |
|---|---------------|--------|---------------|--------|---------------|
| | £ | £ | £ | £ | £ |
| Henderson Electric & General Inv Co Plc | 2,803 | 4,232 | | 6,164 | |
| 5p ordinary shares | | | | | |
| 2½% Index Linked Treasury | 1,860 | 4,195 | | 3,940 | |
| Stock 2013 £2,060 | | | | | |
| J Sainsbury Plc ordinary | 1,660 | 1,215 | | 1,596 | |
| 25p shares | | | | | |
| Shell Transport & Trading Co Plc | 1,670 | 3,828 | | 4,418 | |
| ordinary 25p shares | | | | | |
| Scottish Mortgage & Trust Plc | 3,178 | 3,944 | 17,414 | 5,568 | 21,686 |
| | <u>11,171</u> | | | | |
| Current assets | | | | | |
| Stocks: | | | | | |
| Colours, buttons and cufflinks at cost less sales | | | 1,046 | | 857 |
| OG Hockey shirts at cost less sales | | | 52 | | 52 |
| Greshams in wartime at cost less sales | | | 48 | | 48 |
| OG address book at cost less sales | | | 1,743 | | 1,789 |
| Debtors and prepayments | | | 475 | | 1,061 |
| Cash at bank: | | | | | |
| Current account | 8,020 | | | 11,144 | |
| Deposit account | 4,496 | | | 4,442 | |
| Business premium account | 1,771 | 14,287 | | 1,770 | 17,356 |
| | | | <u>35,065</u> | | <u>42,849</u> |
| Less: | | | | | |
| Current liabilities | | | (24) | | (8,475) |
| | | | <u>35,041</u> | | <u>34,374</u> |
| Surplus account: | | | | | |
| Balance: 1 January 2001 | | | 34,374 | | 40,636 |
| Surplus/(deficit) for the year | | | 667 | | (6,262) |
| | | | <u>35,041</u> | | <u>34,374</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.

JB Rolph FCA

2 October 2003

OBITUARIES

The Editor expresses his thanks to all O.G.s who send obituaries to him for possible publication.

Robin Armstrong (F 57 – 60) has died.

Maurice Anthony Ash (o&W 27 – 35) died on January 27, 2003, aged 85. The obituary that follows is reprinted from *The Times*:-

Wholeness was the key to Maurice Ash. Contemplating and living a rounded life, he resisted all forms of compartmentalism. Modest though influential, practical though philosophical, he was active in many fields, and helped innumerable people, thanks to his understanding that “the world is constituted of the relationships of relationships”.

A fervent supporter of civic, artistic and environmental causes, he was chairman of the executive of the Town and Country Planning Association from 1969 to 1983, chairman of its council from 1983 to 1987 and a vice-president from 1987. He was trustee of Dartington Hall from 1964 (chairman 1972-84). He also ran a trust of his own, and helped others to find fulfilment, whether through study, glassmaking, farming, wine-making or the arts.

In his passport, he described himself as a farmer, but he was interested in city conditions as well as the countryside. In *Who's Who* he claimed his recreation was “applying Wittgenstein”, and like Wittgenstein he was profoundly interested in architecture, but more broadly he was concerned with how proper planning could enable even the urban poor to enjoy what he called “the poetry of living” – an art of which he was himself a master.

Town and country planning he wrote was “indispensable for a civilised life” but it must not be imposed from the political centre. The failure of planners, he said, had “led to their becoming the pawns of their political masters”. As cities have grown, he pointed out, they have changed their form, so that they are no longer single-centred. Instead they have many centres, which are of great civic importance and should not be left at the mercy of commerce. They need a spirit of their own.

In response to the inner-city riots of 1985, Ash wrote a passionate letter to *The Times*, naming and blaming agents and individuals who had permitted the building of bleak high-rise estates, and urging those who see our cities only in terms of private profit to look around them: “This is the mirror of the values you hold: look and weep! For the birthright of planning is to see things as a whole, and our cities have come to their present formless pass as the residue of centuries of fragmented individualism.”

Maurice Anthony Ash was born at Hazaribagh in India, the grandson of Gilbert Ash, founder of the vast construction company of that name. His father was a civil engineer running massive contracts in Calcutta and elsewhere.

Like many children of expatriates, Maurice Ash was sent back to England at an early age for his education, to attend Gresham's School at Holt in Norfolk. With Ben Nicholson, W.H. Auden and Benjamin Britten among its alumni, the school has a remarkable artistic record. Ash was known there as an athlete (though later devoted to Britten's music), but also took from it a strong belief in education as exploration, rather than the filling of empty vessels.

Improbably he read Economics at London University, where he became a life-long friend of Michael Young (later Lord Young of Dartington). He went on to Yale, but economics

was not for him, and he found himself, like Edmund Burke, deploring the sovereignty of “sophisters, economists and calculators”. The mechanistic application of dogma always depressed him, and like Burke he was an opponent of utopianism, idealism and all the other destructive –isms. For him, there was more to life than could be measured, and truth and fulfilment were to be found in the everyday.

Before the war he accompanied a friend to Frankfurt, where in the aftermath of Kristallnacht they saw for themselves the horrors of the worst of –isms. Ash subsequently fought in the Tank Corps, first in the Western Desert, then in Italy, and finally in Greece, where he was mentioned in dispatches in 1944.

Back in civilian life, he showed Michael Young – by then a policymaker for Labour at the 1945 general election – an historical record that he had completed about his regiment. This prompted Young to recommend him to the founders of Dartington Hall Trust, near Totnes, Devon, of which Young was a trustee. Inspired by the Indian philosopher Rabindranath Tagore, Leonard and Dorothy Elmhirst had rescued the medieval buildings at Dartington from dereliction in the 1920s, and put the thousand-acre estate to many good uses. Combining education, personal and social renewal, farming and forestry, landscape gardening, manual labour, arts and crafts, they had commissioned new buildings from the brilliant young Swiss architect William Lescaze, started an experimental school and created studios and workshops of all kinds. Made possible by Dorothy’s wealth as heiress to the American Whitney fortune, all this activity was an inspiration to the Elmhirsts’ daughter, Ruth, whom he married in 1947.

The young couple then went to live in Essex, where Ash began farming. But he also took great interest in the New Towns programme which was part of Britain’s post-war redevelopment. Between 1946 and 1967, 28 New Towns were designated, with four more in Northern Ireland. Ash had long admired the mix of country and town in garden cities, and was naturally drawn to the Town and Country Planning Association which sponsored them.

By 1969 he had become chairman of its executive, but he watched in dismay as the movement was hijacked by governments, which used the new towns “as vehicles for public housing policies” while also surrendering swaths of green belt. These were, to Ash, not just local but intellectual betrayals. His book *Regions of Tomorrow* attempted to find a new way forward, and several others were to follow, exploring aspects of his thought.

Meanwhile, instead of promoting good planning, the association was becoming embroiled in public inquiries such as those over Windscale and Stansted, where its efforts were all to prevent development. Development and the environment had, sadly, become antagonists. But even as he became increasingly out-spoken as an environmentalist – and first chairman of the Green Alliance from 1978 – Ash’s own practice showed that it need not be so.

In 1962 he and his family had returned to Devon and bought one of the loveliest Palladian properties in the country. Designed by Sir Robert Taylor and completed in 1776, Sharpsham House occupies a breathtaking position, commanding a bend in the River Dart. With its unique domed oval staircase, its restrained ashlar finish and clear-cut proportions, it was a perfect reflection of Ash’s taste and values.

Yet rather than a private indulgence, it was to be another cell of good living, like Dartington. “As the monasteries were once the focus of rural life in Britain, we wanted it to be a centre of learning and innovation,” said Ash. The estate turned out to have a microclimate ideal for grapes, and the soil – unusually – proved excellent for both red and white wine. As well as the vineyard and winery, Ash began experimenting with biodynamic farming, and producing four handmade cheeses.

Meanwhile, in 1964, he became a trustee of Dartington Hall, and after Dorothy Elmhirst died and her husband returned to the US in 1972, Ash became chairman. He found the Dartington ideal in decline, and launched various ventures to revive it, among them textile mills, pottery and other crafts.

One of the outstanding successes was not at Dartington itself, but in North Devon. During the 1960s, that part of the county was suffering economic decline and depopulation. So the Dartington Hall Trust recruited a Swedish glass manufacturer and a team of glassblowers, and opened a factory in Torrington in 1967. Glass-blowing skills were taught locally, and with its high standards of design, Dartington established itself as one of the leading names in English crystal, selling in 44 countries. Another success, even further away, and also eventually becoming autonomous, was Beaford Arts Centre.

Ash personally founded the Harlow Arts Trust, which has enhanced the Essex town with a plethora of public sculptures. Ash was a friend and admirer of Henry Moore, and served as a member of the Henry Moore Foundation from 1980 to 1989. A considerable collector and patron, Ash had not only Moore sculptures and drawings, but a fine Christopher Wood, several Bombergs, and works by Polish painter Zdzislaw Ruzkowski.

In 1984 Ash formed the Sharpham Trust. In an attempt to bring together East and West, Buddhists were invited to use the top floor at Sharpham House, and this experiment was later formalised as the Sharpham College for Buddhist Studies, with a dozen or so students a year. A further educational initiative was taken at Dartington with the establishment in 1991 of Schumacher College, named after the author and prophet of “small is beautiful”, and dedicated to ecological studies.

Ash's overriding fear was of rampant but fragile egotism undermining civilisation. In recent months he was appalled by the prospect of destruction, division and misunderstanding about to be unleashed in the Gulf. His personal wealth cushioned him against the failure of some of his projects – he could withdraw to his villa at Cap d'Antibes to think and write – and his rejection of the very concept of “the economy” might seem unrealistic to those without his financial options, but undoubtedly Maurice Ash embodied the virtues of holistic thinking.

His wife died in 1986. He is survived by three daughters. A son predeceased him.

Oliver Barnes (S 63 – 93) died on 2nd November 2002. At his Thanksgiving Service in Holt Church the following tribute, written by his wife Liz, was read to the congregation by Jonathan Barnes:

We are here today because we loved, respected and appreciated Olly. He was very much ‘his own man’. But where did his strengths, interests and gifts come from?

His father's family came from Northumberland, and his grandfather was Liberal M.P. for West Hartlepool. Olly's father was a successful architect, whose career was interrupted by the war, when the family went to live on a farm in Kent. Because of the bombing Olly, then 6, and his brother Graham, 4, went to boarding school. Thus he learned, early, self-sufficiency, and to care for a vulnerable sibling. Some of us will recognise those skills with gratitude.

In the school holidays he had to help on the farm, and he grew his own vegetables ever since.

Years of boarding school gave him detachment and independence. Bryanston encouraged outdoors pursuits – rugby, rowing, forestry, the study of birds and plants – and pottery.

National Service followed. He went into the Education Corps, with the rank of Sergeant with no ambition to be an officer. The regular N.C.O.s in the Royal Scots Greys were

decent to him, he said, and the lower mess bills allowed him to save enough for a motorbike. He had his first experience of teaching illiterate young men.

In Libya he ran the camp cinema, and learned to drive a Landrover on a skive into the desert with the ornithologist J.K. Stanford, who was collecting birds for the Natural History Museum. Olly's skill as a first-class shot and his schoolboy Latin which helped him to communicate with the other member of the party, an Italian birdskinner, led to a successful outcome.

Oxford was a come-down, despite the motorbike. Like many National Servicemen, he was too mature. He played rugger, rowed and joined Oriel Reel Club, having learned the necessary dancing skills in the Royal Scots Greys. At the reel club he met Liz, who became a friend, and later his wife. Reading Forestry would have taken four years, so he changed to Zoology, which took only three.

Back to Africa – Tanganyika this time, as a Tsetse Officer. New skills including learning Swahili. Old skills – living alone, getting food by growing or shooting it. And looking after his people. His good constitution survived primitive living conditions, chicken-pox, malaria and bush-sores. Tasks included building roads and cattle dips, and he was made an Honorary Game Ranger.

After three years came home leave, and in the old colonial tradition Olly married the first woman he met as he came off the boat, Liz. An idyllic period followed back in Africa, living on the edge of Lake Victoria. He also had the run of the Veterinary Department at this time, covering an area the size of Wales. Pay was low, and he took out a licence to shoot elephant for ivory. This was lucrative but distressing, so he gave it up. He contracted hepatitis, and was seriously ill – skeletal, yellow and covered in boils – but he recovered without medical help (what a constitution), and rejoiced in the birth of Delia, his beloved daughter.

Independence in Tanganyika and his thirtieth birthday overtook him and he decided to come home. The family had no house, no furniture, no electrical goods, no job, no insurance to draw on. But ancestry helped – this time on his mother's side. Olly's grandfather, E.W. Fordham, had been Chairman of the Governors at Gresham's for many years, and it was there Olly found a job. J was born on Olly's first day of work here, in the big freeze of 1963.

From his grandfather Olly inherited his talent for light verse – never malicious, always well-turned. This was in the genes – his great-great-uncle Sir Wilfrid Lawson, whose statue stands in Embankment Gardens, had the same gift, and was equally bearded and well-loved by his colleagues in the House of Commons. Sir Wilfrid was a great Temperance campaigner, but this gene Olly didn't inherit.

These last eighteen months have been in a way a Time of Grace. Old friends and long lost relations came to visit and stayed in touch. Locally, friends, acquaintances and neighbours offered practical help. Olly was 'thrilled and delighted' by people's generosity over so long a period.

But it transpired that, once again, he had to go it alone. None of the chemotherapy drugs worked for him. His calm stoicism has been an amazement and inspiration to many. He never thought 'It isn't fair'. There are no regrets.

Like his father, he was reserved and modest, but a sweetness of character came through, and in the last illness, mobility and independence stripped away, his carers responded to his patience and gratitude.

A loving husband and father, not possessive of his children.

We shall remember him with joy.

Former Headmaster **Logie Bruce Lockhart** (55 – 82) has provided a further tribute to **Oliver**:

It would be presumptuous for any but his closest life-long friends to attempt an appreciation of Oliver Barnes's life: his contacts were too far-flung, and his modest reserve too great to make that possible for anyone who only knew him for part of his life. Before coming to Gresham's he worked for 6 years in Africa, and he had kept up his journeys ever since. However, I feel bound to share one or two impressions of that very remarkable man. I cannot hear the term 'gentleman' used in its best sense without picturing him: unfailingly gentle and courteous, equally considerate to and at home with the high and the low. This did not altogether conceal an unusually wide experience, a sharp sense of humour and an observant and satirical, but never cruel eye. Few at Gresham's realized that he was a grandson of a Chairman of the Governors, given, like him, to light verse. The few poems that he kept and eventually made public revealed the detached amusement which we recognised from his frequent contributions to staff parties. He had a real flair for versification, but also was capable of sounding a more serious note – as in his last piece on the swifts, whose return he did not expect to see again. It was deeply moving.

At masters' meetings he would sit in the most inconspicuous corner, preoccupied with some half-hidden activity of his own to keep the tedium at bay. An occasional glance in his direction revealed that he seemed to be scribbling on or behind *The Times*. I always hoped that he was rattling off the crossword rather than making notes on our often imbecile procedures for future mockery.

In some ways he was apart from and above the petty concerns, jealousies and recriminations which feature in every common room; but he was always ready to help with any understaffed activity. He devoted great ingenuity and physical effort to preserving the Holt Lowes as a nature reserve. As a coach of games, as in so many other respects, he was much better than he admitted, and he was invaluable as a companion to staff and pupils on all kinds of expeditions; competent and cheerful in all circumstances.

My son, Bede, when a pupil at Gresham's, recalls how he and a handful of others were doing a 'survival exercise' by the shores of a remote sea loch in Skye. The meagre rations were exhausted, and their hunger grew sharper, as drenching downpour alternated with clouds of midges. Olly shared their misery with equanimity – and their wretched meal of one small trout (caught by him) and a handful of winkles shared between five.

Colleagues, retired or still teaching, were privileged to go on walking holidays in remote parts of France, or even on an expedition to Morocco's Atlas mountains with him. No doubt they have a rich store of reminiscences about him. I visualised it as a variety of 'Last of the Summer Wine' but couldn't quite cast Olly in any of the individual roles!

When we were both retired, he gave me a lot of pleasure by giving me days on his syndicate's very good trout fishing near Itteringham. We shared our delight in the wild life on the banks and in stalking the trout. Invariably he saw to it that I should fish the best pools, and he would dry me out over a pint and a ploughman's lunch at the Walpole Arms, after I had, as usual, gone over the top of my waders and got a soaking.

He was always fit and healthy with an energetic outdoor way of life, and he did not die easily. Never did a word of self-pity escape him. Four or five months before the end Jo and I were privileged to join him and Liz for drinks. Although he was expecting to die within a few months, he managed to make it an unselfconsciously happy occasion, full of laughter. A man of rare spirit and courage, who was an example to us all.

John Walter Burrows (D 23 – 31) died on 29th May 2003. The obituary printed below was submitted by his family:

Born at Holt, Norfolk, John was the youngest of three brothers: Syd died 10 years ago aged 82, and Gilbert, his surviving brother, aged 91, like John is proud to be called a Norfolk swede!

It was significant that John's earliest memory was of a great commotion outside his house, with people singing and dancing, celebrating, as he later discovered, the end of the First World War. He had a childhood that he recalled with particular pleasure, describing his trips to go fishing from Cley beach, or to the local villages with his parents in a pony and trap, which was later to be replaced by a motorcycle and sidecar. With the amazing advances in technology of those times, his father in due course bought a car. This was a source of great fun, unhampered by the problems of a driving test, which in those days was an obstacle as yet undreamt of, or the setting of a minimum age for driving!

But before this was to happen, at the age of 9 John was proud to follow his elder brothers to Gresham's, as the school had introduced a new and farsighted policy of offering scholarships to local boys. In following his two brothers they set something of a record as the first family to achieve three scholarships at the same time. It would be interesting to know whether the record still stands.

For a young man with a great love of the outdoors and the country, Gresham's was all he could have wished for, and John excelled in his time at the School.

Already an accomplished piano player, he learned to play the cornet in the School band and was in the First teams for cricket, rugby and hockey. He later went on to play for the Norfolk county cricket team, and later played hockey for Norfolk, Lincolnshire and Leicestershire as his later career with Norwich Union progressed.

Many children are told that school days are the happiest in life. While many have cause to doubt this, in John's case it was true; he loved Gresham's dearly. In later life he would fondly recall his many friends and his recollections of Britten, Auden and Maclean, all contemporaries. On one occasion he had slipped away from his class in order to visit one of the boarding houses to listen to the wireless for the vital news of the latest Test Match score against Australia. Returning, he came hurtling round a bend on his bike when he had the misfortune to encounter the Headmaster, who stepped smartly to one side and said that he would welcome an explanation. John made no excuses, England were heading for a resounding victory and he was desperate to get back to spread the great news. This, of course, made perfect sense to Mr Eccles, who sent the young man on his way, instructing him to tell his master that this small misdemeanour had the Headmaster's full approval and he was not to be punished.

Although John hoped to go to university, his father had other ideas and wanted him to join the Civil Service. He did neither, instead deciding to join the Norwich Union in their Life Department, where he was delighted to be with his great friend from Gresham's, Basil Roberts. Basil later became the Chief General Manager and the two remained firm friends throughout their working lives and beyond.

During the war John spent much of his time in Canada, serving with the RAF. He often recalled the time he was in a bar in New York when a man asked him what uniform he was wearing. On being told it was the RAF John was told to put his wallet away and a very good evening ensued. His staunch support for the USA never wavered from that day.

On returning to the UK in 1944, John married Beth Wright in Cleethorpes. He resumed his position with Norwich Union after the war, enjoying a successful and rewarding career as a manager with the company, and raising three daughters, Sue, Jane and Sarah. He was initiated into the Old Greshamians Masonic Lodge while based at the Norwich head office, later moving to Cambridge.

After his retirement John and Beth moved from Cambridge to Downton in Wiltshire. Beth died suddenly in 2000, after which, owing to poor health, John moved into a nearby nursing home where he was regularly visited by his family. He died there quietly and peacefully on 29th May.

He asked that two hymns from his schooldays should be sung at his funeral:

“Tell out my soul, the greatness of the Lord”, the tune of which, ‘Woodlands’, was composed by Mr Greateorex, music master at Gresham’s (known to the boys as Gog), and “Hills of the North, rejoice” which was always sung at the end of term.

Revd. Canon John Norman Campbell (K 30 – 35) died in 2000. After Gresham’s he read Natural Sciences at Christ’s College, Cambridge. Subsequently he trained for the Ministry at Ridley Hall, Cambridge. Having been ordained Deacon in Rochester Cathedral, Norman undertook his first Curacy at Tonbridge 1940-2, then at Crouch End 1942-5, serving as Priest-in-Charge at Edmonton in 1945-9.

John and Irene, who had married and lived in London during the war, worked in Uganda from 1949 to 1969 with the Church Missionary Society. They helped establish churches and schools from their base in Gulu from 1949 to 1958; then for three years Norman served as Chaplain of Canon Laurence College; thereafter from 1962 to 1969 John was the C.M.S. Representative in Kampala. He was created an Honorary Canon of Namirembe Cathedral in 1969. Subsequently until 1985 Norman was Rector of Stapleton, Bristol. He retired to Malmesbury, Wilts, taking opportunities to visit C.M.S. personnel in various parts of the world. Still greatly involved with Uganda and its problems, Norman was Diocesan Co-ordinator for the Bristol Uganda Link. He also performed other influential roles in relation to unity, mission and temperance.

Sir Stewart Crawford (F 27 – 32) died on 11th October 2002, aged 89. The following obituary is reprinted from *The Daily Telegraph*:

Sir Stewart Crawford, the diplomat who has died aged 89, was Political Resident in the Persian Gulf from 1966 to 1970

This was a difficult posting. For one thing, Crawford succeeded Sir William Luce, widely regarded as being a very hard act to follow; secondly, this was the period during which Britain decided, in somewhat controversial circumstances, to reduce its commitments in the Gulf.

The region had been considered vital for the protection of the approaches to India, and Britain had a treaty with the Gulf States giving her responsibility for foreign policy and defence. At the end of 1967, Goronwy Roberts, Minister of State at the Foreign Office in Harold Wilson’s government, had arrived in the Gulf to underline this commitment, assuring the states’ rulers: “It is not a question of time at all. There is no time limit. We are here for as short or as long a time as the rulers want us to stay.” Within a matter of weeks, however, he was back again, declaring that Britain would withdraw from her military, naval and air bases by the end of 1971.

Crawford, who was based in Bahrain, was the man on the spot left with the task of

explaining this *volte-face*; of trying to soothe the anger of the sheikhs; and then of supervising the preparations for British withdrawal.

He did this difficult job well, and in 1970 was recalled to London as senior Deputy Under-Secretary of State, effectively number two to the head of the Foreign Office, Sir Denis (later Lord) Greenhill.

Crawford was a gifted analyst and had a reputation for hands-on efficiency, with the habit of presenting deeply searching questions to those who worked for him. In the early 1970s he was also chairman of the Joint Intelligence Committee (JIC), made up of the heads of the UK's three intelligence and security agencies (MI5, MI6 and GCHQ), the Chief of Defence Intelligence, and senior officials from various government departments. For more than 60 years the JIC – which meets each week in the Cabinet Office – has provided regular assessments to successive Prime Ministers and senior colleagues on a wide range of foreign policy and international security issues.

Robert Stewart Crawford was born in London on August 27th 1913. His father, Sir William Crawford, ran the advertising firm, WS Crawford, and is credited with inventing the Post Office greetings telegram and the slogan “Beer is Best”. Stewart was educated at Gresham's School, Holt and Oriel College, Oxford, where he took a First in PPE.

His route to the diplomatic service was an unusual one. Having passed the Civil Service exam, he joined the Air Ministry in 1936. From 1940 to 1946 he was private secretary to the Chief of Air Staff, and after the war worked with the Control Commission for Germany and Austria as assistant secretary, before joining the Foreign Office in 1947.

Crawford was counsellor at the British Embassy at Oslo (1954-56); counsellor, then minister, at Baghdad (1957-59); deputy UK delegate to the OEEC in Paris (1959-60); and Assistant Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office (1961-65).

He was appointed CMG in 1951; CVO in 1955; KCMG in 1966; and GCMG in 1973.

After retiring from the Foreign Office in 1973, Crawford became chairman of the Committee on Broadcasting Coverage, the body set up in May 1973 to examine plans for television and radio services in Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland and rural England.

When it reported in 1974, Crawford's committee recommended that the fourth television channel in Wales should be allotted to a separate service in which Welsh language programmes would be given priority; this service was to be run as a joint venture by the BBC and Harlech, the ITV company. On radio Crawford suggested that the BBC should be allowed to establish up to a dozen experimental stations on medium frequency at low-power in the more rural parts of England.

In 1974-75 Crawford was deputy chairman of the Arab and Morgan Grenfell Finance Company, and from 1976 to 1984 he was a member of the BBC's General Advisory Council. In 1980 he became chairman of the Broadcaster's Audience Research Board, set up by the BBC and ITV companies to commission audience ratings.

Sir Stewart Crawford died on October 11th. He married, in 1938, Mary Corbett, who died in 1992; they had three sons and a daughter, and one son who predeceased him.

Major John Horace Cassels Dashwood (H 27 – 32) died after a short illness on 12th August 2002.

Nigel Elliott (c & H 58 – 66) has died. Logie Bruce Lockhart has written the following tribute:

Nigel Elliott was the second of the three sons of Drusilla and James Elliott, all of whom

were at Gresham's while Jimmy was a popular member of the Holt medical practice and a good friend, looking after the School's health.

Nigel had not the academic talents of his younger brother, Giles, nor the physique of his elder brother, Barry; his gifts lay in other directions. He was good at practical things, having a passion for old cars and an easy way with human relationships; an endearing natural generosity, hospitality and good humour. Through good and bad times he would produce stories, never unkind, about prominent people he had entertained, or about his greatly admired hero, Winston Churchill. He kept up with the latest news in a lively way, seldom sympathetic to the Left.

We entertained him once or twice at Christmas time, and Jo and I remember how helpful he was with the decorations, vastly impressing my aged mother, who was not easily fooled by the young.

It was not surprising that he should end up in the catering world. After a course in Norwich he gained invaluable experience in every conceivable capacity at the Shell Centre in London. Eventually he became assistant manager and then manager of London hotels, earning good opinions from clientele and staff.

Those years served him well and he took up the chance of a share in the management of a 5 star hotel in Barbados, the Coral Reef Hotel, and then the management of another, the Tamarind Cove. There he entertained film stars, test cricketers and millionaires with the same bonhomie that we knew in Norfolk – and, when my wife became ill, offered her hospitality, as to other Norfolk friends.

These golden years took their toll. Nigel burnt the candle at both ends; last to bed, first to rise. His health began in break down, and he decided to return to England.

Once back, he took over the Buckinghamshire Arms at Blickling, where many O.G.s enjoyed his unique hospitality, and then the Three Swallows at Cley. Sadly his health problems grew progressively more worrying. It turned out that he had an advanced form of diabetes, which eventually made it impossible for him to carry on.

He struggled to remain independent, with devoted help from his mother and brothers, with great courage and no self-pity, preserving his unselfishness and sense of humour to the end: as his younger brother quoted at his funeral –

‘Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone,
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in one's own’.

There have been O.G.s of greater distinction, but few who came nearer to that great ideal.

John Oliver Francis (always known as Oliver) (F 32 – 36) died peacefully on 9th January 2003, aged 84 years. Oliver was a keen supporter of the Old Greshamian Club and attended Club functions until age and health prevented him from doing so.

George West Harris (F 22 – 27) has died.

Captain William Higgin (H 36 – 39) has died. The following obituary is reprinted from *The Daily Telegraph*:

Captain William Higgin, who died on Friday aged 80, was one of the finest game shots of his generation.

His game books, which he had kept meticulously since the age of 11, show a total of 357,000 birds and vermin killed. Not recorded was the Dornier bomber he shot down on the family's estate at Puddington, Cheshire; or the two sacred peacocks which nearly got him lynched by angry villagers in India.

Higgin shot down the Dornier bomber with a .303 rifle which, as regulations required, he was carrying while on leave in 1940; as the plane came in very low on its run to the iron-works at Queensferry, Higgin managed to blast both engines.

He later recalled: "It was quite an easy shot, and the next day Western Command in Chester confirmed it had come down." The peacocks he shot in India, on safari; he was saved from angry tribesmen by the local head man, a Cambridge graduate, "who smuggled us out at night".

William Bendyshe Higgin was born at Puddington, on the Wirral, on Valentine's Day 1922. His father was a Liverpool cotton broker, a Deputy Lieutenant and High Sheriff of Cheshire, and a member of the Cotton Board. William's grandfather, a box wallah, had made a fortune in India and bought the Puddington estate.

Like his father and two brothers, Michael and Robin, Bill Higgin was sent to school at Gresham's, where he recalled receiving extracurricular education from an assistant matron who one night climbed into his bed. On leaving school, Higgin joined the Cheshire Regiment as a ranker.

He was posted to the North West Frontier, where fighting was conducted in a relatively considerate manner. If a village became obstreperous the inhabitants were warned that on an appointed day the place would be bombed. On that day, the villagers would scatter into the mountains and a plane would come over and drop a few bombs.

Higgin's shooting career almost ended when he was a 19-year-old company commander in the 5th Baluch (Jacob's Rifles) Regiment, King George V's Own, and a bullet fired by a deranged sepoy whistled past his ear on morning parade. Higgin's dilemma was that, if he reported the miscreant to the CO, the sepoy would have been shot.

Noticing that the man was wearing a marksman's badge, Higgin ordered another sepoy to rip it off, declaring "If you missed me at that range, you are clearly wearing it under false pretences." He felt justified in having, effectively, saved the life man's life when, six months later, the sepoy distinguished himself by winning the Military Medal.

Posted to the Burmese jungle in the Second World War, Higgin was struck down with polio; it took 10 days to get him to hospital. He recalled: "I warned my soldiers I would shoot anyone I found drinking water from a pond. Then, 24 hours later, like a bloody fool I drank from one."

Discharged from hospital after a year – and disguising his polio limp – Higgin returned to duty, going to India as ADC to Sir Henry Finnis. Subsequently Higgin was Pandit Nehru's warder when Nehru was imprisoned by the British.

He remembered: "I looked after Nehru for six months, and he didn't address a single word to me. Can't blame him. He was kept in appalling conditions, literally in a cage built on to a shed like a dog kennel where he slept."

Invalided home after the war Higgin commanded a PoW camp at Ledsham, Cheshire, a mile from his house at Puddington. He was delighted to be able to live at home, and soon got his prisoners working in the fields or doing building work for his father and his friends.

After the war he ran three farms, in Cheshire, North Wales and Shropshire, but still managed to shoot five days a week. When a shooting friend said, "You have spent a fortune shooting", Higgin corrected him: "I have spent three."

For many years from the late 1950s Higgin was the squire of Peplow Hall, in Shropshire, one of the loveliest houses in the county, with 3,000 acres of shooting, which he later sold to Lord Newborough.

In the grounds, the house had a church which welcomed a congregation of only six, attended by a very fine choir of 12. The head chorister, who was still singing at 92, used to act as a beater. On one occasion, a guest missed a partridge and shot him in the forehead; Higgin feared it would be the end of the choir, but a fortnight later the unfortunate man was back in the church, singing with all his old enthusiasm.

Two years ago, Higgin's shoulder collapsed from all the shooting he had done and he found himself unable to lift a gun.

In retirement at Terfor, on Anglesey, Higgin had taken up a new trade as an author. His autobiography, *Koy Hai* was privately published on the day he was rushed into hospital, two weeks before his death, after the return of polio. There, his leg was amputated, and although he seemed at first to be making a recovery, he died after suffering a stroke.

In the book, Higgin dwelt on his pride in his ancestor, the Restoration rakehell, the 2nd Duke of Buckingham, who killed the Earl of Shrewsbury in a duel, while the Countess looked on. But the forbear he liked best was a Pendle witch.

After the war Higgin married Patricia, step-daughter of the 2nd Viscount Leverhulme. She survives him, along with their three children.

(Robert) Edgar Hope-Simpson (W 20 – 25) died on July 5th, 2003 aged 95. The following obituary is reprinted from *The Times*:

Although he had no formal training in epidemiology, Edgar Hope-Simpson was the first person to suggest that shingles was caused by the same virus, after it has been dormant, as chickenpox. His paper on the subject in the *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine* in 1965 followed a long study of cases at his general practice in Cirencester.

From Gresham's School in Norfolk, Hope-Simpson went on in 1925 to Grenoble University to study zoology and botany, and the following year he went up to St. Thomas' Hospital Medical School, taking an intercollegiate course in physiology. During that course he met Eleanor Dale, whom he later married.

At the end of 1945 he moved to Cirencester (where he remained for the rest of his life), establishing a practice and becoming physician and pathologist to the Cirencester Memorial and Watermoor Hospitals.

Having a lifelong interest in epidemiology, he kept meticulous, typed records and used a simple diary strategy to find connections between patients, their diseases and where they lived. He was thus able to work out the epidemiology of influenza, chickenpox and shingles. His interest was aroused by the great flu epidemic of 1932-33 when he first questioned the manner of transmission of the virus. This coincided with the first isolation of a flu virus. His epidemiological studies of these diseases continued throughout his career. In 1947 he established an epidemiological research unit in Cirencester for the Medical Research Council. This was unusual, for it was not part of any university or large research

organisation. In 1961 a virology laboratory was added to the research unit. In 1992, the year he finally closed his research council unit in Cirencester, he published *The Transmission of Epidemic Influenza*, which drew together his studies over more than 60 years and pointed to shortcomings in the accepted epidemiology and put forward alternative ideas.

Hope-Simpson was a founding member of the Royal College of General Practitioners and became a Fellow in 1969. He was also an honorary member of the Royal Society of Medicine and in 1993 he was awarded an honorary fellowship at the Faculty of Public Health Medicine for his work on flu. He also received the VZV (varicella zoster virus) Research Foundation Scientific Achievement Award and the George Abercrombie Award of the Royal College of General Practitioners. He was appointed OBE in 1963.

Throughout his life Hope-Simpson had a very strong Christian faith. He joined the Society of Friends in 1932 and continued to worship with them until his death. He had an excellent sense of humour and would play little games of magic to gain the co-operation of his youngest patients. He enjoyed painting in watercolours, with a fresh small painting for each year's Christmas card.

Henry Peter Hutchison (W 33 – 39) died on 22nd June 2002, aged 82. The obituary below is reprinted from the 2002 Annual of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge:

Hutchison, Henry Peter (Fellow 1962-2002) MA; born 21 March 1920: ed. Gresham's School, Holt. Read Chemistry for one year at Corpus Christi College, Oxford before being called up on the outbreak of WWII and commissioned after a 5 month officer cadet training course in the Royal Artillery and posted to 69 Medium Regiment in Sussex. In the summer of 1942 they sailed around the Cape to Egypt and joined in the huge barrage in October at the opening of Gen. Montgomery's 8th army offensive. Twice wounded in the arms, he returned to RA base at Almaza, near Cairo. On recovery, he joined 2nd Medium Regiment RA in Syria, a unit that had not seen action – whereupon he was dubbed 'Alamein Pete'. In December 1943, moving via Taranto, they joined the American 5th army for the attack on Monte Cassino. In 1945 under the 'Python' Scheme for long service overseas, he came home on leave; his father – later President of the Royal Scottish Academy – painted his portrait wearing the red and gold forage cap, traditional to 'B' Troop (4 guns and tractors) of 2 Medium Regiment. It now hangs in the New Parlour.

He was appointed to a Class E Fellowship at Sidney in June 1962 and to an Official Fellowship in Class A in June 1969, when he became University Lecturer in Chemical Engineering. We are grateful to Professor John Davidson of the department of Chemical Engineering for the following thoughts on Peter's contribution:

Peter Hutchison joined the academic staff of the department in 1955. He became a University Lecturer and was on the staff in that capacity until he retired.

During his years as a Lecturer, he made notable contributions to teaching and research. His teaching was mainly on the chemistry aspects of the courses. In research he was an important pioneer in the application of computers to chemical engineering; he started working in this area in the 1960s and was active in it till he retired from the department. Thus one of the last papers in our annual lists is "Process optimization using linear models" *Computers and Chemical Engineering* 1980 by A.C. Kilikas and H.P. Hutchison – Kilikas was one of Peter's research students. He had a succession of research students on computer applications and thus supported a small but effective research school which helped to establish this now important field of computerised chemical engineering.

At Sidney, Peter served as Tutor for Graduate Students and as Vice-Master from 1977-78. In 1981 he resigned his Lectureship and trained as a priest in the Church of England. Serving for a while at Abbots Ripton, Huntingdon, he retired for the second time in July 1990 and moved to Scarning, near Dereham.

Peter Trevor Gregory (Johnny) Johnson (F 43 – 47) was born in December 1929. He died in January 2003. Martin Burgess comments:

There is no room in this issue to give a proper account of his time at Gresham's but his character was so powerful and his exploits so extreme that I am sure those who knew him are still telling stories about him 60 years later. I may try to write some of these stories for the next issue.

Peter Ranger Lawrence (k & OSH 33 – 38) has died.

Alexander McGregor Leckie (k & H 52 – 59). Mac, as he was known, died very suddenly on 26th November 2002 aged 62 years. Whilst at School he was a very keen sportsman, receiving colours for rugby, hockey and athletics. He also broke the School record for the long jump. After leaving Gresham's, he was accepted by ICL for training in computers, remaining in the industry for the rest of his life. In 1963 he became a member of the Old Greshamian Lodge, becoming Master in 1972, subsequently becoming a very eminent Mason in the United Grand Lodge of England and in the County of Norfolk. He was elected Master again in 1989 when the Old Greshamian Lodge hosted the Public School Lodges Council Festival at the School. Owing to his enthusiasm this was a great success, being attended by members of 32 other Public School Lodges and their guests. The attendance was about 400 in total. In 1995 he became Chairman of the Public School Lodges Council. In 1991/92 he was President of the Old Greshamian Club during which time his aim was to persuade more OGs to attend the week-end events, in which he was quite successful. Mac gave of himself to his family, his friends and the many organisations he joined where he was always greeted with a smile. He was great company, had a wonderful sense of humour and was an excellent host who always put people at their ease. A memorial service, which was very well attended, was held in the School Chapel on 12th December 2002. Mac will be missed not only by his family but by all his friends of whom there were very many.

Walter Moray (Sandy) Lines CBE (H 35 – 40) died on 15th October 2002. Major-General Joe Crowdy wrote the following obituary:

Whereas Sandy may well have been born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth it is no exaggeration to say that, entirely by his own personality and his friendship for his fellow beings, he turned the silver into gold. One of the kindest individuals it has been my privilege to know, Sandy radiated good will and friendliness to an extent all of us might hope for but few of us could emulate. In a life characterised by both good fortune and bad, Sandy remained a rock of sincerity and cheerfulness, admired by all who knew him.

Born in 1922 into the toy-making Lines family – whose Triang toys were known to every youngster of that era – Sandy was the eldest of four and enjoyed an idyllic childhood ; but tragedy struck shortly after his coming to Gresham's in 1935 when an attack of acute otitis media progressed to mastoiditis and finally to severe unilateral deafness and facial palsy. With remarkable fortitude he overcame these difficulties (indeed his lop-sided grin was

one of his most endearing characteristics) although they enforced a year's loss of schooling. But in no way was his intellect and love of learning – particularly the classics – affected; he sailed over the usual school hurdles such as School Certificate with consummate ease to finish school at Newquay at the end of summer term 1940 and then went on to Oxford before joining the family firm. Rejected on medical grounds for military service he threw his energy into helping the firm's war effort; no longer toy making but manufacturing what became known as the 'stove pipe gun', the Sten gun.

In the early sixties Sandy took over as Chairman of Lines Brothers from his father, the co-founder of the firm, and the business flourished. Sandy became Chairman of the British Toy Manufacturers' Association and for this work was appointed CBE, although, with characteristic modesty, he accepted the award as a tribute to his father's contribution before him. The depression of 1971 found the firm over-extended and unable to face increased competition from abroad; liquidation became unavoidable. Sandy and Fiona (he had married in 1957) retired to North Devon where for some years hardship prevailed but never was there any rancour or depression; this era of comparative penury never altered Sandy's enjoyment of life; indeed it demonstrated his determination, ingenuity and purpose. He put the former to good use by taking up his paint brush and palette, discarded since early art lessons from Miss Bristow at Gresham's.

After Fiona's death in 1987, an event of great sadness which he bore with exemplary fortitude, Sandy continued to be almost a full-time water-colourist; his paintings, particularly the moorland scenes (he had a great affection for both Exmoor and Dartmoor), sold well all over the west country and further afield; his sense of colour and space mark the quality of his work. Sadly, in the last few years, ill health reduced his prodigious output in quantity but not in quality; but his ill health did not interfere with his constant enjoyment of his favourite authors, the classic nineteenth century novelists and historical biographers, or his appreciation of classical music. And to the last he retained the most prodigious memory of the poets whom he loved and could quote with remarkable and incredible accuracy (particularly those he had learned at school). Sandy will be remembered as someone who loved life and enjoyed to the full his many friends.

Bruce Muscott (R & F 35 – 42) died on October 12th, 2003, after a long illness quietly borne.

Peter Lloyd CBE (H 21 – 24) has died. The obituary below is reprinted from *The Daily Telegraph* published on 16th April 2003:

Peter Lloyd, who died on Friday aged 95, was the last surviving member of the six expeditions which attempted to conquer Mount Everest between the wars; later, he was credited with helping to develop the use of oxygen, which enabled the peak finally to be climbed in 1953.

Lloyd became a member of H.W. Tilman's seven-man team in 1938, which scorned the lavish expenditure and large retinue of native porters which had characterised expeditions of the 1920s and early 1930s.

In 1938 only a few porters were engaged. Camping arrangements were simple, and a spartan diet was provided on the long march through Tibet to the north side of Everest. It was decided to dispense with radio sets, and Tilman would have left behind the oxygen equipment, had it not been for the row that this would have caused in the climbing world.

The expedition took both an open-circuit breathing system, which drew in ordinary air as well as special draughts from a cylinder, and a closed-circuit system, using a completely sealed mask and a mechanism which drew off the carbon dioxide from the recirculated air. Lloyd conducted comparative tests on both of these at high altitude, and came to favour the former. He found that, although his pace had not improved, he was less tired by the end.

In the meantime, he increased his favourable standing with Tilman when the two of them swallowed mugfuls of soup together at 27,200 ft. But the expedition remained dogged by bad weather and fresh snow, in which the climbers regularly sank up to their hips as they established the lower camps during the first half of May. They did not reach the North Col until early June, when Tilman, Eric Shipton, Frank Smythe and Lloyd succeeded in establishing further camps at 25,800 ft and 27,200 ft on successive days.

But at the highest camp Shipton and Smythe found themselves foiled by the extreme cold and deep snow when they attempted the summit. Tilman and Lloyd were similarly thwarted in a second attempt two days later.

On the expedition's return home, the question of oxygen was debated with some heat at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in London, despite the fact that his expedition had tested oxygen with some care.

Tilman believed that mountaineering was analogous to sailing, and that any attempt on Everest should be made only with man's natural resources.

But after Tilman and Smythe had voiced their lack of enthusiasm, Lloyd rose to declare: "I have a lot of sympathy with the sentimental objection to its use, and would rather see the mountain climbed without it than with; but, on the other hand, I would rather see the mountain climbed with it than not at all."

Lloyd declared that he was keen to make another attempt with Tilman, but the Second World War intervened to prevent any more expeditions. Afterwards, the changing politics of the China region made it impossible to get close to the mountain until 1949, when permission was given for an exploratory climbing party provided it undertook some serious scientific work. Tilman swallowed his objections to mixing climbing and science. He duly led an expedition, which went through the little-known Langtang Himal area close to the Tibetan border. Tenzing Norgay combined the roles of sidar and cook, while Lloyd carried out photo-theodolite surveys. By then, Tilman noted, Lloyd had become "a little gross" as a result of living in Australia for some months; yet Lloyd was not to undertake his last expedition to Turkish Kurdistan, for 18 years.

When John Hunt's 1953 expedition was being planned, Lloyd was put in charge of the oxygen, a task requiring technical expertise as well as some tact.

Both kinds of oxygen were taken by the party, but it was the open system, which Lloyd had long favoured over the claustrophobic closed one, that was used by Edmund Hillary and Tenzing when they reached the summit. John Hunt wrote later that oxygen had been vital to the expedition (although a first successful ascent without oxygen was eventually made in 1978).

The son of an economics lecturer, Peter Lloyd was born on June 26 1907, and educated at Gresham's School. He went up to Trinity College, Cambridge to read Engineering and became president of the university's mountaineering club. He perfected his ice-climbing technique in the Alps.

A stocky, well-built man, he was invited in 1936 to join Tilman's Anglo-American expedition to Nanda Devi, which at 25,645 ft was the eighth highest mountain in the Himalayas.

Since Tilman and his long-time climbing party Eric Shipton were pioneers of lightweight expeditions to the highest mountains, the party, composed of four British and four American climbers, was expected to carry its own loads to the high camps. Lloyd managed to bring his pack over difficult rock up to a high bivouac at 23,500 ft, from where Tilman and Noel Odell reached the summit of the mountain, at that time the highest ever climbed. Tilman described Lloyd as “first-rate on rock and ice”, and it was no surprise when he asked Lloyd to join his Everest expedition two years later.

In doing so, he cemented a friendship which ended only 43 years later when Lloyd, as President of the Alpine Club, gave the address in St James’s Church, Piccadilly, for his old friend who had disappeared aged 80, on an expedition aboard a converted tug in the South Atlantic.

Lloyd worked for the Gas Light and Coke Company in London from 1930 until 1941, when the Royal Aircraft Establishment was begun at Farnborough, Hampshire. In 1944 he joined Frank Whittle to work on the jet engine.

After the war Lloyd moved to the national Gas Turbine Establishment, becoming deputy director in 1950. He was appointed CBE in 1957.

In 1961, he was made Director-General of Research and Development at the Ministries of Aviation and Technology in London, and then went to Canberra as head of the British Defence Research and Development Staff.

On returning to England, Lloyd joined Booth International Holdings. He finally retired to settle in Australia, where he remained an enthusiastic motorist. When he decided to trade in his Jaguar for a Volvo, the motor trader was astonished to find himself selling a new car to a man of 92.

Peter Lloyd, who was twice married, is survived by his second wife Joyce Evelyn Campbell and by a son and a daughter of his first marriage.

Roger Simon (W 27 – 32) has died. The following obituary is reprinted from *The Guardian*: Roger Simon, who has died aged 88, became a labour movement intellectual who had a profound influence on generations of trade unionists and political activists. He will be remembered above all for his work and leadership at the Labour Research Department, the trade union think tank, and for the central role he played in popularising the work of Antonio Gramsci, the Italian Marxist. He was one of the last of that generation of 1930s upper middle-class communist intellectuals who devoted their lives to the cause.

He was the elder son of Ernest and Shena Simon, prominent civic figures in Manchester, where he was born and brought up. In 1946, Ernest became a peer, Lord Simon of Wythenshawe, and Roger inherited the title on his father’s death in 1960. Although he never renounced the title, he never used it. “No man is good enough to be another man’s master” (William Morris) he had written in his 1932 diary, and he preferred to work for the realisation of that vision.

After Gresham’s School, Holt, Norfolk, where he shared a class with Benjamin Britten and Donald Maclean, he read Economics at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. While there he was invited to join the Political Economy Club run by Keynes. At one of the club’s meetings, Piero Sraffa, who was to become a friend of Gramsci, advised him not to take the discussion too seriously but instead to read Marx. As a result, he decided to join the Communist Party, which his brother, Brian, had also done a year or so earlier.

The first phase of his working life, interrupted by war service, was spent in local government. In 1935, he began work for Chester city council, qualifying as a solicitor in

1939. From 1942 to 1945 he served in the Royal Signals as a radio mechanic. He had attended officer training at Catterick, where he met the Marxist literary critic Arnold Kettle, who was to become a lifelong friend. However, he decided that rather than accept a commission, he would prefer to serve in the ranks. During 1945-46 he taught law at Welbeck Abbey, where soldiers with three years' service could have a month's free education. Here he met Edmund Penning-Roswell, a fellow communist and wine lover, who became another lifelong friend. From 1946 to 1958 he worked for Ealing Borough Council as a solicitor, ending up as town clerk.

In 1958, he joined the labour research department as a full-time researcher, becoming secretary from 1965 to 1977, and continued there until shortly before his death. He wrote a stream of pamphlets and articles, mainly on economic issues, which circulated widely in the labour movement.

Under his stewardship as secretary, LRD made an influential response to the Heath government's Industrial Relations Act, publishing a series of booklets that sold some 177,000. The annual survey of directors' pay that he introduced was also, and remains, widely influential.

During his period of leadership, the financial position of LRD was greatly strengthened, notably by the affiliation of two large unions, the Transport and General Workers and the Engineers. He presided over the evolution of the organisation from one that relied largely on committed volunteers to the professional research institute that it is today. After 12 years, he stepped down as secretary to return to the work he really loved, research and writing.

He made a major contribution to the development of socialist thought during the 1970s through his early recognition of the importance of the work of Gramsci. A member of the board of the publishers Lawrence and Wishart (1968-92), he was the driving force behind the translation and publication in 1971 of the first major English edition of Gramsci's writings, *Selections From The Prison Notebooks*. His own book, *An Introduction to Gramsci's Political Thought*, was published in 1982. His interests ranged widely, from membership of the William Morris Society, giving the Kelmscott House lecture on the centenary of Morris's death, to his love of opera, wine, and mountain walking. With his brother, Brian, he took over the lease of Hellsgarth, the Simons' cottage in Langdale, and enjoyed making it available to low-paid workers in the movement. His last decade, after the disbandment of the Communist party, was devoted to red-green politics.

At a personal level, he was the loveliest of men. Without exception, people who met him commented on his extraordinary niceness. He was one of the most naturally modest people one could ever meet, while at the same time tough-minded, inquisitive and always interesting, which gave him a totally distinctive charm. "Dear Roger", people used to say when his name came up in conversation. Dear Roger, indeed.

He leaves his wife, Daphne, and two children, Margaret and Matthew.

Duncan Newman Smith (K 24 – 28) died on 27th February 2003. His obituary written by Alastair Service appeared in *The Guardian*. The tribute is reprinted here in full:

Duncan Smith, who has died aged 92, was a life-long campaigner passionately committed to public service. He doggedly maintained that the nationalised bodies such as the National Coal Board (NCB) and the National Health Service – both of which he worked for as head of their training – could provide better-organised alternatives to the private sector if all their staff were well-trained.

Smith came from a prosperous Grimsby background and was educated at Gresham's School and read History at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. His political awakening may be said to date from the time when, as a schoolboy, he was recognised at a Labour party meeting at Grimsby docks and accused of being a capitalist spy. He convinced the dockers of his sincerity and followed their suggestion that he should join the Fabian Society. He remained active in the society and wrote and researched for their early campaign pamphlets; he was also an active member of the progressive League from the 1930s.

In the second world war, he served as a fire brigade officer in London and then in Antwerp and Brussels following their liberation. In the 1945 general election he narrowly missed being elected Labour MP for Eastbourne.

When, postwar, he joined the NCB, the coal mines had been nationalised. There, his colleagues included Jacob Bronowski, Fritz Schumacher and the formidable guru of training for management, Reg Revans. These wizards were employed to restructure the shambles of pits the board had inherited.

As the NCB's director of staff training, Duncan Smith was able to apply Revans's theory of "action learning" to motivate workers in training. His efforts contributed to the transformation of the NCB into an admired modern industry with excellent labour relations for years until the advent of cheap natural gas, and, later, privatisation.

In 1965, Smith moved to the NHS as a researcher. His research into the training needs of porters, cleaners and other ill-paid staff, led to his book *The Forgotten Sector*, which was influential and instrumental in his rise to the position of director of staff training for the NHS. Lord Bowden said in the House of Lords that Smith's work provided a model "that already existed of how to match training to the complex needs of modern industry."

Smith's plan envisaged training throughout the health service (still woefully inadequate today). The key high-level proposal was for an NHS staff college, where the ablest brains in the service could work on strategic issues together. The then health secretary, Sir Keith Joseph, supported the idea. But when all professions in the NHS demanded participation Joseph saw it getting out of hand. The scheme was cancelled by Joseph in 1974 but an NHS staff college – where those deeply involved in running the service can together steadily improve it – is an idea whose time is still to come.

Duncan Smith was a large man, in height and spirituality. He was interested in everything and amused by much. He was a generous host, though his cooking and driving were famously erratic. After retirement from the NHS in 1977, he embarked on a second career, inspired by Schumacher's book *Small is Beautiful*. Smith was chairman of the Conversation Society, a founder member of Toes (the other economic summit, speaking out for sustainability during the governments' 1984 world economic summit) and he had a parental role when the New Economics Foundation was then established, helping to gain its present respected standing.

His happy marriage to Phyllis Raymond, with whom he had a son and two daughters who survive him, ended with her death from cancer in 1972. His second marriage, to Carol Flynn was equally supportive until her death from the same cause. By then, she and Duncan had moved to Cirencester where, typically, he co-founded a local branch of the United Nations Association.

He helped found the Belgrano Action Group and as co-ordinator he used his great organisational skill and power of persuasion to set up a public enquiry into the sinking of the Argentinian cruiser, the General Belgrano during the Falklands War.

Among a dozen other initiatives taken in his 90s was in his final months when he was out in the streets of Cirencester collecting signatures for an anti-war petition, organising a large meeting with Bruce Kent and an ecumenical service in the parish church. Five weeks before his death, he was demonstrating with the Quakers outside Fairford airbase.

Bertram Stowell (W 19 – 27) died aged 93 on 26th May 2003

Richard Sutton (F 30 – 37) : The Editor is grateful to David Gilling (F 31 – 35) for writing this obituary:

Friends of Richard Sutton will have been saddened by his death in the summer of last year. After graduating in History from Jesus College, Cambridge, he joined the Army in 1940. He was wounded at Anzio. He later went to South Africa and then North Africa.

When in Italy he met and subsequently married his wife Ada. They had two daughters. After demobilization, he went to Hong Kong, where, following his father, he was engaged in export and import business.

On returning to this country, he worked at the Home Office, where he was closely involved in drafting the Bill for Legislation of Gypsies. This led to interesting encounters with prominent gypsies, one of whom presented him with two records of gypsy music at his retirement party.

His eyesight was always poor, and, sadly, he eventually lost it altogether in 1961. However, Richard adapted to this handicap remarkably well, reading Braille fluently.

He had a dry sense of humour and was a prolific reader, mainly of history. He wrote well and several reminiscences and a number of his poems about wartime experiences appeared in the Magazine.

Robert Wicksteed (k & OSH 29 – 38) died on 1st July 203. His obituary printed below is reprinted from *The Times*:

In a life of immense variety and interest, Robert Wicksteed was variously an engineer, pilot, inventor, racing driver and chairman of the family trust which runs the Wicksteed Leisure Park near Kettering in Northamptonshire. Founded together with the Wicksteed Village Trust, created by his grandfather Charles Wicksteed in the 1920s, Wicksteed Park is the country's oldest leisure park.

The trust originally set up "for the amelioration of the good people of Kettering" also administers Barton Hall and its extensive grounds, an archaeological site of educational interest and a model farm, all of which were under Wicksteed's overall supervision.

Robert Wicksteed was born in Barnes in 1920 and educated at Gresham's School, Holt, from where, in 1939, he took up a student engineering apprenticeship with Peter Brotherhood in Peterborough. He had also enlisted in the Territorial Army and after war broke out he went to France with the Northamptonshire Regiment as part of the British Expeditionary Force.

His war in uniform was to be relatively brief. He was attached to Battalion HQ on intelligence duties, but in the confusion that followed the German break-through he found himself in charge of a party of stragglers, mainly from his regiment. After leading this party of soldiers to the Dunkirk beaches he was evacuated along with them. Back in England his engineering skills were deemed to be of greater value to the war effort than his abilities as a soldier, and he was sent back to Peter Brotherhood where he worked in the naval

engineering department. For the rest of the war he was engaged on projects connected with warship and submarine design and construction.

After the end of the war he joined his grandfather's firm, Charles Wicksteed, which was, in those days of austerity, one of the few designing and making leisure playground equipment, in which it had carved out a lucrative market, with customers all over the world. Interesting though this commercial success was, it did not give Wicksteed the outlet for his engineering ideas that he wanted. So he left for the research and development department of Stewarts and Lloyds, which was developing special steels.

He subsequently ran a couple of companies of his own: Hartington Conway and Spiro Engineering, the former making specialist roof lights, the latter enabling him to try out some of the ideas that were dear to him. Among these was a commercial bread-buttering machine, which had its uses in the catering facilities of the Wicksteed Leisure Park. He had become a trustee of Wicksteed Village after the war, and was from the early 1950s its chairman.

Wicksteed was interested in sports of every kind: athletic, team, winter and motor sports. He played hockey to county standard and in 1954 went down the Cresta Run. An old friend, Jack Linnell, a director of Sywell Airfield, introduced him to the pleasures of flying, and they and their families had many flying holidays abroad.

This led to vintage car racing. In 1924 Linnell had bought the Alvis No 1 racing car, the first of three made to compete in the 1923 Brooklands race, which Alvis won. Linnell went on to race the car at Brooklands in the 1920s. In the 1960s Wicksteed took over the competition driving of the car (which then became known as the Linnell-Wicksteed Alvis) and at the end of the decade supervised its restoration to its pristine state of racing glory. In the 1970s he regularly drove it in vintage classes in hill-climbs at Prestcott and Shelsley Walsh, as well as in vintage races at such venues as Donnington, Cadwell Park and Silverstone.

In August 1973 he and the Alvis set the fastest climb for the class at Prestcott and three years later at Shelsley Walsh he set a vintage record of 49.20 seconds, beating many cars that were both far younger and larger. Towards the end of the decade he capped his performance with yet another vintage hill-climb record of 48.5 seconds at Shelsley Walsh. Wicksteed always liked to drive the car to and from the circuits at which he was competing. Only a serious crash at Cadwell Park in the 1980s indicated the he ought to be thinking of bringing his racing career to an end. This was confirmed when the Alvis's engine blew up when he was returning from Silverstone in 1983. Thereafter the car, which Linnell, who died in July 1983, had by then gifted to him, was retired to lighter duties.

Even so, Wicksteed had always to be ready for unforeseeable eventualities. On one occasion he was driving the car on ceremonial duties at Sywell when a light aircraft coming in to land got its approach spectacularly wrong and landed on top of the Alvis and a Rover that was parked adjacent to it. On that occasion the older car stood up to the impact far better than either the aircraft or the Rover. Both were write-offs while the Alvis merely suffered a broken half shaft.

Wicksteed's wife Dorene died in 2000. He is survived by a son and two daughters.

Chris Woods (c & F 54 – 58) who worked in the computer industry died suddenly two years ago. He left a wife and two sons.

O.G.NEWS

Jeremy Addis (W 45 – 49) has for 27 years edited and published Books Ireland. He receives financial support from the Arts Councils in both Northern Ireland and the Irish Republic. At 71 he does not feel much older than 17 when he decided he'd had enough education. Living in Dublin, he has a boat on the Shannon, six grandchildren and a sister editing a history of Salthouse.

Douglas Adshead-Grant (OSH 82 – 87) married **Claire Pointen** (O 79 – 88) in 1998. They have two sons, Sam and Jack, and a baby daughter called Milly. Having trained as a Chartered Accountant with Price Waterhouse, Douglas worked for Proctor & Gamble, United Biscuits and WPP Group. He is currently the Finance Director of MBS plc.

Edward Adshead-Grant (OSH 84 – 89) is married to Jane and has two daughters, Rachel and Hannah. After his MBA at Cranfield, which he completed 20 months ago, he has joined First Data Corporation as Sales Director and is based in Essex.

William Adshead-Grant (OSH 83 – 88) moved to Scotland about five years ago and is working as a logistics manager for a computer manufacturing company.

Michael Allard, former Head of Music at Gresham's, is still very much involved in music-making. On 19th April at his home in High Kelling Michael, together with two friends, Philip Coates (cello) and Brian Wood (violin), gave to an invited audience performances of Beethoven's Piano Trio opus 1 No 3 in C minor and Mendelssohn's Piano trio opus 49 in D minor, both very warmly applauded.

Catherine Allen (Kershaw) (E 93 – 96) is married to James. They have a daughter, Frances, and live in Wells-next-the-Sea.

Helen Allen (O 91 – 93) has changed careers, giving up publishing for teaching. While waiting to secure a place on a PGCE course she had work-experience in Holloway and a prep school in Stevenage; she also temped with a publishing firm in Kingston and took a part-time psychology course at Birbeck which kept the old grey cells ticking over.

Tom Appleton (T 97 – 02) could not attend the Tallis Reunion because he was in Uganda on his SPW trip. He had a wonderful time but grew sick of eating goat and bananas. He came home for four days before jetting off on the National Youth Choir World Tour. He was due in York to start his Choral Scholarship commitments on 1st September and to sing in the O.G. Showcase in the Auden Theatre on 12th September but he had to cry off owing to a bout of malaria contracted abroad. (Tom report on the N.Y.C. World Tour will appear in the next issue Apology on p.124.)

John Ashby (c & W 61 – 69) is now **John Thompson-Ashby**. He has resumed contact with Gresham's via the Club and has enjoyed catching up on events at School over the last 20 years or so. He recalls that he was called Ashby minor, adding 'it was my misfortune to have an older non-relative at the School during my time there – hence by fate I was demoted. I am sure such non-politically correct forms of address are now ancient history.'

(Confirmed –Ed.) John also recalls being attacked by midges when he took part in an open-air production of Bertolt Brecht's *Andorra*, directed by the Editor in an earlier incarnation. John found it difficult to keep in touch with school chums as the family lived in Gloucestershire; his father and uncle were both O.G.s. A chartered surveyor, John is now regional director of a large surveying company. He and his wife Anne have two children, Henry and Flora. They live in Saberton, Hampshire. Email: a.cordwent@t-ashby.freemove.co.uk

Nicholas Ashby (c & H 72 – 82) teaches French at Robert Louis Stevenson School on the Monterey Peninsula. Nick and his wife Debra have two young daughters, Brooke and Isabelle. A chip off the old block, Nick is once more coaching cross-country running.

Richard Bailey (c & W 82 – 90) now works for Walkers Snack Foods.

Chris Barnes (OSH 89 – 91) took part in Angela Dugdale's Come and Sing 'Messiah' at Kelling just before Christmas. Chris sang the tenor role and, as Steve Benson had lost his voice, **Gerard Collett** (F 95 – 00) sang the bass role. **Richard Peaver** (S) and various other Gresham's instrumentalists assisted.

Charlie Barratt (H 59 – 66) wrote to thank Michael Goff for a signed copy of the School History 'I Will Plant Me A Tree' by Steve Benson. [Copies still available from the Bursar's Secretary. Tel. 01263 713179. See full advertisement on p. 84] Charlie expressed his appreciation for all the help and encouragement he received from members of staff, including Dick Copas who developed his love of walking, which Charlie still tries to do every year with **Robert Carter** (k & H 63 – 72). Charlie still feels ambivalent about Dick Bagnall-Oakeley's report on him: 'Barratt is an irrepressible exhibitionist', commenting 'How right he was, but I did not enjoy my parents reading that school report.'

Steve Benson (S 64 – 82) as well as carrying out his role as regional director of ISCis (East) PR and activities continues to perform with gay abandon in the preposterously plotted musicals presented by the Blakeney Players. His summer role was that of Sergeant Ernest Brown i/c Blakeney Police. Steve is also prominent in the Holt Society whose main aim is to preserve Holt, protecting it from the pitfalls of development and expansion.

George Antony Birch (F 50 – 53) after 30 years in Australia and another 7 years in the USA and Africa has bought a house in Devon for holidays. He would be pleased to see any contemporaries living nearby.

New address: Suite 341, 656 Military Road, Mosman, Australia 2088. E-mail address: bendalongbaker@aol.com

Mary Boston (E 91 – 96) captained the GB U25 Shooting Team in the 2002 Imperial Meeting and shot for the U25 Athelings against the Canadians. Mary has embarked on a course in Interior Design.

Caroline Bristair (O 88 – 90) graduated from Goldsmiths' College, University of London in 1994. She is now working for a Bermuda-based reinsurance company as a Research and Marketing Executive. See Marriages.

Scot Butcher (F 84 – 89) is now in Bristol after four years in Munich. He has gone from the Eurofighter Typhoon project to the Astute Class submarines (some wag mentioned that he can now get no lower). Scot is happily married to Carol with a son, Max, born in Munich in 1999.

David Cargill (c & F 46 – 53) has a long track-record in the media business, having been one of the founding directors of Radio Broadland in the 1980s. He is one of the driving forces behind NRG fm 107.3, the new concept in local radio currently being tested and researched prior to launch. As well as figuring in public affairs and local politics, David has chaired Eastern Arts and has always been committed to art, music and charitable undertakings in East Anglia.

Robert Carter (k & H 63 – 72) as Chairman of RG Carter had the pleasant experience of seeing no fewer than three of the company's recent projects become the focus of Royal visits – The Forum (Norwich's Millennium building), Norwich Castle's refurbishment and a three-storey aircraft support centre for Marshall Aerospace at Cambridge Airport.

Tom Clarke-Jones (H 90 – 95) is working in the City (just opposite Fishmongers' Hall!) as a stockbroker, specialising in high-yield debt, distressed and illiquid securities.

Bruce Cole (W 84 – 87) remains employed by the family firm, Myanmar Cole & Wyn Ltd: however, he has recently set up with **Neal Roper** (W 84 – 88) a food- processing company called Oak Foods Ltd, based in Attleborough, Norfolk.

Sarah Colman (O 90 – 92/3) has been extending her acting career, featuring in People Like Us, The Office and Eyes Down, apart from commercials.

Richard Copas (S 62 – 01), now O.G. Chairman, is one of the members of the Board of Trustees for the Holt Youth Centre. As Hon Treasurer of the Holt Youth Project he is delighted to see the building near completion on its site in Old Station Way and is pushing for a final batch of contributions to raise the remaining amount needed, £30,000.

Geoffrey Copeman (k & OSH 46 – 54) has become President of Norfolk Lawn Tennis Association. (See Letters to the Editor)

Beccy Crouch (95 – 00) is in her third year at St Andrews where she is studying for her M.A .in International Relations. The rest of her time is spent either in Belfast or Africa where she works on Third World development.

Nick Crouch (k & H 91 – 97) is a 1st Lieutenant in 1 Para.

Alastair Cuthbert (T 76 – 81) sent the following update:

After leaving school, I completed a Policing and Police Studies BSc (Hons) degree and worked for twelve years in Suffolk Constabulary in mainly CID roles before transferring to the Devon and Cornwall Constabulary in 1996. Since that time I have worked in Uniform, CID and the Special Operations Group before a fifteen- month spell in the Professional Standards Unit which is a team used to investigate covertly allegations of corruption made against police officers. I am now a Sector Inspector responsible for the policing of the St

Austell area of Cornwall, which includes the Eden Project. I am married with three daughters, the third Georgina, being born on 3rd September 2003.

Pascal Dalton (T 89 – 90) graduated from Kent University, Canterbury. He has just finished a one-year Bass Guitar course at the Academy of Contemporary Music, Guildford. He has several career options: TV/film industry, as a director/cinematographer; or the music industry as a live performer or on the business side.

Rachel Dawson-Smith (E 87 – 92) loves her life which involves mainly restoring discarded pieces of furniture so that they can be assimilated into contemporary home-designs. The Shed, as she calls her business, merges workshop and showroom; it is to be found in the courtyard of the Saracen's Head at Wolterton in Norfolk.

Nigel Dick (F) has been working in Barcelona and London directing the recently released S Club film.

Matt Dickinson (T 77 – 79), moving on from climbing Everest and directing TV films, has recently directed the feature film Cloudcuckooland which includes in its cast Derek Jacobi. The story and original screenplay are by Matt and Steve Varden, who also plays the central role of a young man who suffers from cerebral palsy. See it if you can! Email enquiries: airbornemovie@aol.com

Russell Doughty (96 – 01) has while at Edinburgh joined the City of Edinburgh Universities Officer Training Corps. The adventurous training is second to none – including skiing and parachuting in France and Germany, respectively. Russell was Best Male Cadet in his year in CEUOTC.

Richard Dove (k & T67 – 74) is working for World Vision in Mozambique. His wife Jacqueline is South African. They have two children – Benjamin and Joanna.

William Dryden (O 57 – 60) has had a new house built next to the Firth of Forth. He has been in touch with his contemporary Derek Plante, who lives in Australia, and hopes to see him on his next visit to the U.K. A Life Member of the B.R.D.C., William is still interested in motor racing. He enjoys trying to play golf.

Jasper Edrich (F 63 – 68) is now a Chartered Accountant working for Gobodo Forensic Accounting in Johannesburg. He has two brilliant daughters and sadly divorced after 28 years. He still plays squash and enjoys the gym and camping. Email: jaspere@gfia.co.za

Bill Elliot (OSH), an American O.G., would be happy to welcome O.G.s who are travelling in the States to his home in Roanake, Virginia, about 4½ hours south-west of Washington D.C. He has noticed Dyson Vacuums making inroads into the States. Bill spent his Gresham's year in OSH with James Dyson and remembers him as a long distance-runner – 'It is good to learn of a successful O.G. from my class and house.' Email : belliot@davishelliot.com

Andrew Ellis (94 – 99) is now studying for a BA (Hons) in Theatre Practice at the Central School of Speech and Drama. E-mail address: agellis@onetel.net.uk

Rod Evans (S), former Head of Modern Languages and Housemaster of Woodlands, has been living in retirement with his wife Margaret in Keswick. However, he is not living a life of total indolence as he is Membership Secretary and a film-selector for the Keswick Film Club which every February mounts the very sophisticated Keswick Film Festival. Rod wrote in to enquire whether Gresham's was aware of the considerable reputation of Stephen Frears (F 54 - 59) as a film director. Readers may recall that the Magazine has included an item in the past on Stephen Frears. Another one appears in this issue. Rod rounds off his missive rather ruefully: "I tried to get 'Dirty Pretty Things' onto the Spring programme, but the other two on the selection committee were a bit cautious!" PS. The Keswick Film Club was winner Best Film Programme 2001 and 2002 from the British Federation of Film Societies Awards.

Simon Everett (F 74 – 78) lives in Wiltshire. He is married with three children. He is a director of Lancaster PLC who sell and repair prestige marquees all over the country. He would particularly like to get in touch with Andrew (George) Brown (F) and Nick Leggett (T).

Molly Fallon (E 94) works for the Crypto-gamic Botanic Company. [See Marriages]. Her email address is molly@cryptogamicbotany.com

Jonathan Fawcett (H 73 – 75) has fond memories of his time at School and in North Norfolk. It all came back to him when he gave a lecture in May 2000 at the new University Hospital in Norwich. He is now a liver transplant surgeon/Professor of Surgery at the University of Queensland. Previously he studied Medicine at Newcastle and undertook early surgical training. Thereafter he gained a DPhil in Oxford and stayed there for further surgical training. Having spent an enjoyable quarter of an hour surfing through the OG website he recalled the names Copas, Rayner and Benson, 'a moderately ferocious history teacher'. (One historical link: the Chapel was built by Jonathan's great-grandfather's building firm).

Debbie Fenn (E & B 94 – 99) has gained a 1st class honours degree (BSc) in Human Biology at Oxford Brookes University.

Ralph Firman (F 88 – 93) signed a contract to drive for the Jordan-Ford Formula One team. See Feature on p. 70

Bill Fry (k & F 40 – 45) together with his wife Sylvia Read have had another busy year with Theatre Roundabout, performing one-night-stands over much of Britain and in Germany, presenting their dramatic treatments of Barchester Towers, Shadowlands and The Pilgrim's Progress. This year was topped off on November 21st – see Distinctions: 'We were summoned to Buckingham Palace, where we were invested with the honour by Prince Charles. We were impressed by the warmth of his manner – he managed to make us feel as if we were talking to an old friend – and by the trouble he had taken to learn about our work. Strangely enough, we were able to tell him that it was only about a month since we had given a performance at Windsor Castle.' –from a letter sent to Keith and Angela Dugdale.

Colina Gathercole (Greenway) (0 84 – 86) gave birth to a daughter, Cicely Christine Anne, on October 10th, 2003.

Kate Gregory (O 86 – 88) has a new job at Cheltenham University as legal advisor for staff and students with disabilities and special educational needs.

Dr Ernest Gregson (F 32 – 36) after a career devoted to medicine – Edinburgh University (1936-41), R.A.M.C. (1942-46), Kirkaldy Hospital (1946-47) and General Practice in Kirkaldy (1948 – 86) – lives in retirement in Perth.

Sienna Guillory (O 91 – 93) has completed a film called *Get a Life* which is about a woman who wants to disappear. The film, directed by her husband Enzo Cilenti, has been shown at various festivals this summer. For her part, Sienna is directing Enzo's horse-riding lessons, so he can join her on the hunting field.

Peter Hannah (F 38 – 42) wrote to say how much he enjoyed the Centenary Dinner. He still relishes his 'hobby' as Patron of Beeston (Nottingham) Hockey Club and loves watching their matches in Division 1 of the National League. Although officially retired from his own Accountancy Practice he still does a little work on behalf of a few elderly clients. He sees **Graeme Kidd** (OSH 46 – 50) and the Mumby family quite often. Very kindly Peter donated a further cheque for £100 towards the financing of the Magazine as he enjoys reading it and keeping au fait with his contemporaries.

G. Harman (OSH 84 – 87). The Club has lost contact with this member and would be grateful to receive news of his whereabouts.

Ian Harrison (T 68 – 72) attended the Newquay Reunion in lieu of the Tallis Reunion. "Living in Exeter makes trips to Holt rather difficult!" The family have a holiday home in Bideford. Ian is an executive with Hanson, the international building materials company.

Charlotte Hartley (E 94 – 99) was a member of this year's Raleigh International Malaysia Expedition. An interim report described scientific work undertaken by her group in Danum Valley:

Trail cutting continued apace, with work now having been completed on the Raleigh Trail. The phase two team have also been landscaping the area, digging trenches for fibre-optic cable, and preparing portacabins as accommodation, concreting the foundations, cleaning and painting them. They also built a nursery for the scientists, which will be used for reforestation experiments. They have also been helping scientists by accompanying them on trips into the jungle to catch bugs and to measure the mortality of seedlings. No one has yet escaped being 'leeches' during the second phase, so Danum is living up to its reputation! For relaxation the guys here have been playing rounders (very popular it seems!), football, swimming in waterfalls and, for more indoor pursuits, playing the card game 'Pig'. They also gave English lessons, receiving Malay lessons from the local staff, and attended presentations on logging and reforestation from the field centre scientists.

Charlotte also worked in the Tabin Wildlife Reserve on a joint project designed to help save the Sumatran Rhino. The mission objectives were described thus:

The Tabin Wildlife Reserve was established in 1984 and covers 121,000 hectares in the Tawau district of Sabah. The park is a conservation area and protects a diverse range of animals including the three largest animals in Sabah, Asian Elephant (100 – 200), Sumatran Rhino

(estimated between 8 and 10) and Buffalo (no info at present), as well as being a refuge for 200 – 300 Orang-utan. The area had been subjected to selected logging but this has been reduced since 1989. A newly established eco-tourism site opened in late October 2002.

This team will be involved in learning how to track Rhino including looking at bark rubbing, taking casts of footprints, mud wallows and other signs that are related to the identification of Rhino. The collated data will be used to build up information for creating a Sumatran Rhino protection unit. This group will also be involved in trail improvements to increase access for the rangers to facilitate eco studies of the area. They will be involved in challenging treks as part of this phase but more than worth it if they track down a Rhino! At the end of each phase Venturers have the opportunity to climb to the summit of Mount Kinabalu that stands 4095m above sea level and dominates the surrounding area. The ascent will take two days and it is intended that the groups will be at the top for sunrise.

Robin Herford (W 60 – 65) has been enjoying great success as the director of Gerald Moon's globe-trotting comedy-thriller *Corpse!* in the West End. The *Woman in Black* continues to pack them in.

Peter Holden (H 95 – 00) is studying Mechanical Engineering at the University of Surrey on an industrial sandwich course. As part of that he has this year been working away from the university at Perkins Caterpillar in Peterborough, helping to design and research engines for large plant applications. Peter, who has in the past shot for GB U25s, Norfolk and England, continues to shoot representatively.

Jeremy Holtom (71 – 75) has created an album of highly inspirational rock music released by BMG Records (the fifth largest record label in the world) with his rock band Six Foot Under. Jeremy plays keyboards, piano and writes some of the music as well as sings on a few tracks and has written or co-written some of the music. The album is called *Don't F*** With What God Intended* and a single *Breaking Free*.

For those of you who may wonder about the title of the album the missing word under the asterisk is Fool. Jeremy wants to go after political correctness and big brother generally and the title has therefore deliberately been chosen to evoke a reaction. In addition to his rock band Jeremy is also putting together a classical CD and hopes to top the classical and rock charts at the same time, some time in 2004. Jeremy is also founder of a company called LifePaths Partnership Limited, which helps to free people to realise their full potential and also runs Creativity Weekends where people, who have or haven't experienced music, get the opportunity to play musical instruments and create music that is recorded. The Creativity Weekends also use comedy and other creativity processes to free people from inhibitions and release creativity. Jeremy's current address and phone number are Syresham House, Syresham, Brackley, Northants, NN13 5HL. 01280 850248.

John Huins (S 66 – 69) recalls that he was mainly responsible for Tony Cuff's applying to Gresham's (Tony has just retired as Headmaster of Gresham's Prep School). Tony had written to John asking him to act as a reserve speaker for a rugby reunion dinner at the school in Norwich where he was teaching in case Cliff Morgan who had agreed to speak could not make it for some reason. In the event Cliff Morgan did turn up and spoke well. However, John was impressed by the young Cuff and knowing Logie Bruce Lockhart was having difficulties in finding a replacement at the Prep School, he informed him of Tony's

phone number. The following day Logie rang him and Tony came for an interview that day and the rest is history! John is not claiming credit, but says it was mere coincidence. John went to Edinburgh and had nine enjoyable years there. He moved to Oswestry School in 1976. He retired five years ago having been senior master for the last fourteen. John now lives near Offa's Dyke.

John Jenkinson (c & W 45 – 51) is retired and living in Ringwood, a suburb of Melbourne. John has not returned to Holt since the death of his mother in 1957. He was a fourth generation Gresham's pupil. He remembers with affection masters Philip Simon, Max Parsons, Bernard Sankey, A.B. Douglas and Malcolm Freegard but did not have a good relationship with Headmaster Olivier who disapproved of his choice of career at sea. He has not met many O.G.s since leaving Gresham's but recalls the late Jack Pickering who visited Australia often in the 70s and 80s. John also reminisced about life at Gresham's with Benjamin Britten over a late supper in Vancouver after a recital in the late 50s. He and David Sankey met in Melbourne a couple of years ago but John knows of no other O.G.s of his vintage living in Australia.

Jeremy Johnston (W 51 – 56) was unable to attend the reunion dinner in Sydney as November is the busiest month for visitors to the medicinal plant and herb farm he runs at Ancona, Victoria. Jeremy has only ever returned to England three times in 35 years and says Holt seems farther away than ever!

Beverley Jones (O 79 – 81) has become a librarian, cataloguing at the University of Lincoln Library. She often visits Norfolk and points out Gresham's to her two boys aged 8 and 14.

Jonathan (Micky) Kemp (OSH 87 – 90) after his degree in Chemistry and then computing worked for the doomed ITV Digital. Currently he works in the IT Department at Torpoint Community School in 'deepest darkest' Cornwall. Together with university friends he is setting up a shooting club called The Spent Cases (www.thespentcases.org.uk) for British universities alumni.

David King (F 58 – 63) having lectured in Economics at the University of Stirling since 1978 has recently been promoted to a personal chair. Aside from economics, David conducts the University Choir and has written two books on the eighteenth-century architect Robert Adam. David would be delighted to meet any OGs in the university.

Richard Lancaster (k & T 85 – 95) continues to amaze the U.S. military with what he and his team have achieved in the realm of space exploration on a tiny budget. Recently Richard was in Russia for the launch of his latest micro-satellite, bringing to a conclusion the installation of an Earth-orbit constellation of disaster-monitoring camera platforms. They will constantly sweep the Earth, photographing disaster areas and relaying vital information to emergency workers. Richard's next goal is to develop a cheap plane-like spacecraft that could usher in a new era of manned space flights.

Martin Lee (H 53 – 55) writes that his father **Desmond Lee** (H 26 – 31) was Head of School in 1931 and has just celebrated his 90th birthday. He believes Desmond's ability to

survive Colditz prison camp can be attributed, at least in part, to his experiences at Gresham's.

Bishop Peter Lee (k & H 58 – 65) wrote from South Africa to say that, owing to Housemaster John Coleridge's enthusiasm, he applied for an English Speaking Union Scholarship in 1965-6 and now he has been awarded the Alumnus of the Year Award for this year (previous recipients include Henry Ford !)

Hugh Lock (k & O 33 – 37) , now aged 84, returned to the School in May to talk to the Headmaster's 3rd Form History set, who were studying the 2nd World War. Hugh is still going strong and gave a memorable account of his experiences in North Africa and Italy, including the landings at Salerno when he was one of the first ashore. John Hillier, a relative of Hugh, described him thus: 'Hugh is quite a character, who with humour, determination and courage has survived the hell of WWII, the hell of adjusting to life minus one leg, and is now having to cope with gradual loss of sight.' His book *War Was A Cross To Bear*, which recounts his personal war, is now in the Imperial War Museum. Very generously, Hugh gave copies of his book to the pupils in the class plus a copy to the School. Hugh's work has been used for reference by the BBC.

His indomitable spirit was apparent to all during his visit and, following the visit of this heroic figure who was mentioned in dispatches, the School decided to produce mounted framed lists of those O.G.s honoured by their services and country for their valour in war. See separate item on p78.

Robert Lymbery (k & OSH 33 – 39) wrote to offer, in the event of a Gresham's archive-cum-museum being established, his old cricket colours cap (1939 – red with black grasshopper above the peak) and also his old School Prefect straw hatband (1938 – 9: black with crests on front). Come the day when the School acts to create the necessary facilities (the idea has been agreed in principle but the funds are not available), then we should be delighted to accept such kind offers. Robert was delighted to hear from Owen Eva following the publication in the Magazine of Robert's 1939 diary, *Worm's Eye View*.

James Mackintosh (T 75 – 80) very much enjoyed the Tallis Reunion (See p. 49). Apart from recalling that Tallis lost one house rugby match by 100 points, he commended Gresham's for being a splendidly balanced place, adding: 'It was 23 years since I went inside the School and I noticed some very good changes. Although I liked boarding, I think that the decision to go for weekly boarding and day pupils is a very good one. With ever-escalating costs for parents and to some extent a 'taboo' on going to a boarding school these days, I am sure this will attract more pupils. The knack I am sure is to keep the boarding atmosphere and sense of community.'

Catherine Manchett (E 90 – 95) read Economics at Exeter University, joined Hays Montrose as a trainee recruitment consultant, then took over the technical civil engineering section and was promoted to senior consultant in just 15 months. She has recently been appointed to be jointly in charge of Pro-Train, the organisation formed to help fill the Yarmouth and Lowestoft area's serious skills gap by raising awareness of engineering. Catherine organises and runs different initiatives with schools and companies in the area. She is keen to involve more women in the sector.

Nic(ola) Marks (now Arnold) (E 86 – 91) after living in Bath for five years finds herself living in Twickenham with her husband James. She is a Chartered Accountant with Deloitte and Touche in the City and specialises in Corporate Tax and ERP systems. Nic would be happy for O.G.s to email her: jamesandnic@btinternet.com

Andrew Marlow (c & H 73 - 80) who previously was a member of the English Guitar Quartet and taught guitar at Cranleigh School decided that with three young children he had to have a career that could earn a decent wage, so he has set up a property company. Brother **Olly** (c & H 73 - 81) has been a Housemaster at Christ's Hospital in Horsham for six years. He sent via his e-mail to Tony Cuff his fondest regards to anyone at Gresham's who may remember him.

Patrick Marriott (F 71 - 76) has his hands full in Iraq right now. Below is the opening of an extended dispatch printed in *The Daily Telegraph* on May 8th. The writer is the newspaper's editor, Charles Moore:

Wed 30 April We touch down at Basra International Airport in what, in more peaceful times, is an aircraft of the Queen's Flight, the first non-military plane to get there. Just now, it's not international and it's barely an airport: it's the HQ of 1 (UK) Armoured Division, the people in charge of all the area held by the British.

Inside, some power is working but the water isn't. Soldiers labour in the ruins of the departure lounge, amidst incongruous statues personifying flight. Sleeping quarters are in stifling, windowless rooms above the dusty check-in desks.

An oldish-looking colonel approaches me. "Charles Moore? Last saw you at prep school in 1969. Patrick Marriott." I recognise him, slightly shocked that he is two years younger than I. Luckily there are no mirrors for me to look in. Patrick lets me attend the HQ's evening briefing, which takes place at a table in the departure lounge. Old-fashioned field telephones hang from wires above the men's heads enabling reports from different areas of "theatre" to be audible.

The news is mixed: Richard Branson is flying in with medical aid on Friday; Gen Jay Garner, head of the reconstruction of Iraq (ORHA), is visiting soon; there is now money to give an initial payment to Iraqi public servants to get them back to work.

Mike Miles (OSH 74 – 79) is based in London, working for Geac, a computer software company.

Jeremy Moll (W 81 – 86) lives in Easton-on-the-Hill, Stamford with his wife Nikki and daughters Claudia (6) and Madelaine (3). He is Head of Retail Operations for Norwich and Peterborough Building Society; this involves managing the branch network. He has embarked on a part-time MBA through Loughborough University. His brother **Tim** (W 84 – 89) has his own architecture partnership, Sheil Moll Associates – based in Lavenham, and lives in Sudbury (tel. 01787 249054). Their father, **Walter** (W 39 – 43) lives in Norwich where he has just celebrated his ruby wedding anniversary with his wife Jan. Walter regularly plays golf three times a week.

Richard Moody (F 85 – 87) is Senior Vice President, Global Structural Finance at IBC Capital Markets having joined them in January 1997. See Marriages.

Catherine Moore (O 89 – 91) is Junction CDC (Cambridge Drama Centre) Youth Arts Co-ordinator and also programmes dance and theatre for the space at The Junction. Her work includes co-ordinating Club Schools, DJ and VJ workshops, film projects, workshops for MCs, youth dance platforms and young club promoter's groups. Catherine is from Norfolk, studied Performing Arts and English, went on to work for King's Lynn Arts Centre and Festival, toured in a theatre production and volunteered for a radio station. She spends her spare time learning Italian and Pilates, cooking for friends, *Waking up to Wogan*, and was once kissed by Leo Sayer!

John Mundy (k & W) and his wife have just completed their 4-year circumnavigation in their yacht, Ocean Jaywalker.

Elizabeth Nelstrop (Green) (c & E 86 – 92), married to **Nick Green**, has two children, Emily (3) and Oliver (1). The Greens live in Framsdon, Suffolk.

Sarah Papworth (Reed) (E 86 – 91) is now the mother of two children. She lives with her husband Andrew, a publisher, and their daughters, Araminta and Tatania, in West Sussex. Sarah would love to hear from contemporaries. Sarah@spingsfarm.co.uk

Stephen Pask (F 56 – 61) wrote to John Rayner as Co-ordinator of the O.G. Club for assistance in organizing a reunion dinner in Australia on 23rd November at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron. See report on p.50. He sent a synopsis of the news of about 15 O.G.s resident in Australia for inclusion in this issue. Despite the huge spread of the Gresham's diaspora in Oz, Stephen is bullish about arranging successful get-togethers in the future as the replies he received were very enthusiastic.

Sarah Peacock (Leelaphat) (O 77 – 81) lives in Northern Thailand where she runs a travel company, Wayfarers Travel Thailand. Sarah is married with two children of 11 and 13 years. Email: "Jack"jack<21@loxinfo.co.th

Patrick Peal (W 67 – 71) has a PR firm, Band and Brown Communications, which earned a commendation in PR Week Consultancy of the Year, 2002. Patrick is a member of the O.G. Club Committee and in the response to the call for more activities tried gamely to arrange a sailing match (O.G.s v the School) but was frustrated by the tight programme of events in the Summer Term. However, he did organize a most successful sailing trip out of Yarmouth for a group of O.G.s (See report on p.113)

Alistair Peel (k & T 83 – 90) married Catherine Olver on 13th September in Devon. Attending the wedding were Dom Argyle, Paul Marriage, Nick Seecharan, Nicola Arnold (né Marks) and Chris Bailey (all the way from Bangkok). Alistair plans to run in the Himalayan Stage Race early in November. It is a 100-mile ultra marathon in the Himalayas. All the money raised by the charitable enterprise goes to Cystic Fibrosis, the same charity that the Tallis Tea Party sponsored in 1985 when Jimmy Berwick, then a member of Tallis, had C.F. Ali helps run £300m. for Schrodgers and he invests money predominantly for charities (thus the above connection). For anyone who would like to contribute Ali's address is: Sleepy Hollow, Chalton, Waterlooville, Hants PO8 0BG. Gresham's School has contributed to Ali's cause.

Mike Pemberton (OSH 50 – 55) is highly pleased that his exclusive restaurant, Brovey Lair, is now amongst the top 40 foodie-haunts in the land (See Mike's nostalgic recollections on p.68).

Justus Perschmann (T 89 – 90) is Managing Director Hch Perschmann Gmb (tool distribution).

James Pike (k & H 80 – 89) has worked in the financial sector since leaving Surrey University: Robert Fleming Investment Management to BZW Investment Management (which became Barclays Private Bank) as a Fund manager for 5 years, then to Barclays Investment Management research department as Global Sector Strategist. He married Lucy in 1999 and they now have a one-year-old child. James regularly plays rugby with O.G. contemporaries.

Tom Pike (k & H 85 – 92) followed his father's footsteps and is a Captain in the 2nd Gurkha Rifles. They were the first to land in East Timor in 1999, two days after James's wedding. Following the conflict he was mentioned-in-dispatches. Based in Brunei for 2 years, he then spent a year trekking round welfare centres in Nepal, and a brief time in Bosnia before being called back to be put on standby for Afghanistan. Tom and Alison Cave (Oak) have become engaged.

Derek Plante (OSH 56 – 60) attended the O.G. Dinner in Sydney organised by Stephen Pask and felt moved to submit some news to the Club:

Having at first contemplated architecture at Kingston School of Art, Derek soon changed course into Advertising. He worked for six years as Account Executive at the London Press Exchange. In 1968 he moved to Sydney, marrying Lynn, an Australian whom he had met in London. His career in advertising and marketing developed – Product Manager, Market Research Manager with Unilever, then 11 years as Marketing Manager for Minolta cameras. In 1990 he co-established a publishing company to launch Australia's first video enthusiast magazine, Video Camera and Desktop Video, which became the leading publication of its type. Derek recently sold out to his partner and retired. He and Lynn have sold their house on Lake Macquarie which enables him to pursue his passion for sailing that started at Gresham's. Son Julian is a top-flight sailor. Derek is still keen on motor-sport and drives a Mazda MX5 in track events. Not having been back to Norfolk since 1967, Derek hopes to repair the omission soon. Derek would like to hear from any contemporaries : plante@austrametro.com.au

Clare Pointen (Adshead-Grant) (c & O 79 – 87), after graduating from Hull, trained in marketing in London, subsequently choosing to specialise in professional services. She is currently Marketing Manager for Freshfield Bruckhaus Deringer, the international law firm.

James Pointen (H 78 – 82), after gaining an HND in Civil Engineering, joined a civil engineering firm, but now works in sports retail in Norwich. He married Sharon Dixon in 2001 and they live in Briston, North Norfolk.

Andrew Prior (c & T 81 – 87) is five years into the rather frequent challenges of teaching. He qualified as an Advanced Skills Teacher for creativity which provided him with a host

of exciting tasks during the summer term.

Alex Praserchoung (T 89 – 93) who graduated from Imperial College, London in 1997 is currently undertaking a PhD in Materials Science & Engineering at the University of Maryland, College Park, Maryland, USA. He works at the Atomic Force Microscopy Lab.

Richard Reiss (OSH & W 26 – 34) who now lives in Sherman Oaks, California wrote concerning the death of Maurice Ash (see Obits.). Richard and his father Stephen, now dead, were contemporaries of Maurice. Richard recalls that Maurice gave long and distinguished service to the Town and Country Planning Association, of which Richard himself was a member for many years, his father having been a long-serving Chairman. Richard was sorry to read of Richard Sutton's death: they had corresponded following the publication of pieces by Richard in the Magazine. He was also greatly interested by the obituary on Bill Mason, a friend from their schooldays together.

John Redmond (W & T 60 – 64) is a professor in the Art and Design Faculty of Monash University in Melbourne.

Fiona Roche (Hopley) (O 85 – 87) is living in Leamington Spa. She and James have three children, Oliver (6) Rosie (5) and Anna (1)

Matthew Roche is in his last year at Exeter University reading Economics with Geography.

Sarah Roche (O 86 – 88) is living in London sharing a flat with Louise Mountain (c&O 87 – 92) She works in the press department at OKA, with Lucy Hanbury (O 92 – 94)

Tavie Roche (David-Gilbert) (O 87 – 89) lives in East Dean, Sussex. See Marriages.

Will Rockliffe (W 88 – 96) works near Swaffham for an architectural metalwork company, making custom-built staircases and railings mainly for installation in London.

David Sankey (c & OSH 44 – 53) has a cattle property in northern New South Wales and is currently enduring the worst drought in over 100 years. He is in touch with John Stone (H 50 – 52).

Jeremy Sapwell (W 83 – 88) has been promoted Major.

Peter de Yong Schouwenburg (OSH 87 – 90) has joined the Club. He returned to England in 1998 to obtain an L.L.M. in London. Since then he has been practising as a barrister/solicitor in Amsterdam.

Nick Seecharan (k & H 83 – 90) has been trying to embark on what he hopes will be a more fulfilling career – Physiotherapy.

Greg Sergeant (k & T 80 – 90) is living in Ashted, Surrey, happily married, and running his own company, The Great Little Pub Company, with sites in Cambridge and Wokingham. More are planned!

Robin Shawyer (W 60 – 65) notes that Sir Martin Wood is listed as a distinguished O.G. which is quite right; he adds: 'We bought the house where I live from Sir Martin in 1991. He did much of his scientific work in a shed in the garden here.' [See review of Magnetic Venture on p.87] Robin continues, having mentioned the inventiveness and business success of James Dyson: 'Although many of the distinguished O.G.s may not have had a very happy time at Gresham's because they are/were by nature rebels Gresham's did give them the space to be themselves and this is quite rare in educational institutions.'

Duncan Sibley (W 77 – 81) is working for Broad Oak BMW in Canterbury.

St. John Simpson (T 78 – 80) ,pursuing his career at the British Museum, curated the hugely successful main exhibition in 2002 on the subject of 'The Queen of Sheba: Treasures from Ancient Yemen'. He also edited the accompanying catalogue and collection of essays published by British Museum Press under the same name which is still available for £24.99.

David Sly-Jex carried out a co-ordination project in Southern Asia on behalf of the British Standards Institution. Based in Dhaka, Bangladesh, he met two people with Gresham's connections. David's son **Martyn** (c & W 73 – 83) still works in The Netherlands as the boss of the European end of a USA-based company involved in high-tech electronics.

Roger Smith (W 53 – 57) is retired and living in Sydney's northern beaches area. He spends a lot of time sailing offshore.

Ben Soppitt (W 82 – 87) has joined the Club. He has been working at Accenture for 5 years as a Strategy Consultant. He took a year out sponsored by the firm to work with VSO in Kazakhstan. He helped create an NGO called Business Development Foundation Kostanai, which involved raising \$100k through, amongst others, the Dutch Government and USAID. Ben plans to embark on fresh travels this year. His sister **Sam** (Oak) now has two children and is a hard-working wife and mother living at home in Berkshire.

Ashley Stevens (H 85 – 90) sent a synopsis of his career:

1990 –1993 Natural Sciences, Trinity College, Cambridge where I managed to row for the College First VIII at the expense of my Part II studies and had an absolutely wonderful time. 1993-1994 Undertook an ultimately unsuccessful attempt to train as a Royal Marine Officer. I passed all the necessary selection procedures but was eventually refused entry on medical grounds.

1994 Commenced a Training Contract as a Chartered Accountant with Touche Ross (now Deloitte & Touche). Qualified in 1997 and spent seven great years with the firm in the Financial Institutions Group ending as a Senior Manager in the Professional Standards Review Department. Essentially my role was to interpret legislation (Companies Act, Listing Rules etc.) and say whether or not the finished set of financial statements complied. Among the clients I worked on were Abbey National, NatWest, Royal Bank of Scotland, BT Pension Fund and I had some fairly enthusiastic discussions with some very senior clients over presentational issues!

D & T are an absolutely first-rate firm and I would strongly recommend that anyone who

wishes to enter the City gains the ACA qualification. Auditing is absolutely nothing like it is perceived to be!

May 2001 Entered RMAS as an Officer Cadet and was commissioned on 13th December 2002.

Lorna Stewart (O 89 – 91) is studying for an MSc in Speech & Language Sciences at University College, London. She is really enjoying the course because it combines elements of teaching and medicine. She likes both the intellectual challenge and the essential subject-matter. It's all about communication – not just making the speech sounds, but understanding spoken language, understanding social interaction, the rules of conversation, etc. The course is very compressed (2 years instead of 4), a 9 to 5 routine three days a week, one day a week clinical placement, and one day of concentrated studying, plus extra work at the weekend – only 7 weeks holiday a year too! However, compared with the pressure of heading up the finance department of Amnesty International which she did previously on a fill-in basis her present course is terrific.

Alan Stocker (k & H 77 – 86) has relocated from Mauritius to the Caribbean. He is now general Manager of the Body Holiday at LeSPORT in St Lucia.

John Stone (H 50 – 52) has a property in rural New South Wales. His brother **Richard Stone** (F 61 – 64) lives in Orange (NSW).

Roger Stuart (c & OSH 48 – 55) is now retired and living in Watford after a career in blue-chip companies, mainly GEC, Racal and Ever Ready latterly over 21 years as a Technical Author. Roger's wife is a retired teacher and his son a research chemist. Roger still takes part in choral singing.

Peter Summers (k & H 45 – 52) wrote to Michael Everitt from his home in Keri Keri, New Zealand to inform him that he would be 'coming to Blighty' in March to see his two sisters, Barbara and Rosemary. Peter and his wife Primrose have just had a 33-foot launch built to explore the islands of the Bay of Islands. Peter's main reason for writing was to thank Michael for organising the purchase and mailing of a copy of Steve Benson's 'I Will Plant Me a Tree', the recently published history of the School, which Peter assesses thus: 'It is a beautifully produced tome of considerable scholarship'. [For details of how to purchase a copy see p.4]

Pat Symonds (k & H 64 – 71) took an MSc in Automotive Engineering at Cranfield University. He is now Director of Engineering at Renault F1 and lives in Witney.

Marek Tachezy (k & T 79 – 87) works for Norwegian State Forestry as Director of Marketing & Product Development regarding hunting, fishing and eco-tourism. He lives in Namsos, not far from the Polar Circle. Fax +47 74213001.

Edward Thorne (c & F 75 – 81) was promoted Lieutenant Colonel with effect from June 2003 and assumed command of the 1st Battalion of the Royal Anglian Regiment. [See Honours and Distinctions]

Robin van Buuren (W 79 – 84) is working in Dubai for Philip Morris International, having for the previous 8 years worked for the same corporation in Lausanne. Robin and his wife Adeline, who is French, have three boys, Adrian, Oliver and Benoit. Robin keeps in touch with O.G. couple Marc and Fiona Thomas (néé Child) as well as others from Woodlands, such as Pete Rigby and Dan Lacey (based in Thailand). Adeline is amazed that the School does so much and that the 'old school tie' network exists for all the right reasons!

Alex Vracas (Hughes) (O 82 – 84) qualified as a Chartered Surveyor in 1993. She and her husband with their two children recently moved from London to Northamptonshire where Alex is enjoying a break from professional work.

Laurence Vulliamy (W 64 – 69) spent 12 years at the BBC in London, eventually specialising in outside broadcasts, and directing programmes such as Mastermind. He has been freelance since 1985 and besides being Series Producer of Gardeners' World for the BBC for a few years, one of his recent responsibilities has been planning the television coverage of national events for ITN. This has brought him face to face with some historical moments. He directed the ITV coverage of the Princess of Wales's funeral, the Queen Mother's Pageant and 100th Birthday celebrations, and eventually her funeral. Last year also saw the Queen's Golden Jubilee celebrations and processions in central London. During these years he worked closely with Buckingham Palace, and has directed four of the Queen's Christmas Broadcasts.

When not planning big events he works on a variety of other programmes such as Time Team on Channel 4, and knows a great deal more about archaeology now than when he started ! Laurence would be delighted to hear from other O.G.s; his email address is: laurence@lvulliamy.demon.co.uk

Robin Whittaker (OSH 54 – 58) has gained an MA in Modern Dutch Studies at University College, London.

Charles Wicksteed (k & OSH 36 – 43) , who has generously offered to loan the School his marvellous collection of oriental creations fashioned out of jade, ivory and bronze [See p.112], has not had an easy time in recent years. The following is his account of how he has coped with the devastating impact of a stroke:

I used to play hockey: one day I put my stick up to hit the ball and fell down unconscious. I remained unconscious for nine weeks, had surgery and am very lucky to be alive. I could not speak or walk for the first year, but over the last 11 years I have worked on towards life. One arm is still paralysed and I have tunnel vision.

Last year I am proud to say I was in New Zealand for the whole year. For the first six months I stayed with my sister and with friends. Then I was so well able to cope that I went off by myself with my pack on my back. I have been completely alone in the world for the last ten years. I think if you have no-one to help you, you can be strong more easily because you know no-one else will help you. I am an artist now, it is the thing I do best. In New Zealand I had two exhibitions and the proceeds almost paid my fare back to England.

I hope that others will take heart, and know that it is possible to make a new life, if they have a little courage and a lot of endurance.

Hilary Windridge (E 87 – 89) had a baby daughter, Rachel Skye, in January and has given

up work to look after her.

Sara Wright (Burr) (O 87 – 89) left her work at King's Lynn D.G.H. as Dermatology Specialist Nurse in 2001 to work for an international skin care nursing group on a project with the World Health Organisation. She is currently in Tanzania working with patients suffering from lymphatic filariasis. See Distinctions.

Catherine Wynn (Powrie) (O 77 – 79) lives near Forfar in Angus. She recently gained a PGCE and is teaching primary children in Dundee, following years of working in child protection. Catherine is married to Brian, a Police Superintendent; they have two boys aged 11 and 5.

Please turn to p.127 to find a form to send your news to the Editor.

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MARRIAGES AND ENGAGEMENTS

William Adshead-Grant has married Joanne Gray.

Caroline Bristeir has married Mark Richardson.

Molly Fallon has married Kevin Bernstein.

Anna Hanbury has married Sam Sykes.

Christiaan van Manen has married Marianela Peña.

Ali Peel has married Catherine Olver.

Jon Prior married Victoria Parish in 1998.

Octavia Roche has married Charles Davies-Gilbert

Caroline Tweedy-Smith has married Mr Royall.

Simon Cunningham is engaged to Sarah Harrison.

Stephen Felmingham is engaged to Caroline McDonald.

James Foottit is engaged to Camilla Stephens

Kara Goodley is engaged to Edward Searle.

Thomas Pike and **Alison Cave** are engaged.

Andrew Prior is engaged to Phoebe Smith.

Ben Rayner is engaged to Philippa Burns.

Diana Ross (Elsby) is engaged to Christopher Jacob.

HONOURS AND DISTINCTIONS

William Fry (k & F 40 – 45) and his wife Sylvia Read have both been awarded the MBE for their work with Theatre Roundabout. (See News)

Edward Thorne (c & F 75 – 81) has been awarded the MC for recent operations abroad. He was promoted Lieutenant Colonel in June, assuming command of the 1st Battalion of the Royal Anglian Regiment.

John Tusa (F 49 – 54) became a Knight Bachelor in the Queen's Birthday Honours for service to the arts in his post as managing Director of the Barbican Centre.

Sara Wright (Burr) (O 87 – 89) has won the Royal College of Nursing's International Nurse of the Year Award for her work with the World Health Organization.

CENTENARY DINNER

On 27th September the Old Greshamian Club held a splendid dinner in Big School to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the opening in 1903 of the re-founded Gresham's School three-quarters of a mile to the east of the original school in the centre of Holt.

At the Centenary Dinner attended by just short of 100 people, the main speaker, Stephen Benson, a former Housemaster of Woodlands and now the School Historian, traced the history of the move initiated and funded by the Fishmongers Company and supervised by the then newly appointed Headmaster, George Howson.

As part of his speech, Steve Benson drew amusingly on the extensive coverage of the event in the local press at the time. More seriously he underlined the high ideals and innovative educational practice of the great reforming figure of Howson, pointing to the extraordinary number of brilliant individuals whom the School fostered with its new-style syllabus and ethos.

Those attending were:

Mr & Mrs Keith Ashby
Mr Michael Baker
Mr Anthony Baker
Mr & Mrs Richard Barclay
Mr David Barker
Mr Andrew Bell
Mr & Mrs Steve Benson
Mr & Mrs James Blackburn
Mr Victor Brenner
Mr & Mrs Logie Bruce Lockhart
Mr Jumbo Burrough
Mr & Mrs George Chapman
Mr & Mrs Antony Clark
Mr Christopher Cockroft
Mr & Mrs John Coleridge
Mr & Mrs Richard Copas
Mr & Mrs Peter Corran
Mr & Mrs George Crawley
Mr John Cushing
Mr & Mrs Simon Donaldson
Mr Tim Ferley
Mr & Mrs Dick Fiddian
Mr & Mrs Robert George
Mr John Gillam
Mr & Mrs Jim Gillick
Mr & Mrs Richard Gisborne
Mr & Mrs Richard Green
Mr David Hammond
Mr & Mrs Peter Hannah
Mr & Mrs Michael Harper

Mr & Mrs Tim Hayward
Mr & Mrs Rob Howell
Mr Bill Hudson & Jacky Banks
Mr & Mrs Andrew Jones
Mr Henry Jones
Mr & Mrs Andrew Lindqvist
Mr & Mrs Charles Long
Mr Alan Mallett
Mr & Mrs Jonathan Martin
Mr Chris Masterman
Mr Sam Mayoh
Mr & Mrs Martin Olley
Mr & Mrs Alec Osborne
Mr Stephen Pask
Mr & Mrs Richard Peaver
Mr & Mrs John Rayner
Mr & Mrs Richard Roy
Mr & Mrs John Russell
Mr & Mrs Chris Saddler
Mr & Mrs Peter Salinson
Mr & Mrs Peter Stroude
Mr & Mrs Tony Village
Herr Julius von Heimendahl
& Baroness von Drachenfels
Mr Kim Whitaker
Mr & Mrs William Whitehouse
Mr & Mrs Simon Willcox
Mr John Wills
Mr & Mrs Michael Youngman

TALLIS REUNION DINNER

On May 3rd a Reunion Dinner took place in Big School for former members of Tallis House. At the Reception which took place in the House Common Room a brief ceremony occurred when Tallis, 40 years after its opening, acquired a foundation stone! It marks the part played by Sir Colin Anderson, the then Chairman of Governors, in helping to establish Tallis as a new concept in residential architecture for boarding schools – individual study-bedrooms. The emphasis was very much on privacy for each boy as a means of fostering his individuality – an important part of the philosophy of Logie Bruce Lockhart, the Headmaster at that time and a guest of honour at the Dinner along with fellow Headmaster John Arkell, John Coleridge, the founding Housemaster of Tallis, and his successors, Peter Paskell and Peter Farmer-Wright. Antony Clark, the current Headmaster, formally unveiled the foundation stone incised by Keith Bailey. Invited guests at the unveiling were Mr and Mrs Robin Carver and their children, the family of Sir Colin Anderson. The Headmaster expressed the gratitude of the School to Robin Carver for his initiative and generosity.

DINERS AT THE TALLIS REUNION DINNER

Table 1

John Coleridge
Myrna Coleridge
Nick White
Adney Payne
Rachel Payne
Liz Barnett
Jeremy Holtom
Ben Holtom
Sarah Holtom

Table 2

Nick Hanson
Caroline Hughes
Antony Clark
Brigitte Clark
Adam Pointer
Sam Pointer
Mike Martyn-Johns
Sally Martyn-Johns
Jenny Rayner

Table 3

James Mackintosh
Joy Mackintosh
Logie Bruce Lockhart
Jo Bruce Lockhart
Alastair Cuthbert
Michael Graver
Debbie Graver
David Cuthbert
John Rayner

Table 4

Brendan O'Connor
Aylis O'Connor
Peter Paskell
Paula Paskell
Ronald Lim
Julie Lim
David Smith
Eve Smith

Table 5

James Copple
Kathy Copple
John Arkell
Jean Arkell
Peter Farmer-Wright
Sarah Farmer-Wright
Oliver Pipe
Kirsty Spalton

Table 6

Andrew Jones
Denise Jones
David Horsley
Bizz Horsley
James Allen
Tom Cowper-Johnson
Charlotte Martin
Johnny Martin
Tom Farnworth

Those attending only the reception in Tallis common-room and the unveiling of the foundation stone:-

Robin Carver
Rose Carver
Airlie Inglis
Charles Inglis
Sam Carver

Tom Carver
Sarah Carver
Sue Smart
John Smart

SYDNEY O.G. DINNER

THE Sydney O.G. Dinner was held on Saturday, November 23rd 2002 at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron. Although the attendance was disappointing, sixteen O.G.s responded to the invitation and most were enthusiastic about the possibility of future get-togethers. A number of Australian O.G.s have country properties, most of which are affected by the worst drought in eastern Australia in the past hundred years.

Those attending the Sydney Dinner were:

Geoffrey and Elizabeth Andrews (G.C.S. Andrews c & W 50 – 58)

Stephen and Colleen Pask (S.F.A. Pask F 56 – 61)

Derek and Lyn Plante (D.C. Plante OSH 56 – 60)

Bill Roberts (F 80)

The Headmaster, Antony Clark, kindly sent a message of best wishes and some very positive news about the successes at the School. After dinner the group watched the television programme based on Sue Smart's book *When Heroes Die*.

Stephen Pask

Editor's note: Stephen took the trouble to write to forty or so O.G.s in Australia. Information about O.G.s down under has been incorporated in NEWS.

THE 2003 NEWQUAY REUNION THE PHILIP NEWELL CENTENARY DINNER

The Newquay weekend this year was once again blessed by glorious weather and an excellent turn-out of OGs and their guests. We were delighted that the Headmaster, Antony Clark, was able to join us for his first Newquay Dinner. Prior to receiving the invitation, he had been unaware of the School's time in Newquay.

In total there were 75 diners at the Bay Hotel on Saturday 5th April. This was only two short of the record number who attended the Newquay Reunion Dinner in 2000.

This year's Dinner celebrated the centenary of Philip Newell (born 10th May 1903) who, as wartime Headmaster, oversaw the evacuation of the school from Holt to the Bay Hotel and the neighbouring Pentire Hotel in June 1940. It was a great pleasure to have with us Philip's daughter Ruth Seton and also High Wright who was Headmaster during Philip's visits to Holt in the 1980s.

Bringing us right up to the present were two recent holders of Philip Newell Bursaries, Alice Martin and Will Salter. Alice and Will had brought with them photographs taken while working on their projects and these were put on display. Philip would have undoubtedly have taken a keen interest in the work that they had undertaken in Nepal and Malaysia.

John Rayner kindly brought with him the Newquay Cup, which was given to the School OTC towards the end of the war in recognition of service to the local Home Guard. This cup served as a splendid table decoration.

Another item of memorabilia came from Richard Palmer. Unable to attend this time he sent one of the programmes printed for a 1941 production of *Major Barbara* put on by the Old School House in the Pentire Hotel. John Moor, happily with us once more, had played Lady Britomart and was greatly amused to be reminded of his starring rôle.

Following the tradition of these occasions, Michael Sexton said grace and a memorable evening began. Many reminiscences were exchanged as we sampled the Bay Hotel's finest fare. We all stood as Joe Crowdy proposed the Loyal Toast and we were then entertained by not just one Headmaster but by two...

Hugh Wright, as Headmaster of the time, had attended the first Newquay Reunion Dinner in 1990. He told us that shortly after his appointment as Head of Gresham's he had received a remarkable letter from Philip Newell which congratulated him on his appointment and gave some words of encouragement. Hugh replied by return suggesting a visit. This marked the start of a happy time for both parties. Philip visited the School on a number of occasions, preaching in Chapel on two of them.

Antony Clark, as present Headmaster, alluded to his time in South Africa before giving us an account of Gresham's today. He endeared himself to many present by remarking that he liked his pupils to look smart and well turned out.

Joe Crowdy concluded proceedings in the dining room by drawing attention to the Philip Newell Memorial Fund and the living proof of its success in the guise of the two Bursary Holders who were dining with us. The Fund is in good heart but, given the general financial circumstances of today, some topping up would be appreciated.

Following the Dinner we were asked to reassemble in the entrance hall of the hotel. Martin Wood climbed a few steps up the main staircase to address us all before he unveiled a plaque.

Apart from a change of name, this plaque is almost identical to that which was unveiled by Bernard Sankey in the Pentire Hotel in 1990. The wording on that plaque had been blessed by Philip Newell himself and there seemed no good reason to make further changes.

Martin Wood noted that he was the only person present who had been at Gresham's before, during and after the evacuation to Newquay and had also been at Kenwyn and Woodlands, the two houses accommodated in the Bay Hotel.

Martin Wood had brought with him his vintage surfboard though it is not clear whether or not he used it on this visit. He also brought along some photographs he had taken during the war including a rare internal view of the dining room we had just been eating in. The columns and trusses featured in this photograph could readily be identified today.

For some, Newquay Reunions last just the evening of the Dinner, but most stayed at least one night in the Bay Hotel and went up to the Pentire Hotel for morning coffee on Sunday. Many stayed two or three nights or even longer taking the opportunity to visit the Eden Project, the Lost Gardens of Heligan and other local attractions.

The organiser would also like to thank all those who wrote to him afterwards, many urging another reunion in 2006. Watch this space!

Frank King (F 55 – 61)

DINERS AT THE NEWQUAY REUNION 2003

The Headmaster
A.J.M. and Mrs Baker
R.F. and Mrs Barclay
C.J. Bennett
J.T. and Mrs Brauhnoltz
R.H. Brown
R.F.C. Butler and Guest
D.C. and Mrs Byford
J.R. Carter
J.P. Crowdy
D.M.R. Eagan
A.C. and Mrs Eaton
A.C. and Mrs Flint
R.M. and Mrs Franklin
D. and Mrs Freeman
I. and Mrs Harrison
M.R.J. and Mrs Holmes
W. and Mrs Hudson
J.R. Hussey
S.J. and Mrs Hutchence
L.R. and Mrs Jarvis
F.H. King
N.H. and Mrs Lee

J.E. and Mrs Lennard-Jones
D.J. Lowe
Alice Martin
C.J.B. and Mrs Martin
S. Mayoh
P.J. Mellows
D.G. Mitchell
W.P. and Mrs Moll
J.F. Moor
J.B. and Mrs Paton
F.J. and Mrs Ramuz
J.S. and Mrs Rayner
V.C. and Mrs Raywood
R. Ruddock-West
W. Salter
Ruth Seton
M.B. and Mrs Sexton
D.H. and Mrs Spencer-Jones
J.C.R. and Mrs Turner
R. Whittaker
J.H.A. and Mrs Willis
M.F. and Lady Wood
H.R. and Mrs Wright

AN APPEAL FOR HELP. WERE YOU A CAD?

In *Gresham's in Wartime*, Philip Newell refers to the steep path which ran between the Pentire Hotel and the Bay Hotel. Normal entry to the Bay was at the front of the Hotel which was on the far side of the building from the Pentire. An alternative route 'allowed the privileged to take a short cut and enter the classrooms and study bedrooms from the back. This was the Cads' Walk reserved for staff and school prefects.'

Many former residents recall this route but no one at the Reunion was able to identify the point of entry at the rear of the building that the Cads would have used. The only plausible ways in would have meant going through the kitchens, the hotel office or one of the main classrooms. Moreover, no-one admitted ever having been a Cad.

In the interests of accurately recording this crucial morsel of Gresham's history, numerous former residents have been consulted, notably Brian Reid, Anthony Baker, David Byford, David Mitchell and Martin Wood. Unfortunately, it has not been possible to come to any firm conclusion. Hence this appeal for help...

If any wartime Greshamian who remembers the Cads' Walk can say just where the Cads entered the rear of the Bay Hotel then please let me know via one of the addresses below. This has been puzzling me for far too long!

Frank King
Churchill College
Cambridge CB3 0DS

or e-mail fhk@cam.ac.uk

THE HEADMASTER'S SPEECH

5th July 2003

Prime Warden, Chairman of Governors, Guest of the Day and Lady Rowland, Ladies and Gentlemen, and pupils of Gresham's School.

If I had been told three years ago that I would be standing addressing a large gathering on an English summer's day in the middle of a wood somewhere in Norfolk, I would have been more than a little sceptical. But what might have been improbable some years ago has become a reality, and it is my pleasure to relay to you over some 15 minutes – because I know you will struggle to listen for longer – just something of the exhilaration of the past months.

I must confess that exhilaration was not a term that I might have associated with my first few days here when, over the Summer months, the so-called crisis associated with A Level examinations was breaking. To be frank, I was extremely confused by such matters as the redefinition of grade boundaries, the manoeuvring of examination bodies, the political undertones of some decisions and the apparent breakdown of a system for which the world has long had the highest regard. In the end, relatively few Gresham's pupils were affected and 16 out of an A Level class of 85 achieved 3 or more A grades, with 5 of those achieving 4 A grades, whilst the overall pass rate was the highest achieved by Gresham's since 1995. The AS Level examinations had been taken more seriously, too, and the results there were pleasing, whilst at GCSE Level there were some real stars. Saskia Payne and Alice Davies were placed in the top 5 out of some 400,000 candidates in their examining boards in English Language and English Literature, whilst Christopher Walton was placed in the top 5 in Electronics by his board. There has been a worry, particularly emanating from discussion over the A Level results and the issue of 'widening access' to universities, that Independent Schools are discriminated against on entry. HMC has been very much to the fore in analysing the situation and is not yet satisfied that Bristol University's response has fully met the criteria of fairness, but it is satisfied that other universities, including Oxford and Cambridge, have equitable policies. Naturally, standards have been driven up and so, whereas previously it might only have been the exceptional student who gained 3 As at A Level, this is now, as I indicated a moment ago, not the case. It is, therefore, taken as a given when students are interviewed for the top universities that they will have a host of As predicted for them, and it is the extra flair and the evidence of wider reading, *inter alia*, that leads to acceptance.

Lest one should become discouraged, some statistics, published in the ISC Newsletter of the Spring of this year, are helpful in an analysis of the position regarding university entrance and confirm that pupils from independent schools are in a stronger position than may have been suggested in some press reports: in 2001-2, the number of those in independent schools writing A Levels constituted just less than 20%, but more than 36% of all candidates achieving 3 As came from independent schools, whilst in Mathematics, the Sciences, Modern Languages, Economics and History, between 40% and 50% of all the A grades awarded to Sixth Formers went to independent school candidates. My point is that, whilst there is, doubtless, a move to widen

access, there should be no question about the strength of the position of candidates coming from independent schools, such as Gresham's.

Speech Days tend to celebrate the achievements of those who have excelled academically, and it is right to recognise in this forum those who have reached great heights in this sphere. It is, after all, their moment of triumph. But I am pleased that, amongst the prizes to be awarded today, there are some for those who have displayed collegial spirit in their Houses, for example, and who have led balanced lives. A balanced outlook is one of the key features of most Greshamians, and it is relatively few who do not contribute to or make their mark in Music, Drama, Art, Debating or a range of different sports.

My Letters to Parents have set out to encapsulate some of the successes (and some of the not so successful aspects) of the extra-curricular programme, as well as commenting on topical issues of a more philosophical nature. I cannot, in just a few minutes here, list all of those successes, but perhaps an eclectic review of some of the highlights bears exploration: the excellence of our musicians is so plain to all who have listened today to the Choir, who see Mark Jones red in the face and perspiring profusely as he brings in the altos with the greatest precision; there are six pupils in the National Youth Choir, one in the National Youth Wind Orchestra and there are brilliant pianists and cellists, trombonists and violinists who delight us on a regular basis; there are the Jazz Bands who have performed creditably at a range of venues and, in mentioning them, I have not yet begun to scratch the surface of the depth and range of our Music. I have been to schools where Music is not a key component of the make-up of the school and one can feel this instantly the moment one sets foot in such a school. How very fortunate we are at Gresham's to live in an environment, where, daily, we are suffused with Music. We are also tremendously privileged to have the Auden Theatre in our back garden, as it were, not only because it provides the venue for such excellent productions as *The Comedy of Errors* or *West Side Story*, both of which were so highly acclaimed, but which is the venue for professional productions to which our pupils have access. One wonders whether a Jack Lowe, who will be working with the National Youth Theatre over the Summer, would have excelled as he has without the guidance of Paul Hands and Carolyn Rigby and without the venue of the Auden Theatre.

The Cairns Centre provides another wonderful setting for Art and Design and Technology, and for Photography. Here we see the Inter-House Art Competition, here we may witness an Artist in Residence, here we may see the designs of the entrepreneurs of the future. How many James Dysons are currently developing ideas which will soon be patented and, for that matter, how many Benjamin Brittens and W. H. Audens are deepening their creativity and refining their expression as they walk along the paths and through the corridors of a School that is well over four centuries old.

In the world of sport, we have similarly enjoyed an excellent year and, in some areas, we have done better than ever: our Girls' Under 14, Under 16 and Under 18 Hockey players were all East of England Champions, and 2003 marked the first time ever that this success had been achieved across all of the age groups. The Under 16 girls went further and became runners-up in the National Finals. Our Shooters have excelled, and Matthew Firman is the English Under 18 Champion, whilst Hannah Jones is the

Welsh Under 18 Champion, amongst other internationals; the Shooting Team also enjoyed a successful tour of the West Indies, competing against senior national sides. Our Netball girls have done better than in most years and have beaten the majority of our rival schools, and we look forward to welcoming to our part-time games coaching staff, Helene Lincoln, who is a current English netball international. Our First Girls' Tennis Team is unbeaten in School matches, whilst our First Rugby Team reached the last 16 of the Daily Mail Cup and we had two pupils selected to represent England Under 16 at rugby. One of these, Tom Youngs, was named 'Player of the Series' after the Under 16 Internationals. I wish our Rugby players well as they travel to South Africa soon on their six-match tour. Our Cricketers have had a string of good wins at the beginning of the season including a memorable one over the MCC. We have had more athletes going to the National Finals this year than ever before and, amongst them, Henry Butt has been an exceptional high jumper. In Swimming our boys came fourth in the Dunelm Cup for Medley Relay Swimming competed for by most of the other independent schools; again this was our best performance ever and Tom Morrison broke a record that has stood for over two decades. On the Hockey pitch our boys did very well too, and our Under 15s narrowly missed becoming national champions, whilst our Sailing Club has been successful in regattas against other schools like Rugby, Stowe and Haileybury. The year has been full of wonderful achievements and is full of memories of balanced individuals: perhaps I will remember Zöe Sallon scoring a goal for the girls' 1st X1 and rushing off to play in a concert an hour later, before ending the day in rehearsals for the superb Sixth Form play. Perhaps I will remember Alex Peaston gaining line-out ball or bowling with his double-step action and then leading the Woodlands contingent in the Inter-House Music Competition. Perhaps at a younger level, it is Ollie Boesen I recall, compiling 75 runs one afternoon and then playing the saxophone in the Third Form Big Band. There are other memories, too, of individual successes, too many, naturally, to itemise, but just recently Georgia Williams' beautiful rendition of *I Dreamed a Dream* at Little Walsingham and Will Stebbings' hitting a six onto the roof of Big School in the Oakham Match come to mind. A year past provides a Headmaster with a kaleidoscope of images that are etched on the mind and, without taking anything away from the girls and boys who have excelled or, conversely, have gone about their tasks with courage and tenacity, may I say that there are often staff in the background who have guided them as they strive for greater heights. It is sad, always, to say farewell to such staff who have served the School loyally over many years. At the end of the Lent Term, Steve Moore retired after some two decades at Gresham's. As Head of Design and Technology, he had seen the advent of the Cairns Centre and had much to do, *inter alia*, with the CCF, as well as serving loyally as tutor, and in other capacities. We wish him well. This term we say farewell to Sean Creaser who has been a part-time Art, Photography and Design and Technology teacher as he leaves us to go to a permanent full-time position and we thank him for his work here. We also thank David Sharp, a very experienced ex Second Master of Oundle, who has taught History part-time so well over the past two years. Rosemary Kimmins, a really wonderful lady who has graced our Music Department for a decade, takes leave of us today: amongst other tasks she has pioneered the Third Form Girls' Choir and has organised the Music and Munch lunch

hour concerts. We will miss her greatly, though she will be back to help us with the organisation associated with our HMC Inspection next year. We say a sad farewell, too, to Adam Edwards and his wife, Jill, who are to move to Edinburgh where Adam is to take over the reins of Fettes College Preparatory School. Adam is the epitome of the all-round school master, the teacher, the coach in all terms, the Housemaster whose boys know there is a right way and a wrong way to go about things, and who normally are sensible enough to opt for the former. I thank him for his immense contribution to Gresham's and I wish the Edwardses well in their new challenge. The Chairman is to thank the Bursar, Roger Betts, who retires in December and, since we have decided not to duplicate our sentiments, I will shut up, but not before I have thanked Roger Betts for his role over 14 years. And then, may I bid farewell to Tony and Helen Cuff, who started their lives in Holt teaching in the Senior School in 1969, some 34 years ago; as Tony recalls he did not have a contract at all in those days and was simply hired one Sunday morning, without references and certainly without a police check, by the legendary Logie Bruce Lockhart. Having made an enormous impact here at the Senior School, Tony and Helen were translated to the Prep School, and Tony has built up the Prep School shrewdly over the last 19 years. He has drawn to that School a staff that is second to none in preparatory schools and his legacy is a great number of happy and balanced children. Within five minutes of meeting Tony, I became aware of the importance of Welsh rugby in his life and, during a season of unmitigated disasters for Welsh rugby, I have enjoyed calling him on a Saturday night to ask him if I could borrow a videotape of what I had been told had been a good game. Welsh can be a very expressive language and, on occasion, in a good-natured way, Tony has begun to teach me a little Welsh. Tony, it has been rewarding and fun working with you and, on behalf of the Senior School, I wish you and Helen a happy retirement.

I wish to thank, in particular, two Senior School staff members who are not retiring for their support this year: Norman Semple who is extremely knowledgeable and has been a tower of strength in his guidance on academic matters and Sue Smart, our Deputy Head who is lively, resourceful, straight talking, industrious and an excellent support to me. Thank you, too, to the other staff who have made things happen at Gresham's this year through their hard work and enthusiasm, through their meaningful interaction with pupils and through their imagination and vision of what is possible. We have a very committed, conscientious staff and I thank them for their individual contributions over this year.

I look forward to next year, with a sense of excitement, with the knowledge that I will understand so much better the pulse and the rhythm of a Gresham's School year; during next year, a Development Plan will begin to unfold, a plan that seeks to articulate the goals towards which we as a School community will be working, a plan that aims to give enhanced cohesiveness to the already good relationships that exist between the Pre Prep, the Preparatory School and Gresham's Senior School. Though the Development Plan will lay down broadly what we are seeking to achieve in terms of our ethos, our curriculum, our financial planning and other dimensions, it will not be completely cast in stone. Flexibility is important, but so is an approach that seeks continually to improve or develop further. I have always had the view that the notion

of continual development, of seeking constantly to evaluate in which areas a school could improve is the most fundamentally important guiding principle in the *modus operandi* of a good school. And this is not simply a good School; it is an excellent School with a range of truly remarkable attributes and characters contributing to it. But, unless there is constant questioning as to how to make it better by degree, stagnation can set in. Thus it is that comments from parents and others, which are constructively expressed and helpful, make an impact on the direction of Gresham's. We are, as you know, engaged with developing further standards of dress and demeanour and with a range of other issues. This will continue, and, indeed, I look forward to the continuation of such initiatives. In the broadest terms we are 'owned' by many people, Governors, staff, parents, OGs and pupils. Their views will not necessarily coincide and, in moving among these groups, I cannot necessarily agree with everyone's opinion, but I do wish to listen to clearly articulated views and I thank you for the constructive comments that I have already been fortunate enough to receive from so many seated here today.

I would like to wish those leaving us well, and to thank Jo Rose, Henry Butt and the School Prefects for the sometimes difficult path they have trodden through the year, and for conscientiously applying themselves to their tasks. It strikes me that, sometimes, it is very difficult to maintain the degree of balance in university life that has so naturally been part of a Gresham's education; but my message to you leavers today is that I believe that it will be your ability to retain that Gresham's balance above all that will result in your fulfilment and success in later life. Without it, you will be far less likely to lead a life that is meaningful and rewarding. Hold fast to the simple things you have learned here.

Finally, may I thank the Chairman and the Governors, for your support and for the enormous commitment that you make to the School in honouring the finest intentions of our Founder, Sir John Gresham, and the other forces for good that have shaped this remarkable school and taken it to the great heights that it has reached over nearly 450 years. I regard it as a privilege and a challenge to act as custodian of the values of the School for my time as Headmaster, and to seek to enhance its name and reputation. Thank you for entrusting me with this task.

THE CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH

Prime Warden, Headmaster, Ladies and Gentleman, Greshamians. I want to start by congratulating the Headmaster on the weather. John Arkell had a pretty chequered record of arranging the weather for speech Day but, Headmaster, you have made a splendid start. Keep it up.

But can I also congratulate him on his first year at the helm of Gresham's. No one could have displayed more energy and stamina in picking up the reins of office and leading the School through a successful, even if, at times difficult, year and I haven't noticed any strange South African habits being introduced, yet! He and Brigitte have quickly established themselves at Lockhart House and he has successfully blended the maintenance of Gresham's traditions with subtle changes to respond to the changing demands of the education world and to reflect his own vision and beliefs. In particular, I have admired his attention to regular communication with parents regarding the achievements of pupils across the enormous spectrum of activities that take place at Gresham's. The Clarks' children have made their own marks at the Prep and Pre-Prep Schools and their eldest Andrew joins the Senior School next term.

Ladies and gentlemen, last year we started on what, with hindsight, was perhaps an overdue programme of upgrading the boarding houses. We started, as you know, with Britten and I gather the improvements there have been admired by virtually everybody. I hope and believe that parents and pupils will be equally excited in September when you come back and you see the modernisation and refurbishment of Farfield and Howson's – sadly, they cannot be completed in one go. We plan to complete these two houses next year and then move progressively to the other houses. I believe this is an essential ingredient to our determination to attract more boarders in the years ahead. We plan to market ourselves to a wider range of prep schools to balance the splendid and welcome recruitment each year of well over 60 pupils from our successful Prep School.

And talking of the Prep School, yesterday we bade farewell to Tony Cuff as its Headmaster. I would like, on behalf of the Governors, to congratulate Tony and Helen for their inspirational leadership of that school over the past 19 years and I am sure there are many pupils around this theatre who look back with great joy on their time at the Prep School.

Another retirement, albeit not until the end of this year, is that of the Bursar, Roger Betts. He has led the support services of all three schools over the past 14 years and deserves great credit. It is in many ways a thankless task – he has not got a bottomless chequebook, and hence so often has to say no to a bright idea, and yet, of course, it's the complaints about anything and everything that always seem to land on his plate. The particular features that I believe have improved immeasurably in recent years are the grounds, paths, roads and gardens throughout the School. Bursar, thank you for all you have done, not least in arranging 14 Speech Days and having staff ready this morning to move 1,000 chairs from the sports hall to the open air theatre or the other way round at short notice. Speech Day is probably the toughest day of the year for the Bursar, but he has, of course, been loyally supported by his wife Lyn who has played an invaluable role as School Counsellor – many pupils here will have been grateful for her existence and I am glad she will be continuing with us.

Earlier this year a group of Governors spent a day with the Headmaster and other senior staff discussing the longer term future of Gresham's. Our plans are at a preliminary stage and before we formalise them into the development plan to which the Headmaster referred we intend to consult staff, parents and OGs so that there is widespread ownership of and support for the direction we intend to take. I am very grateful for the interest that everyone so far consulted has shown in this project, which will ensure the continued success and achievements of Gresham's over the next 10 years and it is a timely move with our 450th birthday coming up in two years' time.

I want now to introduce our Guest Speaker, Sir David Rowland. Sir David is no stranger to schools, being Deputy Chairman of the Governors of St. Paul's. Now, at that school they apparently have a rather frightening speech day tradition, which he tells me he has experienced. The equivalent of their Guest Speaker has to read the work of four top pupils and then comment on it in public – and such work can range from biology to classics and at a pretty advanced level. Apparently the objective of this tradition is for the outsider to form an opinion and doubtless express an opinion on the effectiveness of the Headmaster's leadership of teaching at the school. Headmaster, the Governors are considering such a method of performance appraisal but until then, Sir David, you will be relieved to know that we are merely asking you to speak, and then wear out your right hand giving away our prizes.

Sir David brings with him a formidable reputation based on a varied and successful career. His main career was in the insurance industry, culminating in his appointment in 1993 as Chairman of Lloyds where he was responsible for literally rescuing that world-renowned market from extinction following a series of disastrous underwriting years. He later became Chairman of National Westminster Bank, and yet despite such heavy commitments he has found time to play a major role in numerous other spheres, and in particular at Templeton College, Oxford, where he is President – and I believe, as a non-graduate, that's the equivalent of Master.

Some of you will remember Sir Claus Moser speaking here so memorably a couple of years ago and I asked him about David Rowland – he replied that David has been the greatest influence of all those involved in leading Oxford to its present strength in management studies. In particular, he stressed Sir David's ability to bridge academic and intellectual approaches with an unrivalled knowledge of the practical business world. I should add that Sir David lists his recreations as golf and slow walking but, while they may go well together, doubt if he has much time for either. What more could we look for in someone invited to our Annual Speech Day. Sir David, thank you for coming and welcome.

SIR DAVID ROWLAND'S SPEECH

Chairman, Prime Warden, Headmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen. I shouldn't believe a single word of anything you have heard so far and certainly one of them was definitely wrong. I list my recreations as golf and running slowly, but not at the same time. My true occupation now is trying very hard indeed not to become a grumpy old man and quite seriously I cannot think of a better antidote to that than spending last night and this morning with you at Gresham's. Diana and I were delighted to be included in Tony Cuff's retirement dinner last night, where it was impossible to be present without feeling the love which you all feel for him and for his wife and that's a great privilege to be coming to a great school and feeling a well of affection towards somebody who has done a job really well. Today we went to Chapel and then we spent time in the theatre. I have to confess that was my choice because you need to know also that the highpoint of my career was not any of the things at all that have been mentioned to you but actually playing the Honourable Gwendoline Fairfax in the *The Importance of Being Earnest* at the age of 14 at St. Paul's. Everything else, I do assure you, has been downhill since that time and so even the modest opportunity of standing before you with lectern, microphones and limitless time is quite irresistible. So watch it those of you who performed today – see what can happen to you in the end. I went quite recently, a few weeks ago, to hear a lecture given by a very good friend, Andrew Phillips, now The Lord Phillips of Sudbury, a very distinguished lawyer specialising in charity work and he was asked to give the Allen Lane Memorial Lecture. Allen Lane, the man you may remember who founded Penguin Books and there is an annual lecture given in his memory. Andrew chose a theme which was perhaps the reverse of the popular mantra you know, that which says charities, schools, educational establishments, all sorts of charitable enterprises have so much to learn from business if only they became more efficient and adopted business methods. Andrew turned that on its head and his lecture was the other way round – it was what business could learn from charities. Because he started off by reminding everybody about something which is under our very noses but we tend to forget, that institutions of the greatest longevity in this country, and there are hundreds, thousands of them almost, are those which started off with a charitable aim. There are myriad organisations started by people with passion, commitment, a belief that solutions are not provided instantly. You have to run a marathon not a sprint in order to get there, and almost certainly what you are doing will benefit generations years ahead and not the one that you can see yourself. Just like the way your History was written, you 'Plant a Tree' and somebody else, sees the benefit of it. Now you have been the beneficiaries of that too. Sir John Gresham founded this school and there is a fascinating link with my own situation. I was at St. Paul's, I am now Deputy Chairman of the Governors, and that school was started by John Collett. He was a Mercer as John Gresham was a Mercer. John Collett founded St. Paul's about 40 – 50 years ahead of this School – and by the time John Gresham, a distinguished Mercer, had decided what he was going to do here, he looked at the Mercers, a great company, and decided that they already had too great a commitment to education and he decided the Fishmongers were the proper custodians of his charitable aims. Now John Collett when he died said in his will that he left his estate in trust, not in the trust of the men of either church or state because he didn't trust them, but he did trust the good men of the Mercers' Company, and I don't know whether Sir John wrote exactly the same but I suspect very strongly that he was thinking just that about the Fishmongers. Now I

think we don't celebrate these things enough. We can get grumpy about old institutions, we can get cross about some of their strange methods and the funny clothes that they wear, but it is a quite an extraordinary achievement to think that 450 years ago, 500 years ago, two men decided to leave property in trust and here we are today with fantastic foundations which have made a real difference to this society. Now in a world where there is so much short-term emphasis, where I do become a grumpy old man about some of the symbols that are put in front of us, I don't think that we all, all of us, all of you, all of us sitting here, actually get up and make enough noise about saying, look what we have actually got as the very framework and pillars of our society.

Well now, having started with a passionate plea about expressing the things that are good about our background, let me try and explain why I am here. I am here because your Chairman is a friend and he asked me to come here and I was delighted, but can I go back a little in the story? Can I go back to the 2nd January 1956, when a young man emerged from the Bank tube station in the City of London, walking up Leadenhall Street wearing a bowler hat, dark suit – I had one suit. Suits in those days were like carpet material, they were rather thick. I had a gold watch chain which I was very proud of, a rolled umbrella because we all carried rolled umbrellas, and I marched up Leadenhall Street to come to my first job. I was starting to work in somebody else's family business. I had been to St. Paul's, I had gone to Cambridge to read Medicine and I decided while I was reading Medicine that I didn't want to be a doctor. I am extremely bad with my hands and it seemed, on the whole, not to be a good thing ... well, I'll leave you to comprehend that. I said to my father I didn't wish to be a doctor and he pointed out that not wishing to be a doctor was not a potential career and what was I going to do. Well, in those days one had to do National Service, so I went into the Army and when I came out I had got a job in the way that was so familiar at that time. "My father had a friend". My father had a friend who ran a family business in the City and I joined that family business. So there I was marching up Leadenhall Street, bowler hat, dark suit to Number 52-54 in which lived Matthews Wrightson, the company I was joining, and there I was sat at the end of a long mahogany desk and I had joined the Marine Department of a Lloyds Insurance broker. All you need to know is that we were middle-men dealing with insurance. And my first job was sitting there sticking bits of paper, clauses, legal clauses, on Marine Insurance Policies. I was given a card which was the evidence of the contract that had been placed, certain conditions on it. I had to pick clauses out of a box in front of me and stick them with some glue on the edge of the insurance policy, fold it neatly and put it to one side. Now I did tell you that I was extremely bad with my hands, so I like to think that, even today, legal battles across the world are being fought because I stuck on the wrong clauses, almost certainly, and they would have fallen off. But it gives you time to look around and I looked around and I found diligent people who joined the firm from school at 14, 15, all doing their work honourably and carefully, and I saw the Chairman, Anthony Wrightson, walk through the office. This was very unusual at that sort of time. The Directors were usually shut away somewhere else. The firm employed about 150 people and he was a rather imposing figure. I thought he should have been the Archbishop of Canterbury - bald head, little round glasses, black jacket, striped trousers, bigger watch chain even than me, rather large stomach, walked through the office and he would say in the morning "Good morning, Mr. Campion" – Mr. Campion was the Office Manager – "Good morning, Donovan" – Mr. Donovan was the Chief Clerk. "Good morning, David" – I was the lowest of the low. And he said it like that because in saying it completely unconsciously because he was an extremely nice man, he

type-cast us all. Mr. Campion would never become a Director or a Partner, he was Mr. Campion. Donovan might become Mr. Donovan when he succeeded Mr. Campion. David, because he joined the firm as a friend of the family from university, could become a Director. Now you notice these sorts of thing and I am telling you of the 1950s. There are things around today like that. You need to be aware the whole time of the impression that you are giving to other people, absolutely unconsciously. Anthony Wrightson was truly a good man and he didn't know what he was doing. So you need to watch very carefully and to learn lessons if you can, from the way you see other people behave and the way they affect you. Well, shortly after that I was promoted. I moved to another long mahogany desk. I sat there and I had to note declarations that came in – values of property, wages and things like that and enter them in various ledgers. Now, I was a smart young man from university and I like to think that I was capable of doing quite a lot of things and I cannot honestly tell you how this first happened, but it must have been on a particular day I had a form that came in and I didn't quite know what to do with it. And the obvious thing, of course, was to turn to my neighbour, the next guy along on the mahogany desk and say "Help me". And I didn't. I put it to one side. The next day something else happened like that, and the next day, and the next day, until at the end of a week I had a little pile. Between the divisions in the mahogany desk there were cupboards, so I put it in there. After three months, there was a very big pile of things that I hadn't done and I became very adept at explaining to people why when people telephoned to discover why they hadn't had an acknowledgement that it hadn't come to them. I was a good liar and I got away with it for a long time. Of course, I knew that I would be discovered. It was a ridiculous situation to have got into and if I was discovered I had brought the firm into disrepute, I had actually caused liabilities for things that we should have done that I had not done. And one day somebody else opened the cupboard and it all fell out. And I spent 24 hours quaking in my shoes or my seat, knowing that I was going to be sacked. I was summoned by the boss of that department, a member of the family, not the Chairman, but another member of the family, and he didn't actually sack me. And what he said to me was as follows: "He said you can stay in the firm provided you clear every single thing up yourself and you cannot do that without going to everybody else in the Department and telling them exactly what has happened and asking for their help. If at the end of six months, and it will probably take you that length of time to unscramble it, you have done it to their satisfaction and to mine, you can stay in the firm. But there is still one other condition, you must never ever pretend that it hasn't happened. It was an extremely painful period. I was due to go off on a cricket tour, all sorts of things like that, and I knew, of course, as I went to the people in my Department they were laughing behind their hand and saying "Of course he is only being kept on because he knows the family" and all sorts of things that you can think of, but it was a lesson that has made more difference to my life than anything that has happened to me. About four years after that I was put on the Board and I was, in fact, the boss of the very department and the very people who knew the nonsense that I had actually made. The only possible way that that could have happened was to discover what I am sure many of you will have discovered already - and if you haven't, please do so - that if you ask for help there is almost nobody in this world who would refuse it to you. They may say things about you – 'My God, he should have known about that.' But people do help and if you say 'Please' and 'Thank you' and 'Sorry' you can achieve miracles. Later on when I became grand and chairman of that company and chairman of other companies and very particularly when I was fortunate enough to have a quite extraordinary job, that David referred to, as Chairman of Lloyds in

a very, very difficult crisis and the only way you could conceivably get through it was by getting a hell of a lot of help from an enormous number of people and admitting you were wrong very often because you couldn't possibly be right all the time. That is the way we got through that sort of situation. Now I forget it, I forget it every single day of my life, and I don't do it enough and I look at our leaders and our politicians and I long for them to learn those sorts of lesson because I think one of the great sins of our society at the moment is this portrayal of perfection and infallibility. We all know that we are imperfect, we all know that we are a grey muddle inside. I hope you are a bit less of a grey muddle than I am, but you know what I mean. We don't know the answer to everything and there is absolutely nothing wrong in admitting that you don't know it sometimes and saying, "Sorry, I'll try harder". I think that gives you credibility with your colleagues and certainly amongst leaders I think it is an extraordinarily important quality. So, that led me through a career in the City in the insurance business and it led me to all sorts of other things as well because although I was passionate about what I was doing, because I do think despite what I said about longevity of charities, that you can become passionate about business as well, I was never ever taught in that old family business I joined about profit. I was taught everything about duty to clients and reputation. That was the thing that actually mattered and here again I think we are losing some of the essential core and values of what can be in all walks of life, schools, universities and businesses as well. I never actually agreed with Adam Smith in the *Wealth of Nations*, that great book he wrote in the 1770s, where he said that people of the same trades seldom meet together but the conversation ends in a conspiracy against the public or in some discussion to raise prices. That was the view he had then about what people did in business. I have been lucky enough to know some remarkable people in business who absolutely as part of their core activities have set off to try to deal with some of the problems in society. The same motivation that John Collett had and John Gresham had. Two friends of mine founded something called 'Full Employ' dealing with the City unemployment problems in London in the early 1970s that led to the foundation of Business in the Community. Nothing to do with profit, all to do with a feeling that if you are prosperous and comparatively rich compared to other people you owe a real duty to society to do something about it. But I don't have to say that to you here at Gresham's because the feeling of this school has always been, and I am sure you will continue it, that you are here in order to develop yourselves, to be developed, in order to put back in society so much more than just the obvious labels and that indeed is the feeling coming here to Gresham's that your guests have.

Curiously, I lecture at Oxford, I lecture at Oxford about (I hate the title) Leadership. I don't like the title but we can't think of another one on management courses, and I quote (nothing to do with today at all), some lines that one of your most famous of Old Boys wrote, because there is something in those lines that express what I feel. It is W. H. Auden and he wrote

"You need not see what someone is doing to know if it is his vocation, you only have to watch his eyes. A cook mixing a sauce, a surgeon making a primary incision, a clerk completing a bill of lading, wear the same wrapped expression, forgetting themselves in a function. How beautiful it is that eye on the object. Look". So forget yourselves and mind about what you are doing, mind about whatever comes next and remember to say 'Please' and 'Thank you' and 'Sorry' and remember that everybody in this world makes mistakes. Admit them, ask for help and you will have a wonderful life.

‘I realised that life is fragile’

James Dyson, inventor of the bagless vacuum cleaner, examines a laboratory slide containing a sample of genetic material from a woman with breast cancer. He listens intently as scientists explain how the information could one day transform the treatment of this killer disease.

The gene analyser – or “microarray” technology – that attracts Dyson’s attention can assess information from thousands of genes in seconds. Such machines are revolutionising cancer research and making it possible to develop simple, swift tests that will allow breast cancer patients to be given treatment tailored to their genetic profile.

We are in a new laboratory at the Breakthrough Breast Cancer research centre in south-west London. It is named after Dyson in recognition of the £1.8 million he raised by sponsoring the Ranulph Fiennes Solo Project to Antarctica and donating the profits made from the sales of a limited-edition Dyson cleaner to establish it.

Of all the causes that Dyson might have supported, he chose a cancer charity because the disease killed both his parents. He was only nine when his father, Alec, died of lung and throat cancer – an event that shaped his life.

The family lived in Norfolk – his father taught classics at Gresham’s School. “He was ill from the time I was six, and spent long spells at Westminster Hospital,” says Dyson. “He would come back with these enormous radiotherapy burns – vicious circles on his chest and back. I remember seeing them when he was in the bath. But he was always cheerful and seemed active, even when he was ill.”

His father regularly took the family – Dyson has a younger sister and an older brother – sailing and camping. Dyson never realised his father was dying, though he recalls once finding him being violently sick. “He told me: ‘Don’t tell Mummy, don’t tell anyone.’ That worried me. But when he died, it was not so much shock that I felt as all the pieces slotting into place.”

In retrospect, he thinks it would have been better if he had known the truth. Boarding at the time at Gresham’s, he found life difficult and felt all confused and singled out when his father’s memorial service was held in the school chapel and all the pupils had to attend. “I wanted to learn how to adjust to the death by myself. I probably should have been with my family,” he says. “My mother, Mary, was wonderful. She battled on and held the family together, but I felt different and slightly ashamed that I did not have a father.”

He found it hard to tell his mother of his problems, and even today, though he discusses things with his wife, Deirdre, he would not ask her – or anyone – for help or advice. But he has always had an unshakeable belief in himself. “Looking back, I link it to when my father died and the realisation that I was on my own,” he says. “I was also afraid that I was vulnerable and might die. I think that is what gave me a peculiar self-reliance. I had huge determination to succeed.”

Dyson studied for a master’s in design and structural and mechanical engineering at the Royal College of Art, and his early inventions included the Ballbarrow, the water-filled Waterolla for flattening the lawn and the Trolley Ball for launching boats.

His mother’s death from primary liver cancer 23 years ago opened old wounds. “I had Deirdre and three small children – my mother was just able to hold the youngest, Sam, before she died. But her death revived my feelings of being vulnerable and that life is fragile.”

Dyson then went into the wilderness for his five-year, make-or-break drive to perfect the dual-cyclone vacuum cleaner. He built and tested more than 5,000 prototypes of the bagless vacuum cleaner until he was convinced it was better than anything else on the market. The cleaners have a sales value of about £3 billion worldwide, and have helped him to build a personal fortune of around £700 million, enabling him to develop a second career as a philanthropist, in order to “give something back”.

“I settled on cancer research, in part in homage to my parents, in part because I am fascinated by research,” he says. “I was struck by how little research was being done into breast cancer, despite the disease being on the increase.” It is the most common cancer in Britain, affecting 40,000 women and 200 men a year.

Dyson feels an empathy with Breakthrough Breast Cancer, a young charity that has opened the first centre dedicated to basic research into breast cancer. He recognises the parallels between his own work and cancer research. “When you start, there is a great uncertainty. There is initial enthusiasm, but then it gets harder and harder if you don’t hit on a solution. You have to go through a kind of pain barrier of depression and despondency. Adrenaline and willpower keep you going when you sense a successful end is in sight.”

His early reflections on mortality have led to an admirably healthy lifestyle. He plays tennis, runs “a hard three miles” three times a week and is “almost a vegetarian”. There is no family history of cancer, but both his parents smoked heavily. Dyson is now “a virulent anti-smoker”. Although innately polite, he can be riled enough to have words with smokers in a restaurant. “I wish someone would have the courage to ban smoking in public,” he says.

At his own high-tech research complex in Malmesbury, Dyson encourages a healthy regime. The bicycle shed is by the front door and there are showers for those employees who cycle to work. There is a “no smoking” policy, but “we do have a shed – a quite smart one – for those who wish to smoke”, he says. “We call it ‘cancer corner’.”

Reprinted from *The Daily Telegraph*.

A Railway in my Garden

It must have been one of those 'Road to Damascus' moments. Young Peter Bower had been sent to Gresham's School near Holt for his education. Peter didn't like school very much and one day in 1959 he had a seemingly innocent invitation.

"The bloke I shared a study with was interested in railways and asked me if I'd go to Holt station with him, he wanted to collect train numbers and that sort of thing.

"There we met a friendly signalman who asked us if we wanted to see the signal box and explained how the levers worked and what they did. And that was it. I got hooked."

On leaving school he went straight-away to work on the railway, retaking an A-level in maths, and then went to Manchester University to study electrical engineering, but lasted only three weeks. "I didn't like Manchester, it rained all the time," was his explanation.

But on his return to Norfolk he went back to the railway. The thrill of the railways was still there and 50 years on it still exerts a pull on Peter. Only now he's got his own railway. Barton House Railway sits at the back of one of those beautiful old Wroxham houses shielded from the masses on their way to the coast and boatyards, and although it has only a narrow gauge track it is a faithful recreation of old railway practice.

In a way, Peter's creation is a museum of the old M and GN which used to run across Norfolk.

"I worked on 50 or 60 stations during my time on the railway. And the year Dr Beeching was appointed I was a relief Station Master.

"They sent me to Darsham station and the first job I had to do there was put up the closure notice. I think Dr Beeching got it wrong. He assumed that if you started your journey by car you could drive to the nearest station and take the train from there. That was wrong. "Some lines had to be shut but it was far more drastic than it should have been."

In 1965 he left and trained as a teacher, starting his career at Cromer High School teaching religious education. Even today he still goes to the school a few times a week as an unpaid helper.

But the demise of the old M and GN was a blessing in disguise for Peter. Sixties Britain was not in the mood for preserving the past and certainly not ancient railway equipment. The first thing he bought was a full-sized signal from Guestwick station for £1. "I thought I had agreed to buy just the small bracket signal on the side of the pole, but when I went to pick it up they had the whole signal ready for me."

In 1967 he bought a signal box and then the complete set of levers from Lowestoft for a fiver.

His father, who had been a director of Barnards, a Norwich company making wire netting, was an enthusiast as well and helped Peter set up the track in the beautiful garden leading down to the river.

Other bits and pieces of unique railway equipment now consigned to museums were bought for next to nothing from the stations where Beeching swung his axe.

Sunday was the 40th anniversary of Barton House Railway. There is an amazing band of enthusiasts who contribute to the success of this little bit of fantasy. Everyone has their job and, just like the railway people, start at the bottom and work their way up to signalmen and guards.

The signals which once controlled the huge steam trains on the old M and GN still work today, looking after the safety and smooth running of the trains in Peter's garden.

And for most people owning and running a small railway, maintaining ancient equipment and engines would be quite enough of a job.

But not for Peter. Another Road to Damascus moment.

"I was in the house and saw the mast of a wherry. I realised it wasn't the Albion and ran down to the bottom of the garden to see the Hathor sail past. I wrote to the owner and asked if they wanted to sell her, but they didn't.

"That same year I managed to buy the Olive which was in grotty condition at the time. I worked on her myself but I soon realised that you don't restore a wherry, you go on restoring a wherry."

He soon realised that the Olive would have to start earning her keep and was joined in his venture by Barney Matthews, owner of another pleasure wherry, the Norada.

Later they bought the Hathor when she came up for sale.

But the cost of running the wherries is considerable and certainly the cash made from chartering them, complete with a skipper and a mate, make the business unviable.

So Peter helped to form the Wherry Yacht Charter Charitable Trust to ensure the future of these wonderful old wherries.

The county owes a double debt of gratitude to Peter – preserver of the heritage and equipment of an old-fashioned railway; and preserver of pleasure wherries, part of the history of the Broads.

Reprinted from *The Eastern Daily Press*



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First Night Nerves

Michael Pemberton (OSH 50-55)

It seems like a thousand years ago I arrived at Holt station on a damp and grey September afternoon. In fact the year was 1950 and I was a very nervous young schoolboy of 13 who had been despatched by steam train from Liverpool Street. I have a clear picture in my mind of that ghastly London station with its grime-covered black walls and its choking clouds of toxic fumes belching from steaming locomotives. I remember my black Raleigh bike being lifted into the guards van. That cost my dad 2/6d (12.5p) along with a substantially large cabin trunk in fashionable blue with brass corners and, of course, the essential wooden tuck box, a prerequisite of every Gresham's boarder in those days. I seem to remember having lunch on the train with another new boy who had been introduced to me as we boarded. This probably cost 5 bob (25p), a lot of money in those days. I had been given 30 shillings (£1.50) to last the whole term. This was to buy chocolate and various things like marmalade and toothpaste. Certain things were still rationed 5 years after the war ended. We were only given half a jam jar of sugar per week which seemed so little. Today it would last me two weeks.

So, I had arrived at the Old School House at the start of what was to be one of the greatest adventures of my life. Every human emotion can be found at a boarding school. It is a roller coaster ride packed with highs and lows, triumphs and disasters, pain and pleasure to say nothing of the slow metamorphosis from child to young adult. Add to all of this the constant pressure to achieve both academically and athletically and you have a recipe for total meltdown. The only anxiety absent from the pre-adult existence was the money worry although my dad did his best to rectify this by reminding me of the sacrifices he and my mother had made to send me to such an expensive school.

That first night amazed even me. In a dining hall not dissimilar to the one at Hogwarts, Harry Potter's college, we were systematically seated at long tables with a prefect at one end. Boy, did I feel like the lowest of all life-forms. Suddenly without warning everyone stood up and a door opened at the far end of the room through which strode the house-master, a grey-haired rather distinguished man whom I later learned was from Australia. He was followed by his wife, a lean-looking woman, I guessed somewhat younger than him, and a third person who, someone told me, was the house captain. They all joined some very menacing-looking boys at the top table which, as if to emphasise their status, was perched on top of a stage surrounded by high gothic windows. The grey-haired man said grace and we all sat down.

What happened next has remained with me all the years since and has ingrained itself indelibly as one of the most extraordinary sights any young schoolboy brought up in an ordinary middle-class home could possibly witness. It has never left me and those I have told over the years are as incredulous as I was that first night at Gresham's. The double doors through which we had all entered the dining room were flung open and a six and a half foot tall butler wearing a black bow tie and tails filled the doorway. He beamed into the room, his ruddy and flushed complexion reminiscent of an irate sergeant major, then very deftly stepped to one side and clapped his hands loudly three times. It turned out this was the signal for a procession of kitchen maids all dressed alike in black dresses with neat little white frilly aprons to deliver to each table a large brown casserole pot containing, I

seem to remember, something resembling Irish stew. The maids disappeared only to return less than a minute later with dishes of steaming vegetables and potatoes.

Still under the glare of the red face they vanished one at a time as quickly as they had arrived. Unbelievably this went on for the next five years although, I seem to remember, the butler disappeared after the first year or so. Apparently he had committed some indiscretion with one of the sweet little things in the kitchen and, upon her complaining, was summarily dismissed. Shame really because without him and the hand-clapping ritual meal times were never quite the same. I must at this point say that one or two of the kitchen maids were very pretty and as boys deprived of any female company whilst at school we tended to notice them. This was as far as it went with none of us daring even to utter one flirtatious word. Besides, to them we must have been a singular turn-off with our spotty faces and breaking voices. There was, however, one exception and I even remember his name. Propriety prevents me from revealing his identity of course but, if he is reading this, let me say how I envied him and wished I had made a similar conquest although perhaps not in the adjacent churchyard at midnight. I think he was expelled but not solely for this offence. It was later discovered he had a whisky still under his study floorboards. I would imagine today he is either a multi-millionaire or doing time in Wormwood Scrubs. Perhaps both!

The next day I was to find myself outside the main school buildings being addressed by a very senior boy. His name was John Tusa who, as everyone knows, went on to make his mark in television and latterly at the Barbican Centre. This was the beginning. I had spent my first night away from all that was familiar to me. I was suddenly catapulted into an entirely strange new world. There was no escape, no going back. As I stood there only half listening to the school captain I think I must have realised this was a turning point in my young life. I must have wondered what the next five years would be like. And all around me other 13 year olds probably had similar thoughts, similar anxieties. Even today I am unable to decide whether the Gresham's experience made me a more consummate person. Unlike a lot of my contemporaries I enjoyed my school-days although retrospectively I sometimes wonder if the cloistered existence, as it then was, afforded me enough of a preparation for what lay ahead. That, as they say, is another story.

So, having spent the second half of the 20th century in pursuit of the wherewithal to lead a reasonably comfortable life I have now, as one customer put it recently, gone barking mad and opened a restaurant. As if that in itself is not insane I have located it in southwest Norfolk, a region not famous for its plethora of good restaurants. In fact, I was recently told by a highly respected directory of places to dine that food writers in general regard Norfolk as a sort of culinary desert where the only reliable food is what you take home and cook yourself. By coming here and opening The Café at Brovey Lair we are hoping to change their minds. So far so good. The restaurant, which focuses on fish, has just been voted one of the top forty outside London by Square Meal, an exclusive membership dining programme aimed at leaders of industry, the media and the so-called glitterati. We are in the very distinguished company of some well-established and celebrated restaurants and all this after only 18 months. OGs should look out for a series of dinner parties I am planning over the next twelve months. These will be exclusive evenings and based around the theme "Catching up with the past". Those interested should contact me please by e-mail. The address is champagne@brovelair.co.uk and our website is at www.brovelair.co.uk

The telephone number is 01953 882706.

Firman's Point

Norfolk's Formula One rookie Ralph Firman [F 88-93] emphatically answered his doubters by scoring his maiden point in Spain yesterday, then declared: "I can go home and smile now".

The 27-year-old Attleborough ace finished eighth for Jordan-Ford at the Circuit de Catalunya in Barcelona as Michael Schumacher sped to victory in his new Ferrari.

Firman's maiden point was a perfect way to end a weekend in which team chief Eddie Jordan has rubbished reports that his latest recruit's future was at stake.

"These sorts of things come up sometimes but I have always had confidence in myself," said Firman of the unfounded rumours.

"But thank to Eddie, he gave me this opportunity. He has put a lot of faith in me and I am starting to repay some of it back which is great.

"This does lift a weight off my shoulders. It's a lovely feeling to get that first point and I can go home and smile now."

Firman was belatedly handed his Formula One chance after racing in Japan for the past six seasons and winning the Formula Nippon title last year.

But he had been hampered by reliability problems in his maiden season having finished just once in four races, in Malaysia.

Firman produced his best qualifying display on Saturday with 15th place as he benefited from having tested on the track prior to the race for the first time.

"That was a big help," added Firman, who showed his confidence with a couple of sweeping over-taking manoeuvres on team-mate Giancarlo Fisichella and Minardi's Justin Wilson which ensured he would finish in the points.

"You don't often get an opportunity in Formula One to get past and I had to go for it," added Firman, whose team switched him from a three-stop to two-stop after the safety car was introduced on the first lap.

"It was quite important in the end as I got past them and it allowed me to get ahead of Jenson Button.

"It was great work by the team. I had a really good middle stint but when I came back out Ralph Schumacher had been off and damaged his car and was weaving all over the circuit.

"I couldn't get past him, which is ironic as he's usually complaining that people don't move over for him when it's not for position.

"This is a great result for me and the team, but I still have got a great deal to learn and I have got a great deal more speed in me especially in qualifying and I am looking forward to improving.

"It's a big confidence booster. But now I have got that first point the goal is to get the first podium.

"I have had so little time in the car but I think I am doing a great job and I know I can improve more."

Jordan said: "I'm delighted for Ralph scoring his first championship point in Formula One so early in his first season. The car let him down in three races so it's only the second one he's finished and a points result is something for him to be proud of. He rose to the challenge and did a great job."

Reprinted from *The Eastern Daily Press*

BEST OF TIMES WORST OF TIMES

The writer John Lanchester [C & H 72 - 80], 40, was one of many expat children sent from the Far East to school in England. But homesickness was the least of his worries – the lasting damage occurred on the traumatic long-haul flights.

It was always clear that I was going to be sent to boarding school, because that was what expats in Hong Kong overwhelmingly did. The choice was between Britain and Australia. My dad had been educated in Australia, so we went there first, but when we were being shown round, the headmaster kept referring to me as “the Boy”, and that put my parents off – particularly my mother, who thought it was not okay that he couldn’t be bothered to remember my name. So they decided it would be Britain, and they ended up picking this place in Norfolk: Gresham’s. It is a very good school, but there was no connection with the family, no ancestral link; it wasn’t quite sticking a pin in the map, but it wasn’t far off.

Now that I have a son of my own, the idea of sending a child to a school 8,000 miles away seems very odd, but I was very keen on going at the time. I had a fantastically inaccurate impression of English schools, which I thought would be all tuck and ragging and everyone having a laugh, based on reading things like Billy Bunter. The first term wasn’t so bad, but the second term I felt homesick right from the start. In fact, homesickness was rife among the younger boys, and it was talked about as if it was a specific illness, like measles, that you had for a bit and then got over.

The flight from Hong Kong was unbelievably horrible, because in those days planes didn’t have a long range. So to get to London you would stop at Singapore or Kuala Lumpur, Dubai or Abu Dhabi, Bombay or Delhi – usually Delhi – and then Zurich or Rome. Because there had been a lot of hijackings around that time, you were not allowed off the plane at these airports, so you would just be imprisoned in your seat. There were no seat-back TVs or movies then, so it did seem like the longest stretch of time in the world – 22 hours is a very long time when you are 10.

There were an awful lot of children from Hong Kong who went to boarding schools in England – 200 of us at a time sometimes. The airlines used to call these flights Lollipop Specials, and the crews absolutely hated them for all the expected reasons to do with young people running up and down the aisles, out of control, shouting, and trying to get bombed on duty-frees. I hated these flights with increasing ardour – partly because I didn’t want to go so far away to school – and I became incredibly nervous of flying.

After school I had two or three years without flying. Then I planned a trip to America with a friend, and while making the arrangements I felt the most incredible fear, manifested by sweating, shaking and trembling. I ended up almost not getting on the flight. I realised then that my fear had kicked into a proper phobia. It didn’t help when we discovered the plane was a tiny charter – it felt terrifyingly as if you could reach out and touch both sides of the plane at the same time. Even if you don’t like flying, there is something comforting about a 747, because they are so big.

I know that people who don’t have it think that a phobia about flying is ridiculous. I think it’s ridiculous too, except when I’m suffering from it. It’s the sheer strangeness of air travel that sets it off, the combination of huge open views and the claustrophobia of being stuck in a narrow metal tube. But I’m most nervous during takeoff. Everyone I know who has a fear of flying hates taking off, because it feels like the most dangerous

bit: you're very aware that all it takes is the engines conking out for a second, and bang, you're dead. And then there's the turbulence as you climb through the clouds. When you're actually up there, I get waves of anxiety to do with claustrophobia, and it's when that fear turns into panic that I really have trouble – hyperventilation, racing heartbeat – and if it gets really bad, a full-blown panic attack with the sense that I'm about to die of fear.

The thing about fear is that it has a real smothering effect. Fear of flying has stopped me doing a lot of things. There are places I'd like to have gone, and I'd like to have taken more holidays, but I just couldn't get on the plane.

Reprinted from *The Sunday Times Magazine*

Reel-life hero

My Beautiful Laundrette broke new ground in the Eighties with its celebration of immigrants. Now its director is following Hollywood success with a return to the dark corners of Britain we simply don't notice.

In 1985 Stephen Frears [F 54-59] made *My Beautiful Laundrette*, a closely observed film about modern London that became the surprise hit of the decade. It depicted a world rarely seen on screen at the time, dealing with racism and homosexuality combined with a critical look at the rampant entrepreneur culture sponsored by Thatcherism.

Seventeen years later, Frears has done it again. His latest movie, *Dirty Pretty Things*, which opens on Friday, is an outstanding thriller but, more importantly, takes us behind the alarmist headlines into the desperate plight of refugees and 'illegals' working in the capital's minicabs and kitchens. In *Dirty Pretty Things*, Chiwetel Ejiofor is a Nigerian dissident-turned-minicab driver who befriends a Turkish immigrant, played by Audrey Tautou, while both are employed in a seedy hotel. Together they become ensnared in the murky world of illegal organ transplants.

A week after the closure of the Sangatte refugee centre, sparking another round of debate about asylum-seekers, Frears's provocative film is timely. But on Radio 4's *Today* programme last week he talked down the politics. He recently told an interviewer: 'I'm vulgar. Especially in comparison with Mike Leigh or Ken Loach.'

Frears, now 61, is surely guilty of false modesty. His career bears favourable comparison with both directors. In addition to being one of our most versatile and consistent filmmakers (his films include *Dangerous Liaisons* and *High Fidelity*), he is a deft storyteller who provokes strong reactions. Working Title producer Tim Bevan believes that Frears regards *Dirty Pretty Things* as one of his 'hooligan films'.

'He likes to use cinema to break things up. He thinks culture is very important,' says Hanif Kureishi, a friend and the writer of *My Beautiful Laundrette*. With Kureishi, he hosts an informal salon every Friday at a coffee shop on the Portobello Road. Friends and colleagues are invited to exchange ideas.

There is still something of the Angry Young Man in Frears's life and work. Acquaintances describe him as 'maverick' and 'enigmatic', though one writer says he can be 'incredibly rude'. He bumped into a disgruntled Frears on the street shortly after he had written an unflattering article about the director. He told him: 'You wrote something so stupid about me I can't even remember what it was.' According to Kureishi, Frears is not so prickly: 'He's not aloof; he likes to talk. He's very intelligent but the trouble is he thinks everyone else is as intelligent as he is.'

Stephen Frears was born in Leicester into a liberal, Jewish family, the son of an accountant father and social worker mother. After public school he studied law at Cambridge, but gave up plans to go to the bar in order to become an assistant to Lindsay Anderson at the Royal Court, before working for the man who would become his mentor, the pioneering director Karel Reisz. Frears was inspired by the Free Cinema movement developed by filmmakers such as Reisz and Anderson. It was the British equivalent to the French New Wave, and tended to produce films with strong political and social themes. Sadly Reisz's death last month marked the end of their 40-year friendship. Frears attended the funeral last week alongside other luminaries of the British film industry when his son, Sam, who was Reisz's

godson, paid a moving tribute to the late director.

Frears claims that he was largely untouched by the permissiveness of the Swinging Sixties ('I regret missing out on the Sixties. I was too pompous, straight and idiotically serious'), but he was part of a generation of filmmakers affected by works such as *Look Back in Anger*, and has retained a fascination with youth culture and the travails of being young. Most of his best films, including *My Beautiful Laundrette*, *The Grifters* and *High Fidelity*, can be described simply as rite of passage stories, in which the male protagonists grapple with weighty emotions and changing circumstances. 'It's ghastly being young. It's always horrible. It's painful and humiliating. You just have to go through it,' he says.

Frears's own early adulthood was spent learning his trade at the BBC directing TV dramas. At the time the BBC drama department operated a kind of studio system so Frears found himself working on a variety of projects. The environment required a certain flexibility of style and light touch that has become the hallmark of his later films. His films are never flashy and his lack of obvious style has made some critics question his technical ability. He bristles when asked about his alleged lack of flourish: 'I just get on with the job,' he once said. '[My approach] is very straightforward whatever the film demands.'

At the BBC Frears enjoyed a generous amount of artistic freedom and the opportunity to work with the writers such as David Hare and Alan Bennett. Still, by the early Eighties Frears had grown restless. He had made two theatrical films, *Gumshoe* (1971) and *The Hit* (1984) but neither lived up to the latter title.

A year before *The Hit*, he left his wife Mary Kay Wilmers, the mother of his son Sam, for painter Anne Rothenstein. Wilmers, now editor of the *London Review of Books*, was pregnant at the time. For his part, Frears says that having a second family had a positive effect on his creativity. He lives with Rothenstein and their two children in west London. It was a Channel 4 script about a gay Anglo-Asian romance set in a laundrette that was to prove the turning point of Frears's career and make him a front-rank director. Originally intended for television, it received such positive reaction at the initial screenings that it was granted a cinematic release.

Screenwriter Kureishi was at first sceptical of how Frears 'shambled about in the way that the English upper classes do', but he had been impressed by his television work. The pair shared a background at the Royal Court and discovered a mutual love of cricket.

My Beautiful Laundrette became a hit both sides of the Atlantic, launching the careers of Working Title, Kureishi and Frears. Frears was now in his mid-forties but found himself cast as a bolshie Bright Young Thing. Now the film is seen as a key British film of the Eighties. At the time it was a brave venture for all involved.

Frears followed *My Beautiful Laundrette* with notable successes in America: a sharp, sexy adaptation of *Dangerous Liaisons* (1990) and a hard-boiled 'noir', *The Grifters* (1992), now considered one of the best Hollywood films of the Nineties. But his Hollywood jaunt faltered with the failure of *Hero*, a big-budget satire on the media and celebrity starring Dustin Hoffman. There were rumours of on-set strife and the critics were unimpressed with the results. 'He got into a twist in Hollywood. He never really understood how it works. I think he kept worrying how much it was costing when he should have ignored all that. Stephen wasn't himself there,' says Tim Bevan.

His next big Hollywood picture, *Mary Reilly*, an attempt to tell the Jekyll and Hyde story through the eyes of a servant, played by Julia Roberts, was an even bigger flop. 'I think he is most comfortable with low-budget films,' concedes Bevan. In 2000, however, he scored another deserved hit with Nick Hornby's *High Fidelity*, which he transferred from the

Holloway Road to Chicago without losing the nuances of the novel.

Everyone agrees that Frears is good at adapting other writers' work. He has worked profitably with Kureishi, Christopher Hampton, Jimmy McGovern and Roddy Doyle. He enjoys the collaborative process and comes alive on set. According to McGovern, his shooting style is simple. 'He'd pull a tatty page out of his back pocket – the little piece of my script he intended to shoot. "Inch by inch," he'd say, quoting Oliver Stone. "That's how films are made."'

He is certainly not a predictable filmmaker. He leads his audiences into communities and areas they have often only glimpsed but uses the formats of accessible narrative movies. 'I like making films as a stranger. I like going to somebody's country, to somebody's interior life.'

This is the territory of *Dirty Pretty Things*, which may turn out to be one of his finest achievements. Asked to describe what attracted him to Steven Knight's script, Frears has said that the story appealed to him because it showed that the minicab driver taking you home had a more interesting life than any of his passengers.

You can argue that Frears has never made a 'masterpiece', but he has made bold, important, entertaining films that occasionally define the times.

His next film, which is about Elvis and the Las Vegas years, offers the kind of colourful material that any director would relish. The triumph of Frears is to treat the life of an illegal immigrant London cabbie with equal exuberance and drama.

Reprinted from *The Observer*.

Character building

By combining stone with water and ancient with modern elements, James Dyson has created an ambitious and beautiful terraced garden.

For many English people a year in Provence is simply not enough: for a lucky few, the dream of owning a bolthole on the French Riviera or its mountainous hinterlands becomes a reality. James Dyson, the inventor and manufacturer of the bagless vacuum cleaner and Ballbarrow wheelbarrow, is one such. Four years ago he acquired a good-sized Provençal mas, or substantial farmhouse – complete with pigeonnier and vineyards – where he set about constructing an ambitious water garden.

The English have been coming to temperate Riviera towns such as Menton since the early 20th century but James and his wife, Deirdre, were drawn to an altogether wilder location several hours' drive inland on an exposed hilltop in the forested lower foothills of the Basse Alpes. Having spent many holidays in Provence since the 1970s the Dysons were familiar with the region. "It was the situation that really attracted us, with the vines all around and the cliffs," James says. Painted a vivid ochre with grey shutters, the defining feature of the house is the sloping-roofed pigeonnier, which now serves as an unconventional guest wing. In some ways this was an unpropitious site on which to plan a garden. Biting crosswinds blow in from the west (the famous Mistral) and east, temperatures plummet to minus eight in winter, the shallow layer of calcareous soil hardly covers the bare rock and sudden rainstorms can wash away whole terraces. The main garden areas face south, however, and there is an excellent water supply from four natural springs that rise on the mountain behind the estate. This was what inspired James to create a water garden. Never one to shirk an engineering challenge he immediately started clearing the estate of its enveloping pines. This revealed the potential for a sloping garden of terraces and intimate spaces, which terminated at its south perimeter in a cliff.

One good way of approaching the challenge of creating a garden from scratch came to James instinctively: to look on the project as a series of problems to be solved. "We designed it and built it bit by bit. It developed as we went along," he says. Most professional designers like to create a masterplan at the outset which they more or less stick to. For the rest of us, the process of creating a garden is more often piecemeal – a stuttering into life over several years with a few moments of spontaneous inspiration. Such an approach has made many a fine garden – it is, after all, how Gertrude Jekyll preferred to work – and the addition of good-quality stone, some antique artefacts if appropriate and judiciously placed annuals can make a very new garden resonate.

But, of course, the more ambitious the garden, the longer it takes to make and it is still all go at the Dysons'. Last month diggers were transplanting the last of a batch of venerable gnarled olive trees sourced from Vaucluse in northern Provence that now line the drive.

As well as guiding me round the exotic rill garden, swimming pool garden and the lawns and terraces James points out various gadgets and practical features along the way, such as the cattle grid designed to prevent the local boar/pig cross devouring the garden plants and, more importantly, the vine crop. "The wild boars put their front legs over the wires between the vines and eat the grapes," he says. "It's a funny sight but you can lose 30 per cent of the crop." Then he shows me the polytunnel, the diggers, the lighting system, the helipad, the laser-measured coping for the walls and the motor that powers the water

pump. Vital though these practical considerations are, one is thankful they are out of sight and mind as one relaxes by a fountain under the parasol branches of an ancient mulberry. The fountain basin and other antiques dotted round the garden were bought from local dealers and at auctions in Paris. Features such as the unusual Burgundian ridged table, whose original purpose is unknown, lend this young garden a distinctive character.

The overall design of small-scale interlocking spaces and terraces is a collaboration between James and garden designer Jim Honey. They have also teamed up to design The Wrong Garden, *The Daily Telegraph's* show garden at this year's Chelsea Flower Show.

The highlight of the Provence design is the rill garden, which was inspired by the famous water garden at Generalife above the Alhambra in Spain. Sentinel palms frame views over the surrounding mountains and there are several secluded nooks by the straight watercourse, such as a Banksia-covered seat overlooking a central hexagonal pool planted with irises.

On the lawn by the house, hard by one of several small groves of newly planted fruit trees, is James's largest acquisition to date, a substantial gloriotta or open-sided pergola, which is to be planted with *Solanum crispum*. "It's a place to dance and to watch the sun set," he says. And at the back of the house, as one walks up to the swimming pool and its small arcaded poolhouse, is a series of shallow terraces and informal stopping points punctuated with architectural fragments, where one is accompanied by the sound of water trickling from pool to pool, basin to basin, through little runnels and down cascades as it makes its way towards the rill garden below. Supremely relaxing, this truly is a garden in which to refresh the mind and cleanse the senses.

Reprinted from *The Daily Telegraph*.

Ali gets a real lift after his hard work

All it took was one bright idea to save people money and cut down on the number of cars on the road – and a mere seven years of hard work.

Yet for 27-year-old entrepreneur Ali Clabburn [F 89-93], of Attleborough, that first idea and all that work had paid off as he walked away from the prestigious ceremony with the Young Manager of the Year award from the Institute of Logistics and Transport (ILT).

Mr Clabburn runs liftshare, a car-sharing scheme for individuals and communities across the UK, to match up travellers going to the same destination. He employs four people at his office in a converted farm building.

People register their journeys at www.liftshare.com free of charge and others planning the same trip can share their journey and costs of travel. It means everyone can save money and reduces congestion and pollution on the roads.

The scheme now has 33,000 users, and clients include councils, companies and community groups.

The ILT judges were particularly impressed by Mr Clabburn's managerial skills. He had shown "exceptional vision and determination" in developing the concept of lift sharing – which is new to the UK – and the flexibility to adapt to customer feedback. Mr Clabburn, who picked up the award from the Princess Royal, said: "I feel very proud indeed. It's been hard work setting up the company but I've loved every minute of it, and look forward to seeing liftshare grow in the future."

Liftshare was also runner-up to GNER for the Passenger Transport Company of the Year Award.

Reprinted from *The Eastern Daily Press*.



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NOTES ON GRESHAM'S SCHOOL

By Geoffrey Harber Diggle (deceased)

G.W.S. Howson died 1919

Howson was a shortish, thickset, slow-moving, enigmatic man, but he certainly had a "presence". For my first two years I never heard him raise his voice. But later he showed signs of irritability, whether because his health was declining or because he was upset by the number of his Old Boys who had died at the Front, some within less than a year after leaving school. One of them revisited the School when on leave and "took us" for a period as substitute for an absent master – some weeks afterwards he was killed in action. Howson announced to the class: "A short time ago you had the privilege of being taken by H..... I have just heard that he has died for his country. I never heard him tell a lie or commit a mean action."

Howson's famous system of dealing with the "three deadly sins" –Smoking, Swearing and Indecency – has been criticized. Each new boy was "asked" to promise (a)not to indulge in any of the trinity (b) to report himself to his House Captain if he did (c)to order any backslider he discovered to the same (d) in the event of non-compliance to inform on him – this last was the controversial injunction. The system was a success to this extent –the aforesaid crimes were certainly infrequent, except in the case of one inveterate swearer whose constant "confessions" caused his weary House Captain to exclaim whenever he appeared "The same old damn, I suppose?" But there was an element of humbug in pretending that the extracted promise from a boy of tender years could be either voluntary or permanent. There was one "smoking row" in 1918 and one of the culprits (then 16) raised the point that he "had to make the promise at the age of nine". But Howson would have none of it. Addressing the School, he said: "I do not say that smoking is entirely wrong. I will even go so far to say that I do not always consider swearing is entirely wrong. But I am convinced that indecency is utterly wrong."

He disliked over-emphasis on games. At House matches he objected to cheering on the touchline – applause from supporters had to be confined to clapping. Even here, he once admonished his own House after a cricket match for applauding when they passed their enemies' score, which he considered ostentatious exultation. He did, however, once praise Ollick Moore, the Captain of Kenwyn X1. Playing the School House (his own House, of course) we had to follow on but did much better in our second innings and with about three-quarters of an hour before close of play were 50 runs in front, with 6 wickets down. Moore declared to give the enemy a chance to hit the runs off, which they did. Howson sent a special note down to Kenwyn congratulating Moore and the team on "their splendid sportsmanship"

Howson's sense of humour was not easy to assess. I never heard him laugh outright. He had a slightly disagreeable way of subjecting a boy who had displeased him to reproof in the form of not very good-natured banter, and then "gazing" at him with tolerant pity which of course caused the whole class to turn around and gaze as well. He had a particular aversion to "only sons" whom he always assumed to have overindulgent mothers. "Are you an only son?" he would ask some boy whose demeanour he disliked. If the answer was 'yes' Howson would say no more, but "gaze" as if it was just what he had expected.

Salerno – A Living Nightmare

An extract from WAR WAS A CROSS TO BEAR

By Hugh G.S.Lock [k & OSH 33 – 37]

It was midnight, September 8th, 1943. A cheer, loud enough to wake the dead, went up as the massive invasion fleet of Operation AVALANCHE reached the Bay of Salerno. General Eisenhower's voice had just brought the news over the ship's intercom that the Italians had thrown in the towel. Many members of that mixed American and British force which made up the U.S. 5th Army were ecstatic – laughing, joking, releasing the pent-up emotions of men facing combat. Others thought differently – they wondered whether the noise would carry to the darkened shore and to the ears of the enemy.

Our 128 Bde. part of 46 Inf. Div., had been chosen to spearhead a landing, as we had been trained for combined operations using American landing craft, waterproofing vehicles etc. We knew not where as there was strict security, but something BIG was on and we did not know we were to be part of the U.S. 5th Army.

When the flotilla of shipping was North of Sicily, photographs were dropped by aircraft and details of the invasion were explained to us at an Operation Group. 1st Battalion of the 4th Hampshire regiment were to land at 'H' (zero) hour 0330 on Red Beach near Salerno, with the company going in on the left of the Salerno operation.

As an R.E. officer I was with six sappers attached to the 1/4th Hamps., who were to go in to eliminate possible opposition on the beaches and to hold high ground over the main road. My job on landing was to proceed to the main coast and make secure both road and rail bridges and 'wireless in' report. Royal Engineers' job is to keep the army moving, and, as our cap badges says, UBIQUE – we are always everywhere, both in defence and attack.

The Landing Craft Assault (L.C.A.) which we were on were all troop carriers and had Landing Craft Infantry (L.C.I.) suspended like lifeboats on the side. At about 0300 hours the men from 1/4th Hamps., myself and six sappers scrambled down the nets of the L.C.A. into the L.C.I. This was it, the moment of certainty – no turning back. A few other similar boats collected and we moved off, heads down for the unknown, **a real living nightmare** with its terrible feeling of being closed in, approaching almost certain death in the blackness of the night. A terrible explosion as the L.C.I. next to us was blown to smithereens.

Our L.C.I. beached, the ramp went down. Infantry charged out – the Jerries had the exit covered with small arms fire. I ordered the American L.C.I. operator to pull out and rebeach me and my men nearby, as my job was not to attack the infantry but part of a much bigger operation (I felt we all had our own duties to perform and that in some small way 'our task' was vital to the whole operation). He gladly pulled out, but I ordered him to come in again. We charged out as the L.C.I. hit the shore, only to find that the operator had pulled out again thus dumping us in the water near the shore. In slewing out sideways the ramp came over our heads. I staggered up the beach, half-drowned and tripped over a wire. I was sitting on a minefield !

We had waterproofed our own personal equipment such as watches with FL (French Letters). I had a Webley pistol and an officer's collar-stud compass, and a small hacksaw blade in my epaulette in case we got behind enemy lines or were captured. (We all had emergency field dressings with morphine phials). We followed the line of the river

which we knew was our boundary, passing the bodies of men in 1/4 Hamps with whom we had just landed – everything was deathly silent. Silence can be petrifying, with noise you know you are alive.

With dawn coming up as I approached the main road I poked my nose round a farm building only to come face to face with a Tiger (tank)! He fired too late! We scattered, lay low and then skirted the area, arriving at the bridge – my objective. It was intact and not mined. We could not 'wireless in' as the radio had been damaged in the landing, which meant we could not report success. We remained until relieved. Our next job was to check water supplies in Pontecragano – probably the first little town liberated.

56 (British) Division, the other division in X Corps under General McCreery, was trying to capture the airfield at Montecorvino as we could only expect a few minutes air cover from bases hundreds of miles away.

Next day we went into Salerno. 46 (British) Div. was still landing under tremendous pressure from XV1 Panzer Div. (Armoured) in and around Salerno. We were used in the dual role of infantry and sapper at what was known as Gauntlet Bridge which was of paramount importance to both sides – for us, to advance over, or for the Germans to push us out of Salerno. At this time the Americans had retreated almost to the beaches and it was touch and go whether X Corps would be ordered to evacuate by General Mark Clark.

For two nights inspection parties were sent by me to remove possible demolition charges at the bridge which was overlooked by the Germans during the day – one had to 'run the gauntlet' to get over.

My section was occupying a hill position in sight and in range of the Germans who continually mortared us (this is usual practice prior to an attack). As R.E. we only had rifles to defend ourselves. In the afternoon I lost three men and many of my section were wounded. The infantry commander Lieut. Colonel Kendrew ordered us off the hill on to the reverse slopes. I went back after dark and retrieved some rifles and some personal effects from my dead before burying them as best as possible. My O.C. came up that night and we took turns to 'stand to' every two hours.

Early next morning a howitzer shell came over, hit a tree a few yards from us and went right through it without exploding; it bounced onto the road and over into a gully. It was 7 inches in diameter, we measured it – a miracle it did not explode.

Suddenly we heard that the Germans were pulling out, so back to our 272 Field Company we went. My section's next job, again a vital one, was at Cava where we were to build a Bailey bridge, which we did under fire. I went over the bridge when completed in my armoured scout car to see if there was any more R.E. work to be done, and after travelling a few hundred yards I was fired on and the petrol tin on my car was hit by a shell.

The work we did in the Royal Engineers enabled the 7th (British) Armoured Division (The Desert Rats) to pass through the 'defile' into the Plain of Naples. History tells us that the U.S. 5th Army captured Naples. British X Corps were the hard-working part of the U.S. 5th Army, making sure that they did reach their objective.

SIR JOHN GRESHAM, KT.

Founder of the School

The reign of Henry VIII, during which the Gresham family first acquired distinction, was the period in which England revived from ecclesiastical darkness and civil strife, and in which a new life was infused into every department of the Commonwealth, and our Founder and his family were amongst those who endeavoured to raise and succeeded in raising England to a loftier position than she had ever before held in the eyes of Europe. Tradition points to the ruins of Gresham Castle as the family seat, but the village Church of Gresham is devoid of any record of the existence of the family in this neighbourhood at any time and there is no historical proof of this statement. Burgon, however, refers to one John Gresham who resided here during the second half of the fourteenth century, and whose son James was lord of the manor of East Beckham. James probably erected the old manor-house in the centre of Holt and later settled there.

It is sad to have to deny the truth of the romantic story of the origin of our Founder, a story which is also applied to his famous nephew Sir Thomas Gresham. The legend says that he (sometimes Sir John and sometimes Sir Thomas) was a foundling, and that an old woman was led by the chirping of a grasshopper to the spot where he lay exposed, that she carried him to her cottage and nursed him, and therefore he adopted the grasshopper as his heraldic symbol; but a sufficient refutation of this idle tradition is found in letters of James Gresham, written between the years 1443 and 1464, eleven of which are sealed with a grasshopper. James was succeeded by his son John, who had four sons – William, Thomas, Richard and John, but it is the youngest with whom we are chiefly concerned. He was born at Holt and, as soon as he was old enough, was apprenticed to a London Mercer named John Middleton and devoted himself to a commercial career. In 1517 he was elected a member of the Mercers' Company and soon became a merchant of considerable importance. In partnership with his brother Richard, and sometimes by himself, he acted as an agent both for Wolsey and Cromwell. He was one of the principal adventurers in the trade with Flanders, which about this time attained its highest degree of prosperity, and besides being a merchant of the staple and a leading member of the "Merchant Adventurers" he was one of the founders of the Russia Company in May 1555. He was occasionally consulted by the Council, and deputed by them to examine into disputes between English and foreign merchants. He became Sheriff of London in 1537 (the year of his brother Richard's Mayoralty) and was knighted while in that office by King Henry VIII, by whom he had been repeatedly employed as commercial agent. Ten years later he was made Lord Mayor of London, and then revived the splendid and costly pageant of the Marching Watch which had been suspended by royal command since 1524.

That he was a distinguished figure is proved by the fact that he was chosen to entertain certain of her train when Anne of Cleves came to England in 1539, for the purpose of being united to her ill-mannered husband

In 1546 Sir John purchased of his eldest brother, William, the Manor-house at Holt, his birth-place. This, with the liberality and benevolence characteristic of the family, he converted into a School-house, which he endowed with "the manors of Pereers and Holt Hales in Norfolk, with all their appurtenances; besides upwards of ten freehold estates in the same county and three more in London." Of this there remains at present but 162

acres – the rest must have lapsed before the year 1592 and the loss of documents in the Great Fire makes it impossible for the Trustees to prove that it was formerly in their possession. Such extensive demesnes would have enabled the Trustees to have set the School on a level with the first establishments of a similar nature in England, but this pleasant duty has been preserved for the present representatives.

The School, which was incorporated on April 27th 1555, is not altogether destitute of Historical interest; for in the year 1650, a few loyal inhabitants of Norfolk having agreed to adventure their lives and fortunes in the service of Charles, we are told that one, Mr Cooper, the then Headmaster of the School, was apprehended and sentenced by the minions of Cromwell to be tried on Christmas Day, and though they had no evidence against him but presumption that he was “privy to the plot, yet they condemned him andhe was executed at Holt, before his Schoole-house doore” (cf. *Archaeologia* vol. xxv.) Sir John died of fever on October 23rd 1556, seven days after he had made final dispositions for the government of the School, and was buried with great magnificence in the Church of St. Michael, Bassishaw in which Parish he resided at the time of his death. On a tomb in the South Aisle of the Choir of this Church (destroyed by fire in 1666) was the following inscription:-

“Here lyeth under this Tombe the Body of Sir John Gresham, Knight, sometime Alderman and Lord Maior of this City of London, who had two wives, Dame Mary his first wife, by whom he had issue Five Sonnes and Sixe Daughters. By Dame Katharine his last wife no issue; which Sir John deceased the XXIIII day of October, Anno Domini MDLV1., and Dame Mary died the XXI. day of September, MDXXXV111. Dame Katharine died _____.”

The day of his interment happening to be a fast day, Strype says an extraordinary fish-dinner was provided to which all who came were admitted. The funeral sermon was preached by the celebrated Dr Harpsfeld. We can gather that he was a personage of great importance from Stowe’s description of the funeral, which says:- “He was buried with a standard and penon of arms and a coat of armour of damask, and four penons of arms; besides a helmet, a target and a sword, mantles and a crest, a goodly hearse and twelve dozen of escutcheons. He had four dozen of great staff torches, and a dozen of great long torches.....The Church and the streets were all hung with black and arms in great store; and on the morrow three goodly masses were sung.”

Many were his charitable bequests. To the Mercers’ Company he left money for a feast, desiring them “after dinner to have my soul in remembrance with their prayers.” He left funds for poor maids’ marriages and to buy gowns for the aged poor of London, besides considerable sums to the different prisons and hospitals of London, and to England he left a School which will ever prove worthy of the great name it bears. From his eldest son was descended Sir John Gresham, the representative and last baronet of the family, who died at Titsey on the 20th October 1801.

I am chiefly indebted for these facts to Stowe’s *Survey of London*, Burgon’s *Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham*, Blomefield’s *History of Norfolk* and the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

F.J.

REVIEWS

A rich and varied roll-call CELEBRATING A CENTURY I Will Plant Me a Tree

By Steven Benson with Martin Crossley Evans

ISBN 0-907383-92-0 James and James Price £28 + P&P £4.50

Obtainable from The External Relations Director, Gresham's School, Holt, Norfolk
NR25 6EA

Gresham's, more than many schools, boasts a rich and varied roll-call of the famous amongst its former pupils. They include academics (Sir Alan Hodgkin, Nobel Prizewinner), bishops and sportsmen in plenty, and musicians (Lennox Berkeley, Benjamin Britten). It provided the BBC with its first Director General (Lord Reith) and a Director of the World Service (John Tusa), as well as the actor Robert Mawdesley who achieved fame as *The Archers'* first Walter Gabriel.

W.H.Auden and Stephen Spender mingle with newspaper figures like Alastair Hetherington (Editor of the *The Guardian*) and Dr Tom Stuttaford (erstwhile MP and now well-known through the columns of *The Times*). Cockerell of Hovercraft fame, and vacuum cleaner supreme James Dyson. The imagination boggles at the thought of a reunion across the generations of those who have lived along the Cromer Road (come to think of it, it might make a lively theme for a radio play...)

Steven Benson's history concentrates on the last 100 years (although there is one chapter on the 1555-1900 period). In 1894 the Fishmongers' Company wakes up to the fact that its lease on property in Finsbury will soon run out. It decides to reinvent itself in North Norfolk, on land which it has owned for a century. It recruits George Howson, the last master whom Thring had appointed to Uppingham before he died 15 years earlier.

From having 40 boys and 7 boarders in 1900, the energetic and imaginative scientist Howson builds up at remarkable speed a school for which he has a clear vision: he is determined on a modern curriculum unshackled by the 'drudgery' of the classics 'for a school carried on the lines of compromise of the present provincial grammar school promises to fall short of success...'

Alas, the progress of his fledgling school is checked, and Howson's own health is ruined, by the trauma of the 1914-18 War (a story most movingly chronicled in Sue Smart's *When Heroes Die*, reviewed in last September's issue). He dies in harness and is buried next to the School Chapel; his grave is marked by an epitaph which should be a warning to anyone with the temerity to succeed a legend: 'He being dead yet speaketh'.

Fortunately a home-grown successor is waiting in the wings (probably not the only Second Master in HMC's history who only thought of himself for the top job when he is shown the names on the short-list!) J.R.Eccles proves equal to the task – until he too succumbs to the strain of overwork in the mid-Thirties, by which time he has presided over what must have been a remarkable school. Donald Maclean (later to become notoriously synonymous with Guy Burgess) wins almost every school honour worth winning in this period; Benjamin Britten writes and performs his *Bagatelle*, while Auden appears as Caliban in an outdoor performance of *The Tempest*.

A new war looms. This is a period of adventurous innovation, not without its difficulties; a fortnight's camp in 1937 involves eight Greshamians, eight Germans and eight unemployed Midland boys. The German contingent are enthusiastic National Socialists. They give the Nazi salute over the grave of a World War One German pilot buried in Weybourne. During the war itself there is the inevitable requisitioning of many Gresham's buildings by the Military; Gresham's boys are evacuated to Newquay for over four years. After a decade of peace Logie Bruce Lockhart arrives – a larger-than-life figure in every sense who raises Gresham's profile in the public consciousness and who stays for 27 years. His enthusiasms range from rugby and squash to seabirds and Schubert; not for the first time or the last in this book, the reader is struck by the unusual breadth and variety of the Gresham's curriculum, both in and beyond the classroom. The turbulence of the later '60s and early '70s comes and goes, defused in part by the introduction of a School Council and the arrival of the first generation of girls.

Compulsory chapel is challenged but survives – a reminder to those of us who run schools in calmer times of the unique balancing act that being a Head in this uniquely turbulent period of pupil protest must have demanded. More recently come Hugh Wright and John Arkell, each adding distinctive new dimensions and priorities.

This is a history which is predictably rich in anecdote, shrewdly analytical and occasionally diplomatic (although never anodyne). Inevitably its price is comparatively high, but it is a beautifully produced book, with strikingly good photographs. Having served his time on the staff of Gresham's for 20 years before spending his third and fourth working decades as Head of Bishop's Stortford, Steve Benson has now retired to a house only a short distance along the Cromer Road (to preside over ISCis East), and in returning to pastures not entirely new, he is able to provide the combination of an insider's knowledge and an outside observer's detachment.

While this is a book primarily of interest to those with Gresham's connections, it is also a valuable addition to the literature about HMC schools in the twentieth century – in many ways a chronicle of that century itself. Above all it's a very good read.

Peter Vincent

O.G. CLUB SHOWCASE

Following the by now well-established routine, the first Friday of the Michaelmas Term saw another group of Old Greshamians return to the Auden Theatre to provide an evening of music and acting, four singers being followed by two short theatrical items.

Laurie Gethin, now a seasoned musician, and always a welcome contributor to these occasions, opened the concert with songs by Dowland, Wolf and Puccini, finishing with a Sondheim piece. Her sensitive and mature appreciation of the widely varied styles of these songs was evident, and she was equally at home in the Elizabethan melancholy of Dowland as in the skittish Puccini. Christopher Jacklin, a recent leaver and already an experienced performer, followed with some Mendelssohn, two spirituals, a delightful song by the little-known Michael Head, and ending with an atypical Britten piece (a collaboration with Auden), the ironic and parodic nature of which was brought out nicely.

Genevieve Pott, also a fairly new Old Greshamian, ended the musical part of the evening with, once again, a splendidly eclectic set of songs by Gershwin, Handel and Britten. Her final piece was a powerful extract from “The Consul”, by Menotti. As usual, Mark Jones provided virtuoso accompaniment to all the singers.

The first drama item was provided by Helen Curl, performing “Anna”, from “Two”, by Ron Elisha. This was a sombre piece, dealing with the darker side of human nature in a totalitarian state. Finally, Peter Whitbread gave us a preview of his forthcoming production, “Mirror, Mirror...” It is always a joy to watch and listen to this professional and distinguished actor. Peter’s performance whetted our appetites and it is to be hoped that his full version of this piece, on Saturday, 22nd November, in the Auden Theatre, is a great success.

To conclude the evening, there were some brief extracts from another forthcoming event, which will take the form of a compilation of words and music marking the 100th anniversary of the School’s move to its present location.

Richard Peaver (S)

Past Imperfect

Robin McCurdy (o & W 31-35)

Press release issued by the Book Guild Ltd, Temple House, 25 High Street, Lewes BN7 2LU Price £16.95 ISBN 1 85776 7861 Pages 256.

Robin McCurdy is generous with his recollections in this gripping autobiography, and his greatest gifts are his admirable honesty, his observation and his total lack of self-pity.

Written in three parts, it begins with an engrossing account of McCurdy’s early years – being sent away to boarding school, his passion for a fellow pupil, his travels over pre-war Europe (including Hitler’s Germany) and his medical studies. This is written as a “Letter to Anne” - his first wife – and is an honest and insightful account of those times.

The middle part is a personal diary written during the war, telling of his disastrous student love affair that ended in a broken engagement and his nearly successful suicide attempt. The last part of the book recounts the most terrible catastrophe imaginable – the death of his three young children in a sailing accident. It is a heart-wrenching story, frankly and fully told.

Compelling memoir of a man who has experienced appalling tragedy and much else besides.

Robin McCurdy was born in Ashted, Surrey, the youngest of six children. He did his medical training at Edinburgh University, Balliol College, Oxford and London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. After serving as a ship’s surgeon during the Second World War, he alternated general practice with periods in public health, mostly in Norfolk, where he also worked his farm part time. In 1972 he moved to a post in Germany as a ward doctor in a clinic. Now retired, he lives in Cornwall. He has written two medical books: *The Rhesus Danger, Its Medical, Moral and Legal Aspects*, and *Smoking, Lung Cancer and You*.

From garden shed to global giant

Magnetic Ventures: The Story of Oxford Instruments

Audrey Wood

It is sometimes said that behind every great man there is a great woman. Just how true this can be is clearly illustrated in this book by Audrey Wood. It is a deeply heartfelt and detailed account of the story of Oxford Instruments as experienced by an insider.

Audrey Wood was intimately involved in the start of Oxford Instruments and in many of the critical and agonizing decisions that eventually led to the creation and growth of this successful high-technology company. Although she resigned from the board in 1983 – on the eve of the public flotation of the firm on the stock exchange – the story continues right into the 21st century.

Magnetic Ventures describes how Oxford Instruments evolved from seemingly unpromising beginnings. The initial ingredients – water-cooled copper coils that produced high magnetic fields using large amounts of power – could not have looked particularly hopeful when Audrey and Sir Martin Wood founded the company in their garden shed in 1959. The pivotal energy was the discovery by US researchers in the early 1960s that certain superconductors could be used to build powerful magnets.

However, it took the foresight of Sir Martin to spot the possibilities created by this serendipitous event. He was the one who brought together the many disparate ideas, saw the connections and glimpsed the potential. It is to his great credit that this was achieved at a time when such things were not generally considered particularly fashionable or important.

Containing almost encyclopaedic detail, *Magnetic Ventures* is the full and unexpurgated story of the start and growing pains of Oxford Instruments. It pulls no punches. Business failures are described just as fully as the many successes and firsts that the company achieved. All are comprehensively discussed in their full historical, technical, political and economic contexts.

The earliest technical and commercial success from superconductivity involved the development of superconducting magnets for nuclear magnetic resonance (NMR), as originally proposed by Sir Rex Richards of Oxford University. Such was the quality of the magnetic field from the first superconducting magnet built for MNR in 1971 that Sir Rex exclaimed: “The structure of penicillin took many years to sort out before it could be synthesized – with this system we could have got there in a week!”

Wood describes the company’s successful diversification into various other markets. A whole chapter is devoted to the development and launch of Medilog, the revolutionary ambulatory heart-monitoring system. The success of this product led to the founding of Oxford Medical Systems in the late 1970s. The boom years of the mid-1980s, meanwhile, allowed further mergers and acquisitions to take place in an attempt to grow, diversify and stabilize the group.

Oxford Instruments struck gold a second time with its development of magnets for magnetic resonance imaging (MRI), a technique that “made the human body transparent”. MRI led to another phase of growth in the 1980s and was the key reason for the company’s public flotation in 1983.

The story behind the flotation is described in detail, with Wood managing to convey the excitement and the drama of the moment. She recalls, for example, how the firm’s

prospectus contained a “physics lesson”, designed to explain the firm’s technology to the City and the public. It was a novel approach that was greatly appreciated at the time. The apparent perverseness of the share price is also discussed in the light of the state of the business and its economic performance – a saga that continues to this day. But the story does not stop there. Two sombre chapters – “Towards the end of an era” and the “Beginning of a new era” – describe the problems that can arise in a diverse and multifaceted business such as Oxford Instruments. Rather than trying to predict future opportunities for the firm herself, Wood seeks instead the opinion of the current chairman, Nigel Keen, by asking him why he took on the role.

The book includes many photographs of people and equipment, which will be of great interest to past and present employees of the company. There are also many glowing tributes to those individuals – both within and outside the company – who contributed towards the early success and growth of the business.

However, this story is much more than just a diary of events; it is a lesson of vision, foresight and determination that eventually led to success, sometimes against the odds. It is a classic tale of innovation, invention and technology transfer. There are several detailed analyses that take into account and put into perspective the effects of external circumstances, such as the political and economic conditions of the day. Much of the information will make excellent material for students in business studies and economics. Anyone thinking of attempting a similar business route would be well advised to study this book in detail.

The final chapter describes how Sir Martin and Audrey Wood have been able to help many other fledgling industries through their founding of the Oxford Trust and associated ventures. It is a fitting acknowledgement that in the late 1980s Oxford University set up its own technology-transfer company, Isis Innovation, which now has several successful flotations to its credit.

Although this is a serious and detailed thesis, there are several touches of apparently effortless natural humour. For example, at an industrial soireé hosted by the Royal Society, the Queen Mother was invited to hold onto an iron chain that had been hung near one of Oxford Instrument’s magnets. As the magnetic force on the chain duly pulled her towards the centre of the magnet, the Queen Mother declared that it felt rather like taking the corgis for a walk.

Reprinted from *Physics World*

Editor’s note: Sir Martin Wood (k & W) attended Gresham’s from 1940 to 1945.

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EXTRACT FROM HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE 1939-45

By John Allan Legh Barratt (F 24 - 29) who died in 2002. His personal record, originally penned in 1982, was published with additional material in 2002

The Hospital huts in Chungkai were cruel to see. They resembled pictures of Belsen that we saw after our return to England.

It was wonderful what the doctors did in spite of little or no medicines. Fellows lay on the floor with little flesh left on their bones and often as many as fourteen POWs were buried in one day at Chungkai.

I approached a Padre in the camp and asked if I could be confirmed in the Church of England. I had been christened at Gorleston before our marriage but had not been confirmed. I was informed that this could not happen because no Bishop was present. I began to feel that if I was shortly to meet my maker he would not necessarily reject me because we had no Bishop POW, and I have really taken no interest in the ceremony of the Church of England since.

It was early in 1945 that one morning American planes flew over very high – the first planes that I remembered. We heard the bombing in the direction of the river bridge at Tha Makham, which was about four miles away. The next day we heard that the American planes had not hit the bridge but had landed some bombs in the POW camp close by, killing some POWs. This camp was originally built for the POWs who built the bridge and was therefore right alongside it. They were obviously worried about the next attack and were allowed to dig trenches in the camp.

It was shortly after this that I was taken ill at Chungkai. I had a frightful stomach ache and was blown up with a suspected twisted bowel. I cannot remember how it was done but they got me moved to the Tha Makham Bridge Camp where there was a surgeon in the Australian forces, Major Hobbs.

The night I arrived at the bridge camp I was in such agony that I begged to be 'put out'. I was carried over to a hut for operation by Major Hobbs under a mosquito net and by the light of an oil lamp. 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. I felt everything and I do not know how they eventually put me under. I came round in the hospital shack the next morning with a board at my back and a mosquito net for a pillow. I had a mosquito net under my knees to keep them bent for I had a large incision on my tummy and another incision on my side from which protruded a rubber tube. To breathe or speak was agony. Then we heard the drone of planes and everyone, bar me, got into the slit trenches.

I could see the sky from under the Atap 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. The bombs missed the bridge again and no-one was hurt in the camp but the camp had to be evacuated. At the same time officers were separated from the other ranks and the officers from the Bridge Camp went to Kanchanaburi.

I could not be moved and about seven of us in the hospital shack and Major Hobbs stayed on at the bridge camp on our own.

It was shortly after I had recovered sufficiently to be able to move about the camp that one morning four British planes came in low over the bridge. Each in turn came right down over

the bridge, bombed it and circled round for more. We, on the camp, were so proud and delighted that we moved up the slit trenches towards the bridge and watched everything. I did not realise until years after that this was 'The Bridge on the River Kwai' referred to in the film.

Postscript: In 1990 John Barratt was confirmed at the age of 79.

The Swifts

By Oliver Barnes

*I hope to live at least till early May,
When once again the swifts invade our sky.
At first a pair or two patrolling high,
Then more and more, arriving every day.
I want to see their aerial display,
To hear again their wild and piercing cry
As past the rooftops recklessly they fly.
One might suppose they'd never been away.
Soon every evening down the road to Cley,
Their shrieking mobs will dash in high-speed play.
Others may pause to watch them but not I.
My wish to see them can't prolong my stay.
I have no appetite to question why;
The reckoning is due and I must pay.*

— Oliver wrote this poem in February 2002; he died on 2nd, November, 2002.
See Obituaries.

How I cut Hamlet down to size.

John Whitley talks to Peter Brook [W 39 – 41] about the evolution
of his views on the play.

The ghost of *Hamlet* has haunted Peter Brook for 45 years, ever since 1955 when he first directed it, and it has been the character of the Ghost in Shakespeare's tragedy that inspired his latest stab at the play, which opened at his Paris theatre last week.

"It really began as an experiment," the 75-year-old director explains. "About three years ago I was doing a workshop with some young directors and we chose as our theme: How does one today do the Ghost in *Hamlet*? We called this *Qui est là?* after the opening line of the play, and developed a sort of potted *Hamlet* of about 50 minutes."

This is, in fact, Brook's third attempt at the play. "The first time was in a London season, with Paul Scofield. I did it very cautiously, very classically; I didn't jazz it up in any way. We did the full text, but I speeded it up a bit.

"Then in the Sixties I did a collage experiment with Charles Marowitz in our Theatre of

Cruelty season. We took fragments without any apparent narrative relationship and just left an abstract play of colours and sounds.”

Now, after 55 years in professional theatre, Brook has had no qualms about putting his own spin on the Elizabethan original. He has eliminated the Fortinbras narrative, cut “between a third and half” of the text, and reduced his cast to eight.

Audiences these days have a much quicker apprehension of the plot, explains Brook, “so a lot of the scene-setting is no longer necessary and we can focus on the basic themes of the piece. Fortinbras has no direct bearing on the essential action – there is nothing relevant to Hamlet’s dilemma. His only role is at the end to point the way forward – to suggest that the new ruler will be a warrior.

“But today we are very reluctant in Europe to go back to a feeling that if we could have a strong, young, handsome, military leader then everything could be put right. What is much closer to us is Horatio, and Hamlet does delegate the future to him: he says ‘You must go on living to carry in you all that I’ve been through.’ It seems to me that this young man is the inheritor – he is Hamlet as he might have been.”

A further quirk has been to insert a slice of Brook’s own past into the hammy speech of the Player King describing the fall of Troy. “I wanted something that would touch one directly,” he claims, pale blue eyes twinkling. So instead we have a lament in ancient Greek prefaced by the harsh cries that Ted Hughes invented for Brook’s production of *Orghast* 30 years ago. Such textual tampering has set the Paris *salonistas* buzzing as they queue up for seats. But it is Brook’s wholesale transposition of the central “To be or not to be” soliloquy from the start of Act 3 to after the killing of Polonius that is causing most consternation.

The director remains cheerfully unrepentant. “It seemed to me that the central soliloquy was the turning point when suicide is confronted and then rejected. So it should come at the moment when he recognises that every single thing he has tried is a failure: he hasn’t killed the king; now he’s being sent into exile; and, what is worse, he has killed the father of the woman he deeply loved. He himself now has bloody hands

“So he has really come up against a brick wall. It is a pivotal moment and out of that comes the recognition that the only way of facing total failure is something very simple – action. The king’s plot to kill him finally proves that Claudius is a continuing canker and that it is his tragic duty to kill him. And from then onwards things become simpler and simpler.”

Even Brook’s most restive critics are agreed on one success – the quality of his Hamlet, played by 31-year-old Adrian Lester from Birmingham. As a consequence of the cuts, Lester is on stage for almost all the evening, turning cartwheels, clowning and meditating in anguish. He receives a standing ovation at the end.

“I saw Adrian when he came to Bouffes in Declan Donnellan’s production of *As You Like It* and then again in *Company* at the Donmar,” recalls Brook. “I got in touch with him about being in *Qui est là* and we had lunch together at a pub in Gloucester Road. I felt a tremendous sympathy with him – he has a wonderful feeling for the meaning of words.”

So it’s ironic that Lester’s hyperactive Prince may be seen everywhere except in his – and his director’s – homeland. As Brook points out, the production has been designed to tour, playing in English with French subtitles. “We go to Seattle, New York, Chicago, Vienna, Tokyo – everywhere except London,

“We want very much to come to London, but that’s always the place it is most difficult to visit,” he adds pointedly. “For this production the Barbican is too big and the National has its own *Hamlet* and all the other places are either full or unable to find the money.”

Hamlet’s ghost, it seems, is as disruptive as ever.

Reprinted from *The Daily Telegraph* (2002).

OLD SCHOOL HOUSE LETTER

The Old School House
Holt Norf.
Dec. 15 1920

Dear Mr Burrows,

In the general scramble over the scarlet fever upheaval I have never answered your letter. I have not sent him any work as it is very difficult at his age to find anything or at any rate to set anything suitable; had we been going on with work here it would have been different for he could do some of what the class would be doing, but practically everybody cleared off, & we were left after the 2nd day with 9, then with 5, & now with none, but two who are supposed to be suspicious because they had a slight sore throat a fortnight or so ago but who have palpably nothing the matter with them. There are not 10 left in the whole School. The number of cases in the School is small & of an extraordinarily mild nature.

I send Jack's Report, I am very glad that it is such an all round good one – this is very satisfactory & well deserved.

I find him a real good fellow, he is quiet in general & interesting – but though quiet he has plenty of life about him as can well be seen when he is playing football, and of course he is much interested in outdoor life. I am afraid I had to stop him & his friends from ratting, it became a bit too much of a good thing, they were always wanting to be at it & they get in such an all glorious mess as well. To see a boy produce from his pocket 2 or 3 rats' tails still red and moist at the stump where they had been cut off is a most entertaining sight – not Jack, but one of them. However, though there are no more ratting joys, I think he enjoys life on the whole.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

F.G.E. Field

India – July 2002

Report from James Wright

At 5:15 on Wednesday 26th June, I caught a bus to Heathrow. Sixty-eight hours, two Sri Lankan airlines flights, two Indian Ocean islands, one hotel, one train and two car rides later I stumbled into Kolar Gold Fields (KGF) in southern India.

My first glimpse of India was from the plane as it circled the huge sprawling and sweltering city of Chennai (Madras). The plane touched down at 3:15. One hour later I reached the exit and suddenly found myself catapulted into the noise and rush of Indian life even at 4:15 am!

From the airport, with Rufus and David, who were sent to meet me, we made our way to the train station in an Ambassador taxi. Once there, we picked our way through hundreds of men, women and children sleeping on every inch of the floor to find a spot to wait for the train which would be leaving at 7.30am. The train eventually arrived

and having found my name as “Mr James” on a piece of paper stuck to the carriage door I boarded.

After four long hours, I left the train at Bangarapet station to take a car for the final drive to KGF, which is situated 100km south of Bangalore. The British started the gold mines in Kolar Gold Fields and there is still gold to be found, but it is too expensive to mine. As a result there is mass unemployment as the mines used to be a major employer in the area.

I stayed with and helped a church called Bethesda Community Church, who run a tailoring school for destitute women and are beginning a community development centre to help the street children and poor. The girls who went to the tailoring school have either been left by a husband or are too poor to get married as they cannot afford a dowry. Some supported their whole family with their pay – just 1000 rupees per month, which is about £14!

I had such a great time staying with the Pastor’s family, and was able to attend an Indian engagement which was quite an experience. So too was travelling around South India, which I was able to do on a few days. Although, I think I have tasted quite enough curry – which I had for breakfast, lunch and supper virtually every day! Thank you so much for helping me to go. India is an amazing country. Such poverty and yet such wealth. I think the first thing that struck me was the disparity in wealth. From the very rich to the very, very poor. In Bangalore I saw great new buildings, yet outside in the next street intense poverty. I would like to thank the OGs for helping me to have a fantastic four weeks.

Destination Canada

With the Great Britain Rifle Team 2002

The story begins.....

Twenty of Great Britain’s elite marksmen, 35 single-shot 7.62mm target rifles, 5000 rounds of ammunition and 2½ tons of luggage.....

6th to 28th August 2002

The Great Britain Rifle Team tour every two years to a different country with the intention of competing in that country’s National Championships. This year, eastern Canada was the venue for a tour lasting four weeks and taking in two National Championships along with some free time for sightseeing.

First stop for the team was Borden military ranges, situated about one hour’s drive north of Toronto. The meeting at Borden lasted seven days and saw a combination of team and individual events. The strength and depth of this year’s team became apparent to me straight-away as G.B. individuals won the great majority of the events at Borden. The day of the team match against Ontario saw the temperature rise to 39 degrees; however, this did not seem to give the advantage to the Canadians as the G.B. team won convincingly by 50 odd points.

The next stop on tour for the team was Connaught Ranges, situated about forty

minutes from the centre of the capital, Ottawa. This meeting was the larger of the two with about 500 competitors entered. The weather continued to stay fine and again G.B. individuals led by example on the range by occupying the top positions very frequently. At the end of the week, after the individual shoots, came the high-pressure team matches against Canada, America and Germany. The team's hierarchy found selecting teams almost impossible as so many of the team shot very well in difficult wind and light conditions. Ex-Gresham's shooting master Nigel Ball and I found ourselves selected for all three team matches.

Great Britain won all their team matches, setting three record scores, in particular a score of 1197 out of 1200 in the Canada Match. In my opinion that will never be broken on the current target dimensions. For the unfamiliar, that is the equivalent of not hitting a dinner-plate-sized object 3 times in 240 shots at 600 yards as a team! This goes to show the level of performance of these athletes. The individual pressure of shooting at this level was unbelievable and I gained vast experience from being amongst a group of such talented men and women, even if they were a lot older than me!

After the shooting had finished, the team headed south to a canal and lake system about an hour's drive from Ottawa. I was lucky enough to celebrate my 21st birthday a few days later and got the chance to play golf, water-ski, swim, fish, eat massive steaks and sample a few Canadian beverages.

I had an unbelievable tour and I would like to thank the OG Club for their generous support of my venture.

Next stop, South Africa 2004 with the England Team. I'll keep you posted!

Peter Holden, aged 21
Howson's House, 2000 leaver.
Gresham's Rifle Club Captain 1999/2000
University of Surrey, third year Mech Eng.

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 these Bursaries are asked to write reports on their experiences.

PROJECT TRUST – A YEAR IN THAILAND

Report from Carole Breen – 2000 Bursary

One October half term I spent a very cold week on an island in the Inner Hebrides, running up and down seemingly enormous hills, giving impromptu lessons and digging potato beds; and mostly in the driving rain. Desperate to escape at the end of the week, we could not even be rescued by the ferry owing to bad weather. But for my efforts I was awarded the opportunity to spend a year in Thailand with the charitable organisation Project Trust.

I was feeling uncharacteristically cavalier at the prospect of spending one whole year away from home. The greatest problem presented itself in the packing. One year and only one 20kg suitcase. How could anyone survive on that, especially a girl, especially me? My desire to be prepared for all eventualities clashed with practicality and at the last minute I took the minimalist approach too far and left half the contents at home. So there I stood at Heathrow facing a year teaching conversational English at a Thai boarding school with my mother in Nigeria and my father too ill with cerebral malaria to take me to the airport. So a taxi driver waved me off. I now faced a long haul flight on Kuwait Airlines, a 'dry' airline without even the slightest hint of alcohol to soothe my nerves. Just my luck!

Sixteen of us in total were sent to Thailand. We were to spend the first two days in Bangkok and were almost immediately deposited in Patpong, Bangkok's red light district, otherwise known as 'The City of Sin'. Needless to say my education that night took on a new dimension the likes of which I had never encountered at Gresham's.

I was to spend eight months teaching Conversational English at a prestigious science school in a Bangkok suburb to seven hundred students between the ages of 16 and 18. My home was a small apartment on the school campus which Alex, my Project Trust partner, and I shared, along with endless numbers of mosquitoes and ants. Whilst they seemed to find the apartment perfectly comfortable, I, on the other hand, seemed to spend a large part of the year trying to cope with diarrhoea and a squat toilet simultaneously.

Our life consisted of being woken at around five-thirty each morning by the National Anthem blaring out through loud-speakers scattered around the school. We always endeavoured to snatch a couple more hours of sleep before lessons started at nine. I taught conversational lessons to fifteen classes of around forty students and together Alex and I devised extra curricular activities for two afternoons a week. One of the

classes was English Culture and on a couple of occasions we attempted to introduce them to English food with the help of such culinary 'delights' as baked beans, jelly, Angel Delight and gravy that we made from sachets sent from the UK; anything that either simply needed heating or water added to it. Unsurprisingly, it did little to revolutionise the global reputation of British cooking.

I loved teaching and found the students to be conscientious, well-mannered, diligent and extremely endearing. However, it wasn't always easy such as the initial challenge of learning their names, although I must admit that some were easier than others – the names Beer, Bowling, Duck, Nut, Oat, Peach, Pear, Picnic, Porn, Tip, Tic, Toy, Turd weren't easily forgotten! The students were all incredibly polite, a characteristic highly valued by Thai culture. Unexpectedly this led to problems as admitting to not understanding a concept or to question an instruction was considered an insult to one's ability to teach and a challenge to an authority figure, both of which are unacceptable in Thai culture. As such, teaching required vast amounts of enthusiasm and energy, not always easy in temperatures of over 30C.

No one day was ever similar to the next as Alex and I were often thrown into unforeseen events. I remember on one occasion being given around two hours notice to prepare a lesson before being told that a camera crew would be recording it to make into an advert for national television. We would also often be asked to attend weddings and funerals or to judge singing competitions, which if you've ever heard me sing is particularly ironic.

My services were also required at Christmas. Being a Buddhist people the Thais don't celebrate Christmas but nevertheless Alex and I were asked to talk to the school about the origins of the festival. Little did we know that this would be done in full costume, in front of the whole school. That morning with nerves I hadn't felt since Chapel reading, I wedged a pillow under my jacket, strapped cotton wool to my chin, pulled a red, floppy hat over my face in a vain attempt at disguise and with a sack bursting with sweets I was ready, or rather not, for my first appearance as Father Christmas. Having scrambled onto the podium, struggling to cope with my expanded dimensions, my gaze met a crowd of 1,300 expectant, familiar and very amused faces. This was hardly reassurance and I was not exactly amused. As I caught sight of the microphone coming perilously closer, well, as far as I was concerned, the story of Christ's birth was just going to have to wait until next year. Bouncing my newly acquired girth up and down, briefly mumbling "Ho, ho, ho Merry Christmas," I bounded off again to throw the sweets to the seemingly starving gathering. By the time my job was over my 'stomach' hung round my ankles, sweat glistened over my face and my beard hung lopsided from one ear. I spent the next week answering to "Santa".

Certainly life in Thailand was never dull. The language was another aspect of life that kept us on our toes. Thai is a tonal language and as such each word can have up to five meanings depending on its pronunciation, which inevitably led to numerous embarrassing incidents. After a long holiday my closest friend returned to her school having spent part of the summer working in an elephant sanctuary. She proudly announced in assembly one morning that she had adored her time riding elephants; or so she thought. After a chorus of stifled giggles and disapproving looks it was made apparent to her that she had in fact confessed to loving the last two months she had spent excreting elephants!

A similarly unfortunate incident befell Alex and me. Soon after arriving in the

country we were taken to dinner by her host family and on scouring the menu we spotted a mistake that we felt needed to be captured on film. We spent the next ten minutes endeavouring to drag the menu under the table and ensure the particular phrase was in frame whilst maintaining a suitable level of conversation. All that was then needed was the simple push of a button and we could have our photo immortalised forever. Unfortunately we failed to account for the darkness under the table and from between our legs escaped a long lengthy flash followed by the grinding sound of the film rewinding, at which the whole table and restaurant stopped and stared. What could we do but bury our heads in our hands? At least we had our picture, “Spring rolls stuffed with shrimp and crap”.

Valentine’s Day caused similar distress. A friend had offered to cook Alex and me dinner so just before we ate I went to wash my hands when a movement close to my feet caught my eye. Disbelief and abject horror rooted me to the spot for right in front of my startled eyes writhed what was unmistakably a snake. In a split second of deliberation I realised that acting the snake charmer by reciting some hypnotic drivel would probably only serve to agitate it further. So, having stumbled backwards out of snake’s reach, with a distressed waving of hands I ran screaming into the road outside. Explaining to anyone within earshot that there was a snake in the house, I appealed for any hero amongst them to reveal himself and capture the object of my distress, reminding them that the best course of action would be most definitely to kill it. Eventually, the cook from the restaurant next door took it upon himself to locate the snake. I spent the next half-hour running to and from the window in a ‘can I, can’t I’ watch scenario. Eventually, the reptile was caught, waved around in a celebratory parade and killed. Any hopes that this might turn into a local delicacy and be sold to the highest bidder were soon dashed. The snake was unceremoniously dumped on a pile of rubbish and any attempts at being an aspiring businesswoman would have to wait.

Halfway through my time in Thailand, the summer holidays arrived giving me the opportunity to travel extensively and learn to dive, something I had always wanted to do. Whilst on an island in the south of the country, I quite literally bumped into a friend from school when leaving a restaurant one evening. After five days of dives and tests we completed our PADI Open Water qualification. Despite being qualified divers it quickly became apparent that our delusions of expertise were, unfortunately, premature. I remember on one occasion having supposedly completed our buddy checks and ready to jump in, we stood up to make our way to the edge of the boat, Poppy first with me waddling just behind her. In a bid for its freedom her air tank slid straight out of her BCD and almost severed my foot in the process. Desperate to avoid further catastrophe I hastily leapt in, sank, enjoyed the surroundings, sank, inhaled deeply and choked. In all my haste I had forgotten to turn on my air supply.

After several weeks in the south I returned to Chang-Mai. On arrival in Thailand we had all been sent to Chang-Mai for a three-week language course which was mandatory if we were ever to gain an understanding of the country’s complex culture and language. Chang Mai is a beautiful city, infinitely less chaotic than Bangkok, and enjoys the landscape made famous by the Golden Triangle which lies slightly further to the north. I returned to Chang Mai in order to undertake a voluntary project that would allow me to work in an orphanage with babies, some of whom were infected with the HIV virus.

This I enjoyed far more than teaching. AIDS, like in so many other parts of the world, is becoming an epidemic in Thailand, more so in the north of the country than in Bangkok. Thais consider the fairer skin of the north to be more beautiful than darker skin. Many girls are lured into going to Bangkok, others kidnapped and sold into prostitution. Having made money, those that can return home and unknowingly spread the disease. Owing to extreme poverty many babies are simply abandoned. The orphanages cannot cope with the number of abandoned babies and they remain largely unwanted until they are old enough to leave. Only a lucky few are adopted.

What I remember from the first time I walked into the ward was the sound of so many babies crying simultaneously, the dripping noses and the wet pants and the fact that it all seemed to go unnoticed. I received no sort of introduction and had no idea what to do but got on with things as best as I knew how. I found feeding a nightmare. You would sit on the floor with your legs spread out to, and in the little enclosure you created the child would sit and face you. I'll never forget one little girl who was terrible when it came to feeding and I dreaded seeing her crawl towards me. When she was curious to see how little food was left in her bowl she would lunge forward, grab the bowl and peer into it. In horror that there was so little left she would throw herself backwards, punching her fists everywhere. Launching into a tantrum she'd repeatedly bang her head against the floor. It was frightening to see a human being bear such resemblance to a caged animal.

Working in this environment was difficult but immensely rewarding and I wished that this could have constituted a greater part of my year. At the orphanage it became apparent to me that particular babies were lavished with attention by the Thai carers; those lucky babies were the ones fortunate enough to be born with paler skin. As a result they were dressed in the best clothes, were never left screaming, would never go unnoticed in soaked nappies. However, even after only a few weeks I could notice the positive improvement that my being there had on some of the children. Even if it only meant that they had the attention of an extra person. In comparison, the lasting effect I had on the students I taught at the school, a school that educated some of the most privileged children in the country, will unfortunately, but realistically, be negligible in the long run.

My year in Thailand gave me the opportunity to experience some amazing things. I, like most Gap students, will tell you that it is the most fantastic year imaginable. It was life-enhancing if not life-altering, but I didn't find myself and I wasn't looking to. Now back in England taxi drivers no longer request renditions of Britney Spears and the language errors that provided hours of amusement have long since stopped. Encountering signposts that say "City limits, produce speed" and "Have nice sleep, police is awake" have become a thing of the past and restaurant menus in all their accuracy seem dull in comparison.

KENYA – AN EXPERIENCE OF A LIFETIME

Report from Andrew Nunn – 2002 Bursary

Africa Asia Venture is a gap year organisation allowing school leavers to live and teach in a country of their choice. The possibilities are endless in countries that include Mexico, Tanzania and Nepal, amongst others.

I never realised what I had got myself into until I was standing at the check-in desk for Kenya Airways at Heathrow Airport. Twenty-one new faces all looking as apprehensive as I felt. After quick introductions everyone plugged themselves into the in-flight movie as we made the nine-hour flight to the Jomo Kenyatta Airport, Nairobi.

I was disappointed to see an overcast Nairobi and not the scorching sun that I had expected. Nairobi, it turns out, means ‘cold place’ in one of the tribal languages of Kenya !

Our first meeting in Kenya was with Nigel Warren, the co-founder of AV and our supervisor for the next four months. As was needed, he was up-beat and enthusiastic and quickly hustled us into a bus, before we were taken to Lake Naivasha for the orientation course. The lake, which was the setting for the popular film *Out of Africa*, is vast and the country around it is one of the most important agricultural areas in Africa.

After settling in we started our lessons in Swahili and general Kenyan culture. After repeating “Jambo” and “Habari” a thousand times to our Kenyan teacher we were free to do as we wished. This was the set-up for the three days in Naivasha with the evenings spent round the campfire drinking the lovely Tusker beer, singing and just generally getting to know each other. I think I must have laughed non-stop for three days and I remember those days as being some of my best in Kenya, the perfect way to ‘break the ice’. Sunday soon came by when we had to be transported to our separate schools. Even after only three days I didn’t want to say goodbye to my fellow teachers. It had to happen sooner or later though and so seven of us were dropped off at a hotel in the city of Nakuru where we were to meet our headmaster/headmistress. My partner Bruin, who was at Gresham’s with me, and I waited at this hotel for two days while our headmaster ‘forgot about us’. We had been warned – this was Kenya !

After what seemed an age we arrived at our school, Moi Primary School, in the small town of Kabarnet set in the heart of the Tugen hills. The school had a prestigious history and included the former president – Daniel Arab Moi – as a former pupil. We were warmly greeted by the deputy headmaster and the caretaker and briefly shown around the school and our house before being left to settle in. So there we were, fresh out of school, in a remote part of Kenya, the only white people for miles. This fact first excited me greatly, as it was to be my first experience of real independence. Over the first week things got progressively worse as our headmaster hadn’t turned up so lessons had not started and I was also very unwell and hence could not eat. This led to us both becoming fed up and then depressed. We had, however, been warned about this and were told that nothing organises itself in Kenya – it’s up to you ! It was this that kept us sane and we badgered the teachers for lessons.

By the end of the week the headmaster turned up and gave us our timetable. I was set to teach English, Maths, Science and Agriculture which, as I’m sure you can imagine, was immensely challenging.

My first few lessons were like trying to teach a brick wall! My kids were so scared of the 'new white teacher' that it seemed an age before I managed to coax answers out of them. It was also my first real effort at teaching having had my only previous experience as a sergeant in the school CCF, which made the task even more challenging. I was, however, determined to give it my best shot and so, after overcoming my initial apprehension, tried my hardest to get the best out of the students. This turned out to be the best approach and soon, particularly when asking for a class reader, hands would fly up.

I was warned before I went to Kenya that the idea of children being so eager to learn is false. This was true with some of the children who, like in England, sat at the back and stared out of the window. I found the rest of the class were so eager for knowledge and, in most cases, amazingly intelligent.

Another thing that amazed me was their fascination with where I was from and places I had been. They could not comprehend that we had coloured people in England and that I indeed had coloured friends. The idea of time differences completely eluded them and I think they thought that I was joking! Another concept they found difficult to grasp was the difference in culture, politics and, of all things, the weather. I spent countless hours after class and school trying to explain these things to not only the students but also the teachers. I thought I might find this a bit tiresome after a while but I never got bored with it. I was shown up slightly when the conversations moved on to the English Premiership Football League. The Kenyan boys knew everything about everything when it came to football and everyone had a passion for it! This helped us organise extra curricula activities.

In our school, as in most Kenyan schools, sport and extra curricular activities don't exist. Particularly in the case of sport, it should exist but the government do not actively enforce it and so most schools don't bother. We therefore decided that we would take over games at our school. Variety is not in the Kenyan dictionary and the only sport that both the boys and girls wanted to play was football. So every day at 3.00 pm we would have a football match. Mondays and Fridays were the girls' football days and the rest belonged to the boys.

Trying to teach them new skills wasn't an option as all they wanted to do was play a game. This wasn't a bad thing as they were already highly skilled players and every game was a fast and ferociously contested event with every player trying their hardest. This being the only real aerobic exercise that the students got, the teachers were very grateful and openly thanked us on many occasions at school assemblies.

School finished daily at 4.10 leaving us with a lot of spare time. If we weren't marking we often set up extra revision classes. We also set up a project that lasted for our entire work attachment. This was to paint a mural of Africa outside the staff room. Spending a couple of hours every evening on our map, we managed to keep ourselves occupied the entire time. Cooking our meals in the evening would take up a large amount of time. This was not so much due to our lack of prowess in the kitchen but due to the fact that we had one tiny kerosene stove on which to cook, so meals were sometimes quite an effort. In terms of ingredients we were always very well stocked from the local market and supermarket – both two minutes walk. The food is also amazingly cheap. In England you can buy a large mango for £1.50 whereas in Kenya we were paying 2p! These price differences were not only in fruit and vegetables, but in virtually everything. In addition, a huge Swahili meal, drink included, in our local town would cost us 60p.

One of the main criteria for me when choosing my gap year scheme was whether or not there were going to be travel opportunities. With AV these came in hordes with every weekend being used to travel. This allowed me to experience some unforgettable things such as body boarding down the source of the Nile in Uganda and seeing the sunrise on the summit of Mount Kenya. To further this, after the teaching attachment, all AVs have two and a half weeks in which to travel, followed by a week's safari up to the remote and desolate area of North Kenya called Lake Turkana.

One of the most satisfying things for me in Kenya was being accepted into a local community – to have everyone know your name and to have them always wanting to talk to you. Kenya has unfortunately had a lot of problems with recent terrorist attacks. During our time in Kenya not one AV had any belligerence shown towards them at any time and indeed people were always warm and welcoming. AV is a unique experience and is one of the few where you can gain a sense of achievement and well-being. You are left to your own devices with AV providing the safety net, should you need it. However, AV is not for the faint-hearted or the lazy! My first week teaching was the hardest week of my life so far, but I'm pleased I kept on going as I soon started to fall in love with Kenya.

If you want an experience of a lifetime that will change you forever I recommend AV.

A KENYAN EXPERIENCE

Report by Bruin Maufe – 2002 Bursary

We were dumped in the grounds of a hotel in the town of Nakuru to be picked up by our school representative. However, after seeing others leave until just my partner and I were left standing in the dusty car park, we realised we were alone in Kenya to fend for ourselves and somehow reach our school about 100km north-east of where we were standing. After a night at the hotel and negotiating the Matatu park (public transport station), we found ourselves on a matatu heading for Kabarnet, the nearest sizeable town to our school, where we were to meet the headmaster. A matatu in the words of 'The Lonely Planet' is a "minibus with mega-decibel sound system, seemingly unlimited carrying capacity and two speeds – stationary and flat out." We had a baptism of fire with near-misses the entire journey and numerous stops where money would exchange hands between the policemen and driver. I was now starting to realise what I had let myself in for. Nothing can fully prepare you for being left in a foreign society, isolated from all you knew before.

On reaching Kabarnet, situated in a spectacular position on the Tugen Hills overlooking the Rift Valley to the east and Keiro Valley to the west, it was dusk and locating the Headmaster was impossible, leading us both to near despair. However, the Kenyans came to our aid, putting us on the right matatu for a half-hour drive along the ridge top to our village of Kabartonjo. We arrived to find the Moi Primary School gates closed, beyond which there was impenetrable darkness and nobody present. Just as we had resigned ourselves to the fact that the roadside was our bed for the night, a torchlight appeared out of the darkness; it was the school cook who

in turn fetched the second master who introduced us to our new home.

The first week was chaos. The teachers and most of the pupils did not arrive until Wednesday and I taught my first lesson on the Thursday: Aids Education. The lesson went without any major incident, although walking into a classroom looking like a bombsite to be confronted by 35 blank, staring faces was slightly unnerving. I tried to remember the Kiswahili I had been taught in the initial orientation week only to find their English was exceptionally good. Making a connection with the children in class was very difficult. They seemed scared to answer one's questions in case of being ridiculed by classmates, thus initial lessons were awkward. I did not, however, have his problem on the sports field. All the children, including the girls, are in love with football; hence some good matches were played using the bibs and whistle I had brought from England. They all played in bare feet despite the hardness of the football we had brought them and the extremely sharp acacia thorns. Their excitement at scoring a goal could be comparable to scoring the winner in a World Cup final – fairly overwhelming and it took some minutes for the game to restart.

Our house was in the school grounds and could be described as a detached, stone-built shack. It consisted of five rooms: bedroom, living room, washroom, storage room and kitchen. However, there was no running water and sporadic electricity. Water had to be collected from a tank about five minutes' walk away and cooking was on a paraffin stove. The house was infested with rats, bats and tarantulas as well as the occasional snake. We were always kept from depression by the view of the utter squalor the villagers had to endure – in comparison we were living in luxury. Although meals were a rotation of rice, carrots, potatoes with curry powder and egg with spaghetti, but we were spoilt in the fruit department. The bustling village market provided every fruit imaginable at offensively low prices. We hence stocked up on mangoes, bananas and pineapples regularly. Lunch was an eating out affair at the 'Kabartonjo Hotel'. The 'hotel' offered no accommodation but was a wooden shack with earth floors serving simple meals such as 'ugali and stew'; ugali, the Kenyans' staple food, is dried maize boiled in water.

When exploring the area on foot during the first week, we realised how remote we were. A couple of hours walk down the ridge side through dense forest filled with tropical birds and monkeys brought us to another school in a spectacular position overlooking the arid valley floor. So rarely had the children seen wazungu (white people) that, ignoring the teachers, they ran out of class and followed us for the next two miles.

Every weekend we would escape from our isolation in the depths of Kenya to meet with others of our own age working in different schools. We had to arrange the next weekend's meeting point a week in advance due to lack of communications. In this way we managed to explore much of Kenya and come back to the school with new and exciting stories to tell the children, most of whom had not travelled more than fifty miles from Kabartonjo. The weekends were times of much contrast, seeing children of six or seven living on the streets with just glue to keep them company, compared to the wonderful sight of Lakes Baringo and Bagoria at sunrise with the back drop of the stunning Rift Valley.

However, there is nothing worse, in my view, than when a little girl of about six with a grubby, innocent, tear-stained face walks beside you, holds your hand and pleads for food or money. You then have to look into her eyes and tell her you have nothing to

give, crushing any hope she has at that moment. There is little consolation in knowing that if you did give her something she would have spend it on glue or be beaten up by other desperate street children.

Weekends included a trip to the isolated virgin tropical rainforest known as Kakamega, an area cut off from the vast expanses of the Congo forest due to logging fuelled by farming demands. We also visited tea plantations in the Nandy Hills area and looked around the factories; Kenya, being the third largest tea producer in the world, exports most of it to Britain. A trip to Kisumu, Kenya's third largest city, on the shores of Lake Victoria meant we saw the Kenyan businessmen driving their Mercedes and had a stark view of the polarisation of wealth in the country.

Life in our village was a unique experience. We were living and gaining acceptance in a totally foreign community, building relationships with the locals and making progress with the children in class. I was teaching twelve forty-minute lessons per week including the subjects Math, English, PE, Aids Education, Business Education, Geography and History. This kept us busy throughout the days, what with marking work and preparing lessons. After a while the children became much more confident with us and we found, other than football, their greatest interest if life was life in other countries of the world. Their parents' average wage was about 250 KSH (£2.25) per day, so their incomprehension when, in answering their questions, we told them our education cost 14, 000,000 KSH per year, was understandable

We soon found to our amazement that there was another 'westerner' living in Kabartonjo. He was called Neil, from San Francisco, working in the American Peace Corps. He was organising aids projects in the area from the Kabartonjo Health centre, trying to increase awareness amongst locals and offer support to those who were HIV positive. He told us a horrible story of how two men who had recently contracted the virus were, in anger, sleeping with as many women in the village as possible to create 'justice'!

Our lifestyle changed on the morning of 23rd September when we woke to find the teachers had gone on strike and the pupils had been sent home. The government had not delivered the extra pay packet they had promised. The teachers, who will use any excuse for political demonstrations (mostly just), walked out of the schools. We were therefore left wondering what was to become of us. We started a project drawing and painting a large map of Africa on a wall outside the Headmaster's office to consume time. It became something of a marathon job and we did not finish for another six weeks, although we were very happy with the finished product and pleased that the children also appreciated it.

The strike lasted a month, forcing us to leave Kabartonjo for periods to visit others working in different schools. However, our main activity was to climb Mount Kenya. It was a spur of the moment decision on the weekend before which had included some 'training'. First a day's walk in the Cherangani Hills. Luckily for us a girl companion decided to join us for the climb forcing us to buy hats and sufficient food. It meant a long journey to the Central Highlands where there are extensive coffee plantations. Hannah, our companion, had a porter while we carried our equipment on our backs. The first day was a 5km walk to the Mount Kenya National Park gate through Shambas (scattered subsistence farms) then 10km through rain forest. We were soaked with 3 inches of rain and we were sliding uncontrollably in our unsuitable trainers. Thanks to my watch, we saw the temperature at the beginning of the day was

25C and by the end, at 2.30pm it was 7C, causing us to be extremely cold having lived in an equatorial climate for over a month. We slept at 3,050m at the Meteorological Station. The next day was a 14km walk, past the tree line and through moorland up to Mackinder's Camp at an altitude of 4,300m and a temperature of 3C at 3.00pm! Then came one of the most physically demanding days of my life. We were up at 2.00am to commence at 3.00am for the 'summit push'. The stars, with the backdrop of the peaks, and no light pollution, were the most magnificent I have ever seen and probably will ever see. We scaled a massive scree slope covered in two feet of snow and eventually followed a ridge up to the summit for sunrise. The altitude was just below 5,000m and the temperature was -10 degrees C but it was an unforgettable moment. We walked all the way back down the same day causing severe muscle ache.

On 23rd October, in typical Kenyan style, the teachers' strike ended as suddenly as it had begun, resulting in the teachers gaining nothing and we at last resumed our teaching. It was very strange being back in the classrooms again, although the pupils acted as if nothing had happened. I soon got back into the groove and started revising with the children for their end of year exams. The strike had not helped their chances of succeeding and those who fail are forced to stay down a year, hence explaining why there are so many 15-year-olds in classes meant for 12-year-olds.

We were soon off to the nearby village of Kituro where two of our companions were teaching at the high school. However, we were there to help organise a party for the small children who lived nearby. The girls (our companions) had recently been to Nairobi and there bought many sweets and chocolates which we then added to the pancakes and mandazis (sweet bread) we had made. The children were extremely excited and ate obscene amounts of food for their size. We organised party games that they had never played before, such as pass the parcel and treasure hunt. It was a rewarding sight to see the children so happy and to have their mothers come and thank us.

The next major adventure took place in Uganda. All twenty-three of us working at schools in Kenya with Africa Asia Venture caught a bus from the western highland town of Eldoret to the border town of Malaba and then on into Uganda. We eventually arrived at Jinja where we were picked up by the Adrift Company and taken to Bujigali Falls on the source of the White Nile, where we were to white water raft for two days. They are some of the fiercest commercially rafted rapids in the world, described in guidebooks as a "monster" and "eating people for breakfast". There were four grade five rapids on the first day (grade six is the maximum but companies are not allowed to raft them). My raft managed to survive the first three; however, I was tossed out and given a rude awakening as to the power of the rapids in a grade three. We all took lunch on an island and would jump off into the pools to escape the sizzling heat. The first day's climax was known as "bad place", a grade five and the biggest commercially rafted hole in the world, meaning we could be sucked under for the longest period of time. We had to pick up our raft and walk around the devastating grade six rapid that precedes it; some of it had never been and probably never will be rafted, while one section called the "other place" has a three storey deep sink-hole capable of sucking a canoeist under for 45 seconds! The raft flipped in the rapid and for a horrible moment I thought I was never going to come up, until eventually I broke the surface. The night was spent on another island before rafting the less intense second day. However, the boys (four of us) had agreed to bodyboard

the first day's rapids again. I was absolutely terrified but the buzz of approaching a rapid and seeing the person in front become enveloped in water is second to none. By November emotions in our village were running high as the build-up to the national elections really took hold. There were volatile political rallies and hand-outs by MPs, which, to our concern, even the children became involved in. We had grown to love Kabartonjo, its close-knit community, the friendly and generous Kenyans and our friendship with the school-children. By Thursday November 21st it was time to leave the village. There were so many goodbyes to say: to the children, the teachers, the market stallholders, the matatu touts, the 'hotel' staff and many residents whom we had come to know and like. As a leaving present we gave £150 towards the further construction of the new pre-school so they would have more space and better teaching conditions. We were off for two and a half weeks travel, giving us the opportunity to spend some time in a totally different area and meet the Kenyans in other situations. Our first destination was Nairobi, the capital and largest city in Kenya. The centre does not differ from many western cities; however, the slum known as Kibera, the largest in Africa, gives a constant reminder of the squalor most people have to endure.

Our major destination was the coast, dazzling white sands fringed with coconut palms on the warm clear Indian Ocean. Lamu, the oldest town in Kenya, is situated on an island in the northern reaches of the coast towards Somalia and it originated as an old Arab trading port. It has an almost exclusive Muslim population rather than Christian such as that found in the interior of Kenya. There are no motor-powered vehicles and the men still wear the full-length white robes known as khanzus and kofia caps, while the women cover themselves with the black wraparound bui-bui. It could not have been more different from the places we had come to know. However, we could not help feeling that the Kenyans here had a higher standard of living due to the abundance of fish and the generally relaxed lifestyle. While we were there a bomb traced to Al Qaeda exploded in a hotel outside Mombassa, showing even a rather removed country such as Kenya is not free from terrorism and we were prevented from entering Nairobi for a few days owing to a specific threat to the British Consul.

After the travel period there was an eight-day safari; however, it was not the usual route around the Masai Mara, but up to the far north of the country around Lake Turkana where the temperature can reach 50C and the people live in extreme isolation and poverty. It was an eye-opening experience seeing a ten-year-old girl who had only a week or so to live because the nearest doctor was over 100 miles away. Back in Nairobi I could not believe it was time to leave. There were so many things to miss, but most of all the children, their zest for life, sense of humour and their genuineness compared to the UK children who have been corrupted by the consumerist world. I left knowing Kenya had given me the greatest gift I could wish for: lasting memories and friends, while taking me out of my protected cocoon and exposing me to the real world.

A TALE OF THREE CITIES

Report from Ella Pugh-Smith

Tick-tock, tick-tock, the comforting sound of the dormitory clock. I had arrived a day early (due to flight connections) at the Denver base of the international Christian aid organisation Youth With a Mission (aka YWAM). I was tired, lonely and desperately wanted to get to sleep, so I did not have to think about how much I missed my family thousands of miles away. This foreign room that would be my home for the coming weeks was horribly quiet. How quickly that all changed twelve hours later.....

Finding a gap year programme that would encompass all my desires was not hard. I chose to go with YWAM as, with its international status, it allowed me to meet people from all sorts of different backgrounds and cultures. The programme I chose to enrol in allowed me to spend twelve weeks in Denver, Colorado, a week in San Francisco and then six weeks in Cancun, southern Mexico. I decided to go to Mexico as I had been longing to experience Latin culture.

There were fifty people in the group, aged between seventeen and twenty-seven and representing eight different nations. All had something unique to offer to the group. The first three months comprised valuable training physically, spiritually and mentally. It also involved participating in weekly outreaches, such as sorting out food for the homeless and sorting out medical supplies bound for Senegal.

My favourite outreach was looking after Katrina and Jacob. These two children lived in a home devoted to abused mothers and their children. The idea behind the out-reach was to allow the mothers to have a night off each week. I really enjoy working with children so I was looking forward to it. Although I was kept extremely busy, changing nappies and pacifying a screaming five-year-old, it was definitely worth it. It had been a mutually beneficial evening. I had had fun playing with the children and they had thoroughly enjoyed being doted on, which I understood was not a frequent experience for them.

Preparation for the trip was included in the three months in Denver. This consisted of, for example, learning how to be culturally sensitive in Mexico. In certain parts of Mexico women have to consider what they wear so as not to offend Mexicans. We also did confidence-building exercises. The exercise I found to be most enjoyable comprised doing a creative presentation to the rest of the group. We were given a topic which we could present any way we liked. It could be a poem, a sketch and so on. Not only did this exercise bring much amusement, there was also a noticeable increase in individuals' confidence, including my own. It was definitely an added bonus stopping off in San Francisco. The city appeared to be a lot more liberal and tolerant than Denver. This was evident in the way the homeless were treated. Although San Francisco has the highest number of homeless people in America, there is evidence to suggest that they are trying to address the problem. There were numerous shelters, rescue missions and food banks, far more than in Denver.

Before my work with the homeless in Denver and San Francisco, I was scared of, and felt threatened by, such people. However, being forced to talk and to interact with them, I discarded my preconceived judgements and found them to be, on the most part, thoroughly amusing, warm and interesting human beings. The most challenging experience that made me change my attitude was when I had to be homeless for the day in San Francisco.

After a hearty breakfast the terms and conditions of the challenge were explained. They were: no money – only two dollars for a return transit ticket, no stealing, at least one homeless

person's story. In addition, we had to find a place where we could stay the night if we were literally homeless and we were not allowed to return until 9 o'clock that evening. We were then placed in groups of three and finally left to get on with the challenge.

On the transit ride to Market Street, the epicentre of life in San Francisco, Matt, Joyce and I discussed our ideas and what we all wanted to get out of the day. We finally agreed that we would go to the library and do some research into homelessness in San Francisco. We found that the number of homeless people is continually on the increase due to the city's tolerant attitude towards people in this situation. In addition, there is a variety of shelters such as ones for men, women, the disabled and people with AIDS. We also found the addresses of some shelters and decided to go to a couple and ask if we could help in return for some food.

It was nearing four o'clock, the sumptuous smells escaping from the passing restaurants reminded me that I had not eaten for a while. The first shelter we arrived at was completely different from what I was expecting. It appeared to be extremely organised and clean. After describing our situation to the receptionist we were given directions to the kitchen. On the way we had a good nose around. There were rows and rows of cubicles all consisting of a bed and bedside table. The dining room was spacious and brightly decorated. Finally the kitchen resembled that of a respectable restaurant. Excitement bubbled up inside me at the prospect of a decent meal. However, my hopes were dashed within seconds of stepping into the kitchen as it was explained that they did not need any help.

Once outside another wave of hunger hit me as I realised I had to walk to the other end of the city to find the next shelter. Just as I let out a self-pitying sigh, a homeless person walked past. He stopped and held out his hand towards me. I explained that none of us had any money to give him. I was suddenly reminded what I was doing and that I did not have the right to sigh because after nine o'clock I was guaranteed food. Who knows when that man would eat next?

As we were nearing Gordon Street we walked past a large building called the San Francisco Rescue Mission. Recalling a conversation with my leader, when he had mentioned this place, I persuaded Joyce and Matt to go in. We were in luck. The friendly man at the door was delighted to see three eager volunteers and sent us off to the soup kitchen around the corner. George, a tall man with a beaming smile, met us at the door and eagerly agreed to our proposition. The three of us sat down. I looked around at all the hungry faces waiting patiently for their food. For the first time in my life I actually felt I could relate to these people. Just then a man tapped me on the shoulder and introduced himself. We got talking and swapped stories as to why we were both there.

I looked at the food in front of me. It looked disgusting. However, everyone around me was gulping the food down. I knew I had to eat it. If I were really homeless I would be grateful for anything edible. I started to eat it, trying not to think about what it reminded me of. As soon as the cook had announced all the food had gone, everyone was off, and we set to work to help clean up.

As the transit car bumbled along up and down the steep San Francisco roads, I reflected on the day's events and thought to myself that I had truly come away with a glimpse of what it must be like to be homeless. This day was an eye-opener, which I knew I would never forget.

As the van pulled up to the church in Cancun where we would be staying for the next six weeks, I realised that this was going to be the challenge I was hoping for. Behind the dusty car park, complete with pot-holes, was the sanctuary. Next to the sanctuary was an office and next to that were the loos, the stench from which could be smelt as soon as you stepped into

the church grounds. Upstairs was a small apartment which were allowed to use to cook and take a shower once a week. I should point out that a shower was a rather generous name for a pipe, out of which water trickled when it felt like it!

Our work in Cancun involved working alongside our contact, Mario, and his team of volunteers, doing whatever he asked. This mainly comprised working in the Mayan villages, helping to repair buildings and entertaining the children. Other activities included helping at a food bank, a lot of manual labour and last, but not least, picking up rubbish off the streets. There is so much to say about my time in Cancun. However, a few memorable experiences is all the limited word count will allow me! Valle Verde was a Mayan village that we visited every Saturday. It was the most primitive of all the ones we saw; however, it was my favourite. Most of the work we did there was repairing or building something, but one day whilst the boys were busy repairing the church car park, the girls went to Valle Verde to entertain the children as it was national "Kids' Day".

When we pulled up outside the school-house a swarm of children surrounded the van. As we stepped off the van sweets were thrust into our hands. I did not know what to do. Following numerous visits to this village I had become aware of how poor these people were. However, I could not win. If I rejected the sweets the children would be upset, but if I accepted them I would feel awful. Luckily Mario was prepared for this act of generosity. He subtly handed round a bag for the sweets which was given to the headmistress. They would be redistributed once we were gone.

The programme was now rolling. After the puppet show we organised some dancing competitions. Each winner received a balloon animal we had made earlier. The laughter and happiness of the children was contagious. It was so nice to see them having so much fun, and there was not a television or computer in sight! It was soon time to leave. We knew we would never be able to escape not doing any hard work that day!

After his story I feel I should mention the subject of generosity. This was one of the things that really struck me about the Mexican people. The people we associated with had very little. However, at every opportunity they would lavish presents and meals on us. Whenever we tried to return the act they would not accept. It made me reflect on just how much I take for granted back home.

No account of Mexico would be complete without some discussion of the weather. The only word to describe it was HOT! One particular scenario springs to mind. We were in charge of entertaining the children at a national Christian convention, four hours west of Cancun, in a place called Merida. After several nights in a cramped tent, where my friend Andrea and I had to sleep, the church floor seemed like a palace in comparison! Although we had little shade, the temperature got up to 48C and the water had run out, the team unity was never better. We soon learnt that complaining never got anyone anywhere.

As I watched Denver Airport quickly disappear behind the clouds, a tear rolled down my cheek. It was over. Although I was excited about seeing my family again, I could not help feeling upset about leaving all my new friends behind in America. I recalled my first impressions of the programme all those months ago. All that apprehension had been discarded so quickly. Not only had I made some life-long friendships, but I had also come away thinking I had really experienced Mexico. I had made a small difference in a city desperate to shrug off its bad reputation of drugs, violence and suicide. To conclude I would like to take the opportunity to thank the Philip Newell Fund for helping me to have such an unforgettable experience.

A TASTE OF TANZANIA

Report from Helen Macbrayne

There was no particular reason that led to me choose to go to Tanzania – I knew nothing of the country: all I knew was that I wanted to go to Africa. I now know that it is difficult to describe Tanzania without using superlatives. The country has Africa's highest peak – Mount Kilimanjaro , its lowest point – the floor of Lake Tanganyika, its largest lake – Lake Victoria; and there are many amazing famous game parks – the Ngorongoro Crater and Serengeti. Despite these things, Tanzania is one of Africa's most unassuming countries; it is highly primitive, very friendly and all Tanzanians are very proud of their country.

The day of the 27th January – departure day – finally arrived and my parents drove me down to Heathrow airport where, for the first time, I met my twenty-six companions for the next 5 months, before catching the evening flight to Nairobi. We were all very apprehensive but shared the usual polite conversations that people of my age have when meeting for the first time – A levels, university, and where we came from – all brash confidence on the outside and quiet terror within.

After a nine-hour flight we landed in Nairobi, where we were met by one of the co-ordinators of the organisation. We were take to a place in Kenya called Naivasha, where we were going to be staying for a week, to enable us to get to know each other, have some intensive Swahili lessons and acquire some teaching skills before we were placed as teachers in our schools.

When the end of our induction week came, it was time for us to cross the border from Kenya to Tanzania, which took us about seven hours altogether. I was so shocked by the difference in affluence between the two countries; they really are worlds apart in so many ways. Kenya seemed so rich compared to Tanzania. That night we stayed in a campsite under canvas, and we were all taken by surprise by how very cold it was at night. My naïve perception of Africa had been one of constant warmth not the bitter cold that came with nightfall.

The next morning it was time for us to be deposited at the houses where we would be living for the next five months during our teaching placements. Our rickety minibus (which are known as dalla dallas in Tanzania) had all of our luggage piled high on top. We bumped along the track for about a mile until we reached bare open plains of fields where there was a tiny little building, not much larger than the size of the minibus with a little blue door and chickens and goats roaming about outside. This was my home for the next five months. I would share this with three other girls, none of whom I knew. The four of us were greeted by the headmasters of the two schools in which we were to be teaching. Neither of these men (who were going to be crucial to our well-being) spoke particularly good English and our Swahili was of course minimal.

We entered the house, which comprised two very tiny rooms, each with two bunk beds and one larger room that contained one gas lamp, two kerosene cookers and a very narrow table with four wooden chairs around it. We were then shown the toilet which was outside the back of our house in a shed-like construction. Inside were two breeze-blocks either side of a smelly long-drop – the breeze blocks being to stand on when using the toilet. Next door to the toilet building was exactly the same type of

structure, just a bare tiny room, with a small hole in the ground (leading down to the same hole as the toilet), which we used for washing ourselves. The hole was our drainage system, not very sophisticated and certainly very smelly!

Our new and, as yet unknown, neighbours had prepared a huge feast for our arrival; this included bowls of rice, potatoes, meat, cooked bananas, small fish, cucumbers and watermelon. This was very generous of them, the first of our many experiences of their generosity, but rather sadly all four of us felt so disorientated that our hunger had vanished; however, we ate enough in order to be polite. Our neighbours then insisted on taking us to the local market, not quite what we had in mind but not to be refused. The concept of public transport in Africa is entirely different from that in England: because there is little or no private transport (a bicycle is considered a luxury owned by the very few) everyone relies upon the bus and, as a consequence, there is barely enough space to breathe let alone to sit!

The first night in the house was quite surreal; all four of us were still in shock trying to absorb how different our day-to-day lives would be for the next five months. The thoughts of having to go to the primitive toilet and washing ourselves with a bucket of dirty water (if we were lucky and there was any water for washing) were going to take quite a while to adjust to.

The first morning, my partner, Natasha, and I needed to be up by six o'clock as we were to be at the school at which we had been designated to teach by half-past seven. A pupil of our school was going to show us the way to the school as it was a two-mile walk through maize fields and houses and over a small river in order to get there. On our approach to the school grounds, we could hear drums banging and children singing. There were tiny children rushing past us, for fear that they were late for the assembly, desperately trying to reach their age-group so that they could join the end of the line that their class made in the playground without being noticed by the teacher. We later discovered that pupils arriving late were caned.

As we entered the school grounds of Tuvaila Primary School, we were greeted by blank-faced children, who looked positively terrified by our arrival. This was not quite the reaction that we had anticipated and we found it very unnerving. It was not until later that one of the teachers explained to us that the children had never seen a white person before and they had possibly thought that we were ghosts! Our task to teach these children suddenly seemed more daunting than ever.

We stood in front of the rows and rows of children who were lined up in their forms, taking up the majority of the playing area of the school grounds. The headmaster then proceeded to introduce each of us individually to the whole school and to the teachers and explained to them in Swahili that we would be teaching the standard seven students English for the next five months before the end-of-year examinations. I was due to teach the first lesson of the day. Feeling slightly anxious about how the children would respond to me, I picket up some chalk and the textbook that I was supposed to follow and headed to my classroom. I walked into a large, bare room filled with 70 faces staring up at me, all sitting behind very old wooden desks. The children all stood up to greet me with "Good morning, teacher, don't get Aids." Not quite the greeting that I had expected and this did take me aback a little. However, the headmaster did explain to me that this is the school's way of trying to make the children aware of the danger of Aids as in Africa now almost eighty per cent of its inhabitants have this potentially deadly virus. This figure is not helped by the fact

that all the children I spoke to about it have been led to believe by some source that using contraception enhances the possibility of catching Aids!

As my class were the oldest in the school, they were not quite so overwhelmed by my white complexion as most of the younger years were. However, it took a few weeks to bring them out of their shells for them to respond to me. To my great relief it turned out that the level of some of the children's English was surprisingly good. English is their third language, coming after their mother tongue (tribal language) and then Swahili.

After the first month had passed, our daily routine became almost fixed. Natasha and I had structured timetables to follow at school and the two-mile walk became accepted without question. We taught sport two afternoons each week and also art for three lessons every week. One thing that did take me by surprise was the length of time it took me to mark the exercise books for all seventy children in my class every day. However, it was worth every minute, as those previously blank faces gradually changed into smiling happy faces that were so very eager to learn.

Many of the children in my class lived in the orphanage, which was not very far from the school. These children had either been rescued from the street, had been taken away from a violent family or came from a family that had too many children. Tash and I tried to visit their orphanage every Sunday to play with them or just to talk and give them a cuddle. These tiny things always seemed to bring a smile to their faces and to ours, as we simply loved being with them.

During the second month, the level of water shortages increased; it could be up to a week that we were without water in our village. This meant that we had to walk carrying a bucket each for two miles in order to get some water. This basically meant that we did not wash during these periods, as drinking was obviously our priority. Hence, there was not even an ounce of glamour in our day-to-day appearance! The majority of the time we wore long, loose skirts and baggy polo shirts that we had bought from the local market. This meant that we neither offended the prevalent Muslim beliefs nor gave an appearance of affluence.

The rainy season began towards the end of the second month and, unbeknown to us, this meant more mosquitoes, snakes and rats! As we were living in such a rural area, with maize fields surrounding our house, it was an ideal habitat for snakes. On three occasions on our route to school in the morning we were greeted by a deadly green mamba snake crossing the path in front of us. Our neighbours also warned us to be cautious as they could slither under the doors of your house!

Then came the rats....One night Natasha and I could hear a scratching in our room. We couldn't work out where it was coming from. Then I shone my torch up onto our shelf and there it was, with its huge back eyes and long rubber-like tail, staring at me. We both froze in our beds, with only our flimsy mosquito nets to protect us. It scrambled down off the shelf, knocking off most of our things. The next morning – having had no sleep – I discovered that the rat had eaten half of my bar of soap and nibbled at my mattress. I wish I could say that this was the last of the rats, but they came back almost every night. We eventually piled heavy books across the base of our bedroom door each night and this did keep out ratty and his friends.

Money is a bonus in Tanzania. If someone is without, then their neighbour will help them. The warmth and hospitality of this country is overwhelming, making the Western world look cruel, hard, greedy and selfish.

Two months later and my adventures in Africa seemed like a distant memory, until I take a few quiet moments alone to look at my photos. I have tried to explain my time in Tanzania to my friends and family, but I never seem to be able to do it justice. I will keep those memories for my great friend Tash and me to share, as there are some things that my parents need never know; nor would they understand even if I tried to explain.

There are many more aspects of my time in Africa that I could have mentioned, but I feel that there would never be enough words.

LECTURE

BY SIR MARTIN WOOD, O.G.

Through its sponsorship of the annual Howson Lecture, the Old Greshamian Club aims to inspire present day Sixth-formers by bringing eminent O.G.s back to School to talk about their specialisms and achievements. This year, Martin Wood (W 40 – 45) conveyed the excitement, challenges and satisfaction of a lifetime of technological research which involved his founding Oxford Instruments, a company that employs 1,800 people worldwide. Sir Martin has pioneered many applications of superconducting magnets, including magnetic resonance imaging (MRI) now very widely used in diagnostic medicine. At the end of the talk he delighted his audience with a dramatic demonstration of superconductivity levitation involving a small but powerful permanent magnet, superconductors and a liberal amount of liquid nitrogen.

THE WICKSTEED COLLECTION

Charles Wicksteed (k & OSH 36-43), younger brother of Robert Wicksteed (k & OSH 29 – 38), who sadly died on 1st July 2003 (See Obituaries), has very kindly decided to loan to the School his substantial and very fine collection of oriental pieces of jade, ivory and bronze. The School currently has nowhere appropriate or sufficiently secure to exhibit this large collection comprising of nearly 100 small figures, as well as 40 or so other items – jars, boxes, containers, jugs, bowls, vases and pieces of porcelain. An arrangement has therefore been made that for the time being the collection will be housed by the Fishmongers' Company at Fishmongers' Hall and be exhibited from time to time in a secure environment. It is hoped that in the not-too-distant future, the School will acquire a new building or an adapted location in an existing building where the collection can be exhibited securely with pupils, staff, parents O.G.s and visitors being able to enjoy the many pieces.

The School is extremely grateful to Charles Wicksteed for agreeing to share his exquisite works with his old school; the gesture by the Fishmongers' Company is much appreciated. It is Charles's intention to loan the collection for ten years or so.

O.G. CLUB CRUISE

On Friday 27th June a small but intrepid band of O.G.s of varying ages enjoyed a day out on the historic sailing trawler Excelsior, based at Lowestoft. Despite the lack of wind, the crew worked hard to hoist sails and take a turn at the helm of the 80-year-old ship, the last of its type. Geoffrey Coleman (OSH '46) is the President of the Excelsior Trust and welcomed Dick Copas, Patrick Peal (W'67), Thomas Cowper-Johnson (T'68) and a group of friends and relatives abroad for a trip down the coast towards Southwold and back.

The very enjoyable and hard-working day included excellent snacks and lunch with an impromptu challenge to climb the ratlines – honours were evenly split among the O.G.s who accepted.

Many O.G.s expressed a wish to join the daysail but were unable owing to diary commitments. If you would like to join the Excelsior for a day out, either go to www.excelsiortrust.co.uk or email Patrick Peal @bbpr.com.

O.G. CRICKET

The O.G.s, skippered by Johnny Wyatt (1st XI 1995-98), assembled a galaxy of stars, seven of them from the XI of 1997, our most successful season in recent times.

The “Old Firm” of Wyatt (72) and Tom Hood (64) opened and rolled back the years with an excellent stand of 102. This laid the foundation for a very big score with several players chipping in with quick twenties and thirties. The declaration eventually came after 50 overs at 287 for 8.

The task proved to be too much for the School who, with a depleted batting line-up, lost four early wickets. However, a spirited and most disciplined stand between Ollie Dudman (48) and Will Stebbings (88 not out) gave the School much credibility, finishing on 210 for 8, thereby earning an honourable draw. Joe Pearse (1st XI 2000-2002) was the most successful O.G. bowler with five wickets.

The match was played in great spirit on a beautiful day and once again on a magnificent Gresham’s wicket; every year the O.G.s come back and all say “What a pleasure it is to play on.”

My thanks to all for a wonderful day’s cricket.

Alan Ponder (S)

O.G. RUGBY

Our chances of doing well in the annual Cronk-Cunis Rugby Tournament for U21 XVs at Richmond Athletic Ground were somewhat undermined by the last-minute withdrawal of members of this year’s School 1st XV who had promised to turn up but with no regard for anyone else decided instead to go to a party. Unbelievable! Gresham’s had to withdraw – most embarrassing and depressing. Nothing daunted, Neil Humphrey is prepared to give O.G.s a chance to redeem themselves next September.

O.G. SOCCER

O.G.s v Staff/Pupils

[Original lineation abandoned on grounds of economy! Sorry – Ed.]

As kick-off approached on the barren windswept pitch, spectators were able to see a group of true professionals exercising their skills. Alas that these spectators were the locals of the King’s Head! Not five minutes into the warm-up and one could see the mighty Wheeler downing his vodka and Red Bull or, in fact, Red Rooster, as the strange folk of North Norfolk provide, with the finishing grace of Thierry Henry. Needless to say, the students felt it was a bit chilly to be playing football.

With Neo in goal, having discovered since leaving school that he was “the one” from the Matrix, the students were guaranteed a victory. It was of little concern that the “staff” of Gresham’s had become considerably younger than we all cared to remember.

Bizarrely enough, there was some kind of formation to the team, and it was through this that the team had a solid platform from which to use the wind in the first half – Frenchy performing wonders in this department.

Special mention has to go to Magdy El Go-Hairy for being Hairy and Pig for being tubby, although the through-ball which set up the first goal from Wheeler was sensational. Scotty provided the sort of awesome defence at left back which belied his stature just as in his hockey days. With a calm temperament he managed to hack, foul, chip, snap and break the opposing wingers, all without the referee's noticing.

Duncan's height and size instilled a fear in the young staff which the students capitalised on; his team-work with the ever-running Gavin actually involved effort. Gavin, the captain, led by example, and his two finishes which killed the game in the second half left the crowd and players stunned.

Frenchy played the anchor-man particularly well for five minutes, before deciding that he could not be bothered to defend any more.

The front line involved the impressive JAW. Jarrett and Welham; a partnership which has eaten many university defences for a hungover fry-up. (Truly, Jazzer played his part well, harrying the defence and causing much consternation. Welham also played his part well. Rarely has David Beckham looked so intelligent!)

These were supported by the ever-Leeds-United-loving Jackpants. Slightly bemused by his team-mates' insistence that he was left-footed he was the left winger but managed to leave his position well and truly vacant to find himself sniffing the lines, after belting the ball with his "swinger" right foot.

Finally there was the mighty Hippo on the right wing. Wracked with cramp in the second half, while his first half was a bit of a nonentity due to the wind, his contribution was still the greatest moment of the match. With space to charge into, the ball was spread to him as he was hugging the touchline. The pirouette he managed to perform, with a delicate array of leg and arm movements manipulating his body around the ball, without once touching it. Sensational! The finishing position of him lying prostrate on the floor with cramp in both hamstrings was the champagne moment!

Thanks to Will Salter for not being there. We couldn't have won with you.

Final Score 4 – 1

Scorers for the O.G.s: Jackman (2) Patterson (2)

Team:-

Tom Carling Edward Wheeler

Alex Scott Duncan Hands

Magdy El Go Hary

Al Jarrett Andrew Welham

James French Ralph Jackman

Gavin Patterson Ben Hipperson

Ralph Jackman (W)

O.G. SQUASH

Londonderry Cup 2002/3

After a long spell as the dominant force in the Londonderry Cup – a legacy of the late Seventies, when the School employed the great Malcolm Willstrop as squash coach – a lack of young players coming through has finally caught up with us

A combination of injuries and work commitments rendered us unable to field a team for our scheduled quarter-final against Lancing in this season's competition, which is extremely sad when you consider how many world-class players Willstrop guided through the ranks.

The final was won by Aylesbury, who beat Lancing 4-1.

ROWING

Catherine Dovey was awarded a Cambridge Blue for rowing.

O.G. HOCKEY

The HOGS Hockey Club has completed another triumphant season under the captaincy of 'Iron Man' Ali Cargill, as the team continues to play its own unique brand of champagne hockey every Thursday night between September and March on the Leman astro pitch at the School.

The Club managed to play a staggering (I use the term wisely) 27 fixtures against local clubs, invitation XIs and staff XIs, a testament, surely, to the size of the squad, to its careful pre-season preparation, its awareness of the crucial role of diet and the wonders of new micro-surgery techniques.

Such a successful club requires a striking strip and we are grateful to the OG Club for advancing the funds required to cover such a large order (or XXL in some cases). All shirts have now been sold and the money refunded to the Treasurer. Our goalkeeper, too, has benefited from the O.G. Club's largesse; his ten-year-old kit having bio-degraded, Robert 'The Porpoise' Dale is now resplendent in light-weight kit and a succession of bilious shirts. In terms of results, one of our best seasons, as we move into the tenth year since the HOGS formation: nineteen wins, two draws, six losses. Cargill was top goal-scorer with Mark 'Spoonbender' Lintott a close second. Now that Mike Taubman has retired, the average age has plummeted, but the over-40's limp on – 'Strimmer' Payne, 'The Commodore' Cowper-Johnson and Flower, 'The Silver Fox' of the young Roger 'Hammerhead' Bannock, who has worked tirelessly in defence and on one extraordinary occasion was seen running up the left wing. Chris 'Frites' Deane rampaged round the midfield, and shared many a victory cigar with Flower. 'The Diamond Geezer', Mark Buckingham, ghosted beautifully on the right, with Guy 'The Rot' Pitcher snarling menacingly in the middle. I apologise for all the nicknames, but hockey fashion apparently now dictates that one has one's

nickname on one's shirt in large white letters.

This evidently is for identification purposes, and to help to jog the memory of the older members of the team. We were indebted too to recent leavers 'Unclean I' and 'Unclean II', Mike Pickett and Joe Pearse for their young legs and deft skills, and wish them luck at university. Susanna 'Morbid' Jolly was much in evidence early on in the season, making a welcome return before resuming medical school. Roger Combe, 'The Student', James 'Albert' Knapp and Pete 'Self-basting' Mitchell all made significant contributions too. And a word for our stand-in goalie, the larger-than-life, but smaller-in-the flesh Marcus Hedley, who ably filled the shoes of an injured Dale. Our thanks too must go to James Glennie for his stoical umpiring throughout the season.

The O.G. match vs The School was an entertaining game, with stars reappearing to grace the astro – Tristran Hedley, Brad Waters, Bob Hammond, James Marsom, Jonathan Cuff, Marcus Hedley to name but a few. The O.G.s were profligate with their chances early on and allowed the School to steal goals against the run of play. Waters was outstanding for the O.G.s. The champagne moment was when Luke Hedley, playing for the 1st XI although still under fifteen, rifled a blistering shot from the top of the D, past the goalie's right-ear – in goal was Marcus Hedley.

Dave Walton entertained us generously in 'The Bop' after the games, and another successful O.G. afternoon of hockey came to a very satisfactory conclusion. Our thanks to him.

As I write, the HOGS have made a blistering start to the new season, winning their first five matches and scoring 28 goals on the way. Sam Sisson's presence up front has a little to do with this. The Club goes from strength to strength thanks to the dedication of skipper Cargill and the organisation of Mark Buckingham, fixture secretary; we welcome new players and urge good hockey O.G's to get in touch if they are returning to the area. Ring the captain on 07768956201.

Nigel Flower.

In the Varsity Match James and Robert Fulford found themselves on opposite sides; James played for Oxford, Robert for Cambridge. In the event James was on the winning side – Oxford beat Cambridge 3-2.

O.G. GOLF

Once again 2003 has been a busy year for the Golfing Society!

The year started with the Spring Meeting at Royal Worlington on March 7th, which was attended by 16 members. Despite some fairly inclement weather (which caused the afternoon round to be reduced to 9 holes only) there was some excellent scoring with Follett Balch emerging as the winner with 57 Stableford points. Worlington laid on an excellent day, with the usual splendid lunch, and members are already looking forward to the 2004 meeting (provisionally booked for Friday 19th March) with eager anticipation!

At the beginning of April we played in the Halford Hewitt in which we were, for once, successful in our first round draw against Bedford, winning 3-2. Unfortunately in the second round we came up against yet another strong Scottish school, Merchiston, and went down 4½ - ½, although it should be pointed out that three matches went to the eighteenth.

Thanks must also go to Robert Mumby and Richard Stevens who very kindly agreed to play in the second round after Mike Barnard and James Marsom were unavoidably unable to play.

The Grafton Morrish qualifiers took place in early June and, unfortunately, once again Gresham's failed to reach the final stages at Hunstanton and Brancaster. We had a reasonably strong team but just seemed to find the tight fairways and lush rough of Rothley Park too much of a challenge. That's enough of excuses – we just all managed to play badly on the day!

The summer meeting at Sheringham duly took place on the afternoon of Friday 27th June. Sixteen players turned out- eight O.G.s and eight staff/pupils - and rather than play a match we played a Stableford competition with prizes for the overall winner, the best pupil and the best senior. We were very lucky with the weather; although thunderstorms seemed to pass us by on every side, we had hardly a drop on the course. The overall winner with 40 points was Adam Mann (who left in 1998). Tom Brearley won the pupils' cup and David Hammond the seniors' cup. A big thank-you must go to David Hammond who organised the golf at Sheringham at a very reasonable green fee, and to George Heaney who arranged a splendid meal in the foyer of the Auden Theatre afterwards. Unfortunately not everyone was able to attend this latter function but our numbers were helped by the aftermath of the Tallis Matron's leaving party!

At the same time the over 50s participated in the Cyril Gray at Worplesden, albeit briefly, going down in the first round to Chigwell. As in 2002, the team followed up this disappointment with victory over Taunton in the first round of the Plate only to come up against yet another strong Scottish school, Watsons, in the second round. Watsons won 2½ - ½ and went on to win the Plate. This year the Cyril Gray clashed with the Summer Meeting and whilst the Cyril Gray team was not affected it meant that the turnout for Sheringham was lower than it might have been. Hopefully we shall be able to avoid such clashes in the future.

The match against the Governors took place at Brancaster on 3rd July resulting in victory for the Governors. However, the match was, as always, thoroughly enjoyed by all, and the O.G.s were made to feel very welcome by the Governors and their generous hospitality.

The last event of the year is the Autumn Meeting which this year will take place at Hunstanton Golf Club on Friday 24th October to be followed by our AGM. I hope as many O.G.s as possible will be able to play in this one and make the day a success. All O.G. golfers are welcome, whether a member of the Golfing Society or not, and we hope that, being the first day of half term, some members of staff (and perhaps pupils) will also be able to join us.

Jeremy Mumby (k & T 63 – 72)
Captain of the O.G. Golfing Society.

O.G. SWIMMING

As usual the gala took place on the Saturday of O.G. Weekend. This time two evenly balanced teams, each consisting of a mixture of O.G.s and School swimmers, competed against each other. The match was keenly contested. However, the only clear winner to emerge was the nameless O.G. who consumed three steaks at the now traditional barbecue provided at his Sheringham home by the ever-generous swimming coach, Evan Tuck.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr Rayner,

We have been meaning to write to the OG Magazine for a long time now. Indeed, we have meant to do so ever since reading and then discussing the excellent Steve Benson and Martin Crossley Evans illustrated history of the School, *I Will Plant Me a Tree*. We are two of the four “senior pupils” (all were school prefects) referred to by Benson in his account of Martin John Olivier’s departure. A third was our dear friend Andrew Mulligan, who has since tragically died. We have all lost touch with the last member of the team, Napier Russell.

We are both among the many OGs who contributed information and comment to Steve in the course of his researches, as he contacted us some years ago, along with Andrew Mulligan. Discussing Steve Benson’s treatment of the sad, painful episode of Olivier’s departure from the School, one of us pointed out an apparent inconsistency in Benson’s account of the radical and pioneering work of Howson and then Eccles, and his portrayal of the rule and removal of Olivier. He referred to Olivier’s return to corporal punishment and abandonment of the honour system, but he failed to discuss the total *volte face* that this represented in terms of Gresham’s traditions, and the great dismay that this abandonment of the principles of Howson and Eccles produced among many of the staff, old boys, and indeed some of us senior pupils. Nor did Steve’s treatment of the influence of his predecessor-but-one at Woodlands, Max Parsons, refer to Max’s important role in upholding those principles established by Howson and Eccles and continued by Newell. It was not just the lamp of Latin that Max Parsons kept burning bright during his tenure as head of Woodlands. It was also a flame of indignation over Olivier’s systematic dismantling of what the Howson and Eccles tradition had stood for, that accounted for Max’s hostility to Olivier. If, then, Parsons saw Woodlands as “very much his own little empire”, it was the one strategy available to him to resist the Olivier tide.

Olivier carried his corporal punishment to extreme lengths; moreover, in place of the honour system that he had inherited, he sought to impose a structure of informants based on the very opposite principle – that of mistrust; and when he showed increasingly clear symptoms of instability or worse, referred to diplomatically by Steve Benson as critical outbursts and volatile temperament, it was not surprising that Max threw his weight behind an already swelling movement among staff, parents and – a point that Benson omitted to mention – many Old Greshamians, as well as senior pupils.

For example, Andrew Mulligan’s father, Dr Hugh Mulligan, had much earlier tackled Olivier head on, in the context of Olivier’s unorthodox behaviour as his son’s housemaster. Eric Kelly and H.D.F. Taylor, among the group of senior staff members who were appalled at the evolution of Olivier’s headmastership, gave measured and caring support to the senior pupils who took action and sought audience with the Chairman of Governors.

Benson rightly stressed the very unfortunate coincidence of *l’affaire Olivier* and the School’s Quatercentenary. We are sure that many OGs who have read Steve Benson’s account of this episode of the school’s history fully understand the strong diplomatic and political constraints on a chronicler of a living ongoing institution. But at the same time it should perhaps be noted – a point that I know was made to Weston Backhouse, the Chairman of Governors at the time – that the decision to dismiss MJO on the basis of the facts presented and verified, at such an historically significant moment in the School’s history, did say something about the abiding force among many of the staff of the School and old boys (not to mention the Governors) of the ideals of the Howson/Eccles era.

It is clearly very late in the day to present this aspect of the Olivier years. However, both of us, as two of the senior pupils who took action in the summer of 1954, as well as other OGs we have spoken to, feel strongly enough on this matter to present this point of view to the Old Greshamian Magazine, while at the same time applauding Steve Benson's otherwise magnificent effort. We know that Andy felt exactly the same way.

Sincerely yours,

Brian Johnson
(Woodlands 1949 – 1954)

Flemming Heilmann
(Old School House 1949 – 1954)

Fonte Pitacchio
Scansano, pr. Grosseto
58054 Italia

36 Copper Beech Road
Greenwich
Connecticut 06830, USA

Dear John,

Thank you for publishing my experience in Malaysia connected with the Philip Newell Award. My surname is spelt Salter rather than Slater, as published in the Old Greshamian Magazine p86, Number 141, November 2002.

I wish you a pleasant summer!

Best wishes,

Will Salter

Dear John,

While trying to compose my memories of Gresham's as the daughter of a housemaster, I realise that I remember (mostly) trivia. "Be reticent," my father advised me, along with "Pay into a pension" and "Save!"

It is thirty-nine years since my father died but I am about to see if I can do something about the reticence. Funny – I thought it was mothers who sat on daughters' shoulders.

Best wishes,
Christine Guedalla (née Douglas)

Dear Mr Rayner,

I am surprised that Ian Lowe is unable to remember Christopher C. Smith (aka Poodles) as he was Vice Captain of Woodlands for the year 1950/51.

Yours sincerely,

David Dickinson (W 46 – 51)

Dear Mr Rayner,

O.G. Magazine – Issue November 2002

I note that you report me as having retired from the post of Vice Chairman of Eastern Counties Newspaper Group.

I'm still Vice Chairman and much involved with the company, which is now called Archant Ltd, in recognition that our publishing activities are now of national scale.

Yours sincerely,

Geoffrey Copeman C.B.E., D.L. [k&OSH 46 – 54]

P.S. It's a change not to be on the receiving end of an editorial complaint!



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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. Copies collected from School cost only £28!

When Heroes Die

Although When Heroes Die is now out of print, Sue Smart still has a few copies available, which she is selling for £10 a copy, + £3 p&p. Cheques to be made payable to her please and sent to the School address.

First Class Degrees

Would anyone who has been awarded a First or anyone who knows of someone else who has been awarded a First over the last three years please send that information to the Editor/Co-ordinator (J.S. Rayner), The Common Room, Gresham's School, Holt NR25 6EA. a.s.a.p. Please supply full name, degree subject, name of university and year of award.

Gift to School Library

The Club and School are most grateful to Pat Hall who has given to the School Library her copy of The Book of Leisure edited by John Pudney (H 23-5). A poet and prose writer, John Pudney produced journalism as well as fiction. He was at Gresham's with the more famous poet W.H.Auden. Pudney achieved celebrity status with the publication of his very fine poem 'For Johnny' written at the height of the Battle of Britain.

Mailshot

All former members of Oakeley and all girls at Gresham's prior to September 1978 will receive a mailing in connection with the projected Reunion Dinner due to take place on 1st May 2004. Meanwhile make a note now in your 2004 calendars! – J.S.R.

Careers Convention

A number of O.G.s kindly gave their time and advice to pupils at the Careers Convention on 7th December 2002. Patrick Cooper, the School's Careers Master, would as usual

welcome offers from O.G.s to act as Consultants at this year's Convention due to take place on Saturday 6th December. The morning is followed by a first-class lunch in the Thatched Buildings. The Careers Dept telephone number is 01263 713083.

The Bruce Douglas Memorial Scholarship

These awards, funded by the generosity of O.G.s in the past, go to the most promising mathematician in the Lower Sixth. This year's winner is Peter Barton (H).

Howson's Reunion

For all members of Howson's between 1990 and 2003, a Barbecue Party will be held at the House on 29th May, 2004. Accommodation will be available. Those interested should make initial contact via e-mail: pgbadger@hotmail.com

Military Honours

The O.G. Club together with the School propose to create mounted and framed lists of former pupils who have achieved military honours for valour, including Mentioned in Dispatches.

If anyone falls into this category as an individual, we should be grateful to receive details. Likewise if anybody knows of an O.G., living or deceased, whose officially honoured courage should be listed at School, please write to Richard Peaver, Esq, The Common Room, Gresham's School, Holt NR25 6EA.

Gresham's in Wartime

Copies of this excellent account of the period in WWII when Gresham's was relocated to Newquay are available for £5.50 (inc. p&p), payable to The O.G. Club. Apply to the O.G. Club Co-ordinator at School.

The Philip Newell Bursary 2003

This annual award goes to Sarah Paul of Britten House.

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.freeseve.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 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.

Fashion Statement

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 (inc. p&p). Other items of regalia available for purchase are as follows:-

| | |
|----------------------------------|--------|
| Club Tie (silk) | £16.50 |
| Club Tie (polyester) | £7.00 |
| Cufflinks | £8.00 |
| Silver Blazer Button (coat-size) | £2.25 |
| Silver Blazer Button (cuff-size) | £1.75 |

Send cheque(s), payable to The O.G. Club, to J.S. Rayner (O.G. Club Co-ordinator), The Common Room, Gresham's School, Holt, Norfolk NR25 6EA

Apology

The Editor regrets that owing to lack of space it has not been possible to publish accounts written by O.G.s who sang with the National Youth Choir on their world tour. They will be printed in the next issue.

EXAMINATION RESULTS 2003

| A Level | GCSE | AS Level |
|-------------------|------------------|-------------------|
| Overall Pass Rate | % A* Grades 16.6 | Overall Pass Rate |
| % A Grades 38.6 | % A Grades 29.8 | % A Grades 31.1 |
| % B Grades 30.1 | % B Grades 29.0 | % B Grades 24.8 |
| % C Grades 19.9 | % C Grades 21.1 | % C Grades 21.8 |

DESTINATION OF SCHOOL LEAVERS 2003

88 members of the Upper Sixth left in July 2003. 83 applied in their final year for UCAS Degree courses. The remainder include an ESU student, Art and Drama College applicants, foreign students not furthering education in the UK, those going directly into employment, and some who are applying once their A Levels are known. 22 applied for a GAP year. Three have declined their offers as a result of better than expected grades, are taking a GAP year and will re-apply. 11 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 are becoming increasingly popular.

Choice of Establishment (for those taking Degree Courses)

2003 again saw an increasing diversity of universities to which students applied.

Number

| | |
|---|---|
| 8 | Durham |
| 7 | Newcastle |
| 5 | Leeds |
| 3 | Birmingham, Loughborough, Southampton, Reading |
| 2 | Nottingham, Sussex |
| 2 | West of England, Northumbria, Manchester, Manchester Metropolitan, London School of Economics, Oxford Brookes, Edinburgh, Oxford, University of East Anglia, Hull, St Andrews |
| 1 | Cambridge, Napier, Sheffield Hallam, Edinburgh College of Art, St Mary's College, Royal Holloway, Heythrop College, Gloucestershire, Imperial College London, Harper Adams College, UMIST, Liverpool, Leeds Metropolitan, King's College London, Surrey, University College Northampton, Bristol, London Guildhall, Kent, Warwick, Bath |

Number

| | |
|----|---|
| 18 | Business, Economics, Management, Commerce/Marketing, Accounting |
| 15 | Anthropology/Social Sciences, Languages, Psychology, Politics |
| 14 | Engineering (all types), Physics, Computing, Electronics, Mathematics |
| 9 | English, English Literature, Philosophy, Publishing |
| 7 | Biology/Environmental Science, Medicine, Chemistry |
| 7 | History, Geography |
| 7 | Music, Drama/Theatre Studies, Cultural Studies, Media Studies |
| 3 | Law |
| 3 | Hospitality, Sports Management |
| 2 | Adult Nursing Studies, Equine Science |
| 2 | Art, Design |

We expect that well over 90% of Upper Sixth leavers will take Degree courses.

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:-

