



Old Greshamian Magazine

Number 143
November 2004

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Old Greshamian Magazine

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Outline Calendar of Events 2004 –2005

CHRISTMAS MEETING 2004

Saturday 11th December 2004.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING in the Library: 5.00 p.m.

OGs v OGs Hockey Match: Astroturf 1. 6.00 p.m.

INFORMAL DRINKS AND SUPPER for OGs

(players and spectators) with Staff in Dave's Diner 8.00 p.m.

LENT TERM EVENTS 2005

HOGS XI v The School 1st XI 7.30 p.m. Thursday 6th January

OGs v The School 2.15 p.m. Thursday 10th March 2005

Club Committee Meeting 11.30 a.m. Saturday 12th March 2005

SUMMER TERM EVENTS 2005

HOWSON LECTURE : George Stiles Friday 29th April 2005

O.G. CLUB RECEPTION FOR VI FORM LEAVERS. Friday 20th May 2005

SATURDAY 28TH MAY 2005

450TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

ALL DAY LONG AND INTO THE NIGHT

See details of extensive programme of events in accompanying brochure
and ticket (s) application forms.

OG Committee Meeting 11.30 a.m. Saturday June 25th 2005

Cricket: O.G. XI v The School XI Sunday 26th June 11.00 a.m.

CHRISTMAS MEETING 2005 Saturday 3rd December 2005

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 5.00 p.m.

HOCKEY OGs v OGs Astroturf 1 6.00 p.m.

INFORMAL DRINKS AND SUPPER 8.00 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@pandacorran.fsnet.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

By the time you read this two of my three years as Chairman will have passed. I am conscious that we have not achieved all we set out to do. There has been much change at School, including a huge investment in electronic communications technology and we have also been busy with the 450th Celebration planning. Don't forget the December AGM, and the new timings set to make attendance more convenient and the evening more interesting.

To begin with I should like to thank John Rayner for all his work and skill in producing yet another splendid OG Magazine that is full of detail and interest. His terrier-like determination to sniff out the facts on what members are up to has once again allowed the production of another fascinating and readable issue.

I was very pleased to have received more than 800 replies to our request for e-mail addresses and Peter Corran has kindly added all this information to our records. Thank you to all those who did reply. Sadly this number accounts for only 20% of our membership and so a lot of work remains to be done. However, the improvement in communications at School will assist our cause. You will know of the appointment of the new Bursar, Bruno Delacave; his new system will allow all departments of the School, staff, parents (past, present and prospective) and OGs to 'talk' to one another. Our part in all this we should like to call 'OGs Connected', and thus members will more easily be able to keep in contact. The installation of the hardware is nearly complete, the software will follow, and admin staff will be provided to gather together all the required information.

This service will open up all sorts of opportunities for us, and we have been asked to plan the direction in which members would like the OG Club to move in the future. We shall be able to provide much more up-to-date information on the website, and to run OG events targeted at those who live in different parts of the country (or even overseas). The Committee will work on this prior to the AGM in December and will report our suggestions then. In the meantime, please e-mail me with your ideas of the services you would most like to be provided for the membership (preferably in order of priority).

Henry Jones retires from the 'new' one-year Presidency at the December AGM and we have been very grateful for his wise encouragement. Henry joined the School in 1935 and so he will celebrate 70 years of association next year. Well done, Henry - your energy and commitment over many years have been invaluable to both School and Club.

We welcome Dr. Thomas Stuttford as our President for the Celebration year of 2005. He is very busy as medical columnist of The Times and is hugely respected in the spheres of medicine and journalism. He is still extremely busy and travels widely. We shall enjoy his company! I have already given him details of the 2005 calendar; we look forward to seeing him and his wife Pamela at Holt. The position of President

is not onerous, but it is good to have on board a succession of OGs who have done so much with their lives.

The School has benefited very handsomely indeed from two legacies, those of John Gelder and his wife Gun, who died within days of each other last December. The Governors have expressed their delight at the considerable generosity on the part of the Gelders. For further details see Obituaries and The Gelder Legacy on page 21.

And finally 2005! You now have full details of the School's 450th Anniversary programme and specifically the OG Celebration on Saturday 28th May. You can't afford to miss this one! Many of us may not be around in 2055.

Steve Benson's History of the School is still on sale. A few copies remain - apply to the Bursar's P.A.

With best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

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

The OG Club e-mail address is: horsleyd@btconnect.com

The OG Club website is: www.greshams.org.uk

Minutes of the Old Greshamian Club Committee Meeting held on Saturday 6th December 2004.

Present: Messrs Copas, Goff, Youngs, Neville, Smart, Gathercole, Corran, Martin, Mawson, Horsley, Peal, Baker, Clark, Payne, Rayner, Inglis, Thomas, Morgan and Buckingham.

Apologies: Messrs Atherton, Flower, Kooreman.

The Minutes of the previous meeting; These were read and approved.

2. Matters arising from the Minutes: It was agreed that Henry Butt would be asked to join the Committee, hopefully as year representative. It was also agreed that a meeting would be set up between the new Trustees and the Treasurer. It was confirmed that the new Bursar would be co-opted on to the OG Committee. Concerns were expressed about the Data Protection Act. It was likely that there was going to be some form of School foundation which would in effect take over the database, which might actually resolve the issue.

Treasurer's Report: There was a discussion about changing the year to try to match the school year. It was agreed that it would be a short year ending on the 31st August 2004. This would make the accounts more up to date. It was noted that 83 out of 89 people joined last year which was a good 'take-up' rate although the committee agreed that it should effectively be made a compulsory system. It was also noted that in future the Club would pay £2,600 for the Club Co-ordinator. It was important to run the finances carefully to be able to afford this.

The Club Co-ordinator's Report: J.S.R. gave a quick résumé of all the events he had organised. Unfortunately Gresham's had not taken part in the U21 Tournament at Richmond as we hadn't been able to raise a team. The September Lunch also received no support but the Dinner in September had gone well. Golf was working well and generally most of the events had been satisfactorily supported. Too much material had been available for the Magazine so some of it would have to appear the following year. The Committee congratulated J.S.R. on the very high quality of the Magazine.

The Headmaster then gave an interesting report on the School.

The OG Governor's Report. C.I.H.M. reported that the new headteachers in the Pre and Prep School had fitted in well; both Schools were thriving. The burden placed on the management of the School by the Government was ever increasing and, by way of example, the latest administrative problem was the need to provide guardians for all foreign students. The Governors were spending much time considering long-term strategy as it was appreciated that it was necessary for the School to adapt to change if it was to thrive.

The Chairman's Report. R.N.K.C. spoke about the role of President. He had given it a lot of thought and had sounded out a number of people. Whilst Presidents Dowson and

Tusa were clearly extremely distinguished they had not been able to fit into their busy schedule the time to support the OG Club particularly in Norfolk. It was therefore felt that it was best to try to have the role of President as something which was held for one year but would be seen as a considerable honour for whoever held this post and that it might be not only for people who had distinguished themselves in the wider world but also for those who had given great service to the School or Club. To start the ball rolling it was therefore proposed that Henry Jones should be the first President under this system. Henry's commitment to both the Club and the School were legendary and the Committee were very happy to agree with this suggestion. The Chairman also mentioned the likelihood of a foundation's being created and discussed the use of the database. It was clearly vital that the School Foundation and the OG Club had a single database. The Club would not wish to lose its independence but would certainly wish to work with and for the School as well as on its own account.

Honorary Members. It was acknowledged that over the years some people had slipped through the net. The Chairman had done a lot of work in bringing the Honorary Membership list up to date. It was recognised that certainly Arthur Lewis, Mr & Mrs Cuff and Mr Edwards should be added to the list. Nigel Flower kindly agreed prior to the meeting to be the committee member with special responsibility for Honorary Members. This would involve not only keeping a list of them but also being aware of who in the School should be considered and in view of his standing on the Staff he was very well qualified to do this.

2005. It appears that the service will now be in Norwich Cathedral which will suit OGs much better than St Paul's. It was agreed that the OGs should organise a celebration and the Chairman had prepared an extremely well thought-out day which would enable people of all interests to take part in at least one or two events. The Committee were fully behind the Chairman's proposals. There was a suggestion that the event might in some way be linked with Trafalgar as it was the 200th Anniversary of that as well. It was agreed that it would be beneficial to try to involve past parents as well as former pupils.

Travel Grants. It was agreed that these would be considered at the Summer Meeting. It was also agreed that Fiona Gathercole would be the link person for Travel Grants at the School.

Method of Payment for joining the OG Club. It was hoped that the new Bursar would be able to assist. On current figures it would be much better to charge each parent £10 per term over a 5 year period rather than £150 at the end. It was generally felt that if a pupil left after, say, 3 years it was better to have them still as a member even though they had paid less. No actual consideration was given to people who came in the Sixth Form and there might be a slightly different rate for them, but this was something to be discussed with the new Bursar who clearly would have the final say on the way monies were collected.

Committee. It was suggested that Robert Howell, Thomas Cowper-Johnson and James Morgan become Committee Members in their own right. It was also confirmed that Louisa

Peaver and Michael Pickett should be co-opted to the Committee. It was noted that there were no members between the ages of 25 and 33 and perhaps some more recruiting in that age-group should take place.

London Children's Camp. James Morgan had kindly been keeping an eye on this. It was reported that the practicalities were such that it was not going to be possible for the School to be involved because of the burden of Statutory Regulations. In reality, the best option was to sell the site and then perhaps the School could get the benefit of some or all of the sale proceeds via the Charity Commission. Perhaps the money could fund a Scholarship at the School from a pupil from the London area.

A.O.B. Mention was made of the number of OGs who had received Military Honours and that perhaps more prominence could be given to them in the School – i.e. rolls of honour should not be confined to the CCF Buildings.

The meeting concluded at 13.10 hrs and thanks again were expressed to the Headmaster for his hospitality and assistance.

Adney Payne

THE O.G. CLUB COMMITTEE

Michael Baker
James Blackburn
Jenny Broom
Mark Buckingham
Alistair Cargill
Antony Clark – Headmaster
Richard Copas – Vice-Chairman
Peter Corran
Thomas Cowper-Johnson
Robert Dale
Nigel Flower
Nick Green
Fiona Gathercole
Michael Goff - Treasurer
Fiona Thomas (Holliday)

David Horsley Staff Representative
Robert Howell
Airlie Inglis (Carver)
Charlotte Martin (Whitaker)
Iain Mawson – Chairman
Richard Maxwell
James Morgan
Bridget Neville (Lilly)
Adney Payne – Hon. Secretary
Patrick Peal
Louisa Peaver
Michael Pickett
John Rayner – Club Co-ordinator
Richard Youngs

OLD GRESHAMIAN CLUB **INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT YEAR** **ENDING 31st DECEMBER 2003**

	2003		2002	
	£	£	£	£
Income				
Subscriptions	12,500.00		12,450.00	
Donations	100.00		10.00	
Dividends(net)	495.00		474.00	
Bank interest	<u>39.39</u>		<u>67.00</u>	
		13,127.24		13,001.00
Expenditure				
Newsletter:				
Printing	4,280.00		3,744.00	
Postage	3,700.00		3,000.00	
Calendars	<u>309.03</u>		<u>288.00</u>	
	8,289.03		7,032.00	
Less advertising	<u>(480.00)</u>		<u>(420.00)</u>	
	7,809.03		6,612.00	
Secretarial & postage	1,617.86		535.00	
Subscriptions	18.00		18.00	
Insurance	106.57		97.00	
Dinners (surplus)	40.50		(56.00)	
Cocktail party surplus			(180.00)	
Gap year students	600.00		850.00	
OG Squash	-		160.00	
OG Golf	-		425.00	
OG Rugby	475.00		-	
OG Concert (surplus)	(76.00)		-	
OG Co-ordinator	2,600.00		777.00	
OG Tree	28.00		-	
	<u>12,768.96</u>		<u>9,238.00</u>	
	<u>358.00</u>		<u>3,763.00</u>	

M. L. Goff, Honorary Treasurer

OBITUARIES

Nell Andrews, widow of Wilfrid Andrews, former Housemaster of Woodlands, died peacefully in her sleep at a nursing home in Cromer on 6th/7th December 2003. Nell was aged 87. At the Thanksgiving Service held at St Margaret's Church, Cley in April, **Geoffrey Andrews** (c & W 50 – 58) delivered a loving appreciation of his mother.

Michael Ball F.R.C.S. (F 39 – 43) has died.

Charles Barsted (W 45 – 49) has died.

Derek Bryan O.B.E. (W 24 – 29) died in October 2003.

Oliver Cox (W 45 – 49) passed away peacefully in his sleep on 26th November 2003.

Ronald Maitland Crosthwaite (W 37 – 41) died on 15th June 2004.

Wing Comm. Michael Doherty (F 33 – 38) died at the end of May 2004.

Alistair Forrester-Paton (W 29 – 34) has died.

Rev. Colin Forrester-Paton (W 31 – 36). Colin's obituary reproduced below was written by Iain Whyte:

Colin Forrester-Paton was a missionary whose time in Ghana spanned the transition from colonial status to independence, while he switched from being an overseas agent of a mission board to serving a full indigenous-led church.

He was educated at Gresham's School, in Norfolk, and New College, Oxford, gaining a double first in classics. During the Second World War, he was a conscientious objector, at the same time training for the ministry.

He met and married Jean while they were both at Oxford, and later became the first chaplain to overseas students in Edinburgh, stimulating his interest in West Africa.

In 1947 Colin and Jean were appointed missionaries of the Church of Scotland to the Gold Coast (later renamed Ghana) where they were to serve for 25 years.

Colin held a wide variety of positions. His keen intellect and patient understanding made him an excellent teacher, and he was appointed principal of the Presbyterian Church's premier training college, Akropong. His linguistic skills were employed in Bible translation when he took up the post of district pastor in the far northern area of Sandema.

The story is told that he spent days sitting in the local market in order to perfect his understanding of one of the myriad of languages in that part of the country. Later on, Colin ministered at the Ridge Church in Accra, an English-speaking international and ecumenical congregation.

His lifelong ecumenical passion found expression when he chaired the Presbyterian Church of Ghana's inter-church relations committee and it was a great disappointment to him that church union was not achieved.

On his return to Scotland in 1972, the links with Ghana continued. Ghanaian students and visitors beat a path over the next 30 years to Burnfoot Manse in Hawick and to the

Forrester-Patons' retirement home in Peebles for hospitality and counsel from those whom they perceived as wise "father and mother". Colin became a founder and president of the Scotland-Ghana Society.

Throughout most of the 1970s, Colin was minister of Burnbank, a parish at that time accorded not just terminable tenure, but facing terminal decline. Quietly and almost imperceptibly, his devoted pastoral work, conduct of worship and challenging vision fulfilled the Pauline instruction to "build up the body of Christ".

Colin was appointed a Chaplain to the Queen, a role which sat uneasily with his natural modesty, but which his sense of duty allowed him to fulfil with thoroughness.

It is axiomatic in obituaries to refer to the central place of the family, but this was true for Colin through four generations. A kindly brother within a large family, a loving father of the widely diverse trio of Helen, Keith and Rob, a grandfather who took immense pleasure in the fun that his many grandchildren gave him and a delighted great-grandfather – all this fitted him. But, above all, the love of his life was Jean, described by a relative as a "whirlwind" in contrast to Colin's "still small voice of calm". They were a devoted team for more than 50 years, equally dedicated to the church and its gospel, to Africa, and to the struggle for peace and justice in the world, as to each other.

Colin was the very antithesis of an exhibitionist but his faith led to a powerful combination of moral courage and an unwavering passion for what he knew to be right – opposing racism, war and the poll-tax, supporting the Scottish Parliament, fair trade, Christian Aid and Amnesty International.

All this simply complemented a life of service to many diverse individuals for the sake of the unity of the church and of all mankind.

Malcolm Freegard (S 48 – 52) died on 27th February 2004. As a young man Malcolm taught at Gresham's and he remained a friend of the School for the rest of his life. The obituary reproduced below appeared in *The Eastern Daily Press*:

A man who played a major role in preserving flickering film of East Anglia's rich history has died.

Malcolm Freegard, who was 81, helped found the East Anglian Film Archive, combining his love of the region with his expertise in television.

His passion for the past captured on film was evident in the many enthusiastic illustrated talks using old footage which he gave until ill health stopped him around five years ago.

But he was more than just an acknowledged authority on the region's moving picture heritage – following sterling war service as a bomber pilot and an illustrious career in broadcasting, he still had time for amateur dramatics as a hobby.

Mr Freegard was born in London, but a wartime evacuation from Highgate to Westward Ho! in Devon did not stop him cycling all the way back to sign up for the RAF, under age at 17. As a bomber pilot he survived a number of missions and some crashes, including ditching his Wellington 60 miles off Cromer, where he and his crew were rescued from a dinghy by a seaplane from RAF Coltishall.

Shot down over Germany, he became a prisoner of war in the Stalag Luft III camp made famous by *The Great Escape*. It was there he began acting, alongside inmates including Rupert Davies, who went on to become television detective Maigret.

After the war, Mr Freegard went to Cambridge, where he played football for the university and took honours in English and history. He was also president of the Marlowe Society for drama. It was his first teaching post at Gresham's School, Holt, in 1948, that gave him an abiding

love of East Anglia, building on the experience of childhood holidays at Sheringham. In 1956 he joined the BBC as radio talks producer. After attachments to the Panorama and Tonight programmes, he returned to Norfolk in 1960, when he was appointed BBC TV producer at Norwich – establishing the feature programme Outlook, dealing with local history, landscape, life and legends. He also co-produced news programmes and made documentaries. In 1968, Mr Freegard set up the Audio Visual Centre at the University of East Anglia to provide films for teaching aids, and gave instructions to students in making television programmes.

The founding of the regional film archive in 1976 was a natural follow-on, and he was an inspirational figure, encouraging David Cleveland to start a collection that moved to the UEA three years later and has evolved ever since. Mr Cleveland paid tribute to Mr Freegard's "tremendous support" for the project and his presentation skills.

He also made films about local life, such as samphire picking, which are now historic records. Mr Freegard was also committed to the future, with colleagues and friends recalling him as great "encourager" of young students, helping them to believe in themselves.

His community contributions included being governor of Norwich School of Art and Sheringham High, a parish councillor and churchwarden at Thornage where he lived with his wife Molly for 28 years before spending the past 18 at Hempstead.

Group Captain Arthur Garland (F 24 – 28) died peacefully in Aldeburgh, Suffolk on 11th February 2004. He was aged 92. His son Peter recalls that he always spoke of his days at Gresham's with great affection, carrying the memories of his time there throughout his life.

Andrew Garner (c & H 49 – 57) died tragically in Messery, France on 13th February 2004.

R. John Gelder (W 36 – 41) died on 24th December 2003. His wife Gun died just a few days previously on 21st December 2003.

The following tribute to John and Gun Gelder entitled 'Reflections' was written by their godson Nicholas Conyers and delivered at the joint Memorial Service:

John and Gun have been a loving and devoted couple for almost 59 years and it was fate that brought them together and it seems right that destiny has once more joined them both together again now.

In recent weeks a number of nurses and carers that have looked after and come to know John have been intrigued by their life story and expressed that he should have written a book all about it. John's reply was that he didn't think anyone would be interested but, of course, those who know him will vouch for his legendary note-taking and record-keeping skills that would put many a museum to shame.

As you may well imagine all his records are in excellent order and it is with the help of these that John and Gun's life story can be recalled.

John was born in Rawdon, where later he would spend most of his working life, and shortly thereafter the family moved to Wetherby until 1929 when the long association with Ilkley began.

Gun was born in Falun, Sweden about 80 miles north-west of Stockholm. Her father died when she was very young and her mother re-married then; tragically her step-father also died when she was still at school.

School for John commenced at Ghyll Royd before he first started boarding school at St Michael's in Uckfield, Sussex where, as a 9-year-old, he first started travelling alone – I can't see that happening today. He then gained a scholarship to Gresham's School in Norfolk – later to be evacuated to Newquay - and enjoyed success with a number of team games and shooting for the School at Bisley.

From there he went to Clare College, Cambridge for just one year, where he studied economics and joined the University Air Squadron which was the pre-cursor to his joining the RAF in July of 1942.

Considerable time was then spent with his pilot training in various parts of Canada, before completing this in the Bahamas at the end of 1943. John retained fond memories of the journey south from Canada by train with an illicit sortie to see the lights of New York on the way.

1944 saw the start of his operational flying, mostly on shipping reconnaissance over Skagerrak off the coast of Norway and Sweden.

For many, the events of 1939 to 1945 have left an indelible impression on their lives, but for John and Gun it marked the start of their whole life together. It was on the afternoon of 13th January 1945 that Halifax JP329 left Stornoway for the Scandinavian coast, experiencing heavy cloud. Some 20 miles north west of Gothenburg at around 7.40pm they came under fire from German shipping and an explosion caused a large hole in the roof of the aircraft and flak damaged both port engines. The plane touched the sea they were so low but they managed to regain height and limp for the Swedish coast near Gothenburg and the crew managed to extinguish a fire with the contents of the Elsan loo! The plane started to break up and with orders to bail out thus it was that John parachuted to safety on Swedish soil. He was then interned and arrived in Falun on the 16th January, meeting Gun for the first time on 3rd February. It was obviously love at first sight and, following a whirlwind romance, they became engaged on the 17th April, just before John was repatriated to the UK.

Being assigned to cashier duties at RAF Croydon was an ideal job for him to return to as he ended up dealing with foreign currency transactions. I am not sure that his promotion to flight lieutenant would have taken place had his superiors known about his illicit trading in Swedish Kroner, enabling him to save up enough to return to see Gun!

So it was that Gun arrived in the UK in March 1946 and whilst John had some trepidation before introducing Gun to his parents she had none, knowing that they must be good people as John was such a pleasant chap! The wedding took place at Ilkley on 3rd April with Gun being given away by my grandfather, and we all know it was to be a long and happy marriage. Having been de-mobbed in August of that year, John began his long association with the world of printing, starting off at printing school before joining Harrison Brothers printers as "young John", working for one of the brothers. The brothers would only run the firm by exchange of notes between them as they were not on speaking terms – no e-mails then!

On 13th October 1953, John joined Storey Evans as a salesman on the princely sum of £600 per annum, elevated from "young John" to "Mr Gelder", and he was to spend the next 30 years with them, becoming Managing Director on 7th November 1969.

It was during 1972 that they had built their beloved Paddock Hill, moving in in the August. John, of course, made daily visits during the construction to see that all was going to plan. They had long and happy memories of their time there and the spectacular views over Ilkley Moor.

Both enjoyed, and took seriously, their bridge playing through which many new friends were made and in the time since his illness started, with Gun unable to play, the weekly

game of bridge with the boys was something he looked forward to.

Caravanning was to feature highly as their source of holidays for 25 years, and many parts of Europe and the UK have been visited on more than one occasion – all properly recorded of course!

They have enjoyed very many lifelong friendships with some dating back to their parents' friendships of the 1920s. They have also been fortunate to have wonderful neighbours and, together with friends, have found this to be a great support during the more difficult times of late. They had much, however, to be thankful for and had many good memories, and it is these that I think we should reflect upon.

Gun has been a shining example to everyone with the magnificent way in which she has borne such a difficult illness over many years and, as many have remarked, she never once complained.

In his letter of recommendation to Clare College John's Headmaster said of him, "he is a boy of character in whom I have every confidence". I think we can all agree with that summary so many years later. **See The Gelder Legacy on page 21.**

Richard Gray (OSH 40 – 44) died on 1st October 2003. His entire career at Gresham's was spent at the Pentire Hotel in Newquay. Sometime after leaving school, he went into the Army, serving initially in the Middle East.

Brian Hallows OBE, DFC (O & H 26 – 34) has died aged 88.

A peacetime flying instructor, Brian Hallows joined the RAF VR in June 1938 when he felt war was inevitable. When called up, he acquired his wings and then, as a Qualified Flying Instructor, served at Hullavington. In July 1941 he joined Bomber Command to fly Manchesters of which he remarked "Little did any of us know what a killer the Manchester was" – Brian was not reflecting the German point of view! From Coningsby he flew four operational trips (Emden, Brest (twice) and Hamburg). Then the Lancaster came on the scene. By January 1943 Brian had flown 31 trips. There followed ground duties – Group HQ and Bomber Conversion Units – before he was sent in January 1945 to command at Pathfinder Mosquito Marking Squadron based at Woodhall Spa. He served there until the end of the war in Europe when he was given a permanent commission in the RAF, which he held until 1961.

The following personal recollections of the late Wing-Commander B.R.W. Hallows, OBE, DFC have been provided by John Shrive, Esq:

I met BRWH on arrival in Holt in 1963. He was the proprietor of the Holt Steam Laundry, which I believe he inherited from his mother. The North Norfolk Garage on the Cromer Road, which has been redeveloped with housing, was another of his business interests, and I recall the Volvo dealership being promoted by his ownership of a sleek aero-dynamically designed sports estate! He was also involved with the late Peter Woodrow in his electrical and contracting business in the Town.

I acted for him professionally for many years and knew him well. He had great charm, a forthright personality, very considerable drive and a sharp wit, making him ideally suited to be H.M. Air Attaché to the British Embassy in Washington, which he was for a time. He was a leading figure in the Holt business community, predominately the Chamber of Trade and the "Brighter Holt" Scheme, which was a considerable initiative in 1960. It was perhaps the first in the UK to implement a decorative architectural revival of a small town, thereby possibly preceding the Civil Trust, which then encouraged such schemes elsewhere

in the country. BRWH was a leading officer in the Norfolk St. John's Ambulance Brigade and was always splendidly turned out on important occasions such as the Thanksgiving Service at Holt Church after the aircraft collision high over the Town in which all the crew's lives were sadly lost. The Brigade was marvellous in dealing with the consequences and mercifully there were no other fatalities, although wreckage fell everywhere. He was also a prominent and active member of the North Norfolk Conservative Association. BRWH was a magistrate for many years, initially in Holt and subsequently in Norwich. I called to see Brian on a few occasions in recent years in his retirement at Blakeney but my very busy life has meant this has not been as frequent as I would have liked. Our contact lessened somewhat when he moved with his late second wife Sheila from High Kelling to Neatishead. He was very much an individual I shall always remember.

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

Edgar was the fourth of five children of John and Mary. His father was in the Indian Civil Service and some of Edgar's early years were spent in India and on the Andaman & Nicobar Islands where his father was Governor. The family returned to England during the First War in 1914. Edgar was sent to boarding school at Heddon Court; five years later he moved to Gresham's School in Norfolk where he enjoyed the encouragement of an enlightened headmaster. One of his school-fellows was Erskine Childers' son. At school he had a passion for poetry and learnt much by heart which he could happily quote years later. He left Gresham's School in 1925 and went to Grenoble University to study zoology and botany. In 1926 he went to St Thomas' Hospital Medical School, taking an intercollegiate BSc course in physiology the next year. He shared benches with a young woman from University College, Eleanor Dale, daughter of Sir Henry Dale. He qualified in 1932 and moved to Dorset where he was house surgeon at Dorset County Hospital for six months. Following this he entered General Practice in Beaminster and became Physician at Bridport Hospital. He married Eleanor three months after entering Practice. During his time in Beaminster he helped establish a pioneering home nursing service amongst his rural patients. At the end of 1945 he moved to Cirencester where he has lived ever since. He took over his new Practice in early 1946 becoming also Physician and Pathologist to Cirencester Memorial and Watermoor Hospitals; he retired from the Practice in 1976. He had no formal training in Epidemiology but had a life-long interest in the subject and a great scientific curiosity which compelled him to ask questions about the behaviour of common infectious diseases. He kept meticulous typed records in his Practice and used a very simple diary strategy which enabled him to see the connections between patients, their diseases and where they lived. He was thus able to work out the epidemiology of especially influenza, chickenpox and shingles. His interest was aroused in the first place by the great flu epidemic in 1932-33 when he first questioned the manner of transmission of the virus. This coincided with the first isolation of a flu virus. He continued epidemiological studies of these diseases throughout his career and wrote upwards of 80 scientific papers over a period of 60 years. His work on this progresses and in 1947 he established a Medical Research Council Epidemiological Research Unit in Cirencester. This was unusual to say the least as it was not part of any university or large research organisation and reflected the already great regard of his colleagues in the field for his pioneering research. In 1961 a Virology Laboratory was added to the Research Unit which gave an important added dimension to the work. In 1965 he elegantly demonstrated on epidemiological grounds the common identity of the

chickenpox virus and the shingles virus at a lecture to The Royal Society of Medicine. He continued to develop the work in his own Practice and also found time to chair an MRC working party to organise a major collaborative study in general practice around Britain on the array of newly found respiratory viruses tumbling from virologists' benches; the findings remain an important reference source on the subject. He found time to become a founding member of The Royal College of General Practitioners and was its first Chairman. His Practice in Cirencester became a Mecca to which many distinguished virologists and epidemiologists found their way over the years. Until 1973 he was a member of the External Staff of the Medical Research Council. He was also a foreign member of the American Epidemiological Society, Honorary Member Royal Society of Medicine, and visiting Professor, Case Western Research University USA. He published an extraordinary and scholarly treatise in 1922 "The Transmission of Epidemic Influenza" in which he drew together his studies over the years. He finally closed the MRC unit in Cirencester in 1992, although continued a lively and alert interest in the subject right up until his death.

In 1963 he received an OBE for services to Medical Research. In 1993 he was awarded an Hon. Fellowship Faculty of Public Health Medicine for his work on flu, and in 1999 became the 4th recipient of the VZV Research Foundation Scientific Achievement Award. In 2000 he received the George Abercrombie Award from the Royal College of General Practitioners and their Gold Medal in 2002.

No account of Edgar would be complete without reference to his very strong Christian faith. He joined the Society of Friends (The Quakers) in 1932 and continued to worship with them until his death. His faith shone out of a man of honesty and integrity who never pushed himself forward, but made a friend of everyone he met. His colleagues said he was a delight to work with, and he was beloved by his patients for whom he was always an encouragement. He had an excellent sense of humour and would play little games of magic to gain the co-operation of his youngest patients. Unlike so many of us he remembered names and his ex-patients often enjoyed conversations with him in the street years after he had retired from practice. He enjoyed sketching and painting and produced a new artwork for each year's Christmas card. He leaves a wife, Julia, a daughter Prue (by his late wife Eleanor), four grandchildren, Lucy, Mark Alexander and Michael and a great-granddaughter Georgina.

Guy Marsom has died very recently. The following tribute appeared in The Eastern Daily Press on Friday 5th November 2004:

Tributes were paid yesterday to Norfolk sporting prodigy and businessman Guy Marsom who has died of cancer aged 29.

Mr. Marsom, of Sheringham, represented the county at golf as well as captaining the Bristol University team during his time as a student.

He then entered the City, rising quickly to become a director at SG Warburgs before being recruited by German bank HVB to be global head of statistical and arbitrage trading.

But two years ago he was diagnosed with pelvic cancer after complaining of a bad back. His father, Geoff, said, "Not only was he brilliant, with stunning good looks, but he had more thought for other people in his fingertips than others did in their whole bodies".

"He was a faultless and brilliant sportsman and we were all extremely proud of him. He had so many things going on in his life and although he was brilliant at golf it was never a passion for him. Despite this, at his funeral the Norfolk golf club captain told me that Guy was the most natural striker of the ball he had ever seen".

Mr. Marsom was educated at Gresham's School in Holt, and his former classmates are organising a Land's End to John O'Groats cycle ride next year in his memory.

A collection at his funeral service, which took place at All Saint's Church in Upper Sheringham on Wednesday October 20th raised thousands of pounds which will be split between Cancer Research UK, St. John's Hospice in London and the Cancer Counselling Trust.

He leaves his wife Peri, a businesswoman whom he married in June, father Geoff, mother Dallas and brother James.

Jeremy Mills (F 68 – 72) died at home in Hindringham, Norfolk in April 2004 aged 50. Jeremy went from Gresham's School to Glasgow University to study veterinary medicine, but found life outside university rather more interesting and did not complete his degree. He moved to London and got involved in property development, primarily converting disused council flats into luxury apartments and buying and selling land for development. In 1991 he moved back to North Norfolk and based his work in Norwich. His registration card at Gresham's reads: "Always something of a rebel but became successful house prefect. Very good actor both for School and house plays. Forceful personality to have on one's side". He didn't change much!

Following a previous cancer, a tumour was discovered in his liver earlier this year. Unfortunately, he had a very short battle and only lived for 8 weeks following diagnosis. He is survived by his wife Suzanne, his daughter Polly, who is currently in the 4th year at Gresham's, and his son Sholto, who is at Beeston Hall School.

Charles Moulton (F 75 – 80) died tragically aged forty-one.

Brian Christopher Reid (k & W 40 - 49) died on 22nd February 2004. The obituary below was provided jointly by Brian's widow, Alice, and Peter Corran (W 44-50):

Brian joined Gresham's when the School was evacuated to Newquay. His classification as an academic by his contemporaries was supported by his distinguished career at school, Cambridge and the Patent Bar. Brian (always known as 'Needle' to distinguish him from his younger brother 'Pin') did enjoy other activities at a less elevated level. For instance, he was a stalwart of the Woodlands League hockey team for several years. He enjoyed skiing at a time when the pastime was less popular. He always retained his affection for Gresham's and regularly attended Newquay and Woodlands reunions. Recently, he was involved with Frank King and others in the attempt to set on record the geography of Gresham's when it was evacuated to Newquay.

After a distinguished academic career at Gresham's, Brian won a scholarship to read Natural Sciences at Clare College, Cambridge. After graduating, he worked as a Patent Agent in London and subsequently in New York where he met his wife Alice.

On returning to London, he set up his own patent practice and later studied for the Bar. He then practised at the Patent Bar until his retirement in July 2003. He was the author of several books on patents and other intellectual property subjects.

He died of cancer on February 22nd 2004 and is survived by Alice, three children and five grandchildren.

Wilfrid Rolfe (D & K 20 – 27) died on 25th September 2004. He was a Lt. Cdr. in the R.N.V.R. pursued a career in advertising.

Thomas Slator (D 32 – 40) died after a short illness on 15th September 2004.

He went up to Christ's College, Cambridge for the Michaelmas Term in 1940. He was exempt from being called up owing to recent illness. After his first term he was awarded a scholarship and in due course gained a first class degree in the Mechanical Sciences Tripos. He was directed to do research work for the Admiralty during the war, at the end of which he joined Marconi, spending the rest of his working life in their research laboratories in huts at Writtle in Essex, helping to develop increasingly efficient radio communications. After retirement he trained as a Lay Reader, served on the Writtle Parochial Church Council and sang in the Church Choir. He was an active member of the Church of England Men's Society. He moved to Naphill, High Wycombe in 2001, and is survived by his wife Margaret, and children Mary, Susan and Tom.

Dr Christopher Todd (F 34 – 39) died in August 2003. His great friends Dr Anthony Buckley (W 33 – 39) and Philip Page (k & OSH 33 – 38) were sad to lose him – and Philip in particular regretted that the two's vow to cock a snook at authority, sauntering hands in pockets across the 1st XI cricket square this Michaelmas Term, to mark the 70th anniversary of their friendship's birth at Gresham's Senior School could not take place.

Nicholas Walter (W41 – 44) died on 16th December 2003. Reproduced below is Elizabeth Armstrong's memorial tribute to Nick Walter delivered at his funeral on 30th December 2003: Nick was quite a few years older than I was. Some of my earliest memories are of visiting the imposing Walter house in Ipswich Road and briefly meeting the young and well turned out pipe-smoking naval officer with the hearty laugh and resounding voice. I was greatly in awe of him. I am told that in the navy if anyone had a problem it was to Nick they turned because he would do something about it. He achieved the rank of Lieutenant Commander. I did not really get to know Nick until he retired from the navy and decided to take up the law. He was articled at Cozens Hardy and Jewson. He had a fine brain, passed all his law exams at the first attempt and quickly proved his worth with the result that he gravitated from assistant solicitor to full partner without parental influence. He had the ability to get to the nub of the problem and was very supportive of any changes that needed to be made. He became Clerk to the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division USAAF and became adept at handling many licensing applications. He had the courage to take on litigation and was liked by both fellow partners and staff.

When he retired from the law he joined May Wallace in setting up house at Burnham Market. May was a wonderful supportive partner. I recall a very happy visit to see them both soon after they moved there. After Nick had his heart problem attended to May told me she thought his being without oxygen for a period had affected his personality. I myself noticed a change – he lost his joie de vivre and motivation. There were other problems too. The death of May must have come as a terrible blow. When his own serious illness struck he seemed to be unable or unwilling to communicate the fact to either family or friends with the result that it was difficult to get close to him. A huge debt of gratitude is owed to Nick's North and West Norfolk friends, including Ivy and David Wells, the Macdonalds and the ladies of Herrings Lane – thanks to them he managed to keep going almost to the very end. I am saddened at the thought that those who came in contact with Nick only after his retirement never had the opportunity of knowing the real Nick. We who have known him longer are grateful for the many joys we encountered. But Nick would wish us to concentrate on the fun and positive parts of his life and

these were many. We will all treasure our individual experiences – Nick the collector of milk bottles who took the trouble through the press to find an owner for them all when he had to move; Nick the tolerant who refused to allow our friendship to be affected by the fact that we were on opposite sides of the hunting divide; Nick the socialite who loved the company of people, enjoyed social occasions and was prepared to go vast distances to see his naval friends; Nick the compassionate who kept a careful eye on his elderly mother when his own siblings as a result of distance were unable to do so, and accepted the responsibility for his delightful handicapped sister, Mary; Nick the community-minded who until ill health struck drove the community bus; Nick the horse-lover who turned up unannounced one day on horseback at Bohun's Reach with a companion in tow with the result that I was so flustered that I poured each of them far too strong a stirrup cup for an equestrian outing and then worried in case they would be found under the influence while in charge of horses; Nick the lover of equestrian events who during his severe illness still found the strength to attend them and naughtily to try to consume what he had been forbidden to have on medical grounds; Nick the lover of soaps who on arriving to stay would make sure he was able to switch on *Neighbours* and even when he had a few days of life only left to him enquired of Evelyn MacDonald what was the latest news on the *Emmerdale* front; Nick the courteous who still took off his cap to ladies; Nick the irrepressible who, having been ferried to hospital for treatment, refused to stay longer than necessary and arranged his own discharge; Nick the proud uncle and great uncle who was so touched by an invitation to meet up with one of his nephews in London during the course of this year that he did so in spite of the fact that by that time the cancer had an irreversible hold. Surely a unique individual whom we shall sorely miss. His brother Patrick has provided the following appreciation:-

Mr brother Nick died alone in hospital at King's Lynn, as comfortably as may be under the circumstances, from cancer of the oesophagus, on 16th December. He was 76. It seemed to me some of his old school friends in the association might like to know.

Considerately but unhappily for us, he declined to inform us or allow us to be informed of his grave illness, so it came as a shock. However, he died with good old local and longtime friends at hand, some of whom had visited him a couple of days before, when he was already non compos mentis we understand. Also and fortunately, we and our sons were in as close touch with him as we could be in Tokyo and Auckland, and had all seen him the previous year. Then he was clearly not well, but was well enough to take the train to London to meet us.

He had many friends around the globe, some from school, many from navy days. There were about 50 at the funeral in Norwich on 30th December.

Peter Whitbread (k & W 40 – 46) died on 26th October 2004. The following report was published in *The Eastern Daily Press*:

Tributes flooded in yesterday for one of Norfolk's most loved and respected actors, Peter Whitbread, who was killed in a road accident.

During his long career, he excelled in a variety of roles - as a performer treading the boards alongside Sir John Gielgud, as an Emmy-award winning writer for TV and theatre, and as just being his down-to-earth Norfolk self, making audiences in church halls cry with laughter.

He remained a Norfolk champion, living within the county, and he regularly performed with Keith Skipper's Press Gang show.

Mr. Whitbread, who was 76, lived in Briningham, near Holt, and was walking in the village on Tuesday morning when he was hit by a car. He died from his injuries.

Born in Cromer, he moved to Sheringham where his grandfather ran a chemist's shop in Church Street before moving to Holt and attending Gresham's School.

Between 1950 and 1952 he studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, where he had to put his Norfolk accent aside to pass his verse-speaking prize, awarded to him by Sir John Gielgud.

After seasons in Birmingham, Manchester and Bristol, he worked for the National Theatre at the Old Vic in London and was a member of the Royal Shakespeare Company.

In an acting career spanning more than 50 years, Mr. Whitbread took more than 40 small television roles in shows including *The Chief* and *Lovejoy*.

He started writing in the 1960s and wrote numerous plays and scripts for television and theatre, including Mr. Axelford's *Angel*, which starred Michael Bryant and Julia Foster and for which he received an Emmy for best television play.

He also wrote 25 episodes of *Emmerdale Farm*.

In recent years he had steered away from television, concentrating instead on writing and performing a number of one-man shows and preferring the audience contact of theatre.

Mr. Whitbread's last performance was two weeks ago at Worstead.

He was a regular performer at Norwich's Theatre Royal.

A statement from the theatre said: "We are all shocked and very saddened to hear of Peter's death. "A true gentleman, a consummate professional and a delightful eccentric, he has left many friends at Norwich Theatre Royal and the Playhouse.

"He had a long association with the theatre and most recently appeared in our pantomime *Aladdin* last Christmas, playing the Emperor.

As always, he gave a great performance, was filled with enthusiasm and good humour and was generous with his time. It was a true pleasure to have him with us".

Colleague and friend Mr. Skipper said "He was a brilliant actor and writer but he was never superior despite the fact he had an incredible CV. "For all his experience he could have been quite pompous, but he wasn't - he was a genuinely nice bloke and good company. "He was very proud of his Norfolk roots and we cherished him in the gang. We shall miss him so much. "He had a wonderful sense of humour, and he was always late on to stage. "I remember when we were in *Mother Goose* him charging on to the stage and later after the show telling me he had killed four goslings in his effort to get there on time. "Whether he was in the Old Vic or a village hall, he always gave a performance worthy of his name. "It is a tragic, tragic loss".

The Press Gang will be performing on Saturday night at Rockland St. Mary and will be dedicating the show to Mr. Whitbread.

Lynette Alcock

Tony Yates (F 46 – 48) has died. Reproduced below is a report of his death by Michael Horsnell. A retired doctor died after he fell 25ft down a disused well while he pruned roses in his garden.

Anthony Yates, 74, a former consultant rheumatologist, had been standing on a paving stone next to the well when the ground gave way. Dr Yates, who had worked at St Thomas' Hospital in London, fell as a gaping 15ft wide hole opened up. His wife Jill rang 999 and emergency services went to the couple's 16th century cottage at Bramshott, Hampshire, on Monday.

A complicated operation involving five fire crews assessed the stability of the ground before specialist equipment was used to lower a paramedic down the well. After receiving first aid, Mr Yates was winched to the surface two and a half hours later, but he died as a result of his injuries.

Dave Lock, a firefighter, said: "The occupant had slipped after the ground gave way at the top of the well."

Neighbours paid tribute to Mr Yates, a father of three who had seven grandchildren. Robin Ewbank, a family friend and former rector of Bramshott and Liphook, said: "Everybody is very shocked because Tony's death was so sudden. He was a lovely, very amiable and jovial man who was keen on sailing and gardening. He was very well liked and a highly respected medical consultant. His friends, family and his wife are devastated.

"It seems there was a massive subsidence of the ground in their back garden. The head of the disused well is still there but what was a 5ft wide hole is now 15ft across."

He added: "Tony was just pruning some roses, standing on a slab of stone near the well and it suddenly disappeared beneath him. I believe a gardener was there and saw what happened. It took two and a half hours to get Tony out and sadly he could not be saved. It seems this was an accident waiting to happen but Tony would have had no idea of that. He was a dear friend." Mr Yates was a physician in charge of the Department of Rheumatology at St Thomas' and, in 1981, was appointed Honorary Civilian Consultant to the Army,

He enjoyed teaching and travelled widely as visiting lecturer in Scandinavia, the Middle East, Australia and North and South America. On retirement he trained as an adviser to the Citizens Advice Bureau in Hampshire.

Reprinted from *The Times*.

THE GELDER LEGACY

John Gelder was a pupil at Gresham's from 1936 to 1941 and greatly enjoyed his school days in Norfolk. Having won an Open Scholarship to the School he showed academic enthusiasm and ability, eventually achieving a place at Clare College, Cambridge. No mere academic, however, John distinguished himself in various sports at Gresham's, winning his 1st XV colours and 1st XI hockey colours. He also shot in the School VIII at Bisley. A School Prefect, John enjoyed the full confidence of the Headmaster who recommended him strongly to his chosen college at Cambridge.

Throughout his long life, John had fond memories of his five formative years spent in Holt and Newquay. He preserved in meticulous order all the record-material relating to his time at Gresham's as well as prized possessions and subsequent publications. This splendid archive is now in the possession of the School. John's Swedish-born wife, Gun, was fully aware of his love of the School and she shared his continuing interest over the years.

Thus it is that Gresham's School has received the magnificent sum of £173,000 from the estates of the late Mr and Mrs John Gelder. John's godson, Nicholas Conyers, commented on the legacy as follows: 'I do know that John benefited from a scholarship during his time both in Holt and Newquay and he perhaps felt that in leaving this money to the school he could reciprocate in some way.'

The Governors have written to Nicholas Conyers, representing the estates of John and Gun Gelder, to convey their enormous gratitude for the wonderful bequest. Currently the funds are held in the Gresham's School General Charitable Trust, but the Governors intend in due course to use the legacy in the best way to ensure that the name of Gelder is preserved for future generations.

Editor's note: See John Gelder's obituary on p.12

O.G.NEWS

Tim Aldiss (k & W 49 – ?), chairman of Norfolk stores group W.J. Aldiss, was delighted to win the Enterprise Challenge category in the EDP Business awards 2003. His company was praised for embarking on an exciting expansion programme with the opening of a new superstore in Norwich.

John P. Allen (F 55 – 60) retired in July 2003, having taught at Rugby School for 39 years. John's conception of Rugby School's Design Centre as a multi-disciplinary entity combining technical subjects with drama and art, closely allied to the Science Schools, was revolutionary. John ran it in person until he became Deputy Head in 1996. The newly reopened media centre has been named after John in recognition of his crucial role. John had charge of the £5 million refurbishment of the Science Schools, a project dear to the heart of John as a most committed and inspirational teacher of chemistry. John also contributed influentially to the moral life of Rugby's pupils by his role in the creation of the much-admired brochure entitled 'Guidelines for Life in Rugby School' (Source: News from Rugby School).

Douglas Argyle (S 59 – 73), former Chaplain at Gresham's, continues to take a great interest in the School. He was delighted that his grandson Fergus secured a place at Somerville College, Oxford to read Classical Studies; however, he is 'the only Fresher there to play rugger!'

Amanda Ashcroft (Faye) (O 88 – 90) is now a teacher at Beeston Hall School, near Sheringham.

Mike Baker (c & W 56 – 65) followed a long line of Bakers at Gresham's going back hundreds of years. His teenage daughter Felicity is now the 23rd family member to attend, and the first girl. He studied chemical engineering at Surrey University to become a chartered chemical engineer (someone who takes laboratory inventions and makes them commercially viable). In 1977 Bakers bought the neighbouring Larners business and, with more rebuilding and renovation, the two became Bakers and Larners. Now the company has the flagship Bakers and Larners store in Holt as well as the builders' merchants C T Baker Ltd in Holt, North Walsham and Stalham. At the end of September it was announced that the company had bought Bettys of Holt. Mike said that he was looking forward to integrating Bettys into the Bakers and Larners family.

"I do believe that two of the reasons we are on this earth are to eat and drink," Mike says. (Bakers and Larners won the Dairy Crest English southern region Cheese Counter Award, which is very highly regarded in the industry, and Mike will discover on September 5th if the store is a national winner.)

Mike loves driving fast cars and devotes himself to a good deal of fitness training but he is also a very independent North Norfolk District Councillor and has enjoyed giving a helping hand to the local community through Holt Round Table and Holt Rotary Club.

[Information from EDP Norfolk Magazine]

Kate Bankart (Akers) (O 84 – 86) married a Kiwi and emigrated to New Zealand in 1996. She works as a Conservation Ranger in environmental education in between looking after her 2-year-old daughter Emsea and 7-month-old son Ben.

Glyn Barnett (k & W 81 – 89) is still training in Emergency Medicine. His career in shooting goes from strength to strength. After achieving the Bronze Medal in the 2002 Commonwealth Games, he then was part of Great Britain's Gold Medal winning effort in the World Championships (2003). More significantly perhaps he won the Queen's Prize at Bisley in 2002 and 2003 – the first time in 150 years this has been done! He thinks he'll keep going until the wheels fall off.

Jay Baxter married Victoria Barbroke-Grubb in 2002. They now have a son, Owen, born at the NNUH on 5th August. Jay has been HR manager (whatever that is) at the Ramada Hotel, Norwich.

Gordon Bellerby (F 33 – 37) responded to the request for details of military honours to ensure that **Patrick Trench** (H 33 – 37) was not omitted – he was awarded the DSO and the Virtuti Militari (Polish) for rescuing his Polish crew from the burning wreckage of his crashed bomber. Gordon himself flew a Hurricane with the Desert Air Force and did a second tour flying unarmed Spitfires on photo reconnaissance sorties (100 in all); he has a DFC.

Ian Bentley (OSH 60 – 66) has been living in Australia since 1977. He is a Doctor of Medicine and working near Brisbane. He would welcome any OGs visiting the area. Address: PO Box 6001, Logan Central, Queensland, Australia 4114.

John Baiget (F – 95) took up flying after leaving school. Having flown a corporate jet out of London, he then chose to spend four years in the Spanish Air Force. He is now a First Officer with Air Europa. He lives in Palma . Email: baiget@yahoo.com

James Blackburn (OSH 64 – 68) was instrumental in conveying to Fishmongers' Hall the Wicksteed Collection, a marvellous array of valuable statuettes and other items in jade, ivory and copper loaned by Charles Wicksteed (k & OSH 36 – 43) of Leicester for the duration to the School. The Fishmongers' Company have kindly agreed to house the Collection until appropriate and secure showcases are installed at the School. The Company's curator is responsible for displaying the items.

Mark Boyd (OSH 73 – 78) works for the State Street Bank & Trust Co.

Christopher Brauhnoltz (F 46 – 48) was runner-up in Round 1 of The Brain of Britain on Radio 4.

Nicola Brennan (Bush) (O 89 – 91) married in 2003 a fellow-teacher at Summerfield School, Oxford. They had a baby in the spring. Nicola is contemplating going back to teach part-time. She misses Norfolk a great deal and would like to move back if the opportunity arose.

Duncan Bridge (H 66 – 71) lives in Herefordshire. He expected to act as a chase boat driver for the British team in the America's Cup.

Dr Jonathan Bromberg (W 73 – 74) has specialised in kidney grafts as well as pancreas and liver transplants at New York's Mount Sinai Medical Centre. Already head of Mount Sinai's kidney and pancreas unit as well as director of surgical research at its Recanati/Miller

Transplantation Institute, he found himself in 2002 taking on the liver transplant program too! One of the big problems facing those working in his field is that the number of donated organs has dropped considerably following the decline in traffic deaths, reflecting the advent of air bags, campaigns against drunken driving, and tough laws on seat belts, helmet use and child safety seats. The declines in homicide and the taking of crack have also reduced the number of donors. Jonathan is therefore pressing for more people to become donors.
[Information from profile in *The New York Times* provided by Jonathan's mother.]

Peter A. Brown (H 65 – 69) agreed a long, long time ago to a couple of years working out of Singapore. He expects to return to their animals and other delights of Scotland next year.

Logie and Jo Bruce Lockhart, who were at the helm of Gresham's from 1955 until 1982, celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary on 6th October 2004. The OG Club presented them with a case of wine.

Jumbo Burrough (S 46– 82) wrote to express his regret at being unable to attend the George Howson Memorial Lunch in June owing to a planned operation in hospital to restore the use of his legs 'which at present don't seem to belong to me at all!' The operation did the trick.

Cameron Caine (T 2001) who graduated from Newcastle University in Marketing and Management also played pro-rugby for Newcastle Falcons. He is now in New York working in fashion and beauty advertising for big name clients. Life is very fast. He now plays rugby for New York Athletic so sees some of the other States. Any OG contemporary in New York should get in touch: rugby247@hotmail.com.

David Carmalt (F 90 – 94) is an Associate Director with RBS Financial Markets. He works in London doing bond origination as an investment banker. See Engagements.

James Carmalt (F 88 – 92) remains in Canada, where he is veterinary surgeon and assistant professor at the University of Saskatoon. He is a member of the Canadian Endurance Riding Team. He married Kathryn Rosel in December 2002.

Nick Catchpole (T 69 – 71) has returned to Norfolk to resume his post of Professional at the Links Golf Club, West Runton.

Geoffrey Chapman (W 45 – 49) writes to say what he has been doing over the last 55 years. He was keen to join the Fleet Air Arm, but an eye weakness handicapped his judgement of distance which was not ideal for landing on aircraft carriers! He therefore spent his two years of National Service as an engine mechanic working on aircraft such as Prentices, Harvards and Austers which gave him the chance of some flying.

Subsequently Geoffrey joined BOAC in the Mail and Cargo Department for four years until he briefly joined TWA and then BEA before being offered a post with an American Company (Emery Air Freight) where he became Regional Administrative Manager for Europe with his office in Rotterdam, living mainly in England with his wife Ann and daughter Beth. In his forties, the firm ran into financial difficulties and he had to leave. Eventually, he was offered

a post with another air freight firm, United Parcel Service, with whom he worked until his retirement in 1998.

Andrew G. Chapman (84 – 95) now lives in Chicago and works for a media company. E-mail: andrewchapman@scholfield-media.com

Caroline Chilcott (Foster) (O 90 – 92) is married to Hayden. They have a very young son, Arlo, and live in Framlingham, Suffolk.

John Cockroft (H 83 – 85). On leaving Gresham's, John spent 8 years in the Royal Navy as an officer in the Executive Branch, leaving in 1994. He then studied Electronic and Electrical Engineering at Portsmouth University, graduating in 1998. During that time, in 1995, he married Lt Rowan Browning RN. On completion of his degree he began work for Ultra Electronics in their Command and Control Systems Division at High Wycombe, as a Senior Software Engineer, until June 2003, when Rowan was posted on exchange to the United States Navy working near Memphis, Tennessee where they are living until 2006. Tel (901) 757 9497. Email : john.cockroft@ice.org

John Coleridge (S 52– 85) has written a book entitled 'A Family Affair' which explores parallels between his life and his illustrious ancestor, Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Gerard Collett (P.S. & F 89 – 00) replaced a strangely voiceless **Steve Benson** (S 64 – 82) at short notice in **Angela Dugdale's** pre-Christmas Messiah at Beck House Barn, Kelling. **Chris Barns** sang ther tenor role. **Chris Dugdale, Jo Rose** and **David Harris** (S) played in the orchestra.

Ronan Collett (P.S. & Farfield 89 – 00) sang with Paula Murrihy in the Britten-Pears Alumni II concert on June 25th as part of the Aldeburgh Festival. They presented a varied programme of Romantic and later song (Robert and Clara Schumann, Brahms, Ravel and Wolf). Ronan has been appointed Inaugural Young Artist in the Wigmore Young Artist Programme.

Sarah Colman (Sinclair) (O 90 – 92), apart from appearing regularly on TV in a Volvo commercial, features in the comedy series Green Wing also on TV, although her first love remains the stage. Professionally, Sarah is known as Olivia Colman. Clear? Sarah and her husband live in East Dulwich.

Tim Conybeare (c & F 81 – 89) is working in Paris for an American packaging company. He is married to Véronique and recently became the proud father of Charlotte.

Dick Copas (S 63 – 01) as Trustee and Treasurer of the Holt Youth Project has been heavily involved in the planning and launching of the Holt Youth Centre. The great day came on August 19th when Nigel Worthington, Manager of Norwich City F.C. and a great supporter of the venture, declared the building open. One of the splendid features of the enterprise has been the excellent and full co-operation and effort on the part of many townspeople and Gresham's staff. Dick is hoping to launch an outward-bound programme for the Club's boys and girls.

Liz Copley (O 80 – 82) had a highly successful career in sales for office equipment

corporations Rank Xerox, Canon, Ikon and Océ. Since then she has decided on a change of direction embarking on a Maths degree at the University of Hertfordshire with a view to becoming a teacher.

Rob Corbett (k & OSH 39 – 46) (S) celebrated in May the 40th anniversary of his business, Corbett Woodwork, at the Norfolk Furniture Makers' Show at Norwich's Forum. These days Rob shares his showroom with his daughter Jill who is a textile artist. Highlight of the Old Workshop Gallery programme is the annual Corpusty Six exhibition (usually end of July to beginning of September). Rob's other daughter, Kay, and his wife, Mary, also work in the business. Perhaps the biggest project undertaken by Corbett Woodwork was building the pews for the then new Roman Catholic Worship Centre in Walsingham. However, his specialities remain tables and chairs – 'My Corbett Standard chair was designed 40 years ago and is still very popular!'

Peter Corran (W 44 – 50) (S) has gamely taken on responsibility for registering bookings for the recently launched and highly successful Holt Youth Centre.

Virginia Crompton (O 83 – 85) produces programmes for Radio 4. Her latest one was the first of a new series The Long View and was called Mothers and Miscarriages of Justice.

Marcus Dixon (H 35 – 47) has joined the Club. His address is 40 New Road, Ware, Herts SG12 7BY.

David Dodds lives in Johannesburg and shoots for South Africa. He is a photographer and creates billposters. His younger brother (Peter) lives in Kenya. Tragically his other brother, John, was murdered on his door-step about three years ago. Gresham's won the Ashburton Shield when David was in the 1st VIII.

Juliet Donovan (O 82 – 84) was called to the Bar in July 2002. She tries to keep in touch with Tim Sheffield, Paul Mylvaganam (who is now married) and Sara Garner.

Robert Dossor (OSH 63 – 68)

In his last years at Gresham's Robert captained the Gresham's 1st VIII who won the Ashburton Shield. He still enjoys target-shooting and has been Suffolk County Champion a number of times. After Sheffield University Robert spent twenty years working in civil engineering including seven years with Tarmac Construction as Regional Construction manager. In 1994 he changed direction when he and his wife Pauline became partners in Gladwins Farm, a self-catering and B&B business based in Nayland, Suffolk (www.gladwinsfarm.co.uk). They have 9 cottages and an indoor pool. Gladwins Farm was the 2003 self-catering Holiday of the Year in the East of England.

Rebekah Duffield is Assistant Director of Music at Bedales School. She is currently preparing to direct the musical side of a production of 'Les Misérables'.

Randal Dunluce (H 80 – 85) works for Sarasin in the City. He is involved in portfolio management for private clients and charities.

Peter Dyson (D 30 – 38) thinks he might be the oldest and only pre-war OG on the Internet. With tongue in cheek, he has offered to become the 1938 year rep! Sadly, distance (he lives in Warwickshire) means that he cannot easily attend OG functions, but he is with us in spirit.

Rod Evans (S), formerly Head of Modern Languages at Gresham's and Housemaster of Woodlands '84 – '90, injected quite a pronounced Gresham's flavour into this year's Keswick Film Festival held in February. He was approached by **Matt Dickinson** (T 77 – 79) who had produced and directed *Cloud Cuckoo Land*, which had won a special prize at the Europa Cinema Festival in Italy. Rod agreed to show it in one of 'Best of the Fests' slots partly because of its intriguing story – a handicapped would-be pilot (played by a genuinely handicapped actor, which is highly unusual) – and partly because the flying sequences were filmed on Lattrigg, the fellside above Keswick where Rod goes for his twice-weekly constitutional! Come the day, Matt Dickinson was there to speak of his film-making experiences and some Gresham's staff who had travelled to the Lakes lent their support. See Reviews.

A major part of the Festival was a Stephen Frears Retrospective! [**Stephen Frears** was in Farfield from 54 to 59]. The films shown were *The Hit*, *The Grifters*, *Gumshoe*, *Dangerous Liaisons*, *Dirty Pretty Things*, as well as two made-for-TV-films, *Mr Jolly Goes to Town* and *The Deal* (about the Tony Blair-Gordon Brown agreement at The Granita). All of which may have boosted the growing appreciation of Stephen Frears's cinematic flair.

Andrew Ford (OSH 80 – 82). After four years in Mexico City, he and his wife moved to Vienna this summer where he took up the post of First Secretary (Arms Control) at the UK Delegation to the O.S.C.E. Email address ajfford@hotmail.com

Richard Ford (OSH 86 – 91) recently bought a dental practice in Clevedon, North Somerset. He has a 1½ year old daughter named Mia.

Edward Foss (T 87 – 92) is a reporter for the Eastern Daily Press. In May and June he took time out to walk from Land's End to John o' Groats for charity; in fact, two charities benefited, the EDP Breast Cancer Appeal and the Norfolk and Norwich Association for the Blind. As if the walking itself were not arduous enough, Edward wrote regular reports for his newspaper relating his progress, experiences and feelings. At the half-way stage in Yorkshire he began to feel quite homesick for Norfolk, but he was greatly cheered when he was joined by **John** and **Helen Child**. John (F 54 – 57) is a family friend, but he also is the man in charge of the NNAB. The three of them walked about nine miles, finishing at Hebden Bridge. Ed has raised £8000-£9000 to be shared equally between the Norwich Association for the Blind and the EDP Breast Cancer Appeal. See Edward's reports elsewhere in this issue.

Stephen Frears (F 54 – 59), described by Sue Lawley during *Desert Island Discs* as a director of subversive films, disclosed that during his time at Gresham's he used to watch films starring the Marx Brothers. Cause and effect?

Julie Garner (O 84 – 89) finds her daughter Emily (3) quite a handful. She is now expecting her second child.

Frank Gedge (c & W 51 – 59) has retired after serving for many years as a loyal member of the O.G. Club Committee. His distinctive voice is much missed.

Anthony Gillam (c & H 53 – 58) plans to retire in late 2005 from Mercer Human Resource Consulting – he works for them in Florida. Apart from four years in Brussels, he has lived in North America for the last 40 years and returns to Holt every year. Anthony would like as many OGs who greeted Prince Philip on the parade ground almost 50 years ago to get up to Holt on 28th May 2005 for the 450th Anniversary of the founding of Gresham's School. [See enclosed literature and application form!]

Kieran Gillick (k & W 87 – 98) found himself competing for the title Company Bachelor of the Year 2004. His achievements and attributes (in addition to good looks) included a degree from Cambridge, studying for a PhD in Bio-chemistry at University College, London, a claim to be a professional frisbee player, a London Marathon runner and a part-time DJ.

Ken Goddard (F 50 – 54) emailed the Club to point out that the Club's website mistakenly stated that he used to work for GCSE rather than GEC!

Miles Gooseman (H 94 – 98) is working for Smith & Nephew Healthcare and is their Medical Sales Representative for the East of England. When at the University of Teeside where he took a first in Marketing, Mike captained his university's squash team who came 3rd in the 2002 UK university rankings. He is keen to play for the OG Club.

Sienna Guillory (O 91 – 93) in her latest film *The Principles of Lust* played a single mum social worker in Sheffield called Juliet. She enjoyed the role because she could just put on an old sweater and comfy old jeans instead of high fashion. She wants to move out of London too – she and husband Enzo live in Stoke Newington. Her wish? –'I'd love to live somewhere where you need a gun to defend yourself from bears'. In September she appeared with Martin Clunes in the BBC TV feature *Beauty and the Beast*.

Oliver Hands (F 92 – 96) has completed a year as House Officer at Northampton Hospital. He wishes to become a Psychiatrist.

George Harcourt (c & F 67 – 75) was interviewed on Radio 4's *You and Yours* in connection with sugar-production. On his farm at Field Dalling near Holt George devotes about 80 acres, one fifth of his land, to sugar beet. His father and uncle lend him a hand. As far as George is concerned, the sugar beet crop gives him something to do in the winter. As the UK is in the EU, George receives a guaranteed £32 per ton when the growing cost is £17. There is a clear incentive for the EU farmers to grow sugar beet and the result is that the EU dumps 67m. tons a year on the world market to the obvious disadvantage of third world growers. How long this situation will continue when the EU intends to pay farmers to conserve the landscape as distinct from growing crops, who knows.

Ian Harrison (T 68 – 72), having worked for 20 years as a chartered surveyor in the quarrying industry, has now left the industry to become an owner/director of Brand and Roe Ltd, the Scottish concrete block company. Ian still lives in Devon and is the land agent for Devon Wildlife Trust. He still does some consultancy. Most of the younger generation have flown the nest, now Ian has reached 50.

E-mail: ianheatmoon@hotmail.com

Charlotte Hartley (P.S. & E 89 – 99) gained a first class honours degree in Biochemistry and Genetics from the University of Nottingham (2002).

Hazel Heaton (E 96 – 99) featured in the EDP Norfolk Magazine's Bright Young Things. She has a reputation in the Dereham area for achieving absolute wonders with horses. She works extremely long hours schooling and bringing on horses for other people. She also competes herself, mainly on Imperial Guard and La Tinka.

Melvin Hecht (OSH 63 – 67) has left Mercantile and now works for Legg Mason Trust. Email: melvinhecht@comcast.net

Tim How(F 64 – 68) was featured prominently in The Guardian Business section as the highly successful boss of Majestic Wine, which sells everything from £3 a bottle student party swigging to Château Le Pin 198 Pomerol at a trifling £699.99. Tim provided a useful guideline: 'In the How household our weekly wines are in the £8-£12 range. If you spend more than £30 a bottle...well, unless you are with some very good friends, I wouldn't do it.' Tim's progress from Gresham's to MW was via Cambridge (Natural Sciences), London Business School (MBA), Rugby Cement (graduate trainee), Dunlop (production planner), Polaroid (marketing exec.), Bejam (marketing dir. to managing dir.) and Wizard Wines. Tim is married with four daughters.

Amelia Hunt (O 94 – 96) read an article in the Newcastle Journal singing the praises of **Paddy Lewis** (T 79 – 84) in his role as investment director for Laing and Cruikshank.

Peter Huntsman (c & W 62 – 69), after a 4-year sandwich course reading Materials Science and Technology at Brunel University, joined a London firm of Patent Agents and moved into a flat with several OG friends, **James Thompson-Ashby** (F), **John Ellison**(W) and **Jamie Campbell**(T). In 1976 Peter took on the difficult task of opening a branch of his firm in Birmingham, but owing to industrial decline he did not enjoy the experience. However, he married an Antipodean, Lindi, in 1979 and in 1982 accepted a job offer in Melbourne. He and Lindi have lived in Australia ever since. They have two teenagers. In 1986 Peter became a partner in his firm of Patent and Trade Mark Attorneys. As he travels the world he is able to visit the UK at least once a year to catch up with family and friends. He sees James regularly and has maintained contact with **Bill Lancashire** (W 63 – 68) who is a director of a Birmingham manufacturing company and regularly flew to Australia in the 1980s and early 1990s. Peter and Lindi would welcome contacts from OGs in and visiting Australia. Email: phuntsman@daivies.com.au. Address: 118 Walpole St., Kew, Victoria 3101, Australia.

Edward Jackson (k & H 42 – 53), now retired, has moved from Reading to Appleshaw, Touchstone Close, Chard, Somerset TA 20 1QZ.

J.C.S. Jackson (c & W 53 – 60) became an airline pilot, having gathered from the tabloid press that the life of an airline pilot was grossly overpaid, had significant social fringe benefits and avoided being shot at (all regrettably untrue). 'Jeep' as he was known flew for Air Ferry and the immortal Dan Air and operated the Vickers Viking, DC 4, DC 6 AB, DC 7B, Comet 4, 4684C, Boeing 727, Airbus A300, Boeing 737 and 125-700. After the assisted demise of Dan Air, Jeep joined the Civil Aviation Authority as a Flight Operations Inspector. Having retired in 2001, Jeep tries his level best to do nothing, although his wife has other ideas. He

has a pipe-dream of captaining a narrowboat, fading into the distance up the Trent and Mersey at a shattering 2½ mph.

Julian Jarrold (W 74 – 78) directed a TV revival of John Osborne's award-winning 1968 comedy *Hotel* in Amsterdam. It was shown a second time on BBC 4.

Emily Johnson (E 2001) is in her final year reading History at Manchester University. She also works part-time as a DJ in England's third largest rock club. She would like to hear from contemporary staff and pupils. Email: lovekellyjones@hotmail.com Her sister **Matilda** (B 2003) having returned from her gap year in India is now at Sussex University.

Christopher Jolliffe (D 21 – 30) recently enjoyed a conducted tour of the School. He recalled being taught to play the organ by Mr Greateorex ('Gog'). On one occasion when he had demonstrated how a piece should be played and listened once again to his pupil's brave attempt to emulate him, Gog said, with a sigh, 'Quite well played, but don't ever tell anyone I taught you to play!'

Group Captain M.T. Judd DSO DFC AFC responded to the request in the last issue for information concerning military honours. However, the address he gave (PO Box 1203, Houston, Texas) seems to be incorrect. Can anybody supply the correct address please? Anyone else who thinks the School may be unaware of their military honours please inform Lt. Col. Richard Peaver at Gresham's.

Paul Kotrba (T 89 – 90) is a Senior Director of the fashion company Donna Karan International and works in New York.

Richard Lancaster (k & T 85 – 95) continues to make astonishing progress in designing micro-satellites. See article on p. 88

Lt. Col. Desmond Lee (H 26 – 31), writing from Melbourne in response to the request published in the 2003 issue for information regarding military honours, informed Richard Peaver that nearly six decades ago he received the following congratulatory letter: 'By the King's Order, the name of Major (Temp) D.W.G. LEE, General List, was published in the London Gazette, 20th December 1945, as mentioned in a Despatch for distinguished service. I am charged to record His Majesty's high appreciation. J.J. Lawson Secretary of State for War.'

Andrew Leech (k & H 85 – 94) has resigned from his accountancy firm and with his fiancée Paula has a year's working visa in New Zealand; however, both of them have fallen under Africa's spell so they may decide to make their careers there. Andrew flew back to the UK with Paula to act as an usher at the wedding of **Ben Rayner** on 3rd September.

David Leech (k & H 85 – 93) very much enjoys working for the British Trust for Ornithology in Thetford where he has bought a house.

Lizzie Lincoln (Bekizoglu) (O 87 – 90), after graduating in Birmingham as a primary teacher, worked with severely special needs children at the Clare School in Norwich. Since then she

has worked at the British International School in Istanbul, where she met her husband Bozkurt. They married twice in August 2002, first in Turkey and then in Blakeney, so Lizzie got her full money's worth out of that dress! She is now expecting a baby.

Ivor Lopes (OSH 46 – 49) has seized the opportunity of re-establishing contact with the Club. When he left Gresham's he returned to Kenya, farmed on his father's farm, went to Agricultural College, served 4 years in the Kenya Regiment and as a District Officer [Kikuyu Guard] during the Mau Mau Emergency, then became an Agricultural Officer in Kenya and Tanganyika. He returned to the UK in 1961, went to university, taught for 18 months at East Dereham Secondary Modern School, but could not settle down to schoolmastering so went to Australia.

Appointed as an Education Officer in Papua New Guinea, Ivor served as a Teacher, Headmaster, Secondary Inspector, Superintendent and Director. He lived in very remote but fascinating places all over PNG. Transferring to the Northern Territory, Ivor became an Assistant Director of Education, finally working in Technical and Further Education in Darwin. On retirement in 1989, he moved to South Africa for 3 years, but then returned to Australia. Widowed, Ivor now lives in Cairns near his son and daughter and 4 grandchildren. He is grateful for having lived a wonderful and interesting life. The only OG he met during his career was David Hand, Archbishop of the PNG Anglican Church – still alive and living in Port Moresby. Ivor plans to return to the PNG Highlands in 2005 even if the place is going to the dogs. Email: lopesduka@aol.com. Snail mail: P.O. Box 540N, Cairns North, Queensland 4870.

Robin McCurdy (o & W 31 – 35) is battling against renal failure and finds that everything involving physical and mental effort tires him, but in his correspondence he reveals himself to be as sharp as ever. He has had a peritoneal line put in which gives him much more freedom as he can do his own dialysis and is not tied to hospitals.

Shaun McGuinness (F 78 – 81) is a Lecturer at the American University in Paris.

John Mellows (k & W 54 – 61) and his wife Diana have had one of their offspring marry this year and John's brother (ages 75) has tied the knot for the first time. What with a nephew/niece marrying too, weddings do not seem to be going out of fashion.

Simon Negus (k & T 80 – 89) is living in Berkshire with wife Sophie and 2 or so year old Alexandra, and another on the way or already having arrived! Simon works in London for United Biscuits as a National Account Controller. Simon still plays social rugby!

Holly Newberry (E 95 – 98) won a competition to find the face of a national motor cycle insurance company. Readers of the Daily Star newspaper voted Holly as their favourite Bennetts Babe. She has subsequently been signed up by five London modelling agencies.

Gina Nixon (E 98 – 01), having completed the International Baccalaureate in Lisbon, entered the London College of Fashion in September. She now speaks very good Portuguese. Email: gina-nixon@hotmail.com

Edward Niblett (k & F 46 – 53) ordered a copy (for £5.50) of 'Gresham's in Wartime'. As he

has been a Life Member of the Club for over 50 years, he enclosed a cheque for £50 to supplement his original subscription. The Club particularly appreciates Edward's generous gesture. Edward pointed out an error in Michael Pemberton's 'First Night Nerves' – see 2003 issue (Michael confused John Tusa with his elder brother George, who was not only Captain of Farfield but Head of School and Captain of the 1st XV; although no Jonny Wilkinson, George regularly kicked conversions from near the touchline, not then a common occurrence.) Edward remained with his family's firm of solicitors for the whole of his working life. He retired in 2001 and was particularly proud in 1999 to participate in the tercentenary of his family's firm – Gogg, Latchams, Quinn (originally Latchams). In retirement Edward combines his love of long-distance walking with his love of birds, butterflies and plants.

Robert Peggs (k & W 48 – 55) was a pupil at Gresham's during the School's 400th anniversary when Prince Philip was the Guest of Honour. He wrote asking for details of the 450th anniversary in 2005. As he lives in Seattle he naturally wanted as much advance info. as possible. (See enclosed information regarding all the arrangements plus application forms). Robert hopes to attend the celebrations with his contemporary, Martin Carman.

John Peppitt (k & W 84 – 96) graduated from the Royal Agricultural College in June 2003 with a BSc (Hons) in Property (Agency and Marketing.) He now works in Property Finance for Chase de Vere based at their offices in St James's, London. John still enjoys competitive skiing.

Thomas Prentice (F 34 – 38) very generously donated £50 to the funds of the OG Club. This type of gift from the older OGs who paid a relatively small amount in their day for their life-subscriptions has been much appreciated by the Committee, enabling the Club to meet printing costs and other expenditure.

Roger Ridley-Thomas (H 53 – 57) has been appointed Chairman of Roys of Wroxham. The business started as a single grocery store in Coltishall in 1895. Since then it has expanded massively, dominating the village of Hoveton and expanding across Norfolk and Suffolk. The firm now has a turnover exceeding £50m. Roger's background is mainly in the publishing industry, including periods as managing director of Thomson Regional Newspapers and The Scotsman publications.

Stuart Sage (H 81 – 86) is still working in customer management in the Liverpool area. Grace arrived at the end of 2003 – a little sister for Oliver. Stuart would welcome contact from any contemporaries and Merseyside OGs.
Email: stUARTSage@bb-msl.onetel.net.uk

Will Salter (T 95 – 2000) has completed his degree course at Oxford Brookes University: BA Business Administration & Management/Geography. He has been assisting the Dyslexia Research Trust and the Physiology Dept. of Oxford University with their research into dyslexia and the treatments available [<http://www.dyslexic.org.uk>]. This has helped him greatly to deal with his dyslexia.

Henry Saltmarsh (Kenwyn, New Kenwyn, Farfield and Tallis! 55 – 64) retired from his accountancy practice in 2003. Henry is, however, still a consultant, chairman of the Bury St.

Edmunds Farmers Club and also chairman of a small charity in Newmarket, The Voluntary Network.

Nick Saltmarsh (T 86 – 01) works for the East Anglia Foodlink in Long Stratton. He and Justine now have a baby girl, Eliza Laurel. (See Engagements)

Anna Saltmarsh (c & E 85 – 03) recently completed a year's study at Montpellier University - her third university!

Robin Shawyer (W 60 – 65, S70) has moved to a village 12 miles south of Oxford. It rejoices in the name of Brightwell cum Sotwell and the Shawyers enjoy it greatly. Robin has also enjoyed recent phone/mail contact with contemporaries – **Michael McInnes**, **Robin Herford** and **Dru Brooke-Taylor**, as well as with **Dougie Argyle**. **Andrew Shawyer** (S 46 – 52) is still very much in the land of the living (Little Wearne, Langport, Somerset TA10 0QQ). Robin's email address is as follows: robin@windle.org.uk.

Christopher Clement Smith (W 47 – 51), a former Captain of the School (1951), has retired and now lives in Warwickshire. Address: Rookwood, Packington Park, Meriden CV7 7HF.

Paul Smith (F 92 – 97) is now working as a House Officer in Hastings.

Richard Smith (F 95 – 00) having graduated with a 2:1 from Cambridge is now working in London for Strategy, a firm of consultants.

David Stanton (T 71 – 75), having farmed in Norfolk for 10 years in a family partnership, changed career. He was for 5 years a drugs worker for the national charity Turning Point. He then trained to be a Psychotherapist/Counsellor specialising in addiction and obsessive compulsive disorders. He has worked at various treatment centres including The Priory Hospital and is currently Principal Counsellor at the Addictions Recovery Agency in Bristol. David has three children – Francis and twins Anna and Ivy. Contemporaries and local OGs may contact David at Ground Floor Flat, 3 Sydenham Hill, Cotham, Bristol BS6 5GN.

Roger Stuart (c & O 48 – 55) visited the School recently and the beauty and the smartness of the grounds took his breath away; however, he was alarmed by the rash of sheds behind the indoor shooting-range.

J Swainson (osh & D 30 – 38) wrote from West Australia in response to Lt. Col. Richard Peaver's request for information concerning military honours achieved by OGs with a view to producing mounted and framed rolls of honour: 'Both my brothers, Christopher Swainson and Peter Swainson, were awarded the Military Cross. I enclose details and hope their names will be included in the proposed lists of Military Honours. Sadly my brother Christopher was killed later in the Kohima battle. All three of us served with the Royal Norfolk Regiment.' In reply, Richard Peaver wrote: 'It must be relatively uncommon for two brothers to have gained this award. They were obviously both very brave officers...The consolidated list of military honours is taking shape. I am glad that we are going to be able to ensure that the wartime achievements of Old Greshamians are properly recorded.'

Caroline Tasker (Greenwood) (O 91 – 93) lost her first son Freddie forty-five minutes after he was born four months early. She and her husband Will work closely with Tommy's, the baby charity, to raise money for neo-natal research. In March they held a ball in memory of Freddie and raised £100,000. They followed that with the 2004 Sporting Ball also in memory of Freddie Greenwood in June.

James Thomson (H 90 – 95) much enjoyed the celebrations in March of the 150th Anniversary of Wanganui Collegiate School, New Zealand where he is Network Manager. He looked forward eagerly to receiving details of the 450th Anniversary of Gresham's in 2005.

Maria Townsend (Traill) (E 96 – 98) is currently working as an Assistant Psychologist at Gloucestershire Royal Hospital. She is hoping to go on to clinical training in order to become a qualified Clinical Psychologist. See Marriages.

Jeremy Troughton (W 76 – 81) transferred into the Army Air Corps in January, having previously been an Army Lynx helicopter pilot. He is now based at Middle Wallop after a 4-year stint in Germany. He visited Gresham's in February and was fascinated to see how Woodlands had changed – also noticed his initials were incorrect on the Houseboard: J.B.M. not J.B.H.!

Patrick Walter (W 44 – 49). After a spell in the RAF Patrick launched himself into a career with the Reckitt and Colman Group working sometimes abroad (Argentina, Venezuela, Jamaica) and sometimes in Hull. His final posts with the Group were Director South America of Reckitt and Colman Overseas and World-wide Household Products Director. In 1970 he resigned and retired to a hill farm near Whitby, dabbling unsuccessfully in several small businesses, until an inheritance by his wife Jean enabled them to retire in earnest in 1981. They kept horses and rode the moors and forest. In 1993, the boys having flown the nest and established themselves, Patrick and Jean moved to a farmhouse south of Bordeaux, indulging in croquet and gardening. With Pat's arthritis worsening, they built a small cottage on a 2-acre plot nearby, so Jean gardened while Pat tinkered with his computer. With both boys married and living in Tokyo and Auckland, in 2003 Pat and Jean moved to a retirement village in Auckland.

Email: ptdwalter@igate.co.nz [See also Nick Walter's obituary on p. 18]

Douglas Watson (D 24 – 33) wrote in response to Richard Peaver's request for information concerning military honours pointing out that in the O.G. Address Book whilst some OGs have decorations printed after their names, others, including himself, do not. Douglas was awarded the D.F.C. in 1944; his honour will appear in the consolidated list.

Hugh Whitaker (k & H 60 – 68) is due to retire from the Navy at the end of the year and in between sailing a yacht he'll have to find a proper way of earning a crust. All suggestions gratefully received! [See Honours]

Jake Whitbread (k & T 91 – 94) has added a BSc (Hons) in Psychology from Bolton Institute, just granted university status, to his BA (Hons) from Wimbledon School of Art (University of Surrey) and, to quote his father Peter, 'has a paid job! Yippee!! –Peter. PS. The School done us proud!!!'

Peter Whitbread (k & W 40 – 46) wondered whether a contemporary in the last year of the Cornish diaspora or the first year back in Holt who wrote some lines (below) could identify himself:

Cirrus and cirro stratus, tracery..

..And sinking up into the gulfs on high

A small black skylark, splashing joyously

The ripple notes of his melodious lay...

Peter was editor of The Grasshopper in question but could not remember the writer's name.

By an extraordinary coincidence **Michael Willis** (k & OSH 38 – 46) sent some archive material to the Co-ordinator (John Rayner) and it included the relevant Grasshopper (No 16) 1944-45. The poem in question is 'The Skylark' by J.W. Howard. **[See Obituaries]**

Marcus White (Maddison-White) (OSH 91) is married to Helen and living in Leicestershire. He would like to be contacted by contemporaries. Email address on marcusandhelen@hotmail.com He would like to get in touch with Matt Stevens.

Simon Wiles since leaving has worked in the licensed and catering business, including his own group of pubs. He is now Group Catering Director for Bourne Leisure who own Haven Holidays , British Holidays, Butlins Resorts and Warner Hotels..

Amanda Wright (Connell) (G 76 – 78) is embarking on a PhD as part of her lectureship in Physiotherapy at the University of Limerick. She is married to an Irishman and lives in West Cork. They have a son, 13, and a daughter, 10. Amanda boards 3 nights a week in Limerick. She has been a Chartered Physio for 22 years and gained a Masters in Cognitive Neuropsychology in '89. Hopes to come over for the bash in May!

MARRIAGES AND ENGAGEMENTS

Becky Addy (E 95 – 99) is engaged to Neal Dickson.

Sam Alexander-Sinclair (F) is engaged to Laura Harman.

Jeremy Bowles (T 89 – 94) is engaged to Sarah Nelson

Andrew Chapman (k & W 84 – 95) has married Rachel McFarland.

Paula Christmas (O 86 – 88) is engaged to **Andrew Kirkham** (H 85 – 90)

Alex Galpin (k & T 89 – 96) is engaged to Sarah-Jane Casey.

Dr Alistair King (T 80 – 85) married Catherine in August 2002.

Andrew Leech (k & H 85 – 94) is engaged to Paula Dooce.

Dr Jennie Pollard (E 89 – 93) has married Flt. Lt. John Cockcroft.

Ben Rayner (k & W 85 – 95) has married Philippa Burns.

Anna Saltmarsh (c & E 85 – 93) is engaged to Richard Hartshorn.

Nick Saltmarsh (T 86 – 91) is engaged to Justine Jordan.

Rebecca Sutton (P.S. & O 76 – 84) is engaged to David Wheatley.

Caroline Tasker (O 91 – 93) has married Will Greenwood

Maria Townsend (E 96 – 98) has married John Traill.

Harriet Wormald (E 96 – 98) has married Jonas Rossi.

HONOURS AND DISTINCTIONS

Col. Patrick Marriott (F 71 – 76) was awarded the C.B.E. in the list of operational awards for Operation TELIC (the Iraq conflict).

Flt. Lt. Andrew Robins (F 83 – 88) was mentioned in Despatches for an incident in the Iraq conflict.

Hugh Whitaker (k & H 60 – 68) has been awarded the C.B.E. for his contribution to Royal Navy Personnel Management and in particular for HR management of the frontline personnel in the Fleet over the last few years.

THE GEORGE HOWSON MEMORIAL LUNCH

26th June 2004

An excellent lunch was enjoyed by all on the Saturday of the O.G. Weekend one week from the end of the Summer Term. The Headmaster Antony Clark provided an upbeat account of the year at Gresham's, suggesting that in terms of exam grades achieved as well as cultural and sporting success the School had done better than ever.

Those who attended are listed below:-

Tony Baker	Bruno Delacave	Mrs Martin Olley
Vivienne Baker	Michael Goff	Adney Payne
Michael F.B. Baker	Eddie Hall	Richard Peaver
Michael J.M. Baker	Roger Hall	Henry Percy-Pole
Victor Brenner	David Hammond	Charles Platten
Antony Clark (S)	David Horsley (S)	John Ramuz
Brigitte Clark (S)	Spurgeon Long	Mien Ramuz
Henry Coke	Mrs Mac Leckie	John Rayner (S)
Caroline Coke	Sam Mayoh	Jenny Rayner (S)
Dick Copas (S)	John Mainstone	Peter Salinson
Sandra Copas (S)	Alan Mallett	John Smart (S)
John Copeman	Charlotte Martin (S)	Roger Stuart
Annette Copeman	Iain Mawson	Walter Moll
John Cushing	Martin Olley	Mrs Walter Moll

THE HEADMASTER'S SPEECH

3rd July 2004

Prime Warden, Chairman of Governors, Ladies and Gentlemen and Pupils of Gresham's: Theatres in Woods are sent as a blessing by God to Headmasters to test their determination, their risk-taking capacity, in fact, their bloody-mindedness, and if we suddenly have a huge downpour, Plan B will be to be reassembled in the Sports Hall in, one hopes, ten minutes.

There is a serious side to life in any school and there is a dimension which is amusing and keeps a Headmaster relatively sane. I sometimes witness incidents which make me chuckle; on one day in the depths of the Lent Term's wintry snow, I observed from my study window a pair of farmers' sons, athirst for knowledge and learning and unable to negotiate the snowbound road from home by car, arriving on the Parade Ground by tractor. Perhaps they had held up some earnest North Norfolk commuters and perhaps they were a little red in the face and flustered as they made their way off to Third Period, but there was an inventiveness and a determination in their approach to getting to School which did them credit and was enough to brighten my day.

On the serious side, all my life I had wanted to go to the Somme Battlefields before, eventually, I was able to do so with my History class this May. In fact, on three separate occasions before the Spring, I had intended to accompany the Third Form but, for various reasons, was not able to do so. It was with some degree of envy, therefore, that I met the returning coach late one night on the third of these occasions and enthusiastically asked one of the pupils, who happened to be in one of the lower sets, how he had found the whole experience. "Well, sir," he said fairly slowly, "it wasn't really half as bad as I expected it to be". A commendably direct and honest response with lashings of cold water poured on my enthusiasm, but I could not help chuckling as I walked home in the swirling mist. Such interactions sharpen my resolve.

Some people imagine that Speech Days are exclusively about rewarding top academics, but for me Speech Days are very much for the benefit, too, of those who, metaphorically, also run the race, the pupils on the tractor and the boy who felt that the trip to the Somme was just about bearable. The brightest seniors do ascend the stage to receive their prizes but, in doing so, they challenge those whose best has not yet been revealed to strive for greater heights. They inspire those whom we may call late developers, those who have not yet found their niche, those who do not yet know that they will become famous inventors or rich bankers or doctors who will greatly change people's sense of well-being. They may also provide a context for those who know with certainty that they have done their best in all they have undertaken; for doing your best does not necessarily earn you a prize that is tangible, but it does earn you the glow of self-fulfilment, and when you feel fulfilled, you take away the prize that is in your consciousness. It is the prize of self-worth. It is this prize that is as important as those that are on display today in the preparation of young people for life. In many senses, this has been a year of introspection and innovation for Gresham's, a period of reflecting on our roots and of beginning to chart our way forward for the next number of years. In the Autumn, a ceremony was held at Old School House, followed by a walk of re-enactment through Holt up to the Senior School to commemorate the innovative approach to education adopted by Howson and his contemporaries. The School's geographical

translocation to a new site was accompanied by new thinking, *inter alia*, about the importance of Science in the curriculum and much else. Exactly a hundred years later, with the School having developed dramatically in many fields, such as recently in the creative arts, we are again experiencing a comprehensive appraisal of our strengths and areas for further development, and we are seeking to articulate how we will progress over the next five to seven years. But creating an overall Development Plan, incorporating a Business Plan for these years and, indeed, an Action Plan for the next 18 months is a more complex phenomenon than it was in the heady days of G. W. S. Howson. There is a need, amongst other factors, to consult with governors, parents, staff, Old Greshamians, pupils and others; there is a need to analyse and to predict, to review and to extrapolate. To some extent, the ISI Inspection has assisted this process, but there is more to do before a commitment is made to future plans in the Autumn. It helped us in our self-evaluation and, though I have several times referred to the fact that Gresham's was viewed in an overwhelmingly positive light by the Inspection, you will only be able to see the summary in about two weeks time when it has finally been placed in the Inspection-correct language of the age, and sent out. The Report will be available, in full, on our website and on the ISI website and, naturally, as part of finalising our Development Plan, we will be giving keen consideration to the recommendations emerging from the Report. There can be no room for complacency in any school that seeks to move forward but, equally, we wish to celebrate fully our success and excellence and there have been so many examples of success and excellence from a wide range of differing activities within the School this year which I believe are quite remarkable, given that we are a school of 500 pupils, rather than 1500 pupils. I have alluded to these extensively in my Letters to Parents and today's list is, by no means, an exhaustive one. I could think, however, of Hannah Rogerson who won the Parliamentary Press Association Prize on the issue of top-up fees and expressed her views rather forcefully to the Prime Minister; perhaps I could reflect on Asia Turner-Bridger who became recognised nationally in the Women in Scientific Engineering Competition, or Rory Nicholson, Olly Crawley and Steph Hares who won Nuffield Scholarships for biological research, or Amy Dawson who won the Peterloo Poets' top prize in a field of several thousand, or Toby Girling who won a place at the Guildhall. Then there could be Matthew Firman, who has won the British Schools Smallbore Rifle Association Competition for three consecutive years, whilst Nick McKendrick, Katie Hullah, Nick Termeer, Richard Stearn, David Williams, Hannah Jones, Alex Clements and Holly Foster have all achieved national acclaim in Shooting. Tom Youngs and Ben Pienaar are currently in New Zealand after selection to a squad of 24 from all over the world who will receive specialised rugby coaching from current international celebrities; only four of their group are from England. There is Luke Hedley, the only player in the England Under 16 Hockey side not to play regular Club Hockey, and there is the burly Will Stebbings who has achieved the highest run aggregate and average over the past year of any 1st XI player ever to have played for Gresham's. Another example could be Grant Pointer who broke, on our Sports Day, the triple jump record that had been set up by Trevor Claydon, the father of Alex, 31 years ago. Trevor generously congratulated him on that day, as one would expect from a true sportsman.

There are also individuals who are talented in *several* fields and are testimony to the notion that Gresham's is able to stimulate roundedness and balance in education: perhaps Melissa Jenney springs to mind, reaching the top notes for a soprano and playing games at a high level; possibly it is Saskia Payne, one of our brightest, who plays hockey, netball and the double bass; there is Jack Lowe, at one moment with the National Youth Theatre, at another with the National Youth Choir, and then making an appearance on the astroturf;

perhaps there is Jonathan Smith, debating, swimming, winning a triathlon in almost record time and leading the pupil body with maturity beyond his years.

Individuals sometimes operate independently, but usually are part of a team, and probably one of the most impressive team efforts of the year was the production of *Les Misérables*, involving just over 20% of the School. At each of the four performances, the audience rose as one, not in stages with some reluctantly being hoisted out of their seats by over-enthusiastic spouses, but as one. It was magnificent, but there were many other productions in the year where talent, teamwork, a sense of timing or a deep understanding of an historical context came to the fore. I thought *Hannah and Hanna* quite remarkable, but that is not to diminish in any way *Lady Precious Stream*, or *The Importance of Being Earnest*, or, indeed, a multitude of other performances or musical concerts. We have had six, I think seven, outstanding musical concerts in the last week if one is to include today's – what a tribute to our Music Department!

Our 1st Netball Team were County Champions, our 1st Boys Hockey played with breathtaking skill, notching up in one game the biggest margin of victory ever against any of our traditional opponents, and our 1st Rugby Team impressed in a similar way. The Girls 1st Tennis Team had an excellent season as did the 1st Cricket XI, but perhaps the undefeated 2nd Netball Team or the 3rd Rugby Team, which was also undefeated, deserve the greatest accolades for their spirit and character. The latter, the 3rd Rugby Team, had the advantage of Doc White's scientific analysis of the angles they were running, and the former the boyish commitment of Norman Dovey involved in a new endeavour. Suffice it to say that our pupils may take pride in their cohesiveness, and unity of purpose and spirit on the gamesfield, and elsewhere.

I wish our Under 17 Girls Hockey side well as they go to South Africa soon and, equally, I wish success and enjoyment to our cricketers as they participate in the Sir Garry Sobers Tournament in Barbados.

A look at the staff file of one G. S. Smithers reveals some interesting early correspondence between a man who has become the doyen of Mathematics teachers, certainly in East Anglia, and the Headmaster of that era, Logie Bruce Lockhart. Pupils may like to know that Graham Smithers was not an MI5 code-breaker and neither was he parachuted into Russia in the early stages of the Cold War. He came to Gresham's 40 years ago, having been propelled here by a sense of vocation, in the midst of studying for his PhD in Mathematics at St John's College, Cambridge. He grew to understand that he would have a more satisfying and fulfilling life teaching young people at Gresham's than in any other academic realm. Once this decision had been made, correspondence from the Cambridge Tutor for Graduate Studies remarked that "Smithers is a brilliant mathematician who took a First at the University of Leicester before embarking on his PhD. He also has considerable force of character and would make a first-class schoolmaster." So it was to be and correspondence from Smithers then ensued with the Headmaster. "I cannot say with certainty at what time I will be arriving, as coaches between Norwich and Holt are few and far between; it might be at 11.53 am on Tuesday or, alternatively, at 6.27 pm on Thursday. The more complicated issue of the arrival of my trunk has yet to be negotiated." Man had certainly not yet landed on the moon when Graham Smithers arrived in Holt, here to teach boys and then boys and girls Mathematics so brilliantly over four decades. There are few examples, in this modern era, of such selfless dedication to an important and thoroughly worthwhile cause and, simultaneously, of such self-effacement in his crowning years, and I do not think that we have managed to have Graham Smithers captive here this morning, but I need to turn round to assess that situation ... He was not

able to be here this morning, the emotion of the moment being too great, but I would like him to hear us wherever he is up the road. Could we give him a round of applause.

Mike Runnalls has been 25 years in the vanguard of our Classics Department; his appointment to Gresham's had a dual motivation: for Howson's had had a series of short-lived resident tutors and Mike promised there to restore the measure of continuity that is so vital in a boarding school. His commitment to Classics and to the CCF and his contribution to so many other areas of school life, ranging from games to ski trips to Prep School Hockey Tournaments, have been greatly valued and admired. We wish him well, too, on his retirement.

Robin Myerscough, currently Head of RS and formerly Chaplain, is also retiring, in his case after some 12 years at Gresham's; in the Myerscough years, Gresham's has witnessed a catholic approach to our spiritual life and also significant development in the RS Department, with new departures into the realm of Ethics and Philosophy and the establishment of an enviable website. We thank Robin for his meticulous approach to all he has undertaken, as we do Sue Hincks, who leaves us after a superlative four years leading the Modern Languages Department; she is bound for King's, Worcester as a Deputy Head. Sue's work in Oakeley House as a tutor, in debating and elsewhere will be sorely missed. I commend Andy South, another retiree, for five excellent years in the IT Department. Bob Kerr is moving on from our Music Department and we applaud his long service there, whilst Elisa Suárez and Vicky Harvey are two very young and very attractive teachers who are a long way from retirement; but Elisa goes back to Spain having fulfilled her two-year contract in England, whilst Vicky will be the gain of our Prep School, to which she moves as Drama and English teacher. Siobhan Tuck is moving on to a full-time position, having served here effectively in a part-time capacity.

Another important person who retired during the course of the year was Roger Betts; I thank him for his tenure as Bursar over 12 years. Roger is a gentleman to his fingertips and his courtliness, kindness and helpfulness, amongst many other qualities, were greatly appreciated, as was his overseeing of many developments at Gresham's: the laying of the astroturfs, the building of the Auden Theatre and the extensive renovations and developments in the Prep School which were all successfully completed during his tenure. Thank you, Roger.

Peter Badger has seen three generations of boys through Howson's in his 15 years in the challenging role as Housemaster and I thank him and his wife, Chrissie, for their guidance and care for Howson's boys over such a significant period. You will be pleased to know that they are not retiring, but simply will have a little bit more independence in their lives as Jonny and Charlotte Martin, their successors, take over the reins of the House.

A good school has many characteristics and many personalities which, woven together, create its fabric, but a good school must have at its core an academic purpose. It must seek to excite the intellect and curiosity of the brightest, to create an independence of thought, and the ability to teach teenagers how to form a view, and how to articulate that view coherently on a subject; it must also strive to fulfil its mission to ensure that the average student achieves at a level which will enable him or her, wherever possible, to move into worthwhile post-school situations. Whilst we cannot be complacent about our capacity uniformly to excite intellectual curiosity, it was, however, a great thrill to staff, pupils and parents that we attained the best A Level results achieved in the history of the School last Summer in that just under 70% of our subject entries were awarded A and B grades. At GCSE Level, one of our pupils, Amos How, came in the top five of his English Literature examination board, that is out of some 379,000 candidates. This is the second successive

year that this feat has been achieved within the English Department, and the A Level results, in general, combined with those of the GCSE results, were positive proof of an enhanced academic vitality and thrust. Further introspection and fresh innovation will follow as we seek, continually, to build on these successes.

Norman Semple has much to do with the developing of the academic profile of the School in his capacity as Director of Studies, and I thank him for his critical role over the past year; may I thank, too, the Housemasters and Housemistresses for their broad and enthusiastic contribution to the life of Gresham's, and could I thank the rest of the staff in the same vein, and may I thank Sue Smart, the Deputy Head, whose administrative skills are quite outstanding and who manages to combine an empathetic approach with a no-nonsense one within her leadership make-up. She is an outstanding asset to the School. It is important that there should be many opportunities for links between staff and pupils, and I would like to pay special tribute to Jonathan Smith who, whilst blessed with all the natural qualities of leadership in an excellent Head of School, has also been conscientiously committed to the daily enhancement of pupils' welfare. Jonathan is the thirteenth Head of School that I have been fortunate enough to select and I have no hesitation in saying that he would rank at the very top of some of the most outstanding young people of the modern era.

There is much in the essence of Gresham's that is not able to be quantified easily. How can one explain that essence to someone who does not understand the spirit that emanates from a Duke of Edinburgh Award outing, who does not understand the importance of a biennial CCF Review that runs with such split-second timing that two Tornadoes appear over the horizon exactly as the salute is taken, who does not understand the importance of working with less advantaged people on Break Charity weeks? Our pupils travel to Romania, under the aegis of COVEX, to assist with providing better facilities and, thus, a better life for disadvantaged Romanians, and there are a host of other charities which, at our pupils' initiative, we foster and support. Indeed, somewhat over one quarter of our pupils worked entirely voluntarily over last Summer in some respect for the benefit of others. One cannot easily explain why courage or perseverance or commitment to causes are important but perhaps it is that sense of responsibility for others, perhaps it is the urgency with which pupils work of their own accord for the benefit of others that I find the most inspiring quality in Greshamians. In the midst of an increasingly competitive world, there is a sense of importance of doing things for others.

Good schools should be introspective and simultaneously innovative, as Howson and his contemporaries were a hundred years ago and as we are attempting to be today. They should teach individuals a sense of responsibility to themselves and the importance of contributing to others, in the guise of a class, a team, a society or a House. They should teach a sense of responsibility in the wider context so that the impact of everything of good intent learned here is multiplied in the context of other situations. The biggest Upper Sixth Form in the history of the School leaves us today, and I encourage you leavers to take with you the spirit of introspection and innovation, as well as a sense of the importance of responsibility to yourself and to others. And if you are able to implant these values in other people, you will make the society in which you live, and even your country, a better place. They say in my part of Africa "Hamba Kahle" which, literally translated, means "Go well"; but it is a valedictory that is pregnant with more than a wish for a safe passage, for security, for happiness, and for fulfilment. It entails another dimension, too. I say to you leavers today, "Hamba Kahle".

THE CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH

Prime Warden, Headmaster, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, including of course the many Greshamians here.

In 1556 – quite possibly at this time of year - I can visualise, though not confirm as a fact, that Sir John Gresham came to Old School House to give away the prize (probably only one in those days) to the star pupil out of those that had survived Year 1 at Gresham's - history does not relate how many, but I doubt if it was more than a dozen.

This year over 500 – or even well over 800 if we include the Preparatory and Pre-Preparatory Schools - have survived Year 449 at Gresham's. But, it is clear from what we have heard from the Headmaster, that *survived* is totally the wrong word – *achieved* would be much nearer the mark.

Now, the Headmaster has to be careful to ensure that he refers to achievements across the spectrum. The Chairman, who is only here from time to time, is allowed, I hope, to be more selective and, even possibly, unfair to others, and on this prejudiced basis I have no hesitation in applauding the School's production of *Les Misérables*. A cast of 66, plus numerous others behind the scenes, presented quite the best School production I for one, and I believe many others, have ever seen, anywhere. Congratulations to all those involved - and especially to Paul Hands and Mark Jones for their direction. It will, of course, be a hard act to follow but, as you know, we say that every year, and I am quite sure that next year Paul Hands and Mark Jones, and dozens and dozens of pupils, will present yet another remarkable production.

The School also came out extremely well from the Inspection in late April and I want to congratulate the Headmaster for his clear leadership in preparing for this quinquennial exercise, or should I say ordeal. I suspect that when he came over from South Africa to be interviewed for the job of Headmaster, we rather skated over the fact that the School was due for an inspection in his first 18 months – well, you would, wouldn't you?

Nevertheless he, Sue Smart and the rest of the Management Team, prepared the School admirably for that busy week and of course no one ever dares to say "No" to Rosemary Kimmins (not even the Headmaster) when she demanded this note or that file to be updated or rewritten. Thank you, Rosemary, for the part you played. I believe parents can be reassured that the formal written report due next week will be, as the Headmaster mentioned in his address, overwhelmingly positive. We know there are issues to be addressed, but most of them were already in our sights and plans. Can I therefore congratulate all the staff for what they do week in, week out, all through the year to maintain such high standards of teaching and thus of pupil results. I sense the Inspectors have awarded all of you an A grade and in five years time I am sure you will achieve an A* and when parents do read the summary, or those of you interested enough to read the full report on the website, do please feel free to contact me or the Headmaster if there are any matters that concern you.

This summer holidays at Gresham's will witness the largest infrastructure improvement programme ever – Farfield, Howson's, the Library, one of the two astro pitches and numerous smaller projects and I want to thank in advance the Bursar and his team for supervising the completion of these projects over the relatively short summer holiday period – and hence not much summer holidays for them. It is very much a baptism of fire for our new Bursar, Bruno Delacave, whom we welcome to his first Speech Day – but he

certainly became familiar with keeping numerous balls in the air (albeit different shaped ones) in his previous career in the City of London and other financial centres.

This planned programme of upgrading and modernisation will continue over the next few years and is one of the key priorities the Governors have agreed in setting our plans for the continued success of Gresham's beyond our 450th birthday next year. Talking of that birthday, I do hope everyone here will wish to participate in some of the events planned to mark this very special milestone and let us hope that this time next year the weather is marginally kinder to us.

And now, to our Guest Speaker, Sir Angus Stirling, the Prime Warden of the Fishmongers' Company. Hardly a guest, as he has been a Governor for the past five years. Nevertheless, having found out that we have not had a Prime Warden speak at the Senior School Speech day for at least 50 years, I felt this should be remedied so that parents and pupils could be reassured that Prime Wardens are human too, and do have views and experiences relevant to Gresham's and, frankly, no one satisfies these criteria better than Sir Angus.

He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, but then went on to pursue his passion for Art by doing another degree, this time in the History of Art at London University. Ten years in the financial services world failed to dilute his interest in the Arts and so he started a career in that world, first at the Paul Mellon Foundation, then at the Arts Council, and finally at the National Trust of which he was Director General for 12 years. In his spare time he used to chair the Royal Opera House and, until recently, was Chairman of the Greenwich Foundation for the Royal Naval College. He is also involved in numerous other charities, mostly related to the world of art (using that term in its widest sense). He was elected Prime Warden towards the end of last month and, appropriately, 50 years to the day after his father had been elected to that office.

Prime Warden, thank you for agreeing to speak and we all hope you will have an extremely happy and fulfilling year as Prime Warden but just for a moment or two, please, take off your Governor's hat and be our Guest Speaker.

Ladies and gentlemen, Sir Angus Stirling.

SIR ANGUS STIRLING'S SPEECH

Chairman, Headmaster, my lords, ladies and gentlemen,

It occurs to me that perhaps I should not only take off my hat, but if anybody is feeling particularly cold after their recent experiences, put your hand up and you can borrow my robe as well.

Thank you very much for your kind introduction, Chairman.

It occurred to me that some of you may know the Fishmongers' Company just by name and so I thought it worthwhile to begin just with a brief mention that the Fishmongers' Company (which was originally an ancient City of London Guild of Fish Merchants founded in 1272) together with Sir John Gresham, a local property owner, City businessman and one time Mayor of London, founded a small school in Holt in, as we know, 1555 and this small school grew over the centuries into the Gresham's School that we all know today. In the whole of that time, as set out in Sir John's bequest, the majority of Governors have been members of the Court of the Fishmongers' Company and I honestly do not think that there is anything in which we take a greater pride at the Fishmongers' Company than in this great School. We take enormous pride and pleasure in everything that you do in your academic achievements, in your sporting achievements, in your artistic and dramatic achievements and in your life as a whole and in the people who you are. We take enormous pride and pleasure too in supporting, guiding and helping the School in every way we can. Although I am not a Fish Merchant by trade, I did form an early interest in the life of fish and I still have a small school exercise book in which at the age of 5 or 6 I made a rather wonkily illustrated life history of the salmon. I was enthralled by its mysterious journey from our rivers to the distant ocean whence it returned each year. This little thing looks more like the life history of the earth-worm than the salmon, but it was part of an early awakening to nature and wildlife which in later times has led me not only to professional involvement but also to make many trips in this country and overseas from the Arctic to India to study and photograph wildlife.

I have been exceptionally fortunate to spend most of my working life first in the arts as you have heard and then, for nearly 18 years, in the National Trust, which is devoted to managing and preserving the unspoilt coast, countryside and houses - places like Sheringham Park near here and many other properties in Norfolk.

There is time today to talk to you about only one of these two parts of my experience and, for reasons that I hope will become plain, I have chosen to do so about the countryside and the environment and not about the arts.

An obscure Victorian poet once said, "All the good ideas I ever had came to me while I was milking a cow." A pretty useless statement you might think really - when you are desperately keen to have an idea you can't easily find a cow wandering around ready to be milked and, personally, I feel that having a good soak in the bath is an excellent alternative. All the same, I think the poet was on to something. The point that he was making was that ideas are always present, they are there to be captured in the most routine moments of life which *because* they are ordinary allow time for thinking. But this is precisely the difficulty, is it not? The rush of everyday life imposes many, many demands on us all. I expect that some of you pupils at Gresham's feel this now; and as your life progresses, I am sure you will become increasingly aware of it.

Sometimes in the competitive world of careers it can be very hard to find any sense of

rhythm which enables us to remain in touch with the world around us and have time to reflect on our lives and to develop our own interests. These pressures on time also affect political decision-making. The voting public – in fact, all of us – expect governments to deliver quick results in terms of health, education, housing, transport and the economy which supports our quality of life. And so, generally speaking, short-term solutions are preferred to long-term strategies that may appear to promise jam tomorrow rather than jam today. And yet the protection of the environment positively demands the opposite, does it not? Long-term planning is essential. Moreover, this is a sphere where international co-operation is also vital. In order to ensure that those who come after us can enjoy the same pleasures and happiness that we ourselves have inherited, the sacrifice of immediate results is often necessary. It is a question, really, of giving more than we take from the world.

No wonder that the environment and conservation come low on the agenda of governments all over the world. A lot of good intentions are publicised, but effective action is often missing. I want to talk about these priorities for a few minutes because I think we can be certain that one of the defining challenges of your lives in this century will be whether or not the world is able to make a reality of what is now widely described as “sustainable development”. In other words, the pursuit of ever greater material prosperity that has been the unquestioned goal for some 250 years or more must be moderated in order to stop laying waste to the planet: tearing down trees, damming rivers, polluting the air, eroding topsoil, warming the atmosphere, depleting fish stocks, and covering the land with tarmac and concrete. In the words of a British ecologist, we are “unravelling nature like an old jumper”.

The United Nations Environment Programme has calculated that today's rate of extinction in the plant and animal kingdom is running at 10,000 times more than what it would naturally be without the impact of the human species. This is easier to understand when one realises that the world population is growing by an additional 85 million or so every year - that is one and a quarter times the entire population of the United Kingdom, and thus the pressures on the planet and its support systems (for example, water resources and rain forests), upon which we depend for our existence, continue to mount year by year. There is a rather slightly macabre but, I think, telling story which helps to put our place in all this in perspective:

There were two planets whose orbits around the sun coincided in such a way that they passed close by each other every two million years. As they passed, on one such occasion, one planet said to the other, “How are you getting on?” “Well”, said the other, “since you ask, I have a rather troublesome virus that I can't seem to shake off. My doctor says it is called *homo sapiens*.” “Oh”, said the first planet, “you don't need to worry about that. I understand they're trying to find a cure for it, but in any case I had that disease 50 million years ago, and it soon passed.”

Some of the more zealous green activists would insist that the cure we are all looking for means an end to economic growth, but the Earth Summits of 1992 and 2002 showed that this is not so. Indeed, without economic prosperity none of the necessary aims of good husbandry could possibly be achieved. Sustainable development *does* require, however, economic growth that respects the environment and is socially equitable, because poverty is one of the greatest drivers of environmental destruction.

Perhaps you know what the rock musician Sting said? “If I were a Brazilian without land or money, or the means to feed my children, I would be burning the rain forest as well.” And so we have to address ourselves as much to the alleviation of poverty, education and

better healthcare as we do to climate change and toxic pollution.

So, the question is, can we as individuals make any difference to this situation? The answer is, yes we can. None of us should expect to put the whole world to rights, but each one of us can look upon ourselves as a trustee for future generations, committed to doing our bit no matter how small that part might be. I think it is quite important to make a start by doing all we can to care for the place where we live – our own home, our village, our local community.

On a larger canvas, commerce and industry in this country are slowly becoming aware of their environmental responsibilities. Some companies, both big and small, do now subscribe to a sustainable philosophy, but too many still have no such agenda. The influence of your generation, Greshamians, on their future policies will be crucial.

I wonder if you know the ancient Chinese proverb that goes like this? “If you want to be happy for a day, get drunk. If you want to be happy for a week, get married. If you want to be happy for a lifetime, become a gardener.”

Now please don't follow the first of those pieces of advice or I shall be the first to be invited to the Headmaster's Study. But, later on you might to do all three, of course. But the point is, being a gardener means understanding nature, and that is the key. It is vital, too, to restore the bond between people and the countryside. Once it was taken for granted when agriculture was the principal employer, but a divide has grown up between town and country so great that many of our citizens now have little idea where the foods sold in the supermarkets come from. They have no opportunity to connect with rural life, they do not even have the opportunity to see the majesty of the heavens at night.

Some years ago, the National Trust introduced a scheme to take young people out from the poorer areas of central Newcastle, to enjoy a day in the country at one of the Trust's Northumbrian properties. Gradually this scheme gathered impetus and has been expanded. The young people learn some basic skills of country stewardship: tree-planting, repairing walls, help with animals, and they took part in activities such as rock-climbing and abseiling. This experience very often changed their lives altogether. It opened horizons and awakened enthusiasms that they were not aware of.

The Trust is also one of those organisations that offers the chance to get to know its work a little better through voluntary working holidays all over the country. I have never met anyone who has taken part in that experience who has not hugely enjoyed it. It can just be a great deal of fun, or it could also be a useful introduction to a more serious career interest in some aspect of conservation.

Each one of us has the gift if we would only use it of sharing the joy and wonder of the natural world. Albert Einstein, who taught us so much about the universe, said this. “Each of us visits this earth involuntarily and without invitation. For me, it is enough to wonder at its secrets.” We are reminded, I think, of the same thought by the great treasury of British poetry, novels, painting and music that has drawn its inspiration, and still does draw its inspiration, from our landscape and from the imagery of the natural world. So, I want to suggest to you in conclusion that whatever path you follow in life, try never to lose the breadth of your interests. And if those interests include a love of nature, it will bring you closer to that sort of rhythm of life with which this talk began. It strengthens our Christian faith, it helps to give a spiritual dimension to life that will sustain us in times of stress. It makes us respect all living creatures, including our fellow human beings. We lose it at our peril.

When you leave this School the world will be your oyster, but as any Fishmonger will tell

you, only if you look after the oyster beds. And I want to end with a thought that Sir Winston Churchill gave us, which I believe sums up quite neatly what I have been trying to say. He said, "You can gain a living by what you can get, you gain a life by what you can give."

Thank you.



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The art of survival

Veteran director Peter Brook [W 39 – 41] breaks cover to tell Dominic Cavendish that his new play about Krishna has strong parallels with events in Iraq.

Peter Brook, one of the world's greatest living theatre directors, turns 80 next March. The anniversary will be a cause for celebration in this country – even though Brook has lived in Paris since 1970. Exhibitions are being planned, a critical biography is in the pipeline, and the man himself will undoubtedly be lured over the Channel to take part in birthday proceedings.

You'd actually need about a year to play definitive homage to Brook, such has been the intensity of his life and the diversity of his work. His adventure-packed career stretches back as far as his late teens when, resisting the pressure of his Russian-Jewish immigrant parents – both chemists- to go into law, he set his heart on becoming a film director, only to make theatre his first-love when the former ambition stalled.

By the age of 20, he was directing Paul Schofield at Birmingham Repertory Theatre in *Man and Superman*; thereafter it was up, up and away – with a series of precociously assured Shakespeare productions. Then, in 1968, he published *The Empty Space* (1968).

This ground-breaking – or rather ground-clearing – manifesto began with lines familiar to all those who have entered the theatre in his wake: "I can take any empty space and call it a bare stage. A man walks across this empty space whilst someone else is watching him and this is all that is needed for an act of theatre to be engaged."

The accent henceforth was on exploration and discovery, entailing worldwide travel, a willingness to be influenced by non-Western cultures and a refusal to conform to commercial expectations; the work that has emerged over the past three decades has looked distinctly "unBritish" up to and including the acclaimed chamber version of *Hamlet* (2000) starring the black British actor Adrian Lester.

The jewel in his crown to date was *The Mahabharata*, a nine-hour adaptation of Hinduism's vast core text, which was lauded to the skies when it was first staged in an Avignon quarry in 1985. *La Mort de Krishna*, coming to the Brighton Festival this week, is a surprise dramatic coda to the epic. Briefly caught during rehearsals for a new show, the unflaggingly busy but unfailingly serene Brook explains that this 80-minute monologue represents the culmination of all the work done on that landmark project. "We always had in our minds that we would do *Mahabharata* 'Four'," he explains, "we" being the writer Jean-Claude Carrière, responsible for editing down the *Mahabharata*'s 18 volumes, and the actor Maurice Bénichou, who played the god Krishna in the trilogy. "In the poem there are 50 different endings, and so many stories that develop, but this is essential tragedy – Krishna voluntarily recognising that it's time for him to die."

"Essential" is a favourite word of Brook's. Where the achievement of his *Mahabharata* was to turn the longest poem ever written into an elemental experience, performed by a cast of 20 actors and musicians using simple props and beautiful costumes on a red-earth floor, there's even less adornment here. "It's just one person alone, standing very simply on a carpet, with a few essential Indian objects," he says.

In many ways, *La Mort de Krishna* finds things coming full circle for Brook, who recalls first being introduced to and inspired by *The Mahabharata* in 1966, when he was working on *US*, a documentary piece in response to the Vietnam War. "It was the beginning of everything. During rehearsals, a young Indian man came in and read us a very small

portion of the poem, just three or four pages. It was the section when Arjuna, the greatest warrior in the field and in command of the strongest army, is about to commence the war of extermination between the two rival groups of cousins that dominates the story. And he stops dead in his tracks and says to Krishna: 'Why should we fight?' At that time, it struck us so deeply because no president had the courage to stop themselves being carried along by the tide of events."

Back in 1985, at the time of *The Mahabharata's* premiere, Brook spoke of the parallels between the apocalyptic vision of the poem and "an age when the destruction of the world exists incessantly around us". Cut to 2004, and the aftermath of the war in Iraq and the relevance of *La Mort de Krishna*, in which Krishna laments that he has failed to restore peace, is clear.

It's this kind of oblique approach that Brook favours. "I'm not in agreement with a lot of my close colleagues in England. There, 'political theatre' means putting situations straight out of real life on stage but, today, television and newspapers are doing this so well. If someone said to me, 'Do a play about Baghdad', it would be such a crude simplification. With *The Mahabharata*, the message is so powerful, you don't need modern dress or contemporary references. In *La Mort de Krishna*, the audience finds that what they're witnessing on stage is talking directly about their own situation. If you go beyond the horror of war, you can find a form of catharsis, a reason why human beings need to continue to live and survive. That's the role of theatre."

Does Brook regard himself as living in exile? He never "rejected" England, he insists. "It was a whole mass of circumstances that brought me to Paris. I didn't leave England because I disapproved of it. But I look at my friends, the people who have tried to stay faithful to their own convictions about theatre – and they've never had true cultural support. The French recognise that, if you trust an individual, you should support them and leave them alone."

Before I leave Brook alone, I ask whether there are any plans to retire. "As long as there are things to do I'll carry on," he says, adding with a Gallic flourish: "I leave it to destiny."

Reprinted from *The Daily Telegraph*.

Village in tribute to hover genius

It has taken almost 50 years – but a North Suffolk village is to recognise officially the achievement of one of its most famous former residents, Sir Christopher Cockerell, inventor of the hovercraft [W 24 – 28].

Sir Christopher, who died in 1999, lived at Somerleyton, near Lowestoft, while he was working on the invention. And now villagers aim to raise £70,000 to celebrate his success. Retired marine engineer John French, who lives at Camps Heath, four miles from where Sir Christopher worked, is honorary secretary of the committee launching the appeal to erect a monument to his work.

“Sir Christopher and his wife bought a boatyard at Oulton Broad and moved into the village in 1951,” said Dr French. “Like all inventors, you would always find him in his shed at the end of Wherry Dyke, working on his ideas.

“The war was still in living memory and his work had to be kept extremely secret, so the then Lord Somerleyton came to his rescue and allowed the prototype to be tested on the estate lawns. It is a job to define when exactly the eureka moment happened, but the result was finally patented in 1955.”

For the past 20 years, Dr French has been compiling a comprehensive collection of archive material, including some previously unseen photographs showing Sir Christopher with his early designs, as well as writing a book about the inventor.

“I have been fascinated with this subject for years. To get a monument here would be wonderful, and we are all keen to mark the event at the village where it began,” he said. The present Lord Somerleyton has donated a site for the column, opposite the village green, and architect James Airy, the husband of Sir Christopher’s daughter Frances, has completed the design.

“We are approaching various bodies like the Lottery Fund and the East of England Development Agency for help and hope to have the monument up by the 50th anniversary in 2005,” said Dr French.

Reprinted from *The Eastern Daily Press*.

EMBARKATION LEAVE

For each brief embarkation leave
in the changing war that is never over
while we have lives,
we have the need to state our leave.

We've both known love as a wound's fever;
known, too, the words 'it isn't loaded'
that are suicide;
and there's plenty left of childhood's greed;

So this loving's possible, and no other:
bodies' delight in beating death –
no fool hope's growth,
none of the waiting, the futile grieving.

We need the sunlight's unhurried loving
that pauses for laughter, or for breath,
but takes no oath.
It is impossible? So is our living.

Tom Wintringham (F 12 – 15)
Reprinted from *The Grasshopper*

Too busy with other things

Ian Sansom on Stephen Spender, friend of the famous.

New Collected Poems by Stephen Spender 393pp, Faber £30

In her justly famous two-punch poem “poetry”, Marianna Moore wrote: “I dislike it./ Reading it, however, with a perfect contempt for it, one discovers in/ it, after all, a place for the genuine.” Moore’s admission is a valuable insight and an important truth about poetry; Stephen Spender’s *New Collected Poems* is the perfect illustration.

Spender might be described as a poet who was simply too busy doing other interesting things – writing plays, autobiography, journals, novels, translations and criticism, editing magazines, working for Unesco, teaching, lecturing, and making friends with the famous – to have actually got round to writing any great poetry. In a letter written to him in 1928, while they were still undergraduates at Oxford, his friend Auden told him, “Stephen, you are just not trying.”

The truth is he was probably trying too hard. Wading through the knee-deep romanticism and the flood of poorly plumbed imitation Auden and Eliot in his early verse, one eventually comes across a poem that stands out as a rock and a marker above all the others, the poem which begins, “I think continually of those who were truly great”:

I think continually of those who were truly great.
Who, from the womb, remembered the soul’s history
Through corridors of light where the hours are suns,
Endless and singing. Whose lovely ambition
Was that their lips, still touched with fire,
Should tell of the Spirit clothed from head to foot in song.

This is landfall, the first sight and clear sound of Spender’s true home territory – a place of milky plangency, thick vowel-honey and sweet self-pity. It is also, notably, a vision of and desire for greatness rather than the thing itself.

The “truly great” haunt, taunt and eventually dement Spender’s poetry, so that he ends up sounding like the sad old man down the pub with no money, who’s always talking about his rich and famous friends. In the poem “Matter of Identity”, for example, from what is probably his best collection, *The Generous Days* (1971), Spender observes of an individual who may or not be himself:

Some times he had the sensation
Of being in a library, and reading a history
And coming to a chapter left unwritten
That blazed with nothing nothing except him
Nothing but his great name and his great deeds.

And probably his best early poem begins, tellingly: “After success, your little afternoon success, / You watch jealous perplexity mould my head / To the shape of a dark and taloned bird / And fix claws in my lungs, and then you pass / Your silk soothing hand across my arm / And smile.”

He dreamt continually of greatness and success. In *World Within World* (1951), the book in which he came closest to achieving his dream (and which is without doubt one of the most important English literary autobiographies of the 20th century, comparable with *Cider with Rosie* and Osbert Sitwell's *Left Hand, Right Hand!*), he wrote: "Within each there is a world of his own souls as immense as the external universe, and equal with that, dwarfing the little stretch of coherent waking which calls itself 'I.'" Spender's own desire for immensity led to his constantly seeking out invites to meet the great and the good. Virginia Woolf, for example, recalls him writing, "saying he cares for my praise more than for that of any other critic"; she later described him as having the "makings of a long-winded bore". In his typically adulatory poem "V.W. (1941)", Spender recalled: "That woman who, entering a room, / Stood, staring round at all, with rays / From her wild eyes, till people there / And books, pictures, furniture - / Became transformed within her gaze." It's possible she was just looking for a means of escape.

Most discussion and criticism of Spender's poetry concentrates on his work of the 1930s – *Twenty Poems* (1930), *Poems* (1933), *Vienna* (1934), *The Still Centre* (1939) – but of course most of us wouldn't wish to be judged merely on the writings of our youth, particularly if those writings contained lines such as "My parents kept me from children who were rough / And who threw words like stones and who wore torn clothes", or "Pylons, those pillars / Bare like nude, giant girls that have no secret".

The two books in fact that clearly stand out in Michael Brett's beautiful, crisp, clean edition of *New Collected Poems* are *Poems of Dedication* (1947), and the much later *The Generous Days* (1971), the book in which Spender admits to and makes the most of his failings. He was always an awkward poet but in these later poems he becomes, one might almost say, a poet of awkwardness (Louis MacNeice described him as a "towering angel not quite sure if he was fallen"). Far removed in place and time from the overstatements and fey rhetorical inversions of his 30s verse, these later poems are full of stumblings, hauntings, shame and confusion.

"Sleepless", for example, begins: "Awake alone in the house / I heard a voice / Ambiguous - / With nothing nice." And it ends, with a nod perhaps to Hardy and Tennyson's "In Memoriam" ("He is not here; but far away / The noise of life begins again, / And ghastly through the drizzling rain / On the bald street breaks the blank day"):

"Let me in! Let me in!",
Tapping at the pane.
Him I imagine,
Twenty years in the rain.

John Sutherland's recently published biography of Spender portrays him as a charming innocent, a big man with huge enthusiasms, with opinions and ideas on just about every fashionable theme and topic, who wrote about art, literature and the life of the mind in his voluminous autobiographical writings, and in his criticism and in essays for just about every high-toned magazine going – from the *New Statesman* to *Horizon* to *Partisan Review*, and the *Saturday Review*, the *Nation*, *Kenyon Review*, *Atlantic Monthly* and all the others. Spender's poetry is best read as a footnote and adjunct to these other achievements; but this is hardly to condemn. In "Spiritual Explorations" from *Poems of Dedication*, he writes; "Since we are, what shall we be / But what are we? We are, we have / Six feet and seventy years, to see / The light, and then resign it for the grave." *New Collected Poems* attests to the value of this bleak observation.

Reprinted from *The Guardian*.

Making music for all seasons

Roger Rowe – a Norfolk man and a retired chartered surveyor – who, during his professional life specialised in commercial property, travelling the world over, is now happily active in retirement devoting his energies to the great passion and love of his life, opera and classical music.

He's barmy about Wagner and music written for string quartet and, at present, is working tremendously hard on promoting a Beethoven Quartet Cycle by the Borodin String Quartet in Norwich next March – a joint promotion between the Norfolk and Norwich Music Club and the University of East Anglia.

He developed his passion for music when, as a schoolboy, he heard a monumental and moving performance of Benjamin Britten's *Serenade* for tenor, horn and strings, performed by Peter Pears and the legendary horn player Dennis Brain.

He still proudly has the signed programme in his study. "Something about the piece," he enthused, "grabbed me then and it still does. Through it, I became appreciative and a great admirer of Britten's music."

Through this boyhood introduction, he also developed a passion for Britten's operas. Roger first heard Peter Grimes at Sadler's Wells and then went on to indulge in the composer's two other great works: *Billy Budd* and *Albert Herring*.

Roger tried so desperately hard to get into the first performance of Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in the minute Jubilee Hall at Aldeburgh in 1960, that he met the composer by sheer accident. He came over and spoke to him as he sat on the steps of the BBC outside broadcasting unit trying to overhear the live relay.

Once he got hooked on opera, he soon made himself familiar with its enormous repertoire, making sure that he took in performances wherever he found himself in the world.

"One big advantage of travelling on business," he said, "is that I was able to take in concerts and operas wherever they were available. Hong Kong, for instance, has an amazing concert life since most of the world's greatest performers stop off there on their way to Japan. I heard the Chicago and New York Philharmonic orchestras and also heard Richard Wagner in that city for the first time and that experience almost changed my life!" Roger is often described as a 'Wagnermanic' since he attends performances of Wagner, especially *The Ring* – a monumental four-work cycle – all over the world. But the love affair with Wagner all started at the London Coliseum in the 1970s with Reginald Goodall's legendary production of *The Ring*.

"He was such a remarkable figure," said Roger, "and it always amazed me to see how the orchestra responded. How he inspired such great playing and singing I shall never know because he conducted as though he were stirring a bowl of spaghetti."

Since he retired, Roger has devoted much of his time and energy to the musical life of Norwich. He is vice-chairman of the Norfolk and Norwich Festival and, recently, added chamber music to his hectic and busy musical life.

"It is the very essence and distillation of great composing and it makes exciting exploration after a lifetime listening to large-scale forces," he said. "The other thing is that chamber music players have more time and energy to rehearse than their orchestral colleagues, with the result that they invariably produce the finest performances."

Roger soon found himself involved with the Norfolk and Norwich Music Club, one of the oldest and most respected in the country, and now celebrating its 53rd year.

The club is one of the real success stories in the musical life of Norwich. Founded in 1951, with Benjamin Britten as its first president, it has presented an interrupted series of winter chamber recitals with soloists and ensembles that play the international circuit, particularly string quartets. In the early days of the club, the celebrated Amadeus Quartet were regular visitors.

For many years, concerts were held in the wonderful setting of the elegant music room of the Georgian Assembly House, next to the Theatre Royal. However, as the result of ever-increasing audiences, the club had to search for larger premises.

A bit of luck came their way by accident, when the John Innes Foundation, with their headquarters on the edge of the city, decided to build a new conference and lecture hall. It had a larger seating capacity than the Assembly House and a superb acoustic with comfortable and roomy seating and car parking facilities.

When he attended a concert at the venue, Roger knew at once that this was just right for the club. He got to work immediately with the management of John Innes and the club moved to its new setting, after spending nearly half a century at the Assembly House, in 1989. It now presents 12 concerts per season attracting near-capacity houses.

The season also includes a chamber music mini-festival in January devoted to a particular theme. The Auer Quartet from Budapest, for example, performed the complete cycle of Bartok quartets. The Janacek Quartet provided a feast of Czech music, and a Schumann weekend last year was an enormous success. Next year (January 31/February 1) a Tchaikovsky/Shostakovich series will feature the St Petersburg Quartet and outstanding Russian pianist Sergey Urivae, making his first visit to the UK.

The club has also expanded its activities to include a schools project with local first schools and a master-class series in association with the University of East Anglia.. This season, too, membership is at an all-time high.

Roger has almost certainly pulled off the biggest coup in the club's history by persuading the world-renowned Borodin String Quartet from Moscow to come to Norwich to perform the complete cycle of Beethoven's quartets. He has fulfilled one of his long-term ambitions. What next, I wonder, the 32 sonatas of Beethoven?

"When I first heard that the Borodins were in the process of re-recording for Chandos Records the complete cycle," said Roger, "I thought it's now or never. I contacted their agent to see if I could persuade them to come to Norwich. The Norwich performances will precede cycles in Amsterdam and Vienna.

Roger added: "Norwich will not have experienced a similar musical event of such magnitude and importance since the Norwegian State Opera Company brought The Ring cycle to Norwich Theatre Royal five years ago. It was the music event of the year, if not the decade. The Beethoven cycle, I feel, is at the same level of importance."

Reprinted from *The Eastern Daily Press*

[Roger Rowe was in Howson's from 1951 to 1955]

Musical Truth

From nursery rhymes to Berlin cabaret, WH Auden was in love with song.

By Valentine Cunningham

Poetry and music have always gone together. And of all the great modern poets who have kept alive the ancient alliance between poetry and singing, there's no one to beat WH Auden. Auden sang without stop.

We've all, he said on one of the many public occasions when he talked about music, "experienced occasions when, as we say, we felt like singing". He thought composers the most enviable of artists because: "Only your song is an absolute gift." That's in his sonnet "The Composer", which praises song for being artistic perfection. In his long poem "Letter of Lord Byron" he tells us that when it comes to expressing "the heart-felt exultations and the short despairs", a musician is required: Bach, say, or Schubert." Auden doted on opera too. Opera's plots might be daft, he said, their performers ludicrous fatties in funny frocks, but it tells the truth about love.

No surprise, then, that Auden's poetic career should be one long effort to get his writing as close as could be to the condition of music. He poured out songs, ballads and lullabies. He collaborated with composers. One of his strongest poetic times was in the 1930s, writing love lyrics for Benjamin Britten to set (many of them, of course, addressed to Britten). He translated libretti into English and was a keen librettist in his own right, providing words for Britten in the American operetta *Paul Bunyan*, for Hans Werner Henze in *Elegy for Young Lovers* and *The Bassarids*, and for Stravinsky in *The Rake's Progress*.

So far, so posh. But Auden was also captivated by lower musicality – the demonic, the popular, the vulgar. His *Complete Works* are packed with songs flavoured by the 20th century's popular forms – blues, cabaret. Indeed, his regular rhyming habits were greatly influenced by Broadway. "All music is good except the boring kind," he said, quoting Rossini. He hated only the middlebrow. His mission was culturally subversive, one of marrying the high and the popular, and the poetical-musical eclecticism was his means.

He propagandised hard for the value of ordinary verse. For him nursery rhymes, kiddie doggerel and folk verse were the genetic stuff of poetry. "Sing a song of sixpence. A pocket full of rye" was pretty nearly "pure poetry". The first part of the anthology *The Poet's Tongue* (1935), which he edited with John Garrett to show schoolchildren what poetry is, consists mainly of such material. It was the kind of lyricism Auden championed as "light verse" in his anthology *The Oxford Book of Light Verse* (1938) – poetry as it might be remembered by children and the person in the street, the poetry, as Auden put it, of a "genuine community". No one before this had put such verses on the cultural high ground.

One of the loveliest things Auden ever wrote is his introduction to the 1947 selection of John Betjeman's poems *Slick But Not Streamlined*, in which he pays tribute to the initiating poetic power of hymns. Betjeman is "a man one has sung songs with". He must be Auden's double, or the ghost of his dotty Anglican Aunt Daisy, for how else "could he be so at home with the provincial gaslit towns, the seaside lodgings, the bicycle, the harmonium", or know "what hymns are sung to Melcomb, Eudoxia, Redhead 76, Nicaea, Irby, Stockport, University College etc". Betjeman's poems will stand on Auden's shelf next to the treasured *Icelandic Legends*, *Strüwelpeter* and *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.

From delighting in the ordinary aesthetics of the fireside hymn, the hum and strum of the harmonium, it was an easy step to embrace the verbal and musical pleasures of the popular

song-book of the 1920s and 30s, the great waves of American sounds flooding over Europe, the black American jazz and blues 1930s leftist poets particularly admired as up-to-date examples of folk poetry, as well as the sounds of Berlin cabaret, which Auden had experienced first-hand in that city at the end of the 1920s, the musical art of Brecht, Weill and their kind turned into a great weapon of socialist satire.

In the 1930s Auden turned out many “cabaret songs”. They were mainly written for Hedli Anderson, a singer in exile from Hitler’s Berlin. She became the star of the Group Theatre in which Auden, Isherwood, Britten and Rupert Doone tried to do German-style satirical cabaret and musical drama for London. At the time, Graham Greene acclaimed Cole Porter’s song “You’re the Top” for its “Audenesque” charm. “I’m a jam tart, I’m a bargain basement, / I’m a work of art, I’m a magic casement”: that’s one of the “cabaret songs” for Anderson. The likes of Porter and Ira Gershwin are Auden’s patron saints in such versifying. Witness the characteristic exchange of rhymes between Inkslinger and the Chorus in “No15, The Love Song” in the Auden-Britten Paul Bunyan: “Appendectomy” (“’s a pain in the neck to me”), “Ichthyosaureses” (“Won’t sing in choruses”), “Septuagesima” (“Ate less and lessima”). This was the cod-rhyming of the playground, respun now for adults with the verbal zaniness of popular American song in their heads. It was investing in what Paul Bunyan celebrated as (lovely Auden phrase) “the accidental beauties of silly songs”.

But Auden knew very well what his enemies, the censors of his constant blaspheming against the norms of highbrow culture, would say. His constant workings of the popular musical lode were a deliberate doubling of meaning, playful enough no doubt, but designed to shock. It makes quite a bit of difference when you find out what the collected editions of Auden’s work suppress: that the poem “Victor” (about a religious murderer) was originally to be sung to the tune of “Frankie and Johnnie”, or when you learn that “James Honeyman” (about a scientist inventor of poison gas) was set to the tune of “Stagolee”. Singing these poems to those tunes makes a kind of jaunty blasphemy against the awfulness of their subjects. As for “Miss Gee”, a cynical satire against a churchy old maid who dies of cancer brought on by sexual repression, it is changed absolutely, and for the worse, when you learn it’s to be sung to the tunes of the “St James Infirmary” blues. Jeeringly cut-up on the slab by pious medical students, Miss Gee is double roughed over by the cruel contrast with the lamented beloved on the marble in “St James Infirmary”, “so cold, so white, so bare”....

Reprinted from *The Guardian*

THE EASTERN WAY TO BANISH STRESS

**Dr Thomas Stuttaford [H 44 – 50] visits India and
discovers the benefits of meditation.**

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!*
Rudyard Kipling, 1892

Rudyard Kipling composed these lines more than ten years before my father was posted to India as a doctor. My father docked at Bombay harbour, and was based there for several years after the start of the last century. Last month, nearly 100 years after his sojourn in India, I visited it for the first time (although I had been to Pakistan and Sri Lanka during my parliamentary days 30 years ago). Kipling and my father had similar backgrounds, and both would have been surprised at the current interest in Indian complementary medicine, its spas and treatments. It is hard to visualise either of these Victorians being partially submerged in a bath beneath marigold petals floating in water laced with plant essences while being able to enjoy a panoramic view of the sun setting over Lake Pichola at Udaipur in Rajasthan.

In Kipling's India, doctors were too busy doing what little they could to keep their patients alive to be concerned about stress. Traditional Indian medicine teaches that marigold essences are a great calmer of the nerves. So they may be, but 100 years ago the medical profession was always too conscious of some other lines of Kipling – “*a tombstone white, with the name of the late deceased, And the epitaph drear: A fool lies here who tried to hustle the East*” – to stray beyond the confines of the traditional teaching of British medical schools to focus on easing the tensions of life. The memorials on the walls of St Thomas's Cathedral and the Afghan church bear witness that death from a host of tropical diseases took a toll just as surely as the battlefields.

Bombay is rapidly becoming a thriving westernised city as richly endowed with luxurious hotels, modern offices and interesting shopping malls as it is in history. These days the likelihood of any visitor ending beneath one of Kipling's bleached tombstones is no more a fear based on a distant memory. Hence, with anxiety about cholera removed, there is time to be concerned about the benefits to the immune system of relaxation and stress-relieving therapy, such as aromatherapy massage and yoga – the usual treatments offered by the spas – which are a feature of some of the best hotels in India, including two I visited, the Oberoi Hotel in Bombay and the Udaivilas in Udaipur.

Arguably the most luxurious of the spa hotels is Udaivilas, on the banks of Lake Pichola, within sight of the city palace and the two island palaces Jag Niwas and Jag Mandir, which feature in most travel agents' brochures.

Those who remember the tatty facilities offered by European Victorian spa hotels even 30 years ago, and their equally decrepit clientele, would be astounded and rejuvenated by a visit to Udaivilas. The hotel is a modern building, but modelled on the great island palaces

on the lake. It is a mass of marbled domes, arches, pavilions, balconies, turrets, niches and jalis (fretwork marble screens) set among green lawns and garden fountains.

The clientele of the old European spa, however rich and vain, were crumbling as fast as their hotels, very unlike the youthful clientele at the Udaivilas. They are seeking refuge from the shackles of corporate life and a surfeit, whether in the East or West, of long working hours, late nights and good living.

The hotel claims to provide holistic, non-clinical treatments – ie, complementary, ranging from ancient Ayurvedic medicine, aromatherapy to yoga and the gym.

The gymnasium is very 21st century and is equipped with a mass of intricate machinery. There are communal pools as well as private ones attached to some of the rooms. The principal therapeutic benefit is the opportunity to discard the electronic bondage imposed by mobile phones, e-mails and pagers.

The yoga is an experience of its own. A combination of (the wondrously named) Regimental Sergeant Major Britain and Squadron Sergeant Major Sergeant, when I was in the Army, gave up the unequal battle of making my joints flexible. Not so Miss Vidya Nipunge. She took me through stretching and breathing exercises and introduced me to meditation. While meditating, my task was to lie in the shade on the roof of a 19th century shooting lodge. A light breeze cooled me while a monkey watched with curiosity from the battlements, and peacocks and pigeons called.

I was told to think of nothing; this was easy – years at school has been passed in a similar way. After the yoga it was along to Kesani Thaneerat for the spa's own massage, or to Kessaneewan Tannimitrkrul for immune-boosting aromatherapy or steam baths. Did it help? There was not doubt that I felt supremely relaxed.

One odd finding, which may be coincidental: doctors recognise that some patients with cancer develop acanthosis nigricans – an increased pigmentation and hypertrophy of the skin around the armpits, groin and inner thighs. I have noticed it on myself over the past few years –incidentally it sometimes precedes other evidence of cancer. Amazingly, over the past fortnight, mine has faded slightly. This may be a late effect of last year's radiotherapy – but who knows?

Reprinted from *The Times*

Bearing Witness to Horror and Reconciliation

When Bishop Peter Lee answered the call to go to South Africa in 1976, he could little have imagined what lay ahead. He and his wife, Gill, looked at the opportunity for him to serve as rector of a little church by the docks in Durban as one that would have them in the country for “three to five years.”

Twenty-seven years later, they are still in South Africa, their lives forever changed by the historic struggle against apartheid that consumed nearly 20 years of the late 20th century. Some time elapsed before then-Revd Lee became immersed in the struggle. “Durban is a wonderful, seaside port, and I remember vividly my assistant at the time standing on the street on a beautiful, sunny day in Durban very early after we arrived, looking round and saying, ‘You wouldn’t think this country was burning, would you?’”

Lee, the 2003 recipient of the Alumni Award, the School’s highest honour, recalled these tumultuous years and an infinitely more uncomplicated year at Hotchkiss during an interview in October, when he was presented with the award and delivered his speech in an all-School meeting. The speech, “Justice, Peace and Reconciliation: Hotchkiss Ideals and Values?” was printed in the last issue of the magazine and is on the Hotchkiss website, http://www.hotchkiss.org/info/alumni/lee_speech.html.

Lee first came to Hotchkiss in the fall of 1965, a bright and friendly 18-year-old from Gresham’s School in Norfolk, England. He was attending the School through the English-Speaking Union (ESU) program and a scholarship funded by Coleman Morton ’37 and the late Norman Hickman ’37.

“I postponed the university place I had for a year in order to do the ESU. I was excited to come. I don’t think I had any real understanding of what I was getting into until I got here.” Nonetheless, he quickly became an integral part of School life, making many strong friendships and impressing several faculty members with his scholarship and vitality. He achieved First Honours both semesters, was elected to Cum Laude Society, and won a book prize for Modern European History. He won letters in cross-country and track, participated in club skiing, the debating union, and the glee club. He was named an honorary member of the Hotchkiss Cricket Association and played Fentenwald Straightarrow in the School production of “My Fair Brady.”

Living and studying at an American boarding school for a year was an eye opener. “if you live in one country all your life and then you suddenly go and live in another one, it opens up your perspective. I remember sitting in class thinking, ‘That’s funny, the map of the world that they have got on the wall has the United States in the middle.’ I hadn’t grown up like that – we had Britain in the middle. There is a whole society here that sees the world from the centrality on North America.”

Finishing the year at Hotchkiss with high academic achievements and new American friends, Lee returned to England to study at St John’s College, Cambridge, where he read history. After graduation he expected to teach. Then came the calling, followed by study in two seminaries in England, and ordination at 26.

After just three years of ministry at a church in London, the opportunity to serve in South Africa arose. His wife Gill had grown up in an evangelical church in London and had been considering working for mission agencies.

"I don't think I ever had an international perspective, and I certainly didn't have that kind of sociopolitical understanding of the ministry either," Lee reflects. "I grew up as a very apolitical animal. I was not very tuned to Africa and Asia and all the places that might need a contribution. I think I assumed that I would be knocking around somewhere in the Church of England for the rest of my ministry, and that's as far as I knew it."

Nonetheless, a startling moment came. "Two or three people from South Africa whom we knew in different connections approached us completely independently within about five minutes of one another," said Lee. "If you are cloth-eared as I am about hearing the voice of God, you sometimes think someone is rattling your cage and saying, 'Here you, listen and pay attention.'"

Once in South Africa he didn't need signs to get his attention. Eighteen months after moving to Johannesburg, Lee became the rector of Alexandra Township, a parish that was historically very poor. "At the same time I was the link between a very affluent, part-liberal, part conservative white congregation in the old suburbs of Johannesburg. And then five miles down the road this nearest township parish was filled with huge destitution, military oppression, and conflict. I was trying to interpret one to the other and to get myself up to speed in terms of understanding the township issues and the political issues.

"I began to become more and more aware. It was a long process of gradually being drawn from one intervention to another, until you find yourself involved in what some people would regard as quite a radical way. But you didn't particularly make the choice. You don't realize at the time that you are being stretched more and more into being among the poor and seeing life through the eyes of the poor and oppressed, and wanting to be involved in changing that somehow.

"I remember very clearly talking on the phone with a young priest who was living in the rectory of that township. He said, 'Listen to this,' and put the telephone receiver out of the window. You could hear the gunfire of the armoured personnel vehicles running up and down the street, shooting at the people. That began the siege of that community, which ended up in a protest march of 61,000 people through the streets, with Desmond Tutu and others there."

Desmond Tutu, considerably older than Lee, inspired his awe. The two first met when Lee was at his post in Durban. By the time the Lees were moved to Johannesburg, Tutu had been installed in the post of general secretary of the South African Council of Churches, "the great role in which he was beaten up by the government and became a light in terms of social issues for all the churches," Lee says. Within two years of receiving the Nobel Peace Prize in 1984, Tutu became Archbishop and moved to Cape Town. He presided at Lee's ordination as Bishop in 1990. At that time the civil war was quite severe in the diocese. In the early '90s, until the 1994 election, Lee says, Johannesburg was "fairly consistently scary."

"As soon as there were signs of change, we were all praying for the negotiations, praying for one another, and praying for the people who were working with the transition process. And I think we feel very strongly that that is how we got through that period without complete collapse and holocaust. It is still a miracle on the pages of history that we got through that election, we got through the transition, we appointed a new government, and everybody said, 'that's fine.'

"Desmond is one who believes powerfully in prayer. He said when people around the world are taking the issue seriously as one that has to be resolved at a trans-human level, then

something major is happening. And he believes profoundly that this is how we came through that thing. It was through the prayers from across the world.”

After Tutu went to Cape Town, the diocese of Johannesburg was divided into four sectors, to make it manageable in size and to enable each bishop to be able to respond quickly and authoritatively to the civil war that was raging all around them. Lee presides over the Diocese of Christ the King in Rosettenville, south of Johannesburg. He and Gill have made their home in South Africa for nearly 27 years with their three daughters, including Clover-Ann Lee '92.

“The pot boiled over in June of 1976,” he reflects, “and Nelson Mandela became president in April of 1994; so that’s an 18-year period. I really wish we had kept a diary, and we didn’t because we were living it. But you think back and wonder, ‘When exactly did I spot that that was happening?’ ‘When did I make that shift?’ It would not have been so much what happened – that’s recorded in other places – but how you were reacting, how you were growing through it and coming to terms with it, and making decisions about what you were prepared to do and what risks you were prepared to take. I may be putting all sorts of charitable constructs on my own conduct rather than what was.

“There were two occasions when I had to be part of burying 30 people at once, one of which was Boipatong (June 1992). And those are the kinds of moments that change you. You don’t go back to who you were before that. You had to grow into a whole new way of being, and you just can’t help that emotionally. You were just praying with your tin hat on, and you lived with the stuff that was happening.”

Reprinted from *Hotchkiss Magazine*

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**The following extract is from
Tarantula's Web: John Hayward,
T. S. Eliot and Friends**

by John Smart (S)

The book is to be published in 2005

In August 1921 the Hayward family took a holiday at Lee, near Ilfracombe, on the North Devon coast. It was an idyllic spot and twenty years later Hayward could still remember exactly the long stretches of Saunton Sands and “the smell of puffballs and sun warmed samphire, and the underwater touch of sea anemones.” Here Hayward fell hopelessly in love with a young Swedish friend of his two sisters, Dagmar Ehrardt. He painted a sketch of her in the back of his poetic notebook which he had brought with him. She sits in an elegant white dress with bouffant brown hair and Cupid’s bow mouth coloured vividly red. On her knee is some material that she is busy knotting. Later Hayward recalled in a letter to T.S. Eliot how as a melancholy and romantic lovelorn figure he prowled along the cliff top all morning, with his notebook and copy of Rupert Brooke’s poems bound in limp suede. In the evening he wore his father’s spats to impress Dagmar at the local dances. Ever literary, he wrote whole sonnet sequences to attract “the Cruel Fair” – but all to no avail. She aroused Hayward’s deepest romantic feelings and for a while acted as his Muse. His verse took on a new power, without shaking itself entirely free from romantic cliché. “The New Moon’s Purity” is dated 27th of August 1921:

The purple coverings of the heaven part
And you are there crowned with the ecstasies
Of love new born in loveliness; and power
Has gone and each pale shadow dies.

After the excitements of summer he returned to Gresham’s School full of the thrill of his romance and on September 10th 1921 he completed “To Dagmar” in his notebook:
Sweet child, the spotless gift I offer here,
Accept: and in return give me one smile
One corner of your throbbing heart and there
My love shall grow and we shall sleep awhile,
Till the last morning break and we shall find
The sorrows of our childhood left behind.

All did not appear to go well between them – his intense feelings were not reciprocated – and shortly after his outpouring of feeling for Dagmar he wrote “Desire”. Here the tone is more world-weary and the cynicism owed something to Lord Byron:

I know the vainness of desire
The flower that yields its soul and scent
Leaves little trace; and our love’s fire
No more astonishment

Around this neck thine arms are wrapt
In idle dreams – frail links of clay
 That hardly joined, must soon be snapt
 And soon be cast away
 We are deceived when we caress
'Tis with no purpose we're caressed.
How shall we stay our weariness
Upon a woman's breast.

Nevertheless he kept a photograph of her, signed "Daggie," till his death.

Both the anthology and Hayward's poetic notebook from 1921 show a schoolboy trying out different styles of writing, beginning to break free from the conventions of Georgian verse yet still tied very much to them. They also show a passionate, serious and romantic young man full of idealism about love, an idealism that could turn sour in an instant and become bitterly disaffected.

Inserted in the notebook there are some loose sheets that show Hayward musing in prose over the theme of early death. It is legitimate to wonder how much these feelings sprang from Hayward's medical background and how much from his own sense that he had been marked out from his contemporaries by disease:

It seems to me to be such utter waste when death reaps such a premature harvest; it annoys me to think that all this body is made and carefully nurtured and that some venom like an influenza microbe can wreck the whole edifice.

Certainly at Gresham's Hayward was remembered as a delicate boy. Contemporaries knew that there was clearly something very wrong with Hayward's health. His illness, of course, prevented him from doing any games, but he bicycled around Holt and was able to be a member of the school CCF until his final term. The school allowed him to follow and develop his own interests. He acted in the Woodlands House play of 1919, *The Rivals*, taking the serious role of the neurotic suitor, Faulkland. His elder brother George played the smaller part of David in the same production. He acted too with W.H. Auden, who was two years junior to him, in a production of *Much Ado about Nothing* in the school's Theatre in the Woods on July 7th 1921. It must have been a remarkable play: Sebastian Shaw, later to become a famous Shakespearean actor, took the part of Claudio. The young Auden made a "charming" Ursula, the waiting maid, and the watchmen, of whom Hayward was one, were singled out for the reviewer's praise in the school magazine, *The Gresham*: "the watch, quaint in their looks, queer in their manner, supremely energetic in their arrest, all delighted us..." Apart from his acting roles, Hayward supported the newly-founded Literature Society and read a "most interesting paper" to it in Summer 1922. His chosen subject was "Modern Poetry". He sat on the school library committee and sang in the Choir throughout his time at school, developing a strong bass voice.

Intellectually the strongest influence on the young Hayward was indisputably a most unusual French teacher, Armand Treves, who came to Gresham's School in 1919. Treves was a most surprising appointment. According to a fellow pupil of Hayward, Geoffrey Harber Diggle, not only was he French and "delicate", living with his wife in a bungalow in Sheringham, when most of the staff were bachelors living in Holt, but he "held not

merely left wing but revolutionary views". Robert Medley thought that Treves was "a mystery whom some credited with being an extreme left-wing political exile".⁴ According to another contemporary Treves was a communist who had a tremendous impact upon the political thinking of the school. It is hard not to speculate that he had some influence on the young Donald MacLean who also left Woodlands to go up to Cambridge to read Modern Languages before his flight to Moscow.

With his swarthy looks, his long dark hair and his perfect bilingualism, Treves stood out from the rest of the staff. As French master he joined Colonel Foster, who, it was said, had learnt his entire knowledge of French in the trenches of the First World War. Acerbic and witty, Treves was a popular and charismatic teacher, whose classrooms echoed with laughter, but it was as a fiery debater that he made his mark upon the school in one of those debates such as "The King and Country" debate at Oxford University that defined a time and its mood.

A high moment of his career at the school occurred when Treves participated in what became known as "The Great Debate". The speaker, Harold Spender, the father of Stephen, a distinguished liberal journalist who had edited *The Westminster Gazette*, proposed the motion that "This House is opposed to Direct Action". It was a Saturday night in November 1919. A full house of pupils and parents, together with the Headmaster, J. R. Eccles, listened as the distinguished speaker failed to catch the mood of the house. Thinking that the result of the debate was a mere formality, he patronised the pupils of "our fine old school" warning his audience of the dangers of socialism. He ended with a rhetorical flourish asking whether the effort of Captain Birley, a history teacher who had just returned from the war and was now in the Chair, "was now all to be ruined by the men Captain Birley had led into battle turning round and joining the nation's enemies?" In his journal Diggle reported what happened next:

Treves took the floor and replied with the perfect speech to appeal to our adolescent sense of fair play for the underdog: "the House had been told they would be leaders of men – that was a superior attitude he strongly resented. Were we to deny to others with whom we had never mixed the same weapons we ourselves used?" The speech was made still more effective because everyone had hitherto looked on Treves as an excellent classroom clown – now he employed no wit or sarcasm but seemingly spoke in deadly earnest. The atmosphere became electric when he sat down to a great burst of applause and everyone (Mr Spender, J.R.E., the parents and ourselves) realised that the House was behind him, and the motion in danger."

The minutes of the debate, printed in *The Gresham* of December 13th 1919 are still more surprising. Treves opened his speech by declaring how fitting it was that a Frenchman – and a poor one at that – should oppose the motion. "Personally he was not afraid of being called a Bolshevik". He resented the argument that the pupils were going to be leaders of men. On the contrary they could all learn from mixing with working men. "He sincerely hoped they would do away with the existing order of society. For twenty years he had been in close touch with the Socialists, Syndicalists, Bolsheviks – even the Anarchists – in fact with all the revolutionary movements in Western Europe". All had one purpose – the greatest good of all. When he sat down to loud and prolonged applause the atmosphere was electric. What is remarkable is that such an intellectual radical political thinker as Treves with such close contacts with European political groups should have arrived in a public school in

North Norfolk. Thanks largely to his speech, the debate stirred up intense passions that the Society had never before known. Spender was surprised and stung by the way a schoolboy debate had turned into something much more political and serious. Against custom The Mover demanded to speak again. He patronised the House by praising the vigour of its politics but the more he continued the more the house turned against him and, when he cited the Northcliffe press as a witness to the horrors of Bolshevism, the opposition were moved to "a considerable display of mirth". When he claimed that like Treves he had worked with the lower classes and said, "I have sat on their local bodies", the remark was greeted "with prolonged laughter while the Honourable Speaker discovered the significance of his innocent remark".

It was but a temporary release of tension as the debate reached its climax. Speakers could not make themselves heard amidst the din and excitement as Spender made his final appeal to the House. He took the position of a workman holding a pickaxe above a beautiful statue. "Did the House want a social revolution?" he asked dramatically. From the fervour and the delight with which the vote was received it looked very much as if the House did: twenty -three for the motion and thirty- five against. The motion was indeed lost and Treves had triumphed.

An unprecedented four pages of *The Gresham* were devoted to "What was probably the most animated debate in the history of the society". Diggle reported that the Governors read the report of the debate in *The Gresham* and were so concerned about the revolutionary victory that they held a meeting about it. There is no evidence that the fifteen- year-old Hayward was at the debate but he was a keen member of the Debating Society and it would be extremely surprising, given his interest, if he were not. Certainly he must have been aware of The Great Debate and the part the Treves played in it. It must have added to the respect that the fifteen-year-old boy had for the "charismatic outsider with the acid tongue".

After this Treves earned more respect as he consistently fostered an awareness of radical politics in the school. He founded the Sociological Society, which took pupils by charabanc to Norwich shoe factories, to engineering works and to railway works. It was of course a good escape from school but it also held serious debates. The Society invited speakers including Lord Reith, an Old Boy of the school, discussed the foundations of international law, the merits and demerits of proportional representation and the use of referenda in government. Treves also took advantage of W.H. Auden's arrival at Gresham's School to invite his father, Dr Auden, to speak to the society about the mental health problems of workers in factories. He tirelessly worked to encourage the school's participation in the League of Nations and he used the Debating Society as a forum for political discussion. He declared in the Debating Society that there were two things he hated with all his might – militarism and the Roman Catholic Church; he urged the immediate withdrawal of British troops from Ireland; and he proposed that all national armies be placed under international control. He clearly and consistently pursued a radical agenda in his career at the school.

As he was such a political animal Treves was the obvious choice to represent the Staff when the League of Nations Union was founded at the school in November 1920. By 1922 it had developed into a strong movement numbering 146 from a community of just over 200. It was no doubt Treves' influence again that led Hayward to take interest in the League. Hayward became Secretary of the Gresham's School branch of the League of

Nations Union in May 1922. The fact that Hayward took this political stance is a strong indication of Treves' influence. In the Editorial of *The Gresham* of October 21st 1922 Hayward showed how much he had learned from his master. He began with an invocation to the revolutionary idealism of Shelley and Wordsworth and the way that that had led to reform in England's political institutions. England was, as he saw it after the Great War, "in the throes of the mill race of riot and revolution". Through muddle-headed diplomacy England had got into an international situation in which she was patronised by America's money and aid, rivalled by Germany and suspected by France. "England is passing through the darkest period of the eclipse of her prestige," he wrote grimly. This pessimistic account of the international post war politics gave no ground for despair. What Hayward and Treves advocated was that the situation demanded a new determination to rebuild. What was needed was, "Courage then, to put off the old man and take a fresh plunge; to risk a league of nations and not another war... In short to keep before us Shelley's revolutionary ideals – and not to funk". This was the authentic voice of Treves speaking through his young disciple. Hayward's own radicalism was short-lived and more to do with Treves' persuasion than to deep conviction.

Treves' influence on Hayward was not only political. He it was who introduced Hayward to French literature and inspired a lifelong interest in French culture. In his final years at Gresham's, from 1921 to 1922, Hayward, as he wrote later, "had the exceptional good fortune to receive special tuition from M. Armand Treves. He was "a brilliant and unorthodox teacher from whom I learnt more about life and letters than I did from all my other masters in as many years".

The relationship between the young teacher and his favourite student became very close. Somehow Treves managed to contrive an "off-licence" to take Hayward to his hospitable bungalow in Sheringham in school hours with Hayward riding pillion on the back of Treves' motorbike. He also took Hayward on the occasional jaunt to Norwich "where my special tuition was continued (in French) over dinner in a restaurant." During one of these escapades to Norwich Treves spoke to his pupil of his admiration for the neglected seventeenth century French writer, St Évremond, "a sceptic after his own heart".ⁱⁱⁱ There then followed a trip to Westminster Abbey in search of Saint Évremond's monument. Hayward climbed a ladder under the suspicious eye of a verger and transcribed the inscription on the monument for his teacher. He recalled the episode more than thirty years later when asked to write something for a celebratory edition of the literary magazine of his old school, *The Grasshopper*:

Few, if any, of the visitors to the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey now spare his monument a glance of curiosity and wonder for a moment whom it commemorates and why it is there. The lapidary inscription, below the animated bust, provides answers to these questions in marmoreal Latin worthy of one who

**PHILOSOPHIAM ET HUMANIORES LITTERAS
FELICITER EXCOLVIT
GALLICAM LINGUAM
EXPOLIVIT ADORNAVIT LOCUPLETAVIT**

But the lettering has become dim with the passage of time and its testimony cannot compete for attraction with the surrounding memorials to more celebrated literary figures. Nevertheless, for one youthful visitor, more than thirty years ago, the task of deciphering

and copying it for his French tutor marked the beginning of a lifelong interest in St Évremond and his writings and of an unending search for the scarce early editions of his work.

So Armand Treves was the godfather of Hayward's 1930 edition of *The Letters of Saint Evremond*. In his Introduction to that work Hayward paid another gracious tribute to Armand Treves. He recalled climbing the fateful ladder at Treves' request and how "he afterwards in conversation aroused in me an interest in his works which time has not diminished." After Hayward left Gresham's School the schoolmaster and his favoured pupil remained friends and Treves was visiting Bina Gardens in 1933.

Hayward must have been an obvious choice to edit *The Gresham*, the school magazine. He took over for the school year in October 22nd 1921 with a typically aphoristic start. Holt and North Norfolk had been suffering from a drought. Hayward remarked in his editorial on how the drought in England did nothing to disrupt the tap water and was besides very good for the corn crop of 1922 adding: "It's an ill drought that dries up nobody's grumbles". By the time of *The Gresham* of February 25th Hayward had used his editorial to appeal for some more poetry. "From our point of view the school is sadly lacking in budding poets," he wrote – ironically enough since the young W.H.Auden had just arrived at the school. "The Editor is never inundated with manuscripts, but we hope that the near future will produce a much larger mass of matter sent in to *The Gresham* for publication."



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“The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his beauty”

He saw the heavenly moment come
Unheralded, unmarked, unsung.
He watched the magic slowly pass.
The sun crept up the rising day
And swept the miracle away;
Yet all was changed – the world was new.
The poet felt what he must do:
“Each time that God is fleshed,” said he,
“Someone must sing a litany.
I am the angel choir that sings
The shepherds and the three wise kings.
No gold, incense or myrrh I bring,
But this is all my offering–
To tell the unbelieving earth
That God himself is come to birth
Here in this world of you and me
For those that have the eyes to see;
Again conceived, and yet again,
The seed of God, the holy grain,
The inward light, eternal word.
My soul doth magnify the Lord,
For I am Mary, too, and see
The Spirit brooding over me.
Here, in my innermost part, I know
A spiritual embryo.”

“I sing that you, and you, and you
May seek and know the infant too;
‘Magnificat’ together cry,
My soul the Lord doth magnify.”

(Written many years ago after a sudden unexpected spiritual experience.)
R. Edgar Hope-Simpson (1908 – 2003) [o & W 20 – 25]

Editor’s Note: See Obituaries p.15

The Art of Heraldry (extract)

By Peter Gwynn-Jones

The current interest in mammals, birds and to a lesser extent amphibians may soon be extended to fish and insects. The dolphin, regarded as the king of the fishes in the Middle Ages, and the marine equivalent of the lion on land and the eagle in the air, was the only 'fish' regularly used in heraldry; other fish were generally restricted to the pun. However, game fishing has recently encouraged the use of salmon, trout and other more exotic species. The recent appearance of such varieties as sun fish, flying fish, parrot fish and angel fish reflect leisure interests in tropical climes, and on the periphery the fishing fly is proving an increasingly popular charge.

A limited number of insects, arachnids and crustaceans featured during the Renaissance and Tudor periods of heraldry; the grasshopper or greshop borne by Gresham and the stag beetle of Hartwell are two punning examples. More obscure is the sixteenth century crest of Sharington, which features a scorpion. Perhaps the vicious stinging of the scorpion reflected a dry English humour and may explain its reappearance in several twentieth-century grants of armorial bearings. Curiously the spider is largely absent, in spite of providing an obvious pun for the surname of Webb or Webber. In contrast the bee has had considerable popularity as a symbol of industry, and more recently the hexagonal cell formation of the honeycomb has been introduced several times as a field of the shield.

Twentieth-century heraldry has increased the range of invertebrates. The slater, a long and tiny derivative of the woodlouse, has been used as a punning crest for Sclater; and the water boatman displayed in gold is the crest for Hammond, alluding to the rowing interests of the grantee. Combining the pun and career is the elephant hawk moth granted as a crest to Lord Delfont. This insect provides not only a pun on Delfont but also an appropriate symbol for a patron of the theatre, as moths are associated with the bright lights at night. This is only one example of an increasing number of moth and butterfly armorials, which have also included larvae in the form of the silkworm caterpillar.

Fresh air and freedom

By his own admission Richard Youngs [c & W 55 – 61] did not think he would enjoy rearing poultry on his land at Pitt Farm, Baconsthorpe in North Norfolk. He went into organic production to add another, hopefully more profitable, string to his bow. But after four years of setting up and running the new business, he has surprised himself by enjoying the job very much. And, as Richard explains, any new enterprise that can actually turn in a profit is worth pursuing.

I had been on the lookout for a new avenue for a while when I saw a newspaper advertisement asking for producers interested in rearing organic poultry. I had thought about various things including worm farming and snail farming and eventually dismissed these options. Then I considered having sheep but as a sheep's only purpose in life is to die, as the saying goes, I also vetoed that idea.

So I began to look seriously at poultry about four years ago. I have 400 acres here and, until the poultry took off, I was one hundred per cent in arable. I grow sugar beet, wheat for seed, winter malting barley and vining peas. I started by devoting five acres to the chickens and have twice expanded so that 22 acres are now certified by the Soil Association as organic. It took two years of keeping the land free from chemicals before I was able to become an organic producer and I am now in my third year of production.

I wasn't totally without experience of poultry, since my father Alec, whose own father had bought this farm in 1936, used to keep pedigree White Leghorns and Rhode Island Reds. I used to help him look after the birds and deliver the day old chicks. He was a successful breeder and producer throughout the 1950s until hybrid poultry were introduced and overtook the old breeds. In those days, we employed 10 men on the farm, supporting seven families. The farm was considered a medium-sized affair at 400 acres – now we are definitely small. Farming has changed so much in the last 40 or 50 years – I now employ just one full-time and one part-time worker.

The birds I have on the farm these days are Sherwood Golds – a breed which has been developed because it is slow growing. These birds are 70 days old before they are slaughtered – the conventional broiler is sent for processing at between 40-50 days. I aim to rear them to a finished weight of 2.2kg (between 4-5lbs) which leaves a dressed bird of about 3-4lbs. That is the sort of size people want – it makes a meal for four.

The chicks are brought in at one day old and kept in insulated brooder sheds for three to four weeks. They then go into outside sheds for the remaining six or seven weeks. I take in about 7500 birds every seven weeks. My birds go off to Buxted Chickens near Bungay, from where they are processed and then sent for sale in Marks & Spencer stores.

The whole project represents quite a large investment for me. I converted some bullock yards into the brooding sheds but have had to buy two purpose-built ones to cope with the numbers I am now rearing. Then I had to invest in 15 outdoor sheds which cost about £4500 each. These sheds are specially designed to be movable, so that once a batch of chickens had gone for processing, the shed is moved to a fresh area of land. Everything is cleared and disinfected before polythene sheets are laid down and wood shavings spread out. This technique ensures that 80 per cent of potential disease problems are left behind. The other great advantage of this kind of mobile building is that you do not need planning permission before putting them up.

The work is time-consuming at the changeover stage when it involves a week's work for

myself and one employee. For the rest of the time, the birds take about two hours per day to look after. They are fed by hand from large feed bins near the sheds. There are automated feeders available but they tend to be expensive and would need to be run on batteries, because there is no electricity in the middle of the fields. I feel that hand feeding has other advantages too, since you naturally have to walk around the sheds and that way you get a good look at the birds. Of course, the feeding has to continue over weekends as well, at which times my wife Corinne usually helps out. My son George and his family live on the farm too but are not involved in the business.

The poultry operation now accounts for about 50 percent of my turnover and a similar proportion of the profit. Now the birds can start to pay back some of the investment. I describe the poultry operation as my lifesaver because there is some money to be made in it at the moment – although I don't know how long this will last. I work in a small group with two other producers which helps with the economies of scale. It is hard for everybody at the moment and we have already had to take a reduction in our price, after just two years. The more people go into organic poultry, the more difficult it will become.

I decided to opt for organic production originally because there is a growing market for it. I'm not a tree-hugger or a devotee of the organic movement myself. I simply wanted to develop something which would make a profit, since you are doing well at the moment to break even with the rest of agricultural produce. I do enjoy it, much to my amazement – I didn't think I was going to. It is a nice way to rear birds. They do have some sort of life and some access to fresh air and open fields. In a way, history has repeated itself, since this is exactly the way in which my father reared his birds.

Reprinted from *The Eastern Daily Press*.

My work space

Inventor James Dyson [k & OSH 56 – 65] works in the kind of modern building that he dreamed of as an architecture student. He talked to Sandra Deeble.

The puffed out purple windsock flying above the building is hard to miss in Malmesbury. While James Dyson doesn't like to use the "b" word (brand), his officers are an extension of his brand whether he likes it or not.

When you're waiting in the reception area you can check out early vacuum prototypes along with much more recent models and you can even experience the motion of a Dyson washing machine. Even the steel girders are lavender.

James Dyson is in love with his work space. His wife Deirdre was responsible for the lilac, lavender and purple interiors in the largely glass and steel building created by his architect friend Chris Wilkinson. As he says simply: "It works".

James Dyson studied architecture at the Royal College of Art and he admits that he is now working in the kind of modern building he'd always dreamed about. "I wanted a big, open cathedral-like space and we've got that. It's uplifting to come to every morning; it makes you smile and makes you excited and that's really important."

One of his favourite places to work in the building is within the research and development department – home to 350 people. While he now sees himself as having more a tutor role, he still sits at big round tables discussing ideas with designers and engineers and using his pencil.

He would like to see the working practices of the R & D department spread to the rest of the company. Designers use computers as tools and go to them when they need to, rather than being shackled to individual desks.

Round tables, he believes, are evocative of kitchen tables, where ideas get discussed. "When you're at a computer what worries me is that you're not making a difference: you're not creating something or reacting with somebody to do something different."

In his own office he has a round table, one of the 2,500 big tables made at Dyson. Made of rolled Formica with square section steel legs, they cost £40 each. Money saved on tables goes towards putting bums on seats – every one of the 1,300 people at Dyson has either a Citterio or Herman Miller chair.

He says it was a sad day in 1988 when the drawing boards finally left the building. He has kept a Parigi board and chair in his own office and loves it.

"I try to make this place look as little like an office as possible. I feel constricted at a desk and I spend an awful lot of time in the workshop – at workbenches or test stations looking at things and understanding why things are failing.

"I really enjoyed making prototypes and I'm happiest in the workshop," he admits.

His products are all around him "to remind me to move on and change things," and models of JCBs sit close to the book *The Magic of M.C. Escher* (a mathematical artist).

If you work in Dysonland there's less chance of you "coming down with something" than in more conventional offices, thanks to a unique ventilation system which mimics an old-fashioned house with a chimney. Air is not recirculated.

"The one tenet that I have is that you should try and be different. Education doesn't teach you that. But I think you can teach creativity. A cynicism can set in so that good ideas are killed off. "I think it's about encouraging people to say things that might be stupid; it's seizing on those little fragile suggestions: good ideas are terribly easily smashed up and dismissed."

Reprinted from *The Guardian*

MY SCHOOLDAYS

Extract from a memoir by Michael Newton (F 32 - 37)

Pretty early in the term people kept asking the new boys what they were going to do in the New Boys' Concert on the last night of term after the special end of term dinner. Every boy had to do something we were told. As time went on it became very worrying. All the seniors kept asking what we were going to do and made it obvious that they expected a really good show. The more they talked about it, the more anxious most of us became. One or two were quite panic-stricken. However, we did not seem to get very well organised and before the end of term we began to smell a rat and rumours went round that it was just a hoax played on new boys every year.

The housemaster was known as "Tommer". When we had been at school a few days he sent for each of the new boys individually for his "new boys' talk"! We all knew what was coming – it was about sex. Poor Tommer was very embarrassed about it. After the usual questions about settling in, he got started.

"Newton, do you know about sex?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. You've sensible parents."

"No sir. My parents didn't tell me. I just picked it up as I went along."

At that point he gave me a very strange look, dismissed me and sent for the next boy!

At Gresham's there was the nasty business of having to wear an Eton collar of Sundays unless you were in the Sixth Form or were over 5ft. 8ins. tall. As I did not reach either, I was forced to endure this wretched thing. I was sure it had a serious effect on me psychologically! On Sundays we wore them with striped trousers, black coats and ties. The Eton collar was supposed to sit outside the coat collar. By the time I was in the fourth form I was the only boy in the form wearing one. All my friends were in stand up collars. It was most embarrassing – there was I in the First XI for cricket and hockey and considered one of the senior boys, still in the horrible thing. I used to clip off about half an inch all round the bottom to make it narrower and, as soon as chapel was over, I pulled my coat up over it for the rest of the day. It was a dreadful thing to do to a boy as old as that – I never really got over it. In the summer we also wore straw boater hats. We went for walks on Sunday afternoon and the big game for four or five of us was to throw them into the pond and all hurl stones at them. They did not actually sink as they had such big, flat brims, but we managed to make holes in them. They were better once they were old, tatty and brown. You looked such a new boy while they were pristine cream.

After I had been at the school for two years Tommer retired and Bruce Douglas became Housemaster of Farfield. He certainly knew his boys and ran the house well. He should have been appointed Headmaster when Eccles retired. "Duggie" had been in the army in World War 1. He was C.O. of the Officer Training Corps and refereed all the First XV rugger matches. He taught maths. Duggie was a very down-to-earth man. I remember one day in the school library, I had just stretched up my hand to take down a large tome from the top shelf when a voice behind me said, "Newton, what is that book?" "About psychology, sir." "Put it back on the shelf, Newton, and don't let me catch you reading a book on psychology ever again." With that he walked away.

My friends and I were all keen on cars. My hero was Sir Henry Birkin, the famous racing driver. When he died from burns received while racing, he was buried at Blakeney. Tony

Wilcock and I got into terrible trouble for going to his funeral. There wasn't a match that afternoon, so we skipped our hockey game and went. We did not ask permission as we knew it would be refused. There was an awful fuss when we got back. I know we were sent to the Headmaster and I know we were given a severe punishment but I can't remember what it was; although it wasn't physical, it was something pretty nasty.

I always took "Motor" magazine. Mann Egerton in Norwich advertised in it. They were the Rolls Royce agents. I had one of their catalogues sent to me to "Mr Newton, Farfield House, Holt". In the back was a form for requesting a trial run. I filled it in and sent it back. One Saturday lunchtime, just as we were gathering to go into the dining room, a beautiful, shining, black Rolls Royce drove in through the gate and drew up at the front door and asked for Mr Newton. Duggie came into the dining room and asked if I had ordered a new Rolls Royce. He found it most amusing. I was not allowed a ride in it but all my friends and I went out and had a jolly good look round it. Luckily, the salesman was quite amused too – anyway there was not a row about it.

I got into the school's OTC band. I was Sgt. Newton, cymbalist! In our white trousers, blue school blazers, black shoes and ties, we looked very smart. It was all a bit of a racket really – I wanted to get into the band because in the summer term we used to march around the town playing on most Saturday nights and, after we were dismissed, we nipped into the pub for half a pint of beer.

I went on two ten-day summer camps. In 1936 we went to Tidworth, and in my last year to Rushmoor, where we won the band competition. We were fed by the camp kitchens, had rides in tanks and had lectures from the regular army. It was all taken very seriously.

Although I could not have my car at school, I did drive it to the camp at Tidworth, with three friends as passengers and this was when I met my 'first love'. When we arrived I had to find somewhere to garage the car as I was not allowed to keep it on the camp. Someone told me that the vicar had a spare garage at Tidworth Vicarage, so I went along to see if he would lend it to me. I drove up, knocked at the door and it was opened by rather a gorgeous blonde! Arrangements were made about the garage and it was amazing how much work the car needed to have done to it during the next ten days! Every spare moment I had, I needed to go round to the vicarage. After that I was always looking for cricket matches near Tidworth.

M..... was training to be a physical training teacher. She was a very intelligent girl and a marvellous musician. She became my number one girlfriend for the whole of my final year at school. We used to write to each other every week. In Farfield all the mail was spread out on the dining room table and people soon recognised her writing so I had to put up with a lot of teasing. I took her to a hunt ball in Winchester. I remember how lovely she looked in a beautiful red velvet evening dress. I wore white tie and tails. She came to stay at Overstone several times but later on we seemed to see less of each other and after about three years we lost touch completely. It was too much like hard work running several girl friends.

But of course, my main interest was games. It made my schooldays far more enjoyable being good at games. In the winter we played rugby and hockey. At first I was in the Under 16 hockey team. In my third year I played for the Second X1 and for the First X1 in my fourth and fifth years. We had an exceptionally good team in 1937 and three of us got a Freshman's trial at Cambridge and one at Oxford that year. I was not big enough or tough enough to play in the rugby First XV, against all those great big Norfolk farmers, so I did not get my rugby colour but I was the Second XV scrum half.

We had House nets twice a week in the evenings and School nets (for 1st and 2nd X1s) once a week. Max Parsons, the cricket and classics master, coached one net while Tommy Birtles, the professional, took the other. He had played for Yorkshire and described to me how he took a catch in the deep-field at Headingley in his first match – “T’ball went oop and oop ’til looked like pinhead in t’ sky.”

Max Parsons and his family used to take a Gresham’s Wanderers team on tour to Devon each August. They took a large house at Budleigh Salterton and his mother and two sisters did all the house-keeping and catering for us. The team consisted of past and present Gresham’s cricketers. We were quite good and it was very serious cricket. We played against clubs and Royal Navy teams mostly. I went on tour in 1936 and 1937 and it was great fun – although strictly teetotal! One year we planted a tree on the boundary to commemorate our visit. I looked for it when we were there a few years ago, but it all looked quite different.

In prayers, on the last day of term, we always sang “Hills From the North Rejoice” and when we came to the line “Shout as ye journey home” we nearly took the roof off.

On other days there were hymns where we did the opposite – when we reached the line “can-o-pee of grace” in “O Worship the King”, we all stopped singing, and Eccles’s voice alone blared forth to our grins and silence.

All our trunks had been packed a few days previously and, for those travelling by train, they were collected the day before term ended and sent by “Passenger Luggage in Advance”. They were collected by the railway van and we picked them up at our destination station – mine being Leicester. Arthur Birch met me there and dealt with the trunk. A special school train was put on to go from Holt via King’s Lynn to Leicester, where main-line trains could be caught. We were taken by bus to the station and given a packed lunch to eat on the journey. There was always an orange in it but we did not eat this. For about a mile and a half, on the far side of Melton Constable, the road and railway ran parallel, only about twenty-five yards apart. We used our oranges to throw at passing cars. I shouldn’t think we hit any but it was good fun.

I was nearly nineteen when I left school. Our careers master, Frank Spencer, happened to be a great friend of the Senior Tutor at Jesus College, Cambridge. After I had matriculated I went for my college interview at Jesus but, in the circumstances, I knew I should have little trouble getting in. In fact four Gresham’s boys were accepted for Jesus College that year.

Britten Medley

First Performance

Earlier this year Philip Langridge sang Benjamin Britten's song 'Farfield' on Radio 3. It was the first time this song, published in the Quatercentenary Grasshopper (1955), had ever been professionally performed and broadcast. The lyric consists of some lines from the Testament of John Lydgate (The Monk of Bury) who lived about 1370 to 1452 – 'but, adds Britten, they still apply'.

Void of reason, given to wilfulness
Froward to virtue, of thrift take little heed
Loth to learn, I loved no busyness
Save play or mirth, was strange to spell or read
Lightly turning, wild and seldom sad
Weeping for nought and at once after glad
Of the rod sometimes stood in dread
Like a young colt that ran without bridle
Made my friends their good to spend in idle

[Benjamin Britten was in Farfield from 1928 to 1930]

Britten's Children

A film entitled Britten's Children shown on June 5th on BBC 2 explored the close friendships the composer had with boys, including the late David Hemmings, and the way they maintained his own childhood, and enriched his music.

The Hon. David Layton (W 28 – 33), a friend of Benjamin Britten at Gresham's, was interviewed for the programme.

Aldeburgh Sculpture

The piece of sculpture designed as a celebration of the association between Benjamin Britten and Aldeburgh where the composer lived for some years has become the object of considerable criticism, even being vandalised.

Some local people maintained that the modern scallop-like sculpture simply did not look right on the beach. As a result the sculpture is now destined to be moved elsewhere. Suffolk Coastal are considering various possible sites.

25th Anniversary Mass for John Bradburne

On September 18th in Westminster Cathedral the twenty-five years that have elapsed since Mugabe's guerillas killed John Bradburne were marked by an Anniversary Mass. Fr. John Dove S. J. came over specially from Zimbabwe to give the homily and talk about his friend. Professor David Crystal gave a talk in Cathedral Hall about John Bradburne's poetry on which he has been working for three years.

In an interview in 1965 John was asked 'When did you start writing poetry?' He answered as follows:

'During my first spring in the Church, which was in 1948, this is except for one quatrain written at school under compulsion:

When Bluff King Hal discovered that the Pope
Declared that he, the king, had not a hope,
'I'll be supreme,' quoth he, 'and keep my wives,'
Then trundled off to have a game of fives.'

[Editor's note: John Bradburne attended Gresham's from 1934 to 1939.]

The John Bradburne Memorial Society which promotes the course of progress towards sainthood for John Bradburne have launched a website – www.johnbradburne.com This includes the current and past newsletters, updates of news and events, items for sale and the new free booklet by John Vose.

COMPANION PIECES

No. 1

Extract from A Truly Fine Englishman, Oliver Redgate [o & F 11 – 14]

By Maureen Hurst

In due course young Oliver went to Gresham's School (a boarding school in Holt, Norfolk) where in the summer of 1914 he was playing cricket and was probably in the Officer Training Corps. On the School Speech Day he won prizes for Latin and as a member of the debating society. His obituary stated that he then went to Nottingham University.

On 21st January 1917 he joined the Royal Naval Air Service. His basic training would have been done at Crystal Palace. He went to the Royal Naval Air Station at Redcar in Yorkshire and on 30th March he received his flying certificate with the rank of Flight Officer RN. He was eighteen years old. In mid-May he was sent to Cranwell for more flying instruction and graduated on 13th June. It was recommended he joined the scouting side of flying and by mid-June he was a Flight Sub-Lieutenant. The remarks on his report between June and December indicate he was a keen pilot, and a promising young officer, being strongly recommended for promotion. He was made an acting Flight Commander "C" flight in No 9 squadron to take effect on 7th December 1917.

Early in the morning of July 5th he was involved in a shootout over Middlekerke in Belgium and took part share in bringing down an enemy Albatros 111. In the afternoon of the 25th he did the same with another aircraft (possible another Albatros) over Westende. These places were just south of Ostend.

In the Royal Naval Air Service Operations Report dated 1st – 15th September 1917 it says "Flight Lieutenants Edwards, Scott, Banbury and Brown and Flight Sub-Lieutenant Redgate attacked a two-seater Aviatik. The observer in the enemy machine fell over the fuselage shot dead." A similar report later in the month states that "Flight Commander Edwards and Flight Sub-Lieutenant Redgate Naval Squadron No. 9 attacked a two-seater D.F.W. and shot it down out of control." On the 28th December he shared in bringing down another Albatros, this time over Dixmunde and on 10th December he helped in shooting down a DFWC near Pervyse. On 1st April 1918 the RNAS became part of the RAF and so the squadron number changed from 9 to 209.

By April 1918 Oliver was a Lieutenant and even though he was only 19 years old he was classed as an experienced pilot. He had taken his certificate on a Cauldron Biplane but he was now flying a Sopwith Camel, which was a new plane having only been in service since May of the previous years. The Sopwith Camel was a small single-seater fighter, it had a wingspan of only 28 ft, its height was 8ft. 6ins. and length 18ft. 8 ins. It carried two machine guns, which the pilot had to fire as well as fly the plane.... It was a very difficult plane and many trainee pilots had lost their lives learning to fly it. The rotary engine made manoeuvring in certain directions extremely difficult, but it had the advantage of a high speed of 118 miles per hour.

Oliver was part of a Squadron of fifteen planes some of which were involved in the shooting down of the famous flying ace Baron Manfred Von Richthofen, the 'Red Baron'. Herman Goering was in part of the German Squadron. In mid April Squadron 209 and the squadron of Baron Von Richthofen were on either side of the front line near Amiens, and it was said that the "Richthofen Jagdgeschwader had every intention of destroying the Sopwith Camel-flying 209 Squadron. On 21st April Squadron 209 had taken off from the airfield at Bertangles north of Amiens to photograph enemy troop concentrations. Flights A and B were under the command of Canadian Captain Brown and American Lieutenant Leboutier. Lieutenant Oliver Redgate commanded C Flight.

The month of May saw a lot of activity and probably the loss of many pilots. On the 11th Oliver made a Flight Commander and on 15th he was unfortunately wounded. On the 17th he became a temporary Flying Captain, being awarded the DFC (Distinguished Flying Cross) four days later. On the 25th he was invalided back to England on the hospital ship Warinda, and was sent to the London Hospital at Whitechapel with a shrapnel wound to his ankle. The following appeared in the London Gazette 2/7/1918:7746 and 3/8/1918:9203.

On an occasion during the past two months when leading an offensive patrol of five machines, he observed an enemy formation of twelve aeroplanes attacking another formation of our scouts. He at once led his patrol to the aid of our second patrol, and as he approached it two enemy scouts dived at him. By skilful piloting he placed himself behind one of these machines and, diving on it, drove it to destruction. Captain Redgate had accounted for seven enemy planes in all, and displays enterprise and courage on all occasions.

On 21st August he attended a medical board, which said he was unfit for active service and gave him four weeks leave. He had flown over 300 hours of operations and his wounded leg meant that he could no longer fly, but he continued his service with No. 37 TDS where it is likely he passed on all the skills he had acquired training other young pilots. He had been promoted to Captain and was in 217 Squadron when on 17th October 1919 he was transferred to the Unemployed list.

After the war he wrote a letter to a Miss Curtis who was a cousin of one of his flying friends and said, " When I had sick leave we went to the sea and spent a very quiet time, but we all enjoyed it." Probably referring to his mother and sisters. He signed the letter "Noll". He had not, however, lost his taste for the thrill of speed as in the same letter he wrote that he wanted to continue flying. After he left the RAF he had a Motor Cycle business in Parliament Street in Nottingham and won medals and trophies in speed trials. It is said he also employed 300 people in his East Leake business making Ladies and Children's High Class Knitted Wear under the name 'Arlinda'.

In 1927, after surviving four crashes, he developed TB and had to spend fifteen months in Switzerland in the hope of recovery. He returned to the village feeling much better but the improvement was of short duration as he tragically died.

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Red Baron brought down by a shot fired the previous year

The headline immediately recalled my research into the Greshamians who fell in the Great War. As I was working in the Public Record Office I found the record of Gresham's "air ace" Donald Cunnell, a Norwich-born Farfield boy and talented young artist. One of the most striking details I uncovered was of an encounter only six days before his death in July 1917. I vividly remember writing about Cunnell's brush with Manfred von Richthofen, the notorious Red Baron, and wishing, for the sake of drama and importance, that I could claim that he had been responsible for the glamorous and lethal German's death.

This news story brought the idea much closer. I wrote in 2000 (*When Heroes Die* p.120):

...he brought down four German planes on 6th July. That morning Cunnell was taking part in an offensive patrol over Wervicq when he and his fellow pilots, nine of them, encountered a number of German planes perhaps as many as 40....Donald Cunnell and his observer Woodbridge shot down four planes and watched another (incorrect: I should have said 'one of them') a red Albatros, spin away apparently out of control. They rightly did not enter a claim, as they did not see it crash. It is overwhelmingly likely that the pilot of the Albatros was Manfred von Richthofen, the 'Red Baron'. It seems that he hit his head and his plane went spinning towards the ground, but at 500ft he came to and managed to land, after which his injuries kept him out of action for a month.

Cunnell was killed in action six days later.

Cut to the Daily Telegraph article, 2004.

The killing-machine feared by the Allies and revered by his countrymen suffered significant brain damage to his frontal lobes when a machinegun round fired by Second Lieutenant A E Woodbridge of the RFC splintered his skull...The Baron later recalled... 'Suddenly something struck me in the head. For a moment my whole body was paralysed...the worst was that a nerve leading to my eyes had been paralysed and I was completely blind'.

40 days later he was in the air again...

'but he experienced such nausea and weakness that he had to be helped from the plane and put to bed by his batman.'

The suggestion of modern doctors is that the frontal lobe damage he had suffered impaired his judgement and affected his behaviour so much that he went recklessly and fixatedly to his death nine months later.

Cunnell did not fire the shot that killed the Red Baron, but he flew the plane that brought about his fatal injury. In that sense Gresham's air ace and his observer were but a hairsbreadth away from far greater fame. Cunnell, dead nine months before his great adversary, can never have known how close he came to his place in the history books.

Wingate's ADC

Captain George Henry Borrow [H 35 – 40]

George Henry Borrow was born at Brome, Norfolk on 25th September 1921, the only son of Major Edward Borrow DSO and his wife Alys, née Read. He had one sister Joan, born on 8th March 1919. George was named after his Norfolk forbear, the Victorian writer and traveller, also George Henry Borrow, author of 'The Bible in Spain' and many other books. After education at Gresham's, Holt, and Selwyn College, Cambridge, George joined the Army in 1941, was selected for a commission, spent six months at the Sandhurst OCTU, and was commissioned as 2nd Lieutenant into the Royal Sussex Regiment in March 1942. In May 1942, having volunteered for service overseas, he joined the 13th Battalion King's Liverpool Regiment in India. This was one of the battalions in 77 Indian Brigade commanded by Brigadier Orde Wingate DSO, then training for the first Chindit expedition into Burma.

George went through the training in India, initially in No 5 Column under Major Bernard Fergusson, and then as Intelligence Officer No 2 Group under Lt Colonel Cooke. The brigade arrived at Imphal in Assam at the end of January 1943, 'where Wavell and various US generals bade us farewell – and here occurred the widely quoted incident of Wavell saluting us', and crossed the Chindwin on 16 February. Here after receiving an air-drop the brigade split up into eight columns and marched into Japanese occupied Burma. After nearly four months behind Japanese lines disrupting communications the survivors of the columns had returned to India by the beginning of June 1943. Of 3,000 men who marched in 2,180 came out, including George who came out with No 8 Column. Wingate described him as 'Borrow – the man who went into Burma with jaundice and came out with it still, having been a help to all his party, and Fergusson wrote of him, 'He had jaundice when the Brigade entered Burma but refused to be left behind; and although he suffered from constant ill-health the whole time, he set such a magnificent example as to inspire everybody who saw him, by the way he endured the hardships, intensified in his case by physical weakness. He collapsed just after crossing the Chindwin on the way out.'

George spent some time in hospital, and when he recovered he was posted as Staff Captain to Special Force Headquarters – the force which Wingate, now a Major General, was getting ready for the second Chindit expedition. In November 1943 George became General Wingate's ADC, and in the same month was awarded the Military Cross for his gallantry in the first Chindit expedition.

In his letters to his parents and sister George made light of the hardships of the first Chindit expedition. In a letter of 9th June 1943 to Joan he says, 'There is nothing wrong [with me] except slight under-nourishment which is being remedied by the good food in Assam which we are much enjoying...after living on 12 biscuits and a parcel of raisins per day for 4 months'. Of the operations he said, 'The jungle is a nice safe place, even though the Japs may be all around! True, we had our little scraps – 5 or 6 of them – but the Jap is fortunately a most inaccurate shooter.'

On Sunday 5th March 1944 Operation Thursday, the second Chindit expedition, was launched from Lalaghat airfield in gliders, led by Brigadier Mike Calvert's 77 Brigade. Pictures of the launch show Wingate wearing his famous topee so either the original hat

had been recovered, or a replacement found. On 7th March Wingate, with George, flew into Broadway, the stronghold established by Calvert, to visit and encourage the forward troops who were already engaged in bitter fighting.

The next 17 days were ones of constant movement for Wingate and George, flying in and visiting troops. On 24th March they flew into Broadway where Wingate congratulated Calvert's Brigade, flew on to White City, a second stronghold established by Calvert, then on to Aberdeen, a stronghold established by Fergusson. From there Wingate returned to Broadway and thence back to Imphal to confer with the Air Officer Commanding, Air Marshal Baldwin. He was flying in a B-25 Mitchell bomber of the US Army Air Force, piloted by Lieutenant Brian Hodges with a crew of four. From Imphal Wingate decided to return to Lalaghat to see Colonel Cochran, USAAF, commander of the Air Commando, and left at 5pm. With him in the plane in addition to the crew were George Borrow and two British war correspondents who had asked for a lift to Lalaghat, Stuart Emery of the News Chronicle and Stanley Wills of the Daily Herald, a total of nine. Wingate was in the co-pilot's seat, George and the journalists crouched uncomfortably in the back. The plane crashed flying over the Bishenpur hills and all were killed. A search party on 29th March found the wreckage, dug 18 feet into the hillside, and identified it by, amongst other things, the remains of Wingate's sun helmet. In July 1944 a second party visited the scene, led by the senior chaplain of Special Force, Stewart Powne. The remains were collected and buried and a service held and a cross erected, inscribed with the nine names.

In 1947 on the orders of the US government, the remains were exhumed and reinterred in Arlington Cemetery, Washington, USA, where individual crosses stand in the names of Major General Orde Charles Wingate DSO, Royal Artillery, Captain George Borrow MC, Royal Sussex Regiment, the two British correspondents, and the five American crew members.

David Shirreff

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BARCLAYS

My War in the Far East 1943 – 1946

Charles Wicksteed (k & OSH 36 – 43) very kindly donated his autobiographical work, subtitled *The Story of a Sussex Gunner Regiment*, to the School's archives. Incorporated with the story of his war in 114 Field Regiment R.A. are maps, newspaper cuttings, military records and some delightful sketches and water-colours executed in the Far East. The writing, which is often ironic, begins with candid observations of his family background plus details of his experiences as a growing schoolboy at Gresham's, first in Holt then in Newquay. The bulk of the narrative consists of evocatively described episodes towards the end of the war in Burma and subsequently in French Indo-China and Malaya. The series of extracts below is from the chapter devoted to Charles Wicksteed's time spent in what we now call South Vietnam.

....The scene that greeted me was most unexpected. Parallel with the dock-side ran a perfect metalled road, clean and bordered by trees which formed an efficient sun umbrella, under which high Jap officers drove in luxurious American cars.

On the docks themselves Jap sailors neatly uniformed and in a remarkably high state of physical development ran hither and thither at the double under the orders of the officers. The original Jap administration was in complete control of the city. The majority of the allied prisoners had been flown back to Singapore by Red Cross planes during the previous week.

The Regiment disembarked, slept the night on the dockside and the next day moved most of the men and transport through the city streets past bowing Jap sentries to the north side of the town to an ex-French artillery barracks which the Japs had used as a prison....

Communism had spread south from Sze-chwan during the later Thirties so that the Indo-Chinese in general and the Anamites in particular demanded their independence within the French Colony at the end of World War Two.

The French, urgently needing the raw materials that French Indo-China produced, would not even consider the matter.

Thus the end of the war was followed by an attempt on the part of the Anamites, supplied by the Japs with arms and Jap officers, to seize control of the colony before French troops could arrive from France. To forestall this our regiment accompanied by a battalion of Gurkhas was dispatched from Burma....

A hasty resurrection of my school French and a good deal of miming made it possible to converse at length – if a trifle erratically.

After a few days it was possible to know some of the beautiful half-castes well enough to take them to one of the many estaminets where one could consume some nameless liquid fire.

A week after I arrived I, with a few others, caught some mysterious disease which swelled our limbs and faces up to gigantic proportions. To our relief, this subsided after two days and I was able to see fixed on the opposite wall from my bed a figure-head of Petain under which stood the legend:

One Chief - Petain
One Duty - To obey
One Aim - To serve

Things had changed a bit since then.

....our petrol dump, officers' mess and vehicles went up in flames with almost a monotonous nightly succession. We shot a few of these saboteurs but they were all unarmed, dressed as civilians and generally under twenty years old. Even girls were employed in this work making the duties of our sentries to appear miserably despicable.

At one of the regimental dances, to which French civilians were invited, I made acquaintance with a charming French family whom I frequently visited during the remainder of my stay in Saigon.

I continually brought the food which made me very welcome! I think they somehow liked me too!

At this time most of the men were suffering badly from ring-worm and I, in common with them, had "rings on my fingers and rings on my toes", not to mention uncomfortable places equidistant from the two!

The Japs were by now in an uncomfortable position for they were being used by us against a people whom they had promised to free from the "white man's yoke"....

We even used Jap troops to guard our barracks when most of the regiment went on one of its long range patrols.

I loved these patrols for we were well-armed with our field guns and therefore not often attacked. The life was wonderful – sleeping under the vehicles at night, cooking and eating food which tasted the best in my life and passing through a strange and almost virgin land. Trees by the road-side were rarely less than 100ft high and as straight as a die. Every now and again we caught a momentary glance of some terrified wild animal, a chimpanzee, tapir or tiger, traversing the road away in front.

If ever it is possible for a human to say he felt at one with nature, then indeed I could have said it then.

At the end on November troops of the 1st French armoured division under General Leclerc arrived to take over from us. Never have I seen a dirtier, more undisciplined and inefficient unit anywhere. Their combat qualities, we later found, were in keeping with their appearance.

Anamite resistance increased and soon we were forced to carry our arms constantly even while eating, washing and sleeping. The rebels successfully tried a new idea on our patrols whereby grenades were dropped into our vehicles from house windows whenever we passed through a village. To counteract this we built sloping bamboo roofs on our vehicles and to complete the thing I even put in windows and a door on my little shed. Our mobile sheds, however, could not be tarpaulin covered as it was necessary to be able to see through the roof and sides to spot any snipers. Thus a convoy of our vehicles proceeding along a road made a very curious sight.

During November the regiment took part in two long range patrols which were to be our last. The feeling of adventure rather than fear was paramount and felt by all ranks who thoroughly enjoyed them.

Everyone was in a fine humour on these patrols whose purpose was to keep the roads clear and report any enemy concentrations.

On the first day of the first of these two patrols we advanced fifty-two miles to Bien-Hara (north of Saigon) when unfortunately a grenade was thrown sideways into the last truck

of gunners injuring four. Behind this truck followed three 3-tonners containing thirty Jap infantry which we now always took with us, (they being preferable to French troops). They had soon efficiently killed the two occupants of the house whom we devoutly hoped were the guilty persons....

Since the French troops had arrived it had become increasingly obvious that the rebels wanted no conflict with the British. An example of this was a large notice board by the road a few miles east of (Baria) on which was written: "British soldiers, why help the French to put in chains one of the small nations for which you have just fought a long war?"

Since this was so obviously true the Colonel ordered it to be torn down so that the remainder of the convoy should not see it, for "ours was not to question why, ours was but to do or die!" Feeling between the French and the British soldiers was not good and on occasions broke out into fighting, especially at nights in the cafes and at the inter-army football matches.

The French had by then taken over from us completely so that we were not surprised to hear that we were to leave at the beginning of January 1946....

To me those three months had been, and I believe always will be, the happiest time of my life. The country was thrilling, the town, next to Penang, the most beautiful in the Far East, and a regiment governed by officers who were unimaginably understanding. The spirit of comradeship amongst the men who were extremely content, was amazing. I respected the Colonel and Adjutant as I have no other men and was on terms of the utmost intimacy with them. Although I later joined other regiments whose standard of comfort was far superior, I found that in no way could the comradeship compare with that of the 114th Regt. commanded by that eccentric officer, Colonel Mackenzie.

I lived in an atmosphere of almost wonderland, for the Adjutant instead of punishing a man would read an appropriate rebuke from the works of Marcus Aurelius of whom he was inordinately fond. The second-in-command would carry out his duties in bathing trunks with a sporting rifle over his shoulder. Nevertheless these men were extremely efficient at their job and for myself I would choose no other men for my life companions if I had but to make the choice.

Rocket man locks on to \$10 million prize

Dersingham rocket man Richard Lancaster [k & T 85 – 95] is set to chase the biggest prize in aeronautics history since Yuri Gagarin was sent spinning around the planet.

Today, Richard, of Sugar Lane, is 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.

Having also completed vital work on the world's first flying miniature satellite and written a computer program to enable satellites to align themselves with greater accuracy using star patterns instead of the Earth's horizon, he plans to take a career detour into aerodynamics.

But what do aerodynamics have to do with firing satellites into space fixed to giant rockets? Well, there's method in Richard's career progression. For he has his sights set on the exciting X PRIZE – the latest in a long tradition of offering major cash incentives for giant strides forwards in aviation.

To grab the \$10 million prize Richard aims to be part of a team to put a reusable space vehicle with three passengers 100 kilometres (about 60 miles) above the Earth, return it and do it all again, with the same vehicle within two weeks.

This would signal a massive advance on what can currently be achieved with the planet's most sophisticated space vessel, the American shuttle.

And, this is where the aerodynamics comes in. Richard may be looking at a space craft which can take off from Earth in the way that a conventional aircraft does, fly into space and land like a plane.

He's up against it, for the X PRIZE deadline is January 1 2005. But Richard's no stranger to tough deadlines – some of his recent work on micro-satellites now deployed in Earth orbit hundreds of miles above our heads were so time-sensitive that his units were successfully deployed without the benefit of prototype tests.

The X PRIZE is funded by private donations in a bid to kick-start a space tourism industry. But Richard is more interested in the emphasis on finding cheaper ways to get into space. And that's his forte – he has been part of a team of Surrey-based space scientists who have developed cheaper space flight into a fine art. US military has watched with envy as Richard and his colleagues have worked on unbelievably small budgets and put into space manoeuvrable communications satellites that are a new breed.

Boarding a jet bound for Moscow for Friday's satellite launch, Richard told the *Lynn News*: "I am moving into a different field. We have to get the cost of launch vehicles down.

"It could be a vehicle which launches like an aeroplane, from a runway, or launches suspended from a balloon," he said.

Other X PRIZE teams are also investigating upper atmosphere launches from a tow plane. Richard could be seen on breakfast or lunchtime TV here on Friday when the launch of his fourth disaster-monitoring satellite is broadcast live from Plesetsk.

Reprinted from *Lynn News*.

Born 101 years ago

Lennox Berkeley [o & H 14 – 18] tends to be overshadowed by that other OG composer, Benjamin Britten. The profile that follows, written by Tony Scotland, Administrator of the Lennox Berkeley Estate, is designed to convey the distinctive and substantial contribution made by Lennox Berkeley to twentieth century music.

The surprising thing to be said about the music of Lennox Berkeley is that there is so much of it. Though a notoriously painstaking and meticulous craftsman, he produced – in a creative life of about sixty-five years – no fewer than 226 works, including fine examples of every genre from theatre and concert hall to church and home. There are four symphonies; concertos for cello, flute, guitar, piano and violin; string quartets; piano pieces; four operas, a ballet, film and incidental music; Mass settings and other sacred music; and songs.

Berkeley's special gift lay in writing music that rings with the truth of his own personal voice. He found that voice and learned to trust its individuality under the magisterial influence of the great French composition teacher Nadia Boulanger, to whom he had been introduced by Maurice Ravel on coming down from Oxford in 1926. It's no coincidence that he should have found his faith as a Roman Catholic at the same time. From then till his final illness he dedicated himself to writing music that expresses in his own inimitable way his personal vision of life and the God who created it.

With its hallmarks of stylishness, clarity and economy, and a certain bitter-sweet tunefulness, Berkeley's music is instantly recognisable. Some of it may, at first meeting, seem modest, gentle and charming, like the man himself, but a further acquaintance reveals – as indeed it did with Lennox too – hidden depths of resolution, wisdom and purposefulness. And now and again, as the critic Edward Lockspeiser once pointed out 'some beautiful little flower of melody unexpectedly blossoms out, and this seems to be the true Berkeley.'

Lennox Randal Francis Berkeley was born at Sunningwell near Oxford in 1903. His father Hastings Berkeley was a captain in the Royal Navy and the author of some recondite works of scholarship; his mother was a daughter of Sir James Harris, British Consul for Mexico. His paternal grandparents were George Lennox Rawdon, 7th Earl of Berkeley, and Cécile Drummond de Melfort (descended from the French Ducs de Melfort and the Scottish Earls of Perth and of Seaforth). If George and Cécile had been free to arrange the timing of their marriage more conventionally, Lennox, in due course, would have inherited the earldom and Berkeley Castle – and we might never have had his music.

The young Berkeley was introduced to music by his father's pianola rolls, by a godmother who had studied singing in Paris, and by an aunt who was a salon composer. Educated at the Dragon School in Oxford, St George's School, Harpenden (where one of his first compositions was performed), and Gresham's at Holt in Norfolk (where he was followed by W.H. Auden and Benjamin Britten), Berkeley went up to Merton College, Oxford in 1922 to read modern languages. He had, at that time, no intention of making music his profession, although he took some organ lessons from W.H. Harris and continued to compose. (And perhaps uncharacteristically he also coxed the Merton eight.)

The meeting with Ravel at Oxford in 1926 was a watershed. Impressed by Berkeley's gift for melody and harmony, Ravel was in no doubt that the young man's future lay with music

– and that Boulanger should be the teacher to forge the steel of his talent. Berkeley rose to the challenge and, with his newly acquired B.A., set sail for France. He soon became a favourite of the godlike ‘Mademoiselle’ and stayed in Paris till 1932, studying counterpoint, developing his own unique musical language, and meeting many of the great figures of twentieth-century music including Stravinsky, Fauré, Francaix and Poulenc.

In 1936, after the death of his mother, he went to Barcelona for the annual festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music, and there met Benjamin Britten, with whom he collaborated on *Mont Juic*, a joint composition based on Catalan folk dances. For a time the two shared a mill at Snape in Suffolk till, on the outbreak of war, Britten went to America with his new friend Peter Pears. Berkeley stayed on in London, building orchestral programmes for the BBC.

In 1946, at the age of 43, he married his beautiful secretary in the music department, Freda Bernstein, the orphaned daughter of a buccaneering Jewish merchant who had fled the pogroms of his native Lithuania (then part of Russian Poland), and made his fortune with a chain of clothes shops in the populous coalfields of South Wales. The alchemy of Lennox and Freda created a conspicuously happy partnership that produced three sons and radiated a celebrated warmth to a large circle of friends.

That same year Berkeley left the BBC to become professor of composition at the Royal Academy of Music, where he remained till 1968, teaching a stable of such diverse and idiosyncratic talents as David Bedford, Sir Richard Rodney Bennett, Professor Peter Dickinson (Berkeley’s biographer), Brian Ferneyhough, Sir John Manduell (the Society’s President), Nicholas Maw and Sir John Tavener.

Knighted in 1974, Berkeley was president of the Composers’ Guild, the Performing Rights Society, the British Music Society and the Cheltenham Festival of Music and Master of the Musicians’ Company. These public honours were at odds with his essentially private nature, which was more comfortable with reticence than rhetoric; indeed understatement may well have limited his wider appeal.

Moderation is hardly the keynote of that handful of Berkeley’s works which have become classics, including *Serenade for Strings*, *Divertimento in B Flat*, the one-act opera *A Dinner Engagement*, the *Missa Brevis* (dedicated to his two elder sons Michael and Julian and the other boys of Westminster Cathedral Choir who first performed it in 1960), the psalm setting *The Lord is my Shepherd* and *Four Poems of St Teresa of Avila, for Contralto and Strings* (written for Kathleen Ferrier in 1947). A number of Berkeley’s smaller pieces are similarly popular, including *Six Preludes for Piano*, the *Sonatina for Treble Recorder (or Flute) and Piano*, and several songs – for example *Ode du Premier Jour de Mai*. But some works have disappeared from the repertoire – among them the *Symphony No1*, the three-act opera *Nelson* and the one-act Bible opera *Ruth*.

All the music is polished, thoughtful, and, in its quiet but sure way, passionate. Much of it is beautiful, and some is unquestionably of lasting importance. When he died in 1989, after a long struggle with Alzheimer’s disease, Lennox Berkeley left many treasures still relatively unexplored. Unearthing them – and rediscovering the rest of his work – will be both moving and exhilarating.

Tony Scotland

REVIEWS

Pocket Health Guide

Do you ignore symptoms like persistent coughs or indigestion in the hope they'll go away? Millions do – and they shouldn't, according to Dr Tom Stuttford, GP, medical columnist and author of a new book called *What's Up Doc?. Understanding Your Symptoms*. It's a pocket guide covering everything from "dicky tickers" to "aches and pains", with concise explanations of possible causes, serious and otherwise. Each chapter begins with a list of symptoms that need investigation by a doctor. Dr Stuttford's point is that your GP will be as delighted as you if the problem turns out to be minor and, if it's not, "The earlier a serious condition is diagnosed, the better the chance of a successful cure".

What's Up Doc? is published by Little Books at £6.99 and is available from bookshops.

Holt to Blakeney by Rail

The Blakeney Players presented their annual high-quality musical farce 'All Steamed Up' in the Community Centre. Several of the usual Gresham's suspects, e.g., the Bensons and the Wigginses took part on stage or back stage. Reproduced below for your delectation is the intriguing programme note on the Holt – Blakeney branch-line!

The railway from Melton Constable reached Holt in 1884. The Blakeney branch was built 20 years later. It always remained a single track with no passing places.

Between Holt and Blakeney were two halts, one for the owner of Bayfield Hall and the other at Glandford. There were two level crossings, one beside Wiveton Bridge and the other on the coast road.

The site of Blakeney railway station, now barely discernible, was at the bottom of Back Lane (then known as Station Road).

The line carried one train daily, increased to two in the summer holiday season. Sometimes a few trucks of coal or sugar beet (often misdirected) were moved along the line. The occasion is still remembered when a Midland express, full of bewildered passengers, had to spend a night in Blakeney station after a trainee signalman at Holt had gone home early with a bad head cold and forgotten to re-set the points.

Rannoch Explored

By Logie Bruce Lockhart [Headmaster 55 – 82]

Old Greshamians of the fifties and sixties might be interested to hear of two lively little books by Alec Cunningham, especially if they have Scottish connections.

Alec and Molly, after a much appreciated spell at Gresham's, went to Rannoch School in 1965 where Alec became second master. Rannoch is on the edge of almost the only major untouched wilderness in Britain; this suited Alec down to the ground, and he made it a base for exploration of largely unexplored facets of Scottish legends and history. Every year he used to walk across Scotland from the North Sea to the Atlantic, picking up stories and reminiscences as he went, in a manner reminiscent of the late Seton Gordon.

The larger book is called 'A History of Rannoch, the smaller 'Tales of Rannoch. The latter concentrates on giants, witches, ghosts and kelpies, the former on the history of the last refuge of outlawed clans living, like my ancestors (and John Arkell's!) the MacGregors, on cattle raiding and illegal distilling.

It is entertaining stuff and sheds new light on a little known period of history as well as on the superstitions of that primitive country around the Fujiyama of the Highlands (Schiehallion), mist shrouded and uninhabited Rannoch Moor and the scant ruminants of the old Caledonian forest.

It sheds much light, usually disreputable, on the MacGregors, the Campbells, the MacDonalds, the Camerons, the Menzies, the Stewarts and their relationships to Wallace, Bruce, the Robertsons, the '45 and the clearances.

For anyone who would like to buy a copy, the Cunninghams' address is:
Dalbruach, Dall, Rannoch, Perthshire TH17 Q11.

O.G. CONCERT

On 10th September the Club presented in the Auden Theatre the beginning-of-year performing arts event at the School. Originally billed as A Showcase of Acting and Singing, it became tout simplement A Showcase of Singing, but there was no danger of our being prosecuted under the Trades Descriptions Act because the audience heard a very full and varied programme of songs given by four highly gifted recent OG soloists, three baritones and a soprano, all accompanied on the piano by Mark Jones. First up was Tom Lowe who left five years ago. It was a second return for Tom who had given a one-man recital in the Auden in the summer term and had been very well received. Currently a student at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama (music in his case), he impressed his listeners with his resonant voice, clarity of diction and versatility. The next to sing was Genevieve Pott whose singing has always been appreciated by Auden audiences. Now studying Music at Surrey University, she is the lead soprano in the National Youth Choir. Presenting a balanced collection of classical and modern songs, she gave a mature and self-possessed performance.

The second half of the concert was opened by Chris Jacklin, recently returned from a gap year in Ghana. In his programme he focused on modern composers, conveying an impression of independence and delicacy in his interpretations. Finally, the audience enjoyed an accomplished performance of Vaughan Williams's Five Mystical Songs by Tom Appleton who is reading Music at York University. He is another Gresham's member of the National Youth Choir and also belongs to the élite group, The Sixteen.

By the end of the concert, the audience realised they had enjoyed four very distinctive voices, all enhanced by the pianistic brilliance of their accompanist Mark Jones. Never daunted and not having learnt the contents of the programme until 4.00pm on the day of the concert, Mark Jones never faltered as he played the at times highly demanding scores.

Programme

Tom Lowe

Songs of Travel:

The Vagabond

Let Beauty Awake

Whither must I wander?

L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra

L'ultima canzone

Empty Chairs at Empty Tables

Stars

Vaughan Williams

Tosti

Tosti

Schönberg

Schönberg

Genevieve Pott

Se tu m'ami se sospiri
Frühling Sglaube
It was a lover
I remember
So in Love
They can't take that away from me

Pergolesi
Schubert
Dring
Sondheim
Porter
Gershwin

Chris Jacklin

Three Songs
 A Summer Idyll
 When sweet Ann sings
 The Sea Gypsy
Dream-Tryst
Take, O take those lips away
Why does love get in the way?
The Thames

Head

Browne
Rubbra
Coward
Cannon

Tom Appleton

Five Mystical Songs
[Poems by George Herbert]
 Easter
 I got me flowers
 Love bade me welcome
 The Call
 Antiphon

Vaughan Williams

CLOUD CUCKOO LAND

Keswick Film Festival broke new ground in February 2004 with the screening of *Cloud Cuckoo Land* (on St Valentine's Day). Although the love element is an important part of the story, the date was coincidental, the innovation for Keswick being that the Festival presented for the first time in its five years of existence a film receiving its local premiere, with the attendance of stars, director, producer and film crew. This was *Cloud Cuckoo Land*'s first screening outside London and the first appearance at a British film festival. Filmed in the Keswick area despite the trials of a very wet June 2002, the beauty of the surrounding scenery was done full justice by director and cinematographer; for those who know their Lake District, Latrigg plays a significant part in the aerial episodes, and the rain stopped often enough to allow schedules to be completed.

The film presents the story of a young man who, despite being confined to his wheelchair, has the burning ambition to become a pilot. The role is played by Steve Varden of Heysham, Lancashire, who is doing that very rare thing of playing the part of a handicapped person when he himself is disabled. As the story unfolds, young Sandy Kenyon, coming to grips with the cerebral palsy which afflicts him as a result of his mother's flying accident, attempts to follow his dream to fly, and struggles to overcome the put-downs of people he encounters and the physical difficulties of his self-appointed task. He does have the encouragement of his grandfather, however, (Derek Jacobi playing the part with his customary skill and insight), and the burgeoning affection of Lucy (Boo Pearce) to help him on his way; so, with the introduction of a couple of plot devices which strain the credibility just a smidgen (hardly noticeable in the elan with which the whole film moves) Sandy edges ever closer to his goal. It's an inspiring tale, beautifully shot and splendidly set in the Lakeland fells, and acted with a high degree of expertise – but for most of those experiencing the event the greatest inspiration was Steve Varden himself, who came across as a young man of exemplary fortitude and charm when, with the help of director Matt Dickinson [T 77 – 79], he introduced the film from his wheelchair on the stage of a packed Theatre-by-the-Lake.

Matt (who came to ply his trade through filming on Everest, and many other adventurous projects including parascending in the Atlas Mountains) paid tribute to his cast and crew for bringing to fruition a difficult enterprise over a number of years. He particularly thanked Sir Derek Jacobi for adding his name to the cast-list and boosting the film's prospects in the ultra-competitive world of cinema exhibition. Matt and his team's early acclaim came in the shape of the Special Jury Award at the 2003 Europa Cinema Film Festival in Italy, and in the tribute paid by that Festival's President when he said: 'The Jury makes specific reference to the difficult and complex leading role played by Steve Varden, performed with a realism and a depth which are unique in the history of cinema'.

Keswick Film Club was both grateful and delighted to be given the chance to present the film to local audiences on its home ground and wishes Matt Dickinson, Steve Varden and all those others who contributed to its creation every success in their future cinematic endeavours.

Rod Evans (S)

THE O .G. LECTURE

This year's Howson Lecture was given by Dr Thomas Stuttford (H 44 – 50), medical columnist of The Times. In the course of the average year he generates a prolific number of articles on a wide variety of clinical and medico-social issues. As an example, turn to p. 59 in this publication for a piece written on Indian relaxation techniques that he himself experienced earlier this year.

In his reflections delivered to the Sixth Form in the Auden Theatre, Dr Tom chose to focus on the fundamental changes in the nature and operation of the National Health Service and the practice of medicine during his lifetime.

He related how he was born into a medical family in sleepy East Harling. One great benefit of this was that all the patients and their health problems were known intimately by their doctor. Whilst it was true that until the 1930s doctors could not always do very much for their patients because the treatments we now take for granted thanks to progress were not available, there were strong elements of care and personal involvement.

These days, whilst some remarkable developments had improved the lot of patients, the NHS was in poor shape owing to decades of underfunding. The UK was now very low in certain specialities if one looked at tables comparing performances across the world.

Dr Tom was concerned about a number of factors. For example, consultants were now being appointed much younger and therefore were less experienced and knowledgeable. Boys were not opting for medicine in the way they did because medicine was in relative terms poorly paid and lacked its former status. The hospitals were top-heavy in management and a lack of discipline, procedure, attentiveness and hygiene on the wards meant that it was the patients who suffered. Despite his critical stance, the speaker felt that there was no more fulfilling career than medicine properly practised.

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.

IT'S A JUNGLE OUT THERE

Report from Sarah Paul – 2003 Bursary

It was with some relief that I found myself at Gatwick Airport on 2nd February after months of planning and raising money. However, the overwhelming emotions were anticipation and excitement. 70 trekkers had signed up with Trekforce Expeditions, a UK charity focusing on conservation and education in just three countries, including Belize, our destination. On arrival we were introduced to “taking life Belizey”, waiting three hours for our bus. A four-hour bus ride, windows down, Bob Marley blaring, took us to the Trekforce jungle training camp in Silvester Village, located in pristine rainforest. Here we met our leaders and medics, and two jungle warfare instructors from the Belize Defence Force, Crocodile and Rambo!

The first three days were spent acclimatising, getting to know everyone and learning the basics: navigation, putting up a hammock and machete use without the need to practise the first aid also learnt! On the fourth day, moving to the jungle, we mastered river crossings, satellite communications and how to live, sleep, wash and cook in the bush. No one slept much the first night – too afraid to move in case we fell out of our hammocks and feeling very exposed as the jungle came alive. Intermittently one would hear yelps and cursing as someone fell out onto the dark, damp jungle floor. Although it was supposedly ‘dry season’ we experienced torrential rain which, on a basha, is not quiet! Putting on wet clothing at 6am in the dark and eating yet another breakfast of porridge certainly takes some getting used to. One particularly interesting night I woke at 3am to the most awful grunting and howling noise. I thought it was a herd of peccary, vicious pigs which hunt in packs of 50-80. The Trekforce jungle handbook advice is a sharpish ascent of the nearest tree! I could see the lights of the other head torches but did not fancy crossing the dark jungle. I discovered next morning it had actually been howler monkeys six miles away – they are the loudest mammal on earth and believe me they are LOUD!

Then we were ready to start our three projects. I chose Bladen Nature Reserve, the second largest protected reserve in Belize. Our task was to build a palapa (wardens’ hut) and cut 10km of boundary line, to help prevent illegal logging and hunting. We had to carry all our provisions down the 6km track and then make camp –clearing basha sites, digging holes for toilets, burns pit and slops pit, etc. The river, our nearest water source, was a 30 minute walk away. Bladen is stunning though; the river is lined with beautiful trees, including palms, with mountains providing a perfect backdrop.

Our first task was to collect cahoon leaves for the palapa roof. This sounded easy until we

realised they were 10ft, very heavy and had to be dragged for a kilometre through dense jungle along a boggy “path” with huge logs to climb over and along and branches to crawl beneath. The boundary line was our biggest challenge: we had to machete a 6-foot wide ribbon of rainforest all in the name of conservation! Very hot and sweaty work, but somehow satisfying! We were plagued by insects, especially vicious ants – it was not uncommon to see people strip to their underwear whilst dancing on a log in an attempt to de-ant themselves! Each morning we started further from camp along a path crossing river beds, negotiating enormous fallen trees, constant vines and holes.

Our working day was from 7am to 3pm; then down to the river to wash and cool off. Evenings were spent around the camp-fire, the music from guitar or camp boogie box. Singing, chatting, drumming on jerry cans, playing UNO, cards and diary writing filled the nights, though we were usually in bed by 8pm exhausted and aching. Sometimes I woke myself up doing machete movements! It is surprising how quickly you adapt, even enjoying stir-fries and doughnuts made out of suspicious-looking tinned goods. Days off were spent at the Blue Pool, which was beyond stunning, and a couple of days on the Caribbean coast where we marvelled at all things civilised!

We saw so much incredible wildlife and plants – howler monkeys, river otters, snakes, lizards, etc. It was always slightly surreal when, visiting the loo at night, one looked left and right for pumas, since tracks could be found most mornings. We had one unnerving incident when a rattlesnake wandered into our camp. It was reassuring to know that Trekforce’s link with the British Army (BATSUB) meant helicopters were always on call should we need them.

We all completed a trek during our jungle phase. Half of us competed in the ‘La Ruta Maya’, an international canoe race, 178 miles over four days. As most of us had never canoed before, it was quite a challenge. We spent three days “training” in San Ignacio but the novelty of being back in civilisation meant training was minimal. We started on the Belize River at 5.30am with 89 other canoes, dazed at the prospect of 49 miles of river ahead of us. 12 gruelling hours later we finally arrived at the first camp. Tired doesn’t even come close to expressing how we felt, having not stopped paddling except to eat chocolate or bananas. The next three days were equally shattering and it was a mission to keep up morale. I must admit ‘A Hundred Green Bottles’ played its role! Here, I was paddling in my sleep. All the pain was worth it when we came to Belize City. All 6 Trekforce canoes rafted up and crossed the finish line together to huge cheers and overwhelming euphoria. Back on the project, it was necessary to leave the comforts of our camp and sleep further down the boundary line for a few days, as we were determined to finish. Our leaders later admitted that 10km was never expected of us so we felt immensely proud and satisfied. It was hard to leave Bladen, knowing that return would be virtually impossible, because of the difficulty of obtaining a permit.

In Belize City we were able to catch up with the other groups for the first time in two months. We were taken to a surprise location, a tiny caye, all to ourselves, for relaxing, swimming in turquoise waters and playing games. Then, as the sun set, the music came on, the rum came out and we danced the night away, still awake to see sunrise.

Phase Two was spent in Guatemala, living with local families in San Andres beside a beautiful lake, learning Spanish intensively for four hours a day: one teacher for two students. Afternoons were spent sunbathing and swimming at the lake or visiting a local town, Flores. Weekends were made for travelling. We visited Tikal, an ancient Mayan city, where temples rise out of the jungle with the sounds of parrots and monkeys adding to the

effect. For Easter Weekend we made the incredibly uncomfortable 15-hour journey to Antigua, a beautiful colonial city, to watch the Santa Semana processions.

The month flew by and we returned to Belize City for teacher training. We found the week invaluable, especially preparing and teaching lessons in front of our friends. My teaching partner, Claire, and I chose to teach in Barranco, the only Garufuna village in Toledo District and the most southern village on the coast. Very rural and, with a population of only 200, it has a community feel, which helped make us feel welcome immediately. Compared to life in the jungle it was 5 star, despite washing with a bucket and sharing a bed. Our 'mother' was both village baker and brewer, making delicious coconut breads and Johnny cakes as well as all types of wine and 'rocket', the local bitters. Consequently, our porch was like the village pub. Our school had only 48 children and three teachers, plus a Peace Corps worker. Classes were smaller than in many schools but of such mixed abilities that teaching was hard. We were thrown straight into the deep end as a teacher's absence for our first week left us in charge of the infants – a brilliant way to begin, as we were fully involved. Every day we would finish school exhausted, before going home to make worksheets for the next day. During our time at the school we gave much needed one-on-one lessons for the less able children and helped with an arts fair and a sports competition. Our main project was creating a library, painting an enormous mural and bookshelves and organising all the books. It was a struggle to finish but the children's and teachers' faces when it was complete made it so worthwhile. I loved working with the children and definitely discovered a new respect for teachers!

I would like to thank the trustees of the Philip Newell Memorial Fund for so kindly awarding me the 2003 Travel Bursary and the Fishmongers' Company for their continued generosity. I feel the projects I took part in were truly worthwhile and I have also gained so much from the past six months whilst having the time of my life.

Four months in Mexico

By Emily Martin

Spending four months in Mexico was a huge contrast to my previous two months backpacking around Australia. Having seen and done such amazing things 'Down Under', I found it refreshing to do something for others.

I went to Mexico in a team of six, as part of a Gap Year scheme run by Tearfund. This is a Christian relief and development charity, which has many partners in developing countries. As a 'Transform Team' we were working for one of their partners called Armonia – which is a Mexican organisation that works with poor communities in and around Mexico City.

Armonia was set up, and is still run, by a Mexican couple called Saúl and Pilar Cruz. After many years of hard work, it now has four community centres throughout Mexico, which are run mainly by those in the local communities in need of work. Occasionally volunteers from the USA or Britain – like our team – supplement the local workers. Together, despite many differences, everyone works to help those in need.

As a team of volunteers we all got on extremely well and had very few uncomfortable times. I think this is a miracle in itself – I usually find teamwork a bit tiring owing to personality clashes, but we all seemed to have a similar sense of humour, which saw us through any difficulties! On top of this, though, we were of course linked by our Christian faith.

For the majority of the time we were there, we worked at the Santa Cruz Centre – which was a ten minute combi ride from our apartment. This centre runs a scheme called the 'Wonderful Homework Club' and this operates when the schools finish at the ridiculously early time of 12pm. The centre provides a safe and loving environment for the local children to go to. They are therefore prevented from roaming the streets all afternoon thereby avoiding the associated problems. Through the centre's work it also aims to show God's love to the children by loving and helping them in a practical way.

The children arrive for lunch, which has been specifically made to meet their nutritional needs. During the morning, we would help the staff at the centre to prepare this meal. It was greatly satisfying to see the end result being very much enjoyed, as it is possibly the children's only meal – or at least their only nutritious meal – of the day. The diet of a poor Mexican usually consists of simple foods, such as maize tortillas, beans, rice and coffee, but at the centre they could eat vegetables, meat, fruit and generally have a much more varied diet.

Having eaten, the children then go into classes where Mexican staff can help them with their homework. At home, it is often very hard for them to work owing to many family problems, so the centre helps to encourage the children to work at and improve their schoolwork. At the same time they get to meet other children from different schools and play together. As well as this, while we were there, our team gave classes of English, Music, Crafts and Sport. I took on English and had age groups from 3 to 15 years of age. At first, speaking very little Spanish and the children knowing virtually no English, this was certainly a challenge. But it was amazing what hand movements and actions could do! Of course the song "Head, Shoulders, Knees and Toes" was helpful! The children were such enthusiastic pupils and I think we all enjoyed the classes. At times I was discouraged by the small amount of English that the children actually took in, but I did realise just why

they came to the centre. It is not a school but a place where the children can come and feel loved and cared for. Any English they learnt on top of that was simply a bonus.

As a form of discipline, we could reward good behaviour or work with 'points'. At the end of the school week we then had "Social Friday", which was where the children could exchange their points for activities, such as face painting. It was also a chance to get the children to perform any songs they had learnt in their music classes with us. To celebrate the end of term we also put on a play of "Joseph" for the children and their families, which was a great success. As well as playing Benjamin, I also had the rather minor yet fun part as a goat which was slaughtered! The play was performed by the Mexican staff at the centre, as well as our team. It was great to feel completely involved at the centre and to be mixing fully with the Mexicans.

We really loved our work with the children and we developed excellent relationships with them. However, it was often very easy to forget the sad lives that the children had away from the centre. When they were with us at the centre they seemed so happy and playful, but when we visited their homes, we saw the immense poverty of some of the children. I realised this most dramatically when I visited the suburb where some of the poorest children at the centre live. Squashed in a taxi with 14 children, we took them home after having spent an afternoon at the centre. It was heartbreaking watching my sweet children kiss me goodbye and then run off to their homes – which consist of four walls and some with no roofs. With heavy rain for several months of the year, it is just horrible to think about.

Although I did feel very upset seeing all this, it made us appreciate fully what Armonia offers. For five afternoons a week the children can escape from their sad home lives and interact with other children, play basketball, eat healthily, do their homework with help – and, when we were there, have additional classes. Armonia also helps the community in many other ways – for example, by supplying the very basic food essentials on a weekly basis to the poorest of poor families. They would also be more than happy to help counsel struggling families, by talking through problems with them, whether in their homes or at the community centre.

At the centre itself there is still a lot of maintenance work needed to improve the conditions for the community, and so, as a team, we were also involved in this. This involved a range of tasks – from sweeping the basketball court to the more complex, such as helping to build a roof! It was pleasant to vary our work and develop new skills while creating visible improvements, which were very satisfying to see.

The centre is used for many other activities as well as for the homework club. On Sundays the centre had a church service to which some of the centre children came, as well as some of the local community. These services were about three hours long and in Spanish, so at times it was difficult to pay attention – but there were some impressive aspects of the services. I think the best part, for me, was when individuals stood up to make prayer requests. Before talking about specific needs, they would thank God for another day of life – the simplicity of this was extremely moving. Despite their suffering, their faith endures and it is cheering to see that they have this deeper joy in their lives.

While we were in Mexico we built up very strong relationships with the children, staff and community at the centre. Despite the language barrier we developed close friendships that I hope will last a long time. It was amazing to see how their lives have been affected by Armonia. There are many fascinating stories that I could report on, but I think the story of Alexandra affected me the most. Her life changed dramatically in the four months we

were there. When we first arrived in March, I knew her as a mother of three girls who attended the centre. Being a Christian, she also came to the Sunday services. Alexandra is really one of the sweetest and kindest people I have ever met. She is so generous and loving. But in time, I heard that her situation was terribly sad. She was married to an alcoholic and he was refusing to get a job, as is the case of many marriages in Mexico. Having a three-year-old daughter meant it was hard for Alexandra to get a job for herself, and so this meant the family had no income. As well as being very poor, she was stuck with a layabout husband who was at times abusive to her. But in our time with her I really saw her life begin to change. Ricardo, her husband, has now willingly accepted help and is at a clinic for alcoholics. Alexandra herself has been given a job at the centre working in the kitchen. This job allows her daughter the freedom to roam safely while she works. Of course things have still got a way to go until she is completely settled, but she thanks God so much for these changes that have taken place in her life.

Not only are the lives of many Mexicans changing by the work of Armonia, but also the volunteers who are privileged enough to work alongside them experience a huge amount. Our team learnt a lot from the way Armonia are working to help those in need. I think I grew a huge amount while I was away. I know that is a clichéd comment to make, but I found out the important things in life, grew in confidence and faith. I thank the OG Club for their generous donation towards my work in Mexico – it certainly went to a worthwhile cause.



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Recruiting and training

As SOE was secret, no one could recruit for it directly by advertising. However, it had been given power by the cabinet decision that created it to demand officers and men from all three of the more formal armed services, or from elsewhere. Useful recruits came its way from the routine enquiries the services put out from time to time to discover who among them spoke foreign languages well. The more usual, safest and fastest way of finding recruits was to bring in those who were known already to the original staff. This was how both section D and MIR began to grow, and the habit remained.

Even this system was not perfectly secure: the cases of Donald Maclean [o & W 23 – 31] and Kim Philby, well-educated sons of well-known men, yet traitors to the Crown, remain fresh in memory. Recruiting on the old-boy network could have its disadvantages. SOE threw up an odd example in the Near East of how this too could lead the well-intentioned astray. Terence Airey [o & K 13 – 16] was an ambitious regular soldier, whose regiment – the Durham Light Infantry – had released him (as a major) for service with the Egyptian army before the war. He was early recruited into G (R) in Cairo, and rose to brigadier. One day in his office he brought a cup of tea by an NCO whom he recognised as the cleverest boy who had ever been (after his time) at his school – Gresham's at Holt in Norfolk, largely maintained by one of the great City livery companies, the Fishmongers. He soon had the NCO promoted major, to assist operations into the Balkans. A routine reference to MI5 – on which the local security staff, more alert than the brigadier, insisted – produced the routine reply that nothing was recorded against him. A chance incendiary bomb at Wormwood Scrubs had burnt the file which recorded the ex-NCO's affiliations; this was how the brilliant and devious James Klugmann [K 26 – 31], secretary of the Cambridge University Communist Party in the mid-1930s, acquired a post from which he could exert leverage.

Sceptics can point out that no connection between Klugmann and the Comintern has been proved. None was needed: any Bolshevik as bright as Klugmann knew where his party duty lay. Basil Davidson, not unsympathetic to him, has recorded how the elastic timetables of Cairo made room for Klugmann often to hold forth to an interested group, mostly of Canadian ex-miners, about the Marxist view of the war. After the war Klugmann joined the central committee of the Communist Party of Great Britain. He was trusted enough to write, or rather to start, the party's official history – discontinued after the second volume had reached the General Strike of 1926. Fate led him to regret his wartime activity: he had to write a book denouncing Tito, after Tito fell out with Klugmann's master, Stalin. Presumably like all other recruits into SOE he had been handed a form to sign, which said he was neither a communist nor a fascist, but as a good communist he knew his duty to tell a lie. This, after all, was exactly the sort of conduct that SOE demanded from its members farther forward, under the axis enemy's eye. The fact that the form existed, and was of inadequate use in securing loyal recruits, is an interesting instance of the fix free men are always in as they try to combat tyrannies.

When in 1966 half a page of the first published official history of SOE was taken up by details of which schools and universities the staff officers most concerned with its subject had attended, a few young reviewers protested that this was a needless fragment of old-world snobbery. The author still defends it as necessary to explain – at least to the staff's contemporaries, if posterity does not care to understand – who they were. For England in

the late 1930s and early 1940s was run, almost entirely, by an educated governing class drawn from headmasters' conference public schools. Among these schools there was a pecking order, endlessly contested in detail but well known in outline to everybody concerned; to know which school a man had been to was to know something about his probable competence and character. As the other published official history has recently put it, 'That the early staff lists of SOE abound with names of graduates of the public schools and older universities did not reflect a conspiracy on the part of the old-boy network, nor did it necessarily mean that those selected were not as well qualified as others. It was an inescapable fact of life.'

Reprinted from SOE The Special Operations Executive 1940 – 46 by M.R.D. Foot (BBC Publications 1984)

Editors note: In the School's Register James Klugmann is recorded as Norman John Klugman.

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NATIONAL YOUTH CHOIR

WORLD TOUR

The Gresham's element comprised Tom Appleton, Genevieve Pott, Jo Rose
and Tim Brignall.

Part One – Samoa

by Timothy Brignall

The tour began with everyone meeting at Winchester College for a few days of intense rehearsing before the start of the tour itself. On the evening before we left, someone stole bags from the boys' building. This in itself was annoying, if not disastrous. However, within those bags were the passports of two of the boys, and they had to obtain emergency passports on the day of departure just managing to make it to Heathrow in time to catch the flight at 4.30.

The flight to Los Angeles was entirely in daylight, which was very disorientating, as we reached LA at 2am London time! During the flight, however, we had some stunning views over Greenland and Northern Canada. After a rush through LA airport, we departed for Samoa at 9pm. We then landed at Aipa on Samoa at 2.30am. This was fine apart from the fact that the outside temperature was 26°C. Not a nice shock for our unacclimatised bodies!

After a greeting at the airport from the inhabitants of the village where we were to be staying, we eventually reached the village at about 4.30am. Our rooms were interesting to say the least. There were generally about 20-30 people in each room, with one of the boys' rooms an essentially outdoor affair, with only wooden posts that held the roof up for walls. The rooms also had their own fascinating array of wildlife. We found spiders, ants, beetles, moths, lizards and cockroaches – all of which contrived to make sure that we were as uncomfortable as possible at night, though we were generally very glad out of beds every night.

Breakfast was at the resort next to the village, which we had commandeered for the week. However, before our breakfast, we had to try out the pool, which did not disappoint. Later that morning we had a traditional welcome from the village, which lasted about an hour, all in Samoan. We didn't understand a word but we gathered that they were making kava, although we didn't get to try any. After a quick lunch we were recorded for the Samoan television and radio news.

We then decided that we were far too tired to do anything else after such an action-packed morning, so we simply had to visit the beach, which we duly did. We did have a two-hour rehearsal later at 4pm, but this was not hugely productive, as everyone was so tired, some people having not slept since leaving England. We gave up on the day at about 9pm, probably our earliest night on tour.

The showers in the village were literally a hose-pipe stuck to a wall pointing downwards. The water was rather chilly, so nobody was in the shower for too long! After breakfast we departed for our first official engagement. This was with the King of Samoa, who greeted us, after which we had to sing for him. He then provided refreshments, and we had our first taste of fresh coconut milk. We then headed up to the University of Samoa, where we met the University Choir and received our second hour-long Samoan greeting.

After lunch we had a rehearsal with the University Choir and then headed back to the village to watch a presentation by the village. This included singing, dancing, and, most

impressively a fire-dancer. Fire-dancing is incredible to watch and cannot really be described either by words or photographs. We went to bed somewhat later that night.

The next day saw more rehearsals with the University Choir, and then in the afternoon long rehearsals at the Cathedral in Apia, in preparation for the evening's concert. The men's normal concert dress is dinner suits. However, given the extreme conditions of heat and humidity, we dispensed with jackets and bow ties and were still overheating! The concert was a joint venture with the University Choir and went well for our first concert. The next morning we visited the estate of Robert Louis Stevenson, who lived the last years of his life on Samoa. Then, after a brief visit to an art gallery, we returned to the village for lunch. Before rehearsing we had a brief cool-down swim and then had the rehearsal. There were more rehearsals after supper, which finished at about 9pm.

We had an early start the next morning as we had to sing a service at the Cathedral. The Cathedral is on the northern side of the island. Siumu, the village where we were staying, is on the southern side. It is about a 40-minute drive from Siumu to Apia. After that service we travelled up to the Bahai House of Worship, where we sang in a multi-denomination service. We had to do one more service that day, which we sang in our village church. Supper followed a brief rehearsal, and we were then free for the rest of the evening.

The following day was dry for a change and we were able to enjoy some free time at the resort or in Apia.

We had some rehearsals before supper that evening, and then a performance by the staff of the Sinalei Resort, which we were using. The next morning we travelled to the university for the last time, and this time we sat through the Samoan farewell ceremony. Fortunately this was not as long as the welcoming ceremony, and we even had someone to explain what was going on for us. When we arrived back at the village we had to pack our cases ready to depart. However, the villagers were not going to let us leave on empty stomachs, and they gave us an enormous traditional meal that they had obviously spent a great deal of time, effort and money preparing for us. As a parting gift they gave each of us a lava-lava, or sarong, which the men had been wearing all week, as they are the best things for the climate.

We were transported to the airport by coach at 10pm, and the villagers brought our luggage over in a van. With some farewells by the villagers we boarded the plane at 2am and took off for New Zealand at 2.30am. Thus ended the most exciting and memorable part of our tour. Everyone learnt a great deal in Samoa and also had an absolutely fantastic time, despite the zoos that were our bedrooms.

Part Two – New Zealand

By Tom Appleton

Having come from the amazing humidity in Samoa, New Zealand was a shock to the system – it was freezing! We spent just five days in New Zealand, location for The Lord of the Rings. While we were there, Lord of the Rings fever gripped the touring party and many members went off on expeditions to see where some of the scenes were shot. Whilst they were doing that, I visited New Zealand's brand new national museum 'Te Papa'. The 'Te Papa' museum shows tourists all that New Zealand stands for from the traditions of the Maori people right up to a virtual reality bungee jumping machine where you see and feel

what it is like to do a bungee jump off a dam whilst being strapped into a revolving cage...not for the faint-hearted!

We sang two concerts in 'Middle Earth', one in Nelson, on the South Island, and one in Wellington, the capital, on the North Island. Both were a great success despite quite small audiences, but the audiences were very knowledgeable and appreciative of all the different styles in which we performed. New Zealand saw us premier a piece by John Hearne called 'The Seagull' in which the sopranos and altos pretend to be seagulls and literally squawk whilst the men pretend to be fishermen, singing a traditional folk-song from the Isle of Skye.

As the two concerts were on different islands, we had to fly the whole choir from one to the other, a process that took all day as the planes could only take about 20 at a time. My flight was one of the first and we took off before dawn one morning and landed in Wellington just as the sun was rising to some fantastic views of the snow-topped mountains and the wonderful harbour.

Our accommodation was a definite step up from Samoa! In Nelson, we stayed in The Teapot Valley Christian Centre where there was always a roaring fire and hot chocolate on tap. And in Nelson, we were all staying in a backpackers hostel right in the centre of the city where the bar didn't close till gone 3am...Naturally we felt obliged to stay there right up till closing time (in case we missed anything).

New Zealand is somewhere that I would like to go back to and explore further as the five days we spent there were certainly some of the best of the tour.

Part Three – Western Australia

By Tom Appleton

After landing at Perth Airport, we were driven in coaches to our motel for the night. These coaches were to be our transport for the entire trip around Western Australia. Our drivers were Merv and Steve, and they were fantastic. The next morning we had a relatively early start in order to get to Geraldton that day. We discovered roadhouses for the first time that day. These are a bit like service stations, only they are in the middle of the Outback and rely on motorists to stop for their survival.

In Geraldton we stayed in a Camp School, which was not very spacious, but all right for only a few days. After three days we headed up to Carnarvon for a night. We were accommodated in the home-stays where we would be staying on our way back down the coast three weeks later. The next day saw rain, very unusual for WA in winter, and a very long drive to Port Hedland. Here we were in home-stays again. We had to sing a concert in South Hedland Shopping Centre, which was an interesting experience, but surprisingly well attended by the locals.

The drive to Broome three days later was a very nervous affair, as lots of people were getting their A-level results. Broome was a very pleasant town, where we enjoyed a free day there. One evening we sang a concert at Cable Beach, in an amphitheatre, where we attracted an audience of around 3000 people, which was incredible. We were in Broome for the start of the annual Shinju festival of Pearls, for which Broome is quite famous.

Next stop was back down the coast at Karratha. We were actually staying at Dampier Camp School, which was even less spacious than the previous Camp School! We had a

guided tour around the impressively large mine workings at Karratha, and visited a valley full of Aboriginal rock art, which was absorbing. Exmouth was next on the itinerary. We had a day to explore the impressive beaches near this small town. Also, we had to sing a concert in the nearby Shott Hole Canyon, which was a very interesting experience, but a surprisingly good concert nonetheless.

On the way down to Carnarvon for the second time we stopped off at Coral Bay, and had time to go on a trip either out to sea in a glass-bottomed boat, or along the dunes on quad-bikes. While travelling on to Carnarvon we crossed the Tropic of Capricorn – a great photo opportunity. We sang two concerts in Carnarvon before heading down to Geraldton for the second time. This time we stayed in rather more spacious motels. While there, we did our tour recording. This was fun because the police had to stop the traffic going past the church where we were recording to cut out as much noise as possible.

We finally headed for Perth via the Pinnacles, which are weird rock formations. While in Perth we just had time to grab something to eat before setting off for the airport to catch our flight at 1.15 am. A nonstop three weeks!

Part Four – Singapore

By Timothy Brignall

Landing in Singapore was almost as big a shock as landing in Samoa. The temperature was about 30°C at 6am, but thankfully the humidity was not quite so high as in Samoa, though nonetheless rather uncomfortable. The odd thing was that even in the middle of the day the temperature never went much above 33°C.

The rest of the day was free and people took the opportunity to explore the many shopping centres in Singapore for the best deal they could find on electrical goods. Many such items were brought back to Britain! I had lunch on the 171st floor of the newer part of the Raffles Hotel, which was a fantastic experience. The food was just incredible, and the view out of the windows wasn't too bad either. That evening we simply had to visit the Long Bar in the main part of Raffles. Here they serve incredibly expensive but rather nice cocktails, which we had to try.

The next day was the last full day of the tour, and we had an open rehearsal in the afternoon at our concert venue. The audience was wonderfully receptive. We enjoyed a reception by the British High Commissioner after the concert. He had attended the concert and apparently thoroughly enjoyed it. On arrival back at our hotel we headed for the bar for our final get-together.

Unfortunately we had to get two flights back to Britain as they couldn't book all 107 of us on one flight! My flight left at 9.15, so I along with most people on that flight got no sleep for the second time on tour. We had a gruelling thirteen-and-a-half-hour flight back to Heathrow, made somewhat easier by the fact that we were flying on a rather comfortable Singapore Airways plane. Upon landing at Heathrow the tour officially ended and we all went our separate ways.

So which way is Truro?

Rain, sunshine, blisters, campsites, crying babies and a cramped motorhome. All have played a part in the first few days of an attempt by EDP reporter **Edward Foss** [T 87 – 92] to walk from Land's End to John O'Groats.

Although the walk is very much in its infancy, things have started to take shape. It is obvious that this is going to be as tough as we all thought, if not more so.

Living in the van is one of the main challenges, as is finding our way around some rather bizarrely signposted Cornish towns and villages. Suffice to say on the signpost note that my lasting impression of Truro is one of pure hatred. How difficult can it be to put a sign here or there to help drivers reach their intended destination? It's rather clear that the authorities in Truro don't rate signposts.

Perhaps people here hate tourists as much as I do when they clog up the pavements in Cromer and form frustrating queues outside Mary Jane's and Main Street.

Other than the challenge of the van, there is the issue of entertaining the children. Gay has done well on this front, by finding various places of child-sized interest, as well as looking up a couple of old friends. But there is a long time to go and we both wonder how many farm parks and wildlife centres any of us can stand before some kind of insanity sets in.

Of course there is the walking, which has gone relatively well so far. More than 70 miles covered in the first three days saw me reach a little way short of St Breward. Next it is on to Launceston and over the next few days the route makes for Somerset, where my sister-in-law's parents will put us up for a couple of nights. They already think I'm mad, so it looks as if we will all get on fine.

The feet hurt, of course. But not as much as they could. At least I have had three dry days, and the fourth day, which was always planned as a day off, has seen the skies open every half-hour or so. As a good friend of mine recently advised me there is no such thing as bad weather, just inappropriate clothing. Which is fine and true for me, but Gay, Molly and Kitty have differing thoughts about rain and sunshine. This could form a sticking point in the near future I suspect, but fingers crossed.

It's early days, but things are looking good. The real test is the next six days when I will be walking anywhere between 16 and 28 miles a day. Thankfully my brother Will will be with me for two of those days, one of the few people I can walk long distances with, without wanting to strangle.

Wish us luck.

Friendly faces on the road

It is now well into week three of the Land's End to John O'Groats walk. With the walking beginning to feel a little easier (but by no means a doddle), he takes more time to look a bit more closely at some of the people he has met and some of the countryside he has seen. This report comes from a few miles outside Wolverhampton.

The very friendly Richard Lawson, of North Norfolk Radio, was interviewing me live on air as part of his weekday morning programme. It must have been mid-morning and I had just finished walking up an exceptionally steep hill coming out of Bath. The gradient had lessened, but it was still fairly hard work.

I don't make comment about being interviewed to show off, merely to make a point. In fact it was something of an odd experience being asked questions by a member of the media – for the past six years it has been me doing the interviewing day-in and day-out. This time the subject matter was this walk.

The point in question is that as I was puffing, panting and sweating my way through the uphill interview, trying to follow the correct route on my map and holding on to my walking stick at the same time, I was given a particularly friendly glance and smile by a local. Anyone who can be so affable to a perspiring nutter juggling a map and stick while talking loudly into a mobile phone about himself gets my vote.

Which in turn brings me to the real point.

There has been a distinct difference in road greetings as I have moved up the country. Although impossible to generalise completely county-by-county, here are a few of the more obvious characteristics.

Cornwall was very much a tale of two halves. Down at the bottom, everyone was cheery. Not only the other walkers using the likes of the South West Coast Path, which on a fine day is enough to bring a smile to the doourest of faces. But the majority of the locals were also keen to say hello and often have a chat for a few minutes.

Then there was the other side of Cornwall, the likes of Fraddon and Indian Queens. Not only were the places quite vile in their bleakness, but the people seemed to follow suit. Prising the merest 'Hi' from anyone was like trying to separate my football from the jaws of the English bull terrier currently playing outside with my daughter. Not possible, I can tell you for nothing.

But come into Devon and the majority of Somerset and the story was quite different. I think there was a cult in operation, shall we call them the Friendly Sect (FS). Members of the FS were phoning each other up as I walked, informing their fellow associates of my approximate time of arrival at precise grid references.

They were then lying in wait and as I turned the particular corner they had been allocated by the FS chieftain, they would jump out at me – and be nice. 'Hello' came by the dozen, 'How are you?' by the barrowload. I couldn't keep up, much as I tried. And then there were the Boat People.

Now I'm jumping ahead a little geographically here, but over the past few days much of the walking time has been spent by waterways. The Grand Western Canal between Tiverton and Taunton, the Sharpness to Gloucester Canal (which by the way is enormously wide and should be seen if at all possible) and the River Severn have all featured heavily.

Those who choose to ride the inland waterways of our country are one of two things. They are either unfeasibly relaxed in their lives or they become so as soon as they step on board anything that floats.

The typical mode of greeting here is the wave, normally with hands, although feet can be used if necessary. Some boats would almost sink, the waving was so frenzied. Fourteen people swaying their entire bodies from side to side is sure to threaten the stability of the most well-built of vessels.

Of course I waved back, almost as animatedly. But I had to be a little careful, or I would have fallen over every few minutes as the next boat passed by.

The two charities to benefit from the walk will be the EDP Breast Cancer Appeal and the Norfolk and Norwich association for the Blind. Details of the two charities can be found at www.edp24.co.uk and www.nnab.org.uk respectively.

If you feel you can help with a donation, please make cheques payable to 'Edward Foss British Walk' and post to: Ed's Walk, EDP, 31 Church street, Cromer NR27 9ES.

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THE BRITISH ISLES FIVE PEAKS CHALLENGE 24-08-2004

At 12.15pm on Sunday 11th July the great adventure began. With my father, Graham Brignall, driving and Richard and Perren Crosley and I also in the bus, we set off for Gresham's School. There we met up with the rest of the team, Jonathan Pattrick (JP), Lawrence Grabau, Pete Barden, Ali Drew, Bob Sharples and Harry Wheeler. We departed from the Parade Ground at Gresham's at 2.10pm and headed for our supper stop at Church Farm in Cheshire. Here, supper was most generously provided by Graham and Christine Worthington. At this point we also met the four Gurkhas who were to join us for the first three of the peaks.

At 10.10pm we left Church Farm and headed for Snowdonia and our first mountain, Snowdon. We reached this at 11.50pm, giving ourselves a few minutes to prepare for the climb. This we commenced at midnight, as had been planned. We met a group coming down at about 12.30am, whom we assumed were doing the Three Peaks Challenge, but we didn't stop to find out. The path was nice and easy, which was very useful, as it was pitch black, there being no stars or moon. We climbed at a good pace, even when we reached the cloud base at about 2800ft. At this point the visibility dropped to about 2 yards maximum, and it was a struggle to find the path sometimes. Luckily there is a clear path all the way up Snowdon, and we reached the cold, wet and windy summit at 1.30am, ahead of schedule. We didn't hang about for very long, just long enough for a few photos. The journey down took slightly longer owing to poor visibility, but we reached the bus on time at 3.35am.

After a quick turn-around we left Snowdon at 3.40am and headed back to Church Farm, which we reached at 5.10 am. Here we grabbed a quick breakfast and a very welcome cup of tea before heading off at 5.40am. Clear roads saw us reach Scafell Pike at 8.05am, and we started climbing this at 8.15am. The weather here was dry and fine, though not sunny. Very good progress enabled us to reach the summit at 10.25am. After a 10- minute break for photos and chocolate, we left the summit at 10.35am and headed down at a rapid pace. Since the path on Scafell Pike is so good we decided to run down a good part of it and reached the base at 12.15pm, ahead of schedule. We picked up a few pounds in sponsorship on the way down as well, which was very encouraging.

Unfortunately, the two Gurkha drivers were not expecting us back until 1.00pm, so we were unable to leave Scafell Pike until 12.55pm. We stopped at Gretna Services for lunch at 2.15pm and headed off from there at 2.40pm. Sluggish traffic and caravans round Loch Lomond contrived to slow our journey to Ben Nevis, and we didn't reach there until 6.36pm. We started the climb at 6.45pm and again made good time, reaching the summit at 9.13pm. This in itself gave us a good time for the Three Peaks of 21 hours and 13 minutes, and beat our time from last year by a good one hour and a bit, but we still had two more to do. So after a brief photo stop, feeling cold in the cloud, we headed for the bus. This we reached at 11.30pm, just as it started getting really dark. We were now slightly behind schedule, so after a very speedy turn around we headed for Cairnryan at 11.35pm. Thankfully, there is very little traffic on the roads of western Scotland late at night, so we reached Girvan in just over three hours, arriving at 2.55am. Here we said goodbye to the Gurkhas as they were unable to come to Ireland with us, and they were sleeping at the

Brignalls' house in Girvan. Miranda Brignall had prepared some breakfast, which we grabbed and decided to eat on the bus, and we left Girvan at 3.10am. We reached Cairnryan at 3.40am. The ferry to Northern Ireland was running slightly behind time, so we departed Cairnryan at 4.45am. None of the group can remember very much of that crossing as we all slept very soundly in the "quiet lounge". This was probably the best hour of sleep we had ever had.

We arrived in Larne at 6.25am and were on the road again at 6.30am. There seemed to be a problem with the engine in the bus at this point, but after filling up with diesel it went away. While driving through Belfast we picked up a final member of the team. Oli Nixon is a friend of Lawrence and a keen mountaineer. We arrived at Slieve Donard at 8.20am and started the climb at 8.40am. The weather was absolutely glorious now, with the sun shining and not a cloud in sight. Although it was rather hot in the valley and at the base, it was a very pleasant temperature at the summit, which we reached at 10.25am. As it was so nice we spent a good 15 minutes here, taking photos of the fantastic views out over Northern and Southern Ireland, and enjoying more chocolate.

Since Slieve Donard is only 2500 ft high, and the path is very easy, we reached the base in under an hour and a half, and left 10 minutes later at 12.15pm. Northern Irish roads are rather dodgy, and it took quite a while to reach the border, and hence the drive down to Carrantouhill took nearly eight hours. We eventually reached the start at 8pm, and began climbing at 8.10pm. There was a steady drizzle, though it wasn't too heavy, and the cloud base was approximately 2500ft. The first two miles of Carrantouhill are undemanding, but after that the fun begins. The Devil's Ladder is aptly named. It goes up about half a mile, and that is over scree and boulders. Despite this difficulty, and the cloud, we reached the summit at 10.28pm, completing the British Isles Five Peaks Challenge in 46 hours and 28 minutes. We didn't stay at the top long though as it was already nearly dark, and we had the Ladder to negotiate. It was fully dark by the time we started the descent of the Ladder, so we were exceptionally glad of JP's GPS device, which showed where the path should be. After a tortuous descent of this section in all but zero visibility when many of the team were very low on energy, the path back down the valley was rather relaxing, despite the steady rain and cold. We worked very well as a team and we had the proper equipment, otherwise we could have been in serious difficulties.

The bus was finally reached at 1.45am and we departed for Killarney at 2am. We found the Killarney Railway Hostel at 2.30am and rapidly headed for bed. We were most grateful to the member of staff at the Hostel who stayed up to wait for us. It was probably the best night's sleep ever. We spent the next few days in Dublin, relaxing and sampling the local beverage. The whole challenge was a highly enjoyable two days, despite the extreme tiredness and physical exhaustion felt by all, and the poor weather of the first and last peaks. No one lost their temper and the team worked well together, which is what got us safely through the worst of it. My personal thanks go especially to our drivers, who never complained and were excellent throughout. I must also mention Mountain Works, who donated some walking poles and some hats that proved invaluable. Thanks to everyone who has contributed in any way whatsoever.

Timothy Brignall

GREAT ACHES IN THE LAKES

The Norfolk Flatliners team, which comprised four Old Greshamians, successfully completed England's longest, steepest and highest charity challenge, The Wooden Spoon Ford Ranger Great Lakeland Challenge, on May 21st 2004. The team of Robert Dale, Sam Kingston and Ali Cargill finished the event in eight hours forty-nine minutes, supported by their driver, the fourth team member, Jamie Harrison.

Sitting there in our final debriefing on the eve of the Challenge we were told, "If there are times tomorrow when you are struggling and you don't think you can carry on, think of Jack and the thousands of other disadvantaged children like him, for whom, through your efforts, the Wooden Spoon Society can help to reduce the everyday struggle in their lives." We were then shown a short film of an appealing child with appalling disabilities. You could see the courage in his eyes and the determination in his face as he tried to complete his everyday challenges.

Part of me felt uneasy; I had spent too much of the last five months obsessed about striving towards an optimum level of physical well-being, whereas Jack would have settled to have walked across a room unaided. But whatever the motives, philanthropic or purely selfish, the charity was to gain over £6,250 from our participation in the longest period of intense exercise we had ever had to endure.

After the debriefing session it was time for bed. With all four of us in the same room, the accommodation provided was good for team bonding but bad for sleeping. With Jamie snoring and the litres of water we had drunk during the day to avoid dehydration working through us, the energising effects of a good night's sleep were denied us. Therefore fuelling our reserves with a good breakfast was the next priority. From their resemblance to bicycle saddles, we were obviously too early for that day's delivery of fresh croissants, so we were encouraged towards muesli and fruit, the choice of athletes...and some very anxious amateurs.

Although Jamie had not felt the urgency of a good breakfast at 5.30am, he did arise to his first duty as team driver and got us down to Fell Foot Park in time to prepare ourselves and the canoe for the first leg of the event. It was a glorious morning with Lake Windermere looking incredibly tranquil, but also worryingly big.

The first leg was to canoe the 10.5-mile length of Lake Windermere. In perfect conditions we got off to a confident start, feeling the merits of training sessions on Hickling Broad and inspiration from our Indian head-dresses. The next two hours were a sustained physical effort using determination and brute force to try and keep our position against the apparent superior technique of the other canoe crews who glided alongside us. After two hours and seven minutes we landed our canoe across the first finish line at Low Wray.

Jamie then led us on a short run to our bicycles, onto which we jumped, pleased to allow our legs some circulation after their cramped positions in the canoe.

Having completed the canoe leg in fourteenth position, we attacked the start of the bike section to make up time. After seven miles we saw the first of the passes snaking up the mountains in the distance, hoping it could not be as high and as steep as it appeared. On both Wrynose and Hard Knott Passes the force of gravity exceeded the power in our legs to turn the pedals up the 1:3 gradients and we were forced to push our bikes up to each summit. Arriving at the top of Hard Knott was literally breathtaking and if that had been

the end of our efforts, the views might have been worth it. The descents were truly terrifying with the smell of burning rubber reminding us that our brakes had little stopping power. Eventually after 26 miles of arduous cycling, we rode into Wasdale Head in eighth position.

Jamie was again there to meet us at the transition area to exchange the necessary kit before we started the mountain leg. Shortly into our ascent of Scafell Pike, Ali got a debilitating cramp in his thighs. He soldiered on but our slower pace inevitably allowed a handful of teams to overtake us including, most alarmingly, another team with two Old Greshamians, Owain Davies and Jeremy Furniss. Arriving at the top of the highest mountain in England was rather an anti-climax with the knowledge that we had another five and a half miles to cover and it was not even all down-hill. With or without cramp, the descent, on uneven ground, was painful on very weary legs and the eventual sight of the finishing line at Langdale was extremely welcome.

At twenty-past four, after nearly four hours on the mountain stage, and just under nine hours since we commenced the challenge, we crossed the line in twelfth position. Owain's and Jerry's team came in tenth. Their beating us was not easy for us to stomach but at least they were there to hand us a beer at the finish.

The team raised over £6,250 for the Wooden Spoon Society, rugby's charity for disadvantaged children and young people. With an aggregate score based on time to complete the event plus money raised, the Norfolk Flatliners came sixth out of the twenty-nine teams who finished the course.

The whole event raised over £166,000 for the charity and our heartfelt thanks go out to all our sponsors.

Robert Dale (aka Hobbs) (T 79 – 84)

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O.G. CRICKET

The OGs fielded an exceptionally strong batting line-up but were rather short of front line bowlers. This was the recipe for another highly entertaining and high-scoring match played in the very best of spirits.

The OGs won the toss and elected to bat on another excellent School wicket. A very fair declaration resulted in a score of 266 for 8 off 52 overs. Tom Hood with an imperious display of cover-driving top-scored with 71 whilst Keiron Tuck finished with a most elegant undefeated 52. Delightful contributions were made by former recent stars, Michael Pickett, Johnny Wyatt and Tom Farrow. Felix Flower was the most successful School bowler with 3 for 66.

With several regulars missing owing to exams this was a sizeable target to chase but with Will Stebbings (88 not out) in such magnificent form, well supported by Max Lintott, Felix Flower, Sam Porter and Charlie Ponder, the School romped home to victory in only 38 overs. This was another wonderful day's cricket thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Alan Ponder

Scorecard

Old Greshamians

Batsman

M. Pickett	caught Ingram
J. Wyatt	bowled
J. Pearce	caught Lintott
T. Farrow	caught Stebbings
T. Hood	caught Ponder
R. Lintott	bowled
K. Tuck	not out
O. Dudman	bowled
O. Webb	stumped Ponder
K. Williams	not out

Bowler

Flower	21
Foster	36
Flower	0
Stebbings	29
Steward	71
Flower	2
	52
Steward	23
Gilbert	9
	4

Total in 52 overs 266 for 8

School 1st XI

Batsman

F. Flower	caught
R. Steward	caught
P. Plummer	retired
W. Stebbings	not out
S. Foster	caught
C. Ponder	caught
M. Lintott	run out
A. Clark	not out

Bowler

Tuck	20
Webb	11
	13
	88
Hood	36
Hood	16
	22
	4

Total in 38 overs 269 for 5

O.G. GOLF SOCIETY

Spring Meeting, Royal Worlington – 19th March

The move to a slightly later date played dividends both with the weather (luck?) and with the turnout. At one stage well in excess of 20 were signed up but we did eventually end up with 20, including a number of 'new' members – it was a pleasure to see some new faces and we look forward to welcoming them and hopefully others to future events. Our captain, Jeremy Mumby, prevailed on the day, hotly pursued by your Secretary!

Halford Hewitt – 1st-4th April

Another tough draw this year saw us matched against Shrewsbury who duly won 4½-½ but not without controversy when one of the senior Shrewsbury players 'called a penalty' against one of the Gresham's team for 'testing the surface' and claiming the hole at a critical stage. Apart from that it was very encouraging to have two new young players, Adam Mann and Tristan Headley, who both played very creditably.

Six of the team stayed on to play in the Plate competition on the Friday, but unfortunately they lost to Felsted. We look forward to a better draw next year and remain optimistic that we shall, in the near future, play a Hewitt match on Saturday!

Grafton Morrish – Qualifying Round, Rothley Park, 23rd May

Unfortunately we were unable to score enough points to secure qualification to the finals at Hunstanton/Royal West Norfolk in the autumn. The team of Mike Barnard, Bob Hammond, James Harrison, Hugh Semple, Ben Stockham and Graham Wells were going well at one stage but finished 5 points off the qualifying mark. However, Hugh Semple was encouraged by the improved performance on last year and there is scope for further improvement (and a return to the finals in future years).

Cyril Gray Tournament – 24th-26th June

This is a competition for the over 50s played at Worplesdon in Surrey. We were successful in the first round against Berkhamsted and then in the second against Dulwich, before losing 2-1 against Rossall in the quarter final. However, this was the first time that an OG team had reached the third round in any competition for longer than even Derek Rains could remember, and with one or two other OGs reaching the 50 milestone in the next year we should have quite a competitive team. Mike Barnard captained the team supported by Pat Cook, Derek Rains, Tony Rains, Graham Wells and Jeremy Mumby.

Summer Meeting – Friday 25th June at Sheringham

David Hammond and George Heaney very kindly organised a match between the OGs and a staff/pupils team on the Friday of the OG Summer Weekend, but exam and work commitments again made it difficult to attract the numbers this fixture deserves. However, 16 players took part, starting at 4pm at Sheringham followed by a buffet supper back at Gresham's, courtesy of the School, and it was thoroughly enjoyed by all who took part. We are anxious to support this event as much as possible as it gives us our only real contact with the School (and future OG golfers) so if you have any comments or suggestions as to how to make it more popular please let either Richard or myself know.

Match v The Governors – Thursday 1st July at Brancaster

Unfortunately, owing to other commitments, the Governors were only able to raise a team of 8 this year and, as ever, there are more OGs wishing to play than there are spaces available. Another great day was enjoyed by all, with the Governors successful (with help from one or two ringers!)

Autumn Meeting – Friday 8th October Aldeburgh

This will be played at Aldeburgh on Friday 8th October. We have moved the date forward to try to secure some better weather and a little more light. Unfortunately it means that it no longer coincides with the School's half-term so we shall, on this occasion, be unable to get some of the boys along – another year maybe. The intention is to play two rounds of foursomes with lunch in between. The maximum green fee for the day will be £4 per head, possibly reduced depending on the number of Aldeburgh members playing! Drinks and food will be extra.

We are always keen to welcome new members, whatever their standard of play, and we are particularly keen to unearth any younger OGs (male and female) who play golf. Please contact Richard Stevens on 01638 721571 or Jeremy Mumby on 01522 811027 if you would like to know more.

Jeremy Mumby (k & T 63 – 72)

OG FOOTBALL

The latest Old Greshamian football match was played Saturday 11th January 2004. The victors of the match have been presented with the Paterson Cup. This is a new trophy given to the School by Mr and Mrs Paterson, parents of Gavin Paterson, OG, captain of the OG team, and Bruce Paterson (current U6) team captain of the School XI.

The OG football match is now a permanent twice yearly fixture, played once in the Michaelmas term and once in the Lent term. More information from the School website <http://www.greshams.com/football.htm>

J. Gray (S)

OG Football Match 11th January 2004

Rumours of gales were encouraging for the students. There was no doubt that, like the National Trust, the students' football would be desecrating an area of natural beauty. Let nothing be said about the disturbing beer bellies which have developed on all but the scrawniest of the OGs. I will not mention the pitiful warm-up involving a few spiked beverages in the local pub. No doubt had the three players selected for random drugs tests after the match actually turned up rather than emulate Herr Ferdinand, a cocktail of

random drugs would have been discovered; aspirin: cold relief, and a staggering level of taurine.

The students staggered onto the pitch, alarmed by the keenness of the school who had clearly been training since 2000. Without doubt underhand tactics were being employed; the dazzling humbug strip which the School donned was causing problems with vision, especially after a few bevies. To describe formations would take Masters-style research. If I knew what we were doing I would happily relate it. Football is a simple game, a game of two halves, to quote the great bronze Ron. Our ambition was to kick a small round object into a net, preferably the opposition's although we did err in this regard by sticking it in the back of our own. The students' goalie was a little-known player going by the name of Frank, a graduate of 1998 we pretended. A creditable performance involving one excellent reflex save. In fact, so incredible was this save that his defender, in sheer bafflement, promptly buried the ball back where it should have gone to give Gresham's a rather irritating 2-0 lead. To comment on the first goal is to criticise a friend, something I fear doing as he is bigger than me. However, for the record, Ryan Fernandes, aka Gary Neville, Ian Harte, or any other pants defender, decided to pass it straight across goal to Gresham's centre-forward. Ryan then, very professionally I might add, strained his ankle ligaments when no-one was looking and blamed these, leaving the pitch in disgrace. This left Eddie One-foot Wheeler tucking into the centre of defence. He would have been far more adept at "tucking into" a big Mac and fries. Never has such a one-footed player graced the pitches of Gresham's, well not since he played last year anyway. Considering he hampers himself with personall rules such as "use only left foot", he did fairly well and the burst of pace to keep up with the strikers was not at all reminiscent of the man who used to wallow in sloth as sweeper of the 1st XI hockey team.

Will Salter should be mentioned for the mere fact that he had turned up. Those of you who read last year's report will remember my comment: "Thank you, Will Salter, for not turning up. We could not have won with you." How prophetic these words were. Ben Hipperson, winner of champagne moment last year due to his balletic bout of cramp, was determined to win it for footballing reasons this year. Trapped in the corner, with two defenders to beat, he did it, with considerable poise and finesse.

Gavin seems to have suffered the loss of fitness that the rest of us suffered years ago. His engine which ruled the midfield last year was now similar to the diesel of his 4 by 4 rather than the Ferrari he had in him last year. The midfield struggled to become involved until Sam Sisson came on and added some much needed presence and skill. His cross from the right was Beckhamesque and Jackpants' diving header would have been worth the black eye he is now sporting but for the fact it went straight down the keeper's throat. That would have been 2-1 at half time rather than 2-0 and could have made the difference.

Magdy is still hairy, so the world is still normal. A load of players I do not know played too. I have not the time to find out who they were, or indeed how they played. I was too engrossed in watching the referee with increasing amusement as he started a succession of decisions which left everyone wondering just who he had accepted a bribe from. Lacking linesmen, who are prone to being useless anyway, it must have been tricky, though there is no doubt that one of the second-half goals scored by the School was offside and the other involved kicking Buzz in the head, a fact he can prove with lace marks on his face. Still, it was as we thought a friendly so the complaints were not too vociferous; more Alan Shearer than Alan Smith.

For the second half, the students adopted Plan B. Shock and Awe. i.e. lump it up there Wimbledon-style and then make your presence felt by fouling, hacking, shoving, biting and

pulling their shorts down. Al Scott would have loved it but he was in Barbados. Well, the football was shocking and the fouling was pretty awful so I guess it worked. However, the School scored 3 more to make the final score 5-1. Now I know how the Germans felt.

The only important fact left to report is how the OGs scored. Well, the move started with the goalie. From a backpass he hit a raking 35 yard drive pass to Sisson on the right. Taking it down on the chest Sisson half volleyed it back to the left back in the yellow shirt, who headed it infield to Hairy Magdy. With a cheeky turn, he back-heeled it to Eddie Wheeler who considered using his right foot, thought better of it, and promptly used the outside of his left foot to hit the through-ball of through-balls to Will Mellor who with the talent of a gazelle guided it with his head between the remaining centre backs for Gavin Paterson to launch through, round the goalie twice, sit on the ball before laying it back for his brother to score off the underside of the bar. You will be staggered to learn that this is not quite accurate. I have no idea if it was a penalty but I took it.

There were some very good performances from the School. No matter how many times you belt Worthington, he bounces, and Maximus the Spaniard in midfield was too fit for the students by some distance.

It only remains to mention the presentation of the Paterson Cup. It was only now that we learnt that the match was at least as important, if not more so, as the FA Cup, according to the Headmaster. Having got their priorities so badly wrong, the students demanded an instant rematch before cramp got the better of them. Ryan was busy tugging at the ankle ligaments of his other foot to make sure he could not be involved. And so we have to wait till September for revenge. Rest assured, like Leeds, we shall return, with George Foreman as our role model - fatter, older, and selling kitchen appliances.

Ralph Jackman (W)

O.G. HOCKEY

The HOGS (Hockey OGs) Club has had another healthy (I use the word in the sense of being successful – medically sound we are not) season, playing an impressive 27 matches and calling on a pool of well over thirty players, some of whom are well over thirty, but with a liberal dash of talented youth such as Lintott ma, Webb, Farrow, Hedley mi and Sisson mi. Under the tutelage of Captain Cargill (a fine example to all for his punctuality and his creative passing in defence), we have performed very creditably against a number of highly competitive local club sides and invitation XIs. The Club has just completed its tenth season, with at least four of the founding members still playing regularly; we must thank Ali Cargill for all his hard work with team selection and statistics, and Mark Buckingham for organising a full fixture list yet again.

Perhaps the social highlight of the season comes with the matches against the School on OG Hockey Day. For some of the Hogs, veterans of evening games under lights, this is the one time in the season that they see the sky, and so there is a deal of acclimatising to be done. This year a real star was lured back by his father for the

game against the 1st XI, with promises of goals galore and several pints in the Common Room afterwards (as ever, our thanks go to Dave Horsley and Dave Walton for this hospitality), and we did not disappoint Robert Fulford, though he did have to score the goals himself.

It was a wonderful game to watch (fortunately for your correspondent, mostly from the safety of the dug-out). The OGs were rampant in the first half, 3-1 up at half-time, with Fulford cruising in a quietly predatory manner in mid-field and then out of nowhere, leaving a trail of carnage in his wake, scoring a couple of exciting goals. Mark Lintott, in an uncharacteristically generous mood, declined several opportunities to score, but the midfield, Deane, Marsom and co., buzzed confidently and the defence, splendidly upholstered by Bannock, Payne, Cargill and co., seemed little troubled. Bob Hammond ran tirelessly too. A disastrous half-time talk about tactics (a dangerous policy) let the School back into the game, however. All credit to the School side for fighting back with such character and flair; a well-taken short-corner, some magic from England U16 super-star Luke Hedley to bamboozle his brother, Marcus, in the OG goal, and it was all square. Fulford decided to move up a gear, to prevent further damage, and his retaliatory goal was a moment of brilliance: having fizzed past a more than adequate School defence, he unleashed a shot which all who were present witnessed, but never actually saw, until bemused goalie Aldridge began to disentangle a severely bruised ball from his net. All over, perhaps. But, in a moment of vanity, Flower, wishing to boast of playing against his son, swapped places with Cargill in the dying minutes. It was soon four all.

Hockey at the School continues to flourish (the U16 side made the semi-finals of the National Competition yet again) and OG hockey looks to be in rude health (that word again) too.

Nigel Flower (T 69 – 73)

OGRE

The Old Greshamian Rifle Establishment

2003 and 2004

The OGRE bandwagon rolls on. At the 2003 Imperial, amends were made for not entering the Schools Veterans Aggregate (which we would have won) the year before, by winning it this time. OGRE also retained the Astor, and won the one that got away in 2002, the Steward.

The Club claimed more than its fair share of 'big three' finalists: two OGREs and a former shooting master (Nigel Ball) in the Grand Aggregate, five and a former shooting master in the George's, and three and a former shooting master in the Queen's. This was recognised by call-ups for Glyn Barnett to the Great Britain teams in the Palma, Kolapore and Australia matches, with Nigel also getting a Palma berth. Both those two also shot for England in the Mackinnon, while Pete Holden shot in the Under 25 Australia match and Richard Lee in the Under 21 equivalent. Ed Wood shot for the TA in both the Inter Services matches.

The year, however, belonged to Glyn. Nigel Ball may have won three individual trophies, but was eclipsed by Dr. Barnett's round dozen. That's not counting H.M. the Queen's Prize

First Stage (Nigel got the Second Stage) and the Final. Glyn became the only person in 144 years who has won the Queen's in two successive years – truly a historic achievement. 2004 saw seven OGREs meet in South Africa shooting for three different teams. The senior of them, David Dodds, was in the South African team, with Dani Foulston, Peter Holden, Hamish Pollock and Nigel Ball all shooting for England. To round things off, Debbie Fenn and Rich Stewart were out there with the GB Under 25 team.

The Imperial saw OGRE attain an Astor hat-trick, and a near clean sweep in the Schools Veterans. OGRE came second in the A team match, but won the B team and C team contests, securing once again the Schools Veterans Aggregate. Whilst eclipsing the previous two years would be difficult, there were plenty of notable performances. Glyn won another three individual competitions, with Rich Stewart taking the LVA Communications Aggregate. Nigel Ball, after a slow start, took the Admiral Campbell and the Short Range Aggregate, and scraped onto the Grand Aggregate leader board at 38th, with Rich and Glyn above him.

Ed Wood, Rich Stewart, Nigel Stangroom and Glyn Barnett were tailed off by Nigel Ball, who won the St. George's Challenge Cup, second only to the Queen's in terms of prestige. Rich, Glyn and Nigel also made the final of the Queen's. Nigel Ball and Glyn Barnett got into the Great Britain team in the Kolapore, while Glyn also made the England sides in the Mackinnon and the National, where Ed Wood was reserve. Nick Pinks and Guy Bartle were selected to shoot for the Territorial Army in both Inter Services matches.

Phew! OGRE now has great strength in depth, and – provided complacency does not set in – could rule the roost for years. Our ongoing depth relies on our feeder club at the School. One hopes that stability will soon return there, with a shooting master whose time can be dedicated to the Club and with the Bisley pavilion back in action. OGRE's long-term future depends on it.

Guy Bartle (k & OSH 78 – 85)

O.G. SWIMMING

Unfortunately only two OGs turned up at the gala this year. Hopefully this event will be better attended during the 450th Anniversary year. Please email Evan Tuck at the address below if you wish to take part, as he is willing to change the timing of the event if required. Email etuck@supanet.com

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear John,

I enclose the last Philip Newell Bursary report I shall be sending you. You can see why! Joe (Crowdy) and I have an agreement when to give up: when we are unable to recall each other's names.

I have the fondest memories of the School and Newquay – which I much preferred to Holt. Some take the view that it was a disaster. The School, particularly Kelly, Denys Thompson, A.D.Thompson, and others, proved the opposite.

I deprecate greatly the use of the word 'disaster' regarding Newquay. Remember, it was the year of Dunkirk. I cannot recall any other group of 'customers' who have given such a memorial to their Headmaster as we gave to Philip Newell for his outstanding quality. His fault was that he was a gentleman ahead of his time. The letter you published last year was the most striking you have ever published. The Governors at this period were not up to it. The one exception was the author of the Aldwych farces [Ben Travers-Ed.] whom I entertained at Newquay.

I owe a great deal to the School and have the fondest memories of friends and staff. I should never have had the fulfilled and enjoyable life I have experienced without its influence.

My good wishes,

Jim Hutchence (F 39 – 44)

Dear John,

I was very interested by the letter from Brian Johnson and Flemming Heilmann in the recent issue of the OG Magazine, raising some points about Steve Benson's account of Martin Olivier's removal from the headmastership. They were in the sixth form at the time of the final crisis, whereas I was in Farfield much earlier, from 1942 to 1947, at the start of MJO's headmastership; but even at that time there was considerable dismay about MJO's temperament, and an instinctive hostility to his introduction of beating, I think among both staff and boys. We in Farfield always believed, probably rightly, that Bruce Douglas, who was second master, would not allow MJO to beat any boy in Farfield. I remember too an occasion when Douglas Reid – a retired soldier who lived in Holt, a well-known local figure and I think a governor of the School at the time - in my last year in the school, 1947, startled me and one or two of my friends who were with me, by asking for our confidential opinion of the headmaster in a tone which made it clear that he did not expect the opinion would be favourable.

I think Bruce Douglas should certainly be included with Eric Kelly and Hoult Taylor – both of them close friends of his – among the senior members of staff who had grave misgivings about MJO, and undoubtedly made them known to the Governors.

Brian Johnson and Flemming Heilmann also refer to MJO as abandoning Howson's 'honour system'; but I think they are under a misapprehension here. The honour system had certainly been abandoned in Farfield, and it is my strong impression that the same was true in the other houses by the time I came to Gresham's in 1942 – and a good thing too, in my opinion. It was certainly still remembered, but as a subject of mirth and incredulity: I had always imagined that it was Philip Newell who abandoned it, and, if so, it reinforces the affection and respect with which I always regarded him.

As ever,

Laurence Le Quesne (F 42 – 47)

MISCELLANEOUS

Corrigendum

The Editor apologises to Liz Barnes for the inaccuracy that occurred in her husband Oliver's obituary published in the 2003 issue. The sentence 'He also had the run of the Veterinary Department [of Tanganyika] at this time, covering an area the size of Wales' should have read 'He also had run the Veterinary Department...'

Out of the Blue

The Club and the School are most grateful to have received from Mr Norman Lee of Watford a medal for the victor ludorum at the School's athletics championships. On one side of the medal cast in bronze are the juxtaposed crests of the Fishmongers' Company and Sir John Gresham. On the reverse side is inscribed the following:

H.W. PARTRIDGE

1st Broad Jump

1st Quarter Mile

1st High Jump (Equal)

2nd 100 yds.

2nd Putting the weight

CHAMPION 1906

Editor's Note: In the next issue I hope to reprint the glowing tribute paid to this legendary figure (as boy and man) when he eventually resigned from the Staff in 1924. Meanwhile the medal will become an exhibit in the School's archive-cum-museum-to-be.

Projected Exhibition July & August 2005

A sizeable exhibition is being organised for next Summer in the year of the School's 450th celebrations and in part to raise revenue for Holt Museum Trust. It has been agreed that the exhibition (to be called "Inventors of Gresham's School") will take place in the big hall in the Old School building. The curator is Dr Brian Dudley Barrett. Contact is being made with various inventors or their descendants and relations but anyone, particularly OGs, with useful material, photographs or artifacts is asked to contact him by email:

b-d-barrett@hotmail.com or Howard Heathfield 5, Kelling Close, Holt, Norfolk NR25

The Old Greshamian Lodge, No 5769

Membership to the Old Greshamian Lodge is open to any Old Boy or Member of Staff, provided entry qualifications are satisfied. Currently there are 50 members of the Lodge. The Lodge meets four times a year, three times in London at Freemasons' Hall and on the Friday evening of the Howson Commemoration Weekend at Gresham's Big School.

Enquiries about membership of the Old Greshamian Lodge (which is a member of the Public School Lodges Council, a group of 33 similar Old School Lodges who hold an

annual Festival by rotation at their respective schools and share reciprocal visiting arrangements) should be addressed to the Secretary.

The Secretary: Sam Mayoh (F 39 – 43) 8, Grenville Court, 3, Kent Avenue, Ealing, London W13 8BQ.

New or joining members are always welcome.

The Philip Newell Bursaries 2004

The Philip Newell Memorial Fund Bursaries for 2004 have been awarded to Fergus Cook, Susannah Nunn and James Sidgwick.

The Bruce Douglas Memorial Scholarship

This year's winner of the Bruce Douglas Memorial Scholarship, funded by the generosity of OGs, for the most promising mathematician in the Lower Sixth is James Bannock.

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 anyone 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.

Projected Old Greshamian Art Exhibition May – June 2005

The Head of Art, Nick Paterson, is seeking, as part of the celebrations of the School's 450th, to make contact with any OG artists, both professionals and amateurs, who have exhibited. The aim is to present work by a number of artists covering a broad spectrum of artistic styles and media. He hopes to exhibit work by older OGs all the way through to young men and women just emerging from Art School.

The exhibition will be in the School's own art gallery, the Ben Nicholson Gallery (located in the Cairns Centre). Works can be for sale if so desired.

For further details, please contact Nick Paterson as soon as possible at The Cairns Centre, Greshams School, Holt, Norfolk NR25 6EA. Telephone number 01263 711480.

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 9(inc. p & p), payable to The O.G. Club. Apply to the O.G. Club Co-ordinator J.S. Rayner at School.

Email Addresses

We welcome a note of email addresses. Members may email their addresses to Peter Corran whose email address is panda@pandacorran.fsnet.co.uk

OGs should note that a large number of email addresses are to be found on the OG Club's website.

The OG Club website address is www.greshams.org.uk

The OG 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 OG 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 email addresses submitted by OGs. Apply for your copy to J.S. Rayner (Club Co-ordinator) c/o Gresham's School.

Club Regalia

Members of the Club can now purchase the following regalia:-

Club Braces £15.50

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 OG Club, to J.S. Rayner (OG Club Co-ordinator), The Common Room, Gresham's School, Holt, NR25 6EA.

EXAMINATION RESULTS 2004

A Level

Overall Pass Rate 100.0

% A Grades 39.4

% B Grades 27.0

% C Grades 21.7

GCSE

Overall Pass Rate 95.8

% A* Grades 22.1

% A Grades 27.9

% B Grades 27.0

% C Grades 18.8

AS Level

Overall Pass Rate 97.4

% A Grades 35.9

% B Grades 22.3

% C Grades 21.0

DESTINATION OF SCHOOL LEAVERS 2004

115 members of the Upper Sixth left in 2004. 108 applied in their final year for UCAS degree courses. The remainder either applied for Art or Drama courses, or went directly into employment. Ten from the previous year also applied or re-applied, all gaining unconditional places. Of the 2004 leavers, 31 have GAP year places, and 20 were either not placed or withdrew/declined with a view to re-applying this year, sometimes as a result of better than expected A levels. One returned to Bulgaria for a university course, and one is applying for a Dentistry course in Hong Kong. Three are still undecided and will make decisions before the UCAS deadline this year. Contrary to expectations, GAP years remain very popular, and this trend seems to be continuing this year, which is the last under the existing financial arrangements.

The mix of courses chosen becomes ever more catholic, ranging from Theology to Marine Sports Technology.

Traditionally, Nottingham and Newcastle have been very popular with our students. This year Durham and Exeter top the ratings.

Choice of Establishment (for those taking Degree Courses)

2004 again saw an increasing diversity of university to which students applied.

Number

7	Durham
6	Exeter
5	Oxford Brookes, Sheffield
4	Cambridge, Edinburgh, Warwick
3	Bath, Bournemouth, Hull, Royal Agricultural College, Sheffield Hallam
2	York, Nottingham, UEA, Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, Southampton, De Montfort, St Andrews, Loughborough, Nottingham Trent, Liverpool, Leeds, Newcastle, Reading, Harper Adams
1	Oxford, Royal Holloway, Portsmouth, Gloucestershire, Northumbria, Surrey, Salford, University College London, Imperial College London, London School of Economics, University College Northampton, Hertfordshire, Kent

Number

22	Business, Economics, Management, Commerce/Marketing, Accounting
13	Anthropology/Social Sciences, Languages, Psychology, Politics
14	Engineering (all types), Aeronautics
9	English, English Literature, Philosophy, Theology
8	Medicine, Veterinary Science, Animal Behaviour
4	Law
6	History, Ancient History, Classical Archaeology, Humanities
2	Music, Theatre Studies
7	Hospitality, Sports Management, Leisure Marketing, Exercise & Health
3	Architecture, Design, Art, History of Art

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 OGs not to be reticent about their activities, nor unassuming about their achievements. Anyone wishing to send news of himself or herself or any other OG may, if desired, use the form below, which can also be used to notify the Club of a change of address.

To: The Editor, OG Club Magazine

From:

House(s):

Years:

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

Email address:

News for inclusion in the Magazine:-

