



Old Greshamian Magazine

Number 144
November 2005

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Old Greshamian Magazine

CONTENTS

Outline Calendar of Events.....	3
Editorial.....	4
Chairman's Notes.....	4 – 5
Minutes of the O.G. Club A.G.M.....	6 – 8
Accounts.....	9 – 10
Obituaries.....	11 – 23
News.....	24 – 41
Marriages and Engagements.....	42
Honours and Distinctions.....	42
The Headmaster's Speech.....	43 – 47
The Deputy Chairman's Speech.....	48
Edward Gould's Speech.....	49 – 51
Leaving the back door open.....	52 – 53
Farmers flock to green scheme.....	53 – 54
The History Boys - McEachran Connection.....	54
Erskine Childers x 3.....	55
The Gresham's Chapel Organ.....	55 – 57
Dyson in drive to clean up with car motors.....	57
Humphrey Spender Remembers.....	58 – 60
Dance me down fortune.....	61 – 64
Beginnings and Endings.....	65 – 67
Le royaume en chantier du sorcier Brook.....	69
Robert Medley at Gresham's School.....	69 – 75
Peter's major success was radio at its best.....	76
Andy McClelland at Gresham's School.....	77 – 79
What is wrong with Britain.....	79
Charlie's great run in memory of best friend.....	80 – 81
Memories of Saigon.....	82 – 83
The O.G. Club 450th Anniversary celebration.....	84
The Old Greshamian Showcase of Acting and Singing.....	84 – 85
From the 450th Anniversary Chapel Service Sheet.....	86
Old Greshamians' Art Exhibition reviewed.....	87
450th Anniversary Cricket Match.....	87
A school which changed the world.....	88
Gresham's School Inventors Exhibition.....	89
Synopsis of Men of Gresham's Lecture No. 5.....	90
Those Were the Days.....	91 – 92
As I walked out one evening.....	93
Speech by School Historian Steve Benson at Fishmongers' Hall.....	94 – 96
O.G. Golf Society.....	97 – 99
Hogs Hockey Season 2004 - 05.....	100
The Old Greshamian Rifle Establishment.....	101
O.G. Cricket.....	102 – 103
Round Norfolk Relay.....	104
Choir of King's College, Cambridge.....	105
Book Reviews.....	105 – 108
Record Reviews.....	108 – 110
The Howson Lecture: Making Mary Poppins Fly.....	110
Reunion Dinner in Newquay.....	111
Life after Gresham's.....	112
Reports from Winners of Philip Newell Awards.....	112 – 118
Letters to the Editor.....	119 – 121
The new School Archive.....	122
Miscellaneous.....	123 – 126
Examination Results.....	127
Destinations of leavers 2005.....	127 – 128
News / change of address.....	129

Outline Calendar of Events 2005 –2006

CHRISTMAS MEETING 2005

Saturday 3rd December 2005

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

OGs v OGs Hockey on Astroturf 1. 6.00 p.m.

INFORMAL DRINKS AND SUPPER FOR OGS

(Players and Spectators) with Staff 8.00 p.m.

LENT TERM EVENTS 2006

HOGS XI v The School 1st XI 5th January 6.30 p.m. 2006

OGs v The School 9th March 2006

Club Committee 11.30 a.m. Saturday 2006

HOWSON LECTURE: Professor Hugh Watkins, OG, 24th February 2006

SUMMER TERM EVENTS 2006

OG Committee Meeting 11.00 a.m. Saturday 24th June 2006

THE GEORGE HOWSON MEMORIAL LUNCH 1.00 p.m. Saturday 24th June 2006

Cricket: OG XI v The School 1st XI 11.00 a.m. Sunday 25th June 2006

CHRISTMAS MEETING 2006

Saturday 2nd December 2006

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING: 5.00 p.m.

HOCKEY: OGs v OGs Astroturf 1. 6.00 p.m.

For fuller details and further items see accompanying Calendar

Suggestions, articles and information should be sent with the writer's house and school dates to The Editor, c/o The Staff Common Room, Gresham's School, Holt, Norfolk NR25 6EA.

OG Club website: www.greshams.org.uk

Club Webmaster: David Horsley: dhorsley@greshams.com

Address changes to Peter Corran: panda@pandacorran.fsnet.co.uk

Advertising:

M.J. Baker will be pleased to receive enquiries about advertising in the Magazine.

Rates are £120.00 per A5 page or £150.00 for the inside back cover

(work to be supplied by the advertiser).

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EDITORIAL

After twelve years at the controls I have decided to relinquish the editorship of the Magazine. I like to think that during my time the Magazine has helped to bring members of the Club together as well as to provide an entertaining read and a channel for information about the school and news of Old Greshamians. I hope that another baby of mine, the School Newsletter, with its substantial photographic element, much of it provided by Tony Leech, has compensated for the lack of photographs in the Magazine. Unfortunately owing to circumstances beyond my control you will not receive your copy of the Autumn issue of the School Newsletter, containing amongst other things photos of the 450th Celebrations, until New Year.

My thanks to all OGs who have written to me over the years. It has been a fascinating experience to receive and relay a considerable volume and variety of material since 1993. My particular thanks to the hawk-eyed and ever-reliable Michael Everitt who has supplied many absorbing items for publication. I also owe a huge debt to Barbara Fowler, who has done wonders secretarially.

I am in addition relinquishing in December the post of Co-ordinator of the O.G. Club. During the various functions and activities I have organised – some of them innovations that have become traditions – I have hugely enjoyed meeting generations of Old Greshamians. As I approach the end of my 42 + years connection with Gresham's I wish all readers of the Magazine and Members of the Club a happy future, trusting that the bond between the Club and the School will grow stronger and richer over the years.

John Rayner (S 63 – 02)

YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE

As the names of the next O.G. Club Co-ordinator and Editor of the O.G. Club Magazine will not be published until after the Club's A.G.M. on 3rd December, all correspondence to both Co-ordinator and Editor should meanwhile be addressed as follows:

c/o The Staff Common Room, Gresham's School, Holt, Norfolk NR25 6EA.

All OGs should be aware that their address, email addresses and telephone numbers are held on a Database. This Database is used only for activities that are on behalf of the School or the Old Greshamian Club. No information from this Database will be given to any other organisation (commercial or otherwise, even if run by an OG) **Unless we are informed to the contrary**, we shall assume that it is in order to communicate information from the Database to enable OGs to contact each other or for Gresham's and the OGs to contact members of the Club. We keep a record of those few OGs (currently five) who ask that their information should not be communicated to anyone. Their addresses are used only to send O.G. Magazines and other similar circulars. If you wish to be added to this list, please inform **Peter Corran**.

Members should be assured that during the proposed development of the Database to make it more useful and member-friendly, the first priority is to protect all information concerning OGs in every way. Members will be informed of any projected changes.

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

It seems only yesterday that you did me the honour of electing me Chairman of the Club and now the time has passed and a new younger energetic leader is about to take over the reins. Three years ago I set several targets, some of which have been fulfilled. A new one-year presidency, a prominent part in the School 450th anniversary celebrations, an increase in number and variety of OG events and, perhaps most importantly, an electronic communication system to enable OGs to keep in touch with one another were all on the agenda.

The first two of our 'annual' Presidents have both been generous of their time and support. Last year Henry Jones set the tone proving to be the Club stalwart we knew him to be – he has always been there for us. Dr. Tom Stuttford retires in December, and we thank him and his wife Pamela for all their commitment during 2005, our year of celebration – they have been great company and have attended all the key events.

Judging from the very generous correspondence, the 28th May celebration was indeed a day to remember and the Committee thank all of you who supported the event. I should like also to thank all who worked to make this a special day, and in particular I mention our Treasurer Michael Goff, Charlotte Martin and Julia Goff – their assistance was enormous, way above the call of duty.

My biggest disappointment is that despite some attempts we are no nearer the 'OGs Connected' scheme whereby you can readily contact one another by e-mail. I realise that this facility is perhaps your first priority and can only say that we really are on the threshold of making progress! The system we intend to use is closely linked to the Foundation/Development plans, which are just beginning to be firmed up. There is at the same time a determination to bring and keep the OG website up to date: clearly we do need your news. Peter Corran is ready and waiting for details of all 'missing' OGs; he has already entered the details we have been given.

At the end of the year John Rayner retires as OG/School Co-ordinator and Editor of the OG Magazine – he has served in both capacities for 12 years. By working with the Staff, the School, and its support services, John has quietly but effectively managed dozens of OG events. His gentle and modest touch has invariably persuaded many to rally to the cause, and we shall long cherish the carefully planned and convivial evenings.

The OG Magazine is always an interesting and readable production crafted by John with an enormous amount of hard work and loving care. His skills in the English language are of course taken for granted, but it is perhaps his sense of history and human interest that set him apart as a top-notch editor. There are many Technicolor magazines for former pupils of the School but none has the depth of cover and individual detail we have come to expect from John's classy editorship.

John, for all your hard work and enthusiasm on our behalf we salute you.

The Committee will discuss the election of new Officers at the December meeting – for a start President, Chairman, OG Coordinator and Editor are required. Please therefore would all committee members make every effort to attend at 4.00pm; a large gathering of the membership for the AGM at 5.00 pm in the Library on Saturday 3rd December would also be encouraging.

For your entertainment after the two meetings there will be an OG hockey match on

Astroturf 1, mulled wine and mince pies on the touchline, a curry supper in Dave's Diner and the likelihood of further pleasures in the pub afterwards. Please do your best to join us on 3rd December.

With very best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

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

The OG Club's e-mail address is: dhorsley@greshams.com

Peter Corran's email address is: panda@pandacorran.fsnet.co.uk

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

Minutes of the OG Club Annual General Meeting held on the 11th December 2004

Present: President – H. Jones, Headmaster – A. Clark, Chairman – R. Copas, Co-ordinator – J. Rayner,

I. Mawson, P. Peal, C. Martin, F. Gathercole, J. Morgan, M. Goff, B. Delacave, A. Payne, D. Horsley, P. Corran, L. Peaver, H. Butt, R. Howell, R. Dale, R. Maxwell, B. Neville, R. Peaver, R. Youngs.

Apologies were received from J. Broom, A. Inglis, M. Pickett, A. Cargill, F. Thomas, M. Buckingham, J. Blackburn, N. Flower, S. Smart, M. Baker, J. Smith, H. Jones, O. Crossley-Holland.

Richard Peaver was welcomed to the meeting.

Minutes and Matters Arising – It was confessed that the minutes of the last AGM had gone astray and that those printed in the OG Magazine had actually been the general committee minutes, printed by mistake. However, the Club could at least be reassured that the Committee had nothing to hide.

Election of Officers

The election of Mike Goff as Treasurer, Bridget Neville as Secretary and Dave Horsley as Staff Representative was proposed by Iain Mawson and seconded by John Rayner, unanimously carried.

Committee members due for re-election were Airlie Inglis, Fiona Gathercole, Bridget Neville, Jenny Broom, Oenone Crossley-Holland, Peter Corran, Michael Baker, Patrick Peal, Richard Youngs and Robert Dale. John Rayner proposed and Robert Howell seconded, all in favour.

Presidency

Dr. Tom Stuttaford had been invited to be President for 2005. Grateful thanks were expressed to Henry Jones for all his support during 2004.

Honorary Members

Graham Smithers, Mike Runnalls, Helen Haines (Wells), Robin Myerscough, David Talks, Ken Hoyle, Janet Keymer and Alan Wadge were proposed by Peter Corran, seconded by Dave Horsley and unanimously elected to be Honorary Members.

Treasurer's Report

Referring to the copy provided of the accounts, Mike reassured the meeting that the finances were for a 20-month period to bring them into line with the school year. He then elaborated upon the figures and invited comment.

Iain Mawson queried whether the Address Book would be of interest to the Foundation. However, 1300 address changes have since been logged on the database. Peter Corran was thanked for his long-suffering work in that connection.

Patrick Peal asked if advice was received regarding the stocks and shares. So far Mike Goff had not been able to contact Charlie Barratt's proposed replacement, Nick Green. An added complication was a dispute between Barrett & Cooke and Barclays Bank as to the location of the share certificates, but this could be resolved by contacting the companies involved. Robert Dale undertook to contact Nick Green and if he showed no further interest then James Morgan would contact an associate in Cambridge – to be reviewed at the March meeting.

Club Co-ordinator's Report

John Rayner reported that the rugby at Richmond Athletic Ground had not taken place as Neil Humphrey had been let down by the players once again. However, Neil was prepared to try one last time. John then provided an further appraisal of events that had taken place over the past year and delivered an excellent preview for those proposed in 2005. He sincerely apologised for not spotting the incorrect e-mail address for Dave Horsley in the Calendar but hoped readers would use other avenues to contact the School.

The sum of \$100 had been received from David Doyle who currently resides in Honolulu and his letter would be published in the next magazine. John would of course be writing a grateful response.

Pressure needed to be applied to recipients of grants so their essays, with a maximum of 1500 words, were produced. Fiona Gathercole undertook to chase those involved. John asked if expenses could be paid to Showcase performers and the meeting agreed this would be feasible. He added that Mark Jones was more than happy to work with an OG choir on 28th May, perhaps with a few School Choir members to bolster the performance.

Dick Copas thanked John for all his hard work, particularly in producing a magazine far superior to those of other schools. Members of the Committee were urged to put the Howson Lecture date in their diaries.

Headmaster's Report

The School has had an excellent year on the academic front with 100% passing their A levels with Jonathan Smith, ex-Head of School, achieving full marks for his physics exam, 600 ex 600, and coming top in the country for his subject.

Both AS and GCSE levels showed improvement on the previous year with two pupils in the top 5 for English Literature at GCSE level, this being the third successive year the School could make such a boast.

The Music Department has produced many wonderful performances over the year and 5 pupils were in the National Youth Choir – more than any other school and a repeat of last year's success. Drama was strong in the houses and voluntary groups had performed well at the Edinburgh Fringe and the Highgate Festival. Art and photography were also flourishing and, barring the present outbreak of mumps, the School was thriving and greatly looking forward to the 2005 celebrations.

Sport was rather a mixed bag with the girls' hockey 1st team having had a successful trip to S. Africa and the School's 1st XI cricket team on tour to Barbados managing to win half their matches. Healthy rivalry was brewing between Adney Payne and Antony Clark with regard to their team selection for the forthcoming match in May. In rugby, the 1st XV had won half their games but the under 14s had a miserable season, losing most of their games with lack of height being quite a problem. The shooting team was not quite so strong as in other years.

Staffing appointments included Gareth Burnell (Classics and kayaking), Simon Gates (Head of Religious Studies and CCF assistance), and Katy Curtis (English and resident tutor in Oakeley).

Dick Copas congratulated the Headmaster and all the staff on their enormous amount of hard work, having also had to contend with the Ofsted inspection.

OG Governor's Report

Iain Mawson reported there had been two meetings held at the School since the last AGM and the Governors had been suitably impressed with their visits. Regular items discussed at meetings were reports by the Headmasters of all three Schools, scholarships, bursaries, finance, medical officer's reports, the development plan, the Foundation and risk assessments. The Governors felt the 2005 celebrations were of great importance and Dick Copas was thanked for all his hard work and helpfulness. The importance of obtaining suitable Speakers at Speech Day was also stressed and suggestions welcomed – the link between the Governors and the Club was greatly appreciated.

Two pieces of land had been sold, Norton's Field and a small piece by the Prep School car park – the money being partially swallowed up by ongoing maintenance of the Houses.

London Children's Camp

James Morgan had very ably taken this matter under his wing and he provided a full history of the charity since it was founded by OGs in 1938. Briefly it ceased to be exclusively OGs in the 50s and, following a scandal in the 1990s, members dropped off the Committee and the site became inactive and a target for vandals. The site presently had a value of at least £330,000 and the three committee members left wanted to sell and hand over the assets to another charity. James had explained to them that a special resolution was required to do so, passed by six committee members and with the approval of the holding trustees – currently John Arkell and OG Patrick Peacey. As the aims of the charity were to foster links with Gresham's School and the present Headmaster and Dick Copas, representing the OG Club, were keen to perpetuate this, James had approached the Charity Commission and updated them on the situation. He had drafted a letter to the remaining committee pointing out the legalities of the matter, the back-up promised by the School and Governors, and proposing how the charity could go forward under new leadership. James then invited questions and dealt with uncertainties very professionally.

Dick Copas believed all concerned are sincere and proposed that he, the Headmaster, James and Bursar meet before the letter is sent. Henry Jones was also invited to join this meeting as his historical knowledge would be invaluable. It was to be stressed that the OG Committee were interested in the charity's future and did not want to see it dissolved. It was also suggested that the Club should write to the committee informing them that we had met and wished to be involved.

Thanks were given to James for the tremendous amount of work he had done.

Chairman's Report

Having thanked everyone for their individual reports, as there was only one other person attending the meeting apart from committee members, Dick undertook to report to him personally rather than repeat the previous meeting.

There being no other business, the meeting closed at 6.15 p.m. with Dick thanking all for their attendance and contribution and wishing everyone a very happy Christmas.

THE O.G. CLUB COMMITTEE

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

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
Sue Smart
Fiona Thomas (Holliday)
Richard Youngs

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OLD GRESHAMIAN CLUB

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

FOR THE PERIOD ENDED 31ST AUGUST 2004

	20 month period ended 31 Aug 2004		Year ended 31 Dec. 2002	
	£	£	£	£
Income				
Subscriptions	14,450		12,450	
Donations	780		10	
Dividends	882		474	
Bank deposit interest(gross)	<u>61</u>		<u>67</u>	
		16,173		13,001
Expenditure				
Magazine:				
Printing	4,280		3,744	
Postage	3,700		3,000	
Calendars	<u>309</u>		<u>288</u>	
	8,289		7,032	
Less Advertising sales	<u>(540)</u>		<u>(420)</u>	
	7,749		6,612	
Secretarial & postage	1,168		535	
Subscriptions	36		18	
Insurance	107		97	
Cocktail party surplus	-		(180)	
Gap year students	1,000		850	
Tree planting	28		-	
2005 Celebrations	440		-	
OG Website	54		-	
OG Squash	-		160	
OG Golf	985		425	
OG Rugby	75		-	
OG Co-ordinator	5,200		777	
OG Dinners/Lunches	<u>144</u>		<u>(56)</u>	
		<u>(16,986)</u>		<u>(9,238)</u>
		(813)		3,763
Corporation tax	<u>42</u>		<u>(24)</u>	
Excess of expenditure over income /income over expenditure	(771)		3,739	
Prior year adjustment	-		1,200	
Increase/(decrease) in value of investments	<u>2,996</u>		<u>(4,272)</u>	
Surplus for the period	<u>2,225</u>		<u>667</u>	

M.L.J. Goff, Honorary Treasurer

OLD GRESHAMIAN CLUB

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST AUGUST 2004

	Cost	31 August 2004 £ £	31 December 2002 £ £
Fixed Assets			
Henderson Electric & Gen Inv Co Plc 5p ordinary shares	2,803	5,932	4,232
2½ % Index Linked Treasury Stock 2013 £2,060	1,860	4,471	4,195
J Sainsbury Plc ordinary 28p ordinary shares	1,439	972	1,215
Shell Transport & Trading Co Plc 25p ordinary shares	1,670	3,915	3,828
Scottish Mortgage & Trust Plc	<u>3,178</u>	<u>5,120</u>	<u>3,944</u>
	10,950	20,410	17,414
Current Assets			
Stocks:			
Colours, buttons & cufflinks at cost less sales		1,008	1,046
OG Hockey shirts at cost less sales		667	52
Gresham's in Wartime at cost less sales		7	48
OG Address Book at cost less sales		1,694	1,743
Debtors and prepayments		—	475
Cash at bank:			
Current account	7,151		8,020
Deposit account	6,329		4,496
Business Premium account		<u>1,771</u>	<u>1,771</u>
		<u>13,480</u>	<u>14,287</u>
		37,266	35,065
Less:			
Current Liabilities		—	(24)
Net Assets		<u>£37,266</u>	<u>£35,041</u>
Accumulated funds			
Total funds at 1 January 2002		35,041	34,374
Surplus for period		<u>2,225</u>	<u>667</u>
Total funds at 31 August 2004		<u>£37,266</u>	<u>£35,041</u>

ACCOUNTANT'S REPORT

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

A.J. Fish FCA

7th December 2004

OBITUARIES

Henry Kemeys Bagnall-Oakeley (o & K 14 –23) died in January aged 100; he was thus the oldest Old Greshamian. The following obituary is written by his son, Hugo :
Kem, as he was known to all, was born in Norfolk on July 2nd 1904. His father was Vicar of Hemsby and his mother, née Barwell, came from an East Anglian family of wine merchants. He went to the village school where he learned to speak “broad Norfolk” although this was not allowed at the vicarage. In 1912, when he was eight, Kem was sent as a boarder to Gresham’s, where he was joined by his brother Dick four years later. One of Kem’s earliest memories was being taken to see Durando’s marathon at the 1908 Olympics when the Italian runner entered the stadium with a big lead over his nearest rival only to turn the wrong way and find himself disqualified when a well-meaning official tried to assist him. Another memory, in 1908, was of being woken by his father one night to see a gigantic comet which emitted such brilliant light that his father could easily read the Times in the vicarage garden at 1am: it was a huge meteorite which crashed into a remote area of Siberia.

Ken had been at Gresham’s for two years when war broke out in 1914. It was widely anticipated that the Kaiser’s army would invade England, probably landing in Norfolk as this was the closest to German ports, and for the next four years Kem and his fellow pupils kept a small bag with toothbrush, spare handkerchief etc under their pillows in case they were forced to evacuate during the night. In the event of invasion the boys were instructed to move inland, releasing all the livestock and driving them away from the enemy. There were periodic dummy runs and on one occasion some boys released all the pigs belonging to a farmer near Holt: it was then that they discovered how difficult it is to round up, let alone recapture, pigs which have been offered a taste of freedom.

One dark night Kem was walking back to the junior house when he was terrified by a sudden roaring noise just above his head. It was a German Zeppelin which had drifted across the coastal defences and then restarted its engines when it was safely inland.

Kem soon displayed an aptitude for sports, especially athletics and hockey, but he also played for the School at rugby and cricket (although all matches against other schools were cancelled for the duration of the war on the grounds that it was unpatriotic for boys to enjoy competitive sports when British soldiers were suffering such heavy casualties).

In 1923 Kem went up to Clare College, Cambridge to read Natural Sciences. At that time all undergraduates had to demonstrate proficiency in Latin and scientists who did not have a school certificate in Latin were allowed to take a special exam called “Littlego” which consisted of translating a passage from Latin into English – with the aid of a dictionary! Kem’s father insisted that he took a Smith’s Greater Latin-English dictionary so Kem arrived at Cambridge with this gigantic volume balanced on the petrol tank of his motorbike. He was perplexed to see that one of the Latin words in the paper was translated in a footnote: it meant “pressure cooker” so presumably such a rare word was not included in the average dictionary. Kem checked to see if it was in Smith’s and it was – the entire passage was quoted in Latin and English!

At Cambridge Kem spent most of his time either playing sport or bug hunting: he was a keen and knowledgeable naturalist for the whole of his life. He was soon selected for the University hockey team but found that the cost of getting to away matches was beyond his limited means so he switched his allegiance to CUAC whose matches attracted

sufficient paying spectators to finance their travelling expenses. His best events were 100 yards, long jump and the sprint relays. He was awarded his “blue” in 1925/6/7 represented the Achilles Club against Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Cornell and was in the England team in 1925-7.

Kem had hoped to become a mining engineer but the Camborne School of Mines were still giving priority to ex-servicemen, so after graduating he took a Dip Ed and in 1927 started teaching chemistry at Eastbourne College. This put an end to his athletics career because the Headmaster would not allow him time off to train with the 1928 Olympic squad, but he continued to play hockey – he was still playing for the county at the age of 45. Kem started hockey as a sport in the Lent term at Eastbourne, as well as running the athletics and shooting (the school had a 500 yard range on the Crumbles, just outside the town.)

In 1930 Kem married Evelyn Rowe and their marriage lasted 52 years until Evelyn's death in 1983: they had a son and a daughter, Hugo and Charmain. Kem was appointed housemaster of Crosby House in 1936 and transferred to New Crosby, a much larger house which later became the junior school, in September 1939. His enjoyment of New Crosby had lasted only eight months when, in June 1940, the whole school was evacuated to Radley, near Oxford. After some weeks Kem and his family obtained the use of a bungalow near the river: it had only been used for summer weekends and proved to be cold and damp in the winter with the surrounding fields often flooded. The Crosby boys slept in a gym about 1.5 miles away and altogether Kem was relieved when in 1942 the Headmaster asked him to return to Eastbourne with two other masters to try to keep the school's name alive until the war was over. The school buildings had been taken over by a naval shore establishment but one house was released and Kem advertised for pupils in the local paper and interviewed prospective parents during the summer holidays. These efforts produced 16 boys by the start of the Michaelmas term but numbers steadily increased to about 90 by 1945, ranging in age from 8 to 18 (the College had decided to form a junior school after the war) and including a number of boarders. The cellars were strengthened with steel beams and everyone retreated there whenever there was an air raid warning. Between them Kem and his colleagues managed to teach all the usual subjects except Greek!

From 1946 to 1951 Kem was housemaster of Wargrave and the family then moved to Lower Dicker, a village 10 miles from Eastbourne where Kem kept pigs, hens, ducks and bees (he was a beekeeper from the age of 14 until his mid 90s and gave evening classes in beekeeping). He continued to teach chemistry and run the shooting team at Eastbourne until his retirement in 1964. One of the highlights every year was the Bisley schools week when he met up with his brother Dick who ran the shooting at Gresham's.

His next appointment was teaching chemistry at the Convent of the Sacred Passion near Hastings. The challenge of teaching girls for the first time in his career – he was in fact the only man on a staff mainly composed of nuns – quite rejuvenated him and he continued at the convent until he was in his late seventies when Evelyn's increasing frailty meant that he had to stay at home and look after her. Nevertheless he continued to be summoned by the nuns from time to time – usually to run the school sports day – and he continued to give beekeeping classes.

Kem continued to live alone in his 15th century cottage near Herstmonceux and survived three weeks without electricity after the 1987 hurricane by using his boy scout skills and cooking food on an open fire. He was a most faithful churchgoer and acted as treasurer of his PCC until he reached the age of 90 when he decided he was too deaf to hear what was

being said at the Council meetings. When he was 95 he suffered a stroke and moved into a nursing home where he received frequent visits from his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. He celebrated his 100th birthday with a visit to the RHS Gardens at Wisley and died peacefully on January 3rd 2005.

Kem was old-fashioned in the sense that he had extremely high standards of behaviour and treated everyone he met with great courtesy but at the same time he had an amazingly liberal outlook and a great sense of humour. He continued to be an enthusiastic naturalist and when he was no longer able to walk he derived great pleasure from looking at gardens from his wheel chair. Until the final months of his life he could recall fascinating memories of his early life at Hemsby vicarage, Gresham's, Cambridge and schoolmastering in the 1930s. Sometimes he revelled in his great age: in 1986 Halley's comet was briefly visible and he remarked that he thought it had been more impressive the previous time he saw it, in 1910!

Roger Baker-Jones has died.

Jolyon Bradshaw (k & W 62 – 69). Quentin Bradshaw writes:

Old school friends will be saddened to learn that, having bravely fought cancer, my brother Jolyon (Joly/Jol) Bradshaw died in March 2005 at the age of 54.

On leaving school he studied history at Durham and then theology in Bristol, before becoming ordained in the Anglican Church. His ministries included Wrenningham, near Norwich; Bermondsey in London; and Tyseley in Birmingham. His faith gave him strength to die with great dignity.

He leaves a wife, Julie, and son Peter (10 yrs).

Anthony Bull (H 22 – 26) died on 23rd December 2004. The obituary below is reprinted from *The Independent* and was kindly provided by its author, David Alexander:

Anthony Bull rose to be one of the senior figures in London Transport, with a break for service in the Second World War, during which he was one of the transport planners whose work, largely unrecognised, helped to secure Allied victory.

The third son of Sir William Bull Bt, a powerful personality who was for nearly 30 years Conservative MP for Hammersmith, he was born in Hammersmith in 1908. From a very early age he developed a passionate interest in anything to do with transport, collecting timetables with enthusiasm. It was no surprise that after school at Gresham's, Holt and after reading History at Magdalene College, Cambridge, Bull did not enter the family firm of Bull and Bull, solicitors, but instead in 1929 joined the London Underground Co. He spent different periods in the Staff and the Publicity departments before being appointed, at the age of 26, Secretary to the celebrated Frank Pick, Vice-Chairman of the London Passenger Transport Board.

On the outbreak of war Bull was recruited by the Transportation Branch of the War Office, mostly working in grim basements during the time of the Blitz. One of the assignments on which he worked was getting a consignment of much-needed railway wagons, hurriedly taken off British lines, to the Soviet Union; these were sent around the Cape and then through Persia.

In 1942 Bull was delighted to leave London, having been selected to serve as deputy, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Royal Engineers, to Brigadier George Brunskill, an Indian Army veteran who had lost an eye in combat. The sea route to Egypt through the

Mediterranean was by then too dangerous to be a reliable way of supplying the 8th Army and Brunsell was given the task of establishing a supply route from the Belgian Congo to Egypt, with a target of ferrying up to 34,000 tons per month. This not only involved great logistical challenges with the need to transfer loads from one kind of transport to another, but also delicate negotiations with many different authorities.

Bull's contribution to Afloc, as this venture became known, proved invaluable, but his stay in Kampala, where the HQ was established, was relatively brief: in 1943 he was transferred to GCHQ Middle East, and then to the staff of the Supreme Allied Commander South East Asia, Lord Louis Mountbatten. Among the tasks he worked on there was the supply of Allied forces in the Burma campaign. Bull ended the war as a full colonel, appointed OBE and with a US Bronze Star. He had also met, in Kandy where she was posted as a Wren, Barbara Donovan, to whom he became engaged.

On demobilisation Bull returned to London Transport, being appointed Chief Staff and Welfare Officer. That was in 1946, the year he married Barbara, who sadly died shortly after the birth of their daughter Caroline, the following year. In 1955 Bull became a member of the London Transport Executive, and in 1962 the London Transport Board; in 1965 he became Vice-Chairman of the LT Executive, a post which he held until his retirement in 1971.

During these years he took a prominent role in pushing forward the automation of the Underground: some of the first automatic ticket machines were installed at Stamford Brook station, the nearest to his house, so that he could monitor them personally. He was one of the key people involved in the planning and construction of the Victoria Line. The Museum of London Transport has a number of tape recordings which Bull later made to preserve some of the memories of his long service to the capital.

Anthony Bull was too fascinated by transport to lose interest in the problems it posed. He continued to be actively involved as a consultant until he was nearly 80. This took him on many overseas trips, which he enjoyed greatly for their own sake. He was called upon to advise, for example, about the feasibility of underground systems in Hong Kong, Taiwan, Iraq and Iran.

As well as acting as consultant to various private firms Bull was adviser to the House of Commons Transport Committee in 1981-82; he also took an active part in the work of the Institute of Transport, of which he was president in its Jubilee Year.

Anthony Bull may have seemed a reserved man, quite unlike his ebullient younger brother, the actor Peter Bull, but many people found that he was a kind one, with a wry sense of humour. He devoted himself to the upbringing of his daughter Caroline, helped by the loyal assistance of her nanny, Winifred Smith, who remained with him as housekeeper and companion for the rest of his life – a total of 57 years. He was an excellent father, and derived enormous pleasure in taking Caroline on a number of his overseas trips, including one to Japan and the United States in search of suitable ticket machines for the Underground.

Bull was very much a Londoner and after the war had a house in Hammersmith Terrace, where his elder brother George had settled; it was the latter's house that for many years saw an annual Bull family gathering for the Boat Race. At the same time he remained attached to north Norfolk where he had spent his schooldays, and its opportunities for bird-watching; it was only recently, when he found driving difficult, that he gave up his cottage on the coast.

Gilbert Burrows (D 22 – 29) died on 14th July 2005. He was employed by Customs and Excise as a surveyor for most of his working life; however, he did serve as a delayed entrant in the RAF during WWII. He was a navigator in a Lancaster bomber. Gilbert described himself as Scottish by absorption. Fundamentally contented with life, Gilbert nevertheless acknowledged one unfulfilled ambition: he would like to have travelled in space and been able to see our planet from out there!

Campbell Coe (H 89 – 94) died aged 29 on the 29th August 2005. The obituary below was written by Andrew Leech, his contemporary:

The problem with writing the obituary of a good friend from your schooldays is the danger that you may omit some important events from his life that occurred before you knew them, or after the close companionship of those happy adolescent days had been left behind. When writing about Campbell the danger is amplified by the fact that he did so many remarkable things in so, sadly, short a life. With apologies duly made I shall try to give a flavour of the man who certainly made a big impact on my life, and I assume equally on the lives of many reading this now.

I first saw Campbell when he was playing in goal for the second (or possibly third) string hockey for Beeston Prep School in the annual grudge match with Gresham's Prep. On that day we were on opposing sides, and it may represent the only time I ever got the better of Campbell, or 'Mr. Coe' as we more often referred to him at school.

The first time I met Campbell was our first day at Senior School, and most probably in the house, for we were both in Howson's. I do not recall that we were so very fond of each other to begin with. However, the ups and downs of school-hood friendships are nothing if not changeable. I do not recall what brought us together, possibly a shared love of Norwich City football club, possibly something else. All I know was that by the end of the first year, like so many others at the school, I counted myself as one of Campbell's friends. For those of you who did not know Campbell, or did not know of him, Campbell was an amputee, having narrowly escaped a first skirmish with cancer when a boy of six. It would be easy to launch into plaudits, 'inspiration to all who knew him, overcame every challenge, achieved so much, never let it hold him back...' Whilst all these statements are true, at Gresham's alone he played in a number of sports teams, cricket and football being true passions, took part in house plays, debating teams, achieved the Duke of Edinburgh Gold award (outlasting and outperforming many of us without the obstacle of crutches), played (or thereabouts) in a rock band, became a house prefect, and capped a solid set of academic results by gaining a place to read history at King's College, London. But to categorize Campbell by reference to his lost leg is to miss the point. Campbell's achievements should not be qualified or assessed by reference to his leg, but should be recognized as traits and achievements that anyone would be proud to call their own.

In addition to his more tangible or measurable achievements, Campbell had a quality all his own, which those who met him admired and sought out. Campbell was gregarious, he could talk openly and easily to anyone from any background or walk of life. Testament to this is the fact the celebrations of Campbell's life saw London lawyers and former colleagues rub shoulders with solid northern lads from his amputee football team, who spoke equally glowingly of Campbell and the fact that he was the only public schoolboy and graduate many of them had ever known socially. Certainly, whenever I went anywhere with Campbell it was impossible to go far without an acquaintance from some sphere of

Campbell's life hailing him, followed by some cheerful banter. Campbell always found it easy to attract new friends and had an uncanny ability not to lose them. In addition to his warm and friendly nature, Campbell also had a well-developed sense of fun and humour; he was quick to make fun of both himself and others. Whilst undeniably having a laid-back approach to life he could also, when called upon, be competitive, determined and even argumentative, as I am sure his housemasters will recall. A profession in the law may have seemed, to some, inevitable.

Campbell's record of achievement did not end when he left Gresham's. He graduated in 1997 with a good degree from King's, where, more importantly, he met the love of his life, Liza. A good and proud Norfolk man, sharing his birthday with Nelson, Campbell, degree in hand, made a home in Norwich, near his beloved Carrow Road. Whilst living in Norwich's golden triangle he began his accounting studies. However, Campbell, always strong enough of character to make a change when change was warranted, finding accountancy less than stimulating, left Lovewell Blake and retrained as a lawyer at Chelmsford Anglia University. In the meantime he and Liza married in an unforgettable service in Dunoon in April 2000, attended by, amongst others, a number of OGs. I remember him effortlessly trading quips in his thank-you speech with the broad glasgi-speaking, Celtic-worshipping in-laws. In-laws who quickly came to love him, just like all others who spent any time with the man.

After a two-year conversion course Campbell looked set to conquer the legal world. Having gained good experience with Hammonds, he gained a place at Octagon in Putney hoping to specialize in sports law. In the meantime he had been playing football for the England amputee team, travelling to places as exotic and far flung as Russia, Rio and Crewe. I know he would have liked it mentioned that he scored against Brazil. How many Englishmen can claim to have done that? Closer to home he organized the Southend amputee team, recruiting, amongst others, recently amputee team mates who I know found Campbell and football a huge help in their adjustment to life on crutches.

When the diagnosis came that the cancer had come back, concealing itself behind a worsening cough, it came as a huge shock for all Campbell's friends and family. A pervasive sense of injustice filled those who knew him. A man who was achieving so much, living life to the full, was hit with a cancer that should not have come back. Even then, Campbell refused to let it get in the way of his life. The doctors at Middlesex Hospital baffled by its reappearance were equally surprised by the way Campbell appeared to beat the cancer again, after some particularly nasty chemotherapy. Campbell, stubborn as ever, refused to believe the doctors when they gave him months to live. An Indian summer ensued where it seemed, cruelly in retrospect, that Cam was going to pull off another amazing result. Campbell even started his own business, opening a shop in Leigh-on-Sea.

Sadly, it wasn't to be. Campbell passed away on 29th August. In his last weeks and months I know Cam drew great support and strength from the love of Liza, Claudia and Bobbie, his wife, sister and mother. All of them were with him at the end. Cam also found comfort in his relationship with God, a relationship that had matured from belting out Jerusalem, at the top of his lungs (and in a questionable key) in the school chapel, to a more considered approach to theology and his place in the world. It is perhaps apt that I end this piece with the Serenity Prayer, which seems to sum up Campbell so well; he made the changes in his life that needed to be made without fear or self-doubt, while accepting all adversities life had in store for him with great stoicism. I shall miss him greatly and know

in this respect I will be but one of many. However, I also retain a sense of thanks and gratitude, and though saddened that we will never share a joke, or a session in the nets, kick a football around, or reminisce about the old days again, I am grateful that I got to spend the time I did with this son of Norfolk, my friend, Campbell Coe.

From The Serenity Prayer

**Grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change,
the courage to change the things I can,
and the wisdom to know the difference.**

Susan Hands Many recent OGs will be saddened to learn that Sue, the wife of Paul, Director of Drama at Gresham's, died following a long and courageous battle against cancer. Our deepest sympathy goes to Paul, Oliver, Duncan and Laura.

Nancy Jones died on 26th May, 2005, following five years suffering from Alzheimer's disease. For many years she supported her husband Neville in his capacities of Headmaster of the Prep School and Housemaster of Kenwyn. Our deepest sympathy goes to Neville and Nicholas.

George Richard Judd (o & W 24 – 31) died in 1999.

David James Lowe (D 35 – 43) died on 10th March 2004 aged 78. He was very fit and healthy up to his last day.

George A. H. McClelland (F 44 – 50) has died. The Editor is grateful to Simon Hardwick (F 47 – 51), a great friend of the deceased, for sending a copy of Andy's obituary which was printed in an unidentified California newspaper:

George "Andy" Anderson Hugh McClelland died peacefully at home on January 13th 2005 after battling prostate cancer. He was 73.

Born on May 12th 1931, to Victoria and Hugh McClelland in Bushey, England, he attended Gresham's in Norfolk, Cambridge and the University of London School of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene, where he was awarded his doctoral degree in medical entomology in 1962.

He joined the department of entomology at UC Davis in 1963 as an assistant professor, and advanced through his career to professor of entomology in 1975, until retiring in 1994. In 1969 he was honoured by the United Nations to serve the World Health Organisation in Tanzania, Africa, as director of the East Africa Aedes Research Institute.

Prior to his career at UC Davis, he worked as a scientific officer for the East Africa High Commission E.A. Virus Research Institute in Uganda, East Africa, and was a postdoctoral research fellow in the department of biology at the University of Notre Dame in Indiana. As a faculty member at UC Davis, he pursued a research programme that emphasised population, ecology and genetics of mosquitoes.

His research broadly related to the interaction of mosquitoes with their environment and to the disciplines of ecology, ethology and genetics. During reviews of his research,

colleagues called his contributions, “ innovative, meticulous, scholarly and contemporary.” He published more than 80 articles and wrote a book on medical entomology, which was widely used all over the United States.

His colleagues remember his interest and devotion to teaching as an extraordinary contribution to the University of California and to the many students his courses and innovative teaching touched. He was one of the first people to integrate art, culture and insect natural history into a course for undergraduates. This fusion of art and science was ahead of its time and tremendously successful.

His course Insects and Human Affairs routinely drew enrolments exceeding 200 students. Students frequently praised his organisation, course content and his personable clear teaching style. His colleagues honoured his achievements with several nominations for teaching awards. One such nomination said, “Our department views Professor McClelland as the consummate teacher. We feel that he sets the standard by which all courses should be judged.”

He was married to Patricia McClelland for 16 years. He later married Elizabeth Loebilich. After they divorced, he married SueDee McClelland.

In 1994 he and SueDee moved to the small town of Clio, in Pumas County in the Sierra Nevada mountains. There, he created an English garden. He found it a challenge to find plants to bloom from March to November at an altitude of 4,400 feet. His garden was admired by residents and tourists.

During his retirement, he travelled extensively to the tropics at least once a year. He also took up watercolour painting. His subject matter included scenes in Africa and other places he had travelled. His last five paintings were of his daughter, Alison, his son, Hugh, and his two younger daughters, Alekka and Stassi.

His last painting was one of his wife SueDee, standing in a pastoral English scene, completed the day before he died.

In November of 2003, he and his wife moved to the University Retirement Community in Davis. He spent the year compiling his memoirs and completing a detailed genealogy of his family. His wife said he loved life and lived it to the fullest every day.

He is survived by his wife of 16 years, Sue Dee McClelland of Davis, four children and four grandchildren.

See also on p.77–79 ‘Andy McClelland at Gresham’s School’ written by his friend and contemporary at Farfield, Martin Burgess (F 44 – 50). The article is both a tribute to Andy and a description of how the culture of Gresham’s allowed the discrete talents of the two friends to flourish.

Howard Moseley (S 62 – 65) died at Essendon on 31st July aged 64. Shortly before he died Howard generously donated several valuable books to the School. See p.126

Bruce Muscott (o,k & F 35 – 42) has died.

Oliver Netherclift (k & H 56 – 62) died on March 17th 2005. Alison Bather, Oliver’s sister, wrote the following appreciation:

Oliver was certainly something of an eccentric, and I think he would be happy with that description.

He always was, and liked to be, a little different from the general run and was attracted all his life to unusual interests and causes. A highly intelligent, well-read, knowledgeable man, he qualified after school as a Chartered Accountant and practised for some years before deciding to make a life for himself on a freelance, volunteer basis.

His enthusiasms included railways, photography, walking miles of the English canal system, early music, supporting the English wine industry by buying exclusively from English vineyards (apart from Champagne!), specialist beers, the Conservative Party for which he did a lot of work, and for many years until he died the Airship Association of which he was Treasurer. This gave him an enormous amount of enjoyment and interest – he even wrote a book about airships – and members of his family were treated to flights both around Bedford and, memorably, over London.

Always something of a loner, he nevertheless enjoyed the company of others, good conversation and good food, and had a great appreciation of the absurdities of life. His laughter was heard even in the last couple of weeks of his life.

He has died much too young at just 61, but he achieved much, including the purchase of his block of flats in London by a residents' company which he had managed to set up despite many difficulties.

His was a strong personality, sometimes a little awkward (indeed my mother said that she was quite unable to get him to do anything he didn't want to do from the age of 3!), but he was always a most generous person and cheerful too. He bore his illness with great courage and optimism, and without complaint. His passing leaves a great gap in our lives and he will be very much missed.

Eric James Perowne (F 45 – 49) died in March 2005. The following obituary is reprinted from *The Eastern Daily Press*:

Award-winning conservationist and North Norfolk farmer Jim Perowne has died suddenly at the age of 73.

Mr Perowne, a keen sailor, was a long-standing Wells Harbour Commissioner and served as its chairman for many years.

As a farmer, he won Britain's top wild game conservation trophy – the Laurent Perrier Award – in 1992, for encouraging the English grey partridge. The prize, later won by the Earl of Leicester's Holkham estate, is usually won by very large shooting enterprises. So, it was very special that the tenant farmer of the 1100-acre Top Farm, Great Snoring, near Fakenham, should receive his prize of £2,500 and a case of Laurent-Perrier champagne from the former President of France, Valéry Giscard D'Estaing

A keen shot, Mr Perowne was also a finalist in the national tenant farmer of the year award and finished in third place. A great supporter of many local organisations and clubs, he served as chairman of Great Snoring Social Club – now chaired by his younger son, David. He also took great interest in the Fakenham Handicapped Club.

He was a former chairman on North Norfolk Conservative Association and joined the Dereham Hockey Club three months after it was founded.

He leaves three children, Robert, Jenny and David, and five grandchildren.

Geoffrey Prosser (F 40 – 44) has died.

Andrew Shawyer (S 46 – 52) died on May 20th 2005. His son **Robin** (W 60 – 65) emailed his reflections:

Dear John,

It was a joy to see you and others at the anniversary. Sadly my father died a week before the OG weekend which cast a shadow over the day from my point of view, but it also felt a good place to be as I remembered a life well lived. As I walked past Big School I recalled his account of when he was rushing past the building at night and ran straight into the coal-hole. It was only some years later that he discovered he had broken his neck, though it caused him little trouble. We lived in Applegarth from 1946 to 1952 and Holt is full of memories

My father, Andrew Shawyer, taught at Gresham's from 1946 to 1952. After that he moved to Somerset where he was appointed Headmaster of Pyrland Hall, the junior school of King's College, Taunton. He completed his teaching career there in 1973 and then for the next twenty years ran a gardening business with my mother, tending gardens near their home outside Langport. In 2004 he moved to Bury St. Edmunds to be close to my sister, Gail, and until he died at the age of 92.

I was interested to read about Malcolm Freegard. He and my father were contemporaries on the staff. They got on well though they were very different characters.

Paul Silver (k & W 42 – 48) died on 20th January 2005. His widow, Shirley, recalls that despite suffering with cancer, which he bore stoically, Paul remained positive and cheerful to the end. He had a happy time at Gresham's and particularly enjoyed cycling to the nearby villages.

Humphrey Spender (H 24 – 29) died on 11th March 2005. The following obituary is reprinted from *The Times*:

Though Spender was variously a qualified architect, a painter, a textile designer and a tutor at the Royal College of Art, he first made his name with a series of photographs he took in a few months of frenetic work during 1937-38.

He had been asked by Tom Harrison, organiser of the Mass Observation project, to join a team of anthropologists, writers and artists putting together *Worktown*, a record of the lives or working-class people in Bolton ("Worktown") and Blackpool ("Holidaytown").

Keenly aware of his privileged background of nannies and governesses, Spender was always willing to assist good causes, especially those involving the poor. Initially he was shocked by the North, its choking smog and poverty, but was quickly reassured by the warm community spirit. He gave his services free to Mass Observation and toured the two Lancashire towns, at first self-consciously and later with stealth, photographing on buses, in pubs and on the pavement. Stealth was important: a camera was an unusual sight in 1930s Bolton where Spender's Leica would have cost six months of an ordinary workman's wages.

Being a thinking photographer in the mould of Henri Cartier-Bresson, he brought to his work an alert eye for detail and an instinct for predicting the moment when a mere record photograph was transformed into something altogether more stimulating. "I was always seduceable by the idea of a 'good photograph'," he once said, but at the same time he would often say a photograph was ruined if its subject became aware of him and looked directly into his lens.

Although deeply conscious of the difference between himself, an upper-class Londoner with "super-respectable conventional attitudes", and his subjects, whose accents he could

not understand, he never condescended either to caricaturing them or to dealing with them on any but the most compassionate terms. His ethical approach and his artistry would become a yardstick for measuring the success of documentary projects.

Always modest about his own achievements Spender quickly overlooked his Mass Observation pictures. They were rediscovered only in the 1970s, since when he enjoyed a belated re-evaluation and celebrity in photographic circles – and this despite having for decades considered himself primarily a painter. A collection of his Mass Observation photographs was published as *Worktown People* in 1982. His work was exhibited and other books were published. He was in demand as a lecturer, a duty he performed with a charming self-mockery that endeared him to his audiences.

John Humphrey Spender was born in Hampstead in 1910. One of his brothers, Michael [O & H 17 – 25], died in a plane crash two days after the Second World War ended; the other brother was Stephen Spender, the poet. He was educated at small private schools in Worthing and London and at Gresham's School, Holt where W.H. Auden was his senior. After a period in Freiburg, where he first became aware of German illustrated newspapers and candid photography, he entered the Architectural Association for four years in 1929. By the time he qualified the Depression was in full swing and architects were in surplus. With his fellow student and lover Bill Edmiston he set up a photographic studio in the Strand doing celebrity portraits and a bit of advertising. He had been interested in photography since the age of 11 when he received a box camera for his birthday. The subjects of his earliest exposures were steam locomotives and, inspired by picture annuals, “beautiful” dewy flowers and sunny landscapes.

In 1934 he was invited to photograph people living in poverty in Stepney, and then *Left Review* commissioned him to photograph the Jarrow hunger marchers and a rally by the British Union of Fascists in the Albert Hall. On the strength of this work the *Daily Mirror* appointed him in 1935 to be its “Lensman”, a staff photographer with a roving brief. This required him to tour the country in “an open-seater Alvis 12/50 with dicky wire wheels and constantly failing brakes”. His duties also took him on an adventurous trip to Morocco – the photographs were published as *Morocco: A Desert Adventure* in 2004.

In these years he also travelled through much of Europe, recording the social and political turmoil of the late 1930s. He visited Germany with his brother Stephen and Christopher Isherwood, whom he photographed in Berlin and on the Baltic island of Rügen. He was in Munich for the notorious *Entartete Kunst* exhibition in 1937 and in Austria for the Anschluss celebrations in 1938. Eventually the *Mirror* fired him – for refusing to send up Edith Sitwell whom he had met and liked – and he was taken on by *Picture Post*.

Not having had the courage – as he himself recorded – to declare himself a conscientious objector like many of his friends, after a short period of training in tanks Spender spent the war years as an official War Office photographer. Apart from “tagging along behind top brass”, he made notable photographs of seamen and RAF personnel.

Postwar boredom exacerbated by the declining challenge offered by photography and financial stringency – to his later regret, he often sold his negatives and prints – led Spender to enter a textile-design competition which was to be judged by Henry Moore. He won it and soon found himself being invited to join the Royal College of Art's textile department. There he remained as a part-time tutor in textiles from 1953 to 1976.

In textile design he revealed a tendency to concentrate on details of surface and texture – this, he claimed, allowed him to take advantage of his short-sightedness. He went on to win industrial-design awards for his textile and wallpaper designs, which were

manufactured by such companies as Sandersons. He was commissioned to design murals and mosaics for the P&O liners *Canberra* and *Oriana*.

In later years he remarked his surprise about this profession, observing that he was not himself in the slightest fashion-conscious. Indeed, for years he attended college wearing the same pullover. Painting, however, was the enduring passion of Spender's last four decades. In it he discovered a lasting challenge absent from photography and at which he was accomplished and widely exhibited. Works by him were purchased by the Tate Gallery. He liked to mount exhibitions of his work – including what he called his “dotty objects”, small confections of found objects – in the modernist studio in Ulting, Essex, whose design he commissioned from Richard Rogers in the late 1960s.

He published a collection of his photographs, *Lensman: Humphrey Spender Photographs, 1932-52*, in 1987. A retrospective show of his photographs was held at the Yale Centre for British Art in 1997, catalogued as *Humphrey Spender's Humanist Landscape: Photo-Documents 1932-42* by Deborah Frizzell. He was awarded an honorary doctorate by the University of Sussex in 2000.

Whilst always frank about his bisexuality, Spender married three times. His first wife, Margaret (Lolly) Low, with whom he adopted a son, died in 1945 – a sorrow commemorated in Stephen Spender's poem *Elegy for Margaret*. His second wife, Pauline Wynn, with whom he had a son, died in 2003. He is survived by his third wife, Rachael Hewitt, and two sons.

See Humphrey Spender Remembers... on p.58–60

Peter Thomason (D 32 – 37) died on 16th August 2005.

David Turner (OSH 58 – 60) died in December 2003.

Tony Yates (F 46 – 48). The previous issue contained a news item from *The Times* dealing mainly with the circumstances of Tony Yates's death. The extract from the memorial address given by Dr John Matthews on 21st January was kindly provided by **John Watson** (F 42 – 47); it covers Tony Yates's considerable achievements in the sphere of medicine:

David Anthony Hilton Yates was born in South London on 15th August 1930 and his initial schooling was in Hampshire. His career spanned the development of rheumatology from its origins in the empirical field of physical medicine to its present position as a core constituent of general internal medicine. His upbringing and training equipped him to be one of the broadest based consultants in the field and to have a very influential role. What were the factors that moulded this exceptional person?

His father was a St Thomas's trained general practitioner coming from a family of brewers. On his mother's side there was a generations-long Guy's influence. His maternal grandfather C.H. Fagge was a Guy's surgeon, and twice Vice-President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. In 1932 he presented on its behalf a ceremonial mace to the Australasian College of Surgeons on the occasion of their receiving a Royal Charter. Fagge's great-grandfather was John Hilton renowned from his 18 lectures given under the title “Rest and Pain”, 1860. Tony told me that it was “touch and go” whether he were sent to Guy's or St Thomas's Hospital Medical School. With this pedigree, brewing and academia, his characteristics were cast and you could see the blend that emerged for yourselves.

The 10 year old Tony was evacuated to family in Australia in 1940. He came back in

January 1945 to school in Norfolk, and went on with the Old Greshamian Bursary to St Thomas's Medical School. There he was awarded the Lord Riddell Medical Scholarship, qualifying with honours in 1953. After National Service in Kenya, Egypt and the Suez Canal he proceeded in 1957 to membership of the Royal College of Physicians of London, and was elected a Fellow in 1974. His rheumatological training began at St Thomas's specialising in locomotor medicine with James Cyriax and electrodiagnosis with Philip Bauwens. He also spent a year with Eric Bywaters and Allan Dixon at the Hammersmith Hospital for further training in systematic rheumatology. His experience across the field was, in my not so humble opinion, unparalleled.

He wrote papers on the spine, muscle and neurophysiology, and his 1963 MD thesis for the University of London was to the title "Unilateral Sciatica with Neurological Involvement: a correlated clinical and electrodiagnostic study". In 1965 he won the Council Prize of the British Association of Physical Medicine for an original paper on Epidural Myelography – a pioneering technique for evaluating spine problems in days prior to axial tomography scanning.

In 1966 he was appointed consultant in charge of the Department of Physical Medicine at St Thomas's Hospital, a department which had been forged by the union of the two previous divisions whose main interests had been electrodiagnosis and orthopaedic medicine. He remained in charge until 1990 when radical administrative changes were making traditional standards and priorities in health care increasingly difficult to sustain. (Subsequent "reorganisations" led his successor as Clinical Director similarly to part company with the administration in 1996). After leaving St Thomas's, he continued in private practice and was more than welcomed at St George's Hospital, where his style in clinics and teaching was greatly appreciated. He remained there until he retired from clinical practice in 1999.

His administrative abilities were valued in many spheres. He was Director of the School of Physiotherapy at St Thomas's, Consultant Rheumatologist to King Edward VII's Hospital for Officers, and Honorary Consultant Adviser in Rheumatology to the Army. In the field of rheumatology he was President of the Rheumatology and Rehabilitation Section of the Royal Society of Medicine in 1980 giving his Presidential Address on "Spinal Stenosis". He was President of the British Association for Rheumatology, the immediate predecessor of the British Society for Rheumatology, from 1982 to 84, having been elected by popular support by the membership at a time when a strong need for clinical leadership was recognised. He contributed with his characteristically practical common sense to committees at the Royal College of Physicians and at South Thames Region.

Dr Yates held a special position in rheumatology and medicine. His years in Australia during the second World War and his National Service experience in the British Army in Kenya, Egypt and the Suez Canal seemed to give him a perspective and a healthy scepticism of the politically driven fashion for change for its own sake. It was his special facility to apply this experience to the field of medicine – clinical, teaching and administrative.

Tony was a perfectionist, widely experienced and very practical. He maintained his broad interest in medical locomotor disorders, particularly the application of electrodiagnosis to rheumatological problems. His advice to trainees on their research was held in high esteem and his teaching was in demand internationally. He was one of London's most sought after opinions in clinical rheumatology and the demands for his services occupied a progressively increasing proportion of his time.

NEWS

John R. Adams (W 52 – 55) retired from Boeing three years ago. He now lives with his mother in Buckeye, Arizona. Tel. 623-386-3807. John very much enjoyed attending the 450th celebration on 28th May. See review of his book *Dodging the Bullet* on p.105–108

Tim Aldiss (k+ W 49 – 56) having sold Bettys of Holt to Bakers and Larners (MD **Michael Baker** (c & W 56 – 65) is intending to launch another superstore somewhere in the A14 corridor between Huntingdon and Newmarket to complement those in Fakenham and Norwich.

Angela Aldous (Danes) (S) contributed a chapter to Volume 2 of *The History of Norwich* published in 2004.

John Aldridge (H 39 – 43) enjoyed reading the last issue of the Magazine. Unfortunately his wife had a stroke three years ago which curtailed their travelling. However, he did enjoy a trip down memory lane by ordering a copy of the Club's publication 'Gresham's in Wartime'.

Michael Allard (S) playing on the pianoforte together with his friends Brian Wood (violin) and Philip Coates (cello) gave a delightful short concert at Michael's home in High Kelling on 19th March. The programme included Smetana's Op.15 Piano Trio and Mozart K. 502. He also took part in a programme of music called *Music for a Summer Evening* presented in August at St Mary's Church, Kelling in aid of St Mary's.

Helen Allen (O 91 – 93) has worked successfully towards acquiring her PGCE while continuing to teach at the primary level in London.

Hugh Alston (F 72 – 73) and his wife Jane sadly saw their historic country house Bradfield Hall very severely damaged by fire in mid-August. Fortunately, Jane who had been in the house alone when the fire broke out escaped unhurt.

John Amies (F 57 – 62). After leaving Gresham's, he worked for a few years with Norwich Union Life Insurance Society. Dick Bagnall-Oakeley had enthused him with the idea of travelling and he spent two longish spells doing that. After leaving NU in 1967, he hitched his way to Australia and New Zealand via Singapore returning via Hong Kong, Japan and the Trans-Siberian railway. He returned to run a small firm of Lloyds insurance brokers for 32 years including a six months leave to drive a Land Rover from New York to Vancouver and via Panama to various parts of South America (a total of 20,000 miles). He and Linda married in 1990 and they have a son, James. His firm was sold to Citibank and after illness in 1999 he partly retired. He plans to join a friend to fly to Beijing and then travel across Asia to Tashkent and Samarkand.

Rebecca Amies (88 – 02) is enjoying her degree course in Nutrition at Sheffield University.

Rebecca Andrews (Palmer) (O 80 – 82) now lives in New Malden, Surrey. Tel 0208 9491698.

John and Jean Arkell (91 – 02) have found themselves fully occupied since leaving the bridge of the good ship Gresham's. John is working towards becoming a lay preacher; however, *The Daily Telegraph* concluded a piece regarding grandparents qua childminders with the following anecdote:

Walking the dog in Hyde Park the other day, I bumped into retired headmaster John Arkell and his wife, Jean. They were in sole charge of Ernie, an energetic labrador, and many children. "Where's Nicola?" I asked (she is their daughter, and mother of six). "In Venice," John replied. "And James?" I asked. "In New York, running the New York marathon," I was told.

The Norfolk-based Arkells had been holding the fort all weekend, as they often do. "We stand ready to leap into the breach for any of our nine grandchildren," John told me. "But we do like a couple of weeks' notice, if possible, as – though this is hard to believe – we have lives of our own too."

Paul Armfelt (W 42 – 46) Email reprinted from the Club's website:

Giddy David,

And greetings from down-under. Delighted to find your excellent pages of email OG news but sad that I couldn't find too many of my contemporaries! Perhaps emailing comes more naturally to the young.

Sad also there seemed to be but two of us living in New Zealand – I do know that Pat Walter has seen the light and come out here. I've been here since 1952 having become one on those "ten-pound poms". In other words an assisted immigrant who only needed to have ten quid in one's pocket to keep going until the first pay day. I did return to Gresham's in 1954 when I came over to ferry a Sunderland out to NZ for the RNZAF, and again in 1989, this time with my wife making her first visit to the Northern Hemisphere. We have had other visits to England and Europe/Scandinavia since then but, I regret, not to Holt.

Much as I'd like to be with you all for the festivities next year I regret that the years are catching up. Perhaps I should be in contention for the oldest surfer – born October 1927 and that pips David Finnis!

Thanks again and best wishes.

John Atkins (W 57 – 62). We sold up the Old Manor at Copredry, Oxon in April 2001 and moved to South Africa to run a guest house in the Winelands, 50 miles from Cape Town. Franschhoek is a delightful tourist town in the heart of the Winelands. We have a six double-room guest house and a small vineyard producing Merlot.

Address: Auberge La Dauphine, PO Box 151, Franschhoek 7690 South Africa.

John@ladauphine.co.za

Louis Bacon (OSH 74 – 75) came from the USA to Gresham's as an English Speaking Union student. He now works for Moore Europe Capital Management, Ltd., Curzon Street, London W1J 5HA.

Michael Baker (c & W 56 – 65) received a surprise presentation to mark his having been at the helm of Larners and Bakers for 30 years and more. Since 1974 turnover has increased from £185,000 to £9m and staff numbers from 20 to 125.

Ian Barber (k & W 81 – 88) who used to work in the Holt and Norwich offices of Larking and Gowen has set up his own accountancy firm, Barber & Co, near Holt.

Glyn Barnett (k & W 81 – 89) has been selected for the 2006 Commonwealth Games in Australia. It will be the third time that Glyn has been selected to represent England in the full-bore rifle discipline in the Games. He won medals on both the previous occasions. He has shot regularly for the Great Britain Palma Team who have been world champions at long range shooting for many years. Glyn is also the only competitor in 151 years to have won the Queen's Prize at Bisley twice. Glyn is a specialist registrar in accident and emergency medicine in London.

Steve Benson (S 64 – 82) retired in August as Director of ISCis East in which post he promoted independent education throughout our region. At the beginning of the Michaelmas Term he gave the first of a series of lectures intended to commemorate Gresham's 450th Anniversary. He spoke on the key role of George Howson in the relaunching of Gresham's between 1900 and 1919.

Steve wrote the very well received history of Gresham's, *I Will Plant Me a Tree* (copies still available from the External Relations Co-ordinator@ £32(inc. p&p) payable to Gresham's School).

Richard Berrill (k & W 62 – 71) has been a record company A & R man and a farmer. He has been a wine merchant for the last twenty years with his third wife, Eve. He still plays guitar with a local band.

Jonathan Besley (91 – 96) embarked on a PGCE course in Cambridge in September. He was responsible for organising the Mencap Events Team for the Great North Run in Gateshead and the Great South Run in Portsmouth. See Marriages.

Laurence Blackall (OSH 64 – 68) is an 'active non-exec' director of Pipex Communications and Chairman of Boat International Publications. He confesses that these pretentious titles are a cover for semi-retirement; he divides his time between London and Aix-en-Provence.

James Blackburn (OSH 64 – 68) took a great deal of trouble to organise for fellow OGS his long-projected Derbyshire Walk in the Hathersage area.

Michael Blyth (H 67 – 71) lives in Felbrigg near Cromer with his wife Sheena and their two children James and Florence. James is in Howson's. Michael is co-owner of T.H. Blyth & Sons of Foulsham, the firm of building contractors who built Lockhart House (the Headmaster's House) in 1978. His company has been employed on several other projects at Gresham's over the years. Michael is a keen walker and player of golf at Sheringham.

Victor Brenner (F 39 – 41) worked for a year in engineering after leaving school. He joined the forces at 18 and served 4½ years in the Royal Engineers. He saw service in Mediterranean countries and Egypt. On his return to civilian life he studied Law, qualifying as a solicitor in 1950. Victor served as a Deputy Judge in Norfolk and Suffolk

for 20 years. He was Legal Chairman of the Mental Health Review Tribunal for 12 years. Though still a solicitor, Victor has retired; he is a non-practising consultant with Hatch Brenner in Norwich. He is struggling gamely to master a lap-top as well as attending art classes at Wensum Lodge. He submitted items for the OG Art Exhibition in the Nicholson Gallery.

Duncan Bridge (H 66 – 71) spent 2004 as captain of the primary support and tow boat for the British America's Cup Challenge which sadly suspended operations in November 2004 owing to lack of funding. He is aiming to join another syndicate, leading up to the main racing in Spain in 2007.

Tim Brignall (98 – 03) together with colleagues successfully undertook the Five Peaks Challenge and raised £1500 approx. for charity.

Peter Brook (W 39 – 41) reached his 80th birthday this year, but last year (2004) in a festival of four plays he celebrated the 30 years he has spent in his ideal theatre, Les Bouffes du Nord, behind the Gare du Nord in Paris. During November and December Peter celebrated the discovery and acquisition in 1974 of the abandoned theatre that had presented ground breaking plays, music and vaudeville between 1876 and 1952. Carolyn Rigby, Assistant Director of Drama at Gresham's, talked to Peter for two hours as part of her postgraduate study of the man and his work. Carolyn recently gave a superb illustrated lecture on Peter Brook as a 450th Anniversary event.

Richard Brown (H 67 – 71) was mobilised from the TA to Iraq in 2003. For the first six months he was posted to Basrah where he co-ordinated a \$127 million emergency programme for the reconstruction of power, water and oil facilities in Southern Iraq. He then moved to Baghdad for a further six months as Chief, Infrastructure, for Multi-National Force Iraq. He had previously undertaken an MA in "Post-War Recovery Studies" at York University and this was to prove very useful to him in Iraq. He received the Bronze Star Medal (US) for his work in Baghdad.

Logie and Jo Bruce Lockhart (1955 – 82). Following the Club's presenting the former Headmaster and his wife with some liquid refreshment to celebrate their years together, the couple responded: "Jo and Logie thank the Old Greshamians very much for their most generous gift of well-chosen wine to mark their diamond wedding. They were very touched and will do their utmost to live long enough to do justice to it."

Rachel Cane (Malet) (O 84 – 86) lives in Perth, Western Australia. Already the mother of three girls, she was in April expecting child no.4. In addition she was working two days a week for the Perth Celebrations. Email address rachelmalet@hotmail.com

Robert Carter (k & H 63 – 72) showed work in progress by R.G. Carter Colchester on Mistley Quayside Maltings in Essex to his Royal Highness The Prince of Wales, who has taken a great interest in saving the building for posterity. Robert spearheaded the development of the Prince's Trust's construction team across the country encouraging entry into the industry. See **DISTINCTIONS**.

Sarah Carter (Wassell) (O 78 – 80) who lives in Achurch, Northants with husband Richard and two children Freddie and Gabriella has been brushing up on her Latin as Freddie started at Oundle (day school) in September 04.

Airlie Carver (Inglis) (O 80 – 85), who has three children, now has two related business enterprises to occupy her – Babyland in Norwich and Lilliput in Battersea.

Adrian Chadwick (k & T 76 – 81) lives in Canada. After graduating in History from Trent University, Adrian acquired an MBA at Laurentian University. Following five years with the Bank of Montreal, he is now Vice-President Marketing for a company producing Dream Car Garage and Sports Car Revolution for the Speed Channel in the USA. He is currently restoring a Stutz Blackhawk which belonged to King Fahd of Saudi Arabia. Adrian and Janis have two daughters, Alexandra and Victoria.

Winston Chen (T 78 – 84) wrote to say that although it is more than 21 years since he left he still remembers David Horsley's biology lessons. He was sad to learn of the death of Michael Barrett.

Michael Close (F 94 – 99) went from Gresham's to Edinburgh to read Astro-Physics. After some time he decided that he was not suited to the course, so he switched to Accountancy at UEA. Michael now lives at home in Saxthorpe.

Emma Coleman (Dale) (O 82 – 84) has been appointed Director of Music at Beeston Hall Preparatory School.

Gerard Collett (F 87 – 00) had agreed to sing in the OG Showcase on 28th May but regretfully had to pull out when he had to undergo an operation. Gerard has followed his brother to the Royal College of Music.

Ronan Collett (F 87 – 00) had agreed provisionally to sing in the OG Showcase on 28th May but reluctantly had to pull out owing to his commitment to Opera Tableau. He sang in the Wigmore Hall Christmas Concert alongside the St John's College Choir.

Samantha Convine (O 92 – 94) and partner Mark together with daughter Isabella Rosie, born in March 2004, live in Lancashire.

Steven Conybeare (c & F 78 – 87) sold his first law practice and has established a new one in London and Budapest, focused on investment into central and eastern Europe.

David Copas (k & F 85 – 96) qualified as a doctor from Nottingham University in 2001 and having opted for surgery has worked in the East Midlands area training in Orthopaedics; in July 2005 he was admitted as a Member of The Royal College of Surgeons.

James Copas (H 93 – 98) works in Peterborough for the travel company Thomas Cook. He and his wife Hayley now live in Oundle. See Marriages.

Richard Copas (S 63 – 01) as Chairman of the OG Club relished the challenge of organizing the 1000-strong 450th Anniversary Reunion on 28th May. The logistics were daunting but Richard pressed on cheerfully, supported by a phalanx of committee members. Fortunately, everything including the Ball went off well! Richard remains heavily involved in the running of the Holt Youth Centre. However, he has extracted himself from the responsibility for Holt's Christmas lights. Some crosses are too hard to bear.

Robert Copas (F 93 – 98). After his degree in Biology from Nottingham in 2003 Robert explored several avenues of employment including guiding in Tanzania and graduate recruitment in Oxford before finally deciding to become a doctor. He successfully completed the first two academic years at Birmingham in 2005 and has returned for the three years of clinical study. A long haul after great careers advice from his father!

Sarah Cordeaux (Dawson) (72 – 76) has moved from Wells Cathedral School where she was Head of English to become Deputy Head at Kingswood School.

Venetia Crawley has decided not to pursue architecture which she read at Cambridge and is now finding much more fulfilment in the realms of music, especially singing, and art. **Florence** is enjoying her degree course in Social Anthropology at Sussex University. **Oliver** has just started on his chosen course, Biological Sciences at UCL.

Fiona Croxen (O 80 – 82) recently returned from London to live in Norfolk. She is currently a Senior Solicitor at County Hall in Norwich.

Jane Corran (Walker) (c & O 77 – 84) gave birth to a son, Tim, a brother for Ben and Joe.

Nigel Dick (c & F 64 – 72) completed Callback, his sixth film, this year. He co-wrote the film and produced it independently. Prior to that he wrote a screenplay based on Nick Duerden's thriller Sidewalking, set in London. Nigel is still directing music videos and shot the music videos for the last two Spiderman videos as well as videos for Elton John, The Corrs and Brian McFadden. Two of his recent in-concert films featured Keith Richards and Joss Stone. Having lived in the States for about 20 years, Nigel recently became an American citizen. He loves cycling and recently tackled three of the mountain passes that feature in the Tour de France including the fearsome Mont Ventoux. Last year together with **Ed Howard** (F 67 – 72) and **Miles Firth** (F 68 – 72) Nigel visited Australia. He is contactable via email: www.nigeldick.com

David Doyle (F 38 – 42) enjoys reading the Magazine and 'catching up' on events he experienced and people he knew, as well as learning of people and activities new to him. 'The older I become,' he observes, 'the more I realise how much of a part Gresham's played in the development of my mental, ethical and physical assets – such as they are'. David persuaded his parents to send him to Gresham's as it was the only public school of consequence in the UK that did not allow beating. He recounts how he was nearly caught with a crib-sheet in an exam so did not refer to it, found he could recall it and therefore could dispense with aide-memoires in future exams at Gresham's, Cambridge and Princeton. It also helped him to speak in public without notes. A grateful David enclosed a \$100 donation to the Club!

Ben Du Brow (OSH 58 – 63). Extract from *The Eastern Daily Press* 1st November 2004: 'Work has begun on the final phase of an award-winning business complex created from redundant buildings to the south of Norwich...a Dutch barn will be turned into office space for 75 to 100 people, and a building once used as a cowman's home will be converted into a Swiss chalet-style office for a further five to ten people... Landowner Ben Du Brow is investing about £1m in the speculative build at his Manor Farm Barns business complex at Framingham Pigot...which is set in about 20 landscaped acres (and) has been converted to provide 25,000 sq.ft of office space over the past five years.'

James Dyson (k & OSH 56 – 65) has launched a machine with a single ball-shaped wheel to make it far easier to manoeuvre round furniture and other obstacles. Owners can change direction with a small turn of the wrist rather than having to use the push-pull method needed with the conventional upright cleaners. The Ball or DC15 has 182 patents and is the product of three years' work by around 350 scientists and engineers at Dyson's research and development centre in Malmesbury.

Geoffrey Eisele (OSH 71 – 77) has joined the Club. Over the years he built and sold several companies. Geoffrey is married and the Eiseles spend spring and summer at their countryside house near Cognac in France and winter in Palm Beach, Florida. He greatly enjoyed the 450th Ball on 28th May.

Owen Eva (K 31 – 36) has written an article (see p.82–83) on his visit to Saigon in 1945 prompted by Charles Wicksteed's article in the last issue. In a separate letter he writes: It was not until a number of years after the war that I learnt that Philip Toosey was also an OG. He was one of the very best of the British senior officers who acted as a POW camp commander during our POW years. After our return to Thailand from Saigon we were building a new officers camp East of Bangkok in the summer of 1945. It was near to the defensive positions the Japanese were preparing to meet the allied attack on Malaya and Thailand, and we were very thankful that Philip Toosey was our British senior officer. We had a thoroughly unpleasant Japanese camp commander who we felt would be only too happy to dispose of us all if the attack came. Philip Toosey would have been the best possible man to cope with such a dangerous situation. Thanks to the atom bomb that situation did not arrive and we survived.

Michael Everitt (H 47 – 52) has had fifty black and white photographs of San Antonio, Ibiza, accepted by The Archaeological Museum of Ibiza and Formentera for their archives. He took, developed and enlarged the photos himself in 1954 at the age of 21. Since then San Antonio has changed beyond recognition. Everitt gives credit to Dick Bagnall-Oakeley who taught him (and others) more about photography than geography!

Deborah Fenn (E 94 – 99) went straight to Oxford Brookes from Gresham's. There she embarked on a foundation year in science. Following that she spent two years on a modular degree in Bio-chemistry and Human Biology. Finding that the chemistry side of things did not agree with her, she concentrated on Human Biology, taking nine modules in her final year and eventually achieving a 1st Class BSc in Human Biology. During her time at Brookes, Deborah had done an internship with Courts & Co and after graduating she returned to them; she hopes to qualify as a Private Barker next year.

Since leaving school Deborah had continued with her shooting. She shot with the full/senior GB Team in Malaysia and Australia and with the GB U25 team in South Africa. Also thanks, she maintains, to her D of E training she had the confidence to go trekking in Nepal up to base camp of Mount Everest.

G.N. Clayton Flint (o & H 24 – 33) is now back in touch with the Club having moved some time ago from Altrincham to Knutsford. Unfortunately in the interim he did not receive mailings from the Club including his invitation to the 450th anniversary celebrations! Clayton writes: 'I have asked my executors to tell you when I die and until they do I shall be grateful if you will assume that I am still alive.' Born in 1914, Clayton post-Gresham's went up to Clare College, Cambridge before coming articled to Mr Harold Addleshaw Solicitors in Manchester; he was the father of Derek Addleshaw (S 28 –5?), who latterly was the Housemaster of Crossways.

Katie Franklin (E) gained a 1st class degree in Law at Nottingham University. She is now studying for her legal practice qualification at Southampton University.

Robert Fulford (H 85 – 00) captained the victorious Cambridge side in the Varsity Hockey Match. In the curtain-raiser to the match Gresham's defeated Marlborough 10-2.

Julia Gillick (c & O 89 – 98). Having spent a year teaching two-to-eighteen-year-old Thais in Bangkok, Julia returned to England at Christmas and was a classroom assistant in the local Special School in Sheringham for six months, before landing an English teaching post at King's School, Rochester, Kent, where she is now living.

Kieran Gillick (k & W 87 – 98) is about to complete his PhD thesis at University College, London on 'Cell Suicide' (which one day may lead to a cure for cancer). He has enjoyed the cutting edge nature of his studies and hopes to travel the world next year.

Daisy Gough (O'Malley) (O 90 – 95) has a one-year-old son called Dalloway.

Sienna Guillory (O 91 – 93) and her husband Enzo Cilenti both act on stage and in films (recently Sienna appeared in *Love Actually* and *The Time Machine*). They appeared together on the West End stage in *The Shape of Things*. Also together they cycled five stages of the Tour de France covering some very mountainous terrain to raise money for Guide Dogs for the Blind.

Chris Gadd (k & H 87 – 95) is working for The Aids Foundation as a scientific journalist.

Owen Hamilton (W 94 – 99) left Leeds University in 2003 with a 2:1 in Automotive Engineering and immediately landed a post with Peugeot at their Coventry HQ. He is now on their management training scheme.

Bob Hammond (W 89 – 92) between terms at Beeston Prep School where he teaches spent 3hrs 50 mins running in the Paris Marathon. He raised between £2,200 and £2,500 for three cancer charities. Bob was moved to help raise funds following the untimely death of **Guy Marsom** (see OBITUARIES 2004).

Oliver Hands (F 92 – 96), having qualified as a doctor, has embarked on the lengthy process of qualifying as a psychiatrist. He is thinking of specialising in child psychiatry. Currently he works at Leicester Royal Infirmary.

Peter Hannah (F 38 – 52) wrote a letter of appreciation after the Great Day (28th May): These are just a few lines to convey both my thanks and congratulations to you, the staff, the OGs and the School and all the organisers for producing such a wonderful 450th Anniversary Celebration Day. I was so glad that I was not too old to be able to participate in the Event! I am sure that there are many, like me, who feel real benefit from attending a service in the Chapel again – the singing so reminiscent of the 1938/1940 services. I was so glad to be with Pat Mumby and his wife and to meet again David Hammond, Henry Jones, Peter Dodman, John Willis and Walter Moll, all of my 38-42 era. Again, John, please convey my sincere thanks to those who did so much to make the Anniversary such a brilliant success.

Sarah Harrison (Winram) (k & O 75 – 82) works for the energy regulator, Ofgem, in charge of corporate affairs in London, where she lives with her husband and two daughters. A recent surprise birthday party for Sarah at The Queen's House, Greenwich saw a reunion with **Gail Reid (née Christey)**, **Marijka Grisenthwaite (née Veltman)**, **Rowena Macaulay**, **Miranda Rich (née Marshall)** and **Fiona Croxen**.

Richard Harvey (W 62 – 67). After finishing his geology degree at Imperial College he joined the mining industry. At first he was based in London but then had an exciting six year spell in South Africa (1976–82) working in the gold-mining industry. After being transferred back to London he retrained as an accountant, which was just as well as his company was taken over in 1989, leaving all the staff redundant. Since then Richard has done a number of accounting jobs in London and is currently in government with the Department of Trade and Industry. He has retired from energetic sports and now concentrates on sailing, golf and skiing. Recent highlights include a two-month leg (or one sixth) of a Round the World yacht race.

Gordon Hazlett now lives in Wootton, Oxfordshire. Having given up hockey, he plays lots of tennis and a little squash all with a dodgy back. He has two daughters, the elder quite academic, the younger quite sporty – athletics (sprinter), netball, tennis and rowing!

Timur Hicilmaz (H 87 – 90) graduated from Harvard in 1996, then worked in London for a while. He returned to the States, working as a management consultant in Washington D.C. Email: timurh@hotmail.com

Duncan Hill (S) lives in a village not far from Keighley, W. Yorks. He has been working at Grassington School and also acting as a guide at Bronte Parsonage, Howarth. Quite a change of scene, after having retired early (55) six years ago from his role in Birmingham as a Languages Adviser.

Ali Horsley is in the last year of his degree course at Nottingham Trent University. Thereafter he intends to study for his PGCE.

Gavin Horsley (k & F 86 – 96) is developing his career as a professional singer. Next on the agenda is his role in Britten's Billy Budd for the ENO. He sings frequently in the chorus at the Royal Opera House. He enjoys his freelance existence being able to pick and choose the events, roles and companies that appeal to him. On 6th October he sang the role of Noye in Noyes Fludde (Britten again!) given by all three Gresham's schools to huge audiences in the Sports Hall.

Jamie Horsley (k & F 88 – 97) is reading Biology at UEA and contemplating a PGCE with a view to teaching.

Rupert Hosking (c & T 79 – 97) is living in Essex with his wife, a local GP, and two children. After ten years working for health care companies he set up a medical devices business, Ortho Solutions, providing implants and instruments to orthopaedic surgeons. Email: rupert@vithosol.com

Paul (the eldest brother) lives in Spain with his Spanish wife and two children and occupies himself intermittently with consulting work. **Toby** lives in Somerset and London where he works as a second assistant film director. **Barnaby** is a sculptor and is currently exhibiting at the Royal Academy of Art.

Tim Holtom in the light of the projected exhibition Gresham's Inventors drew attention to the fact that his uncle **Gerald** (K 24 – 31) invented the peace sign and suggested that it be included in the exhibition (for details go to Tim's website www.azlan.biz). Gerald also appeared in Tomorrow's World in the 70s demonstrating his very fast sailing boat, The Foiler, which for a couple of hours held the world speed record for sailing boats! See Review of Gresham's Inventors Exhibition on p.88–89

Paul Howell (OSH 64 – 69), the former MEP, wrote a letter to The Sunday Times (13th February 2005) despairing of the lack of vision and leadership in the Conservative Party and questioning whether it could even serve as a decent opposition. He dismissed party activists as 'a combination of old, anti-European, anti-immigrant, near-racist, homophobic isolationists who select candidates in their own image,' adding 'Few young people are attracted by them nationally or at constituency level.'

Tim Howling (k & T 71 – 78) now lives in Winnersh, Berkshire. Happily married with two children, Tim is M.D. of Interactive Advertising Ltd, an internet service provider.

Carly Hughes (76 – 78) sent Christmas greetings and thanks to Jenny Rayner for her help in coping with everything when her children were young. Her son, Anthony Coleridge, spent last summer working with the National Youth Theatre and was hoping to secure a place post A-level at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. Annie won two entry awards at Ely School and came 3rd in a national show-jumping competition against much older children. Carly lives near Swaffham and is a GP at Fakenham.

Jim Hutchence (F 39 – 44) has handed over the responsibility for the Philip Newell Bursaries to the School. Several such Bursaries are awarded to VI Form leavers to help them finance post-School foreign travels involving welfare work or education. Jim feels very strongly that the Bursaries are a particularly fitting tribute to Philip Newell, the

Headmaster of Gresham's when it was evacuated to Newquay from 1940 to 1944. In that connection he has sent to the School Archive a copy of Philip Newell's obituary originally published in 1990. (See extracts on p.112). Jim also sent a copy of his memorial tribute to Philip Newell's wife, Sylvia, who showed remarkable energy, enterprise, care and commitment in looking after the boys, especially in her key role of supervising the catering for the whole school.

Clare Igoe (c & O 91 – 98), who obtained a degree in Education at Bath, is now training to become a Dental Hygienist and Therapist at King's College, London.

Mary Igoe (c & O 94 – 04) following her gap year in New Zealand has embarked on an English degree course at the University of Gloucestershire.

Rory Igoe gained a degree in Economics from Newcastle University. More recently he spent time in China acting as a guide for UNESCO and US visitors to the famous Terracotta Warriors. Rory hopes in the fullness of time to be taken on by a firm of accountants in London.

John Ingram (OSH 86 – 90) and his wife **Victoria** (née Clarke-Jones) (E 87 – 92) now have two very young children, Henry (b.4/11/03) and Lucy (b. 28/10/04) 51 weeks later! The Ingrams live in Thorpe St Andrew, Norwich.

Andrew Jefford co-presents The Wine Programme on BBC Radio4 with Oz Clarke.

Nicholas Jones (F 67 – 71) after reading Physiology at Oxford, and using his interest in printing, expected to go into scientific publishing, but instead found himself editing the likes of Dick Francis and Mike Brearley at Michael Joseph (now part of Penguin). He published books relating to Thames Television programmes (while it was the London ITV), then ran publishing and book selling for Royal Institute of British Architects until 1995, when he established Strathmore Publishing, an editorial services and audio production company, now five strong. He lives in north London, has an office in Clerkenwell and is currently building a studio there dedicated to spoken word recording. He has worked with readers ranging from Jenny Agutter and Derek Jacobi to Shane Richie via Richard Dawkins.

Nicholas and his father, Neville, former Headmaster of Gresham's Prep School, attended the Thanksgiving Service held in Thornage Church for Nancy Jones who died after a long illness. See OBITUARIES.

Richard Judd (H 62 – 66) read architecture for 3 years at UWIST (the School of Welsh Architecture attached to the University of Wales). Having moved to London to work as a 'hack' on a Michelin tyre factory in Dundee. As that project was 18 months late and another project, the South Bank Complex, was 4 years late, he decided to become a works co-ordinator for large developments. During his time at North London Poly studying chartered surveying, he took a well paid job with a French firm of project-managers in Nevers. In 1974 following the oil crisis Richard lost his job, even though he had managed the building of the first Carrefour hypermarket in the UK at Eastleigh and two others in France.

Having married a French girl who did not want to live in England, Richard took a job in 1975 setting up a French subsidiary of Trudias, a toy retailing and mail order business based in Bath. In 1977 they took over the Children's Book Centre's French operation. In 1984 the first went independent distributing British-made toys to 200 shops in France, Belgium and Switzerland. In 1993 Richard decided to seek financial backing for a major new outlet at St. Germain en Laye. Unfortunately his choice of backers proved disastrous and the business had to be sold. He was now jobless.

Back in project management, he found himself in charge of alterations to 50 HSBC banks in Paris and 283 BNP branches. In a 6 month period in 2002 the firm sent off 34,400 sheets of A3 sized plans for planning permission!

Since 2004 Richard has supervised the building of another forty-two hypermarkets as well as two residences and the development of an island in the Seychelles.

About 35 years ago Richard played the organ at the wedding of **Geoffrey and Rose Hipperson**. He had not seen them since (or even sent a Christmas card) when Geoffrey invited him to play the organ for their daughter Sue's wedding this summer.

Richard would be delighted to meet any OG passing through Paris – his email address is rjudd@club-internet.fr

Philip Kemp (H 71 – 74) and his wife divorced in 2003 but they are still friends. Philip was recalled from furlough at Continental Express Airlines in February 2004. He has been flying the Embraer EMB-145XR as a First Officer all over the US, Canada, as well as to Mexico and the Bahamas. Philip and his brother Alex attended the Gresham's 450th celebration.

Siam Kidd 'has become one of the youngest people to train as a fighter pilot with the Royal Air Force. Siam Kidd flew a Hawk – the type of plane used by the famous Red Arrows – when he was just 18. And the talented teenager has now been offered training at RAF Cranwell in Lincolnshire—the world's oldest RAF training college – after being selected from more than 4,000 applicants. Only a handful of would-be fighter pilots pass the selection process for a place at the world-famous college and Siam, who turned 19 at the end of January, is three years younger than the average entrant.

Martial arts instructor Siam said: "I feel I was born to fly. Words cannot describe how I feel when I fly, but I love the speed and freedom of being in control of an aircraft that I find so exhilarating." He was part of the victorious British team which beat 11 other national teams in the International Air Cadet Exchange in Hong Kong and China last year.' Reproduced from *Norwich Evening News*.

Andrew Kitchen (F 60) graduated in Maths and Natural Philosophy from Edinburgh University in 1964 and later gained a PhD in Maths from the University of Rochester, NY. Subsequently, after two years spent at the Federal University of Brazil and the University of Illinois, he returned to St John Fisher College, Rochester where he taught Maths and Computer Science, having taken his masters level, and did research. Andrew has two sons by his first marriage. He and his wife Carol had both retired by 2002 so he can spend his winters skiing and summers sailing. He hopes after a absence of 10 years to make a trip to England to visit relatives and friends. Email: akitchen@frontiernet.net

Mauritz Kleingeld (OSH 89 – 91) has joined the Club.

Christina Koern is studying Biology and English and hopes to begin work as a teacher in due course.

Emilie Lantau (Calhaem) (k & O 82 – 92) has finished her PhD, given birth to her second child in the spring, and moved with the family to Italy for two years.

Andrew Leech (k + H 85 – 94), following his marriage to Paula Dooge in South Africa almost a year ago, arranged on 9th July for the benefit of UK-based friends and family, a further service of dedication conducted by the Rector of Holt, Howard Stoker, in the Theatre-in-the-Woods.

Ray Lewis (OSH 82 – 87) and his wife Kathy are enjoying parenthood. Sophie was born in March 2003. The arrival of Theodore (born 1st December 2004) prompted the move to a larger house in Newton, Massachussets.

Pony Bruce Lockhart (Dryer) (O 72-75) continues to teach English, History, I.T. et al at Wellingborough Preparatory School and lends her husband support in the administration of Lamport Hall, Northants.

Ian Lowe (W 48 – 53) wrote to say how exasperated he was by Peter Brook's 'Threads of Time: A Memoir' which is hardly a clear, well-ordered and accurate account of his life; for example, there is no mention of Gresham's. However, he felt that Peter Brook was spot on about 'Mr. Taylor' (H.D.F. Taylor whose Shakespeare productions Ian took part in): 'He was a breath of fresh air, outspoken, not a games player, distinctive, cultivated, with a large reproduction of a pink period Picasso so that one got a whiff of Paris. Elegantly suited, with a limp, never explained, which perhaps explains why he was teaching at Newquay and not doing war service.

See LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Paul Lunt (T 94 – 96) after gaining his PhD in organic chemistry spent nine months doing a postdoctorate at the University of Leeds but, feeling the need for more intellectual stimulus, switched to working for an IT consultancy as an Analyst Programmer. See Marriages.

Catherine Manchett (E 90 – 95) is working as a Senior Account Manager for an events company, organising a range of corporate events and hospitality, primarily across London.

Patrick Marriott (F 71 – 77) is now a Brigadier i/c Armoured Brigade stationed at Hohnen Camp in Germany. Email: marriottpckh@hotmail.com

Miranda Marshall (Rich) (c & O 75 – 82) lives with her husband and children in Holme-next-the-Sea, West Norfolk. She is a partner with Ward Gethin, Solicitors.

Rebecca Mason (Goodwin) (O 89 – 91) married Tigger in 2002. She is expecting a child in February, so has stopped her work as Health and Fitness Manager at the Queen's Club.

Melissa Masters (O 83 – 85) is working part-time at Fakenham College where she teaches English and Media Studies.

Iain Mawson (T 68 – 73) and his wife Alison, together with **Ralph Wiggins**(S), **Graham Colombé** (c & W 52 – 62) and **John Pryor** () featured in the 2004 Blakeney Players' revue, *Wheels and Deals*, presented in the West End (of Blakeney). **Steve Moore** (S) did a considerable amount of set-building and painting, **Jos Wiggin** helped with the costumes and **Graham Colombé** penned some of the material.

Robin McCurdy (c & W 52 – 62) had difficulty contacting Dave Horsley because of an incorrect email address in the Chairman's Notes; in fact, our webmaster's email address is dhorsley@greshams.com. Back on haemodialysis, Robin organised a two-week holiday in Madeira in December'04 with dialysis arranged in advance out there.

John Mellows (k & W 54 – 61) wrote to inform the Editor that his brother **Peter**, the one who got married for the first time aged 75, was also an OG (k & H 39 – 46) and was one of the famous four who were at Holt, then Newquay and returned to Holt. John has Peter's school cap which was by tradition *carried but not worn* before they were abandoned altogether. 'It must be one of the four survivors!' he added.

Cdr. Barry Mitchell (OSH 44 – 48), formerly Hon. British Consul Coast Representative in Kenya, came over from Mombassa for the 450th anniversary. He wrote to the Headmaster expressing congratulations as well as his own pride in being a former pupil of Gresham's; he described the arrangements for the celebrations as 'superlative'. Barry has offered to help any former Gresham's pupils visiting Mombassa during a gap year.

Richard Moody (F 85 – 87) is Director Global Financial Products at RBS Capital Markets in London. Richard and his wife Ruth who married in 2003 gained their first child Hannah in September 2004.

Gina Nixon (E 98 – 01) is living in Sydney. One their last trip to the UK, she and her mother both enjoyed seeing Gresham's once more.

Andrew Norfolk (k & W) resumed contact with the Club; he assumed he had 'fallen off the edge of the world'! He lives in Bolnhurst, Beds. Tel 01234 376467. In his email-exchange with Peter Corran, who made it possible for Andrew and his brother **David**, also cut adrift years ago, to receive mailings, Andrew observed: 'I enjoyed Chemistry, despite my abysmal results and the best endeavours of you and Mr Melville to knock some sense into my brain.'

Patrick O'Connell (F 79 – 84) co-presented the BBC3 coverage for the Eurovision Song Contest and is a panellist in BBC3's quiz series, *HeadJam*. He was the host-presenter on 7th April of *Flashmob the Opera* (in Sheffield), the second of BBC3's live operas. The work involved music from composers such as Puccini and Bizet arranged by Robert Ziegler who conducted the BBC Concert Orchestra at the venue. New English lyrics were written for the story, a contemporary spin on the legend of Faust, the doctor who made a pact with the devil: Sophie Faust is a high-flyer who had sacrificed fulfilment and happiness in her private life in a relentless and ambitious career...

Richard Owen is in his fourth year reading Medicine at Liverpool University Medical School and is now Medical School President.

Mike Pemberton (OSH 50 – 55) and his wife Tina have been earning accolades for their restaurant called Brovey Lair which opened three years ago in Ovington near Swaffham. Their first entry in the 2005 Michelin Guide had them as a ‘unique dining experience’! The Good Food Guide 2005 has given Tina the same mark as **David Adlard**, Gary Rhodes, Angela Hartnett (Connaught) and all Michelin-starred chefs. Visit www.broveylair.com

Andrew Prior (c & T 81 – 87) and his wife Phoebe now have a son, Robin, born in 2004. The Priors live in Watlington, W. Norfolk. Andrew is Deputy Head of a large primary school in King’s Lynn.

Mike Rawlins (c & F 69 – 76) emailed to say how much he enjoyed the 450th Anniversary Ball. He also recommended a superb overview of Benjamin Britten’s music in the New York Times. The composer’s major operas and a broader range of works increasingly left in their shadow have all been recorded and the big guns of NYT music criticism have selected the best, providing crisp appreciations of individual works and top-quality performances of same. Access via <http://www.nytimes.com/2005/06/10/arts/music/10brit.html?th&emc=th> Email address for Mike Rawlins: goodgriefmike@hotmail.com

Ben Rayner (k + W 85 – 93) is working on risk management for the Royal Bank of Scotland. He is based in Leeds, so, as he and his wife Pip have moved from Sheffield to Middleton St. George in Teesdale, he goes to work on a fast GNER train from Darlington.

Emily Rayner (Nackvi) (c + O 80 – 89) gave birth to a baby girl, Kinza Grace, on 20th October, 2005.

Catherine Renshaw (Allen) (E 92 – 96) and her husband James now have two children, Frances and Jasper.

Alex Rolfe (k & T 86 – 95) is working for the family business in Norfolk.

John Rolph (H 57 – 62) recently retired as a Chartered Accountant in practice, mainly based in Norwich. He is still running a consultancy business for the ‘soft’ issues within family businesses – succession, communication and family constitutions. John remarried in 2002 to Trisha. His retirement activities include fishing, golf and real tennis. John would be interested to know how many OGs play real tennis – maybe a friendly tournament could be arranged at his club in Newmarket if there were sufficient numbers. Address: Church Farmhouse, Cranworth, Thetford, Norfolk IP25 7SH Phones 01362 822400, 07866 588853. Email johnrolph@fast.mail.net

Espen Ronneberg (H 80 – 85) is married with two little girls. The family live in Malaysia.

Frank Rycroft (F 64 – 67) is particularly keen to discover any details regarding the death many years ago, possibly in an accident, of his best friend and contemporary at School, **Hilary Baines** (F 64 – 68). Email celia.baxter@boltblue.com

David Rymer (F 48 – 53) writes:

My life goes on quietly! Contacts with other OGs are limited – I regularly see **Tony and Vivienne Baker** and **Elise and Lindsay Mackinlay**. I keep in touch with **Michael Meneagh** in Rio de Janeiro who flew over with his wife **Lyria** to my 70th bash in April and of course I have my nephew **Tim Rymer** close by running my brother's farming empire 'JSR Farms' (since he died some 9½ years ago). (So we had 4 OGs at my 70th).

Having retired after a career in Education, I keep up my interests in the Arts. I am interested in Classical Dance training, supporting the major dance schools and I am a Governor of the London Studio Centre still. I recently retired after 35 years as a Governor of King James's School in Knaresborough! When you get to 70 I feel it is time to let the next generation have their head!

Jeremy Sapwell (W 83 – 88) serving in the Light Dragoons has been promoted to Major.

Dr David Sawyer (k & W 51 – 60) who used to live in Doune has moved to Dunblane. Email gudrun@ledcameroch.com

Robin Shawyer (W 60 – 65) is Executive Director of Windle Trust International, based in Cowley, Oxford. See OBITUARIES where Robin writes of his father (S 46 – 52) who sadly died a week before the OG 450th celebrations in May.

John Smart (S) currently Senior Arts Master, has won the inaugural New Writing Ventures literary non-fiction prize in its first year; he has acquired a trophy and a cheque for £5,000. The as yet unpublished work, *Tarantula's Web*, tells the tale of two literary figures, John Hayward (W18 - 22) and T.S. Eliot, also their friends.

Martina Smekal has been accepted into Prague Medical School.

Paul Smith (F 92 – 97) is presently working in the Accident and Emergency Department in Worthing Hospital; he hopes to go to work in Australia for a year in February. His younger brother **Richard Smith** (95 – 00) works for Boston Consulting Group in London. The youngest brother, **Jonathan Smith** (99 – 04), after a year in Japan during which he attended university and acquired Japanese, has begun reading Engineering at Queen's College, Cambridge.

David Stanley (H 44 – 49) down-sized over two years ago to a cottage in Painswick, Glos. Tel 01452 814827.

Ashley Stevens (k & H 83 – 90) has come to the end of his four-year commission in the Army and is returning to his former life in the City.

Kate Stewart (O 86 – 87) has two girls, Sasha and Ruby.

Lorna Stewart (O 89 – 91) is now a fully registered Speech and Language Therapist. She is a Community SALT working with under 5s and based in Streatham. Having escaped from (much better paid!) accountancy she feels she is doing something worthwhile and interesting. Lorna and boyfriend Edwin have bought a house in Honour Oak.

George Stiles (H 74 – 79) has had an enormously successful year. His reworking of Mary Poppins for the stage with lyricist Anthony Drewe has been acclaimed on all sides. George and Anthony created a number of new songs which have wowed audiences. As part of the 450th Celebrations George gave the 2005 Howson Lecture, which included an account of how Mary Poppins was refashioned. See report on p.110

Nyree Stroude (O 86 – 88) is now divorced but is happily leading a single life near Taunton in Somerset with no children and four dogs! She works for the Meat Hygiene Service in Taunton. For news of all four male Stroude OGs email nyree.stroude@foodstandards.gsi.gov.uk

Roger Stuart (c & OSH 48 – 55) wrote expressing concern for **Jumbo Burrough** (S). Despite the great difficulty Jumbo has in getting around, he manages his sticks with great aplomb and maintains a cheerful grin!

Caroline Tasker (Greenwood) (O 91 – 93) and husband **Will** have raised over £400,000 for neo-natal research in memory of their first son, Freddie. The money raised by two successful sporting balls went to Tommy's, the baby charity. The Greenwoods' other success has been the birth of their second son, Archie. The family live in Southfields, London but pop into Holt occasionally as Caroline's mother now lives in Norfolk.

Lt. Col. Ed Thorne (c & F 75 – 81) has been commanding the Anglians during their recent tour of duty in Southern Iraq. It has not been easy for the British Forces facing increased hostility from rebel groups.

Anita Tse (O 86 – 90) followed her degree in Maths at Hull University with a MSc in Tourism Marketing at Staffordshire University. She now works for the Hong Kong Government as a law court interpreter. Anita's brother **Stephen** (T 86 – 89) followed his degree in Maths from Imperial College, London with a MSc in Statistics from Oxford. He has his own jewellery business in Macau, just an hour's ferry away from Hong Kong.

John Village (W 66 – 71)'s former study-mate **Patrick Peal** (W 67 – 71) noted that the renowned motorsport team-owner had won the 2005 Schneider Trophy at Bembridge, Isle of Wight, on 28th May in an aircraft he built himself. He flew his Vans RV-6 to first place in this historic race which next year celebrates its 75th anniversary. It was out of the pre-war Schneider Trophy races that the Supermarine Spitfire was born.

Joanna Wallace (Brown) (O 85 – 87) and husband **Ali** (W 88 – 92) are very smitten with their daughter, Maisy Tallulah Munro Wallace, born on 15th March.

Nick Warburton (OSH 79 – 84), having spent a good bit of his life working as a blacksmith and sculptor, now finds himself working as a comic performance artist both in the UK and abroad.

Claire Wheeler (86 – 89) is a freelance Television Assistant Producer ranging from Time Team (coincidentally alongside OG **Laurence Vulliamy**) to Panorama, during which she became a specialist in Iraqi politics. A think-piece of her own on religion and politics was

shown in September. Claire lives in Parson's Green, London, but hopes one day to return to Norfolk to write biographies and enjoy the peace and quiet.

Peter Withers (c & H 74 – 82) is a surveyor and a director of Jones, Lang and La Saille. He now lives in Itteringham, North Norfolk.

Jonathan Wortley (F 68 – 72) joined Ruth Peel (mezzo soprano) and Andrew McCullough (clarinet) in a recital at South Creake during the Wells-centred Poetry-next-the-Sea Festival in May. Various works by Brahms, Schumann, Debussy, Britten, Arnold and Payne were performed. The programme included the following note:

'Jonathan Wortley (piano) was born in West Runton and attended Gresham's School. He studied Natural Sciences at Cambridge before transferring to Law. While at Cambridge and subsequently, playing the piano has become a major feature in his life. Jonathan studied for a short time with Geraldine Peppin at the Guildhall School of Music and more recently with Hamish Milne. Jonathan has practised as a solicitor in Norwich for many years and during this time has acted as accompanist to many singers and instrumentalists, as well as playing in chamber groups and performing concertos. Amongst Jonathan's other activities, he is treasurer of the Academy of St Thomas and a trustee of five local musical charities including the Michael Badminton Young Musicians Trust. Jonathan met his wife, Sally, whilst attending a music course at Gresham's in 1972. They live in Norwich with their three sons and enjoy a busy musical life.'

Chris Wright (W 89 – 96) presented last December an exhibition of his wildlife drawings at the Picturecraft Gallery in Holt. See also Michael Everitt's favourable review of his work in the OG Art Exhibition which took place in the Ben Nicholson Gallery as part of the 450th Celebrations. See p.87

Trevor Yang (F 74 – 79). When Trevor last sent us his news he was still in institutional stockbroking, having worked for James Capel (HSBC), Morgan Grenfell (Deutsche Bank), UBS and SG Securities (Société General). Leaving SG in 1998 he had a spell in venture capital investments. In 2003 he joined Jebson & Co as director responsible for group investments and strategic planning. Jebson (founded in 1895) is one of the oldest trading houses in Hong Kong with business activities in Greater China; it is part of a larger trading group with activities in Europe and S.E. Asia. Trevor has two sons at Harrow and their youngest will go there next year. He sees **Rob Collins** (S) who remembers Trevor's brother, **Adrian** (k & T 68 – 73). Adrian lives in London, having held senior positions at Solomon Bros. and ING Baring. He has two daughters, both at university. Trevor visited the School in the summer of '04 and experienced an attack of nostalgia.

Tom Youngs (95 – 04) is studying Countryside Management at Brooksby College in Leicestershire. The son of **Nick Youngs** (F 76 – 78), former English rugby international, Tom played for the England Schools' Under 16s and Under 18s. He currently belongs to the 16-strong England National Junior Academy and plays for Leicester Tigers.

MARRIAGES AND ENGAGEMENTS

James Copas (H 85 – 90) has married Hayley Collis.

The Hon. Argus Gathorne-Hardy (T 87 – 91) is engaged to Alexandra Ware.

Tom Goodale (H92 – 97) is engaged to Emily Paxton.

Nick Hood (W 90 – 95) is engaged to **Anna French** (E 90 – 93).

Andrew Leech (k & H 85 – 94) has married Paula Dooge.

Paul Lunt (T 94 – 96) has married Elizabeth Francis.

Jeremy Middleton (F 92 – 96) is engaged to Stephanie Slade.

Catherine Manchett (– 95) is engaged to Simon de Maid.

Jon Prior (c & F 81 – 86) is engaged to Sally Ruffles.

Toby Sutton (T 89 – 94) is married to Maria Trusova.

James Tovey is engaged to **Lisa Woodrow** (E 95 – 97).

HONOURS AND DISTINCTIONS

Robert Carter (k & H 63 – 72) is the new chairman of the Prince's Trust Council for England. He has also been appointed one of the six new Deputy Lieutenants for Norfolk.

Major General Alastair Duncan D.S.O. O.B.E. (c & F 61 – 70) has been appointed C.B

James Dyson (k & OSH 56 – 65) has been awarded an Honorary Fellowship, for his interest in Architecture and the Arts and Sciences connected therewith, by the Royal Institute of British Architects.

Brigadier Patrick Marriott (F 71 – 77), Commander 7th Armoured Brigade, has been advanced to C.B.E.

THE HEADMASTER'S SPEECH

2ND July 2005

Prime Warden, Chairman of the Governors, Ladies and Gentlemen and pupils of Gresham's:

Gresham's, 450 years ago. Barely a hotch-potch of rooms and very little scholarship. An usher, perhaps, and some students. Smallpox. A great fire, even before Nelson and Trafalgar. A period of dormancy and then, just over 100 years ago, a renaissance. Wars and upheavals, loss and reconstruction. Looking at the pictures of Howson, our historian, Steve Benson, has noted the determination in his jaw and then, by 1918, a shattered man. But fresh growth occurred: the Sciences were to the fore; the Arts were to the fore. Sport became popular and an area in which Gresham's began to excel. Above all, there were the people of creative energy. And it is this feature of Gresham's which remains, I believe, its most distinctive quality. Scholars, poets, musicians, inventors and spies abound not only in the distant mythology of Gresham's, but in most cases in the present. It is not just the Auden, Britten, Cockerell, Dyson, Maclean and others of yesteryear that demonstrated creative energy, but it is also George Stiles, Olivia Coleman and their like who are currently achieving recognition for that rare gift in the national and international arena. Let us move on.

There goes Jack Spencer-Ashworth, the Head of School and one of the best artists in recent years, there goes Kate Waters or Frankie Furnivall, feisty competitors, people of integrity and drive, here is Will Paskell the terrier hunting down the hockey ball, or the genial Max Lintott, multi-tasked and always smiling. There is the scholarly Amos How, Peter Barton, the politician in the making, the effervescent Lottie Marriner, who has been known to lose her music, the clever and compassionate Arabella Peaver. Others, too, spring to mind as distinctive characters: Catherine Campbell, Celia Dupont, Asia Turner-Bridger, sometimes a little dizzy but always full of what we call "go".

Gresham's is not the oldest school in the country nor is it the biggest, nor most famous, nor is it the top of the League Tables, but it has promoted and continues to promote, to an extraordinary degree, the unleashing of creative energy within a disciplined environment. It is a school in which there is always the possibility that 1 plus 1 could equal more than 2. An environment has evolved here over some 450 years which has seen staff and pupils working together towards joint goals, most often in friendly harmony and it will be no surprise to you that I believe in the enormous value of our staff, some of whom, this summer, are moving on from Gresham's: Dr. Tony Leech, a scholar to his fingertips, takes leave of us after some 23 years. Tony has been so much more than a Biology teacher; he thinks and lives his subject all the time and has a particular interest in fungi. I shall never forget looking out of my study window in the administration building across the Cromer Road one gloomy December morning just before Christmas and seeing a man who I thought was Tony Leech, and looked very much like Tony Leech, lying face down amongst the foliage. I did *not* really imagine that he had struggled to get home from the Feathers pub the previous evening, but I rushed through to my PA, Elaine Waterson, and suggested that we should send for an ambulance. It was only then that I discovered that Tony is a world authority on certain fungi and he was investigating a rare species at close quarters. Tony Leech has many parts to him and one of these is his skill as a photographer; our

thanks are also due to him for the creative way in which he has helped with the editing of magazines and newsletters. Fortunately, we shall see him back next term when he will be standing in for Dr. Peter Gomm in our Chemistry Department. Thank you, Tony.

Norman Dovey is another whom we shall see back in an auxiliary role, again, next year, but who is officially retiring from the staff. Norman joined Gresham's in January 1991 from Wellington College where he had been a Housemaster. He was, for many years, at the helm of our Economics and latterly Business Studies Departments, whilst also being Master in Charge of Rugby. Norman may reflect on a successful career and on a career marked by a great deal of fun associated with his practical jokes.

Julia Dovey is, similarly, retiring from Gresham's, having been a major driving force in our Learning Support Department and running our Inset programme for staff development. A geographer in her early life, she, too, has made a very marked impact on the lives of many individuals and will be remembered by the pupils she taught as an immensely caring and empathetic person.

Nick Paterson came to Gresham's from Emmanuel School in September 2000 bringing with him the experience of running a successful department and his cowboy boots. As Head of Art here, he has developed a reputation for working alongside fledgling artists, and as a person who has promoted Adult Life Drawing classes. He has led Art Department trips to Italy and it is from these trips that he has returned with a wonderful array of Versace or Armani suits along with some brightly coloured silk shirts and ties. These are the envy of his more parsimonious colleagues and the pupils believe they complement the cowboy boots rather well. Our Art Department received considerable praise last summer from one of the most discriminating ISI art inspectors in the country, and Nick may move on with confidence to the leadership of a very large Art Department at Highgate School. Tom Ward is a long-serving member of the Art Department and another whose sensitive approach has been appreciated by Gresham's pupils over 14 years. Tom also moves on to a Headship of Art, and he will be going to the Royal Masonic School in Rickmansworth. We bid farewell to him, along with his wife Antonia who, herself, is a well known artist in her own right and has taught on a part-time basis in our Art Department, as well as for a period in our EFL Department. David Walton has run our boys' hockey very successfully for several years and has been very much to the fore in the promotion of the Prep Schools hockey tournaments here, as well as running our Sixth Form Club, assisting with the CCF and taking charge of our boys' athletics. I would like to thank David for his 18 years at Gresham's and for the considerable energy that he has put into the range of activities with which he has been associated.

Natalie Harmer leaves us after a year in the Geography Department to move back to university where she will continue her studies. Susanne Mason completes her temporary contract in our Modern Languages Department and Mike Payne retires as the Cairns Centre Technician after many years in that role. Frances Chenevix Trench, a bright and bubbly personality, retires from our administrative staff and we wish her well. Dr. Henry Crawley has served as our School Doctor for 8 years and he has now requested to stand aside. Thank you very much to him. May I say that I am very pleased with the replacements that we have secured for departing staff where it has been appropriate to do so, but today is the last day at Gresham's for those whom I have mentioned and the focus is deservedly on their role here.

David and Ann Hamill have enjoyed a most successful period of 15 years in Woodlands and I thank them for their guidance of pupils there: David has been greatly respected by

Woodlands boys for the respect that he, in turn, has shown to them. David will retire from Gresham's next summer.

Looking to the future, Sue Smart, our Deputy Head, will be stepping down from her leadership role next summer after five outstanding years of service to the School, in order to be able to spend more time with her husband who will be retiring at that stage. And, along with this she will become more involved, once again, in teaching and scholarship. I have greatly valued Sue's outstanding contribution to Gresham's, and, indeed, I know that her excellent support will continue throughout the next academic year, during which time a successor to that important position will be identified and appointed. To avoid any confusion in this matter, I should also mention that Norman Semple will be retiring next summer and that Nick White has already been appointed Director of Studies from September 2006, with Simon Kinder as the Assistant Director of Studies.

Our 450th year has been a momentous one for us and one that has been characterised by real development. Though I am keenly aware of issues associated with grade inflation, I must record how heartened I am with the overall picture relating to academic results in public examinations last year. At A Level last summer, a 100% pass was achieved by our pupils in all subjects for the first time ever, whilst our A-C grades at 88.2%, were very much in line with some highly selective competitor schools. Nearly 40% of all our A Level examinations were graded at A, which is our best situation ever and, Jonathan Smith, last year's Head of School, came top in the country in the AQA Physics examination board, attaining 600 out of 600. Our AS results were easily our best, and our pupils achieved the best tally of A-B grades we have ever had, and the best A-C tally. In the GCSE framework, 50% of examinations taken were graded either at A* or A which is the highest level achieved by Gresham's, with 22.1% of our pupils achieving A*, a massive increase over our next best level which was 16.6%, recorded the previous year. Two pupils, Carolyn Hoyle and Charles Cook, came in the top five of their examination board in English Literature and last year there were 373,834 candidates. This is the third successive year that a top five placing has been achieved in the English Department and the chances of such lofty placement again this year, I am told, is one in several billion or zillion.

I trust that parents and potential parents reflecting on this are perceptive enough to realise that our brightest and most conscientious pupils excel, even on the national stage, by continually being stretched, whilst average pupils usually do much better than expected. But unlike some London day schools, we do not have vast numbers of applicants for each place: therefore, not surprisingly, we have a top academic grouping, a middle grouping and a bottom grouping. The media loves to rank schools, and to sensationalise the unsensational, and, in this context I should mention some issues about which parents are *not* always aware. For example, in the compilation of the A Level League Tables, some newspapers may take the A-B pass as the yardstick, whilst others use A-C. This is one reason why one sees schools at different places in such tables. Many schools, including all of the maintained sector schools, demand that GCSEs are taken at age 16 whilst we, at Gresham's, do not always confine our students to their chronologically correct year. With some students taking GCSEs technically a year young, or sometimes a year old, this last factor impacts upon our standing in local GCSE tables considerably and there are cases where pupils have obtained 11 A*s at GCSE in the Fifth Form in exams taken early who have been credited as having passed no GCSEs at all!

This has been a year in which academic societies have developed: the Junior Colloquium has challenged our younger pupils' thinking and two new societies, The Maclean Society

which studies issues of a political nature, and the Skiouros Society which explores issues related to ethics and philosophy have emerged. They complement other similar societies such as the Auden Society, which is an English literary society and, for example, the Debating Society, in which a Gresham's team reached the finals of the Oxford Union Debate for the fifth successive year. Three pupils, Harriet Creelman, Hollis Ngai and Alexander Cann have been selected for the National Youth Theatre over the summer thus, in effect, gaining national recognition for their thespian activities. Briony Millman, a Third Former, has won a literary competition arranged by the Times Educational Supplement in a field of 10,000 entries; whilst a Nuffield Scholarship for bio-medical research has been won by Paige Barrows. These are merely other examples of very special achievements. In the world of music, two memorable landmarks this year were the visit of the Choir of King's College, Cambridge to our Chapel on a cold winter's evening and our hosting of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra here more recently in early May. Few will forget the wonderful aria sung by Helen McCombie on this occasion; backed by professionals, she was, herself, a professional. Helen, Steph Hares, Freya Jacklin, Jack Stamp and Adam Turner are all members of the National Youth Choir.

In the realm of outdoor activities and pursuits, there are no fewer than 20 pupils who will soon be presented with the Duke of Edinburgh Scheme Gold Award certificates at the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. There are now 532 pupils from Gresham's who have achieved this level over three decades, with 706 Silver awards and 1,237 Bronze awards.

I am pleased to have appointed Freddie Grounds as our new part time Master-in-Charge of Shooting and congratulate the shooters on another very good year. Our shooting team retained the Ffennell Commonwealth Cadets .22 Rifle Trophy and also secured victory in the British Schools Small Bore Rifle Association Team of 8 competition with a perfect 600 out of 600, whilst Nick McKendrick, our captain, became the English and Great Britain Under 18 Small Bore champion.

Our 1st Rugby XV suffered a setback when the Captain, the England Under 19 rugby forward, Ben Pienaar, was sidelined through injury without having taken the field this season for the team. But it was so much to his credit that he gave considerable energy to helping with the coaching his peers throughout the season. That selflessness will certainly be remembered by all who witnessed the impact it had on others. In the world of cricket, a potentially weaker than usual 1st XI performed most creditably: Felix Flower, a Lower Sixth with bright prospects, scored the highest individual score of 171 made by a Gresham's pupil in a 1st XI match and he has now amassed more runs in a single season for the 1st XI than any other cricketer in the history of the School. The combined coaching strength of Alan Ponder with the 1st XI and Younis Ahmed throughout the School was of considerable benefit to our boys.

Dominic Boshier, who is still only 16, has had his name attached to no fewer than 19 of the 37 boys' swimming records in the School – a remarkable achievement, and Lucy Foulds has been much to the fore in sailing; our crew did rather well in the Eastern Regional Championships, coming second. Our girls have done particularly well in hockey, too, and were the Under 14, Under 16 and Under 18 girls' county champions. In the boys' section our Under 14, Under 15, Under 16 and Under 18 teams also became county champions and this was the first time in our history that all seven teams had won each of the seven competitions. We held an International Hockey festival at the School over Easter. This was a gruelling event over five days and, with the weather deteriorating day by day, it was

almost impossible to make out which team was which by the end. Some challenges were involved for players and spectators.

By contrast, the sun shone on our Service at Norwich Cathedral on 11th February at which our 450th celebrations were initiated and a wonderfully successful OG ball last month attracted a full house of 750 people. We look forward to some very interesting lectures on famous Greshamians in the autumn, and then the fireworks evening in November which will conclude the celebratory activities of this year.

I was very pleased indeed with the Report following our CSC Inspection in the Michaelmas Term. Our boarding standards and the excellent relationships which usually prevail within the School attracted very positive comment indeed; you will know that the full report is on our website. I have also been impressed with the development of the School Forum which has been chaired by our Head of School, Jack Spencer-Ashworth. I will allow him to outline the achievements of that important body over the year in his speech to you later

I would like to pay tribute to Jack, to Kate Waters (Deputy Head of School) and the School Prefects, along with the staff, both the support and academic staff, the Housemasters and Housemistresses and others in leadership positions for all that they have given to Gresham's in this very demanding year. In particular, I would like to thank the Deputy Head, Sue Smart, for her contribution to the life of the School and for working so closely with me. The Chairman-Elect of the Governors will soon be paying tribute to David Young, our outgoing Chairman, for his 'hands on' and wise leadership of the Governors and I, too, would like to thank him for his enormous commitment to Gresham's over several years. He is constantly in touch with developments and has been a great source of encouragement to me. A presentation will be made to him later by our pupils on behalf of the School.

Speech Days are times of reflection and, perhaps, never more so than in a School's 450th year. There is much for which we should be grateful, much that has resulted from the creative energy, determination and the generosity of countless individuals who have prized what they have taken away from this great School. In many cases, they have been inspired to give back to it abundantly in terms of their time and energy. Those of old, as well as those leaving us today, have been unleashed by a sense of the possible, by that unique Gresham's creativity. It is their inspiration that will take us forward to meet fresh challenges in the new cycle of our existence. Thank you very much.

THE DEPUTY CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH

Prime Warden, My lords, Ladies and gentleman.

Can I start by saying and apologising to all of you who were present at the Prep School Speeches yesterday, because what you are about to hear is a near enough exact repetition of what I said yesterday. So, those of you whom I saw yawning have my full permission to fall asleep now. It is not customary for the Deputy Chairman to speak on Speech Day but there is a special reason that I have reached for the microphone. David Young, Chairman of the Governors, retires after this weekend and I wanted to say a quick but no less sincere word of thanks for all he has done in the last six years as Chairman and the last 25 years as a Governor. Now to many of you the Chairman of the Governors is probably a rather mythical figure whose only contact with you is a letter that you don't want to open, and when you do you don't want to read it because as sure as night follows day it starts with the dreaded words "Dear Parent, I am writing to inform you that as of next term the fees will increase by ..." But, if you knew how much time, toil, trouble, tribulation and agonising goes on before that letter is sent to you, you would have a rough idea of how much work the Chairman of the Governors does. And that doesn't include all the myriad jobs such as chairing all the meetings, interviewing senior staff, endless liaison with the Headmasters, dealing with problems and not least, at times, ironing out and placating upset parents. Nobody over the last six years could have done a better job than David. Of course, it helps that he is not only a past Prime Warden of the Fishmongers' Company, Chairman of the City and Guilds, he chaired one of the hospital groups, and before retirement he was senior partner in one of the biggest firms of chartered accountants in the world. I can assure you that to get a budget past David is no mean feat. He has chaired all the committees with skill, charm and knowledge. He has dealt with problems in a calm, measured and fair way. He has been a forward-looking and strategic thinker. But I think that here at the Senior School, the thing he will take the greatest pride in having done is in appointing your Headmaster, Antony Clark. So, today, on behalf of the Governors, the staff, the pupils and the parents, I would like to pay a tribute and a huge thanks to you David for all that you have done at Gresham's over so many years. Now, I know, and they tell me that behind every great man there is a great lady too, and so I would like to couple those thanks to Madeleine. How many telephone calls she must field every year from anxious Heads, staff, parents, Governors, I have absolutely no idea. So to you both can I finally say that Gresham's owes you a huge debt of gratitude and thanks and that we who are left behind will certainly not forget you, nor what you have done for this great institution over so many years.

Thank you all.

EDWARD GOULD'S SPEECH

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

May I begin by thanking you, Chairman, for your kind introduction and sympathise with all of you for having to listen to the views of two Headmasters on one occasion. I congratulate the Headmaster, all the staff and the pupils on the successful year: a year of achievement fitting for the 450th anniversary of the founding of this school. By the same token I congratulate the prize-winners and I would also like to pay tribute to those who have demonstrably given of their best over the year yet are not among the prize-winners. The prize-winners themselves would be the first to recognise their need for competition and the value of their prize is all the greater after a strong race in whatever sphere of school activity it may lie.

During their time at school, it is commonplace for the young to dream about their future, to open up a pathway along which they hope to travel. It is refined over time. Maybe there are some individuals this morning who will wish to emulate their predecessors – Benjamin Britten (composer), W.H.Auden (poet), Sir Christopher Cockerell (inventor of the Hovercraft) or Sir Alan Hodgkin (President Royal Society, Nobel Prize for Medicine) to name but a few. Possibly there are those who will emulate the work of four great headmasters of this school – Thomas Tallis, John Holmes, George Howson and Logie Bruce Lockhart who between them held the reins for 118 years of the 450 celebrated this year. Of course many of the pathways in these dreams will be less notable to the wider world and the young's pathways are being constructed in a social context which is as hard as any in the 450 years of their school's history.

In much of the world, individuals appear to be focusing on personal endeavours, personal achievement and individual success, with few apologies for it. The cult of the celebrity, if you wish, is part of it. The family unit is now more vulnerable and shows signs of disintegration. As surveys show, rows and tensions have become the norm, not the exception, and conflict and anxiety are commonplace. Religion, still institutionally important, is being squeezed out from the centre to the periphery, or as in the case in some parts of the world, its aims are being blurred by political goals. It is not unreasonable to support the view that the world is morally impoverished. Here I am not alluding to the weaknesses involving sex, drink and the like but to the greater vices of greed and lust for power, and to the apparently careless way so many seem content to live alongside poverty, disease, injustice, cruelty and racial tension, despite such activities as Live8 in the past. Some people are born into misery or certain starvation. Some through no fault of their own are condemned to a homeless life. Others find their life destroyed by the turmoil of war or natural disaster. Some are denied a fullness of life by a crippling handicap which makes them reliant on others for such happiness as they can gain. The past year has given us many examples and it is easy to forget those less fortunate.

In contrast, the young people here can all look forward to a wonderful life – backed by a supportive home, physical fitness, ability above the average and a privileged education. Only a very small number will become disappointed, disillusioned and unfulfilled seeking the end of the rainbow and never finding it. To be in the majority will require the right choices to be made as opportunities beckon and challenges present themselves.

There is the story of the exceedingly wise tribal chief who was renowned for having the right answer to every question and each young person in the tribe had to try to meet the chief's challenge. One year the chief held a young bird in his hand and asked each person in turn whether he was going to release the bird or crush it. The young continually gave the wrong answer. One young man, who was determined to outwit the chief, faced up to the chief when asked what he was going to do with the bird, by replying quite simply 'It's your choice'.

Making choices begins at a young age in a school career as it did in that tribe. Which options to study? Which interests to pursue? Is the herd instinct going to distract you? Are you going to give or to take? Later in life come the choices to be made around issues such as morality, attitude to the blame culture and the conflicting rights that individuals have nowadays. Whatever the abilities, talents, interests, strengths or dreams of the young men and women here today, I would like to suggest ten precepts which may guide them on their way here and in life beyond; see how you measure up to them.

1. Look always for the best in other people. This involves being reluctant to criticise; be conscious of your own shortcomings and you will discover that even in those you will find least attractive, there are some good qualities to be respected.
2. Make the best of every situation in life. The grumbler sees only the worst features of life and darkens the lives of others. Enjoy laughter, leisure and friends. In today's language, take the 'positives'.
3. Refuse to hate. To harbour hatred does no harm to the object of your anger: it destroys only yourself.
4. Disagree courteously and argue with dignity. This is no sign of weakness. It is a weak person who has recourse to abuse and intolerance; the strong person, while holding to his or her beliefs, will listen with courtesy to the views of others.
5. Maintain an open and flexible mind. Listen, learn and evaluate, conscious of the fact that it is not given to any of us to know the whole truth about anything.
6. Learn to apologise with grace. When you are wrong (and even when you do not believe yourself to be wrong) there may be grounds for an apology if in the discussion or conflict you have behaved in a way that is unbecoming. Apologise at least for that.
7. Never be rude. Rudeness is the denial of the consideration for another and alienation or separation from others leads only to loneliness.
8. Bear no grudge. Be quick to forgive those who offend you; you will hope that those whom you have offended will be quick to forgive you.
9. Have compassion for all people. Treat others, whatever their position in life, with respect and dignity.
10. Engage with the lives of others.

In today's world it is easy to pay lip service to this list. If we merely do this when, for example, we are angry or refuse to forgive, we will excuse ourselves, find a pragmatic justification for our behaviour and try to forget it. But if these precepts are accepted, they will inform our decision-making over choices, our dreams for the future and become part of our whole life. Happiness and fulfilment will follow for they will dominate our work, our relationships and our judgements on the world and its affairs. Indeed it will enable each one of you to make a difference in the world of today whatever your strengths and talents. As Mother Teresa said 'Remember that you are not called to do extraordinary things but ordinary things with extraordinary love'. That view will hold good for the next 450 years.

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‘Leaving the back door open’

Funding bid for coast rejected by Government

Millions of pounds of funding have been withdrawn from a key weak spot in Norfolk’s coastal defences, leaving vast swathes of the Broads at greater risk of inundation by the sea. The decision to stop paying for beach recharge on the north east Norfolk coast will leave villages such as Sea Palling, Waxham, Horsey, Somerton and Hickling more vulnerable. The wider catchment area of the rivers Ant, Thurne and Bure would also be in increased danger.

The recharge scheme was designed to stop the sea breaking through low-lying dunes and into the popular waterways, the home for communities, wildlife and a thriving holiday industry. Incensed coastal campaigners have said the news is the latest chapter in the Government’s withdrawal from spending on coastal defence. But The Department for Environment, Food and Rural Affairs (Defra) defended its decision and said: “We can’t support every single scheme.”

The recharge project was launched in the mid 1990s as part of a wider scheme which saw nine granite offshore reefs built at Sea Palling and Waxham in order to protect the Broads. The section of the coast is widely regarded as the North Sea’s “back door” to the Broads. Ever since, hundreds of thousands of cubic metres of sand have been regularly pumped on to the beach south of the reefs in order to maintain the integrity of the sea wall. But the latest bid for funding, which saw the Environment Agency ask Defra for £2m for the 2005–06 financial year, has been refused. The bid was designed to allow 150,000 cubic metres of sand to be pumped on to the beach. There is concern that the decision will undermine the tens of millions of pounds spent on the reefs since the early 1990s.

Malcolm Kerby, co-ordinator of the Happisburgh-based Coastal Concern Action Group, said: “People were comfortable with the fact that the Environment Agency was protecting the back door, but now they will be unable to do so. This will be disastrous over a period of time and will hugely compress the timescale of what would have happened otherwise. It is difficult to identify what the timescale is now, but the minute you stop doing what you have been doing then the problems happen very quickly. That has been proved in Happisburgh.”

Mr Kerby said the latest news fitted exactly into what he had been predicting.

“This is part of what I said would happen. The Government has decided on a policy of removing funding from the coast and is attempting to steamroller it through irrespective of what the people say. This may be the key that unlocks the support of the inland communities which felt they were not in danger.”

North Norfolk MP Norman Lamb said: “In 1953 we lost lives when the sea came in, during one of the worst natural disasters this country has seen. Do we have to wait for another disaster before we learn the lesson? This is enormously significant for the future of Norfolk. It must be tackled head on.”

Mr Lamb said the decision undermined the millions of pounds spent at Sea Palling in the past.

“It is this kind of potential waste of public resources that drives people crazy about government behaviour.”

Steve Hayman, coastal manager at the Environment Agency, said: "I would not say we have a real problem at this point, but the beach is deteriorating. Another year and that deterioration is going to gather pace. The priority scoring system is geared to providing the majority of money to where most people are at risk. We do not do well out of this system.

"The lower the beach, the lower the level of protection for people and property behind these defences. The risk will get higher."

A Defra spokesman said last night: "The system of points has been designed to take into account risk of damage, risks to people and the benefits of the scheme. The system was formulated in discussion and co-operation with the operating authorities who are responsible for undertaking the schemes."

Edward Foss (T 87 – 92) writing in *The Eastern Daily Press*

Farmers flock to green scheme

An award-winning Norfolk farmer yesterday welcomed the launch of a £150m environmental scheme to benefit wildlife and the landscape. He is among an estimated 70pc of farmers who will apply to join the scheme, worth £12.50 an acre - £30 a hectare. Arable and livestock farmer **Richard Waddingham** [OSH 52 – 56] plans to join the five-year Entry Level Scheme, which will pay out the cash for looking after the environment. To qualify for the basic level scheme, farmers must score a minimum 30 "green" points from a menu, which ranges from looking after hedges to planting wildlife strips, grass and headland margins.

Mr Waddingham of Manor Farm, Briston, near Melton Constable, who has been breeding farmland birds and 70 acres of grassland, will have no difficulty in qualifying. However, he would like to apply for the Higher Level Scheme (HLS), which runs for 10 years and offers increased payments. "I've got thirty-one ponds on almost a square mile of the farm," said Mr Waddingham, who has twice won the Norfolk Farming and Wildlife Advisory Group's conservation award. He runs a suckler cow herd on the 600-acre family farm, which grazes the traditional meadows, and he also grows cereals, sugar beet, dwarf beans and potatoes. The new HLS could allow Mr Waddingham to apply for extra payments for looking after wildlife and the landscape. "The farm is the source of two Norfolk rivers – the Bure and the Glaven," he said. He has been unable to join an existing "green" scheme, The Broads ESA (Environmentally Sensitive Area), because it is 400 yards away from the farm. "It will make it possible to consider applying for the new HLS," he said.

Conservation adviser Richard MacMullen said the basic scheme, which was formally announced by Environment Secretary Margaret Beckett in London yesterday, had been designed to be farmer-friendly. "If a farmer can score enough points from the 50 options available, then the application will be accepted," said Mr MacMullen, who has been advising Norfolk farmers for 18 years. "It will be much tougher to get accepted for the higher scheme because it will be competitive and only the best and most beneficial applications will be accepted."

Applications must be submitted by the end of May to join the scheme from its starting date, August 1. Farmers can then apply every three months. Mr MacMullen said most farmers in Norfolk would qualify for the basic scheme. Organic farmers will receive £60 a

hectare for qualifying land. Half the scheme's £150m first-year cost is being funded by deductions from farmers' subsidy payments, with the rest paid by the European Union. The new scheme would be central to the biggest change to farming for a generation, said Mrs Beckett. "This is a real red-letter day for English farming. Every farmer can now be rewarded for protecting and enhancing the environment. With the wider CAP reforms, we are making good progress towards ensuring farming is truly sustainable," she said. Reprinted from *The Eastern Daily Press*

The History Boys – McEachran Connection

The dwindling number of Old Greshamians who were at the School long enough ago to remember that remarkable man Frank McEachran may be interested to hear that a dramatised version of him recently appeared on the London stage – at the National Theatre, no less – in Alan's Bennett's play *The History Boys*. As anyone who saw it will know, the setting for this is the sixth form in a grammar school which clearly owes a lot to Alan Bennett's memories of his schooldays about 1950 – the boys, their history teachers, and the relations between them. Among the teachers is one who is a maverick, larger-than-life figure, who is much less interested in the niceties of essay writing technique and how to win Oxbridge scholarships than arousing the boys' sympathies and imagination for the past, and to this end encourages them to memorise passages of poetry and to recite them aloud – passages he refers to as "spells".

No former pupil of Frank McEachran's could well fail to be struck by the obvious similarities between FMcE and Alan Bennett's character, and Alan Bennett has since confirmed that this is indeed more than a coincidence, and that the character was based on what he had heard of FMcE from ex-pupils of his at Shrewsbury (especially from Paul Foot) whom Bennett met at Oxford in the 1950s. It is important to add that Bennett never met FMcE, and that there are important respects in which *The History Boys* character differs from him – in physical appearance, for example, in the fact that FMcE was a modern linguist, not a historian, and also did not make a practice of groping his pupils on motorcycles. But the likenesses are still striking, and it is remarkable how successfully Bennett has grasped the essence of a character he never met (but clearly admires).

I think old pupils of Kek (as he was always known at Shrewsbury) will be pleased to learn that he has thus secured a small niche for himself in English literature, and would like to have it drawn to their attention (and perhaps also to see the play for themselves when they have the opportunity – it is well worth seeing). What Kek himself would have to say about it is an interesting speculation, but I think there is little doubt the he would have been greatly amused.

Laurence Le Quesne (F 42 – 47)

Editor's note: Frank McEachran delivered his spell-binding lessons at Gresham's from 1924 to 1933. Laurence Le Quesne taught History at Shrewsbury School for many years.

Erskine Childers x 3

One noteworthy schoolfellow was Erskine Childers (o & W 18 – 24). His father, also Erskine Childers, wrote a novel* before World War I predicting the proposed German invasion of Britain via the Netherlands. The father fought for Great Britain during the war, but was No. 2 to De Valera in promoting Irish nationalism and was arrested and imprisoned. During House Prayers one morning Eccles read aloud a letter to us boys from Childers 1 telling us that he was in prison and would certainly be executed for treason. He wished us to know that he bore no bitterness against the English. He had fought for Britain against Germany, but now he believed that he was right to die for his Irish nation, and he encouraged us all to be prepared to give our lives for what we considered right. It was moving and thought-provoking.

Erskine Childers was shot. His son Erskine went through an agonising time. One day in the chemistry laboratory he had a potentially explosive mixture in a beaker. He had to stir it with a glass rod but his mind was far away in Ireland. Instead of the rod he picked up a lead pencil and began to stir. The graphite acted as a catalyst and a spectacular explosion occurred.

Childers lost his eyebrows, eyelashes and some of his hair, but luckily suffered no serious damage. The explosion left a large discolouration on the lab ceiling, known for along time as ‘Childers’ Mark’.

Childers spent his spare time mugging up law, and his holidays defending arrested Irish patriots in the law courts. He had various jobs when he left school but ended as President of Eire

His son, the third Erskine Childers, was prominent in the Mundialist movement towards world government, but sadly he died in 1998.

The late Edgar Hope-Simpson (o & W 20 – 25) *[The Riddle of the Sands. – Ed.]

The Gresham’s Chapel Organ

I read with interest and dismay that the School is thinking of scrapping the Conacher organ that was rebuilt in the Chapel in the late sixties and has already bought an electric thing instead. The reason given is that the pipe organ is no longer economically reasonable to maintain. This is exactly the same argument that was made for the removal of the previous Walker organ. It is indeed highly likely that after forty years of constant use the Conacher organ needs a total overhaul of the electrical and mechanical parts that connect the manuals to the wind chests (or boxes upon which the pipes stand).

The Walker organ had pneumatic action (that means that the mechanism between the manuals and the wind chests operated via valves and hundreds of little lead pipes). Pneumatic action has the advantage of not reacting instantly to the organist’s touch, a bit like driving a car with play in the steering. The advantage is that it is lighter to use than most organs equipped with tracker action (levers and push rods that connect the manuals to the wind chests...a bit like a piano).

Nowadays, electronic action is most frequently used as it is cheaper to install and is both light for the touch and instant to react. That said, one cannot beat the sensation of playing an instrument with good tracker action.

Th Walker organ would have cost a great deal to repair because of the labour cost involved in changing all the little lead tubes. It would, of course, have been possible to rebuild it at a lesser cost by installing electric action. However, it was a somewhat boring instrument with a rather stodgy tone and not very powerful at that... all right for Victorian hymn tunes but pretty awful for Bach and most modern music. The opportunity arose to buy (very cheaply) the Conacher from a huge Methodist church in Nottingham that was being converted into a motor cycle factory. I suppose that the cost of rebuilding it and converting it to electronic action will have cost more than the rebuild of the old Walker organ, but what an instrument!

The Conacher has about 3,400 pipes divided amongst about sixty speaking stops distributed between four manuals and a pedal board. Many of the pipes were made by Cavaille Coll (the most famous of organ builders in France) and Schnetzler (considered to be one of the best of the organ pipe makers in Germany). When we rebuilt this organ at Gresham's, we added a 16ft Bombarde to the pedal board which was rescued from a Davis cinema organ and revoiced to be a bit less jazzy. So far as the tone, the variety of sounds and indeed size are concerned, I would be very surprised if it were not the best organ of any school chapel in Britain. It certainly compares well to the (admittedly few) cathedral organs I have visited here in France.

I would like to make a case for keeping the Conacher at Gresham's. Firstly, it is most unlikely that any pipework is worn out or difficult to repair. Secondly, it is an instrument of excellent tonal quality. Thirdly, it is most unlikely that it would cost less to replace it with an organ of even thirty speaking stops (the Walker, which was originally built for Big School was enlarged to twenty stops when moved to the new Chapel), rather than rebuild the action. Fourthly, as Gresham's is now 'on the map' as being a school that excels in the arts, a decent organ in the Chapel cannot be considered as an extravagance. Fifthly, it seems odd that if the organ in the Chapel is considered to be too costly to maintain, perhaps the School should think of scrapping the Chapel too; it could be replaced by a low cost/low maintenance industrial shed with a far greater capacity and be 'powered' by an electronic synthesiser connected to a powerful loudspeaker.

Finally, I was pleased and proud to see that both the Chapel and its organ occupy an important place in the brochures about the School, which I found in the School cafeteria when I went to see the School for the first time in 38 years. I am sure I am not the only OG who feels the same. I wonder if the pupil who sang the praise of the new electronic organ has ever played the Conacher when it was working properly? If he has, perhaps he has not been fully quoted!

The School heard of the Conacher through the Revd. Gordon Paget who was the rector of the parish of Letheringsett by Bayfield with Glandford at the time I was at Gresham's. The Revd. Paget was a minor canon of Norwich Cathedral and had been the assistant organist of the cathedral; he was also a contributor to the magazine 'The Organ' and was unofficially the main 'go-between' for the buying and selling of an enormous number of second-hand organs all over the British Isles. I was lucky enough to be the organist at Letheringsett for about three years playing nearly every Sunday at Letheringsett, once a month at Glandford and once a year in the ruins of Bayfield Church on a piano which had

to be transported on a hand-cart. Gordon Paget put me in touch with a certain Martin Renshaw, an Oxford student who was intent on saving the Conacher organ. From there contact was made with Logie Bruce Lockhart through Michael Allard who was the head of the Music Department when I was at Gresham's.

The Conacher was moved to the 'old gym' (built over the old indoor pool) and rebuilt on the ante chapel floor after the old Walker and the organ loft had been removed. I spent quite a bit of holiday time as well as hobbies afternoons at the School helping rebuild the organ with Renshaw and his crew. OG Duncan Hare was also included in the team. I remember finding a solution to the problem of controlling the volume of air coming into the organ from the duct under the floor and also for the operation of the vibrato. This was housed in a sort of box under the organ and some joker appropriately christened it 'the juddery'. I wonder if this is still painted inside the juddery's housing?

Building an organ is a wonderful experience (indeed I sometimes think that I should have taken it up as a career). It requires all sorts of ability: carpentry, joinery, metalwork, leather work, plumbing, electronics, even masonry as well as a good ear and an imagination similar to Dr Brainstawn. Perhaps some apprentice volunteers from the School might help with a rebuild?

See News p.35

Richard Judd (H 60 – 68)

Dyson [k & OSH 56 – 65] in drive to clean up with car motors

James Dyson, inventor of the bagless vacuum cleaner, is turning his attention to the motor industry. The Malmesbury-based inventor is looking at putting the motors from his vacuum cleaners into cars. Mr Dyson is planning to use the Dyson Digital Motor, currently in his D12 cleaner, to drive his move out of the living room and on to the open road.

"The digital motor has been talked about a lot in the industry, with few results, but we have done it. It will lead us into new products and it could lead us into being motor manufacturers," he said.

However, those waiting to drive brightly coloured plastic cars might be disappointed. Mr Dyson said the motors would initially be used to power applications such as fans and starter motors within cars. But he refused to rule out the eventual possibility of the Dyson car. "I wouldn't like to say no, but we have lots of other plans at the moment," he said.

At present Dyson's digital motor is about as far from the road as you can get, encased in a bright yellow compact vacuum cleaner specifically designed for the Japanese market. Driven by thousands of digital pulses, the motor features turbo-charger compressor technology used in jet engines and, with over 100,000 revolutions per minute, it operates five times faster than a Formula 1 engine. The lack of carbon brushes in the motor also make it more reliable, durable and lighter than conventional electric motors.

Mr Dyson, who spent 10 years working on the motor, is confident it can be scaled up to even larger applications and has already fielded interest from other industries. "We've had enquiries from one car company and at least three aerospace companies," he said.

Reprinted from *The Financial Times*

Humphrey Spender Remembers...

In 1918, I was 8. There are echoes of the First World War and the effect of the First World War in my story. The main effect was that my mother's favourite brother, Alfred, was killed in one of the big, horrific battles and my mother, from that time, suffered a permanent depression which made her react very, very strongly to her four children quarrelling because that represented exactly the fate of the world.

When I went to Gresham's at about 13 in 1923, there were in effect still reminders of the 1st World War in a particular way. For me, with a really obsessional interest in the War, the main echo was in the OTC which I tried desperately to avoid because I hated the idea of rifles and uniforms, as many of my friends at Holt did. There was quite a strong revolutionary band of boys who tried to avoid being ordinary members of the School OTC which involved a cap which was a military-style affair, rifles and dreadful kinds of marching songs. One of the popular methods of getting out of the military activities of the OTC was to say one wanted to be a drummer in the band. It did happen in that in my own family my sister used to call me Tappy Wappy because I never stopped drumming with my hands and my fingers on the table. There was such a big queue for drummers in the School military band that I could not hope to become a drummer, but I could become a bugler instead. They handed me a bugle but I have always had a slight headache since trying to play the bugle.

Chilblains, intense cold, constipation, inedible food and a certain amount of rather rude laughter at the behaviour of some of the Masters who we were told had shell shock: these were my main recollections of the School. In particular, my Housemaster, Colonel Foster, was said to have suffered from shell shock. In meals of absolutely terrible food, I sat next to him and the House Prefect. There were occasions when, in the middle of a perfectly normal meal, he would put down his knife and fork and say: "1916, absolutely dreadful, dreadful years – that was the most appalling year of the war" – and one assumed that the sudden break in continuity was due to what was then called shell shock. About the Honour System, interestingly, I can remember there were three promises you had to make: from the word go, the whole idea seemed fairly daft. I just mentally gaped at the idea of there being something labelled "the Honour System". It began with a fairly solemn interview with the Housemaster who said "This is the system: you have to make three promises." Yes, but what are the offences? "The first is to promise, "I will never swear". The second: "I will never commit personal interference". "Please, Sir, what is personal interference?" Now, of course, one can see what they were up to. Colonel Foster then had to explain. He was a very easily embarrassed man and mumbled a lot. Anyway, he waffled over the subject and eventually came to say it was when one was angry and might perhaps smack one of one's fellow boys. The third promise was never to abuse oneself.

In committee meetings with other boys, we decided it would seem reasonable, or indeed suspicious, if in fact you went through the term without breaking one of these promises, so we would say "Please sir, I swore" "Exactly what did you say?" asked Colonel Foster. "Damn it," I replied. "Get into your shorts and go for a run around Three Bridges," he would say. If you were really brave you would say, "I committed personal interference". "What form did this take?" "I happened to bang into Vine Major in the changing room, and in doing so, my elbow caught him a sharp blow on the thigh," or something like that.

People are always asking me about sex at Gresham's because it seems to be an accepted fact that there was no public school where sex did not rear its not necessarily ugly head. When I arrived at Holt amongst a gathering of new boys I saw a boy who I thought was wonderfully attractive. I went straight up to him and said, "Will you share a study with me?" "No," he said straightaway, which was a bit of a put-down for me. The only evidence of sex life was perfectly ordinary dormitory ragging. This involved piggybacks for a favourite – and there were plenty of favourites – generally younger boys. There were a lot of piggybacks going on. I don't think there was ever physical abuse going on, but some prefects went in for power bullying of their fags. A senior boy came round every night after lights-out and gave me what eventually became a very necessary kiss. This in fact gave me a lot of confidence and a feeling I was loved by someone – although I don't think I was aware that he went and kissed about six other boys after leaving me. From my angle, it seemed to me Gresham's was devoid of the kind of sex that went on at other public schools. Every school has its famous beauties and there was a special boy who attracted me very much. His name was Peter. I developed a very inappropriate, for me, love for rugby as a result of him. The reason for that was that I was told by all those who knew about rugby, that you had to "throw yourself at the legs" – that was the tackle. I thought, how delightful to throw myself at Peter's legs. So I used to do just that, and rugby became an important part of my life.

I was born with very short sight and so I enjoyed a strange independent life at school. I was not allowed to over-use my eyes and therefore did not do Prep at 4.30 as the other boys did. My eyesight had a big effect on my playing games. I became good at rugger and got my colours and I was allowed to play wearing steel-rimmed glasses with a curved hook around the back of the ears to stop them coming off. They were made with lenses reputed to be unbreakable made of triplex. I felt an absolute idiot being the only person on the field wearing glasses and that had a bad effect – it made one feel different. It is very important at school not to feel different. You are one of a group.

I have to be eternally grateful to Colonel Foster, who, in spite of very elementary apparatus and a wind-up gramophone, every Sunday invited boys to listen to his records. I remember especially the Schubert Trio he played us. He regarded music as an essential part of education, thus leading me to a life-long enthusiasm. This was not normally the case in public schools at the time. In Holt, of course, there was a very remarkable organist called Greatorex, who, according to my brother Stephen, saved him from almost committing suicide because he was so unhappy in the Old School House. Greatorex was the person who gave him most of all human sympathy and saved him from misery. Another Master who made a big impression was called McEachran. He was a very likeable and remarkable man, badly treated in the end because he was taking too much interest in the boys. His love for the boys was really a desire to make them as enthusiastic as he was. His subjects were Greek, Greek Art and Greek History and I knew several boys whose interest was stimulated by him. He taught me indirectly by making me have very serious interests. There was also a Biology master called Foy, who was quite the ugliest man one could think of, but I absolutely adored him. He dealt with anatomy and physiology by dismembering frogs and it became a top moment having a Biology lesson with Foy, cutting up frogs and almost intentionally making some mistake like cutting a whole limb off, demanding some kind of attention from Mr Foy.

The Headmaster, Eccles, was a likeable man, enthusiastic and really imitable. John Pudney imitated Eccles: his general fussy manner made him almost too easy a prey. He always used

to scurry around and there was one famous occasion when the boys were bathing naked in the pool, at "early morning" bathing, and Mr Eccles, the Headmaster, turned up on a totally nude occasion wearing his gown and mortar board. People hooted with laughter about that. The boys used to write serious essays and poetry in a magazine and there was a debating society which took serious subjects seriously. Gresham's helped me to be creative. I once told an uncle when he asked me what I wanted to do, that I wanted to be a painter. He replied he didn't see quite what I meant. He meant, what was I going to do for a living. Gresham's did not have that attitude.

I enjoyed being at Gresham's, in spite of the cold, chilblains and the OTC. I enjoyed being good at games, although my motivation was very suspect.

Humphrey Spender [H 24 – 29] is the youngest of three brothers who were all at Gresham's School. After training as an architect he worked as a war office official photographer before becoming a photo interpreter, preparing the maps for the D Day invasion. After the war he became a tutor at The Royal College of Art and made a reputation as a distinguished designer, painter and photographer. He died in March 2005.

Reprinted from The Grasshopper (2005 special issue edited by John Smart)

See OBITUARIES.



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dance me down fortune

By Mark Igoe

Early one morning in the spring of 1979, a group of villagers near Mutoko in north eastern Zimbabwe found a body lying on the main road to the north. Death had become familiar to these people who were living amid a vicious war between the guerrillas of Robert Mugabe's Zimbabwe National Liberation Army and the security forces of the Rhodesian Government. But this corpse was different and some claimed to have heard singing and seen a white bird hover nearby. It was soon established that the body was **John Bradburne** [F 34 – 39], a member of the Third Order of St Francis who worked in the nearby leper colony. He had been a strange aesthetic and mystical man, much loved by the lepers, much distrusted by the authorities. To his friends he confided his three lifetime ambitions: to work with lepers, to die a martyr and to be buried in his Franciscan habit.

A week later his funeral service was held in Salisbury's (now Harare) Roman Catholic cathedral. A mourner, who had just placed a posy of three flowers on his coffin in memory of the dead man's devotion to the Trinity, noticed three drops of blood on the floor beneath it. The blood was fresh. The coffin was opened: it was found that the body was not dressed in a Franciscan habit and this was rectified. Thus, say the believers, Bradburne's last wish was fulfilled.

But this was the beginning, not the end of a phenomenon. The intercession of John Bradburne was claimed by some to cure cancer. Strange appearances of eagles and bees, the two creatures most associated with the man when he was alive, occurred. Two Englishmen, who had never visited Zimbabwe, claimed to have had their sight restored through prayer to Bradburne. A cult grew up that in character was pure Mediterranean. And this in a country that is African, anglophone and secular: perhaps even stranger was that the subject of the cult was a middle-class Englishman.

The origin of the connection with bees goes back to a story that on two occasions Bradburne successfully prayed that bees nest near his room so that interruption to his meditations might be discouraged. Judy Joe, a woman of mixed descent, became a devotee of Bradburne and spent her free time collecting second-hand clothes for his lepers. When she died of leukaemia a picture of Bradburne was found in her bedside drawer. On it was a bees' nest.

Angus Shaw was a white Zimbabwean journalist. He had a column in Harare's main national daily which was popular, ironic and mildly anti-clerical. In 1982 he decided to research the Bradburne phenomenon and visited the leper colony where he had worked, Mutemwa, near Mutoko. His interviews over, he returned to his car to find it full of bees. He expelled them and returned to his Harare office. As he arrived his domestic rang and told him that a swarm of bees had infested his flat. He told her to call the pest control people. As he sat by his typewriter in the city centre, he noticed several bees in his office and a swarm trying to get into the window. It was then that he recalled the Bradburne bee incidents. He was shaken. Later he said that day nearly converted him and was certainly a milestone in his life.

And so the stories accumulated. A John Bradburne Memorial Society was set up and pamphlets and pictures circulated. The Englishman who had claimed restoration of his sight sent a thousand pounds for the erection of a cross at Mutemwa, which now stands on the hill where Bradburne once lived. Other miracles were reported. John Dove, a friend

and confident of Bradburne, wrote his biography which he called *Strange Vagabond of God*. Certainly it is a strange story.

John Randal Bradburne was born in Skirwith, Cumbria, England in 1921. His father was a parson; he had two brothers and two sisters. Lord Soames, the statesman, was a relative; Terrence Rattigan, the playwright, a cousin. His early life seems to have been happy and secure; his family was cultured and it was at this time his love of music and poetry developed. This period must also have been the cradle of his love for nature as he and his siblings roamed the hills and valleys of the Lake District. He went to secondary school at the long established Gresham's School in Norfolk, when his father had been installed in the nearby parish of Cawston.

He joined the British Army on leaving school and was commissioned into the second battalion of the elite 9th Gurkha Rifles. 1940 found him in Singapore when it fell. His battalion fled to the jungle rather than surrender and he and another officer survived on fruit and roots for a month before stealing a boat and crossing the straits, at the second attempt, to Sumatra. They caught the last British warship to leave the island and eventually rejoined the Gurkhas at Dehra Dun in the foothills of the Himalayas. Here he met another officer who was to have a profound effect on his life, John Dove. Inspecting his brigade before the invasion of Burma, General Wingate singled out Bradburne and congratulated him on his escape and the award of a Military Cross, a decoration that was never actually presented. Bradburne fought in Burma but was evacuated with recurrent malaria.

At some point during his adventures in the east, John Bradburne had become intensely spiritual. This was not a noticeable trait before the war and rather bemused his brothers. After demobilization he entered Buckfast Abbey, near where his father had retired in Devon, with a view to becoming a Catholic and a monk. At first he did, but decided the Carthusian order would suit him better, so he went to work as a layman doorkeeper at Parkminster. This was not what he was looking for either. After a bit the prior advised him to go to Rome and pray for guidance.

At Rome he believed his prayers were answered by a summons to Jerusalem. Off he set, financed by the pilgrims whom he had met en route and who had been captivated by him. He reached Israel via Cyprus where he had travelled in an open grain boat then walked to Jerusalem. Having reached his goal he asked the way to the house of the Benedictines at Mount Zion but was misdirected to the establishment of a tiny missionary order called Our Lady of Mount Zion. He took this mistake to be a sign and applied for membership; he was sent to their mother house in Louvain in Belgium. After a year both he and the Novice Master agreed the order was not for him and he walked and begged his way to Rome again. He wanted to return to Jerusalem but this time there were no friendly pilgrims to sponsor him. He was eventually taken in by a friendly priest in a village above Naples. Here he stayed for a whole year, living in the organ loft and playing the organ by night. Then his father died and he returned to England. There followed a period of intense self-searching, which included a period spent being a hermit on Dartmoor, a Benedictine monk, a sacristan in Westminster Cathedral, a housekeeper for Cardinal Godfrey and working for the publisher Burnes Oates. But he couldn't obtain the solitude he craved. He wrote to John Dove, now a priest in Rhodesia, asking if there was a cave in Africa in which he could pray. Dove responded enthusiastically and the Franciscans paid the fare.

He worked for a period with the Franciscans, joining the Third Order of St Francis, a group of laymen dedicated to work among the poor. Then he helped John Dove set up Silveira

House, a Jesuit training establishment. Here the first incidents involving eagles and bees occurred. But his spiritual longings were still unfulfilled and he returned to Jerusalem. Here he felt that he had been told he had a mission in Africa.

Mutemwa leper colony near Mutoko was in 1968 a horror of neglect. About ninety lepers lived there with minimal care and in squalor. The local magistrate's wife approached the Church for help. This was to be Bradburne's mission. He became warden. With the help of an Italian missionary doctor, Luisa Guidotti, he reorganised the settlement, built accommodation and a church, but, most of all, gave the lepers his complete devotion. His reckless love earned theirs and Mutemwa became a landmark of pride, rather than shame. But the improvements cost money and inevitably he came into conflict with the committee that administers Mutemwa. Relations deteriorated until he was dismissed. But he would not leave. He slept on the mountain that overlooks the settlement, washing in its rain-fed pools and walking in a circle on the bare rock as he prayed. At night he would creep back into the colony to comfort the sick and pray with the dying. Eventually a local white farmer, mindful of the leopard that shared the mountain, had a little tin hut erected outside the colony gates where he could sleep in safety if not in comfort.

Eventually the committee changed and he was allowed back to minister to his lepers, to change dressings and dig graves. But the liberation war was now reaching its climax and the environment outside Mutemwa had become bitter and violent. Army convoys rolled through the day and gunfire shattered the night. Luisa Guidotti was killed by security forces when she failed to stop at a roadblock. Bradburne fought ferociously to protect the interests of his wards and angered local people when he stopped their cattle grazing the lepers' gardens or caught a thief stealing their possessions.

And so one of the aggrieved people reported to the local commander of the insurgent force, ZANLA, that Bradburne was a Rhodesian government spy and that he had a radio in his room. On Sunday 2nd September Bradburne preached a sermon to his little congregation on the martyrdom of St Lawrence, asking them to pray that he would have the courage when they came for him. They came that night. He was in a neighbouring village for 24 hours and then on Tuesday night taken to a cave where the guerrillas were gathered, and tried. His trial took many hours but eyewitnesses said he paid little attention. He had found his cave in Africa.

The guerrilla commander realised the radio was only a receiver and found Bradburne innocent, asking him to go to Mozambique and work among refugees there. Bradburne refused, saying he would not leave Mutemwa. It is not clear what happened next. Probably he was considered too much of a security risk to be let go. *Come sweet death on Wednesday*, he had once written. On Wednesday morning, his body was found on the road leading north from Mutoko. He had been shot in the back by an AK 47 rifle.

I never met John Bradburne. I heard about him not long after his death. I was fascinated by morbid details; for example, his body showed no signs of decomposition when the coffin was opened in the cathedral. I knew, and still know, Angus Shaw. Years passed. Then one day in the early nineties I was playing hide-and-seek with my children in the lovely Ewanrigg Aloe Gardens near Harare. Somewhere near the herb garden I heard a tune which I recognised but could not place, and went to find its source.

In a clearing, also with children, was a youthful looking man in shorts and tee shirt playing a recorder. I asked him what the tune was. He said it was a Renaissance trotto, but he couldn't remember the name. I told him I had a recording of it by Renbourne on guitar. We fell to talking. He lectured in music at the University of Western Australia. He had been a

Franciscan novice for a bit. Now he had a family. He was going to Mutoko. All this put me in mind of John Bradburne; that was one of the reasons he was going to Mutoko. We became friends. His name was Glin Marillier. When he left for Australia, I remarked that it was a coincidence that a piece of music should have introduced us to a shared interest in Bradburne. Then he said something that made the hair stand up on the back of my neck. *John Bradburne often works like that.*

Here was this cultured, intelligent, well-educated man, calmly assuming that our meeting had been preordained by a religious eccentric who had been dead for over a decade. I resolved to visit Mutemwa. When I did it was jacaranda season and the little group of huts and chapel, where Bradburne used to play the organ, was set against a riot of blue blossom. I was shown around the colony and introduced to some of the patients who remembered Baba (father) John with delight. I climbed the huge granite dome that dominated the site, which, as far as I recall, was called Chingoma. This Bradburne shared with the leopard. Here stands the cross, donated by the Englishman. From here the beautiful undulating Mashonaland countryside rolls away toward the distant Nyanga Mountains and eagles ride thermals. Here also, in the colourful lichen of the rock, is the circular path worn by the feet of John Bradburne as he walked round and round in prayer. It has become a place of pilgrimage.

Another place of pilgrimage is the prefab tin hut by the settlement gate. Some of his poetry is on the wall. For, apart from being an accomplished musician, the Strange Vagabond left 6,000 pages of poetry.

*Mime it I might and hobble lame across some stage
Rigged up to tell some philanthropic audience
What is true honour and true courage in our age.
Heaven forbid that I shall ever get the chance!
Dance me down, Fortune – saw I not this very morn
Aristocratic spirits in their smitten frames
Go nobly on with living?*

(Mutemwa is at Mutoko in North Eastern Zimbabwe on the road to Malawi. John Randal Bradburne is buried at Chishawasha Mission in Harare. The first steps have been taken towards his eventual canonization.)

Editor's note: Mark Igoe is the father of three OGs! See NEWS.

Beginnings and Endings

By Professor David Crystal

Summary of a talk given after the 25th Anniversary Mass in Westminster Cathedral,
18th September 2004

John Bradburne started to write poetry twice. The first time was as a schoolboy – as he tells us in ‘Excelsior’, written in 1971:

First time I ever wrote a verse
Was on a ruined wall
At Baconsthorpe, I might do worse
Than quote it, after all
This other stuff that has ensued
On eight and thirty years reviewed.
I quote alright, I cite the note
Made long ago to play the goat:
Alas, alack I am undone, I want to eat a currant bun;
But God is good, He told me so,
The trees are swaying to and fro.

Would it be wise
To analyse
That silly-sounding thing?
I'd like to spell
Emmanuel
As Currant-bun: our King
In twofold eucharistic kind
Of grape and grain there reigns resigned,
If you will have it so;
Trees swaying to and fro
Could be the Springing from the Cross
Of Hagios Athan-Atos;
A toss and two He took, and then,
Spread-eagled, soared and sent accord to men.

That ruined wall belonged to what
Was once a Priory, a plot.

In fact it wasn't a priory. Baconsthorpe is a manor fort. My wife and I went there recently to see if there was any sign of the scribbled poem. Not a chance. Weathering has long since removed pencilled phrases from its walls.

He really got down to writing, it seems, when he was 27. Another poem, ‘A Ballad of a Lifetime’, written in September 1974, tells us so:

By my twenty-seventh year, had stirred
In my fancy scarce a single rhyme;
Then I came to Rome and, homing spurred...
Galaxies of brightness at a time!

Now there is a ladder that I climb,–
Up I go...I slowly come to ground
Admitting that I do not live (no dime!)
By selling what I caught without a sound.

But of course, once he started he couldn't stop. And eventually more poems emerged from his pen than from any other poet in the English language.

He literally couldn't stop. In 'L'Ensuite', written in 1974, he tells us how he keeps wanting to add just a bit more to a poem.

I love this inability to end
Ever without just adding one more verse,
It seems to me a sempiternal trend
For blending with The One is none the worse
Even for endless aeons unbegun,
To wit: God – Holy Spirit, Father, Son.

In fact, the thing that made him end a poem was usually arriving at the end of a page, or having to change the paper in his typewriter. And every bit of the paper is used up. Often he writes a couple of sonnets on a foolscap sheet and finds he has just an inch of space at the bottom. So he fills it with a two- or three-line poem!

He wrote in an extraordinary fluent way. The manuscript texts show page after page with no corrections or changes of mind at all. He writes fast. We know this because sometimes he not only dates the poem but tells us the time of day he finished it. For instance, on 10th August he finished 'To Paddy Bidwell' at 3.55 a.m. The next poem on the page, 'Mattins', also ends with the time, 04.45 on the same night. There are 36 lines in the second poem – and they were written within 50mins. A line a minute, more or less.

This might not seem too difficult, until you realise just how complex the writing is. I'm not thinking here of the originality of the thought, or its theological content, which is impressive enough, but of his literary facility. He is a stickler for metre and versification, taking great pains to work out a symmetrical structure for a poem. His rhyme schemes are intricate; his word play even more so. And there is something else, which I discovered only last year. Read this poem, 'Sonnet on Timu' (Timu was one of the Mutemwa lepers), written in September 1969:

Timu's no Timon, Athens were to him
Inseparable word from hens at hand,
Many a time I greet him daily, Tim
Ever is bright, dimness to him is banned;
Intent on converse and on getting round
Wondrously well on only hands and knees,
Enters he here and there, all's fairly ground
Native to happy Tim who's born to please;
The produce of his poultry he will beg
That I may purchase any time I pass
Only providing that it is an egg
But not a chicken cheeping "Fresh is grass
Even as I am flesh!": three pence a time
Duly I pay and Timu's lay's sublime.

When Shakespeare died, at only fifty-two
Behold, he'd told the thoughts of all mankind!
There is no shade of mood in me or you
Which in Will's way, may not expression find;
But, since himself that Bard has done this thing
In such a princely manner for the throng,
Shall I endeavour to go echoing?
Or shall I tintinabulate his song?
Say nay, it were a nightmare travesty
To try to gild the lily of his art
Which is as if the Holy Ghost made free
Both on our mortal and immortal part:
My age is fifty-three, my lines are many
And almost all of them not read by any!

Not any more, John. Not any more.

Reprinted from *The John Bradburne Memorial Society Newsletter*.

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An extract from Le royaume en chantier du sorcier Brook

Un jour, Micheline Rozan, qui codirige avec lui le Centre de Recherches – et dirigera les Bouffes du Nord jusqu'en 1996 – ,entend parler d'un théâtre abandonné derrière la gare du Nord.« *Nous avons sauté dans une voiture, et nous sommes allés voir, racontent les deux complices. Mais arrivés à l'endroit indiqué, au coin du boulevard de la Chapelle et de la rue du Faubourg-Saint-Martin, point de théâtre. Il y avait juste, entre un café et un magasin de farces et attrapes, une sorte de palissade: nous l'avons soulevée, avons rampé dans une sorte de tunnel, et là, nous avons débouché dans le théâtre: il pleuvait à l'intérieur, la coupole était en ruine, les murs et le sol calcinés, car de nombreux clochards y avaient élu domicile et faisaient du feu. C'était magique.*»

Peter Brook tombe amoureux: il voit dans ce lieu la synthèse de tout ce qu'il recherchait. Un théâtre installé dans un quartier populaire et cosmopolite, porteur d'une histoire, d'une mémoire inscrite sur ses murs comme sur une peau sensible dans l'air, dans l'atmosphère, comme si toute cette histoire était restée emprisonnée dans les particules de lumière qui filtre de la coupole défoncée.

«*Les proportions, aussi, sont extraordinaires, uniques en Europe, ajoute Peter Brook. Nous avons découvert plus tard qu'elles étaient les mêmes que celles du Théâtre de la Rose, l'un des deux théâtres de Shakespeare à Londres...*»

«*Regardez: ne dirait-on pas à la fois une cour, une mosquée ou une maison?, demande Peter Brook depuis les cintres, où il nous a entraînée. Les Bouffes sont vraiment l'espace-caméléon dont je rêvais, un espace à la fois intérieur et extérieur, qui stimule et libère l'imagination du spectateur, un espace où un partage est possible, ainsi que la concentration qu'exige le théâtre: car le théâtre, ce n'est rien d'autre qu'une expérience humaine plus concentrée que celles que nous avons coutumé de vivre dans la "vraie" vie.*»

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Robert Medley at Gresham's School

Robert Medley went to the same public school as Auden and designed the sets for the original productions of the Auden-Isherwood plays.

Wystan arrived at Gresham's School, Holt in the autumn of 1920, exactly one year later than me. Gresham's then, when Wystan and I were there, was a new kind of public school: it had modern ideals and was based on modern curricula; very little Latin was taught and no Greek. Corporal punishment and bullying were practically unknown and there was an

absence of snobbery about social class. If the buildings were too recent to harbour age-old customs, like torturing new boys and other tribal habits, we were constantly reminded that the tradition at Gresham's was a moral one – Greshamian boys were *ipso facto* kinder and more virtuous than any others. Progressive but not cranky, it was exactly designed to appeal to cultured parents of the liberal professional classes; it is therefore not surprising that we both landed up at the same school.

What was good and what was amiss with Gresham's stemmed directly from Howson, a forward-looking headmaster who had come to the school in 1900 and who had died the year before Wystan arrived; his creed was that 'boys could be trusted to behave, if put on their honour to do so'. The sting, as we shall see, was in the tail.

When Wystan arrived he was put into the lower third, but fortunately it was soon noticed that he was an exceptionally bright boy and in the following year was given an open scholarship and promptly moved up two forms. Thereafter he floated up the senior school without effort; he never bothered to make a show in class, and many thought him lazy. When he came up to London and stayed with my parents while taking his matriculation in 1923, he astonished my sister by going over John Ireland's *The Holy Boy* on the piano, before breakfast on the day of the exam, explaining to her exactly how it should be played. He left Gresham's in 1925 with the expected scholarship: 'Natural Science – Christ Church – Oxon.'; a fact duly recorded in gold lettering on the black honours board.

On his death Howson was succeeded by his trusted lieutenant, J.R. Eccles, whose mission it was to carry on the teachings of the 'master'. A compulsively precise bachelor, J.R.E. bustled about like an energetic scout-leader in gown and mortar-board and usually carrying an armful of books. He had an effective style of public speaking either in school or chapel and his peculiar mannerisms of delivery and phrasing are exactly caught, and made use of, by Auden in his 'Address for a Prize Day' (*The Orators*) and later in Ransom's opening speech in *The Ascent of F6*. I have never known an old boy of our generation fail to recognise the original. Over-conscientious, lacking in humour, and, I suspect, a bit of an actor, J.R.E. was not the Olympian figure that Howson must have been. He not infrequently misjudged the sophistication of his audience and so, from the boys' point of view, he could be made fun of: as when he addressed the upper sixth divinity class (Monday mornings) on a pamphlet entitled 'Jesus Christ Cuts No Ice In California': 'Question number one: Who cuts no what – where?' Wystan who was a good mimic, lived off this one for several weeks. Owing to the shortage of younger men during the war, there remained a number of seemingly elderly teachers on the staff. There are those whom I remember the best, particularly Walter Greatorex (The Ox), who had charge of the music.

We never penetrated the mystery of how it was that Greatorex, whom we regarded as one of the great musicians of the land, came to be stranded at Holt. He combined haughty indifference with the greatest kindness and tact. Of Greatorex, Wystan wrote:

I owe not only such knowledge of music I possess, but my first friendship with a grown-up person, with all that that means. As a musician he was in the first rank. I do not think it was only partiality that made me feel, when later I heard Schweitzer play Bach on the organ, that he played no better.

On consecutive Sundays one term, Greatorex treated us to most of, if not all, the preludes and fugues. Wystan sang in the choir. The Psalms were done to Gregorian chants.

We were encouraged to form societies in extension of our interests, and Wystan took an active part for us, out of school hours, in the Arts and Archaeological Society. Early in 1923 with Mervyn Roberts (my other close friend and an exceptional pianist) Wystan promoted

a recital of modern music which was introduced by Greateorex (the programme included Delius, McEwen, Bax, Ireland and Elgar). Later the same year he gave a talk on 'Comparative Folklore'. Wystan is also remembered 'as a small boy from "Farfield" (his house) talking about Psychology'.

There were of course official school concerts and lectures. Myra Hess (1922) played for us; of this concert the ecstatic young reviewer (not Wystan) wrote 'We were so carried away on the wings of music that we forgot all about her.' G.L. Mallory, the mountaineer, gave an illustrated lecture about Everest. Finally, that autumn, there was the hilarious occasion when Mrs Watts-Dunton, dressed in pale, sea-green Liberty silk and hung with moon-stone necklaces, gave a lecture on the celebrated deceased Theodore without mentioning Swinburne; she read a lot of poems about gypsies. Subsequently we went to Putney and looked at the outside of The Pines.

During 1921 I was absent from Gresham's for the best part of a year, recovering from a road accident (my bicycle skidding in the snow of a cold Easter, I had been thrown under a steam-wagon). It was not, therefore, until March 1922 that Wystan and I met for the first time, by Wystan's contrivance, on the bus that took the Sociological Society to visit a boot factory in Norwich. I was then sixteen and Wystan just fifteen.

The term following that of our meeting, the summer of 1922, found us together in the annual Shakespearean production in the 'school woods' where there was an open-air theatre. In these 'idyllic' surroundings, strewn with leaves which were usually so damp that sitting on the ground was a discomfort, we played that year *The Taming of the Shrew*. Wystan was cast as Katherine and played opposite that excellent and now professional actor, Sebastian Shaw, as Petruccio. I played Biondello. Of this production the reviewer in *The Gresham* writes: 'Another delightful setting in the theatre, a cast of exceptionally high standard, a splendid Petruccio. Auden struggled nobly against overwhelming odds to give Katherine her rightful dominant position in the play, but was completely swamped by Petruccio's all-pervading personality the moment he appeared. To do justice to the character Katherine is an extremely trying task for a mere male, and Auden was far from assisted by a poor wig and clothes that can only be described as shocking. Under so many adverse circumstances, however, it reflected the greatest credit on him that he contrived to infuse considerable dignity into his passionate outbursts and, moreover, by his spirited performance showed that determination can overcome almost insurmountable difficulties.' This review was, I suspect, written by Armand Trèves, the sharp-witted French master (another mystery, whom some credited with being an extreme left-wing political exile).

Sebastian Shaw recalls 'a small, slightly puffy little boy with pink and white cheeks and almost colourless hair', not being very good at being a girl, 'red wrists projecting from frilly sleeves and never knowing what to do with his hands. His voice, however, was clear and his diction excellent.'

Schoolboy friendships develop fast, and though we rapidly became close and intimate companions I was totally unaware of the real extent of Wystan's feelings for me. That I remained so obtuse, so innocent as to be insensitive, is a fact that can only be explained in terms of my own adolescent problems which I had short-circuited by identifying my longings with the unattainable, a friend of mine at Gresham's, whom my imagination had endowed with the purity and sanctity to which I aspired, and which I supposed him to possess by a gift of nature.

It was not until I was visiting Wystan at his parents' home in Harborne, a year after I had left Gresham's to become an art student in London, that his father discovered among

Wystan's poems, through which we had been privately going the previous night, one which described me at the school swimming pool and in which he suspected an erotic content. The following morning we were put 'on the mat'. Dr Auden gently explained that he himself as a young man had also enjoyed a close friendship, but that it was not desirable, nor had it ever gone 'that' far – had we in fact gone 'that' far? It was with relief that we were truthfully able to assure him that our relationship was purely platonic. In this way our friendship was allowed to survive without parental interference from either side.

With regard to the subject matter of the poem I recall that as a boy I was a very good swimmer and diver, and during the summer term spent much of my time at the swimming pool. Wystan, soon after our meeting, seeing me larking around with other boys and taking them on double-dives, off the top diving board, asked me to do the same with him. The elementary trick, which had never caused me the least concern before, was done by taking your partner either on your shoulders, or 'pick-a-back'. I explained to Wystan his part in the operation, particularly to keep his head down. After some difficulty in getting him to grip firmly with his legs and not to strangle me with his arms, all was declared ready and off we went to disaster. Wystan emerged from the water with a badly bleeding nose. Feeling responsible I was very upset, but it was the first time I had encountered his innate physical clumsiness. Also I suppose it was as near as we, or most of us, ever got to embrace at Gresham's.

Wystan visited me and my family regularly either in London, or in Yorkshire, where my parents leased a house, and which was very much Wystan's kind of country. In London we used to go to Harold Monroe's Poetry Bookshop (of Chap-Book fame), to the theatre, Basil Dean's productions of Capek's *The Insect Play* and *R.U.R.* (the early Robot play) and inevitably to Rutland Boughton's opera *The Immortal Hour*. We also visited mutual school friends like Chris Bailey, the electronic genius of Farfield who, with his own home-made apparatus, broadcast the private fatuities of the speeches on Prize Day to the passers-by on the high road to Sheringham.

My parents, who were not easy to please, were fond of Wystan and he fitted very well into a family of six – except that he won too frequently at card games like Slippery Ann or at paper games. We had to sleep in the same bedroom with my youngest brother and we sometimes wondered how much he had heard of the conversations that went on, as it seemed, for half the night; or what my father really felt about Beethoven symphonies on the gramophone before breakfast.

Wystan differed from the more artistic friends like Mervyn Roberts, whom I had known before I met Wystan, in being very articulate. He had already had that clinical imagination which surveyed areas and experiences unfamiliar to me. After my accident I had returned to Gresham's disillusioned with school, and this would have appealed to him. I now considered myself already well informed in all those matters that concerned me most, and therefore school seemed to me a phase of life to be got through as quickly as possible. I did not belong to Gresham's any more.

We had plenty to talk about. To summarise my attitudes to life at that time, I would say they consisted of a romantic and muddled mixture of William Morris's Guild Socialism, the social anarchy of Kropotkin's *Mutual Aid*, Shelley and Blake's *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*. I had recently refused Confirmation.

Walking one afternoon towards the woods which lay about a mile and a half on the far side of the Sheringham Road, I made an attack on the Church and discovered to my surprise that Wystan was devout. An argument followed and to soften what I feared might become

a serious breach, after a pause, I asked him if he wrote poetry, confessing by way of exchange, that I did. I was a little surprised that he had not tried and suggested he might do so.

At the end of the year (1922) when I was barely seventeen, I left Gresham's to study at art school. Then followed the period of letters from him and sheaves of poems. My opinions being called for and his handwriting taking so long to read, I took them about with me in various coat pockets to study on buses or walking over Primrose Hill to the Academy School or later the Slade. In this way Wystan's *juvenilia* became eroded. I fear, moreover, that I did not always answer him promptly; years later I was reproached for this. Wystan of course had kept copies, and when he allowed a few to appear in Christopher Isherwood's *Lions and Shadows*, I recognised them as those which I had received years previously.

Meanwhile for Wystan, back at Gresham's, there was a crisis that had to be resolved.

And, more importantly, lived through. In many ways Gresham's was an excellent school but, if we are to give roundness to his experience, the shadow must be taken together with the light.

In a climate far less favourable to discussion than now, Wystan had become fully aware of his sexual nature by the time of my leaving school. The moral problem which this set him was complicated by the operation of the 'honour system' (now long abandoned) whereby Howson, in a particularly nasty and underhand way, sought to guarantee our behaviour by repression of the growth of our instincts. Every new boy was seen by the headmaster, privately, about two weeks after his arrival and made to promise: (1) not to smoke or drink; (2) not to swear; (3) not to say or do anything indecent. Your agreement was then called for (refusal would have been impossible) to the following: (1) if you broke any of these promises you should report the breach to your housemaster; (2) if you saw anyone else break them you should endeavour to persuade him to report and if he refused you should report him yourself. This precious system whereby the new boys' ardent emotions of loyalty were enlisted and identified with the honour of the school (i.e. to the community as seen by those in authority) and we now recognise it as the trick played by totalitarian dictators. Also, as Wystan afterwards wrote, 'I believe no more potent engine was ever devised for turning boys into neurotic innocents.' This acute emotional and moral problem, which struck at the very roots of his being, Wystan resolved with great perception, in terms of a conflict of loyalties: 'what do you owe to your community', 'what do you owe to yourself'. The experience of this struggle with himself was the catalyst that precipitated the moralist and the didactic in him. The first part of his double question was certainly made clear – Who am I?; and the second implicit question – What should I become? – occupied the poet Auden for the rest of his life.

In his final term at Gresham's, summer 1925, a production of *The Tempest* was to be the annual school play. Wystan was determined to play Caliban and succeed in being chosen for the part. The significance of the role for him was that when the play ends Ariel is dismissed, Prospero puts on his old clothes to go home in, and Caliban, who has learned only to curse his masters, inherits the island. With extraordinary psychological insight Wystan perceived that, implicated in Caliban, was a protest against the honour system, under which he had suffered so much; the occasion for making a witty, personal and deeply-felt 'send-up' of he system was not to be missed.

Equally revealing was Auden's contribution to *The Grasshopper* (1955) entitled '*Qui e l'uom Felice?*' It invites the reader in the form of a question-and-answer game (the rules are carefully set) to get to know himself. He told me at the time that he thought he had solved the problem rather neatly and he considered it was the only valuable advice he could give

to Greshamians. It is the only contribution that makes no reference whatsoever to the school.

Described at school as 'alone but not aloof', Wystan was found on several occasions by R.P. Bagnall-Oakeley, the school naturalist and local scholar, in the early hours of the morning as far away from Holt as Weybourne, standing alone, looking at the sea; this confirms Wystan's own account of his habits like watching a 'June dawn at Hempstead Mills'. Of this period I remember that he sent me a book of Edward Carpenter's and a little later *Poems of Edward Thomas* (which I still possess).

Certainly Wystan was and felt himself to be alone; set apart by the crucial experience of the self-realisation that he had to face up to, and in which he had refused to deny his nature and the source of his creative being. With his self-knowledge characteristic modes of thought found their place, and the moral certainty about himself, which matched up to his exceptional and precocious intellect, was formed.

I should mention here that the house-prefect referred to by Wystan in his article on Gresham's for *The Old School* as 'Wreath', was Michael Fordham, who later in life became a well-known Jungian psychoanalyst. Fordham helped Wystan to reconcile himself somewhat to school life, and also, no doubt, to the control of his intense dislike of Mr R, his housemaster, who was also the producer of *The Tempest*. The origin of this dislike was the earlier occasion when Mr R caught Wystan writing a poem during prep and remarked, 'You should not waste your sweetness on the desert air like this, Auden.' For many years Wystan could not think of this incident 'without wishing him evil' and it is referred to again in a fine, early poem in the line 'The death by cancer of a once-hated master'.

As a senior, Wystan served on the school library committee, an appointment which afforded him much satisfaction; there would, I fear, be no records remaining of a time so long ago to indicate if his own personal preferences were included.

It was less understandable, to me, that Wystan, the most unlikely of soldiers, should voluntarily choose to go to the Annual OTC (Officers' Training Corps) Camp where the Gresham's contingent would join up with those from other public schools for a week's training under professional army officers; but of course I did not then understand his appreciation of parochial life, or his need to live in contact with small and understandable communities. It also appealed to his sense of the absurd; he pointed out afterwards that I had missed lots of fun, and also the chance of witnessing the unexpected and surprising behaviour of some of the 'pure and virtuous' when in close contact with the 'rude' from less inhibited schools.

Wystan later claimed that the honour system was generally known as 'half-watt hypnotism'; it may have been so, but not until after I had left Gresham's. The phrase anticipates the kind of clinical terminology he used so effectively in *The Orators*.

In many ways Gresham's was a good school for his parents to have chosen and Wystan confessed that 'Taking all things into consideration I was very happy throughout my time there.' It had the advantage of being a relatively small school, and as most of us came from comparable backgrounds, it had a certain homogeneity. Setting aside the crucial exception of our sexual education, the atmosphere was accommodating rather than prohibitive.

That none of us at Gresham's, including myself, realised that we had among us an outstanding human being and a great poet is excusable since he never indulged in the vanity of sharpening his wits at other people's expense; he also took care to nurture his genius and his ambitions in secret. Though I was privileged to share many of his secrets there were naturally others that remained shielded from premature inspection. However precocious his

intellect, he was not precocious in the exhibition of his genius; unlike Shelley, perhaps Mozart – or, indeed, Benjamin Britten who came to the same school some years later and for whom special arrangements had to be made.

It would be true to say that by the time Wystan went to Oxford his character and all that went with it was already formed. Disciplined and unafraid, he was able to make full use of the opportunities that the university could offer.

As soon as Wystan was settled enough to invite a guest I went to Christ Church for a weekend. It was now my turn to envy him his life there; he was free whilst I, after three years at art school, was still living at home. I did not know that within a matter of months I would be in Paris with Rupert Doone.

Inevitably we now saw each other less regularly though he came to Yorkshire on several occasions; if my memory serves me rightly, the last was soon after his return from Berlin. It was therefore no accident that shortly after the formation of the Group Theatre, Rupert and I should write to Wystan, then teaching in Helensburgh, to ask him to stay with us in Fitzroy Street. It was on this visit, in the autumn of 1932, that he suggested writing *The Dance of Death* for us. This we received during the summer of 1933. It was put into rehearsal in the autumn and given a first performance on a Sunday late in February 1934. Later that year the Group Theatre season, at the Westmister Theatre, opened with the first public performances of T.S. Eliot's *Sweeney Agonistes* and *The Dance of Death*; the forthcoming production of *The Dog Beneath the Skin* was also announced.

The history of this period until 1939, during which I became, as designer, the servant of two masters, if not more, does not properly belong here, with its intricate pattern of divergent ambitions and divided loyalties; but I felt honoured and very touched when, after the war, Wystan proposed that I should design *The Rake's Progress*. That, in the upshot, I did not do so, was a matter of some relief to me, because I did not consider I was the most suitable choice. Moreover I needed to get back to painting and to have done with the stage. However, I never spoke to Wystan of my doubts or confessed that I was glad that his judgement had never had to be called into question, because I knew from experience how easily he could be hurt. Anyway, the age of discussion was over.

Peter's Major success was radio at its best

Peter Whitbread [W 40 – 46], actor, writer and splendid Norfolk companion, died last week at the age of 76 after a tragic accident near his home at Briningham, near Holt. He was a man who showed me how to mix cultures with squit – and get meaningful laughs as a result. We shared a dressing room for the 1982 Christmas pantomime at Norwich Theatre Royal when he played The Wicked Squire and I squared up to Norah Batty as a Norfolk Compo.

Peter's pedigree as a classical actor, rubbing greasepaint with the likes of John Gielgud, Paul Schofield and Laurence Olivier, never cramped a sense of fun springing from proud Norfolk roots. During that Mother Goose panto run, when I rushed from the BBC Radio Norfolk Dinnertime Show microphone with a pitchfork in hand for matinee performances, we invented a truly outlandish character. Major Egbert Gladstone-Pyle of Wanglingham Hall proved a perfect stage for Peter's vibrant imagination, prodigious acting talent and wacky humour. He marched into the wireless studio itching to put the peasants in their place. It was all off the crisply-turned cuff, one prejudiced outburst after another as he preached the traditional values of forelock-tugging, knee-bending and general toadying to the aristocracy. After a particularly virulent string of sexist remarks, culminating in a celebration of women being allowed to select their own library books, by Jove, several female listeners threatened to give "this insufferable bigot" a major seeing-to.

Our inspired spoof ran for several years. The monocled major with clipped tones was even invited to open a village fete – which he did with full upper-crust finesse – and he appeared on stage at the Cromer Pavilion Theatre to prove Wanglingham really existed. Those able to follow his quickfire latitude and longitude directions on the map in front of him would have discovered this fair parish right in the middle of the Wash!

In more recent years, expertly dove-tailed between his highly praised one-man shows, a host of other professional roles and a prolific writing output, Peter became an integral part of my Press Gang entertainment troupe. As our "cultural icon" he gave Shakespeare the Norfolk treatment – "really born at Stratton-on-Strawless, y'know" – and presented powerful sketches and verses he had penned specially for these outings. He scoffed at any suggestions that he was "slumming it" after appearing in some of the world's most famous theatres. "The village hall is just as important as the Old Vic", he often remarked without a hint of the patronising spirit.

I basked in his warm friendship and gentle professional advice, qualities he extended to any other performers or spectators along the path where squit and culture merged.

Keith Skipper

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Andy McClelland at Gresham's School

Andy McClelland (F 44 – 50) was an exact contemporary of mine in Farfield. He was an unusual boy but he was in a school where there were many unusual boys. They followed their own noses (see Auden's poem) with the passionate zeal which so often inhabits teenagers. They take upon themselves the dedicated study of subjects which may have nothing whatever to do with the class-work. Andy was one of these.

It is parents or guardians who choose public schools, not children. Gresham's had a massive reputation. It was small, it was liberal, it respected and encouraged individuality. Pupils were trusted to have a lot of freedom and spare time. They could bicycle anywhere without permission. Andy once went to Norwich and back. Corporal punishment had been abolished. Games and sports had been downgraded as unimportant as had the classics. Science had been upgraded as had craftsmanship. Drama had been considered very important from 1903 onwards. The open-air theatre was to result from that. All these attitudes were still there up to 1944 and continued after that because so many of the staff understood what the old Gresham's was all about. We owe George Howson a great debt, he was well ahead of his time.

Andy was always a scientist to his fingertips. He could not stop experimenting. He was passionately interested in the natural world – anything that lived and grew and the environment it needed. For example he germinated a date stone in an incubator in the Biology Lab. As soon as he had it growing in a pot he must needs fix a paper scale against it to measure its rate of growth in different temperatures.

Andy was very active in the School Natural History Society. This had a room then which is now part of Dave's Diner. He made aquaria for it and in those days there was only cement, wood, glass, pitch, paint and putty. Clever waterproof plastics had not come on stream then. He ranged about by bicycle to lots of wild places and brought back live specimens. He showed me how to catch an adder safely, with a forked stick behind the head and then picking it up by the tail and lowering it into a cardboard tube to bring it home.

Andy had a number of parts in school and house plays including a long part as one of the middle-aged ladies in "Arsenic and Old Lace". I had a small part in that too.

Very many of us, probably Andy as well, were sent to Gresham's because it had an alternative to the games field, did not regard sport as anything other than healthy exercise. It must be remembered that the boys had dug the open-air swimming bath between the wars, had stone-picked the Eccles Field after WW2. Works! It had been a tradition at Gresham's for many years. Andy probably had the same attitude to games as I had but I did not understand how strongly he felt until years later. Andy thought that all compulsory games and all competition were a total waste of human energy. For those who were bad at it something else should be provided. This was especially true in the late 40s after the neglect of the grounds and buildings during the war years and when the School was so hard up. Boy power could have done so much more.

My good time at Gresham's did not start until I was free of the games field in the last two years. I was one of the team working on the restoration of the open-air theatre. At least the sweat and toil of that was producing something which would last, which could be used, which was wanted and needed. And, of course, we got very strong doing that every afternoon. We also learned some things which would be most useful to us after we left school.

Andy was not one of the theatre workers but what he did at the end of his school life was

to go to our housemaster (Bruce Douglas) and say he did not want to play any more games. If he had been in Woodlands he might have got a dusty, and probably sarcastic, answer. I think in Howson's he would not have dared to ask. Had he done so he would probably have been shouted at and told that games were the most important thing and that anyone who did not want to play them was a rebel acting against the interests of the school. I know about this because we on the theatre works had so much trouble with it. A full account appears in one of my "Letters to Roger" and a copy is in the school somewhere.

Andy would have had no trouble with what he wanted to do if he had been in the Old School House and in Farfield he had no trouble. What he was going to do was to make a proper map of the Holt Lowes. This will be his lasting memorial of his time at Gresham's and it will get more valuable with time because of climate change for it was not just to be a geographical map but a full biological map showing where the plants were and what the soil consisted of. The Natural History Society magazine published it.

He had no surveying instruments so he had to make them. At that date every pupil, up to a certain age, was compelled to spend one double period in the workshop each week. So even if someone had no craft talent he was surrounded by people making things and this extended into studies and into house workshops if the house had one. If we wanted something it was not "Where can I buy it?" but "How can I make it?"

He had no theodolite so it had to be plane table surveying. I remember him making the striped rods for the work. These things he had to make but he had a good prismatic compass, probably borrowed from the armoury.

It would have been hard work and doing it single-handed would have required a lot of walking. He charted the development of plants on yard-square areas over long periods of time. He analysed the soil in various places.

There was a stand of small conifers which Andy told me had been reported as propagating many years before. They were still there and they were still small, but they were different. He dug down three feet and analysed the soil at the roots. This is just an example of the sorts of thing he did. The map was a great success.

After we left Gresham's I did not see Andy again – we were not close – until well into the 1950s, when I encountered him in London, in Malet Street. I was restoring Ancient Egyptian Antiquities in the Petrie Museum at UCL about 200 yards down the road. After a not very good degree from Cambridge he was working on his PhD at the School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. He asked me into his lab. He had been given a slip of a room under the pavement lights in Malet St., so it was rather dark by natural daylight, like a tropical jungle. That was exactly what Andy had to make. The temperature had to be 80°F at all times and a humidity of 80%. It had to stay like that for three years without fail. What he was doing was making a study of the genetics of the Yellow Fever mosquito. There was no money for control equipment so he had to invent a system. He told me that it was the best controlled room there was in the whole building. It cost almost nothing to do. There was an old electric convector heater and a horsehair thermohumidigraph to watch and record the conditions. There was an accurate thermostat for the heater and when the humidity got lower an old electric kettle was turned on and a fan circulated the water vapour. The kettle was constantly topped up by a clever siphon system. Andy fed his mosquitoes with anaesthetised mice placed on the netting over the cages but if he had no mice he fed them himself by putting his forearm on the net. In important research the comfort and convenience of the researcher was of no importance – not if you were Andy McClelland.

In the following days I became very thoughtful about what I had seen. What was this vital

talent which permitted Andy to design and conduct his experiments? Surely it was inventive ability combined with some craftsmanship both to design the experiment and then make any special tools or equipment without which the research could not take place. Inventive talent is fundamental to mankind. Without it the human race would still be living in caves.

It was these thoughts that caused me to set up the Inventive Ability Prize at Gresham's. I hoped to convince the non-craft academic staff that this talent was a vital one to develop and teach as well as lifting the school workshop out of being regarded by some as a sort of hobby room. These things are now well understood by educationalists but that was not the case at the end of the 50s.

Andy's later success researching and teaching in the USA all sprang from the liberal environment at Gresham's. He was a great OG.

Martin Burgess (F 44 – 49)

What is wrong with Britain?

Life is relatively easy, but something is going profoundly wrong. The social revolution of the 1960s, which attempted to end the injustices and restrictions of a class-ridden society, adopted the slogan "all life styles are equally valid". "Child-centred education" became a licence for children to do as they pleased. "No paternalism or authoritarianism" became an excuse for teachers and parents to give up their duty to offer firm guidance. "No middle-class hypocrisy" resulted in abandoning good manners and considerate behaviour.

Those at school in the 1970s are the parents and teachers of today's teenagers. Teachers no longer try to educate the whole man. Playing fields are not maintained, if they exist at all. Hobbies and games, drama and dance, social service and outward bound adventure training have, like visits to industry and business, theatre and museums, been left to parents. Sports involving risk are being removed for fear of litigation. Lack of exercise has become a national scandal. In the absence of challenge and adventure, adolescent energies turn to raves, drugs and drunken violence. Most parents do not return from work until 6pm, too exhausted to attend to their children. Wider education is left to the television and computers, if the young are not on the streets or at unsupervised parties.

British lager louts disgrace our country everywhere. Nine to 15-year-olds are given far too much pocket money, mostly wasted on fizzy drinks, sweets, designer clothes, pop music and computer games. This soon gives way to binge drinking, drugs, violence and vandalism. From television they glean half-truths: that bad manners and bad language are cool and almost universal.

Where are their role models? Not our celebrities and politicians. So what can be done?

Reforms must start at school. The late afternoons must be reclaimed for exciting, challenging activities. Parents and teachers must learn to say no, and to restrict and control pocket money. They must introduce their children to moral and spiritual issues and more time must be made for communication between the generations and for sharing interests.

Logie Bruce Lockhart [HM 55 – 82]

Blakeney, Norfolk

Reprinted from *The Lady*

Charlie's great run in memory of best friend

A North Norfolk teenager who lost his best friend to asthma has raised more than £500 to help others suffering from the disease by completing the Great North Run.

Four year ago, former Gresham's School student Charlie Meggy, now 18, had been looking forward to a holiday abroad with a group of friends when, passing his best friend's house at Cromer Road, Aylmerton, on his way to school one morning, he saw an ambulance outside.

"I knew something was wrong, but I had no idea it was about James," Charlie said. His worst fears were confirmed when his School Chaplain called him away from lessons to break the devastating news that James had died in the night of an asthma attack.

"It seemed impossible. It was such a shock as he was only 15 and you could never imagine anything like that happening, especially as we were looking forward to going on holiday" Charlie said. "He was friendly, caring, generous, and just a really nice guy whom everyone got on with."

The two boys hit it off immediately when, as a seven-year-old, Charlie joined Gresham's Prep School in Holt, where James had been a pupil since the age of four. "We were best friends from the moment we met really," he said. "We just got along so well and, even when we were choosing houses at school, I changed at the last minute to be with James." The pair spent "every other second of the day" together, sitting next to each other in lessons and speaking on the telephone nearly every evening after school. Charlie even went on family holidays with James and his parents Elaine and Gary, who run a caravan park and holiday cottage business at Aylmerton. "He was such a good friend and, although I wouldn't say I will ever get over his death because I never will, having lots of other friends really helped me through it," Charlie said.

After James's funeral service, which was held in the School Chapel, Charlie struggled to come to terms with his loss. Faced with constant reminders at school, he found himself dwelling on them helped, and although he says he still hasn't got over James's death, Charlie has learned to cope with his grief. "I do try to hide it but it has definitely changed me. I think about him all the time but now it has become just part of my everyday life."

After finishing his A-levels earlier this year, he decided he wanted to do something positive in James's memory and signed up for the Great North Run half-marathon, which took place in Newcastle two weeks ago. The cash he has raised from sponsorship by family and friends will, via national charity Asthma UK, pay for nebulisers for asthma patients at Sheringham and Holt health centres.

"I felt it was the least I could do. I know that whatever I was feeling was multiplied a million times for Elaine and Gary, and although I knew it would never bring him back, I just didn't want anyone else to have to go through what I did," Charlie said.

In training for the run, Charlie visited James's grave at Aylmerton Church for inspiration. "I had only been once before, and when I sat down and looked around at the other graves, I thought how those people had had long and happy lives but James's life was just starting."

Charlie, who travelled to Newcastle with his mother Diana, clocked up a time of 1 hour 42 minutes, coming in the top five per cent of runners. "I felt so good about it when I

finished that I decided that this is just the start for me and I want to do more for Asthma UK,” he said. Charlie, who is soon to set off travelling the world with two friends before starting a mechanical engineering degree at Swansea University in September 2006, has already raised £527 but hopes the cash will keep coming in. “I am really grateful for everyone generous enough to contribute and I’d like to say that it’s a great cause and, no matter how little people give, it will make a big difference,” he said. James’s mother Elaine praised Charlie for his efforts. “All James’s friends and their parents have been wonderful, and I think it’s marvellous what he has done as it has taken an awful lot of courage,” she said.

Karen Bethell

Reprinted from *The Eastern Daily Press*

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Memories of Saigon

By Owen Eva (K 31 – 36)

Charles Wicksteed's article in the Old Greshamian Magazine of November 2004 of his time in Saigon and Indo-China in the autumn of 1945 has reminded me of a month I spent in Saigon earlier in 1945. It was a most significant month for a number of reasons. The first was that we ever got there in February 1945. We were in transit from Thailand to Japan. A party of 1,500 men, ten companies, each of 150 men to one officer. I was in charge of one of the companies: 100 men from my own regiment, Northumberland Fusiliers, and 50 from a Glasgow artillery regiment.

We went down to Singapore early in July 1944 and there we waited in a very dilapidated camp (so derelict that over the months several huts collapsed in the night) and there was very, very little food – we were not supposed to be waiting there so there were no proper rations for us. But the party ahead of us had sailed in September with 2,000 POWs and was sunk on the way with few survivors.

At last on 2nd February 1945 we set off for the docks to find we were due to travel with some other POWs in a small cargo ship. Accommodation for 2,450 POWs plus 700 Javanese labourers was one level of holds (four holds), the rest of the holds and the decks being full of cargo. It was impossible, as we tried to make clear to our guards. They replied that those were their orders. To them that was final. So we were squeezed (forced), at least 700 men in each hold.

Later we were joined by two other merchant ships, full of cargo but with no POWs, and by three destroyers.

On the fifth evening on board we learnt there was a pack of American submarines at sea in the area. That night there was a massive explosion at about 11pm and another one at around 5am. Next morning we gathered from our guards that the other two ships in the convoy had been sunk and one of the destroyers had stayed to pick up survivors. Then they said that we would be in more dangerous waters that night. After that they settled themselves beside the few liferafts there were on the ship. However, we survived the night and reached Saigon the following morning, 8th February.

Then the second very significant event occurred when we arrived in Saigon. I awoke that morning and went on deck to see land on the horizon. Saigon itself is several miles up the river and there is a harbour at the river mouth. We approached the harbour at around 9am to see a sight that for us who had been prisoners of the Japanese for three years was almost unbelievable and as we took it in morale soared; the harbour was littered with the wrecks of Japanese ships. We counted fifteen...sixteen...seventeen quite large ships. One looked as if it was an aircraft carrier or auxiliary carrier. What a sight!

We learnt later that only a few days before we arrived planes from a large American carrier force had caught a Japanese convoy that was on the point of leaving Saigon to reinforce their beleaguered troops in the Philippines – with devastating effect.

Throughout the day we anchored at the river mouth and at about five pm moved up the river to Saigon. On the journey we kept on seeing more of the devastation caused by the raid: burnt-out ships, capsized ships, ships with just a funnel or a bow or a stern sticking out of the water. For prisoners who had had to see or hear of endless Japanese victories and their boasts of many more it was a sight that gave great hope.

An additional encouragement was the possibility that Chinese activists in Singapore might by now have been able to establish better communication with the Allies and could have given warnings of the large number of prisoners of war on the ship that survived the journey.

The third significance of Saigon was that by POW standards we really were comparatively well fed and after seven months of starvation it was a wonderful change. It meant, for instance, that one of our officers whose eyesight was failing through an almost total lack of proteins, fats or any sort of vitamins while in transit in Singapore began to recover.

For me Saigon was a brief interlude. After a month we learnt that in Thailand the officers were now segregated in an "officers" camp in Thailand and as we were still under "Thai Command" we would have to return there. However, I was much happier leaving my men in Saigon than I would have been in Singapore.

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The Old Greshamian Club 450th Anniversary Celebration Saturday 28th May 2005

It Really Was A Day To Remember!

More than 1,000 OGs and their guests descended on Gresham's with the sun shining and the School looking at its very best. A full programme began with coffee in the Auden Theatre, followed by a wonderful service at noon where 250 almost lifted the roof off the Chapel. After drinks, a leisurely lunch was taken in the Dining Hall where reminiscing was the order of the day. A 25 over cricket match on the square set the scene for the afternoon and in the warm sunshine the Headmaster's team "won" by a slim margin to the cheers of those clustering around the Pimms bar. There followed a splendid Showcase production in the Theatre with young talent on show in the form of Gavin Horsley, Humphrey Berney, Genevieve Pott, Henry Layte and compered by the delightful Olivia (Sarah/Collie) Colman. Guests then moved on to the Champagne Reception and into the huge marquees, magnificently decorated in the School colours of black and white. A superb three-course dinner was served (far removed from the sausages and soggy cabbage of old!). After speeches dancing continued into the small hours to Mike Hurst (info@mikehurst.co.uk) and his all-star band (kindly sponsored by Bakers and Larners of Holt) and the late night disco Misterfied tried to bring the proceedings to an end. Enthusiastic revellers had the last word and finally went home as the sun started to rise...

The OG Committee would like to thank everyone for joining in and for making our day and all our efforts so worthwhile. We do hope that you will come and visit us again soon – you are always welcome.

Charlotte Whitaker (Martin) (O 74 – 77)

Visit the OG website on www.greshams.org.uk to see the photographs from the day and order copies.

Old Greshamian Showcase Of Acting and Singing To Celebrate the 450th Anniversary Of the Founding of Gresham's School

As part of the 450th Celebrations on 28th May the Auden Theatre provided the venue for a brief but high-quality display of acting and singing talent given by a handful of young OGs making their way in the world of the performing arts. Humphrey Berney (tenor), Gavin Horsley (bass baritone) and Genevieve Pott (soprano) performed a delightful variety

of songs ranging from the baroque to the modern. All were accompanied by the nonpareil of accompanists, Mark Jones. Henry Layte's performance of Patrick Suskind's witty monologue *Amnesia in Litteris* was a veritable tour de force. The whole entertainment was stitched together with engaging humour by actress Olivia Colman, formerly Sarah Colman, Colly to her friends. The Showcase was very well received by the sizeable audience who showed up despite the fact that the event was squeezed between the Champagne Reception and the Ball!

Programme

The performance hosted by Olivia Colman

The Company

Ain't Misbehavin'	Fats Waller arr. Gritton
-------------------	--------------------------

Henry Layte

<i>Amnesia in Litteris</i>	Patrick Suskind
----------------------------	-----------------

Humphrey Berney

Where e'er you walk	Handel
L'ultimo canzone	Tosti
L'ultimo bacio	Tosti
Non t'amo piu	Tosti

Genevieve Pott

Solveig's Song	Greig
Rusalka's Song to the Moon	Dvorak
Romance	Debussy
I Remember	Sondheim
(from <i>Evening Primrose</i>)	
So in Love	Porter
(from <i>Kiss me Kate</i>)	

Gavin Horsley

Aufenthalt (from <i>Schwanengesang</i>)	Schubert
Der Atlas	Schubert
Straight opening her fertile womb	Haydn
(from <i>The Creation</i>)	
Il Lacerato Spirito	Verdi
(from <i>Simon Boccanegra</i>)	

Some of the Celebratory Events in our 450th year

11th February	Cathedral Service - Norwich Cathedral
22-28th March	International Hockey Festival - School Astroturfs
7th April	450th Anniversary Outing for Staff to Titsey Place and Sutton's Hospital followed by Dinner at Fishmongers' Hall.
28th May	The Old Greshamian 450th Celebrations - Senior School concluding with the Anniversary Ball.
29th May - 18th June	Old Greshamian Art Exhibition - Cairns Centre
1st July	As I Walked Out One Evening - Theatre-in-the-Woods (performances of music, drama and poetry created by OGS)
18th July - 26th August	Exhibition: Gresham's Inventors - Old School House
6th - 7th October	Noye's Fludde - Sports Hall
12th October	Choral Evensong with Gresham's Choir - Southwark Cathedral. Reception given afterwards by Fishmongers' Company - Fishmongers' Hall.
22nd October	School Choir take part in Nelson Mass (Haydn) - Burnham Thorpe Church
29th October	Historical Pageant and Charity Fashion Extravaganza - Sports Hall
4th November	Fireworks and Fizz - Playing Fields (for all pupils, staff and parents of the Pre-Prep School, the Prep School and Senior School)
AND	Staff Lectures: Men of Gresham's.
7th September No.1	Howson's School by Steve Benson
21st September No. 2	A Literary Friendship: W.H. Auden and John Hayward by John Smart
12th October No. 3	Gresham's Naturalists by Tony Leech
2nd November No. 4	All the World's a Stage by Carolyn Rigby
23rd November No. 5	The Gresham's Communist Connection by Simon Kinder

From the 450th Anniversary Chapel Service Sheet

Gresham's School Chapel

The foundation stone was laid on 8th June 1912, eight years after the School moved to its current site. Sited at the exterior of the east end of the building, it bears a simple instruction –

AL WORSHIP BE TO GOD ALONE

the School motto. Despite the outbreak of war, the Chapel was complete enough to be dedicated on 23rd January 1916 by Archdeacon (later Bishop) John Westcott. The architect was Maxwell Ayrton (who later went on to design Wembley Stadium and the British Empire Exhibition of 1924, as well as part of University College, London) and the builders Bowmans of Stamford. Portland stone, local flints and best English oak were used. The building itself cost £10,000. The money was all donated and many gifts were in memory of old boys of the School who had died in the First World War. The panelling and the glass in the east window were part of the School's war memorial.

George W.S. Howson was the Headmaster throughout this period, which was a time of enormous expansion for the School. He died in 1919 and is buried on the south side of the Chapel.

Maxwell Ayrton suggested the striking design in the glass of the east window. It shows the City of Peace surrounded by a deep blue sea, with a Dove of Peace overhead. Reginald Bell, a noted manufacturer of stained glass, made the window. On the window opposite the south door are pictures of Sir John Gresham and his wife: the window carries the words VOLUNTAS TUA (Thy will be done). These words are also part of the ornamental work on the south door; it is believed that this was the Gresham family's motto.

Howson's Commemorative Prayer

Lord God of our Fathers, who in the time past didst lead thy servant John Gresham, to found this School, and, in later days, did send thy servant, George Howson, to raise on his foundation so fair a building, we here in this solemn gathering from near and far, do render thee our thanksgiving for the life and labour which have borne so great fruit in our midst, and we pray thee that by power working in us, the good seed that has been sown may never perish, and that we may show our thankfulness, not in word only, but in deed, seeking first thy kingdom in our hearts, through Jesus Christ our Lord
Amen.

OLD GRESHAMIANS' ART EXHIBITION

An exhibition of art by OGs, as part of the School's 450th celebrations, was a bold idea and one worth trying. In the event, however, the exhibition that went on display in the Ben Nicholson Gallery on 28th May was perhaps a little disappointing. It wasn't sufficiently representative; most of the exhibitors were either local or recent leavers. There must be many OGs who paint, including several with formal art training, who did not participate. Where, for example, were the self-taught Graham Howlett, the Slade-trained Ian Mortimer and the Royal Academician Philip Dowson? In all there were about sixty paintings and drawings and twenty photographs on display executed by fourteen artists. Sixty works shown by thirty artists would have made it a more comprehensive exhibition.

In spite of these reservations those who did see the exhibition were rewarded with some gratifying surprises.

How many OGs know that the illustrator who designed most if not all of the Ian Fleming/James Bond book covers is Richard Chopping (OSH 36 – 43)? He exhibited two original illustrations as well as several printed examples of his work in the showcase.

Ben Hoskins (H 77 – 81) is a professional wildlife illustrator. Five of his works were exhibited. But how many OGs know that it was he who designed the 2004 Christmas card for the Countryside Alliance, forty thousand of which were sold?

Chris Wright (k & W 89 – 96) showed five very good pencil drawings, the product of intense observation and patience.

Kate Lowe (O 91 – 96) was prolific, exhibiting eighteen oil paintings, varying in size and subject matter.

However, the exhibits that won my greatest admiration were two nude figure paintings by Lise Hovesen (O 99 – 04).

I have run out of words and cannot make reference to all the exhibitors individually; sorry. But those who enjoyed the exhibition thank all the artists for having participated

Michael B. Everitt FRSA (H 47 – 52)

450th Anniversary Match Headmaster's XI v OGs

Unfortunately with the score-book going missing and the Ball taking place that evening the details of the match are somewhat blurred. However, I do remember it was a wonderful occasion played on beautiful day with a fabulous setting in front of a good crowd.

The Headmaster's XI, including two test players in Neil Foster and Younis Ahmed, batted first and made somewhere in the region of 170 in their 25 overs. Yours truly had the misfortune of running out the Clerk of the Governors, Keith Waters, first ball. However, I am still in employment to recount the tale!

The Headmaster cleverly juggled his bowlers to give the OGs a scent of victory but despite the best efforts of Alec Broom and Tom Farrow they were always behind the run-rate and finished about twenty runs short

This was a high-quality match played seriously and enjoyed immensely by all players and spectators. As I write this brief summary, we have just regained the Ashes. What a wonderful year for English cricket and for Gresham's cricket.

Alan Ponder (S)

A school which changed the world

For more than four centuries it has educated some of the finest young minds in Britain, including the leading poet and composer of the 20th century. But a Norfolk school is set to celebrate an amazing number of pioneering former students, whose inventions and designs have changed the world and shaped the way we lead our lives.

Without Gresham's School, in Holt, the hovercraft, MRI scanner, bagless vacuum cleaner, and even the universal symbol for peace may never have been invented. This weekend sees the start of an inventors of Gresham's exhibition to mark the 450th anniversary of the famous public school and boost a campaign to create a permanent museum in the town.

The Lift Off show, named because of its large number of aviation and transport connections, pays tribute to nine former Greshamians who have made "remarkable and important" contributions, including:–

James Dyson (pupil from 1956 to 65) – vacuum cleaner, sea-truck, and ball-barrow inventor;

Sir Christopher Cockerell (1923-28) – hovercraft and radar;

Gerald Holtom (1927-32) – peace symbol;

Martin Burgess (1944-49) – clock designer;

Leslie Everett Baynes (1914-16) – vertical lift plane, flying boat, high-speed hydrofoil;

Sir Martin Wood (1940-45) – superconductivity, Magnetic Resonance Imaging;

Richard Lancaster (1985-95) nano space technology;

David Keith Lucas (1924-29) – jump jet and aviation technology;

Ian Proctor (1932-36) – yacht design and Wayfarer sailing dinghy.

Tony Leech, organiser and former Gresham's teacher, said the majority of the inventors went to the school between the 1910s and 1930s under the supervision of inspirational headmasters George Howson and J.R. Eccles, who were both scientists.

"In the early part of the century there were two headmasters who promoted science, history and modern studies, while other schools focused on academics. It was an exceptional period because at the time there were only 250 pupils, but there was an atmosphere of creativity and boys were encouraged to use their hands," he said.

Howard Heathfield, chairman of the Holt Museum Trust, which is running the exhibition, said he was "stunned" and "surprised" by the number of discoveries made by former pupils. He added that Gresham's was famous for being the learning place of poet W.H. Auden and composer Benjamin Britten, but many of its inventors were relatively unknown.

"For a public school it has produced some remarkable inventors. The exhibition appeals to everyone across society because everyone's life has been affected in some way by these men," he said.

Reprinted from *The Eastern Daily Press*.

LIFT OFF

Gresham's School Inventors Exhibition

16th July – 27th August 2005

During the busy holiday period many visitors spotted the posters near Old School House. They entered the exhibition past the brightly coloured hovercraft, constructed by craft pupils at Gresham's School, and were delighted by what they found.

It is a credit to Howard Heathfield and the Holt Museum Trustees that this fascinating and well laid out exhibition was planned to coincide with the 450th Anniversary of Gresham's School. Between 1900 and 1935 science was scarcely respectable in many public schools. But at Gresham's pioneering headmasters, G.W.S. Howson and J.R.Eccles, greatly encouraged it. Crafts and creative activity also flourished. So it is fitting that the Trustees chose to focus on inventors who began their careers at the School.

It is also no surprise that 'Lift Off' was chosen as the exhibition's name! What a roll-call: Leslie Everett Baynes – Vertical Take Off, Sir Christopher Cockerell – Hovercraft, David Keith-Lucas – Jump Jet, Sir Martin Wood – Superconductivity, Magnetic Resonance Imaging, and Richard Lancaster – Nano Space Technology.

Other exhibits establish clearly how engineering draws on artistic, craft and scientific skills. Martin Burgess – Clock Design, James Dyson – Bagless Vacuum Cleaner, and Ian Proctor – Yacht Design. It is not so well known that the CND logo was designed by ex-Gresham's pupil, Gerald Holtom. Young visitors particularly enjoyed the films illustrating some of these inventions and the work of their creators. More local information was displayed by the Holt History Group, the Holt Society, and the Holt History Book Project. Visitors from all parts of this country and overseas commented very favourably on the presentation and content of the exhibits.

Tony Leech and Sarah Retallack gave generously of their time and energy and the exhibition leaflet acknowledges other individuals and businesses who provided help and support. Brian Barrett, brother of the late Michael Barrett (Gresham's historian and a keen supporter of the museum project), played a large part in setting up this very professional exhibition. He is a museum designer working in the Netherlands. Also their sister Jane, a member of the exhibition committee, gave help and research support.

The exhibition was part of the anniversary celebrations and a means of raising funds for the Holt Museum Trust. I along with very many of the visitors hope that the new museum comes into being before too long.

Patrick Thompson

(Physics Staff 1965 – 1983)

(Science and Technology Select Committee, House of Commons 1995 – 1997)

Synopsis of Men of Gresham's Lecture No. 5

The Gresham's Communist Connection, given by **Simon Kinder**,
History Department, Wednesday 23rd November, 2005.

1. The lecture surveyed the biographical details of some of Gresham's most committed Communists – Tom Wintringham, Cedric Belfrage, Donald Maclean, James Klugman, Bernard Floud and the brothers Roger and Brian Simon.

2. It confirmed that James Klugmann and Cedric Belfrage, in addition to the rather more notorious Donald Maclean, were agents of the Soviet Union, whilst suspicions that Bernard Floud might have been contributed to his suicide in 1967. Klugmann played an important role in Tito's rise to power in Yugoslavia, whilst Belfrage was the first Britain deported from the USA for 'un-American activities'. Tom Wintringham played a decisive role in the foundation of the International Brigades and Britain's contribution to them in the Spanish Civil War in the 1930's, and in providing the Local Defence Volunteers at Osterley Park with the training in guerrilla tactics that might have seen British citizens resist a Nazi invasion or a Vichy-style government in 1940-41. Roger Simon transformed the operations of the Labour Research Department and popularised in Britain the writings of the Italian Marxist Antonio Gramsci, whilst Brian Simon's thirty years on the staff of the Education Department at Leicester University were dedicated to supporting the principles of the comprehensive system.

3. The lecture also explored why Gresham's produced so many lifelong Communists, and amongst the explanations explored were:

- the attractions of Howson's progressive school to progressive middle-class parents in the Edwardian and Inter-War years.
- the success of the school, especially under Eccles, in attracting some of the leading families of Liberal Britain.
- the reaction of the boys to the principles of their parents in the 1920s and 1930s.
- how the intellectual freedom of the school allowed left-wing views to be established and debated, and the importance of the OTC, the Debating Society, the League of Nations Union and the Sociological Society in this regard.
- how the academic brilliance of Gresham's in the 1920s and 1930s, especially in languages, made our pupils natural targets for the NKVD's strategy of penetrating the British establishment through Oxford and Cambridge.

Those Were the Days

By Eliza Hill(Miller) [O 85 – 87]

For over 12 years – until I met and married my husband - I often would say to people: “They were the best years of my life,” whenever mentioning my time at Gresham’s. Having spent six years at an all girls’ convent, my arrival at the co-educational Gresham’s to study for my ‘A’ levels was like being locked in the proverbial sweet shop – but I managed to concentrate just enough to leave with three respectable grades.

This year, Gresham’s celebrates its 450th anniversary with all the pomp and ceremony that befits such a wonderful establishment, and I feel very proud to have been a pupil there. The celebrations are taking place throughout the year, the highlight so far being a Service of Thanksgiving in Norwich Cathedral in February which was attended by HRH The Duke of Edinburgh.

“The Duke of Edinburgh has been a great supporter of Gresham’s over the years and has visited us several times,” observes headmaster Antony Clark. “He visited the school in 1955 at the time of our 400th anniversary celebrations and we were honoured to have him as our special guest for the first of our celebrations this year.” The congregation was made up of over 1,500 pupils, staff, parents, governors and Old Greshamians, with poems by former pupil WH Auden being read out and anthems by another old boy, Benjamin Britten, sung by the school choirs.

Gresham’s has a strong tradition of music and Britten, the leading composer of his generation, wrote Hymn to the Virgin during a period of illness in the School Sanatorium. Walter Greatorex, composer of the tune for the hymn Lift up your Hearts, was the director of music at that time. George Stiles, the composer and Old Greshamian, currently receiving great acclaim for his musical adaptation of Mary Poppins, is involved in the celebrations too, giving a talk about his most recent collaboration with lyricist Anthony Drewe.

A host of other celebratory activities is due to take place. These include lectures and exhibitions, an International Hockey Festival with prizes presented by Olympic hockey gold medallist Richard Leman [T 73 – 77], an Anniversary Ball at the end of this month for about 750 people (to be held in marquees on the cricket field), a charity fashion show, and a spectacular fireworks display in November. So how did it all begin?

A wonderful book – an illustrated history of the school – was published in 2002 by Steve Benson and Dr Martin Crossley-Evans, both former teachers at Gresham’s (Steve Benson was a former head of History). The book is called I Will Plant me a Tree. The title comes from a tradition introduced by former headmaster George Howson who introduced “Arbor Days”. These were days when the outstanding boys of the school would each plant a tree in his name in the grounds. A glimpse of the early history can be read on the inside front cover – “In 1555 Sir John Gresham, merchant and one-time Lord Mayor of London, endowed a small Free Grammar School in the manor house in Holt; but in 1900 there was a fresh start. The great GWS Howson created a new school where science and modern languages dominated the curriculum, breaking the classical educational mould, where games were not a cult and where discipline became a matter of individual honour. The remarkable list of distinguished former pupils, including Lord Reith, Christopher Cockerell, Ben Nicholson and Stephen Spender, stems directly from his enlightened vision, supported by the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers”. A name

not included on that illustrious list is Donald Maclean – one of the School's most notorious former pupils! From Gresham's he went on to Trinity College, Cambridge, to study Modern Languages and his flight to the USSR in the 1950s with Guy Burgess revealed the greatest British spy story of the Cold War years.

Having spent those twelve years before I married in London working in the hectic world of magazine publishing, my first few months of married life in Norfolk, although blissful, were slightly dull; so I took it upon myself to get a job. Living so close to Holt, and with such happy memories firmly lodged in my mind, I went to see if I could get a job at Gresham's. I was in luck.

My great passion at school had been drama and I met Paul Hands, Head of Drama, whom I managed to persuade to let me run the box office for him in the Auden Theatre. This is a magnificent 300-seat theatre that sits impressively behind the Chapel and plays host to a variety of professional musicians and actors throughout the year, along with the ever-enthusiastic pupils.

I was in my element and would chatter away each night to my husband about my day: "Oh, it was fantastic, Robert! There I was, back at school, chatting to all the pupils – it was like I had never left!" He soon brought me back to reality with a bump. "Darling, you are thirty-one years old, married, with a bun in the oven. All those pupils you are so friendly with think you are REALLY OLD!" It was true – I remember only too well what I thought of the masters at school who were my age now – ANCIENT! However, I still couldn't help myself addressing masters I recognised from the old days there as "sir" and chanting to myself "No PDA outside the CFB!" whenever I walked across the car park (this stood for "No Public Displays of Affection outside the Central Feeding Block"!). Well, that made me feel young again if nothing else! Those were the days...

Reprinted from *The Eastern Daily Press Norfolk*

As I Walked Out One Evening in The Theatre-in-the-Woods

A celebration of Old Greshamians famous in the performing arts in the year of the School's 450th Anniversary.

Poetry, Music and Drama (in the order in which it is performed).

Hymn to St Cecilia	Benjamin Britten
As I Walked Out One Evening	W.H. Auden
Woods in Rain	W.H. Auden
Early Morning Bathing	W.H. Auden
November at Weybourne	W.H. Auden
The Taming of the Shrew	William Shakespeare
The Dog Beneath the Skin	W.H. Auden
Hymn to the Virgin	Benjamin Britten
Rejoice in the Lamb	Benjamin Britten
(words by Christopher Smart)	
The Shield of Achilles	W.H. Auden
Iphigenia at Aulis	Euripides
Women of Troy	Euripides

[Narrator	–	Henry Layte (k & T 87 – 95)]
	Readers, Singers, Actors	–	Seventy pupils!	

The event took place on 1st July 2005.

Speech by School Historian Steve Benson at the Dinner given by The Fishmongers' Company for the Staff on 7th April 2005

Prime Warden, Chairman, distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen.

It is my first and pleasant duty to extend the thanks of all of us to the Fishmongers' Company for their generous hospitality this evening. One of our number, Bill Thomas, informed me (and I checked with the Clerk) that this magnificent Banqueting Hall served as a British Restaurant for the people of London during the Second World War offering meat and two veg, and a pudding with custard, and this despite the too close attentions of the Luftwaffe's firebombs.

The Hall survived battered but unbowed and we have enjoyed a wonderful meal in magnificent surroundings. Even allowing for inflation one could hazard that the cost of this evening's sumptuous repast will have exceeded hugely the tanner per head of those desperate days.

Of course in my day, the mountain came to Mohammed. Each year a special train (and, after 1964 and Beeching's axe, a caravan of motorcars) brought the Fishmonger Governors and Wardens and their spouses, complete with cellar, to the Blakeney Hotel as some present including a previous Chairman, John Norton, will remember. The staff was dined royally at the Blakeney having been invited to drinks in the Library at Gresham's, beforehand, whilst a charabanc waited outside. On one occasion the Duke of Devonshire was present as he was to be Chief Guest at Speech Day the following afternoon. His Grace made a point of meeting the staff and came the moment when I raised my eyes from my glass to find this towering figure before me (funny, Prime Warden and Chairman, how great office adds stature to a man).

I have never forgotten the short conversation which ensued. Duke: "Do you shoot?", Benson (mumbling): "Well no, Sir, I .." Duke: "Do you fish?" Benson: "Not really, Sir, you see..." Duke: "Well, what the devil do you do?"

This is an historic year for Gresham's, the 450th Anniversary of Sir John Gresham's two great decisions. The first was to found in Holt, Norfolk, the Free Grammar School in the family's Manor House where he was born. The second was to settle his school's governance into the hands of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers. Remember, he himself was a Mercer, but he knew of the educational commitments of his own Company. The succeeding centuries saw the fortunes of the school pitch and toss like the little ships which had carried the goods of its founder across the Channel to Antwerp and into the Mediterranean. There were times when the school all but foundered.

Indeed a court case involving part of Sir John's endowment prevented the school from opening at all for 7 years. And Thomas Tallis, when appointed master in 1606, found the school without a pupil. For 33 years he built it up again and deserves to have a House named after him.

There is one other Headmaster who deserves a similar honour but has yet to receive it: John Holmes. In 1729 things were at a low ebb, partly because the town had suffered grievously in a great fire 20 years earlier – the main reason why nearly all the buildings in the Market Place and High Street are Georgian. The Governors suffered too on their first attempt at a Visitation of the school in Holmes's first year. The Prime Warden, the Clerk and seven others (including the company carpenter) were passing through Epping Forest on their way northwards when they were attacked by three highwaymen and robbed of horses, money, possessions, and, it is said, most of their outer clothing. Undeterred they set out again and a board commemorating the visit and the gift of a Foundation Library is to be found on the walls of Big School.

Holmes was a man of energy and initiative. He found the school in need of text books so he wrote and published them himself: Latin and Greek Grammars, Geography, Astronomy, a French Grammar, a History of England "Useful [as he wrote in a foreword] for all who have weak memories", Arithmetic and the 'Art of Rhetoric'. Many went into several editions. Within a few years he had sold 6000 Latin and 4000 Greek Grammars – not bad at 1/6d and 2/6d respectively. His 'Art of Rhetoric' was still in print in America and England one hundred years after first publication. Holmes has a memorial in Holt Parish Church extolling his virtues and those of his wife Anne: "The children ever experienced in her Maternal tenderness, the Parents a conscientious attention to their persons and morals". Holmes also showed a liberal approach to learning. His books were designed, he wrote, "especially for this day when schoolboys are to be led, soothed and enticed to their studies by the easiness and pleasure of the practice rather than by force or harsh discipline as in days of yore."

All of us can remember a favourite or inspirational teacher. Holmes seems to have been one such. I'll mention just one other in the history of Gresham's – not one whom many here will know. His name was Frank McEachran. He joined the staff in 1924 and resigned in 1933. He was supposed to teach Modern Languages but most of his time was spent introducing his pupils to snatches of all kinds of literature in many different languages. Quite reticent outwardly, he was spellbinding in class – there was more than an echo of 'Dead Poets Society' about him. The young Benjamin Britten wrote of being entranced by the music of words he often could not understand and W.H. Auden came under McEachran's influence even if the great man did not acknowledge this in later years. However, 'The Kek' as he became known, was also capable of winning scholarships for his pupils. In 1931 there were three Open awards, two at Cambridge.

Unfortunately the latter beneficiaries became famous for less elevated reasons than Britten and Auden. One was James Klugman, from his University days a lifelong Communist who recruited one of the Cambridge Five, John Cairncross. The other Cambridge scholarship went to one of the better-known Five, Donald Maclean.

McEachran moved on to Shrewsbury School where he taught till retirement. He became a legend as Head of English and published his 'Spells' as his poetic incantations became known. One of his Gresham's pupils had been the writer John Pudney, most famous for his Battle of Britain poem "For Johnny" (Do not despair for Johnny Head in Air/He sleeps as sound as Johnny underground).

During the War Pudney was an administrative officer in the R.A.F and found himself talking to a pilot who had been cruelly burned when his plane had been shot down. He turned out to be Richard Hillary, author of 'The Last Enemy'. Pudney asked Hillary who

had started him as a writer. "It was at Shrewsbury where I was at School", said Hillary. "A man called McEachran, you would never have heard of him."

So many others one could mention – Dick Bagnall-Oakeley. Norfolk dialect raconteur, ornithologist, broadcaster, natural historian, writer, photographer, painter, international rifle shot, county hockey player, schoolmaster, who spent almost all his life at Gresham's or more recently Michael Barrett and Graham Smithers to name but two. A great profession, a great inheritance, a wonderful school in an incomparable setting. "Air like champagne", as George Howson told his first Speech Day audience after the new buildings had been opened along the Cromer Road.

Many stories too: some grisly, like that of The Revd. Thomas Cooper who applied twice for the mastership of Gresham's but failed, joined an abortive royalist rising in 1650 and, according to tradition, was hanged outside the door of that very school. Another story concerned George Howson, a daunting and imposing figure who had a passion for punctuality and grammatical correctness. Entering the lower corridor of Big School one morning he took out his watch and imperiously ordered a very small new boy: "Have the bell rung". The boy turned wide-eyed and stammered "No, Sir, that haven't". And then there was the day the door of the current staff common room was opened for the end of term meeting only for those entering to be confronted by a very large sheep.

Humour is a part of all our lives: without it, teachers are dead meat. But, as always, the youngsters have the last word. Like the disdainful response to a Geography question: Where are elephants found? "Elephants are enormous and highly intelligent, consequently they are very seldom lost." Or, and I hope I shall be forgiven, the R.E. questions and answers: "In the parable of the Good Samaritan, why did the Priest and the Levi pass by on the other side?" Answer: "Because they could see that the man had already been robbed" or "What do we learn from the story of Jonah and the Whale" Answer: "You can't keep a good man down." Or the savage riposte to an English question:

"What is the difference between ignorance and apathy?": "I don't know and I don't care". And finally: Explain the link between Pasteur and Lister?" "They went to the same school." Obvious really – and if they had, that school would certainly have been Gresham's.

I have the Prime Warden's permission to give a toast to the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers without whose support and beneficence Gresham's School would not be celebrating this anniversary.

Once again, sir, we are all in your debt. Ladies and Gentlemen, the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers.

The Old Greshamian Golfing Society

First the good news – the Society has definitely grown during 2005, mainly as a result of the flyer in the mailshot for 450th celebrations. As a result we gained a number of new members.

Spring Meeting, Royal Worlington – 18th March

We enjoyed another excellent day at Worlington with a good turnout, several new members and some decent weather. Foursomes golf was the order of the day, and thanks to the Hon Sec's (Richard Stevens) now tried and trusted scoring system an individual winner emerged in the form of one of our recently recruited new members, Alan Spinks. An excellent debut from someone who confessed before the meeting that he had only ever played foursomes once before – clearly a natural who didn't realise what he was missing! In second place was Peter Andrews and, in the end, there were 16 OGs in attendance.

Halford Hewitt – 7th – 10th April

The draw this year saw us up against Repton, and, with our first round match not scheduled until Friday, we took the opportunity to accept a challenge on the Thursday from Eastbourne at Rye, a match which Gresham's duly won 3-2! My thanks to both Robert Mumby and to Peter Watson who stood in ably in the absence of those whose business commitments prevented them from arriving until Thursday evening. Peter Watson was very unfortunate not to be selected to play in the Hewitt team itself, and provided excellent support throughout. The final team comprised Jeremy Mumby (captain), Tom Allison, Tristan Hedley, Adam Mann, James Marsom, Hugh Semple, Will Stebbings, Richard Stevens, Ben Stockham and Philip Webster. Well up in three games around the turn it was another story of defeat snatched from the jaws of victory as we could not quite hang onto the advantage over the closing holes, and eventually lost 3-2. The younger members of the team showed some great promise and there is a genuine feeling amongst the 'regulars' that success (albeit relative) in the Hewitt is only just around the corner. With a bit of luck and some half-decent draws in the coming years we may yet achieve regular success, and quite possibly a route to at least the third round!

Having failed to overcome Repton, six of the team (Allison, Hedley, Mann, Marsom, Semple, Stebbings and Stockham) stayed to inflict a 2-1 defeat on Westminster in the first round of the Prince's Plate, but were unable to overcome a strong Haileybury team on the Saturday morning, going down 2½ - ½.

Grafton Morrish – Qualifying Round, Rothley Park, 22nd May

Success in this event, which would provide a route through to the finals at Brancaster/Hunstanton in the Autumn remains as elusive as ever. Our team of three foursomes pairs playing off scratch against Stableford scored an aggregate of 68 points, which was sadly 5 short of the eventual qualifying score.

Summer Meeting – Sunday 29th May at Sheringham

Organised for the day after the School's 450th Anniversary Ball this meeting was a great success. Despite one or two crying off after the excesses of the night before, 23 played, including OGs, staff and pupils, and with some decent weather and the course in excellent

condition the winning score was posted by Alan Spinks (again – the Captain believes that there is scope for introducing a ‘society’ handicapping system!). In second place was Martin Olley, Peter Morton won the Veterans Trophy and Mark Buckingham the Staff/Pupils Trophy, with Adam Mann hitting the longest drive (over 330 yards I am told!) and Andrew Bell getting nearest the pin.

Following the success of this meeting we plan to investigate with both the school and with Sheringham GC whether there is scope in the future for holding this meeting on a weekend date (preferably a Sunday) during term time so that we can attract not only regular OG golfers, but also current pupils and other OG golfers who might otherwise have difficulty in getting away from work during the week.

Cyril Gray Tournament – 24th-26th June

Yet again we were drawn to play Watson's, and sadly, once again we were beaten 2½ - ½. However, we were rather more successful in The Plate, beating Stoneyhurst, Brighton and Eastbourne, before losing 2 – 1 in the final to Canford. As a result Gresham's has finally managed to get in the record book, albeit as the losing finalist! The team was Mike Barnard (captain), Tom Hawes, Jeremy Mumby, Derek Rains, Pat Cook and Graham Wells – with Tony Rains playing in the final two matches in place of Mike Barnard who had other commitments on the Saturday.

Match v The Governors – Thursday 30th June at Brancaster

This year marked David Young's last appearance as Chairman of the Governors and as usual it was a splendid day on one of our favourite courses. The OGs won 4 – 1.

Grafton Morrish – Brancaster and Hunstanton, 30th September – 2nd October

As noted above we were unsuccessful in the qualifying competition so once again were not represented in Norfolk this Autumn.

4 Schools Match – Royal Worlington, Friday 14th October

This is a long-established fixture at Royal Worlington involving Gresham's, Uppingham, Marlborough and Tonbridge, established by and involving, principally, Worlington members who attended these schools. It is 4-a-side, foursomes all day, and the team of Jim Balch, Derek Rains, Mike Barnard and Richard Stevens overcame Marlborough and Tonbridge to retain the title

Autumn Meeting – Royal Cromer, Saturday 15th October

Many OGs will recall the very sad and untimely death of Guy Marsom in 2004. His parents, Geoff and Dallas, very kindly donated a splendid trophy in his memory, to be played for at one of our meetings. Accordingly, this year's Autumn Meeting was played at Royal Cromer (where Guy was a member). In recognition of Guy's early involvement with the club from an early age the golf club very generously extended courtesy of the course to the Society. We had a full turn-out of 24 players and on a sunny autumn afternoon Graham Wells was victorious with 38 points, with Tom Allison and Graeme Pollock close behind. We had a very successful dinner afterwards and overall we raised £385 for the St John's Hospice.

Provisional fixtures for 2006

Wednesday 11th January – Halford Hewitt AGM & 2006 competition draw

Friday 17th March – Spring Meeting, Royal Worlington

Thursday 6th – Sunday 9th April – Halford Hewitt, Royal Cinque Ports & Royal St Georges
(practice day, Wednesday 5th April)

Late May – Grafton Morrish Qualifying – Rothley Park

June (date to be confirmed) – Summer Meeting, Sheringham

Thursday 22nd – Saturday 24th June – Cyril Gray, Worplesden (practice day Thursday 21st June)

Thursday 29th June – match vs Governors, Brancaster

Late September (28th – 1st October I think) – Grafton Morrish Finals, Hunstanton & Brancaster

Mid-October (date to be confirmed) – Autumn Meeting, provisionally scheduled for Aldeburgh where Peter Watson is due to be Captain in 2006/7 – precise arrangements yet to be confirmed

Jeremy Mumby (k & T 63 – 72)

HOGS HOCKEY SEASON 2004–5

The Hockey OGs (Hogs) completed another triumphant season of total hockey. For some, like Cowper-Johnson, the total is quite substantial; for others, like Bannock, the triumph is getting through another season of abstinence and clean living in order to maintain his fighting weight. For skipper Cargill, too, another season of selection dilemmas: can he keep selecting Flower purely on his usefulness in supplying emergency kit and players? Can the team afford Payne's weekly glucosamine habit? How many games does he allow Deane to miss in the shooting season? Is Dale making too much fuss about having no box and a helmet that doesn't fit? Ought he to be worried by Pitcher's frequent trips to Ireland? Does Knapp use too much starch? Where does Buckingham have a shower? How does he put more weight on Mitchell? Does Amey need bifocals? Who would be a captain?

For the Bill Frindall's amongst you, the team played 23 fixtures, winning 13, drawing 6, and losing only 4; 4 games were lost to the weather, too. This must make it the most extensive OG sporting club fixture list ever (all letters to the Editor, please). Sadly, for the first time in living memory (even Cowper-Johnson's) the OG game against the School had to be cancelled. The pitches were being refurbished and new lights fitted (making the already wonderful facilities even better) and we were told that the maintenance crew would be on the pitch. As it was, just two men rather apologetically turned up and rummaged around on the sidelines!

Nevertheless the Hogs managed an early-season encounter with the School – a barnstorming thriller which we lost 6-4, hitting the bar three times along the way.

Mark Lintott was the season's top scorer, with 23 goals, with a remarkable feeding frenzy of 7 in one game! Taking up the baton from his illustrious father, Lintott mi enjoyed a superb season, ably assisted by his youngest brother, Max, when academic obligations didn't intrude. Unclean I and II (Pickett and Pearse) made cameo appearances between university terms; Webb only rarely escaped the rat-race of his new jewellery empire; Goodley was Dale's deputy in goal, though only when the tide was out; the Payne girls made the odd striking appearance, as did a young Flower, and many others made it through the punishing selection process.

The Club is obviously flourishing and brings together a good number of OGs on a regular basis. The annual game of old vs. young (Hogs vs. Piglets of course) before Christmas is a terrific success and very well attended; and the 27th December meeting for all-comers is attracting a huge number of OGs for a game and a beer. This year there will be the usual game in the morning, followed by a warming glass and a plate of chilli at Britten House on payment of a derisory sum to cover costs. Please phone or text Nigel Flower on 07760 177742 to give an idea of numbers.

Nigel Flower (T 69 – 73)

OGRE

The Old Greshamian Rifle Establishment

This has been a year of many fine achievements, even though OGRE – both as a team and as individuals – has not enjoyed the high profile successes at Bisley in 2005 that we have become accustomed to. It is not a case of complacency setting in, more that other clubs are raising their game and following the OGRE *modus operandi* in terms of team organisation and psychology. We relinquished our hold on both the Schools Veterans and the Astor, but we really had had them in our custody for an unfairly long time. OGREs continue to be the mainstay of many county and international teams.

The only notable victory came the way of Nigel Ball in the Admiral Campbell, while Glyn Barnett came third in the Times after a tie shoot. Nigel and Glyn both made the X Class places in the Grand Aggregate. Glyn along with Pete Holden made the final of the St. George's Challenge Cup, while Nigel, Rich Stewart and Jeremy Hinde joined him in H.M. the Queen's Prize final. In the international matches at Bisley, Nigel and Rich shot for Great Britain in the Kolapore and for England in the National. Glyn, Nigel and Pete all made the England side in the long range Mackinnon. Guy Bartle shot for the Territorial Army in both the Inter Services Short- and Long-Range matches, as well as in their smallbore team.

Away from the Imperial, Nigel Ball and Mary Boston enjoyed the GB tour of Canada and the USA in 2004. Chris Heales and Nigel Stangroom both shot for the victorious England team in the European Long Range Championships. Guy Bartle was Adjutant to the England team that won their match against the RAF and the other home countries, with Rich a main coach and Pete Holden shooting. 20% of the GB team to Australia in the spring of 2005 consisted of OGREs: Nigel was Vice Captain and Rich the main coach, while Mary, Pete and Hamish Pollock all shot.

And so we now look forward to the new season. Once again OGRE will look to lead where others follow by re-establishing themselves as both the predominant club and individuals within fullbore shooting. Congratulations are due to Nigel Ball and Pete Holden who are on the GB tour of South Africa in 2006, and to Glyn Barnett on his third selection for an England Commonwealth Games team.

Guy Bartle (k & OSH 78 – 85)

OG CRICKET

OGs v Gresham's 1st XI

Another excellent game played, as always, in the very best of spirits. The OGs usually have a very strong batting side and not too many bowlers. This year, however, was the strongest bowling side for many years with the likes of A. Horsley, R. Jackson, H. Flower and O. Webb – a seam attack to be envied. With Ricki Jackson taking two early wickets it looked as though the School would struggle to put a decent score on the board, but the mighty atom, Felix Flower, had other ideas. He was absolutely magnificent, hitting 171, the highest ever score by a Gresham's 1st XI player, out of a total of 256. The only real support he got was from Charlie Ponder (42) in a stand of 100 for the fourth wicket, and from Tom Hawes, who whilst only making 1 run featured in a stand of 72 for the ninth wicket which was invaluable. Hugo Flower was particularly impressive for the OGs finishing with 4 for 29 from 13 overs, including eventually the wicket of his brother, Felix.

The OGs with their usual strong batting line-up started brightly and at 100 for 2 looked well on course for victory. Johnny Wyatt, whose aggregate Felix has now broken (with another season to go) was particularly dominant but wickets fell regularly and with one over to go nine wickets were down with Felix to bowl the last over to Ricki Jackson. He got one to turn perfectly, finding the outside edge and Ricki was superbly caught at first slip by Mark Farmer-Wright on his debut, thus giving victory to the School by 56 runs.

Scorecard

Gresham's 1st XI Innings

Batsmen	How Out	Bowler	Total
F. Flower	bowled	Flower	171
A. Clark	caught	Jackson	4
T. Kadri	bowled	Jackson	0
S. Foster	caught	Webb	11
C. Ponder	caught	Flower	42
A. Worthington	bowled	Flower	0
B. Pienaar	lbw	Flower	0
T. Ingram	bowled	Horsley	8
M. Farmer-Wright	bowled	Horsley	0
T. Hawes	not out		1
A. King	stumped	Farrow	0
		Extras	19
Total			256

OGs Innings

Batsmen	How Out	Bowler	Total
M. Pickett	lbw	Hawes	25
T. Hedley	bowled	Hawes	19
J. Wyatt	caught	Pienaar	55
T. Farrow	caught	Pienaar	23
A. Horsley	caught	Pienaar	0
O. Webb	caught	King	17
K. Williams	lbw	King	12
H. Flower	caught	Flower	27
M. Daykin	not out		6
J. Horsley	caught	King	0
R. Jackson	caught	Flower	1
		Extras	15
Total			200

Footnote: Only two days later Felix was at it again making 135 out of a total of 230 for 9 dec. against the very powerful Oundle side. He then took 5 wickets as Oundle edged home by 1 wicket off the last ball of the game in another absolute thriller.

Felix is without doubt the best batsman the School has produced in my 24 years in charge and I am sure is destined to go on to much greater things – best of luck!

Alan Ponder (S)

Round Norfolk Relay

At 6.30am on Saturday 24th September 2005, George Youngs ran out of King's Lynn as the first leg in the OG team competing in the Round Norfolk Relay, a 191-mile race around the perimeter of Norfolk. After 16 miles of roads, tracks and beach George passed the baton to Bob Hammond who left the shadows of Hunstanton Lighthouse and soon covered 14 miles of coast path to Burnham Overy Staithe. From there, Matt Bartram started his 5-mile run through the pine woods to Wells. Henry Irving, standing in for the injured Steve Fields, ran his 12 miles to Salthouse before Brigitte Clark took on the baton for 10 miles over the hilliest part of the course, along the coast road to Cromer. Husband and wife team, Roger and Sue Crane, supported each other over the next six and ten mile legs to Mundesley and on to Lessingham.

The race organisers had given handicapped starts and as the only team competing that was not an athletic or running club, we enjoyed a healthy lead over the majority of the teams. Our Saturday daytime runners all made better than estimated time and Emma Dale maintained our position for the next ten miles along the coast road, as the sun set behind the Winterton wind turbines. From there, Adam Smith set off into the twilight, racing towards the bright lights of Great Yarmouth, 8 miles distant. Ali Cargill left the Pleasure Beach to find little amusement in his 15 mile run to Geldeston where Sam Kingston met the challenge of the longest leg, a dark and lonely 19 miles to Scole. Owain Davies continued, contemplating the injustice of the earlier runners' routes along glorious coastline in the sunshine, with his own 18-mile penitence in darkness to Thetford.

Robert Dale gave most of the athletic clubs a chance to recover the handicap of their late start with his 14 miles through Thetford Forest to Feltwell, where Christopher Deane took over the baton as the sun rose across the fens. Spuddy maintained the steady pace over his eight miles to Southery before Bill Knights took over the baton and cruised over his eight miles with vigour. At Downham Market Jeff Poortvliet's penultimate six mile leg gave Karen Neil the opportunity to complete the course in 21 minutes to win the race. Her 12 miles from Stowbridge back to King's Lynn did take a more realistic but, nonetheless, impressive time and the Old Greshamians, although enjoying the slowest overall time, did beat two other teams to the finish.

Albeit not a threat to the other 36 teams in the race, our entry was a huge challenge for us, with most of us running beyond our individual comfort zones. As a bunch of old schoolfriends, competing against some serious athletes, we were proud of just carrying the baton all the way round – occasionally with a smile on our faces.

Robert Dale (T 79 – 84)

REVIEWS

Beautiful music, beautifully performed

Choir of King's College Cambridge. Gresham's School

The image of Britain's pre-eminent church choir is that portrayed in the annual broadcast on Christmas Eve and daily services. But there is far more to the repertoire of these young choristers than that and on Saturday in the School Chapel, although the programme had much affinity with the Christmas period, they gave a broad view of their wider choral skills. Set back in the Sanctuary, the Chapel acoustics did them no favours at all and it was not the Christmas Eve sound that was heard. Nevertheless, conducted concisely by Stephen Cleobury, the choir's renowned clarity and precision was still evident.

It took a little while, but in Sweelinck's declamatory *Hodie Christus natus est*, with its tricky rhythms and soaring treble line, they got into their stride, and hit the heights in Poulenc's *Four Christmas Motets* in which transparent early bars of *Videntes stellem* were worth the wait.

The sound of an excellent mixed voice choir purveyed 20th-century compositions, and after the interesting harmonies of contemporary composers came Old Greshamian Benjamin Britten's *Hymn to the Virgin* – beautiful music, beautifully performed.

Finally Vaughan-Williams' weaving *Fantasia on Christmas Carols*, with an embryo star baritone soloist, contained exemplary diction (of course) and here was perhaps more of the sound for which the choir is recognised world-wide.

There were also organ interludes played by college scholars – inventive Bach variations and reverberating Messiaen to complete a fine evening's music.

Reprinted from *The Eastern Daily Press*

Don't let stress become distress (extract).

Review of Stress And How To Avoid It by **Dr. Tom Stuttaford** [k & H 44 – 50],
published by Little Books at £7.99.

There was a report out last week saying that stress could help keep you young and happy, and improve your memory. If only the pressures of living in today's pressurised world resulted in effects that were all positive with none of the negatives.

As Dr. Tom Stuttaford, The Times' medical correspondent, knows only too well, there is a big difference between positive pressure and distressing stress. "You must never push stress to the point where it becomes distress", said the former Norwich South MP, relaxing with a glass of wine in the courtyard of his 16th-century city-centre home.

With more than 40 years experience as a doctor, he has seen a huge array of stressed-out people, has worked in all sorts of environments, and it would be fair to say, has lots of wise tricks up his sleeve. He has spent 23 years writing for The Times, and has written several books, including *To Your Good Health*, *In Your Right Mind*, *The Harvard Medical Encyclopaedia* and *Understanding Your Common Symptoms*.

Now for the first time, Dr. Stuttaford brings together his knowledge and experience of life to explore the universal problem of stress – the response to various life events blamed for

shadows under eyes, extra grey hairs and even a wrinkle or two. As he says in his introduction of his book *Stress and How to Avoid It* “The 21st century is an age of tensions, anxiety and the stress that stems from them”. In the book he explains the physical and psychological signs and symptoms of stress and the diseases stress causes, and reveals the ways in which it erodes the quality of everyone’s life. Do you suffer from headaches, for instance, sleeplessness, shortness of breath, a failing concentration or irritability?

All of us feel stress at some time or other. And Dr. Stuttaford, who divides his time between London and Norwich, is probably not immune to stress himself. Born at Horning – with both his father and grandfather in general practice in the county – Dr. Stuttaford was Norwich South MP from 1970 until 1974 before failing to secure the old Isle of Ely seat from Clement Freud in 1979; in 1996 he was made an OBE for his political service.

He has also spent the past 23 years writing for *The Times* and is the medical correspondent for the newspaper. In his medical career he has run a private practice in London’s Devonshire Place, a street parallel to Harley Street, and he has also devoted part of his working week to venereology at the London Hospital, Whitechapel. If that was not enough to be getting on with, Dr. Stuttaford has been a medical advisor to blue-chip companies. “When you are a firm’s medical advisor, a lot of time is spent with middle and senior management and they come and talk to you, of course, about all their physical problems, but constantly about other problems – too many of them are related to their work and home stress”.

So would Dr. Stuttaford say he has led a stressful life? “I’ve always done several jobs at the same time – that’s always fairly stressful, I suppose”. Until I was 67 I used to get up at four o’clock every morning and do my writing – then go into practice or the hospital”. Sometimes he would write in his lunch break. Dr. Stuttaford admitted his work life had been something of a juggling act at times.

In *Stress and How To Avoid It* he describes the many types of stresses there are, and the types of personalities they affect. The book also describes the different coping mechanisms available, and shows how each can be manipulated into life’s rich pattern for a stress-free existence, rather than growing into life’s next heart attack.

Mozart at 250

1756 – (1791) – 2006

K1 – K626

Roger Musker [H 50 – 55] has compiled an easily referenced numerical Köchel number guide in celebration of the 250th Anniversary of **Amadeus Mozart**.

From K1 to K626 (Einstein 1946), **Mozart at 250** outlines all information relevant to each K number:

The full title; Key; Date of completion; Where and for whom composed; Venue and date of first performance; Average playing time; Letter extracts; Critical comments; Further information of interest.

There are three sections:

Categories of music by numerical K numbers

K1 to K626

Posthumous information

An introduction by Dr Robert Saxton, University Lecturer, Fellow and Tutor in Music, Worcester College, Oxford.

Mozart at 250 is a most valuable publication. Roger Musker's book presents the reader with Köchel's catalogue, supported by Einstein's subsequent emendations, but in a new light. With its cogent and succinct preface and prefatory list of works arranged according to genre, the main body of the work is fascinating, as we are led from K1 to the valedictory Requiem K626 by means of reviews and commentaries by Mozart's contemporaries, as well as extracts from the letters of the Mozart family. By means of the latter, Roger Musker comes as near as anyone has to 'working with Mozart' on a daily basis; the chronological journey across Europe comes alive, and the importance of London for Mozart, particularly when his later plan to live there failed to come to fruition, is deeply touching.

Under the heading Posthumous information the author provides us with a set of contemporary obituaries to Mozart, telling and typically generous and modest comments by Haydn and memoirs of Mozart by the aged Goethe.

This book is vital for anyone who wishes to understand the circumstances in which Mozart lived, worked, thought and observed life (this, after all, is the composer of *Figaro*), especially where a comparison with musical life since the late eighteenth century is concerned. It has the advantage over some recent biographical studies in letting the development of Mozart's mind and career unfold without the added layers of interpretation, and I find this aspect of Roger Musker's work most refreshing.

Mozart at 250 is now available at £10.00 per copy (inc. p&p). Bookshops £12.00

ISBN 0-9551256-0-X

Cheques payable to: **Mozart at 250**.

Send to **Mozart at 250**, PO Box 626, Hook RG27 7BW.

Dodging the Bullet by John R. Adams III

Adams's book of reminiscences of a life-time's shooting in the USA and Mexico will be of interest to shooting enthusiasts. Of more general interest is his account of his time at Gresham's between 1952 and 1955 while his father was based at Sculthorpe with the US Air Force. He went shooting with famous Norfolk wildfowlers such as the Longs and the Bishops whilst living at Blakeney with his parents and attending Gesham's as a day boy. One fascinating story told by him concerns Will Long and happened in the 1920s, when Will Long was punt gunning. The huge gun, mounted in a boat, exploded smashing his hand and forearm and blinding him temporarily. He staggered to the Manor Hotel in Blakeney where Tim Birkin, perhaps the greatest of the 'Bentley Boys' who dominated motor racing in the late twenties, was staying. Birkin was a keen shot, knew Long well and spent long periods at Blakeney. (He is buried in Blakeney churchyard). Birkin realised

that Long could only be saved by more expert care at the Norwich Hospital. He drove him there through the narrow Norfolk lanes at ninety miles per hour and saved his life. The author has other fascinating stories to tell of Norfolk that he picked up from listening to the wildfowlers, and the whole volume is full of interesting characters that Adams brings to life. For those of us who enjoy shooting but will never have the opportunity to experience the wide variety that Adams has, the book has a particular appeal.

David Sharp (S)

Britten's Finest

Philip Langridge's performance in *Death in Venice* sets a new benchmark, says Andrew Clements.

Britten: *Death in Venice*

Langridge/Opie/Chance/BBC Singers/City of London Sinfonia/Hickox
(Chandos, two CDs) £34.99

The series of Britten opera recordings on which Richard Hickox has embarked for Chandos offers the most serious competition so far to the composer's own version for Decca. In fact, *Death in Venice* is the one opera in that earlier series that Britten himself did not conduct in the studio. He had delayed a serious heart operation in order to finish the score, did not recover his health afterwards and never conducted again, so the stage première and the 1974 recordings were entrusted to Steuart Bedford, though Britten did supervise both. That version features Peter Pears in the main role of Gustav von Aschenbach, making it a harder act to follow than any other Britten recording, thus Philip Langridge's performance for Hickox is all the more remarkable.

He charts Aschenbach's journey to self-destruction with wonderful clarity, and never a hint of self-pity or camp. His portrayal confronts the opera's core issues of artistic truth and beauty in a way that makes even the most overwritten passages in Mfanwy Piper's libretto (not a patch on the earlier effort for Britten in *The Turn of the Screw*) seem perfectly plausible.

Aschenbach's demons are personified in the multiple baritone roles – an elderly fop, a gondolier, the hotel barber, and so on – sung here by Alan Opie. Each one is utterly distinct, with the perfect balance between seductiveness and menace. Michael Chance is the countertenor Voice of Apollo, recessed slightly in the recording and balanced to give just the right sense of another world. The other dramatic element in the opera is the choral dances, and that is where Hickox's account really comes into its own: he makes more sense of the sometimes four-square choral writing and the gamelan-inspired orchestral textures than any other performance I've heard. Though Pears's version preserves its special place, this is now the one to hear.

Reprinted from *The Guardian*.

In with the Old

It's about time a new generation took up Benjamin Britten's legacy, says Andrew Clements.

Britten: Serenade; Nocturne; Phaedra

Langridge/Murray/Lloyd/Northern Sinfonia/English Chamber Orchestra/Bedford
(Naxos) £4.99

Britten: Canticles I-V; The Heart of the Matter

Langridge/Rigby/Ragin/Finley/Dench/Bedford
(Naxos) £4.99

Britten: Les Illuminations; Our Hunting Fathers; Quatre Chansons Françaises

Lott/Bryn-Julson/English Chamber Orchestra/Bedford
(Naxos) £4.99

Even now, almost 30 years after Britten's death, the recordings of his vocal music that he either conducted, played in himself or were made under his supervision are taken as benchmarks. That's partly a matter of authenticity, of course; so many of the song cycles were composed either for Britten's partner, Peter Pears, or for other singers who worked regularly with them, that they have preserved their aura of authority – just as so many of the vocal lines seem indelibly coloured by Pears's distinctively English timbre and phrasing.

Yet any composer's output has to be regularly renewed by succeeding generations of interpreters, and whilst that renewal has taken rather longer with some of Britten's works than perhaps it should have done, this clutch of discs from Naxos is a reminder of one starting point for the songs at least. These three discs first appeared on Collins Classics in the mid-1990s; following that label's demise they have been bought up by Naxos and reissued in its English song series. They are performances that preserve one strong link with the mainstream Britten tradition: their common denominator is the conductor and pianist Steuart Bedford, who worked regularly with the composer and conducted many of the late works when Britten became too ill to do it.

There is no hint here, however, that any of the performers is trying to evoke that earlier generation of singers. The tenor Philip Langridge, for instance, matches Pears in the clarity of his diction and the elegance and musicality of his phrasing. But he uses those qualities to strikingly different effect. His performances of the *Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings* and the *Nocturne* sit alongside Ann Murray's wonderfully touching account of the cantata *Phaedra*, which is many worlds away from the recording by Janet Baker, for whom the work was composed. The result is a wonderful bargain, a perfect combination of early, middle-period and late Britten.

The collection of the five canticles, with Langridge again the link between them all, is well worth investigating too. The second canticle, *Abraham and Isaac*, is often performed nowadays with a counter-tenor singing the alto part, but the work was written for Peter Pears and Kathleen Ferrier, and here Langridge is partnered by contralto Jean Rigby, producing a much more coherent sound when the two voices are heard together. The third, *Still Falls the Rain*, a setting of an Edith Sitwell poem for tenor, horn and piano, is heard in curious context, as part of a sequence *The Heart of the Matter*, which Britten devised around the work with readings (delivered by Judi Dench here) and other short songs on Sitwell texts.

Alongside those, the performances of the three orchestral song cycles with female voices seem

far less convincing. Felicity Lott is suitably delicate in the *Quatre Chansons Françaises*, teenage settings rediscovered after Britten's death, but just not vivid enough in the savage passions of the Rimbaud-based *Les Illuminations*. In that work and in the wonderful *Our Hunting Fathers*, arguably Britten's first masterpiece, the orchestral playing under Bedford has exactly the right raw urgency. All that's lacking in *Our Hunting Fathers* is a bit more theatricality in the singing of Phyllis Bryn-Julson, to give it the right bite and pungency to W.H. Auden's savagely satirical texts.

Reprinted from *The Guardian*

[Editor's note: for how to access further music criticism regarding Britten's compositions and recordings of same, see **Mike Rawlins** in *NEWS*]

THE HOWSON LECTURE

Making Mary Poppins Fly

[or The Musical Journey That Took the World's
Most Famous Nanny from Screen to Stage]

This year's annual lecture commemorating George Howson was given by **George Stiles** OG (H 74 – 79) who had on a previous occasion visited the Auden Theatre to provide a marvellous evening of words and music from various shows for which he composed the music. On that occasion as I recall the evening involved early in the show a telephone call to lyricist Anthony Drewe then in the Far East giving him a subject proposed by a member of the audience. Later in the show, lo and behold, seated at the piano, George, in his inimitable fashion gave the world première of the less-than-one-hour-old song, words by Drewe, music by Stiles – received with a roar of appreciation from the audience.

On this occasion the subject and approach were rather different. George was focusing on his most recent venture with Anthony, a reworking of the music and lyrics of the film *Mary Poppins* for the stage, which last year took the West End by storm. Their task involved adaptation of existing material and the addition of several new songs. George gave an absorbing account of the creative process as experienced by collaborative artists. There were many fascinating asides and insights relating to sponsors, impresarios, directors, etc. George supplied some lively DVD material projected on a large screen by way of illustration.

And that was only half of it! What fascinated us all quite as much was George's recollections of his time spent at Gresham's including his belonging to one of the early boy bands. With great humour and total recall, he painted a picture of how his leanings and talent began to emerge and develop set against the backdrop of Gresham's in the 70s. The audience, largely consisting of boys and girls, but also including quite a few members of staff, OGs and Auden faithfuls, were most impressed by George's insight, wit, candour and modesty.

J.S.R. – with additional epithets supplied by R.H.P.

And the Drewe-Stiles duo's next enterprise? *Soho Cinders* – 'It's Cinderella set in Soho!'

REUNION DINNER IN NEWQUAY

1ST April 2006

In response to a number of enthusiastic enquiries about a Reunion in Newquay next year, a Dinner has been arranged at the Bay Hotel on Saturday 1st April 2006. This is two weeks before Easter.

As always, Old Greshamians of every era and their guests will be welcome. OGs living in the West Country are particularly encouraged to come. Those who live farther afield may note that, as well as a frequent rail service from Paddington, there is now a good air service by Ryanair from Stansted to Newquay with fares as low as 15p each way!

The Bay Hotel has been extensively refurbished since the 2003 Dinner. It is certainly unrecognisable from the time it was home to Woodlands and Kenwyn. It is not very formal and precedent suggests that, for the Dinner, most of the men will wear jacket and tie, or lounge suit, and ladies will dress correspondingly.

As at previous Reunions, on the Sunday morning following the Dinner, coffee will be provided in the Pentire Hotel, which was home to Howson's, Farfield and the Old School House during the war.

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

Anyone who has not received a booking form by mid-January is asked please to write to:

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

Or to email: fhk1@cam.ac.uk

The Bay Hotel has a plentiful supply of single/double/twin rooms with ensuite facilities and all at very competitive prices. It is expected that the basic charge for a couple in a double room will be around £70 for dinner, bed and breakfast. This is the price for *two* people for one night. A supplement will be charged for the Reunion Dinner itself. Newquay, in April, has relatively few visitors and the area round the Bay Hotel is at its best. Outdoors, the temperature is likely to be higher than in most parts of the country but it can be very windy.

Frank King (F 55 – 61)

Life after Gresham's

Extracts from Philip Newell's obituary written by Michael Power and published on 29th August 1990. Kindly supplied by Jim Hutchence (F 39 – 44)

In 1937 the Headmaster of Gresham's, Holt was invited by the Admiralty to join a "committee of inspection" of the Royal Hospital School, the main beneficiary of Greenwich Hospital. From then until his death the hospital was dear to the heart of Philip Newell.

It was therefore a joy to him when, after retiring from the Admiralty in 1964, he became the Director of Greenwich Hospital. He was made for this rather unusual post. The post of Director was created in 1885 to run what remains today the largest naval charity in Britain; the Trustee is the Secretary of State for Defence. The charity is governed by Act of Parliament and Parliament still exercises supervision (albeit with a light hand) over the hospital's affairs.

The Director's job is to administer on behalf of the Trustee the affairs of the foundation with its estates and investments, to raise revenue, watch expenditure, to provide help and support to elderly seamen and their dependents and to run a large boarding school. He operates from a tiny office in the City. He is guided by a benevolent senior official in Whitehall, a panel of honorary unpaid City financiers, and a committee of School governors. He is invariably a retired official who has previously worked with the Navy.

Newell by virtue of his experience as a schoolmaster and Admiralty civil servant was well qualified. He was also an immensely kindly man, with a particular devotion to the young (ask his ex-pupils and his numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren), a knack of making friends and an energetic and creative mind; and was a considerable scholar and historian. Indeed, he wrote an admirable history of the hospital during his retirement.

Philip Staniforth Newell, teacher and civil servant, born 1903, Headmaster Gresham's School Holt 1935-44, Principal and Secretary the Admiralty 1944-64, Under-Secretary 1956-64, CB 1961, Director Greenwich Hospital 1964-69, books include Greenwich Hospital, a Royal Foundation 1692-1983 1984, Gresham's in Wartime 1988, married 1927 Sylvia Webb (died 1982; two sons, one daughter), died 10 July 1990.

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.

CHILEAN ADVENTURE

A report by Christopher Walton

On the 2nd February this year I found myself nervously making my way to Heathrow airport, having seen friends and family for what would be the last time in four months. At Heathrow I boarded a flight to Santiago de Chile with 100 other volunteers, most of whom, I was glad to discover, were just as nervous as me. Then followed a short internal flight after which we stepped out into the sunshine of Chilean Patagonia, tired, hot and about 13000km from home. This was the start of my Raleigh International expedition in Chile.

We spent the first week of our arrival at fieldbase, near Coyhaique, capital of Region XI in Southern Chile, getting to know one another and being trained in basic wilderness survival, forming friendships and learning skills we would lean heavily on throughout the next three months.

We were divided into groups of roughly ten (plus staff members) and set out from the relative comfort of fieldbase for our first month of expedition life. I was to go kayaking into the Chonos archipelago in a group of thirteen. Following three days static kayak training at Puerto Aguirre, on the landward edge of the archipelago, we loaded up our boats with eighteen days worth of food and started our journey. Our planned route would take us through the archipelago to the Pacific island of Isla Kent and back, a distance of over 130km. On the way we would gather information for the government on the population of the area along our route (which we later found to be only thirty people). Cooking pasta, rice and porridge on open fires and sleeping in crudely constructed 'basha' shelters (tents took up too much room!) we completed our journey, paddling in a range of conditions from glorious sunshine to force seven storms. We saw no other human, apart from each other, for a total of ten days. We returned to fieldbase tired but happy.

I then went to Chile Chico, an Argentinian border town just south of Lago General Carrera, with ten new faces and a different type of project. We spent our days building a playground for the local children and our evenings teaching English to both children and adults in the museum. Still living in tents and cooking on open fires the experience was a totally different one to kayaking but just as rewarding. We got to know the local community well. This provided a great opportunity to practise our Spanish, and although reserved at first, we found the people kind and generous. The community seemed to be just as interested in our culture as we were in theirs. We were once asked what our national dance was and someone replied 'Morris dancing.' The next day we found ourselves in front of the whole of the school, performing a 'Morris dance' we had made up the day before. My third month in Chile was spent in Bahia Jara, a small agricultural village of about 200 inhabitants, all living in neighbouring farms. The only form of local transport was by horse or on foot, what cars there were either having to be push-started or missing vital parts such as engines and wheels. Our project was to dig a 700m canal to carry water from a river to a lake that had been drying out, the habitat of rare black-necked swans and flamingos. Our principal digging tool being a mattock, the work was slow but enjoyable and it was gratifying to see water flowing in the canal when we opened it after three weeks' work.

So, with the swans saved we returned to fieldbase for the last time for a few days to say our goodbyes and head off in our different directions.

Following the expedition I travelled with a friend through Chile and Southern Argentina. We travelled by bus from the very far south of Chile to the north (4000km) in one month and witnessed huge extremes in both climate and culture, from glaciers and sub-zero temperatures to the Atacama desert, taking in the Patagonian Andes on the way. Chile was an amazing country to travel in, and the expedition was a great way of seeing and doing more than I ever would or could have done if I was on my own. It was a great experience and one that I have fond memories of. My thanks to the OG Club for making this venture possible.

MY TRIP TO TANZANIA

A report by James Sidgwick

In January 2004, I signed up to go to Africa with a company called Madventurer. I would be living with a couple of local families in the foothills of Mt. Kilimanjaro in northern Tanzania, working in two primary schools doing voluntary building work with a group of about 20 people. I would be given free time during the three months, offering me the chance to travel around the country. Here is an account of how I got on:

I took part in two different projects. During the first I helped renovate a classroom and build a veranda; the second project consisted of building a toilet block at a different school. Each of us was staying with local families. For the first project I stayed in a small three-bedroom bungalow in the middle of a banana/coffee plantation with a family of eight, the Kokas. I had one of the bedrooms to myself. Quite where the others slept, I never found out. The amenities were basic, although it was far more luxurious than I was expecting, and the family were very pleasant.

Our task at the school was to clear out a classroom and put in a floor and windows. We were also building a veranda. Luckily, we did have some professional help in the form of two local 'fundis' or builders. While they did the skilled work, we did all the manual work, i.e. mixing cement and pushing wheelbarrows.

For the mid-project break most of us climbed Kilimanjaro. The ascent up the mountain was to be one of the highlights of the trip. It took a total of five days to go up and down. The final ascent started at 11 o'clock in the evening of the third night, so that we could reach the top for sunrise. Only about a third of us made it to the very top, the others succumbing to the effects of altitude sickness which is caused by lack of oxygen. Climbing Kilimanjaro was almost certainly one of the hardest things I will ever do. It is an experience I shall never forget.

It did not seem long before we had to say goodbye to the school and each other. We had just managed to finish the classroom and veranda in time, and now it was time to leave. We had a great sense of satisfaction that we had improved the facilities, and the locals were very grateful to us for what we had done.

The second project was much like the first we had done. I stayed with a different family slightly further up the mountain. Having finished both projects, I had two weeks to visit Zanzibar and go on safari in the nearby Ngorongoro crater – a collapsed volcano, where thousands of wild animals are practically trapped by the steep sides.

Safari over, my trip was over. It had been an amazing time and I had seen and done so much. It was an experience that I shall never forget.

MY AFRICAN EXPERIENCE

UGANDA 2004

A report by Susannah Nunn

On the 31st August 2004 I was heading to Heathrow, not for the usual family holiday but four months in Uganda, Africa – and I was terrified.

I would be away for four months, on my own, living in a remote village with no running water or sanitation and teaching kids when I didn't speak their native language. However, as more and more volunteers grouped together on the terminal my confidence rose.

AV, short for Africa and Asia Adventure, is a gap year company based in Africa. They send volunteers all over Africa and Asia to help in schools in environmental projects such as building schools and houses.

The first week was an induction course into teaching and was very difficult. I was very homesick but so were most of the group and together we got through it (that and several long phone calls home!) As well as lessons we went to Crescent Island (the location of 'Out of Africa'), where I caught my first glimpse of hippos, giraffe, zebra and wildebeest. Our last night in Kenya we had a party and I spent most of the night teaching two kids dances like the 'Macarena' and 'Saturday Night'! The next day we made the 11 hour journey from Kenya to Jinja, Uganda. The difference between the two places was incredible. Kenya was dry with sweeping barren places, Uganda was very lush and mountainous in comparison.

The next morning we waited around earnestly to be picked up by school reps. We arrived at St Michael's to be greeted by the headmistress, Sister Tiopista, and have our first African meal. Africans have a love of ground maize, made into a consistency of hard mashed potato. Unfortunately, it tastes like wood chippings and, even more unfortunately, it would be making an appearance on my plate very frequently in the next four months.

The first week was very hard as I was so homesick. On our third day we taught our first lesson, rather thrown in the deep end with a three-hour lesson and no introduction to the kids. However, after teaching them 'Head, Shoulders, Knees and Toes' they insisted we sing it over and over again for the next hour before we finally convinced them to teach us some of their own songs. However, at the end of my first week I was swapped with another girl who wasn't happy at the school she was at, which was Ibulanku.

The school itself was much poorer than St Michael's. However, I preferred it as I thought I could do more with the kids and it was a beautiful half-hour walk from my house. The kids themselves were much more confident, straightaway coming up to talk to me and holding my hand. The lessons were brilliant and ranged from me running round pretending to be an animal to getting covered in paint that I had brought to an art lesson.

PE was the most challenging of lessons as far as controlling the kids was concerned. Not many of the teachers taught PE, so at times I had three classes to teach, each class averaging sixty students. We would split the boys and girls up and have football and netball matches, but even more popular with them was 'British Bulldogs' – a riotous and very physical game. This was sometimes chaos with over 180 kids involved all rugby tackling their friends!

On the last week of my placement Adam, Ian and I arranged a triangular football tournament for our schools with a Manchester United shirt each for the winners and needless to say the day was a huge success. The children were so happy.

I shared a house, about half an hour's walk from my school, with four others. The house was basic – no running water, a long drop toilet and very erratic electricity. At night meals were either at the local restaurant – a bamboo hut – or we rustled up all sorts of things on our kerosene stove, from curries to crumbles! We had many culinary experiences – the worst being beef and banana curry. Our house also turned into the local youth club as it was constantly full of the local kids and schoolchildren. Activities ranged from dancing to the Macarena and Saturday Night to playing hopscotch and baking cakes. On our last week of teaching we paid for the whole of P5 (our class) to go on a trip to Jinja. Most of the kids had never been out of the village, let alone gone to a town, so the excitement that day was huge. As we were sitting on the coach waiting to go I saw one of my favourites – a little girl from P1 class, only four years old, called Jessica, and we asked if she could come too. The thing that made the most impact on me that day was taking little Jessica to the toilet and witnessing her total surprise at a conventional toilet and running water from the tap. She had no idea how to use it and when I lifted her up to see herself in the mirror she tried hitting the reflection in total disbelief at what she was seeing. My AV experience ended in tears, both from me and from my teachers and pupils. I feel so privileged to be able to do something like teaching and living in such a poverty-stricken environment. They were the kindest people I have ever met and without them it wouldn't have been the same. Never will I forget Uganda or the people I met. Both helped me change so much as a person and I can't wait to go back.

MY TRIP TO INDIA

A report by Alice Davies

Thousands of miles, two aeroplanes and longer than anyone should be allowed to spend in Muscat Airport and we were there, New Delhi – the capital of modern India. One of the largest, most up and coming cities in the world, a place where everyone should be excited to be.... Well, it was dark, muddy, raining, strange cows blocked the streets and of course a smell no words can justify; I had no phone, my mobile didn't work, no email, a loony driver who could only nod as he spoke no English and I was being sick. Excitement doesn't quite describe it as I thought what had I let myself in for.

However, the next day arrived bringing a whole new light and after being told that it really wasn't safe for us to go out in the rain, (obviously failing to realise the climate we had left!) a plan of attack was required – to get to Gwalior and out of the back suburbs of Delhi as soon as possible. Also in order to survive we must learn to master the unpredictable sideways head shake: is it yes or is it no? And no, you don't have something growing out of your head – they really are just staring at you! Finally always ask for mild food, chunks of chilli really are not a good idea!

Racki and I were working for Gwalior Children's Hospital – a charity run by Dr B.K. Sharma, a paediatric doctor who was born in Gwalior but now lives and practises in England. The charity runs a hospital and travelling bus hospital as well as a school and daily takes volunteers to two orphanages in the city – all of which we were given the chance to be part of.

Gwalior itself is a large city about two hours (depending on the train and the number of unprecedented stops it decides to take) south of Agra. It boasts a fort and two hotels.

However, this is not somewhere frequented by tourists very often. Hindi is the spoken language – something I would have to learn in order to get by! The population ranges from the super rich, such as the Maharaja of Gwalior to the street side slum-dwellers. So arriving there (at last) I was bombarded with millions of sights and sounds. There is so much to take in you feel you could stand and stare all day and still miss things. It still maintains a very old fashioned outlook – even for India. The caste system lives on and a young, unmarried, blond, curly-haired, westerner is the height of curiosity and my two months there I sometimes caused bikes and rickshaws alike to drive headlong towards me.

I was to live in a house behind the hospital with the other volunteers, some of whom were students and some professionals. The charity receives volunteers from all over the world and all professions. While I was there, there were Canadians, Americans and British volunteers. We were also lucky enough to have a cook who made us real Indian food, with roti, dahl, subjee and rice forming my new staple diet. We also lived with a little girl called Radha. Radha was a ten-year-old orphan whose parents and brothers and sisters had all died of Aids related illness. She had originally been sent to one of the orphanages the charity helps and was to be transferred to a more suitable and safer orphanage when she developed TB. She was admitted to hospital where it was found that she was HIV positive which was later changed to Aids. As a result the transfer could not go through and as her original orphanage was deemed unsafe due to its lack of protection for young girls Radha was adopted by Dr BK Sharma and is now a ward of the charity. She is one of the very lucky ones as she is now being cared for and is able to live a nearly normal life, with drugs provided for her illness and a school to educate her. But this is so rare.

Gwalior and the Chambale region has a population of around 11 million, with 1.5 million living in urban areas and 9.5 million in rural. Within that, 6 million of those are children with 90,000 being disabled, mentally or physically, and hence mostly abandoned by their parents, either because they just cannot look after them or afford to look after them or because their strict social systems deem them untouchable and outcasts. This leaves children to survive by begging and scavenging from a very early age. Anyone who has travelled in India cannot miss the heart-wrenching crowds of young begging at train stations or the side of roads. Many of these are picked up by police and enter orphanage-type institutions where they are 'out of sight and out of mind'. One such establishment, called Mercy Home, was just outside Gwalior housing mentally and physically disabled children and adults as well as orphans.

I decided that I would like to help at the orphanages and a timetable was arranged so I would spend my mornings at Mother Teresa's orphanage, run by the nuns of Mother Teresa, and the afternoon at Mercy Home, a government run orphanage where conditions were shocking. It showed me the two extremes of care, one where individuals were shown how to look after themselves while being given care, love, played with, stimulated and given the relevant medical care and the other where individuals, many of whom were disabled, were neglected, left undressed and unwashed, treated as animals. There is no denying that our two societies differ in the treatment of children; there is no mollicoddling in India and a quick whack for being bad is acceptable, but the conditions at Mercy Home were quite unacceptable. As it is government run and owned the charity can do very little other than send volunteers to help there. I helped provide basic medical care and played special games designed by a mental health worker who was a volunteer out there, to try to stimulate the orphans. Anything had to be better than banging your head against a wall or eating rocks – games favoured by some! You can feel totally helpless at times but someone

told me to remember that anything you give, even just holding a hand, is more than many will get.

In my mornings at Mother Teresa's I would help out with the babies and toddlers, feeding them, changing them and playing with them. While some had been abandoned due either to illness or reasons that we will never know, others had been brought in by their families to be cared for by the nuns and nursed back to health as the families either didn't have the money or time to look after their sickly children. There were no bars to adults or children of different religions – anyone and everyone was welcome. For example, one little Hindu girl called Lolita was brought in by her father because her mother had died in childbirth and she now had TB. The father had to go to work every day so couldn't care for her. Lolita was nursed back to health and when better her father collected her and took her home. There were also older women who had chosen to put themselves into the institution, such as one woman who was severely burnt over her body, and face in particular. She had burnt herself in order to get away from her father and husband and, now she had escaped, no longer wanted to live in normal society. There are millions of stories as happy and as sad as both of these all over India and as hard as it may seem life really does just go on. As with any society there are people who abuse or hurt other people and it is easy just to see only the bad in a country but there are others such as the nuns who really did care about India and Gwalior and the people that lived there.

India is a country as diverse as it is challenging. Indian timing is something you learn to love, to be half an hour or an hour or two late is totally acceptable or indeed three and a half hours at two in the morning if you are a train. At first glance you do believe that everyone is rushing around like headless chickens; however, you soon learn to see that no one is ever rushed and decisions are much pondered over, particularly if they involve the price of a rickshaw. This is where the very ominous and ambiguous sideways head shake takes over.

From Gwalior we visited Varanasi, the city centred on the holy Ganga, the great Ganges. Then back to Delhi to pick up Katie and on to Agra with the breath taking Taj Mahal as magnificent as imagined and on to Rajasthan. First stop the very touristy Jaipur, the pink city and all its forts, then on to Jaisalmer, which grows out of the desert like a giant sandcastle. From here we trekked out into the desert on camels, sleeping out on the sand under the stars. Next stop was Mumbai, via Ahmedabad. Mumbai bustles with wannabe Western culture as well as sweltering humidity. You could be forgiven for thinking you had actually left India, so we didn't stay there long and soon enough we were in Goa- Anjuna and the paradise of Palolem, with its 50p beach huts and white sands. Sadly though all must come to an end and after a mammoth train ride we were back in Delhi to fly home. After just over three months, 90 hours of train rides, numerous rickshaws, cycle and auto, one very dangerous bus ride involving a couple of near-death experiences, one camel called Lulu, a couple of boat trips, one even at sunrise, one scooter trip and one scooter crash and 3 aeroplane trips later and we were home, drums and all. Not content to be home for long we were off 10 days later to Australia and the East Coast.

Taking a gap year was one of the most amazing things I have ever done. There were so many once in a lifetime experiences, too many to write about now, but I would recommend it to anyone.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[Re the 2004 cricket match]

Dear John,

While mathematics was never my strong suit, I am unable to add up the scores for the cricket teams taking part in the OG match against the School to make the totals as printed. I make the totals 247 for the OGs and 210 for the School. Or am I missing something? I continue to trace my family back to its roots in the dawn of history, make model boats, help the Essex Naturalist Trust around the local woods and now drive the community bus once a fortnight taking the elderly to the shops, the chemist and the surgery.

Yours sincerely,

Donald King (F 51 – 55)

Alan Ponder (master i/c cricket) examined the matter:

John,

I have checked the scorebook – the totals do not include extras. In the OG innings there were 18 making their total correct.

In the boys innings there were 48; also Lintott scored 25, not 22, but this still only comes to 261. The bowling does though come to 269.

However, all agreed at the time that the total was correct.

(I hope this clarifies the query raised! – The Editor)

As from
La Chesnaye
14330 Lison
Calvados

Dear John,

I don't know if the OG Club has established an archive, but whenever I notice reference to one of our more notable products I feel I should draw someone's attention to it.

Last week Le Monde waxed eloquent to mark Peter Brook's 30th year anniversary at the Théâtre des Bouffes du Nord, and three interesting looking productions coming on – hare yew are, then bor.

I've never met him, but hope to one day. I don't know if I'll get up to Paris to see them as I'm at present incarcerated in a re-education centre after a second hip operation which necessitates three months without using the leg – a bizarre experience, to be surrounded by handicapped people – good for the soul perhaps.

Anyway, I hope to be up at Holt for the New Year.

In the meantime, all the best to you and Jenny.

John Gillam [H 44 – 48]

at Le Normandy
50400 Granville,
La Manche.

P.S. I've been once to the Théâtre des Bouffes – to see L'homme qui – extremely effective; and I saw a production of his Hamlet in Caen – he certainly gets to the essence of the thing. The abbreviation obviously loses some of the language, but in translation? Also I've just heard about Peter Whitbread – very sad. Ironically, he had a great admiration for Peter Brook, after working with/under him at Stratford.

See extract of feature entitled Le royaume en chantier du sorcier Brook on p.69.

Dear John,
Re Andy McClelland (F 44 – 50)

...Andy was a year or two older than I and he gave direction to my interest in Botany which has stayed with me all my life and burgeoned again in the New Zealand Alps recently. Sadly in those days one could not combine Arts and Science subjects at Gresham's, so botany was out for McClelland.

So Andy took me on a memorable trip to Ben Lawers for some interesting finds in 1949. In subsequent years we met variously in Germany, Tanzania and California where he made a comfortable home in the village of Clio and developed a delightful garden. Through them both we were able to make the most of our trip to California – amazing and exciting countryside.

Andy's unpublished autobiography shows a man of many parts. He is meticulous in his study and approach. He is approachable and human in his dealings with students. To me he was a stalwart friend for over 55 years.

His life-story of 380 printed pages makes fascinating reading. As a large section of it covers pre-independence years in Uganda where Andy studied yellow fever mosquitoes at the Virus Research Unit, Entebbe, I propose, subject to Sue-Dee's consent, to place this book in the Museum of Empire and Commonwealth in Bristol where anyone who wishes will be able to access it. The scientific tradition of Gresham's is strengthened by the fact that the autobiography records at least 23 papers in specialist scientific journals written by Andy usually with others dealing with detailed research mainly with AEADES AEGYPTUS the mosquito causer of yellow fever. No doubt the seeds of this professional approach were born under the tutelage of Henry Ramage and Philip Simon, two highly respected teachers of our day
Best wishes

Simon Hardwick (F 47 – 51)

Dear John

I'd be grateful if you could help me solve a problem by printing the enclosed, thus reaching my contemporaries—

Mells - is it the tune to which we sang the hymn:
(What is its first line? - I couldn't find it in Songs of Praise)

'We bless thy name for one and all,
Who founded for thy glory,
Each ancient school, each minster tall,
To teach mankind thy story.

We kneel where our forefathers knelt,
They trod this earth before us,
Unseen, tho' near, our hearts have felt
Their blessings wafted o'er us.

When I visited the church at Mells on Friday 30th April we were still there at noon – there is so much to see and enjoy that we spent about an hour and a half there. Mention was made of the tune which was inspired by the chimes from the tower which we heard strike at noon. I cannot now find who the composer was who took up that theme - could it have been Vaughan-Williams? I would like to know so as to be able to add a note to Pevsner's *The Buildings of Bristol and North Somerset*.

Yours ever,
Ian Lowe (W 48 – 53).

MISCELLANEOUS

Hilary Baines

Frank Rycroft (F 64 – 67) is particularly interested in the career and death (possibly twenty years ago) of his schoolfriend **Hilary Baines** (F 64 – 68). Would anyone who has any information please contact Frank directly: email celia.baxter@boltblue.com or write to the Editor c/o Gresham's School.

Calling OGs in the U.S.A.

If you pay income tax in the States you may like to know that via the British Schools and Universities Foundation, Inc. you can make tax-deductable contributions that can benefit Gresham's School which is approved by B.S.U.F. to receive grants-in-aid from the Foundation. **Paul Margetson** (k & H 55 – 64) is the U.S. Representative for Gresham's School and can inform anyone who applies of the names and addresses of those who have expressed a preference for Gresham's School. Earlier this year Gresham's received from the B.S.U.F. a cheque for \$450 which directly helped two pupils who otherwise would have been unable to participate in admirable activities – one working with the National Youth Theatre, the other shooting with the British Athelings in Canada.

B.S.U.F. relevant contact info:- Tel (212)662 – 5576 (800)309 - 4706 Fax
bsuf@mcimail.com <http://www.bsuf.org>

Paul Margetson's address: 102 Calle Lento, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501, USA

THE NEW SCHOOL ARCHIVE

Rescuing your schooldays.

In December 2004 I was appointed School Archivist as part of Gresham's celebrations for its 450th year. The archives had recently been rescued from underneath the Library where flooding had done little to enhance the collection. Once everything was safely installed in a room behind the stage in Tallis the task of sorting and cataloguing could begin. Consisting of documents and photographs relating to the School's long history, the archive will I hope prove a useful resource to staff and pupils, as well as to OGs and members of the public in their research. As many of you will remember on May 28th, historical material proved a focus for many discussions on 'the best days of our lives' and I very much enjoyed meeting you and listening to your stories. Although we have a large number of Gresham and Grasshopper magazines, there are also a number of gaps, and if anyone has magazines they would like to donate I would be very happy to hear from them. Another aspect of school life under-represented in the collection is uniform, and I am sure there must be caps, ties or blazer badges lurking somewhere, or other items of clothing that would love to find their way back to school once again.

In the last few years public interest in archives has escalated thanks to the world-wide web and to media coverage in programmes such as 'Who do you think you are?' and 'House

Detectives'. Such interest in using primary resources in archives was the focus of the recent School Archivists AGM held at Harrow where the benefits and drawbacks of media attention were carefully considered. Being in the company of archivists from other public schools such as Eton and Rodean was very inspiring and I returned with fresh ideas about developing the School archive as a service. To mark the increasing interest in establishing archive collections, the Society of Archivists has announced its intention to set up the School Archivists Group as a Special Interest Group in its own right helping to raise the level of public awareness as well as professional recognition. One area I am particularly keen to develop at Gresham's is using the website to publicise the archive and to make the collection accessible to a far wider audience. In the meantime, material is gradually finding its way out of dusty cupboards and attics to become part of the growing archive and I do hope you will remember us before throwing away anything to do with your schooldays at Gresham's in future.

Liz Larby

Contact details – Tallis, Monday and Thursday 9.30 – 2 Tel: 01263 714070 (Carol Buxton, Library) Email llarby@greshams.com

The Grasshopper

Liz Larby, the newly appointed School Archivist, would very much like to receive any back copies of The Grasshopper to plug the holes in the School's collection. The relevant years are as follows:

1936, 1940, 1942, 1946, 1951, 1959, 1963, 1965, 1967-81*, 1983, 1984, 1986 to date. [I believe that publication of The Grasshopper ceased during these times –Ed.] The collection consists at present of 32 copies dating back to 1933. It should be borne in mind that from as early as the 1960s The Gresham began to include in addition to its reports substantially more creative writing.

Old Greshamian Club Newsletters & Magazines

The School's Archivist, **Liz Larby**, is trying to assemble a full set of the above. She would be most grateful if anybody who possesses copies of the issues listed below and is prepared to part with them could send them to her via the School Librarian at School (postcode NR25 6EA)

Nos 9-11, 16, 38, 51, 53-121, 126.

Can You Help?

The Holt History Project was set up in 2003 with a view to charting the history of the town in the twentieth century, in a series of three volumes. A research team set to work, and in

November 2004, **Holt, an Illustrated History, Volume 1, 1900 – 1920s*** was published. Written by Keith Entwistle, it offers a fascinating insight into the customs, personalities and pursuits of the town in the first decades of the century. We are now actively seeking material for the second volume, which will cover the 1930s – 1950s. Again, we will include a section on life at Gresham's during this period. We should therefore be delighted to receive any information and anecdotes from OGs with vivid memories of their time in Holt during those years.

Keith Entwistle, Brick Kiln Farmhouse, Lower Gresham, NORWICH NR11 8RE
info@brick-kiln-books.com

*ISBN 0-9549045-0-8 200 pages, over 150 photos, charming pictorial maps

Gifts from a Former Member of Staff

The School is indebted to the late **Howard Moseley** (S 62 – 65), who taught classics very successfully at Gresham's in the late 1960s, for the most generous gift of some magnificent first editions of Auden. They include the rare *Poems* of 1930, with a book plate of David Garnett's; *Spain* with a correction in Auden's own hand; *On the Frontier*; presentation copies of *For the Time Being*, together with Auden's edition of the poems of Lord Tennyson. All the copies are in mint condition. Sadly, Howard Moseley died shortly after he gave these items to Gresham's. See OBITUARIES

We hope to put these properly on display in time for Auden's centenary in 2007. This splendid gift is, we hope, a sign of things to come now that Gresham's is collecting and preserving its own history through the welcome appointment of an archivist, Liz Larby, and the long overdue creation of a proper archive.

John Smart (S)

Two items from The Times

Accidentally speaking

From Mr Graham Smithers

Sir, Your list of unlikely accidents (report and leading article, March 29) is by no means exhaustive. This morning I survived a crash-landing by my cockatoo, which skidded to a halt across my bald head.

Yours warily,

GRAHAM SMITHERS,

17 Avenue Road, High Kelling, Holt, Norfolk NR25 6RD

Gsmithers@netcom.co.uk

March 29

Reprinted from *The Times*

BOY “INVADERS” FAIL TO CAPTURE HEAD

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT
NORWICH OCT.4

An attempt by his pupils to “kidnap” the headmaster of Gresham’s School, Holt, Norfolk, and “take him to Russia” failed today. The boys, members of the school Army Cadet Corps, were taking part in an exercise “Hide and Seek”. Thirty “enemy” pupils were “parachuted” into Norwich at dawn and had to make their way, dressed in denims and berets, to the school, 22 miles away. Their object was to capture the headmaster, Mr.L. Bruce Lockhart, and take him to a waiting submarine, which would convey him to Russia.

Over 200 of the “home forces” – the other pupils – surrounded the school and lay in wait as the headmaster sat in his study. The public were asked to let the school know if they saw any of the boys. The “enemy” pupils were given until 4p.m. to capture Mr Lockhart but by then most of them were caught within the vicinity of the school.

From *The Times* October 5th 1960

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 about 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 arrangement) 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.

Blasts from the Past.

1. Cdre D.W. Pond RN has been appointed Director of Naval Personnel Strategy.
2. England junior squash coach David Campion speaking of former Gresham's squash coach / English teacher Malcolm Willstrop observed: 'Malcolm is a coaching genius and probably the best in the world. He has groomed getting on for 50 British champions at different age levels over 40 years or so'.

Source: The Courier

French Newspaper Report of Trafalgar

First Bulletin of The Grand Naval Army.
Battle of Trafalgar Headquarters, Cadiz, October 25.

.....They were superior in number, forty-five to our thirty-three; but what is superiority of numbers to men determined to conquer? Admiral Nelson did everything to avoid a battle; he attempted to get into the Mediterranean, but we pursued and came up with him off Trafalgar.....

.....After having acquired so decisive a victory, we await with impatience the Emperor's order to sail to the enemy's shore, annihilate the rest of his navy, and thus complete the triumphant work we have so brilliantly begun.

Extracts from report published in Le Moniteur days after the battle in 1805.

Omissions

The following distinctions achieved by Old Greshamians have been noted and recorded:–

H.W.Baker OBE 1960

Sir Christopher Howes KCVO 1999 CVO 1994 CB 1990

H.J.A. Wilson OBE 1995

Chandeliers

Can anyone shed any light on what happened to the chandeliers, if they were such, in the Chapel and Big School? The Editor apologises for the unintended pun and as penance will be prepared to pass on any information to the poser of the question.

Legend of a Grasshopper

Sir, – I have been told an interesting legend about the origin of the grasshopper on the coat of arms of the Gresham family referred to in your letter of February 4 about the grasshopper on the tower of the Royal Exchange, in London. This is that Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Exchange, – or possibly one of his forbears – was a foundling, discovered by someone who while walking by a hedge in a field in the parish of Gresham, in Norfolk, heard a grasshopper chirruping and, looking down, found him, and that when he grew up he decided to ‘adopt’ this insect on his coat of arms. ARTHUR GREENE M.D. *Norwich*. [See related item in 2003 issue of the *O.G. Magazine* – *The Editor*]

The Estate of Peter Whitbread

Gresham’s School has gratefully received via the estate of the much-admired Peter Whitbread OG a number of books for the School Library and costumes for the Auden Theatre wardrobe.

The Philip Newell Bursaries 2005

The Philip Newell Memorial Fund Bursaries for 2005 have been awarded to Elizabeth Summers, Claire Burroughs and Richenda Gurney.

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 Owen Daniel.

Gresham's in Wartime

Copies of this excellent account of the period in WWII when Gresham's was relocated to Newquay are available for £5.50 (inc p&tp), payable to The OG Club. Apply to the OG Club Co-ordinator c/o the School.

Military Honours

The OG 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 OG, 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.

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.

Club Regalia

Members of the Club can now purchase the following regalia:-

Club Braces	£16
Club Tie (silk)	£20
Club Tie (polyester)	£10
Cufflinks	£8
Silver Blazer Button (coat-size)	£2.50
Silver Blazer Button (cuff-size)	£2.00

Send cheques, payable to The OG Club, to The Club Co-ordinator, The Common Room, Gresham's School, Holt NR25 6EA.

EXAMINATION RESULTS 2005

A Level		GCSE		AS Level	
Overall Pass Rate	99.0	Overall Pass Rate	95.0	Overall Pass Rate	98.5
% A Grades	43.1	% A* Grades	28.4	% A Grades	32.8
% B Grades	22.7	% A Grades	27.8	% B Grades	24.0
% C Grades	18.6	% B Grades	24.7	% C Grades	22.2
				% C Grades	14.0

DESTINATIONS OF SCHOOL LEAVERS 2005

83 members of the Upper Sixth left in 2005. 72 applied in their final year for UCAS degree courses. The remainder either applied for Art or Drama courses, or had already decided to apply post-'A' levels. Two have, provisionally, gone directly into employment. Thirteen from previous years also applied or re-applied, all gaining unconditional places. Of the 2005 leavers, 29 applied for GAP year places, the last year before new student funding rules apply, and 11 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 for a university course in Bulgaria. Four are still undecided and will make decisions before the UCAS deadline this year. The mix of courses chosen becomes ever more diverse. Normally popular courses such as Law and Medicine attracted less interest this year.

In terms of university choice the North East retains its appeal with Newcastle and Durham leading the way. Whilst traditional 'red brick' universities dominate, some of the more vocational courses at the newer universities are gaining some popularity.

Choice of Establishment (for those taking Degree Courses)

Number

- 6 Newcastle
- 5 Durham
- 4 Oxford Brookes
- 3 Imperial, Edinburgh, Bristol, Bath, Portsmouth
- 2 LSE, Exeter, Nottingham, Bristol UWE, Warwick, UCL, Loughborough, Sheffield Hallam, Art colleges
- 1 Bangor, Reading, Liverpool, UCL, Royal Ag. Coll., Manchester, Cambridge, Roehampton, Sheffield, BGC Lincoln, Oxford, St Andrews, Harper Adams Ag. Coll., Swansea, R. Holloway, Cardiff, Birmingham, Sussex, Heythrop Coll. Brighton, Surrey, UEA, Kent

Number Broad categories. (Combined courses are listed under the major subject.)

12	Business, Economics, Management, Marketing, Accounting
8	Social Sciences, Psychology, Politics, Int. Relations
11	Engineering (all types)
9	English, Philosophy
4	Medicine, Nursing, Biology, Law
6	History, Geography, Humanities
2	Music
4	Hospitality, Sports Science, Leisure Marketing, Architecture, Design, Art, History of Art, Mathematics, Computing
3	Education, Teaching
2	Agriculture
4	Languages

We expect that well over 90% of Upper Sixth leavers will take Degree courses.

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:

NOTES

