



Old Greshamian Magazine

October 2009 Number 148



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Editorial

The OG Club is changing fast. We are now building up, with your help, the most comprehensive and accurate list of our membership that we have ever had. This will enable us to contact you – and you to contact each other more easily. Your suggestions and ideas for further events are welcome. Keep in touch with the latest events and visits on the OG website.

This is a time of anniversaries and celebrations for a remarkable generation at the school: Auden, Stephen Spender and, next year, his brother Humphrey are just a few of the names that come to mind. Humphrey Spender's photographs document the thirties with a poetic realism that changed the face of photography. We hope to stage an exhibition of these along with some of his paintings to mark his anniversary.

After the great success of the 450th Celebration Ball it was decided to hold another five years on. Plans are well afoot for the 22nd May 2010. There are plans too for a Britten House reunion in the near future. The HOGS' BALL will be held in the Auden Theatre on 21st of November. Please contact Robert Dale for further information and tickets

Many thanks for your helpful suggestions for the magazine and the calendar. We will now include useful email addresses and some dates from the school calendar. We have also printed below the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting.

Once again I would like to thank Richard Peaver for all the information he provides from his thorough reading of the press. Tony Leech has been the picture editor and given selflessly of his time. This magazine would be slimmer, poorer and duller without all their help. Barbara Fowler has decoded the most difficult of handwriting with her usual skill. Lastly, I would like to thank all those who have written articles, obituaries, sports reports or notes for this Magazine. You are the life blood of this enterprise.

John Smart
(S 1985-2006)

STOP PRESS

The HOGS present "The Dimple Ball"

7.30pm Saturday 21st November 2009

Tickets £35 each available from

Robert Dale – 07879 814587 or rd@danielconnal.co.uk



A Word from the Chairman



2009: another year, welcome to the latest edition of the OG magazine.

Over the last year we have progressed within the club albeit slowly. My thanks to the committee for their help particularly James Morgan and Patrick Peal; within the school John Smart, Val Bowers and Beth Wells have been especially helpful.

The school has a new headmaster, Philip John, and thus we embark on a new forward thinking phase in the school's history.

There have been a number of OG events this year, starting with a visit to the Leicester Tigers Rugby Club, we then progressed to the Red Arrows, the Renault Formula One team headquarters and racing at Fakenham followed by a visit to the Royal Stud.



Any OG who has contacts that would enable further events please contact Beth at the school.

To keep the club up to date please fill in and return the form at the back of this magazine. We can only stay in contact if we have your current details, especially your email address.

Best wishes for a successful year.

Michael Baker, Chairman
(c&W 1956-65)

OG Club Committee

Name	Position	Email Address
Henry Alston	Chairman	<i>henryalston@billockbyfarms.co.uk</i>
Michael Baker		<i>sales@bakersandlarners.com</i>
Duncan Baker		<i>duncan.baker@bakersandlarners.com</i>
Alex Bartlam		<i>alex.bartlam@wsmsponsorship.com</i>
Mark Buckingham		<i>mbuckingham@greshams.com</i>
Ali Cargill	President	<i>a.cargill@netcom.co.uk</i>
John Cushing		<i>admin@thursfordcollection.co.uk</i>
Robert Dale		<i>rd@danielconnal.co.uk</i>
Chris Deane		<i>Christopher@norfolknu.co.uk</i>
Nigel Flower		<i>nflower@greshams.com</i>
Fiona Gathercole	Headmaster	<i>fgathercole@greshams.com</i>
Michael Goff		<i>michaelgoff05@aol.com</i>
Nick Hanington		<i>nickhanington@hotmail.co.uk</i>
Robert Howell		<i>robhowell@hotmail.co.uk</i>
Philip John		<i>headmaster@greshams.com</i>
Hannah Jones	Treasurer	<i>yonesy_@hotmail.com</i>
Dr Richard Maxwell		<i>rbhmaxwell@hotmail.com</i>
James Morgan		<i>James.morgan@hayes-storr.com</i>
Patrick Peal		<i>Patrick@bbpr.com</i>
Mark Seldon		<i>mseldon@greshams.com</i>
John Smart	Club Co-Ordinator	<i>johndsmart@aol.com</i>
Richard Youngs		<i>richard@avyoungs.com</i>

Annual General Meeting 22nd June 2009

Studio Theatre

Attending:

Michael Baker (Chairman), Patrick Peal (Vice Chairman), James Morgan (Treasurer), John Smart (OG Club Co-ordinator), John Cushing (President), Duncan Baker, Alex Bartlam, Ali Cargill, Christopher Deane, Nigel Flower, Hannah Jones, Michael Wallis, Richard Peaver, Anthony Gillam, Peter Salinson, Henry Percy-Pole and G.H.S. Jones

Apologies

Henry Alston, Robert Dale, Michael Goff, Robert Howell, Richard Maxwell, R. Youngs



Minutes from last meeting & matters arising

The Minutes of the AGM held on 22.06.08 were approved for signature. Some concern was noted about poor distribution of the Minutes. As a cost saving measure the minutes were not published in the newsletter but distributed by email and on the website. The OG Club Coordinator will consider whether the Minutes can be published in the imminent Magazine once more. (He has considered – and here they are!)

Chairman's Report

Merchandise – The Club is placing orders for stock of: Club ties to a higher material quality than current; Rugby Shirts in cotton, black & white hoops with the Club motif; pashminas in black or white for the ladies; cufflinks – designed and made by OG Oli Webb of You No in Holt

The Committee was re-elected en bloc. Three new Honorary Members were elected, in recognition of their long and valued service to the School – Nicholas Fulford, Peter and Paula Paskell & Carolyn Thomas. Richard Peaver is already an honorary OG

London Children's Camp – the Trustees are optimistic of completing a sale for the entire site in the near future. The Trustees will then be in a position to proceed with acquisition of an active 'outward bound' facility in Wales or the Lake District and hence restart the good works of the Charity.

Treasurer's Report

The Treasurer presented the annual accounts. The Club generated a surplus of £7.5k in the financial year; the Club currently holds some £30k in cash, with assets therefore totalling some £67k. The Club intends to take on some secretarial support to underpin the increasing levels of activity and engagement. The Treasurer thanked the Chairman for his hard work in driving advertising revenues and also thanked OG Nick Greene of Charles Stanley for his astute advice on investments.

A Cargill proposed, seconded by D Baker, that the accounts should be accepted. This was passed unanimously.

Headmaster's Report

Mr John noted that after his first year with the School he had found much to be celebrated. He had recently attended an Independent Schools Council meeting which noted that student numbers were greater than ever with high standards. At Gresham's, student numbers are holding up well and possibly increasing in the next academic year. He noted that the educational side is doing very well, with 99% A*-C at GCSE, the first IB results eagerly anticipated and 21 students had

earned their Gold D of E. However the business management and marketing activities needed to be strengthened to ride out the challenging economic conditions. A new Development Plan for the three schools is being put in place and a recent Audit of Public benefit had been very good. Mr John reported that Mr Peaver was leaving after 38 years in the Modern Languages Department and would be sorely missed. He recorded his thanks to all other staff leaving.

Club Co-ordinator's Report

John Smart thanked OG President John Cushing for the event held at Thursford. He noted the growing success of the recent cricket 20/20 competition held at the School which attracted two OG teams. Other recent events had attracted mixed support and the Club would be redoubling its efforts to put on varied events round the county which would be promoted more vigorously. To support this, the Club wanted to improve its database. Looking to the future, it is planned to hold an exhibition of original Spender photographs in October 2010.

The Editor of the OG Magazine welcomes articles, news and other contributions (email to johndsmart@aol.com or post to the Editor, c/o the School), by the end of July each year. He closed by thanking Beth Wells for her support and help.

OG Governor's Report

Michael Goff submitted a written report in his absence. He reported that Governors will be spending more time at the School. He also noted that the Foundation is being re-energised and refocused under the Chairmanship of John Cushing, with a short term goal to raise £3m for a new Music School.

Any Other Business

The Chairman thanked the Committee for their hard work and support. It was noted with regret that the plans for a reunion in the USA in April this year had had to be postponed due to the recession. The Chairman and the Headmaster recorded their determination to rearrange this event for a date in the near future.

The meeting closed at 12.57.

The Howson Memorial Lunch took place afterwards, hosted by the School.



Headmaster's Report 2008/09



The past year at Gresham's has been a very successful one. The 2008/09 academic year got off to a flying start with some extremely impressive results at A level and GCSE. At A level 72% of all grades were at A or B grade and 98% of students gained 5 or more A* to C including Mathematics and English at GCSE. A very fine achievement for the pupils. Our first IB students have just received their IB results and I am delighted to say that 100% achieved full certification. The Diploma average score was 35 points the equivalent of 4 A grades at A level. Well done to them all. This year's A level and GCSE students are also expected to do well.

Outside the classroom pupils continue to commit themselves to all kinds of activities. All sports teams, boys and girls, have been extremely competitive. In rugby, hockey and cricket at the senior end the boys have proved the merit of sound team play over individual talent and have been very difficult to beat. The 1st XV are now off on tour to New Zealand. Good luck to them all. At the junior end the boys have shown a great deal of promise. The girls' senior teams have been quite excellent in both hockey and netball. It is in netball though that results have been most impressive. The 1st VII lost only once all season. Again the junior girls' teams show a great deal of potential for the future.

The shooting team goes from strength to strength and there have been any number of outstanding results – the silverware on display at Speech Day was most impressive. The following members of the team represented their country or Great Britain this year – Harriet Bennett, Gareth Davies, Matthew Purdy, Robert Stilgoe and Giles Strong. The performing arts programme has been as intensive as ever with various school choirs performing their usual ambitious programme around the county. The chapel choir took part in a most successful tour to Venice. On the stage we have been treated to some quite spectacular performances – in particular a visually stunning production of *Alice in Wonderland*, a moving interpretation of *Oh What a Lovely War* by the A level drama group and an outstanding full school production of *Les Miserables*. The CCF continues to be one of the best contingents in Britain and the cadets and officers are to be congratulated on maintaining their very high standards. In the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme 21 pupils successfully completed their Gold Award this year. This is a most impressive figure for a school the size of Gresham's.

Much of what we do at Gresham's continues to focus around chapel be it through music, the various services – the Bishop of Norwich, Graham James, officiated at this year's Confirmation Service as well as accepting the School's invitation to be the guest speaker on Speech Day, or the various charity events which take place throughout the year. This year the Senior School alone raised in excess of £20,000 for various causes through individual and team efforts.

Members of the Senior Management Team and elected Governors met in April at a Strategy Away Day where issues were discussed such as Education Strategy, Development of the IB and Provision for the Sixth Form, Finance, Marketing and Management. The away day was considered by all to have been very productive and time well spent and results will inform a new development strategy for the School. Following the Headmaster's presentation to the Board of Governors a new organisation structure for the School has been produced which focuses on the appointment of a Business Director in order to ensure the School's continued financial security. It is hoped that an appointment will be made in preparation for the new academic year.

Finally, after one year in post I am happy to report that I have witnessed committed and focused children who appear happy in their work and activities. They are polite and responsive when spoken to and never fail to impress visitors to the School. The notable examinations results indicate that there is a great deal of effective teaching going on and I have also been pleased by the positive manner in which pupils at Gresham's interact with their teachers not only within the classroom but also outside on the games field and within the many other activities that we offer.

Generally the fabric of the School is in good order and the grounds are an asset. Credit must be given to our caring and experienced support staff, the Bursar and his team for maintaining such high standards. There is much to celebrate but there are areas where we can do better. For example refurbishment of the boarding facilities must continue to be a priority and work will continue on Tallis this summer and we must continue to improve communications with parents and the broader Gresham's community. It is hoped that the Gresham's Foundation will spring back into life in the near future.

Despite the recession I am happy to report that members of the School's Registry have worked very hard indeed to ensure that numbers are maintained and we look forward to an increased pupil population in the Senior School next year.

Philip John
Headmaster - July 2009



The Gresham's Foundation

Many OGs will be aware that five years ago the Fishmongers, the School's Governors, representatives of the OG Club and the School all co-operated to found a Gresham's Foundation. Many British public schools have done likewise in recent years.

A Foundation is an ongoing entity to replace periodic appeals for capital projects and a medium for collecting money for bursaries, increasingly important when schools are under pressure to 'do more with less' and there is far greater scrutiny on the charitable status of schools. The Gresham's Foundation (a company limited by guarantee) has been set up as an independent legal entity separate from the School and has been generously endowed with a significant initial endowment by the Fishmongers' Company.

The purpose is twofold. First, to raise money, usually by way of life time gifts, for a short list of essential capital projects identified by the School as needed over the coming decade. Secondly, to fund (usually by way of legacies in wills) bursaries for pupils who are either exceptional in a particular field but whose parents are unable to fund the full school fees or for pupils who are (as is tragically increasingly the case) faced with a change in circumstances during their Gresham's career.

The Foundation is structured to allow gifts in whatever form to be used either for a specific purpose set by the donor or for Gresham's benefit generally. All funds are professionally managed. The Foundation got off to a slow start. The Trustees (assisted by a steering committee of the new Headmaster and several Old Greshamians) have now determined to re-launch the Foundation with a new focus and commercial edge.

The new Headmaster, with the Bursar and other members of the senior management have identified the first major capital project, a new Music School, which is vital to replace and expand on the well-used and incredibly productive facilities that the School currently has. The School is planning other essential projects for the next decade.

The re-launched Foundation currently needs two things urgently:

- a part time employee to head up the work of the Foundation; and
- a design for the proposed new Music School.

It would suit either someone who has recently sold their business and is looking for a new challenge to stave off retirement or a recently retired person who still wishes for some part time work. Ideally we would like to recruit an OG for the post. The successful applicant would expand the job into a greater role in coming years either for themselves or a successor.

The second task requires an architect. There are plenty of OG architects out there, some of whom are already aware of the plans for the new Music School. It is proposed therefore to hold a competition for the design of the new Music School. The winning architect will not just be asked to assist with the project professionally but will have one of the rooms named after them. Any OG quantity surveyors willing to help the Foundation cost the designs submitted would also be welcomed. Any OG architect

wishing to enter the competition should contact the Headmaster's office for details of the essential elements to be incorporated into the project. We would ask all OG's reading this article to ask themselves if they could suggest names for either role and if so to get in touch with the Headmaster's office.

It is intended to hold Foundation events at the School, at Fishmongers' Hall in London and all over the country. We also plan to set up a Club exclusively for those who pledge legacies in their Wills which will offer some select and exclusive events for its members. Pupils will be invited to attend some events to explain how monies raised will be and are being actively used.

Research gleaned from talking to other schools with Foundations tells us that the Foundation will only work if the Old Greshamian Club, with its huge array of talents amongst former staff and pupils, embraces it.

Parents rarely can afford to give more to the School above and beyond the fees they are already paying, so it is down to OGs either to donate or to identify non OG benefactors who might also support the School. If the OG Club can embrace the Foundation and make it work then it will earn its place with the School and its Governors as a valued asset. The Governors have in recent years recognised how important the OG community can be, which is why OG representation amongst the School's Governors is improving rapidly. The Governors have embraced the OG Club – the OG Club now needs to embrace the Foundation to justify that faith.

James Morgan

Foundation Job Description

Employer: The Gresham's Foundation (a company limited by guarantee registered as a charity by the Charity Commission)

Job Title: Foundation Co-ordinator / Foundation Manager / Foundation Development Officer / Foundation Secretary / Foundation Fund Raiser?

Hours: Initially 12 hours a week (generally 3 mornings 9am – 1pm but to be flexible as the needs of the job require including evenings and weekends)

Pay: To be agreed

Location: To be based at Gresham's School in whatever facilities the School provides but to work there, at home (in certain limited circumstances by permission) and at other locations all over the UK, and possibly occasionally abroad, (including potential donors homes or businesses) as the needs of the role shall dictate

Role: To assist with the establishment and development of the Gresham's Foundation.

The ideal candidate will be either an Old Greshamian pupil or member of staff or will have extensive experience of the British public school system, with some experience of fund raising for charity or politics. They will have some experience of marketing, including preparing marketing literature, and modern mediums of communication. With sufficient flexibility to work flexible hours including evenings and/or weekends occasionally. Ideally they should have some 'corporate' and/or 'project management' background. They must own their own car.



Events

Red Arrows

On Wednesday 3rd September 2008, a small but select group of OGs descended upon RAF Scampton, north of Lincoln, at the very kind invitation of Andy Robins ((F 1983 – 88), aka Red Ten, aka team manager the world-famous Red Arrows.



A fantastic day followed, incorporating joining the nine pilots and engineers for their pre-flight briefing, an informative presentation on who and what the Red Arrows represent, the history of the Reds and their world-wide success at flying the flag in over 52 countries. Through discussion with other members of the group, we soon discovered that we all were in awe of the role they perform and, through observation of the private display and debrief afterwards, we soon appreciated the sheer professionalism, team spirit and perfectionism of display that the Red Arrows put on time after time after time.



Jason Baxter

Andy was extremely obliging and, following a 'close and upfront' look at the cockpit of one of the BAe Hawks it was time to go armed with our goody-bags! A great day, great hospitality, great company, great show and a promise by all to stay in touch more often. On behalf of all the OGs there on the day, thank you Andy, Thank you to the Reds (and Blues) and enjoy the post-season rest!

Jason Baxter (W 1980 – 87)



Twenty Twenty Cricket

The second Twenty Twenty competition for the Alan Ponder trophy was played out in splendid sunshine and made sure that this fixture will remain as a most enjoyable part of the school and OG calendars. Four teams competed this year: the Nocturnes, two OG sides, and a school XI. Many of the Nocturnes were relishing the prospect of the Elton John concert later on in the afternoon so it was no surprise that they were

eliminated early despite all their guile and skill and the astute captaincy of Adney Payne. The final was a well contested affair between the two OG sides. Eventually Tom Ingram's talented XI came out on top and the players retired for a celebratory drink.

Many thanks to Peter Watson for organizing such a successful day. Bring on next year!



The winning captain second left

On Having Given Up Cricket

I shall play cricket in heaven
in return for the afternoons
gladly given to the other
pleasure of others' leisure.

I shall walk, without haste, to the wicket
and nod to the angels kitted
in their whites waiting to discern
the kind of batspirit I am.

And one stroke in heaven, one dream
of a cover drive will redeem
every meeting of bat
and ball I've done without.

And I'll bowl too, come on to bowl
leg-breaks with such control
of flight and slight changes of pace
that one over will efface

the faint regret I now feel.
But best of all I shall field:
alert in the heavenly deep,
beyond the boundary of sleep.

Michael Laskey

(Michael Laskey's poem has achieved considerable notice as it has been used to promote cricket on the television. His Selected Poems have been recently published.)



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Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I write to congratulate you on the transformation of the OG magazine. Perhaps as the years pass, the contributions from the older generations make more sense. Certainly they are of interest.

For instance, the article on J.I. Sapwell revealed just how much freedom Gresham's boys enjoyed. His qualified judgement of JRE was most informative and revealed why my father and uncles had had such a respect for him, which was why the only male of my generation (no girls then) was sent to Woodlands.

I knew Robin Winter when I worked at the Ashmolean. My father had known 'Bunny' Winter. Winter père used to work for the Rootes group and gave an engine which could be taken to pieces and rebuilt which was in the engine room behind Woodlands. I was amused by Jeremy Winter describing 'Lift up your hearts' as a 'School Hymn' - he was at Bradfield. In my mind, as the name of its tune implies, it was emphatically a WOODLANDS hymn. Your obituaries, which are now often the best parts of the broadsheets, included a good one for Dickie Chopping who I met, with Denis Wirth-Miller when I spent the winter of 1958-9 working, editing, in a small family cottage, in West Mersea.

The article on Hoult Taylor is not as clear. I was also one of his pupils for English and remember going to his lodgings/digs where there was a large reproduction of a Picasso, the first I had ever seen. He told me how to go to the Tate Gallery, writing at the foot of one of my essays, 'Take an 88 bus.' I have since done so with profit.

Ian Lowe (W 1948 – 53)

I have been reading the OG Magazine, and would like to comment on the articles on the Sapwell Diaries and Hoult Taylor.

When I was in Farfield, I only did homework for one term in the dining room (apart from when I was a prefect). Homework in my study, and an increasing number of 'study periods', taught me how to plan my work on my own. As mentioned in the Sapwell Diaries I did practical work in physics and chemistry by myself – often at the weekends. Health and safety would not allow it now. Well, chemicals can be dangerous. I remember making acetamide once. A by-product of this odourless compound is rather smelly, and some got on my clothes. My colleagues at Farfield objected, so I hung the clothes outside on hangers, and the smell disappeared overnight.

Hoult Taylor was very well known in Farfield. He was a great friend of Mr Douglas (The Bird) and his family. He produced the house plays too, always in the Michaelmas term. I was in four successive plays – latterly as "director" though Mr Taylor really did that. I played a flapper (in Mrs Douglas' dressing gown) and Noah. Hoult Taylor was a delightful man to work with – and also in his English classes. His organ voluntaries were hugely popular too.

Prof. J.C.R. Turner (F 44 – 48)



Births, Marriages and Engagements

Dr Simon Lines (k&F 1986-97) married Dr Samantha Desoiza in Gibraltar in November 2007. "They have recently become the proud parents of Sophie Marisa." His younger brother **Timothy** (k&F 1990-2000) married Laura Vincent on 29th February 2008 at Gretna Green.

Robert (W 1989-92) and **Cath Hammond's** daughter Romilly Olivia was born at the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital on 3rd January 2008.

Robert Fulford (k&H 1990-2000) married Lynda Wilson on Saturday 26 April 2008. The best man was James Fulford (k&H 1988-98)

Julia Gillick (c&O 1989 – 98) writes: "My brother, Dr. Kieran Gillick (k&W 1988 -1998) married Stephanie Balsys in summer 2009."

Anthea Ayache (E 1992- 96) is engaged to David Ashford of Liphook, Hampshire.

Tim Raine (F 1993-98) is engaged to Lucy Rivett of Taverham. The bride is the niece of Martin and Stephanie Walsh (S) and so it is a very Gresham's affair.

Lauren Marriott (c&O 1989-1999) is engaged to **Tim Sisson** (W 1993-97) and they plan to marry in North Elmham in September 2009.

Appointments

As announced in *The Daily Telegraph* on 6 February, Brigadier **P C Marriott** CBE QCVS, late 17th/21st Lancers (F 1971-6), is to be promoted Major General with effect from August 2009, when he will assume the post of Commandant of the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst.

Richard Peaver writes: Patrick and I arrived at Gresham's together, he as a 3rd former and I as a new member of staff! (I've known Patrick since he was a baby; his father was my father's boss in the RN and also had a very distinguished career, with a DSO and a DSC - though not, alas, an OG himself!)

Robert Carter (H 1963 – 1972) was appointed High Sheriff of Norfolk on 6 April. He is the first Old Greshamian to be appointed to the role, which is the oldest secular office under the Crown. He has been Chairman of the R G Carter Group since 1982 and his daughter was in Oakeley.



OG News

R.C.G. Moore (F 1925 – 29) lives in Aldburgh and writes that he was 97 on 23 September. He joined British Steel on leaving school on his eighteenth birthday. He remembers his study mates in Farfield well, along with his Housemaster Robertson, who read House prayers whilst simultaneously practising his golf swings. Moore recalls his Headmaster JRE “who always spoke to me as an equal” much more fondly. Frank McEachran was a superb French teacher. The music master Greatorrex was kind to his tone deaf pupil. He told him “it was no use trying to learn the piano so you’d better listen to it.” Music lessons then took the form of listening to his music teacher on the grand piano or to gramophone records. As his pupil was no good at music Greatorrex asked what he did like. “Dickens,” he replied. The next lesson Greatorrex gave him a copy of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* - which he has kept to this day. Donald MacLean was a contemporary with the constant refrain “It’s not fair. They should do something about it.” Proleptic? W.H. Auden had a terrific piercing laugh that you could hear in the Chapel as he walked across the parade ground. His smooth boyish face was nothing like “the Christmas cake soaked in the rain” that it became.

W. Euan Hooper (k&H 1940 – 50) writes: I was interested in your photo of the three generations of Mumby. The elder Mumby was a friend of mine at Newquay in the war years and I

would like to contact him again. Keep up the great work!

John Aldridge (k&H 1938-42) writes: I was saddened to read of Gordon Craven's death in the October *OG Magazine*. He and I shared a room in the Pentire Hotel and he furthered my interest in jazz and the music of Coleman Hawkins, Count Basie, Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong. E H Treweeks who returned to school after polio also shared the room and helping him don his special upper limb splinting, was usually accepted as an excuse for lateness to breakfast.

My two brothers, **Denis and Michael**, preceded me to Gresham's. Both survived active service during the war to continue successful careers in hotel management and acting respectively. Michael's acting ability was fostered by Mr Hoult Taylor (HDFT) who became a family friend.

When I first went to Kenwyn there were races for clockwork cars, organised by the boys and with prizes of tuck. Races, the length of the cleared refectory, included scratch races, handicaps, open races and a race for the Schuco model of the Mercedes Grand Prix car of the time. Cars were carefully fettled and some of us made "specials" by installing a stronger spring and larger rear wheels. HDFT lent me his silver Mercedes to race for him. I don't recall these races surviving the move to Cornwall.

One of my granddaughters plays a tenor drum in the excellent Gordon's



School drum and pipe Band which this year marched in the Lord Mayor's Show. Both my brothers played the bugle in the Gresham's Band and later I joined to play the cymbals, graduating to a side drum and Drum major. We played at a variety of events in Newquay to help raise money for the war effort. The photo in "Gresham's in Wartime" shows us retuning to Pentire when Peter Tassell was Drum major.

Being taught to use tools was one of the most valuable aspects of my schooling. Major Kerridge was in charge of Manual Training and his call to "Stop work" occurred at intervals during the session in order to demonstrate the correct use of a tool or lathe. An ideal preparation for what became DIY and for maintaining vintage sports cars!

In 1939 I was sent back to Kenwyn early in the care of Mr and Mrs Spencer as my parents feared Watford would be bombed. I was present and involved when the East End evacuees arrived before they were housed in Holt. I also recall that Mr Dick Bagnall-Oakeley had a goshawk which for a time was housed in a shed behind Kenwyn. He had a handsome touring Alvis and before the term started would sometimes take me on trips to other parts of Norfolk.

I have just read an obituary of Judge Bob Lymbery (See below – Ed) who was a contemporary and friend of my brother Michael at Gresham's. He lived locally near Chichester and had been unwell for some time. I was sorry not

to have seen him again before he died.

Jim Wilson (c&W 1945-53) has generously given the school library a copy of his latest book *Launch Pad UK: Britain and the Cuban Missile Crisis*, concentrating on the Thor nuclear-tipped ballistic missiles which made Britain and East Anglia America's launch pad for a nuclear conflict that so nearly happened. It is a fascinating and largely untold story. Bill Duval was a senior executive of the Douglas Aircraft Company in America who was sent as a trouble shooter for the operation in 1958. Jim wonders if anyone recalls Bill Duval's son who was sent to Gresham's. Bill himself was awarded an OBE in 1995 for services to journalism.

Roger Stuart (k&OSH 1948 – 55) recently returned from a concert tour in Estonia with the London Chorus which included an appearance at a diplomatic reception to celebrate the Queen's birthday. It can rain for several days non stop in northern Europe!

Phil Wheeler (k&F 1954 –62) writes: Although my first name on my passport and in the school's records is Austin, I have never been known by it, and have been known as Phil for many years, at least since I enrolled at the University of St Andrews on the advice of Logie Bruce Lockhart.

An exiled Norfolkman, I have long regarded myself as naturalised by residence in Scotland, and am sure that LBL would approve of the fact that I cheer for Scotland at Murrayfield

stadium (which is in the ward I now represent on the city council). It is no doubt partly thanks to the humane approach to people I absorbed from both LBL and A. B. Douglas that I have had an association with the Liberal/Liberal Democrat parties ever since my student days. In the Lib Dem/SNP coalition administration in Edinburgh, I am enjoying my second career, as an elected politician, with the principal challenge of delivering the start of a tram network for Scotland's capital on budget, on time and on my watch as transport convener.

On the family side, my wife Maggie and I have a grown up family of daughter and son, both married and currently in the Aberdeen area, and twin grand-daughters born in 2006 (courtesy of daughter). As for the OG Magazine: like others I find fewer names that I recognise each issue, but was cheered to read the entry by Charlie Yonkers, whom I well remember at Farfield, as also the others named in his article.

Jeremy Cameron (F 1960-64) lives near King's Lynn. He has had five crime novels published. The last one – *Wider than Walthamstow* – was published in 2005. Another of his novels *It was an Accident* was filmed with a cast that included Thandie Newton and James Bolam.

Jacob Voorthuis (OSH) 1973-78) wrote to Richard Peaver with his news. After gaining the equivalent of a starred first class degree in art history at the University of Leiden he was then

offered a place to teach art theory. He received a Magna Cum Laude for his Doctorate in 1996. "It was during my last year at Gresham's that I somehow caught the bug and started enjoying learning for its own sake. I would like to thank Richard Peaver, Peter Corran and Logie Bruce Lockhart for all that they have done for me. These years have been quite an adventure and my experience of them would have been infinitely the poorer had it not been for my time at Gresham's." He has recently made contact with **Chris Heilman** and enjoyed eating at Paul Mowser's "trendy" restaurant in Jamaica where he met **John Jarrold**.

Following **Hugh Wright's** much-enjoyed piece on **J I Sapwell's** diaries, his son Philip (father of Jeremy and Claire) has written to say that whereas the diaries seemed to end in disappointment, Philip did in fact gain a place at Corpus Christi College



The Sapwell family

Cambridge to read medicine. He then went on to King's College London before joining his father in medical practice at Aylsham. "During the Second World War he joined the RAMC and served in India and the Far East. He returned to take up the practice on his own until 1945 until his retirement in 1972." He died in 1977.



The photograph was taken in 1918/19 at the back of the family home, the Grange, Aylsham. JI Sapwell is the fourth from the left. Philip Sapwell writes: "I wonder if it was the fashion or a school rule that all three blazer buttons had to be done up. With the full pockets it does make them bulge and crease at the bottom." (Any information? – Editor.)

Paul Kobrak (W 1971-76) is a senior producer for the BBC. According to the Daily Telegraph he accused his employers of dumbing down and rebranding the Corporation 'U2 = BBC'.

Jon Platten (F 1974 – 78) writes: I was surprised and honoured to be the only contributor from a two decade stretch of OGs in the last issue. I should just like to clarify two points. Firstly, I was at Farfield from 1974-1978, not 1971-77 as stated. More importantly, the final sentence of what was published only makes sense when accompanied by the photograph which I attach ("There is no truth in the rumour that I got a new job whilst I was there"). Kolkata is the only city in India where hand drawn rickshaws are still allowed. Those who pull them earn maybe 5 rupees per journey (80 rupees to the pound at the time we were there) in temperatures of over 30 degrees and 90% humidity. Their average life expectancy is 30, not surprising given the traffic mayhem of a city where you can meet 4x4s, hand drawn ice-cream carts and cattle in the 'fast lane' of a motorway.



Ben Soppitt (k&W 1983-89) writes from Indonesia: I did not join the OG club until some time after I left (I never expected to be nostalgic about the place!) and do look at the mag when it comes through to see if I recognize anyone. Inevitably **Glyn Barnett** (whom I keep in touch with) is mentioned for something to do with shooting. I never was tempted to write in before, not much to report I guess. However I do now, my son Arthur Beck Soppitt was born 20th Nov 2008 in Singapore. After almost ten years together I married his mum Tina on 19th April 2007. We moved to Indonesia at the beginning of the year where I am part of the team setting up a new mobile phone company – my career path has been (almost too) exciting so far (not always a good thing) and I have travelled far too much the last ten years despite living in London so it's nice to have a job which does not require much travel

and is pretty settled, ironically so far away.

Guy Bartle (k & OSH 1978-85) writes: I've written my first novel, *The Taking of the Renown*. Imagine Hornblower/Sharpe with a dash of Fantasy added in. The second of a planned trilogy is about a third to a half done. More details at www.blurb.com/bookstore/detail/546876

Alex Smith (OSH 1988-1993) writes: Since September 2008, I have been Head of English at The Royal Grammar School, Guildford, finally 'selling my soul' to the private sector. Although this is my second time round, I still reckon English departments are more difficult to manage than others. Nevertheless, I still enjoy the job immensely; my pupils are a joy. I'm always keen to meet OGs from the London / Guildford area.

After starring in the popular Peepshow on television **Sarah Colman** (O 1990 – 92), stage name Olivia Colman, made her debut on the Olivier stage at the National Theatre in the controversial comedy *England People Very Nice*, the story of four generations of immigrants in Bethnal Green. **Clair Pollard** vastly enjoyed the show and met Olivia afterwards. Olivia has her own fan site on the Internet. This may be a first for Gresham's.

Amaryllis Macey (E 1989-91) works for the somewhat misleadingly named "Youth Offending Team" in Norfolk. She has a daughter, Imogen, born in October 2005.

Jeremy Ladyman (1994 – 96) writes: I went to Cambridge and enjoyed myself a great deal, rowing and running etc but probably not working hard enough (though I came out with a decent degree). From there I took a second year out and landed myself a job in the City with one of the magic circle law firms. Two years of law school ensued. It was at law school I met Chloe, my now very long term girlfriend. I spent 4 years in London, and then moved up to Yorkshire (where Chloe is a barrister), to continue my career as a solicitor.

Carly Collier (E 1997 – 2002) has gained a first class degree in the History of Art at Edinburgh and has been working on the pictures at Buckingham Palace before going on to study for her Ph.D.

Deborah Fenn (B 1994–99) is a Private Banker with Coutts and Co. She is about to share a flat with Mary Boston and, in her spare time, continues to shoot competitively.



James Thomson and
Ronan Collett

Ronan Collett (F 1995 – 2000), Baritone soloist, and **James Thomson** (Farfield Housemaster 2003 –) member of Keswick Hall Choir, both performed *Eternal Light* by



Howard Goodall with the Rambert Dance Company at Norwich Theatre Royal. The audience were spared Ronan and James wearing tights as they both sang from the Orchestra Pit in trousers.

Dickon Gough (W 1993-1997) has achieved fame. His rear has been chosen for the television advert for a new Walkers crisps flavour: 'Builders Breakfast'. This follows Sienna Guillory who was chosen as "rear of the year" by a magazine not usually mentioned in these pages.

According to *London Lite*, **Humphrey Berney** (T 1993-98) has joined the classical boy band Blake. "With rehearsal studios costing up to £2500 a day they are saving cash by practising their act for free in the Underground. The Tube's excellent acoustics and instant public feedback make it ideal for perfecting their songs. The band, which has won a Brit Award and a £1m contract, was formed on Facebook and recruited Humphrey Berney – known as Barney – through Twitter last month, has rehearsed at Euston, Westminster and Baker Street ahead of a UK tour." The band also played at the opening of Wimbledon's new centre court.

Tessa Dixon (c&O 1991-99) writes I've been a primary school teacher for 5 years and am hoping to go into secondary English and drama teaching the year after next. At the moment, I am studying, 'Critical Approaches to Children's Literature' at Cambridge University.

Charlotte Clifford Evans (previously Aldridge) (Edinburgh 1995), writes: "I am still shooting and in fact am the Norfolk fullbore captain at the moment so see a number of the OGs and current Greshamians at Bisley. Working hard and still at PwC as a tax manager. M&A activity is a bit quiet but still in a job, at least for now! Brother Will is spending most of this year in Whistler, Canada."

Sarah Jane Morrish aka Hya (O 1994-99) is enjoying teaching English at Sprowston High School in Norwich. She is engaged to be married this August to Nick Howe.

Ben Mansfield (k&F 1990-2002) has earned considerable notice as he has taken on the role of Captain Becker in ITV's science fiction "blockbuster", *Primeval*.

Richard Stearn (F 1997-2002) captained the Exeter University team on University Challenge. They reached the semi-finals before being heavily defeated by Corpus Christi, Oxford, who were the winners of the final before they were disqualified.

Charlotte Brearley (c&E 1996 – 2007) writes: The 109th Blues Varsity match took place in March at Southgate Hockey Club in London on 3rd of March. Cambridge had a very strong start and went 1-0 up in the first few minutes which saw great excitement from the Cambridge crowds. Unfortunately, Oxford scored towards the end of the half making the score at half time 1-1. Oxford



Charlotte at the ready...

came out hard in the second half and went 2-1 up which Cambridge couldn't answer. It was a good game with an unlucky outcome but I am looking forward to captaining the side next year, hopefully to a better result. The 2nds varsity matches were in February. **Rachel Quick** represented Cambridge and **Tessa Furnivall** led Oxford to victory. **Alex Bartlam** was organising the sponsorship for both sides!

Grant Pointer (W 2001–06) made his international rugby debut in February representing the English Universities against the Irish Colleges. He is at present studying Sports Science at Loughborough University

Holt Christmas Lights 2009 Appeal

Each year Holt Christmas Lights continues to grow and attract enormous crowds. This years switch on is on November 25th. This event is funded entirely by donations from the local community and businessess. Sadly these donations are falling and we would very much appreciate your help. If you would like to make a donation to this years appeal then please visit the website www.holtchristmaslights.org and download a donation form to send with your donation. All details are printed on the form and more details of the event are available on our website.

THANKYOU so much in anticipation of your kind donation from
Mrs A.J.Heathfield, fundraiser on behalf of **THE HOLT CHRISTMAS LIGHTS
COMMITTEE 2009.**



What made and makes a good school?

Hugh Wright (Headmaster 85 – 91) makes some discoveries while going through Gresham's archives.

During a recent survey of the archives of Gresham's School, the aim of which was to try to understand how W. H. Auden emerged from it with an exhibition in Natural Science at Oxford and a life-long interest in science, I stumbled across more than I expected, and what I found resonated with two thought-provoking articles in recent editions of *Conference & Common Room*: John Blatchly's on the education of famous musicians and, in the latest edition, Darren Ayling's account of how they are 'Creating Independent learning' at Ipswich School.



There must be something in the air in East Anglia! It has always seemed surprising that a small boarding school in North Norfolk produced in the 1920s and 30s an extraordinary number of highly creative and innovative people in many different spheres.

The very famous names, any of which would tempt a school to boast, constitute a remarkable sextet. Auden, Britten, Cockerell, Hodgkin, Nicholson, Spender, are, as even Lord Reith, a Greshamian of an earlier generation, would have to acknowledge, some of the greatest Britons of the twentieth century.

What did the school contribute to their development? Or, perhaps more pertinently, what did the school do not to stunt their development? And, whatever the school did or didn't do what made it the kind of school it was? A very complete picture emerged from numerous sources in the archives of its character, the lives of its pupils and the personalities of its staff. A brief summary of them gives much food for thought and perhaps explains its success.

The Head, J.R. Eccles had a clear idea of a very personal philosophy of education which he had helped his predecessor, G.W.S. Howson, to initiate *de novo* some 20 years before. (He was promoted from the common room to become Headmaster.) The curriculum gave pride of place to science and he was himself a good scientist who taught physics and was a form master in the sixth form.

Eccles dominated the school's life. His eccentricities, which were easy to ridicule, did not prevent his ideas getting across and he had the full support of his staff. He was uninhibited in his lecturing of his house and the school in general, not least from the pulpit, with his religious, political and economic thinking. He was a

neo-Liberal who invited politicians of his persuasion to speak and attacked the Conservative government in the early 1920s at every opportunity, which included house and school debates. The school was profoundly liberal in outlook and as a whole anti-establishment – an establishment tempted to ostracise the Sitwells because they liked William Walton's music.

The common room was unusually unionised at that time, doubtless influenced by a member of the common room who had overt hard left sympathies. And yet it was a time of change – the first labour government was elected in 1924 while Auden was at Gresham's. The school was alive with debate, formal and informal. Contributions to discussion, talks and lectures, often by the pupils themselves, were carefully recorded. All ideas were thought to matter and public criticism, even in the official publications, was uninhibited. Boys and staff joined in the running of the school's societies which were central, not peripheral – more than half the school, for instance, were in the natural history society.

There were no matches with other schools, only with local clubs and within the school, although an annual hockey match against Gordonstoun was started later in which the Duke of Edinburgh remembers playing – presumably his first visit to North Norfolk. Visits to docks, factories and local places of work were arranged in term time and on occasion in the holidays too. This flexibility was echoed in an unorthodox approach to the timetable. In the science sixth, for instance, 17 out of the 38 lessons in a week, known as extras, were for a pupil's own use and time during prep could be used for teaching, if it had been lost for any reason. Nevertheless, divinity was always first lesson on a Monday morning!

There were no public examinations after the age of 16, except Oxbridge entry. Staff chose what to teach and examined their own sets at the end of the year. They did not necessarily confine themselves to their own subject and there wasn't a curriculum in the modern sense of the word.

The boys were trusted. Nowhere was locked at any time and they were free to use the library, workshops and the laboratories for their own work and experiments in the evenings, always unsupervised. On the other hand, many of the key members of the common room were bachelors, as was the Headmaster, and lived on campus, which surely provided both a sense and the reality of some degree of security.

It was also a small community – 25 staff and 250 pupils, nearly all boarders, which seemed to them a good size – and one which operated an honour system. Much has been made of this – a system of discipline under which the boys were made to give their word on arrival they would keep the rules and confess if they did not. One old boy, who lived under the system, has said it was rather like going to stay



with a maiden aunt. If you allowed her to sew up your trouser pockets on arrival and wrote a really nice thank-you letter afterwards, the time between was completely your own.

Certainly it is agreed the school was unusually free of bullying and, despite the almost total absence of corporal punishment, discipline seems to have been good. Those who were strongly inclined, even at times vociferously inclined, like Wystan Auden, to go their own way, of whom in any school with many bright boys there will be some, managed very well under the honour system by ignoring it.

In the school as a whole there were many expert and highly gifted people among the pupils as well as the staff. Such pupils, through lectures in societies, debates and individually initiated academic work, taught each other to a considerable extent. Parents were invited to speak to the societies and in school debates. Drama and music were taken very seriously and commented on freely. Precocious talent was encouraged and given free rein.

That must have been one of the reasons Benjamin Britten's parents chose the school. Originality in thought and expression seems to be a defining characteristic that resulted from this and many Greshamians of that era opened up new fields, particularly in science, engineering and the arts.

Times have certainly changed and to want to turn back the clock is a mistake. However, there are some characteristics that always seem to be found in really good schools which cut across the generations. One, exemplified at Gresham's in the '20s and '30s was to have an enlightened and commendable philosophy and to apply it across the whole life of the school. The energy and vision of the Head is central too.

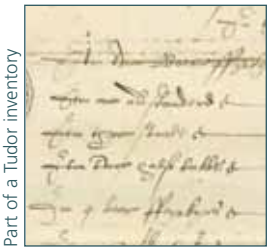
A willingness to think of the process of education as one of mutual discovery rather than the passing on of information and skills must rank high. So too is the willingness which goes with this to trust the pupils not to waste time if left to themselves.

Once the furnace is lit in a good school, all, staff and pupils alike, are encouraged to have their own ideas and to accept that lively, sometimes fierce, debate is inevitable and integral to the life of the school. The parents of course have to know what their children are going to experience and, having chosen the school, must support it.

The two core values seem to be alarmingly simple: to believe passionately in the value of ideas you want to get across and to respect the contribution the pupils make. Oh, and for everyone to be willing to be involved 24 hours a day and seven days a week.

A True Inventory taken of goods chattels moveabls Thomas Tallis master of ye free schole in Holtmarkett 1640

It was one of the happy chances of history that it survived at all. I was researching the history of Holt in the Norwich Record Office when I came across a name I knew well: Thomas Tallis, the first-named headmaster of Gresham's. It was in a document that may not have been studied since the seventeenth century, and certainly not by anyone researching the history of Gresham's School. The will of this famous and successful headmaster has been quoted, but not the inventory which accompanied it and which lay in the records of the Norwich Consistory Court for three hundred and fifty years before being photographed and microfiched.



Inventories have a special place in the hearts of most local historians, as they give a unique insight into the homes and lives of ordinary people in pre-census days. They were lists made, room by room, in the months after a person had died, of his or her possessions and personal effects. Just as future generations might make judgements about us from our 'consumer behaviour' so we can discuss what the belongings of the long-dead may say about them.

Only eleven Holt inventories from the 17th century are in the Norfolk Record Office. Tallis's is one of them and (fortunately!) one of the easiest to read. The documents are full of words which have fallen into disuse, reminding us how far we are from from that time, but it is possible to understand most of them.

Tallis's inventory begins with a remarkable and unusual list of his 'wearing apparell'.

<i>Imprimis</i>	2 hats	0	5	0
<i>Item</i>	4 gownes	5	0	0
<i>It</i>	3 clokes	2	10	0
<i>It</i>	4 sutes - dublet and a p(r) of lininge	3	0	0
<i>It</i>	7 paires of stokens 1 payre of boots } and 4 pairs of shoes }	1	0	0
	2 shirts 1 paire of linnen hose 1 payre of }	4	3	0
	boote hose toppes 5 bands 13 }			
	handcirchiffes a remnant of Cambricke }			
	8 cappes			

Why did a 72-year old man have such an extensive wardrobe? Presumably he felt that his status demanded it, but it might have been pure vanity. Four gowns, expensive items rather like academic gowns, but often faced with fur or velvet, seem particularly luxurious.



Boot hose



Doublet



Cloak



Shirt

Next came his plate:

<i>It</i>	<i>for plate 1 salt gilt 1 cup 1 beaker}</i>	<i>12</i>	<i>0</i>	<i>0</i>
	<i>15 spoones 2 lipped juggs}</i>			

It is worth noting that £12 in 1640 would have the buying power of over £1,000 today.

Another upstairs room was appraised next:

<i>It</i>	<i>a feiled bedstead 1 featherbed 2 bouldsters</i>			
	<i>2 pillowes a livery bed boulder 2 blankets</i>			
	<i>and a flight bed</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>8</i>	<i>0</i>
<i>It</i>	<i>a deske with boxes and a nest of draw</i>			
	<i>boxes</i>	<i>6</i>	<i>6</i>	<i>8</i>
<i>It</i>	<i>4 writting desks 3 old tables</i>	<i>0</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>0</i>
<i>It</i>	<i>ye library of bookes</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>6</i>	<i>8</i>
<i>It</i>	<i>ye reste of the stuffe with some ? small</i>			
	<i>things [-----]</i>	<i>0</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>0</i>

There are a couple of ‘put-you-up’ beds, a mattress filled with the husks of oats (a flight bed), and, it seems, the desks at which the boys would sit to work. The ‘library of bookes’, some of which Tallis gifted to the school, forming the Foundation Library, seem, perhaps surprisingly, not to have been worth a great deal.

Downstairs in the Hall, the main reception room of the house, the furniture is sparse but the room was at least heated, the ‘cole rake’ in the kitchen suggesting that Tallis could enjoy a good blaze.

<i>In ye Hall</i>				
<i>It</i>	<i>a frame table a settel 5 stoles 2 chaires }</i>			
	<i>1 chest an old cuberte 1 cushinge 1 payre of</i>			
	<i>Andiron }</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>10</i>	<i>0</i>
	<i>1 pr of tonges a paire of plaing tables }</i>			



He does not appear to have done much entertaining but liked to invite his friends to play backgammon at the ‘plaing tables’.

One unusual and evocative item was listed, which in anyone else’s house would have been luxurious indeed, but for Tallis was ‘a tool of his trade’. No doubt everyone wanted to know when Latin parsing was over!

<i>It</i>	<i>in ye schole a chaire a cushion an</i>			
	<i>howerglasse</i>	<i>0</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>6</i>

The last sections of the inventory bring surprises. Tallis was a property owner with a tenant in a house ‘cald ye Rose’, which seems to have had only one room and a storehouse. He had another way of making money too.

	<i>in the schole chamber</i>			
<i>It</i>	<i>in bonds and bills ---ased (smudged) good debt</i>	<i>220</i>	<i>0</i>	<i>0</i>
<i>It</i>	<i>in bonds and bills desperate debt</i>	<i>175</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>6</i>
<i>It</i>	<i>muneey in the house</i>	<i>0</i>	<i>10</i>	<i>0</i>
<i>It</i>	<i>a bed and a pair of slippes</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>0</i>	<i>0</i>

Most of his wealth was money lent at about 10% interest. Anyone in a community who had spare cash could lend it to his neighbours – widows often boosted their legacies in that way. These were the days before banks – the Bank of England was not founded until 1694, over half a century after Tallis died. But maybe he was not such a shrewd investor – his ‘desperate’ debts – those unlikely ever to be repaid – were considerable too.

So what picture do we glean of Thomas Tallis the consumer? He did not care for luxurious furnishings, but had some precious plate to ornament his table. There were no pictures or hangings on his walls, perhaps reflecting a somewhat puritanical cast of mind, though this does not square with his enjoyment of gambling games. We see him as schoolmaster, with his desk, his library of books and his hourglass. But our last view of the old man is as a money-lender, checking his accounts at the end of a long day, his ‘bed and a pair of slippes’ nearby, falling asleep above his schoolroom.



From The Diary of A.C. Benson



GWS Howson in 1908

A C Benson was the Master of Magdalene College Cambridge and the brother of E F Benson the novelist. Just before the First World War he was chosen by the Fishmongers' Company as a governor of the school. It was a task that gave him great pleasure as the following extracts from his diary show. He donated the A C Benson Prize for English Literature which is still awarded today.

Before his illness he had already been nominated a Governor of Gresham's School at Holt, in Norfolk; and with this appointment was the beginning of his long and close association with the City Company of Fishmongers, by whom the school is maintained. Within a year of his recovery he was elected to the Court of the Company, much to his gratification, and thenceforward a "Fishmonger Day" in London was a very regular and frequent occurrence. And now, as before, invitations to lecture, give addresses, distribute prizes, came to him from all parts of the country, and were freely accepted.

The country I liked best was that between Brandon and Walton, where I think I must some day spend a month – so full of sweet woods and pleasant villages. We were at Holt soon after 11.00. I went to a meeting...We also had a boy to reprove....

Then lunch: Westcott (Archdeacon) very deaf and venerable. The clergy were awful. The rebuked boy had as one of his misdemeanours played kiss-in-the-ring at a Church Fete. A vicar said anxiously to me, 'What is your view of the ethics of kiss-in-the-ring?' Then the speeches, in the open-air woodland theatre – very hot, and the air makes voices, and faces, ineffective Westcott was good – nice, paternal in manner, amusing, not in the least priggish or profound.... The boys all looked smart and good, and the whole day was rather jolly.

Then a rush round Miller's house with Chinery, talk to two or three boys, tea and flight. I got off the main stream of gabble altogether. We came back at a great pace, up to fifty miles an hour in some places. Salter and Percy to dine, and rather too much champagne....

March 15 – At 1.00 I drove to the station and caught the 1.37.... A great north-

west gale blowing loud. The Brandon country is delicious, with its bare heaths and pines, and streams of sapphire blue, wind-ruffled, among pale sedge-beds. Then it became Norfolk, an attractive county.... So to Cromer, where I was met by a car. It was awfully cold. I liked the look of Cromer, its gay red houses among the little sea-woods, and we went by pleasant wooded roads through sparsely inhabited lands (to Holt). I found Howson, got tea, went to the hall: delivered a lecture on Hans Andersen, wholly without nervousness. The boys looked very jolly. They are so friendly here. The captain of the school came up and talked, and a vivacious handsome boy, Graves, son of L.C. Graves, came to ask questions. Then back to dinner.... A lot of masters came in to dessert. We smoked and discussed the prospects of the school up and down till 11.30. I like the way in which the boys walk in at any time, to ask questions, even during dinner. Howson is a good host, not fussy, genial....

I am glad to have done this; it's tiring, in a way, but my nerves seem to be strong.... I am glad to find the masters feel confidence in me. Howson introduced me to the school as one who worked very hard for the welfare of Holt, mostly in the background; and it is interesting to have to do with a place like this. It is a good little break, a wash of outside interests through the mind, and the sight of all those jolly handsome friendly boys did me much good. I am to come down and address them in chapel next term...

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Returning home... Molly Garnier



Many thanks to Molly for allowing us to use her painting as the cover for the Magazine...

Following her recent return home to the North Norfolk coast, the work of award-winning young artist Molly Garnier (O 1994 – 99) was featured in a solo exhibition at the Appleyard Gallery, Holt. Graduating in 2003 from

Edinburgh College of Art with a 1st Class Honours degree in drawing and painting, Molly was the recipient of a Lynn Painter Stainer Prize in 2006. Primarily a figurative painter, she is recognised for her small smoky images of the female nude playing on the subtleties of light, shadow and depth. Critics have described her postcard-sized wooden panels as 'reminiscent of Degas and those Victorian photographs of women accidentally glimpsed in domestic surroundings.'

In her latest body of work since returning to Norfolk, Molly is painting the constantly shifting and limitless landscape of the sea and sky, a result of both the physical and psychological experiences of discovering and responding to this beautiful coastline. Her work is essentially about light and creating images that emerge from the surface of the paint. The play of light reveals and hides detail, allowing the build-up of thin layers of oil paint, applied with a dry brush, to be as important as the subject matter.

Reprinted from *Venue*, Summer 2009.

Putting you in the picture – OGs and the School Archives

Since the move from its temporary venue behind the stage in Tallis the School Archive is now settled in more suitable and permanent accommodation in a suite of unused boys' studies in Howson's. From the pile of damp and yellowing documents rescued from the Library basement in 2005 we now have a collection of material representing the School's long history which is well used by OGs, current pupils and the public for research. A large proportion of the collection is now preserved for posterity in acid-free sleeves and boxes and fully catalogued to

enable efficient retrieval. There is still much to be done, not least sorting and listing the uncatalogued material, but I believe we now have the basis of an archive to be proud of and a good foundation on which to build.

I am pleased to be able to report that I recently managed to purchase at auction the first three editions of *The Grasshopper* from 1929. These early magazines are fascinating in that they contain contributions from several O.G.s who have gone on to achieve notoriety, namely Donald Maclean and Richard Chopping. We still have a number of editions missing from our set and I would be pleased to hear from any OGs who could help fill those gaps. Similarly, I have been listing school photographs both in the collection and displayed around the site, and I would love to hear from any of you who have pictures you would consider donating.

Our digitisation programme involving pupils scanning photographs from albums to add to the database was re-started last December. I now have two very keen new helpers who are currently being trained to carry on the good work. Other pupils have been using the Raymond Berridge material researched by Sue Smart for her book in their history lessons, and a group of IB students paid a visit last year. A recent O.G. is planning to base his dissertation for his history degree on the Archives and is considering a topic based on the headship of the charismatic George Howson.

To mark the move to Howson's I staged a display on the history of the house for Open Day which has been attracting interest from current residents ever since. It will also be used for the Howson commemoration lunch in June and Speech Day to give more people an opportunity to see the material. A display about headmasters which appeared at last year's Speech Day to mark the end of one tenure and the beginning of another is now on show in the Archives. In February I researched and staged an exhibition in conjunction with ex-head Hugh Wright as part of the literary festival to celebrate 100 years since O.G. Stephen Spender was at Gresham's. The material collected for this event included photographs, press cuttings, obituaries, etc and helped considerably in raising awareness of this talented O.G. poet. Next year we are moving on from poets to focus on an artist and photographer Humphrey Spender.

I am pleased to be able to report an increase in the numbers of enquiries from O.G.'s in the first few months of 2009, no doubt coinciding with the publication of the 1911 Census online. Reading the stories of boarding life in the Forum section of the O.G. website has also been rewarding, and I have been busy researching some potted histories of the houses to encourage more contributions. Cataloguing a box of research material donated by Steve Benson has unearthed some more interesting stories from old boys who contributed material for his history of Gresham's. I hope you will find the following snippets entertaining and nostalgic ...



One O.G. recalls the 1930's when new boys would be teased that they would have to perform in an end of term concert. As the term progressed, senior boys would question the youngsters over their party piece, causing much concern. One or two boys would become quite panic stricken, but eventually rumours of a hoax circulated and the looming threat was removed.

The same O.G. remembers Farfield housemaster Bruce Douglas' gentle yet humiliating punishment for misdemeanours, whereby a pram carrying his new daughter would have to be pushed on a circuit of the paths around Howson's early in the morning accompanied by jeers and taunts from boys watching from the windows. The teasing would apparently continue for the rest of the day.

Moving on to the 1960's another O.G. sent in the following amusing anecdote about the Young Farmers' Club. One pupil had been asked to fill up the water bowl of the pheasant chicks the group were raising in their small farm near the old San. Taking the lemonade bottle he found to hand, unknown to him unfortunately full of paraffin for the heater, he duly filled the drinking container. The young chicks happily jumped in for a splash and then scurried over to the heater to warm themselves up with somewhat disastrous consequences. The 'resulting inferno of fluffy chicks' set the YFC breeding programme back considerably!

Finally, a typically dangerous schoolboy activity that went horribly wrong – it used to be common practice to collect lead from the school's shooting ranges to melt down in the forge to make weights. To extract the lead from the moulds it was first necessary to cool them in the quench tank. One hapless boy filled a mould with lead while it still contained water, resulting in a lot of steam and an explosion. Lead flew out of the mould and coated the boy from head to foot. He appeared at house prayers later that evening looking like the Tin Man from *The Wizard of Oz*, only being saved from massive scarring by his sturdy school blazer! I think you will agree that personal and amusing stories like these add greatly to the more formal record provided by documents such as registers, school lists and prospectuses. They bring a warm humanity to the history of the School and enable current pupils to empathise with OGs, making links between the present and the past. I very much enjoy reading your reminiscences and hope you will continue to support your School Archive by contributing memories and memorabilia.

Liz Larby, Archivist

From the Archives: Editorial from the First Edition of *The Grasshopper*



PHASGONURA VIRIDISSIMA, the great green grasshopper, is a creature chiefly distinguished to the superficial observer by the intensity of his jumps. He is, it would seem, a cheerful insect, inclined to rashness, a little garrulous, imbued with a pleasant sense of his own importance, but, altogether, a well-meaning and law-abiding citizen. The specimen which the reader is about to examine, he is begged to do so with due consideration for his sensitive feelings, has not been long emerged from his chrysalis, but in his preliminary progress through a young and green world, he has seen much of the great and small. Many violets in retreat beneath their leaves have been revealed to him in his soaring flight. In Pepys' words, he finds existence "mighty divertising," and, if the reader's scrutiny be gentle, he will proceed upon his parabolic path to a green old age in the mists of the future. No one knows what therein he may discover.

From the Second Edition in 1931

Bifel that in Septembere I did goe
 To Holt upon a trainè rightè slowe.
 (For men will clepe the slowest railè-way,
 The Midlande and Greet Northerne, any day.)
 Whan that the traine was crawled to Southe Lynne,
 A worthy scolmastere ther entered in.
 (Scathè it was that when the whistle went,
 I could not change my compartiment.)
 A knobbè had he sitting on his nosè.
 He read him in his 'Lower Latin Prosè,'
 So that I woot he was a lernèd wight,
 To read 'De Bello Gallico' at sight.
 Wo wer his boyes whan that he did them smoot,
 Nor could they sitten doon for days, I woot.
 Twa smalè children hadde he, that did sing,
 Whan that they did not wepe, like anything;
 They read the signes againe and yet againe:
 'To stop the trainè, pulle down the chainè
 And 'Penaltyè for improper use.'
 'To lene out of the windwe's dangerous.'
 They hadde a bagge of oranges to eat



And threw the skinnès underneath the seat;
 They haddè, eek, an Olde Scole Housè Bunne,
 That must, I trow, have cost a minte of money,
 So hard was it, it would not shew a smere
 Whan that men smoot it with a sledge-hammere;
 Ther-to they threw the beestlè thing aboutè,
 So was I rightè glad when they got outr.

M.F.M.M.

(M.F.M. Meikejohn (F 27 – 31) became Professor of Italian at Glasgow and was 'Well-known for his light hearted writings on bird life'.)

The Life and Death of Flight Sub-Lieutenant Raymond Berridge

In 1917, nineteen-year-old Raymond Berridge was tragically killed in an air crash in northern France whilst on his first patrol above enemy territory. Gresham's School Archive is fortunate enough to hold a fascinating but yet emotionally challenging collection of letters written by members of Raymond Berridge's family during the First World War. Subsequently, these letters were donated to the school by Raymond's grief-stricken father, Winchester, who was for many years Director of the Wigmore Hall in London. In striking contrast to the mountain of cold and impersonal official documentation that brought an administrative closure to Raymond's life, these letters contain moments of surprising humour and lightness. What emerges is a profound and elegiac reflection on loss and a desperate search for meaning.

The life of Raymond Berridge will be told by those who knew him best; his family, school friends, teachers and fellow members of the Royal Naval Air Squadron. Staff and pupils will collaborate on this special production which will include the reading of extracts from letters which have remained obscured from public view for over ninety years. The evening will also include a selection of contemporary songs by Vaughan Williams, Finzi, Gurney and Butterworth

All OGs are invited to this non-ticketed and free event, Gresham's School History presented by Gresham's School History Department on **Tuesday 17 November at 8.00 in Big School**

Legend has it Laurence Olivier once suggested his cousin (Martin John) would have made the better actor...

The BBC holds many memories for me, both as an actor and later an agent representing some big comedy stars of TV in the sixties and seventies. I detest name droppers but nonetheless feel, since it was an integral part of my professional life, I can reveal who some of my clients were without shame. My small business helped to establish comedy star David Jason and Jimmy Perry, one half of the Dad's Army scripting team. Ian Lavender, ultimately Private Pike in the series was also one of my aspiring young actors. In 1967 we merged with a much larger agency that boasted, among their clients, the late Benny Hill, Dave Allen and Wendy Richard as well as Barbara Windsor and writer and producer David Croft. As a member of Gresham's alumni, whenever I found myself at Television Centre or Broadcasting House, a tingle would travel up my spine. I actually felt proud that the BBC's founder had been a Gresham's student with remarkable vision as well as some controversial views.

The British Broadcasting Company, as it was first called, was set up by John, later Lord Reith in October 1922. Less than a month later a licence fee of ten shillings (50p) was levied on all who possessed a radio set or cat's whisker as it was popularly called. Less than a year later the first edition of the enduring *Radio Times* was published and priced at less than 2 pence in today's currency. The circulation soon peaked at 600,000. Maybe Reith knew exactly what he and colleagues had given birth to – his words at the time seemed to support this – but it is equally possible he had no idea of the “monster” he was creating. He had envisaged an independent British broadcaster able to educate, inform and entertain the whole nation, free from political interference and commercial pressure. *“Broadcasting is a development with which the future must reckon seriously. Here is an instrument of almost incalculable importance in the social and political life of the community in affairs national and international.”*

Amongst other alumni are some colourful characters from diverse worlds such as music, poetry, movie making, espionage, vacuum cleaner technology and the hovercraft industry! We all know who they are or were and possibly one or two of those still with us are reading this thinking “wow, I went to a cracking school which must have had a deeply significant influence on my life.” Private education has received a sceptical press recently, particularly since the dawn of a new age of austerity. But there are as many, shall we say, ex-boarding school boys and girls who loved their school as hated it and everything it stood for. Those of my friends



whose parents were wealthy enough to afford the fees are equally divided on the subject. I myself try to accommodate both sides of the debate. But whenever I encounter the “I hated my school” protester I always think they feel politically challenged or genuinely had a rotten time.

Teachers too are remembered by generations of pupils, some for their skills, others for their personalities and thankfully few for their inability to engage with their students. My fears and anxieties completely evaporated when I met with those who were to guide me through my first year at Gresham's. I wrote in last year's magazine of Hoult Taylor who brought so much culture to the school but I remember with great affection teachers such as Dyson, Coleridge, Thomas, Burroughs, Colombé, Bagnall-Oakeley and, from Australia, my imperturbable housemaster E.G. Kelly.



The mystery and controversy surrounding the extraordinarily personable Martin John Olivier, housemaster at Howson's and holder of the post of Headmaster upon my arrival at the school in September 1950, is still a vivid and somewhat disturbing memory. He was related to Laurence Olivier who became my hero in professional life and who, legend has it, once suggested his cousin would have made the better actor. This self effacing view is not altogether surprising since this was a man, although short of stature, had the ability to hold an audience spellbound with oratory as arresting as any leading actor or politician. There is virtually no record of his sudden removal from Gresham's but those of us who were witnesses to the bizarre circumstances that led to his dismissal will not easily forget.

Fast forward 55 years and here I am back in Norfolk. Tina, wife and chef at Brovey Lair, our intimate seafood restaurant near Swaffham, has achieved the impossible. Against all the laws and traditions of business practice we worked for the same company between 1985 and 1996 compiling and writing guide books for the travel industry. During our travels backwards and forwards, across and over the planet, little realising how large was our carbon footprint as she acquired recipes from every one of the countries visited. After seven years as a professional cook she finds herself one of the ten top women chefs in the current *Good Food Guide* where her restaurant enjoys pole position in Norfolk. So unique is the concept BBC TV has made a documentary programme from Brovey Lair featuring Tina, her cooking and a couple with similar aspirations.

Those who have had to face the prospect of finding employment in the wake of the economic tsunami may well be looking for an alternative source of income. So, can you or your partner cook? Better still, can either of you cook like Marco Pierre White or Angela Hartnett? Ever thought of using that talent, not as a substitute for a six figure salary, but possibly as a means of generating some cash to ease the financial burden?

Several of our guests over the years have expressed real interest in setting up a similar operation. There are of course many hoops to jump through, not the least of which is welcoming complete strangers into the sanctuary of your own private space. Admittedly it is not recommended either for the faint hearted or those unwilling to go the whole distance. These are uncertain times with university graduates launching themselves on a job market that is still deep in recession. I may not have scored high marks academically but I believe Gresham's gave me the sort of grounding necessary to face most of life's challenges with the possible exception of a wife-cum-chef firing on all cylinders!

Mike Pemberton (OSH 1950 –55)a

A 50th Class Reunion at Yale University

I left Gresham's some sixty years ago. On the road to now a rather busy retirement and after National Service in the early '50s I happened to be in America working my way across and back, and doing such jobs as roughneck on an oil rig, mining gold and silver, driving a seismograph truck in the Rockies, assistant to the tennis coach and lifesaver at the swimming pool at the Darien Country Club, and the like, and among these various activities, and others, managed to persuade the Admission authorities at Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut to take me on to an eventual Degree in American Studies.

I was in the class of '59 and graduated accordingly and this June of 2009 could not resist the temptation to attend the Class 50th Reunion. This was duly held (with other reunions – but the 50th is the biggie) at the Ivy League University, and we were allocated Silliman College (one of the thirty or so residential colleges) for our three nights and four days of festivities, although some, with or without families, preferred to stay in hotels, or being local, their own homes. Actually flying and arriving late on Thursday 4th June and departing on the afternoon of the Sunday, there were only two full days there, but they were full and tiring!

Initially there were some 900 in the Class, but there were absentees for all sorts of reasons, and 156 had died, so a residue of 350 attended, and most had



contributed to a heavyweight Class Book or record (mine came by post and cost \$42 postage and I was glad not to have it for hand luggage), but it has proved a good source of reference.

I had offered to give a talk on Thomas Paine, revolutionary, once a corset maker apprentice here in Diss and also of Thetford, who went on to write the three best-selling books of the 18th Century, *Common Sense*, *Rights of Man*, and *The Age of Reason*, and who died in penury in Greenwich Village, New York in 1809. Fortunately my offer was turned down, I think Paine is more popular in Norfolk. The Class of 1959, however, had its own artists and their exhibits were to be enjoyed in the Silliman Art Gallery.

The main objectives of every Reunion are of course firstly to help raise money for one's Alma Mater, and Yale has a splendid Dowry, and much expense. The second is to meet and talk with old friends, and one only had to sit down at Table and old and new classmates would come and talk of their activities. We had a dedicated and most helpful Class Committee who looked after us. We also raised more money for Yale (tax deductible for them) than any previous Class. But I believe every Class does this in turn, not to be outdone! Although I had only the two full days there, the 50th Reunion lived up to expectation and was not to be missed.

Robert Manning (OSH 1945 – 48)

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What's Your Bag?

Forget the Hermès Birkin; former Gresham's girl Emily Cheetham (E 88 – 93) has just the handbag collection to inspire you. Heralded by Vogue.com as a “hot new name in bag design”, Emily's boutique label, Cheet, has already caught the eye of those in the know, while CAD by Cheet, her affordable new label for men, is equally cool and quirky. Here, she talks to Sara White about bags, business and big ambitions.



Last summer, a survey of 1,500 shoppers conducted at the Lakeside Centre, Essex, concluded that the average woman owns 111 handbags during her lifetime. Dubbed “Sienna Miller Syndrome”, our obsession with handbags is deep-rooted.

The term “handbag” first came into usage in the 1900s. Initially, a symbol of emancipation in the 1920s, the handbag's popularity boomed, and by the 1950s fashion houses like Chanel and Hermès were well established with a clientele of glamorous stars including Grace Kelly. According to a recent survey, the average spend of a 30-something today is £380 and the average weight of a handbag is 3½lb (1.6kg). More than half of the women questioned had lost a handbag at one time or another – good job you can now take out an insurance policy specifically for your handbag. In the Noughties, the handbag has replaced shoes as a woman's most coveted item. Sales of handbags have increased by 146pc in the past five years, with the average cost of a designer bag at Selfridges now £850. For the ultimate symbol of luxury, it has to be a Hermès Birkin. Handcrafted with a waiting list of two years, the bag is named after British actress Jane Birkin. It was elevated to legendary status when Doyle's, New York, auctioned a diamond-encrusted one in 2004 for \$64,800; a record.

All this is music to the ears of Emily Cheetham, a rising star in the world of accessories design. In 2006 Emily won the London Fashion Forum's Best Accessories Designer Award and went on to design a capsule collection of belts and bags for Hobbs. Emily says, “the award was a springboard” and the stylish Designers at Debenhams line, CAD by Cheet, followed thereafter. Emily's designs sit alongside household names such as John Rocha and Jasper Conran.

Looking back, launching the business in 2002 was a gutsy move, especially as



Emily admits she “had no real clue”. She ditched her job in PR, got a part-time job to supplement her income and did the odd pattern-cutting course, but says she is “mostly self-taught”. From producing bespoke bags in her bedroom, which she initially crafted on a family heirloom, a Singer machine, which “went forwards and backwards only!” Emily now designs and exhibits two collections a year in London and Paris.

Cheet is stocked in 70 shops and department stores around the world including Fenwicks and Graham & Green in London, Collen and Clare in

Southwold, The Tannery in Holt and CAD by Cheet in selected Debenhams. “Winning an award definitely boosted my confidence and gave me industry recognition,” she says.

As the saying goes, great things start from small beginnings. This is certainly true for Cheet, which boasts a growing celebrity fan base. Emily recalls making a red suede bag for Keira Knightly while film star Natascha McElhone memorably left “the most wonderful message about how gorgeous she thought her bag was – it was on my machine for months,” says Emily. GMTV’s Jenni Falconer is another supporter along with actress Margo Stilley. Strictly Come Dancing’s Gethin Jones, rugby player Will Greenwood and TV’s Ben Shepherd all wear Emily’s CAD by Cheet designs.

Emily lives in Battersea, London with her husband. She works hard and says; “Running your own business is very stressful. It’s very hard to switch off”. Roger Saul, who originally founded Mulberry, has been a huge inspiration to her, “We sat round the kitchen table and chatted...he gave me advice on moving forward. I am incredibly lucky to have met him. It was reassuring to hear that someone who had started such a globally successful company faced many of the same headaches.”

Emily travels a lot with her work; tradeshow, as well as sampling trips to Asia, and a leather fair in Bologna. She has recently returned from India where she also managed to get some rest from her hectic schedule. Travel provides a major source of inspiration for Emily; “Colour is very important to me. I like to mix colours and make my palettes unusual but wearable...my mind is keen to notice details and notions that I could work into a bag, anything from the fret work in a

fence to seeing the different coloured fruits stacked up at the market. Shapes, lines, folds, textures, materials and surfaces all interest me". She says she "relishes Paul Smith for his slightly eccentric Englishness and bold use of patterns".

Despite all the overseas travelling, Emily is very happy to be back in Norfolk, at any opportunity, walking along the Morston Marshes picking samphire, barbecuing at Blakeney Point or enjoying a drink at The Victoria after a stroll on the sands at Holkham, her favourite beach. She has fond memories of her school days at Gresham's, Holt where she boarded from ages 13 to 18, and likes nothing better than a chance to revisit some of her old haunts. During the summer she was bridesmaid at the wedding of one of her school-friends; the reception was at Galton Blackiston's Morston Hall Hotel & Restaurant.

Over six years in business Emily Cheetham has made great strides, and who knows what she may achieve in the next six, perhaps her dream of a Cheet "stand alone store". Emily says: "Cheet is still a small and independent label, it gives people that feeling of having discovered something really special."

With our passion for handbags, one thing's for sure – buy Cheet, buy twice (at least!).

Reprinted from the *Eastern Daily Press*

Update

Emily writes:

I have just sold to Jarrolds in Norwich for this coming Autumn/Winter 2009/10 season. They will be displaying a profile of Cheet by the bags focussing on the fact that I'm a designer with strong connections to Norfolk. We were recently finalists at the Independent Designer Handbag Awards in New York – made it to the last 5 out of 700 entrants, chosen by a prestigious panel of judges including Saks 5th Ave buyers and designers Carlos Falchi and Sam Edelman. All in all, business is growing and the brand gets more and more recognition which is fantastic– now have stockists in UK, Europe and Japan. However, it's no walk in the park and lots of hard work – especially at the moment in the middle of a global economic crisis!





Exploring Medicine in Asia

Six years after leaving Gresham's I was surprised to find myself in my final few months of medical school, heading off on my medical elective. Electives are placements that are generally carried out in the final year and are greatly looked forward to by students as a unique opportunity to travel anywhere of your choosing in the world for a few months to experience healthcare in a totally different environment. For some this is a chance to get more involved in patient care than ever before, with budding surgeons performing operations and aspiring physicians running their own clinics and helping out in the hospitals. For others however, it is an opportunity to escape from under the parental eye of the University and spend most of the time lying on a tropical beach. So as my year group scattered across the globe, I decided to journey east to Asia, a continent I had never visited before. I was accompanied by two of my friends from medical school and we travelled together to Nepal, a small and unassuming country that is bordered by India, China and what used to be Tibet.



Dr Zoe

Nepal is the poorest country in Asia and the 14th poorest country in the World. It has a population of 29.5 million people with 80,000 living in Kathmandu, which is the capital city. The national language is Nepali, an Indo-European language, closely related to Hindi and Sanskrit. However there are also 29 other local dialects spoken around the country. Most doctors speak good English although unlike India, English is not in fact the official language of medicine in Nepal. The public health issues in Nepal are so vast and concerning that it is difficult to know where to start. The government is in a state of collapse and the country's organizational infrastructure is poor. In recent years there were massacres within Royal Family, riots broke out, a Maoist Government formed and was elected into



power; it was very disorganized and did not even address the basic needs of the people. In fact, it collapsed the very day that we left Nepal. One good example of the chaos here is that although Nepal produces ample hydroelectric power for its own purposes, financially it relies upon contracts with India and sells its power away. As a result, the whole country experiences scheduled daily

power strikes of up to 16 hours. This prevents the country from growing financially and seems to keep Nepal caught in a state of dependency on foreign aid. In addition in Kathmandu there is a serious waste problem and a water shortage. There is no way of safely disposing of waste, whether that is sewage, or dead bodies (animal or human), or domestic waste. This tends just to be ploughed into the rivers and deposited in the streets. Sukhraraj Hospital in the summer sees cholera outbreaks and there are serious concerns about a major epidemic of infectious disease pending in this city.

As the Government is so disorganized it falls upon charities and missionary organizations to provide the majority of social security. There are many different charities which are involved and we organized our elective with one such charity. One of the highlights of our trip was a Health Camp which our charity organized in a small village outside Kathmandu. The village sits right next to a brick factory and most of the people from the village, including young children, do long hours of manual labour cutting and carrying bricks, getting thoroughly covered in, and inhaling lots of fine brick dust. We raised money for this Camp before we left, a large proportion of which was donated by Gresham's School and by the Old Greshamian Club. It took place over one whole day: a host of health care professionals took over a local school and ran clinics (see Fig 4). There were doctors, nurses, occupational therapists, physiotherapists and a pharmacy. The fundraised money was used to provide free medicines, to pay the health care staff and buy any necessary equipment. This was a great day: I spent most of it with children although people of all ages were seen and three women were admitted for operations that were paid for through the sponsored funds.



Village Health Camp

I decided to go to Nepal because I was intrigued by the culture and wanted to get a feel for what it might be like to work as a doctor in the third world. To organize our elective we contacted a local Nepalese charity involved in various social development projects. We began by spending four weeks in Sukhraraj Tropical and Infectious Diseases Hospital in Kathmandu. Originally we had planned to be there for eight weeks, but on arrival we decided to spend the second half of the elective in the community, in a rural village.



Zoe and Nepalese helpers



Our Community Health Post placement was in Bungmati, a village just outside of Kathmandu. These posts are part of a World Health Organization incentive to provide better coverage of health care in Nepal. In British terms they are approaching primary care level – however the training of staff is not as rigorous and in our opinion the standard of care was very poor. The posts are not actually manned by doctors, but by Health Assistants. These are people trained in basic healthcare and health promotion. In any case, after spending two days there, we quickly realized that this was not going to be a suitable place to spend four weeks as we needed at least one doctor as an educational supervisor and nobody there spoke any English. During our time in Kathmandu we had embarked upon some quite intensive Nepali language classes for a week and were able to converse in a very basic way however it was not enough to enable us to learn anything from the clinical placement. At this point we contacted our own University to explain our difficulties and then decided on a radical change of plan. We wanted to explore the differences between the British and Nepalese systems, and so we decide to visit a number of different institutions to provide an insight into Nepali healthcare.



A Sukhraraj ambulance

Sukhraraj Tropical and Infectious Diseases Hospital is located in Kathmandu, in a busy and polluted area called Teku. It is a medium-sized Government Hospital and is the only of its kind in Nepal. It has a fairly wide catchment area with some patients travelling for days from remote areas. When we arrived we were met by one of the Registrars and allowed to follow him on his ward rounds and outpatient clinics. Fortunately for us he was exceptionally competent and spoke excellent English. Through him we were lucky enough to see some conditions that we would be highly unlikely to encounter in the UK; for instance typhoid fever, leishmaniasis (kala-azar), malaria, gastroenteritis (including cholera) and tetanus. One of the hospital's special functions was to run an HIV clinic. There were also quite a large number of HIV positive inpatients who had been admitted either for medical reasons, or for social reasons as many of them are ostracised from their communities and had nowhere else to go. We also visited a hospice whose general mission is to provide cheap palliative care for cancer patients. Dhulikhel is a private, district general hospital, founded by Dr Ram, who trained as a surgeon in Austria and then modelled Dhulikhel on the Austrian system. As a result the whole ethos and the way that it is designed and run is totally different to other hospitals that we visited. The mission is to provide virtually free, western-style health care for the poor. The hospital has many outreach centres which it owns and sends staff out to for clinics. The aim is to reach people in inaccessible, rural areas. Many children simply live so far away and the roads are so bad, that

they do not have access to any healthcare at all.

Anandaban is an impressive Christian missionary hospital which provides free health care and refuge for leprosy sufferers. We spent a day here with a tour of the wards, OPD clinic, physiotherapy room, the building where they make prosthetic limbs for post-amputation, and the research laboratories where they are studying the diagnosis, treatment and even doing some studies into a new vaccine for leprosy. We attended a long ward round on a balcony off one of the wards where each patient in turn put their mutilated feet up onto a specially designed stool and the doctor poked their open wounds with a sterile instrument to try and pick out the cases of osteomyelitis (infection of the bone), which requires urgent surgery. We later went into theatre where I scrubbed in and helped with surgery. This list was focussed on 'septic surgery' which was basically the debridement of infected tissue. We were utterly amazed by this and intrigued by this medieval disease which is so devastating and still holds such social stigma in Nepal, and throughout the world. Like HIV, once a diagnosis of leprosy has been made, families will often disown the affected member and turn them out onto the streets. The reality is that the majority of the damage is done long after the infection is treated and gone, by immunological reactions to remnant bacterial fragments, which results in the nerve damage that causes the disfigurement.

Having visited these different places we were very glad that we had decided to explore different health institutions. However we became aware that we had been somewhat sidetracked by public health issues in Nepal and with Final Clinical Exams swiftly approaching we decided to head back to Edinburgh. There were certainly some excellent, uplifting moments on our trip, but it would be ridiculous not to comment on how dire the situation is there.

When I think of Nepal now with its political problems, environmental problems, its lack of energy and electricity resources, its terrible roads and difficult terrain, I certainly appreciate our University in Edinburgh, the NHS and our unbelievably privileged way of life in Britain. Many thanks to Gresham's School and the Old Greshamian Club for donating money to the Health Camp in Nepal and for the ongoing benefit that I receive from the education I gained at Gresham's.

Zoe Sallon (B 1998 –2003)



Philip Newell Bursary Reports

Exhausted, dirty and feeling slightly sick we arrived at our first point of contact with the Joe Homan Charity. It had only taken a ten-hour flight, seventeen long hours in Bangalore, a nine-hour train journey and a two-hour drive! To our still weary and jet-lagged minds it was just a blur – people, bicycles, buses, rickshaws, music, dust and noise...It is hard to describe the bliss of arriving at Joe Homan's house and enjoying a cold shower and then a deep, deep sleep. Our rest at his house was short lived

as we still had one last bus journey before we got to our final destination - our base at the Boys' Town Society in Tiramangalam sixty hours after having left!



Joe Homan, who witnessed the poverty in India first hand as a missionary, founded the 'Boys' Town Society' in 1965. He opposed the slant that the missionaries took on religion, trying to indoctrinate the children, Hindu or Muslim by birth, into Catholics. Upon making his point clear to the authorities he was excommunicated from the church and so set about making a real difference on his own. He left England with a seemingly paltry £300 and started by recruiting the help of poor and homeless rural youths living by the tracks at Madurai train station. Together, they set about building a small mud hut poultry farm and purchased the necessary equipment. Since these modest beginnings the charity has gone from strength to strength, now directing seven Boys' towns, one Girls'

town and three Childrens' villages. All in all, 1000 children are under the care of the Boys' Town Society and it is estimated that 8000 very poor children have been helped out of poverty and into a decent standard of living through their work.



Our experience with the children of the Boys' Town Society was an extremely humbling one. We were offered nothing but the most generous hospitality and kindness from beginning to end. The children

and staff surrounding the charity often came from the poorest and most difficult backgrounds, but would give up anything they had to make us feel welcome and comfortable. The work of the charity itself was incredible to witness too. What we found so unique was the individual support offered to each and every child under the care of the charity.

Our most central assignment was the write up of 62 case histories for children residing at a 'Childrens' Village' funded by JHC. Case histories are a very necessary and useful tool in securing, and providing feedback to, sponsors. Particularly, as prior to our arrival the sponsors didn't have any details on the children whom they were funding, or even about TCV itself. Now they will be able to see photos as well as learn basic details about the children such as records of their families, location, interests, career aspirations etc, whilst hopefully passing on more personal and intimate attributes; difficult when you have only about 15 minutes and a language barrier standing in your way!



Interviewing the children was quite an experience - they were all so different. Many when separated from the pack became suddenly very nervous and timid whilst others kept their cheeky smile and charm. What was particularly notable was that their backgrounds were very varied. The only compulsory element for selection is that the child is 'in need of help.' Some children therefore came from stable backgrounds with both parents still alive and well but not earning enough to allow their child an education or acceptable standard of living. Others had extremely distressing stories behind them, of family tragedy or destitution.

As we began to see, the Joe Homan Charity is not just giving free handouts but making the children aware from a very early age about the importance of work, caring for property and maintaining standards. A cushy lifestyle in the villages would be completely unrealistic and make life incredibly difficult when moving on and re-entering the 'real world.' The children all help in some way – cleaning, tidying, cooking or gardening to produce vegetables and flowers to sell. This means that the care and running of the place integrates very strongly with the children themselves, installing in them a deep sense of belonging and pride.



Although education is the main focus, the structure of the villages gives the children something else so fundamental as well – the chance to just be children. Housed in a stable and safe environment to grow up and mature in, they are allowed the chance to do what every child of their age wants to do – just mess about, talk, laugh, joke, play games and be with friends, whilst being taught the importance of discipline and respect, hard work and focus.

These young students, when they leave the direct care of the Charity are not just shoved out and suddenly left to care for themselves, but every single member of all of the establishments is ensured some form of employment or further education. JHC prides itself on its strong career advice, guiding students towards their strengths, whether that is into a college degree or a carpenter's apprenticeship. For us, we felt that this was one of the most important aspects. The level of care and support provided by this particular charity is incredible.

In the words of Joe Homan himself, "There is no greater role given to a human being on this planet than bringing up and educating children. To help develop a child to be as complete a personality as possible is both awesome and wonderful. But to accept that role and then perform it badly or with indifference is among the greatest crimes against the child and the man".

We felt so lucky to have had a very small part in the workings of the charity and are confident that the three of us will have a lasting relationship with what is a truly incredible charity. With the extremely generous support from the Philip Newell Bursary Fund we were able to benefit from what has to be described as a life changing experience and one that we wish that everyone could enjoy. I really hope that we left a lasting impression on those we met fostered by the charity and those with whom we worked somewhere near as great as that that we received from them.



Auteurs - ES top centre, DF left

Edward Sidgwick (T 2002 – 07) and **Douglas Flynn** (c&T 1999 – 2007)

Jess Quick in Australia

I was lucky enough to have the opportunity to work in an Aboriginal School in Queensland, Australia for 8 weeks at the beginning of the year. Shalom Christian College is government funded school in Townsville, Queensland, made up of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander children. My job was in the Primary day school, the Secondary Senior School and the campsite campus called Crystal Creek.



My first day at the Secondary School was automatically a reality shock; this was not like any school I had ever known before. A large percentage of the students were not there by choice, which soon became clear and motivation was a concept alien to most of them. Many of the teachers adopted a policy that those who wanted to learn could sit at a desk and listen as best they could, whilst everyone else would lie on the floor. This was an attempt to stop the more motivated students from being distracted from the shouting, the swearing and highly agitated children who would not take part in the lesson. The lessons were all 80 minutes long; it took at least 20 minutes to get most of the children into the classroom, and then many of them would begin to leave, of their own accord, about 15 minutes early. There was a vast range of abilities within the school, with many students competent at reading and writing, a larger percentage of them had severe difficulties with many being nearly fully illiterate, English being their second or maybe third or fourth spoken language.



The Primary School was similar in terms of the ability. I was placed with a year 7 class, to focus on one girl in particular who was completely illiterate and very shy. After many hours of one-on-one teaching with her, she began to grasp the basics and settled into school, talking to other girls and sometimes even managing a smile!

However, my favourite days were spent at the Crystal Creek Campsite. This was a much smaller campus, situated about an hour away from the school. Only about 25 students stayed there, most of whom had not been to Shalom or even any school before. Situated in the bush, and a little more like their homes, the education process began in a more subtle way. With fewer students, it was





easier for me to get to know them and with my main assistance being on one-on-one reading and writing help, it was a real pleasure to see them learn and progress.

I spent a total of eight weeks living and working at Shalom Christian College. Whilst absorbing a totally different outlook on learning and school life, I also made some valuable friends, in both my colleagues, and in many of the children. Whilst many of them were not interested in being educated, I found their beliefs and values fascinating and so many of them showed me a unique sense of kindness and gratitude. I have lifetime memories and I thank the Philip Newell Memorial Fund for helping my experience happen. A truly incredible 8 weeks!



Jess Quick (E 2002 – 2007)

Responsible Safaris



We first arrived in Malawi in 2005, backpacks in tow and walking across the crowded border. We were traveling by public transport from Nairobi to Cape Town, scouting out what Africa might hold for us. After 12 months of bumpy roads, stunning views, work in a safari lodge and numerous stories told and heard we arrived back in England determined to return. We had the bug!

With Africa firmly in our blood stream we began our search for work and a way out of London and back to Africa. One year later we returned, this time running a small upmarket eco-lodge in rural Uganda. With 30 staff, 10 rooms, 12 solar panels and a small community to work with we spent a year finding our feet and discovering the magic of working in a National Park. The year was filled with wonderful moments spent setting up an adult literacy programme in the community, entertaining international travelers, setting up the lodge's accounts and systems and forming close bonds with our staff. We spent days herding buffalo away from camp, treating staff for malaria, rescuing guests from potholes, planning evening menus and having sundowners on the surrounding hills. Nights were spent listening to leopards call, removing snakes from guests rooms and securing our tent against rain and high winds. It was truly another year to

remember.

Time spent within the community in Uganda led me to study for my Masters in Development and Education and sowed the seed for our new challenge, our own company based around the ethos of Responsible Travel. We wanted to create a company that offered more to travelers. An offer of a safari which enabled them to get under the skin of Africa, to share skills with local people and take home stories and experiences. The Responsible Safari Company saw a way for us to combine our tourism experience, gained at lodges, with our passion for ensuring local communities see the social and economic benefits of tourism.

Since walking into Malawi we had wanted to return and in 2008 we repacked our bags and this time flew into the country determined to create our own business. We have been living in Blantyre, in Southern Malawi, since August 2008, discovering hidden gems of Central Africa and laying the foundations of The Responsible Safari Company. We have driven through miles of beautiful countryside, spent nights camping under the stars, seen elephants drinking at the banks of The Shire River, swum in crystal clear waters of Lake Malawi and spent hours talking to local people about their love for their country. We are now feeling at home and can't wait to show others this hidden corner of the world.

Responsible Safari Company Ethos offers a combination of big-five game safaris with short-term volunteer placements, tailor-made to the client. We are determined to offer travelers unique travel experiences. Experiences that allow people the opportunity to get under the skin of Africa. Truly witness what a wonderfully complex place it is filled with history, magic and hope. A chance to get out from their safari vehicle and spend time within local communities exchanging stories and contributing to the development of the continent. Through personalised itineraries we aim to offer our guests a safari that is suited to their needs and budget. By supporting local projects, hand picked for their sustainability, we work closely with project coordinators to ensure our guests get an opportunity to exchange their skills and gain a mutually beneficial experience through a short term volunteer experience.



By traveling responsibly, truly contributing to both the social and economic growth of our destination country, we believe the future of tourism within Africa lies in well managed tourism working hand in hand with local communities.

Kate Ward (O 1994 – 99) and **Dom Webb**

www.responsiblesafaricompany.com

Facebook Group: The Responsible Safari Company



Adam Connolly Appeal



Last year, Adam Connolly (Farfield 1996 – 2001), died suddenly from Sudden Death Syndrome because of a minor defect in his heart, while on a fishing holiday with friends. In his time at school, Adam was 1st XV Rugby captain, swimming and athletics captain at several age groups as well as being a first team hockey player. He was also a talented guitarist and enjoyed playing in the school rock band.

This September, which will be just over a year after his death, about 20 of Adam's friends and family will be running the Great North Run in his memory and to raise money for CRY, Cardiac Risk in the Young. The Great North Run is a half-marathon that starts in Newcastle and finishes in South Shields. This run has been chosen as Adam was very fond of Newcastle, having attended university there.

Every week in the UK at least 12 apparently 'fit and healthy' young people die of undiagnosed heart conditions.



CRY have 2 main aims:

- **Saving Young Lives**, through raising awareness, operating a national screening programme and supporting research
- **Helping Those Affected**, supporting families after a tragedy and supporting those who have been diagnosed with a heart defect

Those running from Gresham's are: Shelly Connolly, Nick Blyth, Sophie Blyth (née Taylor), Lucie Spooner, Mark Ewins, Angus Miers, Patrick Dudman and Richard Blyth. If you would like to sponsor any of those running, please contact **Nick Blyth** on nicholas.blyth@uk.bp.com.

Nick and Sophie Blyth

Obituaries

Peter Badger died on Wednesday 22nd July 2009, after a severe stroke while on holiday. An obituary will follow in the next magazine.

Group Captain the Rev. Ray Bowen (Chaplain 1975 – 83) has died. The following appreciation was written by Logie Bruce Lockhart.

Ray Bowen will be greatly missed by the generations of Gresham's pupils who knew him in the seventies and early eighties as Chaplain.

After long and distinguished service in the RAF when, as second in command, he had the responsibility for a 'parish' extending from Gibraltar to the Middle East, he might well have regarded the job of keeping teenagers interested in spiritual issues as semi retirement. It was, however, a time when parents and their children were increasingly agnostic and many in the church felt under considerable strain.

Ray was a born schoolmaster as well as a good Chaplain. He loved the job, and his warm personality endeared him to all. He cared deeply about the happiness and success of everyone around him – clever or stupid, popular or unpopular.

The common room was not so different from the officers' mess, and he found time to give his support to the Rugby team with ebullient Welsh enthusiasm. He made a remarkable partnership with David Hart as his

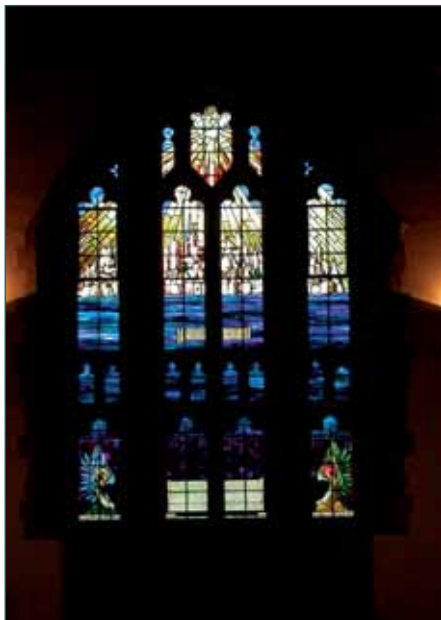
assistant. David was highly intelligent, very modern in his understanding of Christianity and all the difficulties which it presented to modern teenagers and not afraid of the ideas from other world religions. He was in his element discussing alternative interpretations of miracles and of the supernatural. Ray's was a simpler faith: he knew and loved the Bible, and saw to it that his pupils knew and understood it. As a result the pair of them kept the interest of their pupils and got some remarkable A level results – including an A grade for my hearty rugby playing son: a miracle in itself, for which he and I will always be grateful. His kindly sense of humour was a great asset.

As a senior RAF officer he had acquired an unassuming authority: he expected to be listened to, although his devoted wife Eileen saw to it that he did not pull rank. His broad shoulders and astonishingly black hair (some young teachers were quite unjustifiably suspicious, and his contemporaries jealous!) could be seen on cold May afternoons umpiring. In this role courage and authority (if not invariably mastery of the lbw laws) rose to a peak when he gave Steve Benson out in the masters' match. Steve walked without so much as raising an eyebrow: a truly rare event!

Many ex-pupils will remember him with affection, amusement and respect. He and Eileen retired to



Wales. Eileen died before him; Ray went on helping his local parish until near the end. He always remembered his time at Gresham's with great pleasure.



Josephine Bruce Lockhart. The following is an extract from Jo's Funeral Address, written by Logie Bruce Lockhart and read by Richard Copas:

I hope you will understand my inability to talk about Jo after 64 years of happiness, nor to ask any of our children to do so: our hearts are just too full. My old friend Dick Copas has been kind enough to undertake to read you some of my memories and thoughts about her.

I am the luckiest man on earth to have had such a wife. In war time I was

returning, as an extremely young officer, from leave. I took the train to Euston from Oxenholme. The corridors were packed with tired people in uniform. There was a smell of cheap cigarettes. Fog billowed in every time a window was opened. I was in cavalry uniform with riding breeches, which was misleading, as I knew something about armoured cars, but nothing about horses. She too was flying under false colours: wearing an unusually smart civilian two piece, and travelling in a first class compartment on a second class ticket. Her extraordinary long legs seemed to go on forever, and she had the most amazing eyes. Her godmother – a lady of dragonly appearance – was sitting beside her, eying me with suspicion and disfavour.

The miles went by in silence, but not entirely without communication. Determined not to lose her, by the time we reached Crewe I could contain myself no longer. I underlined some passages of the book I was reading (Grantchester, by Rupert Brooke) handed it to her and said, "These are my favourite lines, which are yours?"

This may have been the origin of the expression 'Shooting a line.' To my delight she responded in spite of the dragon. It was love at first sight, and it grew throughout a very public conversation overheard by six intrigued occupants of the compartment.

"There is a divinity which shapes our ends." We arrived at Euston, and she left me name, address and telephone number in my copy of Rupert Brooke.

A fortnight later, without collusion or wangling, we were posted to the same small town: I in the army, she in the WAAF. The odds against this must have been longer than winning the National Lottery. That was it. Five children and a blissful 65 years later, I know that it was the best thing I ever did. I could hardly have known that she would be uniquely brave, determined, overflowing with generosity and with a genius for friendship and communication. What luck! Forget the Internet, young men, and travel by train.

Her compassion came from her experience of more than her fair share of troubles. The loss of our beloved daughter, Kirsty, run over at the age of seven, was a terrible blow. From the age of 50 she suffered painful arthritis. Cancer was first identified in 1991. Since then she has had repeated treatment including 30 operations. Yet our principal memory of those years is of fun and gaiety. There is an old saying:

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

She was a persistent seeker for the answers to life's deepest problems: a follower of Christ's teaching, but never a fundamentalist. Like many of us, she was puzzled about how to steer a path through the maze of modern science, the modern church and modern life. She found considerable help in the spiritual teachings of Gurdjieff. But she had the wisdom never to impose her

views on others, or to claim that she had all the answers. She loved new ideas but stuck firmly to old standards. She loved beauty in all its forms: flowers, music, rhythm, colours, beautiful houses, charming manners and stylish dress. I am sure that I owe my appointment to Gresham's to her new hat, rather than to my interview. She made a gallant attempt to make her family and me tidy: an enterprise beyond even her capacity.

After the war at Tonbridge School came Gresham's and Howson's. She was responsible for the domestic arrangements and feeding of nearly 70 boarders. If the cook didn't turn up, she had to cook as well as being hostess, because she also undertook the entertainment, most weekends, of visiting clergy, musicians, governors, ex-pupils, lecturers and explorers – from Prince Philip and Lord Reith to an eccentric gentleman who demanded a back to back interview with me, and had mirrors in the brim of his hat to enable him to see the world upside down and backwards. She had an extraordinary knack of gaining people's confidence and getting them to open up to her, Bishops found themselves making astonishing confessions.

The downside was the lack of any privacy. Our drawing room was always full of pupils, staff, or parents with problems, or matrons or visitors. She managed to make all of them feel special and interesting. It was rewarding, but we were hardly ever alone together. The blessing was that we acquired a singularly hard working



and loyal staff, who tolerated our mistakes and supported us through thick and thin, some of them even into our retirement and old age.

Although she was not a gambler, Jo enjoyed a flutter on the Grand National every year. This year the race came shortly before she died. She was still conscious, and my dear son Rhu decided that he would back a horse for her. He chose a nag called Mon Mome, because the name reminded him of his Mummy. It won: at odds of a hundred to one: it was a minor miracle. Her passing was more and more peaceful as death drew near. She had always looked fifteen years less than her age, and on that last day she looked younger and younger. She was surrounded by her family and spring flowers.

What a wife, mum and granny! That great, most difficult of achievements is no longer fashionable: Jo raised it to a joyful life's work of art. Her reward was to be adored by us all. Albert Einstein said, "Our death is not an end if we can live on in our children and the younger generation. For they are us, our bodies are only wilted leaves on the tree of life."

And we are indeed incredibly lucky in our children as in everything else. But it is Easter time, and there is hope for more than that: a new life and a wonderful reunion.

Paul Colombé (S 36–77) died at home at Langham on Tuesday 23rd June. He had been unwell for some years. An extract from the Funeral

Address by his son, Graham Paul was born in Wimbledon just six months before the start of the First World War. His father, Amos, who was half-French, fought in that war and inhaled enough German gas for insurance companies to refuse him any further life insurance. Fortunately Amos lived to be seventy-eight and so we were able to benefit from the mutual affection and respect shared by him and Paul, his only son. The decision by Amos to leave his position in the prestigious London bank of Coutts and make his living on a chicken farm in a small Oxfordshire village, must have affected Paul profoundly. He was six at the time and in an autobiographical sketch which he finalised in 1993 he made these very significant remarks about the early years on the chicken farm. "Amos and I learnt a lot about carpentry and some skill with cement. Formal education for myself and my sister at an early age was neglected. The village schoolmaster called several times to say that we should be in school, but no."

Henley School was immensely important to Paul for two reasons. When he was fourteen this boys-only school became co-educational. In his own words: "Amongst the new pupils were my sister and my future wife, Linda. We were both on the editorial committee of the school magazine but there was no spark between us to foretell our destiny."

Apart from providing Paul with his wife and, consequently, three children and two great-grandchildren, Henley

School educated him so well that he won a scholarship to Magdalene College, Cambridge. He became a student there in 1933 and combined academic work with the rowing which earned him the commemorative oar some of you have seen on his sitting-room wall. More importantly than that he became involved with the Student Christian Movement and the camps they ran for needy youngsters.

With reference to his early years at Gresham's Paul wrote, rather poetically, "The months passed, shadowed by rumours of war and gladdened by the prospects of marriage." His marriage to Linda took place in the summer of 1939, a month before Britain declared war on Germany. Paul applied to join the Navy and was eventually assigned to a destroyer named HMS Liverpool as the navigation officer. On this ship he escorted a convoy to Murmansk in Russia and some others in that vicinity. His ship was later torpedoed in the Mediterranean, on Linda's birthday in 1942 when their first child, Neil, was just over a year old. German propaganda briefly led Linda to believe she was a widow and Neil without a father. Fortunately Paul survived the torpedoes and was able to provide Neil with a brother and a sister not long after.

When the war was over we lived in Holt in a very friendly relationship with the Dysons next door. This brings me to the wonderful dolls' houses he built for Jos and her daughter and hence to those practical skills mentioned already. Having discovered at an early

age the therapeutic satisfaction of working with his hands he continued through most of his life to undertake manual work. He had large hands and fingers which seemed to be well-suited to his hours of forestry work in the Gresham's woods as well as the building of the cobble walls around his Langham garden and the construction of his homemade furniture. But it's a mystery to me how, with those same large fingers, he achieved the delicate intricacies of the models he created. They included his naval destroyer and the river-barge his father turned into a dwelling on the banks of the Thames, the tiniest pieces exact replicas of their real-life counterparts.

My father's qualities touched many people's lives. I'll leave you with one testimony I received last week. When we were teenagers our parents, to our great benefit, arranged exchanges with a French family. And so half a century ago Emmanuel Garrigues, aged thirteen, made his first flight in an aeroplane, from Paris to London, to be greeted by a complete stranger – Paul Colombé. Throughout the long drive back to Norfolk Paul, never the most voluble of men but often the most considerate, spoke to Emmanuel in French to put him at his ease. After telling me of this Emmanuel said, "Je n'oublierai jamais ton père." Nor will we.

Dick Copas writes: Paul Colombé, Scholar and Mathematician first came into contact with Gresham's School in 1936, when the Headmaster of the day, Philip Newell, went to Cambridge University in search of a mathematics



graduate. Even in those days maths teachers were like gold dust and in Paul he found a winner. Not only maths, but with an acute e at the end of his surname, it was not surprising that he was also asked to teach French, and furthermore because he was young, PE was on his timetable. A happy three years passed until the war, and then service in the Royal Navy. Experiences during that awful time must have had a huge effect on temperament, values and outlook.

Back to Gresham's in 1946, and it was 17 years later that I was given the opportunity of becoming a colleague. By then Paul had already served for 7 years as a housemaster – a hugely demanding role with 80 boys to look after. Finally it was realised that the burden should be shared, and the innovative term, resident house tutor was coined.

At interview I was sent by Logie Bruce Lockhart to meet Paul and Linda in OSH. Paul had already acquired the reputation of being a wise, gentle and Christian housemaster. During the following years there were many words of advice and encouragement. Some stand out, and are remembered to this day, such as:

"Richard, learn to judge people on the average."

"Don't do anything that you wouldn't mind being printed on the front page of the local newspaper."

"Whenever I set out on a car journey, I say a little prayer, asking that I don't hurt anybody."

Paul's First Class degree in

mathematics enabled him to be a superb classroom teacher. His marking was meticulous, his explanations were precise and under his guidance pupils prospered. He became Head of Department for a number of years, and eventually handed on a reputation, that year on year attracted the very best scholars to the subject. Paul was later appointed Second Master, and to this exacting position he brought a lifetime of schoolmasterly experience, plus all the attention to detail that the role demanded.

Lest you think that Paul's life was entirely devoted to school, once the children had flown the nest he was a member of Toc H and 'The Keep Holt Bright Committee' – I believe the forerunner of The Holt Society; he was a town councillor for a number of years, and was also Churchwarden at St Andrew's. Another role he undertook, which I always thought was a little out of character, was that of Warden for Holt, during the sixties period of the cold war. When I asked what we should do in the four minutes allotted to us, he replied quietly, "Dig a hole about three feet deep, get into it, put a brown paper bag over your head, and stay there until I blow a whistle, in about a fortnight's time." Always quiet, methodical and in control!

Paul himself had no fear of death, for he was, I am sure, a lifelong committed Christian – may he rest in peace.

Robin George Cooper-Parry (F

1941-48) died of a sudden heart attack on 23 April 2008. Mrs Gill Cooper-Parry has provided the following information.

After two years National Service in the Royal Artillery Robin qualified as a Chartered Accountant in 1953. He married Gill in 1959. They have two children: Peter born in 1962 and Jane in 1964. He loved sport and was especially keen on golf and hockey. He played for the Derbyshire 2nd team and Derby Hockey Club and became Captain of the Society of Derbyshire Golf Captains in 1985 and served as their honorary auditor. For sixty years he was involved with Portland College, Mansfield, a training college for disabled students and became its Vice President. In 1986 he became President of the Derby Society of Chartered Accountants.



Rob Corbett (k&OSH 1939 – 46) died in February 2009. Nigel Flower writes, “Rob attended the school just after the Second World War and went on to become a renowned furniture-maker, working out of his workshops in Corpusty. He continued to be a familiar face at Gresham’s, teaching woodwork until the early 80’s. Many OGs retain very warm memories of

Rob, exemplified by the extraordinary response from all over the world when news spread of the fire that devastated Rob’s workshop in 1992 £14000 arrived in donations for rebuilding of the workshops, where his daughter continues the Corbett Woodwork name.”

Major-General Joe Crowdy, CB, (k & H 33-42) specialist in army health and diet, was born on November 28 1923. He died on June 28 2009, aged 85.

Joe Crowdy, robust in health and spirit, was an advocate of the mantra that man is the first weapon. Consequently, he devoted much of his work with the Royal Army Medical Corps to ensuring that soldiers were fit to fight. Among the projects he and colleagues undertook was research into the nutritional needs of the soldier in battle, and how that environment shaped his physiological requirements. While Crowdy’s passion was for improving the lot of fighting man under conditions of stress, he also conducted research into the perils of smoking and obesity.

National Service as an RAMC captain followed medical training at Edinburgh. His choice of service had been thwarted by the Royal Navy rejecting him on account of imperfect hearing, thought to be the result of a childhood operation. Despite, or perhaps because of this, his career path in RAMC was in preventative medicine.

This work was complemented by studies into other aspects of armed



conflict, such as how to acclimatise and prepare men physically to remain effective and operate equipment in adverse conditions. His research into a multiplicity of associated military occupational health hazards ranged from the scientific assessment and selection of uniform and load-carrying equipment to the treatment of tropical skin diseases.

Under Crowdy's direction many young soldiers volunteered for experiments devoted to understanding the physiological needs of the soldier under arduous conditions. He was a key figure at the Army Personnel Research Establishment (APRE) for almost a decade over the 1960s and 1970s.

On one occasion a group of soldiers was overheard discussing their trip abroad with a mad doctor they referred to as Dracula; so called because of his insistence on sampling blood after starving them and exercising them to the point of exhaustion.

Joseph Porter Crowdy was the son of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Crowdy, RA, a regular officer who had served in the First World War but had his career cut short by the army reductions of the early 1920s. His parents built their own Arts and Crafts house in Norfolk that was still without windows when Crowdy was born there. He attended Gresham's School and was head boy during the time the school was evacuated to Newquay in the Second World War.

While a medical student in Edinburgh he was an active sportsman and editor of the student magazine. As a sergeant in the University Home Guard in June 1944 he and other students were called upon to go to Waverley station to act as stretcher bearers for casualties returning from D-Day beaches.

His job as house surgeon was in Norfolk, and his treasured vintage Bentley became a familiar sight in Norwich, as it was the only open-topped vehicle large enough to carry his traction instruments for treatment of the broken limbs of private patients. Later, a shortage of army quarters resulted in his first married home being a caravan, which he towed behind his car.

He was Honorary Physician to the Queen, 1981-84, and, having completed his term as commandant and postgraduate dean at Millbank, was appointed CB on his retirement from the Army in 1984. He served as honorary consultant on nutrition to the Army and also as Representative Colonel Commandant RAMC from 1985 to 1988.

During his service he frequently published articles, often together with other specialists, on preventative medicine, diet and the maintenance of physical fitness, but in retirement he took a leading role as a trustee of the RAMC Museum at Mytchett, Surrey. He was chiefly instrumental in organising the long-term loan of the museum's collections to the Wellcome Institute to ensure their preservation,

and he vigorously represented the museum's interest when collections were amalgamated in 1998.

He was a trustee of St Luke's Foundation, Exeter, to fund postgraduate education from 1987 to 2006 and chairman from 1995-2004, a church warden at his parish church for 15 years and the editor of the parish magazine from 1992.

He married Beryl Elizabeth Sapsford in 1948, who predeceased him. He is survived by four daughters.

Reprinted from *The Times*

Rob Roseveare (k & OSH 33 – 42) writes: *The Times* obituary tells of Joe's very distinguished Army career. I can only add a few words relating to Gresham's.

Joe entered the first form at the age of nine. I joined him there a term later and we shared the same steps up the ladder of the forms, seeing each other every day for the next nine years – at Holt and Newquay.

Joe's leadership qualities were evident very early on – in Howson's and on the sports field as well as in the classroom. He was a County Scholar, he captained the Rugger XV, he played in the Hockey XI and he took a leading role in the OTC. He won respect and no-one was surprised when he was made Head Boy in 1941.

Beyond academic work he excelled at 'M.T.' in the thatched buildings under the eyes of Major Kerridge – perhaps the seeds of his later hobby of

restoring antique furniture.

Joe's strong personality was infused with utter integrity and with modesty. He had a quiet but firm concern for others (as he did for so many Army soldiers) and exercised a vigorous championship of good causes. His directness was always harnessed to courtesy – but never at the cost of mincing his words.

Joe put these qualities to good use for Gresham's in the early 1990s when he initiated and led a successful appeal to set up a fund in memory of Philip Newell who was Headmaster for most of Joe's school career. After nearly 20 years, income from the fund is still used to finance bursaries annually, helping school leavers to carry out adventurous and positive work for a spell, typically (but not exclusively) in teaching or social or health projects in the developing world.

Joe's memory will be saluted by many. May he rest in peace.

Roger Maclaurin Edmonds (OSH) died suddenly on 3rd October 2008. The following is from the eulogy given at his funeral:

Today is 21 October and to Naval and Norfolk men it is special. Exactly 203 years ago our greatest naval hero died winning our greatest naval victory. So we are here today to celebrate the life of another good Norfolk Naval Officer. He started life 69 years ago on a farm near Hindringham North Norfolk, the younger brother of Bill and Phillip. His farming background helps to explain why he was such a keen gardener. He



loved flowers and would have really appreciated the floral display here today.

He started school at Kings College Choir School and then went to Gresham's, Holt. At 18 he won an ATC Flying Scholarship and flew Tiger Moths at Marshalls at Cambridge and so started his love of flying.

He went on to achieve a CPL at Hamble near Southampton in 1959 and later that year he joined the Royal Navy as an Air Cadet. He started his naval flying career with the Air Force at Lynton on Ouse and from there he went to Culdrose for his helicopter conversion and on completion was awarded his wings. Although he did some Anti Sub training, his first front line squadron was a commando squadron 848 in Bulwark. He joined in 1961 and had an engine failure and ditched on his second flight while hunting 'pirates' in the Celebes Sea. But being Roger, he ditched close to the ship and was whisked back on board within a few minutes. He spent many years flying helicopters in the Commando role all over the world and a lot of front line operations. Varying from flying SAS operationally along the Sarawak/Indonesian border to helping with an elephant count in Tsavo Game Park, Kenya. It was there that while sitting quietly in my helo I felt it move, a baby rhino was scratching itself on the aircraft, I shouted to Roger for help. "Don't panic," says he as he produced a boiled sweet from his pocket and proceeded to lead the now meek and mild rhino away.

He married Jenny while in Culdrose in 1967 and they spent a lot of their married life travelling the world, including spells in India and Brunei. His penultimate naval job was Senior Pilot of 848, a job normally done by a Lieutenant Commander not a lowly Lieutenant. His final job was as a VIP Helicopter pilot.

He liked good traditions and had a good dry sense of humour. He was kind, generous, honest and dependable. Wherever he went in the world he made friends, young and old. His enquiring mind meant that he was interested in many subjects and could talk intelligently to anyone anywhere in the world about anything.

His generous entertaining knew no bounds and those of us who enjoyed the splendour of his Trafalgar nights will never forget them. His croquet evenings and the wonderful parties will all be fondly remembered.

Roger has left us too soon, he should have been with us for many more years. He once told me he thought the best way to go might be as Nelson did, pickled in a barrel of brandy. Of course, he added, it would need to be Hennessy XO.

His brother Philip writes:

Roger Maclaurin Edmonds was in Old School House from September 1953. Paul Colombé was his Housemaster and I believe Logie Bruce Lockhart was his Headmaster. He came to Gresham's from Kings College Choir School. While in the CCF air section he won a

Flying Scholarship gaining his wings at Marshall's in 1957. He then did a commercial pilot course at Hamble. Richard Hinde, I believe, was also on the course. He joined the Royal Navy in 1959 on a short service commission, after fixed wing training he converted to helicopters. In 1961 he joined 848 Squadron on HMS Bulwark and spent much of his tour in the Far East. Before leaving the squadron he flew many VIPs as senior pilot. After the Navy Roger lived at Broome near Bungay and flew oil rig supply helicopters from Beccles for British Airways, retiring in 1994.



Dr Peter Gillam MD FRCP (H 44 - 49) died on July 27th 2008. This is an extract from the address by Mr D. Finnis, Consultant Surgeon, at Peter's funeral at Whitechapel:

Peter was appointed as Consultant Physician at Salisbury Infirmary in 1967. Most of his Consultant life was spent at the old Infirmary. Foremost always in his work was direct patient care. He was the pillar of medicine in Salisbury both intellectually and

physically – always the epitome of the distinguished physician - tall, and resplendently topped with white hair, and always a quip and disarming grin.

As much as he cared for patients he was also concerned and caring for fellow staff at all levels who will remember him with deep affection. Peter was a wonderful teacher and an inspiration to generations of trainees, many of whom progressed into practice locally. In addition to his busy clinical life, Peter was active at very many levels in the running of hospital affairs. He set up the first Coronary Care Unit, a Lymphoma and Leukaemia Clinic and he was very much part of the setting up of the Day Diagnostic Unit. Day Care is a central part of the NHS now, but 30 years ago it was a first. In the many other posts that he filled Peter demonstrated exceptional skills and he was a natural leader of his profession. He served as Chairman of the Hospital Medical Advisory Committee, and also the Medical Staff Committee and the Salisbury Medical Society. He was the first medical member of the Unit Management Team. However, the changing philosophy of managers and management in the NHS plainly distressed Peter as it seemed to move from the high ideals of 1948.

Peter's advice was widely sought beyond Salisbury. He was a member and then Chairman of the Wessex Regional Medical Advisory Committee. He served on numerous working parties including Cancer Services, Radiotherapy Services and Services for the Care of the Elderly and



Neurological Services. He was elected as Regional Adviser to the Royal College of Physicians. He was prominent in Medical Education. He was Clinical Tutor from 1973 – 1978 and gave tremendous support to the new Medical School in Southampton from its inception. After retirement he continued to give loyal service to the Wessex deanery, serving on many appointments committees and trainee reviews, editing the Salisbury Medical Bulletin from 1968 until 1984.

However, if Peter were remembered for nothing else he could be justly proud of his pivotal role in the provision of palliative care services in Salisbury. He had the wisdom to establish the new hospice on the acute hospital site at Odstock and to obtain a commitment from the Health Authority for revenue funding, on a continuing basis. The Salisbury model of Hospice Care as a Consultant led service on the acute site as an integrated part of the NHS is nationally admired and envied, solely due to Peter's forethought and steering. He was Chairman of the Hospice Trust from 1981 to 1997. Appropriately the Day Centre at the Hospice is named the Peter Gillam Day Centre. And finally, our sympathies and prayers are with Peter's family, Anne, Stephen, David, Emma and James, and Peter's brothers John and Anthony.

The following appreciation was written by Dr James Marigold, Consultant Physician at Salisbury District Hospital:

Dr Peter Gillam, Consultant Physician

in Salisbury from 1967 to 1993, was generally regarded as being the epitome of the general Physician. Stephen Gillam, eldest son and a doctor specialising in Public Health medicine, wrote: "He was truly a General Physician and came to rue the passing of that breed."

Peter was trained at Cambridge and University College Hospital (UCH). He worked at the Hammersmith as a Registrar, but most of the time was spent at UCH. As a Senior Registrar and Resident Assistant Physician, he was essentially acting like a modern day consultant in charge of all the admissions in the hospital and current inpatients. With Professor Pritchard, he produced two seminal papers in 1964 and 1969 describing for the first time the treatment of hypertension with a beta-blocker.

Peter was a keen fisherman, spending many happy, often hilarious, hours fishing locally and on the Eriff in Ireland. Less well known is that Peter was also a catcher of newborn babies, as he obtained a Diploma in Obs. and Gynae. in 1957. Peter remained a catcher of people throughout his life: once you had had contact with him, you were hooked by his distinguished appearance, disarming manner, wit, kindness and abundant good nature. He was always willing to listen and help, however frenetically busy he was.

Peter's capacity for hard work is legendary. He was always in the infirmary before his colleagues in the morning and left after them at night,

often then to make a Domiciliary Visit on his way home. He never failed to see his patients on Saturday mornings, and Sundays as well if needed. He would ring his patients and carers up in the evenings, if there was some development or test result that he knew might be concerning them. He would also go and see them at home, both as a friend and as a doctor. No wonder he was so much appreciated by GP colleagues. Peter wrote that what kept all his long line of ancestors going since the first doctor qualified in 1766 to his own retirement in 1993 was the commitment of them all to working beyond the call of duty. He deplored the Thatcherite philosophy that has resulted in doctors only working to their contracted hours nowadays.

How should we assess Peter's legacy to the Salisbury community? The tangible effects can be seen in terms of the Peter Gillam Day Centre and the whole network of the Hospice. The Salisbury Hospitals Trust was his brainchild. Amongst others, he developed the bronchoscopy service, the Coronary Care Unit and profoundly influenced the design of the new hospital at Odstock opened in 1993 just before Peter retired. He was influential in the setting up of the Southampton Medical School. He was founder of the Salisbury Medical Bulletin.

Less tangible but much more important was his positive effect on the spirit of all who worked in the hospital, including the nursing staff. He inspired everybody by his own example to work beyond the call of

duty. He brought about widespread recognition of Salisbury as being more than just an ordinary small district general hospital. Salisbury's reputation in the Wessex region was considerably enhanced through Peter's unremitting care. It is impossible to conceive of a more perfect exemplar of what a physician should be. He was a great general physician, the like of whom Salisbury and the Wessex region has never seen before and will never see again.

His twin brother **J.F.R. Gillam** (H 44 – 48) would like to add: Gillam mi, as he always was until I left before his last year, was singularly successful at Gresham's. Arriving as a 3rd Scholar we spent one term at Newquay before the school returned to Holt. He was placed straight away in the School Cert. form, so he started his Higher Certificate in the form science-subjects required for medicine, at 14.8 on the school list. Romping through all at 16, picking up en route Jodrell Prizes for the sciences, he had two full years to diversify before Cambridge loomed. Spending much time with the legendary Hoult Taylor, in one year he won the Ben Travers prize for Serious Verse, in the next for Light Verse. As well as memorable performances in House Plays produced by MJO, he was a moving Macduff in the Open Air Theatre, at the same time as being CSM in the Corps. As House Captain of Howson's for five terms, he equalled a record only previously held by a cousin, J.F.P. Skrimshire in 1935.

It should be added that success did not spoil him. Between ourselves, we addressed each other, when Christian



names were not quite the thing, simply as “Twerp”, and over the subsequent 60 years he remained the best of companions, most frequently in outdoor activities. Sailing in the creeks at Blakeney (rather bossy at the helm it should be said), fishing for trout on the Bure, or on Wiltshire chalk streams, bird-watching on the marshes, and sharing many a glass, often over a tightly fought game of bowls or croquet on the Hill House lawn.

In his last two years we went together to Literary Society meetings - concerned with Henry Williamson and Siegfried Sassoon, and most special of all, to the Auden Festival at Gresham's. God bless him!

James (Jim) Gillick (S 1978 – 1996) died in hospital on Thursday 2nd July.

Ralph Wiggins writes:

Jim was born and brought up in Ireland. Before coming to Gresham's to teach at what was then the Junior School he had, for many years, been in Kano, Nigeria where he was headmaster of a Catholic boys' secondary school at the same time as being the Parish priest. Looking back, it is difficult to picture him at that time teaching just one subject. He came to England in 1977 and arrived at Gresham's in 1978 to teach Geography.

Jim was a man of broad culture and had a wide variety of skills and interests. After that first year or two, he taught English, Maths, Religious Studies, Geography, Design Technology, Physics, Information

Technology and Electronics. Some of these he taught in both Senior and Junior Schools; he was also the Prep School's first Director of Studies. However busy he was he always seemed to have an air of calm assurance.

He was always involved in school life outside the classroom. On the games field he has taken Rugby, Hockey and Cricket. He was a golfer of some distinction and was a most patient coach, not only with the more promising players, but also with small children who swing often but who rarely make contact with the ball. Many OGs will remember him from OG golf matches. Producers of school plays over many years have been grateful for his skills as a lighting engineer, and children too have learned from the mysterious skills of controlling cable and gantry, floods and spots.

Jim Gillick retired in 1996 after nearly twenty years' service at the School. At the time when the Junior School changed in name and status to the Preparatory School, Jim's extraordinary ability to specialize in different areas was of great importance to the Headmaster in guiding the new school through its transitional period. It was Jim who was appointed the first Director of Studies, a post which he held until forced to relinquish it through ill-health. There is no doubt that it is physically and mentally demanding to teach subjects which require a very different approach, and a robust constitution is needed to be able to do it. This resilience,

determination and courage enabled Jim, amazingly, to continue in full-time teaching despite two heart attacks. Unfailingly mild-mannered, gentle and courteous, Jim was tough-minded too. His contribution to the School's academic life and development has been unique. Pupils and colleagues will remember the warmth of his personality, his humour, patience and wisdom.



David Harris (S 1962 –85). An extract from a Tribute given by **Steve Benson**.

David would have squirmed at the thought of a public tribute. Well, squirm away, old friend, because this is one occasion when you cannot escape though I expect you will be chortling at that remark. He was born a Hampshire man, living in Gosport and later in Droxford. His father was in business as a naval outfitter, his mother a founding Wren. His sister, Jean, also became a Wren and married a naval officer. There was music, and a piano, in the family home, so it was

not surprising that he was successful in the voice trials for the Winchester Cathedral Choir School, the Pilgrim's School situated in the Close. He boarded there from the age of 8, winning Class Prizes, being selected for the Rugger XV and playing, according to the school magazine, some "attractive cricket" before moving on to Ardingly College near Hayward's Heath in Sussex with a Scholarship. There he sang in the choir, played cricket for his House, won Music Prizes and produced and musically directed a production of *The Pirates of Penzance* in March 1943 before gaining a place at Pembroke College, Cambridge.

But there was a war on and David joined up as an Ordinary Seaman before being selected for officer training at HMS King Alfred, emerging as a temporary midshipman in March 1944. It will surprise many that David spent the next 2½ years in Motor Torpedo Boats. He never spoke of his service except jokingly about the lighter side as, for instance, the story of his liberating of a particularly smelly Camembert in Holland as the war ended.

There is little doubt, though, that other experiences were less amusing. He was on patrol at the time of the Normandy Landings – on his 19th birthday in fact – and he finished the war as a temporary Sub-Lieutenant in November 1946.

Immediately he was off to Cambridge taking a fast course BA in English in 1947 and then embarking on a hugely



successful starred B.Music. He returned for a couple of years to Ardingly as a music master and then proceeded to St George's, Harpenden, which was perhaps his happiest period as a teacher. He certainly inspired great numbers of Sixth Formers with a lifelong love of music and was still in touch with several, over 50 years on. Part of his happiness was no doubt due to his marriage to Mary whom he had met in Jersey, where she had endured the German Occupation as a girl.

Then in 1962 the Gresham's post came up and the family moved to Norfolk where in High Kelling their lovely garden took shape. For nearly 25 years he ran the choir, conducted orchestras and choral societies, cajoling, accompanying, sympathetically and meticulously pupils and colleagues alike. Well read, always interested in any subject and with ripe opinions on most matters, his droll sense of humour and seismic laughter kept his common room colleagues amused. He was always a good companion and at staff parties he was at his most sociable.

Through the 60s and 70s his Choral Society performances grew ever more ambitious. Big School at Gresham's was crammed with a large choir of pupils, parents and staff, girls from Runton Hill, boys from Taverham Hall Prep School and a large orchestra, of peripatetic teachers, pupils, former pupils and friends. There were times when performers seemed to outnumber the audience. There were some great musical triumphs and

some excellent post-performance parties.

David's most heroic moment came when a revolving door closed on his little finger between the rehearsal and performance of the Brahms Requiem. He conducted, white-faced, with a handkerchief staunching the wound. But we were closely packed and the soloists and some of the orchestra had to dodge flying flecks of blood until the flow abated. Mary's reaction was to ask whether anyone had found the missing fingertip and thought to put it in the freezer.

I also recall a horrible moment in the final section of the Fauré Requiem when things were very much not 'In Paradisum' as the guest organist added an extra beat repeatedly, completely throwing some of the chorus so that David's hoarse whisper was heard above the mêlée beseeching someone, anyone, to "shut him up".

He took his music very seriously. As Meg Starling has pointed out, "David did not do mediocre." He was hard on himself and practiced assiduously. This made him a magnificent accompanist as well as a wonderful pianist and organist. He loved and performed the music of a huge range of composers but he had one over-riding favourite. As Angela Dugdale says, "You could hear all the layers of the fugue when David played Bach."

In retirement, he took time out to accompany Mary on lovely holidays to Jersey, France, Crete, Turkey, Venice and, of course, there was the garden.

But inevitably he came back to music. For 20 years he was organist in this beautiful church. He was also Angela Dugdale's right-hand man with the Kelling Singers, helping many a soprano or bass with well-judged emphasis of their line when required, even to the extent of earning a rebuke from the conductor who wanted them to learn from their mistakes. "Wonderful David" indeed. He also assisted Rosemary Kimmins, another Gresham's colleague, with her chamber choir and the North Walsham Choral Society in a number of concerts. Rosemary relates how he made the time pass on long coach journeys during a Gresham's Choir tour of Slovakia and Germany in 1996 with endless stories of composers and musicians. His knowledge of musical history was encyclopaedic.

But above all, David was a devoted family man. He loved his girls, he loved his grandchildren and he was very proud of them all. They all learned, at least the daughters did, the art of putting out and stacking up chairs and music stands for rehearsals. He was the peace maker in a totally female household. As a Dad he knew everything and he was quicker at the crossword than Mary, though he would let her think she was the brains behind success (or so I am told). Family jokes included his hatred, for obscure reasons, of Carmina Burana and Dvorak. He used to play "In an English Country Garden" very loudly because he knew it annoyed Mary, encouraged hilariously by any daughters who happened to be living at home. Emmy recalls his musical discipline even as he

walked her proudly up the aisle. He was counting the time of Purcell's Trumpet Tune and told her to slow down as they approached the altar with 12 bars still to go. And he loved the Marx Brothers. When the girls were young, and to ensure they did their prep, there was no television at The Croft. But when a Marx Brothers film was on, they would descend on the Adams family in Reepham to watch their television. David collapsed with laughter at the mirror scene in Duck Soup.

After Mary died, things were not easy for David. The girls all lived away and took it in turns to visit him with great devotion but he was not happy. Eventually he gave up playing because he could no longer perform to his own exacting standards. He continued to shop for himself and lived on in the Cromer Road. His knees and his health were bad. At this moment first Alice came to stay and then Tilly and Clive gave up their life in Somerset to look after him and to prevent the probability of his having to move into a home. Despite a mini stroke at Easter, the last six months were in many ways the best and happiest for David for the best part of a decade. He recovered his humour and was beginning to get out again and to show a real interest, even asking for his huge stacks of music to be brought down from the attic for him to sort through.

He was taken ill a fortnight ago and most reluctantly agreed to go into hospital for tests – something he really did not want to do. So he didn't. Very



peacefully and suddenly he died with Tilly beside him, having just brought up a cup of tea, while listening to Radio 3.

Quite a life: so much fun; such musical pleasure and success; his adored girls and grandchildren; so many friends old and young; so many grateful expupils; occasional moments of high speed adventure and, no doubt, terror during his teenage war. David was a modest man, understated, almost solitary at times.

He was also a warm, encouraging teacher, an educationalist in the broadest sense, endlessly patient, generous with his time and expertise, inexhaustible in his sharing of all things historical and biographical in the world of music. He liked nothing more than a good laugh and a good story. He loved cricket. And although he had not been to church for a long time, he had a prayer book (1662 version of course) always by his bedside. Dear David.

Paul Harris OBE. Born in Ealing on August 31 1913. Educated at Gresham's School and a contemporary of Benjamin Britten, with whom he shared a study and who ate all his chocolate biscuits and played chopsticks on the ancient house piano. After leaving school, with little academic success, he crammed for three months and successfully passed the Cambridge previous exam in all three parts. He wanted to be a doctor and although offered a place at St Mary's Hospital in Paddington, because they needed a second row in

the scrum on their rugby team, he decided to give up the idea because of the expense to his parents, who could ill afford to keep him. Jobs were few and far between, so he enlisted in the Tank Corps, subsequently being granted a commission. As the Tank Corps became affiliated with the Hussars, it became necessary to have a private income, so he resigned and joined the Metropolitan Police force, qualifying for entry because of his 6'1¼" height. No education requirements were necessary and the elderly policeman who introduced him to his beat in Covent Garden and to point duty in the Strand was illiterate.

In 1939 he enlisted in the Royal Artillery as an anti aircraft gunner. He was commissioned in 1940 as a second lieutenant and was seconded for a brief period to the bomb disposal before being convoyed in a banana boat to the relief of Singapore. He got there two days after the fall of Singapore, so he ended up in Ceylon and served with the rank of Captain, as intelligence staff officer at Brigade headquarters. Given 24 hours to write a treatise on Japanese psychology for the GOC Ceylon Army Command, he mugged it up in the offices of the Times of Ceylon and submitted it, receiving an immediate approval. "Just what the great man required", he was informed! He was then appointed as one of the youngest Colonels in the area and seconded to Earl Mountbatten's staff at Supreme Allied Command South East Asia and this time eventually arriving in Singapore. During the war, he met Barbara, who was serving as secretary to the

Brigadier in Ceylon and they were married in Columbo as the war ended, and then returned to England on a troopship. He rejoined his father's business as Joint managing Director. After returning to England he and Barbara first lived in Catsfield and then moved to Eastbourne and later to Wannock, where they lived until moving to Lewes.

In his spare time he raised money to build the Sea Cadet Headquarters in Eastbourne by presenting several light operas, including Britten's *Noyes Fludde* at the Congress Theatre, Arundel Castle and Worthington Pier. He joined Alfred Coggan and Edith Pearson to found the hugely successful Eastbourne Music Festival. He joined the Rotary Club of Eastbourne in 1969, was President in 1988/89 and helped the club organise "Alone at Christmas" for many years. He joined the City Livery Company of Tylers and Bricklayers, becoming a Freemason of the City of London in 1962, member of the Court in 1983 and subsequently Master of the Company in 1990. For several years in collaboration with solicitor and friend John Claremont, he helped to run the Eastbourne Carnival.

He became a member of the Royal Eastbourne Golf Club in 1961 and was Captain in 1974/5. Apart from being Chairman of the Eastbourne Sea cadets for many years, became Southern Area Chairman and a member of the national Council, raising sufficient money to build their square rigged training ship "Royalist". He was awarded the OBE for his work with the Sea Cadets, appointed a

Trustee, and after completing over fifty years of service, was awarded the prestigious and rarely presented Sea Cadet Medal.

His hobbies included sailing, golf, writing and vintage cars, the latter varying from the smallest Rolls Royce to the largest Bentley. He enjoyed a mischievous sense of humour, but would never deliberately hurt anyone's sensitivities. He published four books of poems, including two books of humorous poems, called "Nonsuch Verses", the sales of which were of benefit to the Sea Cadets.

More recently, he spent much of his time helping more local interests, including Anne of Cleves House and furthering his writing, poetry and sketching, as well as playing golf regularly into his 92nd year.

He always considered himself very fortunate to have met and married Barbara, to whom he was devoted and remained deeply in love throughout their sixty years of marriage. He was very proud of his family of three boys, Jeremy, Nicholas and Jonathan and his show jumping daughter Cindy, on whose behalf he learned to drive a horse lorry!

Oliver Hendrie (c&H 1967 - 75) writes: My father **R. A. Hendrie** (32 - 41 k&F) died on 20th January 2008.

Dick was the son of Alfred Hendrie the Holt GP and school doctor, and was evacuated to Newquay with the school at the start of World War Two. He joined the Air Force in 1940, but left a



1946 to train as a lawyer finishing up as a senior partner of Mills & Reeve Solicitors in Norwich. His main hobby was sailing his various boats on the Broads. He died peacefully at home after an eight year struggle against Alzheimer's disease. He leaves a widow, two sons and four granddaughters.



His Honour Robert Lymberry

(k&OSH 1933 – 39) who died on October 13 2008 aged 87, dispensed justice with outstanding impartiality and consistent soundness. As Common Serjeant in the City of London, the second most senior judge at the Old Bailey, Lymberry presided over some of the country's biggest criminal trials. He served for almost 32 years on the bench, an almost unprecedented span, and virtually everyone who came before him went away feeling that they had had a fair hearing.

One of the most notorious villains to be tried by him was Valerio Viccei, the Ferrari-driving mastermind of the £40 million safe deposit robbery in Knightsbridge in 1987, one of Britain's biggest robberies. The haul was so

large that Viccei filled his bath with banknotes and covered the floor of his Hampstead flat with jewels. Lymberry sentenced him to 22 years' imprisonment – but Viccei later felt moved to write to the judge thanking him for his exemplary conduct of the trial.

Lymberry's judgements scarcely ever gave rise to controversy. An exception, however, was his decision to grant bail to Wilson Silcott, who was subsequently convicted of the murder, while he was on bail, of PC Keith Blakelock during the Broadwater Farm riots. At the time that he was bailed by Lymberry, Silcott had been on remand for a previous murder, of which he was subsequently convicted. At the committal stage, however, the prosecution case looked very weak; and the Lord Chancellor, Lord Hailsham, who was too much of a politician easily to exonerate a judge, later defended Lymberry's decision on bail as having been "entirely proper" in the circumstances. For his own part, Lymberry said, "Like everyone else in the country, I am desperately saddened by the whole thing. But one is a professional and has to act accordingly." (Silcott's conviction for the murder of PC Blakelock was eventually overturned on appeal in 1991, but he remained in prison for the other murder – of which he continues to protest his innocence – until 2003.)

Robert Davison Lymberry was born on November 14 1920 in Nottingham, where his family owned a lace manufacturing business and a large

laundry. After Gresham's in Norfolk, where he excelled at rugby and hockey, he went up to Pembroke College, Cambridge, to read Law, shortly before the outbreak of the Second World War. In 1940 he was commissioned into the 17th/21st Lancers and he subsequently saw action as a tank commander with the Eighth Army in North Africa, Sicily, Italy and Greece. Demobbed in 1946 in the rank of major, he returned to Cambridge, where he became a member of the Hawks' Club and after two years graduated with a First.

After reading for the Bar he was called by Middle Temple in 1949 as a Harmsworth Scholar. He joined the chambers of Richard Elwes QC, in King's Bench Walk, sharing a room with Geoffrey Lane, the future Lord Chief Justice, and set about building a predominantly criminal practice on the Midland Circuit. He took silk in 1967. His first judicial appointment was as Recorder of Grantham in 1965. He served as Chairman of the Rutland Quarter Sessions from 1966 until 1971 and of the Bedford Quarter Sessions from 1969 to 1970. He was Commissioner of Assize in 1971, and the same year became a circuit judge, initially sitting at Bedford. He transferred to the Old Bailey in 1982.

Among his first defendants at Bedford was a self-styled white witch, who had stolen an altar cross and candlesticks from a church. Lymberry gave the woman a suspended prison sentence but advised her to look into a crystal ball to see what would happen if she broke the law again. "In case it is

cloudy," he said, "I will tell you. You will go to prison."

In 1975 Lymberry inspired a Giles cartoon in the *Daily Express* when he heard an appeal against a decision by magistrates that a 12-stone Great Dane called Caliph was dangerous and should be destroyed. The dog had savaged a boy who had gone to the scene. Lymberry, in wig and gown and accompanied by court officials, went to cast a judicial eye over the dog in the anteroom. After patting the dog on the head, he bravely put his hand to Caliph's mouth to examine his teeth and was promptly bitten. Nothing daunted, he returned to the courtroom and reprimanded the dog, saying: "What I did was my fault, which is why I am not complaining... I don't blame the dog in any way, he seemed a terribly friendly character." He then went to hospital for stitches and an anti-tetanus injection.

Bob Lymberry was a devoted and extremely conscientious lawyer. Whenever there was an opportunity to save time, he was inclined to seize it. Occasionally, after a legal dinner, the black Daimler taking Lord Lane and his friends home would appear to break down on the motorway, and glide to a stop on the hard shoulder beneath a bridge, enabling Lymberry to get out, clamber up the embankment and walk to his house 200 yards away.

Away from the law, his main interest was gardening. A courteous, quietly spoken, almost diffident man, both on the bench and off it, he was none the less also gregarious and was excellent



company. He had a keen sense of humour and enjoyed dressing up. As Common Serjeant in the Lord Mayor's procession, he once took a puppet along with him to entertain the crowd.

He married in 1952, Anne Tuckett, who survives him with their three daughters.

Reprinted from *The Daily Telegraph*

Roger Paul Gavin Mills (OSH 1963 – 1974) of Win'whistle Cottage, Burts Lane, Mannington, Wimborne, Dorset died on 9 March 2009

Malcolm Williamson (S 1980 – 2008). James Quick, Headmaster of the Prep School, writes:

I have known that Malcolm was born in Cley from the first day I met him, because I remember very clearly my very first meeting with him. I had been appointed as head of the Prep School and before I started the job I came up to Holt to meet the staff. I knew very little about Norfolk. I met Malcolm and we got talking about his childhood. He said that he had been born in Cley. I must have looked confused; because in his typically thoughtful and gentle way he explained to me that it was spelt C-L-E-Y; 'Oh Cley,' I said. He must have thought that his new boss was an imbecile, but he very gently explained it was pronounced Cley; I had my first lesson in local place names and who better to have explained it to me?

Malcolm started work at Gresham's on 13th January 1980; he was first employed on the ground staff, but

soon his potential in other areas was realised. He was also working as an auxiliary fireman at the time (as he did for over 25 years) and this expertise along with his practical skills and sound common sense led to him being asked to train to be a lab technician. His fire fighting expertise was brought into use on a number of occasions both during his time in the labs and later on when he worked in the Design Technology department. Peter Laycock recalls that in his first term at the school he managed to leave some plastic on a heat treatment machine and Malcolm put out what was potentially a very dangerous fire; Peter said to me that he felt that Malcolm had probably saved his career. Of course having a fireman on the staff must have been very exciting for the pupils. A former pupil described to me, that at the time when Malcolm was teaching all the Design Technology in the school, his bleeper used to go fairly regularly and he had to dash from the classroom much to the delight of the children! This possibility must have always made lessons rather more exciting! On a more serious note another colleague told me of a friend who was involved in a serious car accident locally. As he was lying trapped in his car the Fire Service arrived. Malcolm was the first Fireman to reach him. He said that as soon as he saw Malcolm he just knew everything would be all right.

The theme of utter dependability, calmness and a willingness to put the interests of others before himself will be very familiar to all those who knew Malcolm. When Design Technology

was introduced into the curriculum at Gresham's Prep Malcolm attended courses so that he could teach it, which he did for some years. As the subject progressed he developed the role of the technician. Peter Laycock has told me just how incredibly patient Malcolm was with the children. He would never do things for them but would help them to do things themselves. He often spent much time with those who found the practical side of the subject more difficult or with those who got stuck on their projects.

A typical example of his kindness and patience occurred in the last few days that he had at the school. My nine year old daughter Daisy managed to glue her finger to a piece of wood during a D.T. lesson! When she got home that evening she explained that it was O.K. because Mr Williamson had been there and he had managed to unglue her finger from the piece of wood without it hurting too much. He apparently suggested to her that next time she used the glue gun she made sure that he was close by in case something went wrong!

Children and staff often came to Malcolm to ask for favours and assistance with various practical tasks such as mending shoes, glasses, toys, cricket bats, putting up hooks constructing extra pigeon holes and huge range of other things. He never said no. He was absolutely brilliant at building and dismantling play sets. He always asked for plans well in advance and rarely got them; but he remained very calm and appeared to work total

miracles in virtually no time at all, partly because he put in hours well beyond the call of duty.

Malcolm negotiated the world of school politics with ease, because he did not judge people, he was completely honest and straight forward in his dealings with others and he had total discretion and great integrity. He was in a unique position because he fitted no category of staff, was he teaching staff or support staff? Well he was a bit of both! Malcolm was a loyal and committed member of staff; he was totally reliable and he did many unglamorous, time consuming but essential jobs extremely efficiently and competently. He was incredibly modest about his own role which was quite essential to the efficient running of the school. He was very, very generous with his time. I really don't know what we are going to do without him; I think we will need at least three people to replace him!

Malcolm was a very private man who kept his counsel, however his colleagues learnt a little about his passions and interests in his twenty nine years at the school! We know that he had a bit of a taste for malt Whisky. Of course he also had a very good sense of humour and great sense of fun. Malcolm loved his holidays and he loved the heat: he and Margaret had recently enjoyed a number of very good holidays in America. In fact one of the only indulgences he seemed to allow himself as far as school was concerned, was to book flights that seemed to return just too late for him to attend in service training days at the



beginnings of terms. He always asked my permission to be absent (after he had booked the flight). I could hardly blame him for wanting an extra day in the Florida sun, rather than sitting in the school hall being lectured on some educational topic!

Of course, above all Malcolm was a family man; we all know how he adored Margaret and his children and grandchildren and that they were a source of huge pride to him. A colleague wrote to me about his lasting memory of Malcolm: *The quintessential Norfolk man who represents all that is good in people. Modest, gentle, considerate, not self-serving, appreciative of others and life's good fortune: a true gentleman of the highest standing who treated everyone as he would wish to be treated and who was appreciated greatly by all.*

Jonathan William Askew Woodall MBE, (OSH 1959 – 1963). Julian de Haan writes:

‘Jonnie’ Woodall died as a result of a tragic accident on 3 April 2009. I went to his funeral at Fitz in Shropshire on 28 April. There will be a memorial service to follow.

Woodall was not an exact contemporary, nor were we in the same House. However, our families were neighbours in Oxfordshire and I also went to the same preparatory school in Herefordshire. It was great to have a familiar face at Holt when I arrived as not only did North Norfolk seem a million miles away from

Oxfordshire in those days but my own family had recently undergone a similar tragedy.

After school, Woodall was commissioned into a cavalry regiment (one of the mathematical ones such as 17/21 – impossible fraction). I have no idea as to his military record but it was a reasonably happy period for soldiering and he spent a great deal of time on the regimental yacht and sliding down mountains. Being a cavalryman he also took to polo and hunting during this period of his life.

When he left the army as Major Woodall he continued to slide down mountains and I believe he was three times an Olympian at bobsleigh and/or the luge, as well as being at one time the fastest of his countrymen on the Cresta Run. Not bad for someone who went to school in flat Norfolk. He devoted much of his life to these activities as competitor, commentator and administrator. It was for his involvement in this field of sport that he was awarded the MBE. Sailing also continued to be a feature in his life and he was a familiar figure at Seaview on the Isle of Wight.

More recently Woodall took to cycling, covering enormous distances for charity as well as being instrumental in establishing an internet cycling club and founding an important road race in Wales. There was a certain amount of lycra evident at his funeral. I never knew he sang but the Shrewsbury School Community Choir, of which he was a member, gave a lovely rendition of Mozart's ‘Ave Verum Corpus’.



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Sport

OG Golf Society News



The Cyril Gray team from left to right: Tom Hawes, Robert Mumby, Trevor Ridley, Jeremy Mumby, Graham Wells & Pat Cook

Old Cholmeleian Golfing Society Tournament, Highgate: Friday 8th August 2008

Follett Balch organised a team to play in this event for the first time and whilst not featuring at the top of the leaderboard Follett's reflections on the day were very positive: 'I thought we had a good day and certainly didn't disgrace ourselves in escaping the wooden spoon position!' In addition to Follett the OG's were represented by Peter Andrews, Mike Barnard, Mike Long, Peter Morton and Graham Wells.

Autumn Meeting, Gog Magog: Tuesday 30th September 2008

On our first visit to the Gogs we encountered difficult, breezy conditions which did not, however, detract from the enjoyment of the day. The best score in the morning singles was posted by Toby Rolph with 33 points, winning the Guy Marsom Memorial Trophy – we were delighted to be able to welcome Guy's parents, Geoff and Dallas to join us for lunch, and to present the prizes. Second with 32 points was Nick Leek, a debutant with the Society, and third Tom Allison with 29 points. In the afternoon foursomes first place was again



claimed by Toby Rolph (the handicap committee will be meeting!) and his partner James Crick with 32 points, edging out James Marsom and Peter Morton on a countback.

The Autumn Meeting also was the occasion for the Society's AGM, the main point of discussion, being the venue for the Autumn Meeting. A number of options were discussed including Aldeburgh, Thorpeness, Woodbridge, Denham, Ashridge and Colchester. The Hon Secretary agreed to make further investigations, including the possibility of limiting the day to either 18 or 27 holes.

4 Schools Match, Royal Worlington: Friday 10th October 2008

Represented by Jim Balch, Peter Bodington, Crow Goodley and Richard Stevens, Gresham's navigated their way past Tonbridge in the morning before succumbing to Marlborough after lunch. There is some concern that this event is starting to lose support (not from Gresham's) as two of the teams had to bring in non-school substitutes and the format of the day may be subject to review for 2009.

Spring Meeting, Royal Worlington: Friday 27th March 2009

16 golfers turned up to play on a lovely Spring morning at Worlington and our Captain, Mike Barnard, shaking the dust off his clubs that had been hidden

away all winter, played splendidly all day recording two scores of 41 points to win the Fishmongers' Trophy, 12 points clear of the field. There was a titanic duel for the minor placings with four scoring 70 points. After a major cock-up by the Secretary (mea culpa!) it eventually transpired that Jimmy Marsom came second and Peter Morton third, just squeezing out Peter Bodington and Toby Rolph on countback.

The highlight of the day came, however, as everyone was leaving when John Rolph managed to lock his keys in his car, leaving son Toby to drive him up to Norfolk to collect the spare set rather than rushing back home to London to be with his heavily pregnant wife – she may never talk to you again, John.

Halford Hewitt, Royal St George's: Thursday 2nd - Sunday 5th April 2009

This is getting boring – defeat snatched from the jaws of victory as we went down 3-2 to Cheltenham, who eventually reached the semi-final. Having lost the first two matches, the third and fourth games went down the 19th and it was the failure to win both of these that eventually decided the tie, however the real stars were Jeremy Mumby and James Harrison in the last match out who, having been 7 down after 8 managed to win 9 of the last 10 holes to record a memorable success. Their recovery deserved a better result for the team but it was not to be, as Gresham's reverted to the Princes Plate

where we beat Forest 2-1 before going down to Liverpool (Ben Stockham couldn't understand how they managed to lose to St Paul's in the Hewitt, they were that good).

Representing Gresham's in the Hewitt were Tom Allison, James Harrison, Tom Hawes, Luke Hedley, Adam Mann, Jeremy Mumby, Hugh Semple, Will Stebbings, Richard Stevens and Ben Stockham, with Tristan Hedley helping out with the Plate team despite recovering from recent surgery. Thanks also go to Mike Barnard, Jimmy Marsom and Will Mumby whose support was much appreciated.

Grafton Morrish Qualifying Round, Leicestershire GC: Sunday 17th May 2009

The fears that were aired in my 2008 report were well founded as the OG's were unable to raise a team to play in the qualifying competition. It seems that the venue is just too far away to attract the calibre of golfers who would be capable of posting a score good enough to get to the finals weekend in September/October. A change of qualifying course has been mooted but until this becomes reality there is a danger that qualification remains a distant dream.

Summer Meeting, Sheringham: Sunday 21st June 2009

In my absence Peter Badger very kindly stepped into the breach and ran the



Sheringham at the Summer Meeting

day at Sheringham – my thanks to him for what I gather was a very successful meeting, his comments being 'we had a great day which was enhanced by some glorious weather and the course was in particularly good order'. In all, there were 15 OG's playing accompanied by 2 members of staff. The Mumby family tried to engineer a takeover of the event with Will scoring 40 points only to be pipped to first place by his uncle, Robert, who scored a magnificent 41 points. Third place was claimed by Martin Olley (35), the Veterans Cup was won by Patrick Cook (32), the Staff Cup by David Jackson (33) and the Best Lady was Pat Blyth (32). Peter Bodington won the Nearest the Pin prize on the 11th hole, Robert Mumby was successful in the 2's competition with a birdie on 15 and James Crick won a 'special' prize for hitting the ladies loo off the 10th tee – hopefully neither of the ladies playing were in there at the time!

As always Sheringham were very generous with regard to green fees, and the school laid on an excellent buffet back at Holt afterwards – I know



that I speak on behalf of all OG golfers when I say how much we appreciate these very welcome gestures.

Cyril Gray, Worplesdon: Thursday 24th – Saturday 26th June 2009



Cyril Gray Tournament

Mike Barnard was unable to captain the team this year and Jeremy Mumby took over, reporting as follows: 'The Cyril Gray was good fun as always. We beat Glenalmond in the first round 2 - 1, the highlight coming when Patrick Cook and Graham Wells pulled off a remarkable comeback to win on the last when their opponents put their second out of bounds over the back of the green. On Friday we played Kings Canterbury, and lost 2½-½, however all matches were quite close'

The standard of golf at the Cyril Gray is quite high, with low single figure handicaps generally, but relative youth definitely has an advantage with length off the tee and perhaps stamina. As more OG's pass the dreaded 50 year mark our chances for further success may well improve.

Representing Gresham's at this year's Cyril Gray were Patrick Cook, Tom Hawes, Jeremy Mumby, Robert Mumby, Trevor Ridley and Graham Wells.

Governors' Match, Royal West Norfolk: Thursday 25th June 2009

Tony Rains looked after the team for this regular and much enjoyed match. Sadly, the Governors were unable to raise a full team but we did manage to get an 8-a-side game by 'lending' them 2 OG's (a lot of good that did us!). Tony's report on the day is as follows:

'We had a lovely day at Brancaster – the weather was sunny but breezy the course was in good condition and I managed to captain the team to our first defeat against the Governors ever! (This according to Henry Jones – and I'm sure he is right) The result was 1-3 our only winners being Crow Goodley and Peter Bodington with all the games going at least to the 17th. Perhaps the difference was the two players we supplied for the Governors – no sour grapes there then!'

Representing the school were Tony Rains (Capt), Peter Andrews, Bryan Bliss, Peter Bodington, Crow Goodley, Peter Morton, David Newling and Alan Spinks, with Andrew Bell and Andrew Jones turning out for the opposition – my thanks to everyone for helping to keep this match going. Sadly, due to other commitments and a less than enthusiastic response from OG golfers, Follett Balch has been unable to raise a

team to enter the Old Cholmeleian Golfing Society Tournament, Highgate on Friday 28th August 2009 this year, but hopes to return in 2010

With the courses put forward at the 2008 AGM for the 2009 Autumn Meeting (see above), Woodhall Spa never got a mention, yet we have managed to secure a booking to play both courses with an overnight stay at some very attractive rates, the only thing we need on our side at this time of year is the weather! By the time you read this we may be fairly close to the event but if you feel you would like to attend please do not hesitate to contact me (see below). The exact format for golf is yet to be determined but we shall compete, as usual, for the Guy Marsom Memorial Trophy and, at some stage, will hold the Society's AGM.

It is also the intention to incorporate a Lincolnshire OG dinner within the Friday evening dinner, and a mail shot is being sent to all local OG's to identify

the level of interest. The OG Golf Society is always looking for new members, of all abilities (the handicap range of existing members is from 2 to 28 for men and up to 34 for ladies). We enjoy our golf, our match against the Governors, and the Spring, Summer and Autumn meetings days in particular are totally inclusive and we actively encourage golfers of all ages, sexes and abilities to join us. So if you are already a member but haven't been to any of our meetings now is the time to change all that and if you are not a member but would like to join please contact the Hon Secretary, as follows:

Richard Stevens
Riverside
12 Mill Lane
Fordham
Cambs
CB7 5NQ

Tel: 01638 721571 (home)
01638 720228 (office)
07889 751275 (mobile)
richard.stevens@allen-newport.co.uk

OGRE – The Old Greshamian Rifle Establishment

OGRE's year got off to a good start with the annual match against the school, held once again at Winfarthing Range near Diss. Many thanks to Jonah Mitchell for his hospitality once again. The day was enjoyed by all but more so by OGRE whose 8 strong team beat the kids 6 points, 1535 to 1529 before a convivial lunch

afterwards. And that was pretty much it until we reconvened at Bisley for the 140th Imperial Meeting.

The first match there was the Schools Veterans, where we fielded three five-strong teams. The A Team only dropped two points but finished 4th as three others only dropped one. Their



score, though, added to the sprogs' victorious tally in the Ashburton – the first win in that competition since 1968 – handed the Lucas to Gresham's/OGRE. The first 'serious' match was the Astor County Championship where OGRE – representing Norfolk – finished seventh, largely due to a slow start at 300 yards.

Then it was on to the main individual events. Former Queen's Prizewinner Glyn Barnett enjoyed individual victory in the Howcroft Newspaper Aggregate and the 300 yard Gurkha Appeal, also bagging 4 second places and 3 thirds. Ex Gresham's master i/c shooting Nigel Ball was second to Glyn in the Howcroft, and secured a further second place and 3 thirds.

Others to score highest possible scores of 50 or 75 were lead by Jeremy 'Jem' Hinde, who banged in 50s at 300, 500 and 600 yards to come third in the Second Stage of the Queen's Prize. He also achieved a 75 and 12 V Bulls in the 500 yard Daily Telegraph. Charles Rowley's brief but welcome appearance at the meeting was rewarded with a 50.5 in the 300 yard Donegall and 50.7 in the 600 yard Alexandra. Mike Coutts, now – how shall I put it – one of our more senior members popped up with a 50.4 in the Donegall and a 50.2 in the 600 yard Wimbledon.

Charlotte 'Charlie' Clifford-Evans (née Aldridge) – captain of Norfolk's victorious team in the County Short Range – put down a 50.8 in the 300

yard Times and a 50.7 in the Wimbledon. In addition to the top three placings, Nigel Ball got a 50.8 in the Wimbledon, a 70.7 in the Times and a 50.6 in the 900 yard Duke of Cambridge, while Glyn had a 50.7 in the Times. Possibles were also made by Chris Heales with a 50.7 in the Times and Nigel Stangroom on 50.4 in the Duke of Cambridge as one of our newer OGREs, James Purdy, got a 75.7 in the 600 yard Prince of Wales.

OGRE was well represented in the 'Big Three' competitions where Glyn came 2nd and Nigel Ball 7th in the Grand Aggregate to retain X Class status. Four made the final stage of the St. George's Challenge Cup with Glyn coming in at 27th followed by Charlotte (32nd), Nigel Ball (48th) and Chris (63rd). Jem was not able to maximise his Second Stage advantage in the Queen's Prize final. Glyn came 5th, Nigel Ball 20th and Jem 26th.

Successful individual shooting is rewarded by selection for teams in national and international teams. Nigel Ball and Glyn were selected for the 8-strong Great Britain team in the Kolapore, while Glyn made the 12-strong England side in the long range Mackinnon. Nigel, Glyn and Charlie were selected for the 20-strong England squad in the short range National. Congratulations are also due to Richard Stearn, who captained Great Britain to victory in the Under 25 match.

Guy Bartle
k & OSH 78-85



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Officers:

Master – Follett Balch. 27 Hartswood Road, London. W12 9NE.

Tel No: 020 8743 1764 Email: follet@thebalches.net

Secretary – Mike Stott. Brick Kiln Farm, North Walsham, Norfolk. NR28 9LH

Tel No: 01692 403096 Email: mikestott@tesco.net

Meetings: 2010

Thursday January 21st 2010 at Freemasons' Hall, London.

Thursday April 15th 2010 at Freemasons' Hall, London.

Friday June 18th 2010 at Gresham's School.

Anybody who wishes to consider joining the Old Greshamian Lodge please contact Mike Stott, Secretary, on the above address or by telephone and or email and they would be made very welcome to be a member of the School Lodge.

Careers Department

I am very grateful to the OGs who took part in the Careers Convention in December 2008. My appeal this year is more ambitious! Firstly I would be very pleased to hear from any OG with current experience in a particular career to contact me if they are willing to take part in the 2009 Careers Convention to be held on Saturday 29 November, to coincide with the OG weekend. I would particularly welcome help from lady OGs who seem to be more reticent with offers of help!

Secondly I am trying to build up a bank of contacts for work experience/shadowing for committed and focused A Level and IB Lower Sixth Formers. Although work experience is valuable for all students, there are two areas I am keen to concentrate on: prospective Oxbridge, medical and veterinary applicants and the encouragement of pure science as a degree choice and career option. I would welcome comments, suggestions, contacts and offers of help in any of these areas. Please write to me at calban@greshams.com

Honours Board

Would all OGs who have received 1st Class degrees or higher honours since 2005, please contact the Head of the Sixth Form, Gareth Burnell, with their details at gburnell@greshams.com



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An excellent account of the period in World War II when the School was evacuated to Newquay.

I Will Plant Me a Tree £20.00

An illustrated History of Gresham's by Steve Benson and Martin Crossley-Evans

Please add £5.00 for postage and packaging and send cheques, payable to the OG Club, to The Club Co-ordinator, c/o The Staff Common Room, Gresham's School, Holt, Norfolk NR25 6EA.

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Many OGs feel that the time they spent at school in Holt had a profound influence on the rest of their lives. If you felt strongly about Gresham's, please consider leaving a legacy to the Gresham's Foundation

Why should I leave the Gresham's Foundation one?

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More information?

Please ring 01263 714614 or email development@greshams.com if you require any more information.

Contacts

Please send all suggestions, articles and photographs (including your house and the dates you were at School) to the Editor, c/o The Common Room, Gresham's School, Holt, Norfolk, NR25 6EA or via email to jdsmart@aol.com. The copy date for the Magazine is the end of July every year.

All updates for the website, email addresses and address changes should be sent to the OG Club website: www.ogclub.com





LATE NEWS!

12 years ago a motley crew of 6th formers left Gresham's School. Last month there was a reunion for most of Farfield 97 including a couple of interlopers from other houses in the Peak District for a weekend of adventurous activities organised by Howard Olby. There was an abbreviated "where are they now" talk before more serious team building activities were built upon. A quick overview of what everyone has been up to is shown below:

Howard Olby is now an Inspector for Norfolk Constabulary

Geoffrey Watson and James MacBrayne are now Doctors

James Tovey works for Fujitsu

Joe Mellor is an Engineer for BP

Phil Dovey is an Engineer as part of the Civil Service with BVT Surfacefleet

John Worby works in Finance in London

James Horsley works as a teacher

Tom Clayton works in Finance in Norfolk

A good time was had by all and it was all agreed to meet up again next year.

Phil Dovey (F 1993-1997)



Old Greshamian Change of Address

Moving House?

Please keep in touch!

We enjoy receiving your news, views and recollections. Do please feel free to send your details on the form below or alternatively send an email. Remember to check the website for up to date news from us.

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