








**Old Cliftonian**

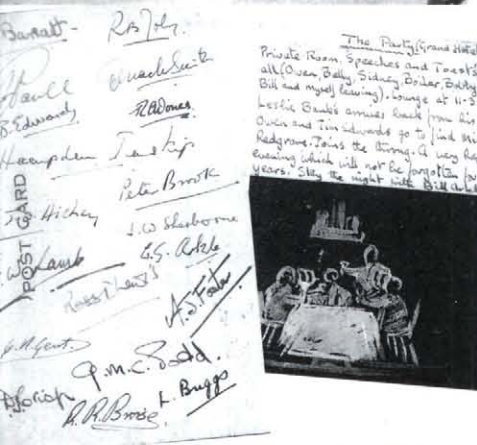
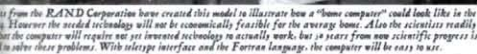
THE MAGAZINE FOR FORMER  
CLIFTON COLLEGE PUPILS

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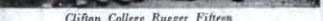




**GRAND SPA HOTEL**  
CLIFTON, BRISTOL.  
SPECIAL LOW TERMS TO RESIDENTS AND BUSINESS PEOPLE.  
CENTRAL HEATING, LIFT, LICENSED, BILLIARDS, DANCING Free to Residents.

At the end of the Christmas term the School played a return match with Sherborne, a try on the Claret and won by three tries to a goal and a try. As they were without J. O. Hickey, victory seemed somewhat doubtful, but in spite of this handicap, the XV played well, especially in the second-half. Sherborne were the first to score, but a try far out. Just before half-time J. H. Inskip brought the scores level with a good break away from L. J. Waugh. Then on resumption of play the School tried all before them. Rush after rush went down the field, and time and again they were nearly over in the Chapel corner. Soon J. H. Inskip scored his second try. L. Briggs broke through the centre to score a brilliant try. Sherborne scored a spectacular try just before the whistle went, which was converted.

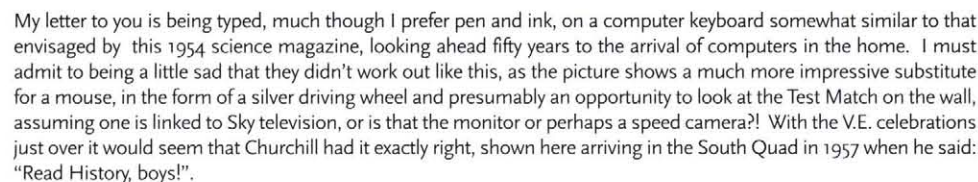
G. N. Gent (W.I.H.), R. I. Lewis (S.H.), H. A. St. G. Hamersley (D.H.), D. J. Crisp (A.H.L.), Jones (S.H.), J. W. V. Palmer (S.T.), W. L. Malcolmson (W.I.H.).



Clifton met Sherborne for the second time, they won by 9 points to 8. For in the season they had defeated them by 14-8. Front row: A. J. Foster, Sherborne; G. W. Lamb (acting captain); J. H. Paull, G. M. C. Todd. Middle row: Rev. F. W. P. Brook (coach); J. J. O. Hickey (captain); C. L. O. Briggs; J. H. Inskip; R. B. Joly, L. J. Waugh, S. H. Budd (referee). Back row: R. A. Jones, F. R. Barratt, W. G. Ackle, G. N. Gent, D. J. Crisp.

In a fast and exciting game Clifton College beat Sherborne by a single point on Clifton College Goals yesterday. The score was 9pts. (three tries) to 8pts. (goal and a try), and by their victory Clifton gained the double over their old rivals. The forwards were little to choose between the two teams, but the Clifton forwards were very fast and forceful in the loose forwards, whilst the backs were more successful.

Sherborne scored first when R. M. Redgrave went over in the corner for a try. Clifton equalized before the change-over, when J.



Now firstly I must clear up one or two loose ends from last year. My postbag has been filling up with Old Cliftonians informing me that the Christmas Card of the 1942 Clifton v Sherborne match on the Close did not take place as the school had already moved to Bude. In fact the school played Sherborne twice, firstly at Taunton School where we won by 14 points to 8 and secondly on the last day of the Christmas term in 1942 at Clifton. Russell Barratt (Wi.H. 1938-43) who actually played in the match remembers travelling up by train from Bude. Michael Redgrave was watching, as he had a nephew playing for Sherborne, and a close game was won by 9 points to 8. Thus Guy "Trapper" Todd's delightful picture commemorated a great game in which Laurie Briggs proved yet again a sportsman for the big occasion. Afterwards Peter Brook took the team out to dinner at the Grand Spa Hotel which, as the menu shows, Denis Mack Smith attended with Tim Edwards, the Head of School.

It is therefore fitting that I should refer first to the success of the Clifton-Tonbridge dinner in April 2005 and to a forthcoming service at St Olaf's Church, Poughill in September. How Laurie Briggs would have loved the former event where his batting had excelled against Tonbridge. May I thank all those who contributed to the success and made it a night to remember. A special report follows inside this magazine. Secondly I draw your attention to the service at Bude in St Olaf's Church Poughill on Sunday September 25th when the choir will be singing to mark sixty years since the return from Bude. Events for this year are printed below and I hope that you will take the opportunity of attending some of them so that you can meet the new Headmaster. In 2006 I would like to hold a dinner in London for the unbeaten Rugby sides of 1970, 1991 and 2001. Perhaps we can also take in a match or some Sevens at Twickenham on the same day? I hope to enclose more details with the Christmas card in December. Could I also appeal to Old Cliftonians who might be prepared to be Branch Secretaries to contact me at the office. We are currently short of a representative in Cambridge, Dorset and Ireland.

Finally, may I thank all those who have contributed articles, memories, photographs, cuttings, and memorabilia to the magazine or just your presence at Old Cliftonian functions. Your contribution is much valued and appreciated. I hope you will enjoy this year's magazine; as always, it's been fun putting it together under the watchful eye of Geoffrey Hardyman who proof reads so efficiently. Without him my problems would be even greater!

Best wishes to you all

*Charles Colquhoun*  
Charles Colquhoun

Saturday September 17th 2005

Saturday September 17th 2005      A Celebration of Polack's 1878-2005 at the Westminster Synagogue, Knightsbridge

Sunday September 25th

Choir sing at Poughill Church, Bude at 11.am to mark 60 years since the return from Bude in 1945

Thursday October 6th

O.C. Bristol Branch Dinner with Praepostors in the Pavilion

Friday October 14th

### O.C. Dinner at the Cardiff Club

Thursday November 3rd

O.C. Society A.G.M. and Executive Committee Meeting in the Pavilion at 5.00 p.m.

Friday November 18th

Bristol O.C. Branch Dinner in Big School, Clifton College

Wednesday November 30th

### London Dinner at the R.A.C. Club

Saturday December 10th

O.C. Sports Reunion Rugby: Bristol v London  
Hockey: O.C.'s v The School

Thursday February 23rd 2006

Oxford Dinner at Corpus Christi College

Thursday March 9th

Birmingham Dinner at Shirley Golf Club, Solihull

Saturday May 6th

Scottish O.C. Lunch at Glenalmond and Edinburgh  
Students evening

Saturday/Sunday May 13th/14th

O.C. Reunion for all those born between 1943 and 1948 and in school between 1955 and 1966





# Cliftonians at War



## Cyril Helm DSO OBE MC (Brown's House 1903-1905)

Was a British medical officer in the First World War. His letters from the front to his parents are printed with grateful thanks to Caroline Price.

15 Field Ambulance, Vth Division  
15-3-15

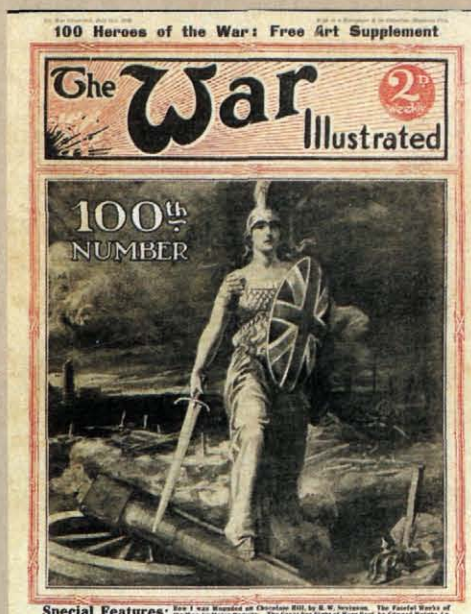
### My Dearest People

Thank you so much for the ripping khaki shirts you sent me. They are very nice and I am just about ready for them: they arrived this morning. I am afraid I haven't any news about the situation to tell you. You would know much more than I do as I haven't seen a paper for three days now. There was a huge battle going on all night. I have never heard such artillery fire and the sky was simply alight with the flashes of the guns and the flares. We didn't know a bit what it was all about but judged from the sound that it was the Germans attacking which proved to be the case.

My battalion is defending a small village and I have fixed up a hospital in the cellar of a farm. When they start to shell us, all who are not in the firing line retire to the shell-proof cellars. We shall all be glad when we move on as we have had no exercise for ages. Most of the Officers have grown beards and look most awful ruffians. I manage to get a shave twice a week as I hate a beard. Our victory at Neuve Chapelle is said to be the biggest thing since the Marne.

I am glad the bridge went off successfully, how many people did you have? The weather has much improved lately and the ground is at last starting to dry up.

With heaps and heaps of love,  
your loving boy,  
Cyril



15 Field Ambulance, Vth Division  
9-5-15

### My Dearest People

We are still up to the eyes in work and in the last twenty fours have had seven hundred through us. Of course it means precious little sleep for anybody. There has been no gas for the last few days, owing chiefly to the wind. Our big push going south has started and by the time you get this, you will have read about it in the paper. I am awfully sorry to hear about Dick Rollman but am very glad to hear that Frank Savill is getting on all right. It is bad news about the Lusitania but it may stir up the Americans a bit. None of us want to see Ypres in German hands as it is a perfect spot but I don't think there is any chance of that. The Germans are absolute professionals at war. At night they have searchlights working which light up the whole of the ground in front of them and it makes night attacks from us very disastrous.

I was sorry to hear Mother had been temporarily unwell but I don't suppose it is anything to worry about. I had a letter from Violet the other day: every time I hear from her I think how lucky she and Henry are to be able to lead such happy and placid lives without being affected by the war. What a difference between them and Peggy and me! Well it is a good thing that everybody doesn't have to suffer. We are supposed to be bombarding Lille now with 15 inch shells. That will wake them up a bit. I only hope the Kaiser is there. He often is I believe. I wonder how long this second big turmoil around Ypres is going to continue? It hasn't shown any signs of stopping yet. The poor old King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry have again had it in the neck and out of thirty seven officers which they had ten days ago, they have only got five left.

Well enough of this gloomy discourse with heaps and heaps of love.

Your loving Son,

Cyril





# George Whitehead (School House 1909-1914)

Representative of the thousands of cricketers who perished at the war front and whose promise was thus never to be fulfilled was Lieut. G W E Whitehead. Captain of the Clifton College XI in 1913 and 1914, he had made 259 not out against Liverpool, and was regarded as 'the perfect flower of the public schools'. He was 'as happy with a good book as when he was scoring centuries'. He was so modest that 'strangers sometimes failed to realise his worth'. He was killed one month before the end of hostilities while serving with the Royal Flying Corps.

## THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF LOOS

"There is something of a show on. I think we are to bombard the Germans and their line of approach for about four days – then the advance begins. Several batteries have been moved up for it like ourselves. We have a couple of eight inch batteries behind us, another on our right, and a couple of R.F.A. batteries immediately on our right and on our left. That is only just around us and there are lots more batteries scattered about.

The general bombardment begins at daylight and goes on until dusk. Our show begins at 6.00 p.m. and goes on until 7.00 a.m. We have to keep a couple of guns firing one on each of two roads at the rate of six rounds an hour per gun with irregular intervals between the rounds. In between our five machine-guns play on the roads. These roads are two targets that should have been registered by aeroplane. We had to measure them off the map and lay by the compass. I hope we shall hit something but it doesn't seem likely to me.

You'll probably hear of it in the papers before you get this. I shall be perfectly safe. It seems rather a feeble way to go to war, a long way behind the Infantry and Sappers who do all the dirty work and get all the danger. This is a well known district for fighting . . . there are some colossal shell holes about twelve feet circumference and six deep."

## WRITTEN DURING THE BATTLE OF LOOS

Sept. 29 1915

"Dear Father and Mother

I'm perfectly all right and safe as they don't know our position. We are just off a main road, so we got a few stray shells aimed at it last night, but no one was hurt. A few stray bullets came over too: they must have been very wild shots as we are a long way out of effective rifle range.

I hear this morning that we are to fire no more and that the D.A.C. have no more ammunition for us. I don't know what can be up, if they have made a mess of things on the way or what.

There isn't a strike on is there? If only we had all the ammunition I'm certain we'd go right on. Perhaps it will turn up this afternoon, then we shall be all right. I don't think many fellows would strike if they saw the Infantry coming back from the trenches after an attack. I've only passed a few wounded and none of the gassed, as I'm usually with the guns or the O.P. but even those who come out don't look fit for much. Poor devils! Fancy knowing twelve hours before-

hand when you are going to charge. Do you remember what I was like before the Rugby match last year and that was only a game?

I spent all this morning laying wire. We laid it rather well I thought, not a bit of it touching the ground until we reached the communication trenches, then of course we had to tie it down. It took four hours. I then reached the O.P. to find that we had just been told we were not to fire next day. Sic vos non vobis. I don't mind that though, but we thought at first we were going back to do a month's training. Tin soldiering is worse than anything I know on earth.



## STILL NEAR LOOS

October 13 1915

"I've got an awful mope on. War makes one awfully angry. Poor devils getting blown to bits, houses and villages and towns destroyed and thousands of people, innocent civilians, getting ruined and turned out of their homes.

There were a lot of dead men lying about unburied – by the Buffs H.Q. – the other day. They must have been there for several days as they were between our old front trenches and the Germans and they had been killed in the attack. I don't know whose job it was to have buried them. It was disgraceful that they should be left like that... They were mostly Scotchmen, and there were a few Germans as well. I don't mind bullets or shells or dead men particularly, but the whole show makes me angry and mopey."

## Guns that Pounded German Trenches to Powder



## BATTLE OF THE SOMME

October 20th 1916

"Our present position is just behind an old Hun trench in which we live. There are a lot of splendid dug-outs further up the trench 30 or 40 feet deep, but unfortunately the Hun left none behind him in the part we occupy. We have had three dug-outs dug down to about 20 feet, in which some of the men sleep and one is used for a telephone dug-out. I'm sleeping in one end of that now. I started at the bottom of the trench under the open sky when it was fine. Then when it looked like rain I moved to a little communication-trench from one of the gun-pits to the main trench. It had boards and corrugated iron over it, but a couple of nights ago we had some pretty heavy rain and I woke to find myself lying in a pool of water, my blankets wet through, the sides of the trench falling in and threatening to bury me and my bed and clothes. I'm sorry I didn't sleep in my clothes as I should have kept my things moderately dry, but I didn't and the trench fell in over my bags and my coat. I lost all my studs too, so at present, nobody having a spare one, I am wearing a 'British Warm' all day with the collar turned up. . . .



1917

"No one who hasn't been out can realise what it is like to sit in a trench from which you can't move and be shelled for hours with heavy stuff. . . . then to walk home through hundreds of corpses in all stages of decomposition, to a dug-out a foot deep in water, and remember the Gunners are generally in action for a couple of months at a time. If I get into the R.F.C. I shall try to become a pilot. . . . The danger of spills is almost always due to over confidence and carelessness, which is a very good reason why I shouldn't come to grief, if you think of it. Can you ever remember me trying to hit just because I had made fifty, or because I had hit a couple of fours unless there was no need for my side to make more runs? Well, I don't see myself doing unnecessary 'stunts' . . . . but we'll talk it over next week-end perhaps."

**PART OF A LETTER FROM THE MAYOR OF LAUWE TO SIR GEORGE WHITEHEAD ABOUT THE DEATH OF LIEUTENANT GEORGE WHITEHEAD**

My Dear Sir,

On Thursday October 17th, at nine o'clock in the morning an English aeroplane appeared flying very low and carrying two persons, Lieutenant Whitehead and Lieutenant Griffiths. Your son raised himself in the machine, and with a flag in his hand, amid the cheers of the population, proclaimed our happy deliverance.

The aeroplane flew over the town repeatedly, always saluted by the inhabitants, until when flying near the Railway Station, which is twenty-five minutes walk from the centre of the town, it was fired at by German machine-guns. Flying at a low height it was hit by bullets which, alas, wounded your son and his observer. The machine made a steep dive and the lifeless bodies of your brave men were borne into a room in our hospital. They were buried the next day in the Military Cemetery by a party of English soldiers.

Lauwe, December 28th 1918

MAY 1920  
LAUWE CEMETERY.



The graves of the two airmen,  
LT G.W.E. WHITEHEAD (right)  
and  
LT R.H.H. GRIFFITHS (left.)

**GLORIOUS SACRIFICES.**

**AN EVER LENGTHENING LIST.**

It seems almost out of place now, in these heartening days of success, to strike a gloomy note, but those, specially, who have followed the Public Schools—and presumably anyone who takes the trouble to wade through these Notes does so—cannot help a deep feeling of dejection as he daily reads that pitiful casualty list. "What might have been." The secure position which the Empire has reached, after these four terrible years, has been attained only at a cost of lives which can never be replaced. Those happy, light-hearted youngsters who have so willingly made the sacrifice need no pity, but what of those whose lives were wrapt up in them? The very flower of our young manhood has been snatched away, and at almost seems, when one harks back to that long Roll of Honour, that some malignant fate had been at work for not only the dearest, but the best, have been taken—those young lives which looked so full of promise and of such outstanding value to their country.

**LT GEORGE W. E. WHITEHEAD.**

It has been my sad task to read the names, in that list, of hundreds of splendid youngsters whom I had the supreme honour of knowing personally, and in many cases corresponding with until a few days or weeks before their end, including at least one near and dear relative, but the death in action of George Whitehead came as a particularly severe blow, as I had no idea he had gone to the front again. Clifton has been badly hit, and his death will make a blank difficult indeed to fill. He was a most excellent cricket captain, and though quiet and unassuming in his manner had a very strong will, and was universally popular. Four years in the XI., he was captain in 1913 and 1914, in the latter of which years he shared with the late S. B. Morgan the honour of defeating Rugby. In that match young Morgan (barely seventeen then, and killed within a year), a left-hand bowler of astonishing accuracy, took fourteen wickets on a sodden pitch for 44 runs, and Whitehead made 19 and 22 and took five wickets with his leg-breaks. At Lord's a month later he played the outstanding innings of the match (78) and took in all six wickets for 79, and to him and Morgan again was due the defeat of Tonbridge by nine wickets. Morgan's share was no small one—40 runs, six wickets in the first innings for 18 and three for 85 in the second, when Tonbridge made a supreme effort to save the game. Needless to say, each played an important part in the representative match. It was in 1912 that Whitehead made history at Clifton in an innings of 259 (not out) against Liverpool, one of the strongest sides touring against the Schools, and firmly established his name as one of the greatest cricketers ever turned out by the famous School. Other records will be referred to when space permits, including two wonderful innings against the Old Boys.

**AFTER SCHOOL.**

Though not brilliant as a batsman he had every stroke, and there is little doubt but that he would have gained his "Blue" at Oxford—he was entered at Trinity—had not the war broken out. He passed high into Woolwich, top of 600 candidates in English and Latin, and received his commission in the R.F.A. in July, 1915. He saw much active service, and was invalided, but, refusing a position in this country, joined up with the R.A.F. and so met his death. At the "Shop" he captained the cricket XI. with great distinction, and only last August carried his bat through the innings against the R.F.A. Cadet School at Lord's when captaining a Public Schools XI. It was noticeable then that, though obviously tiring towards the end of a distinguished innings, which gained him a big reception, he had developed, with great effect, his stroke in front of the covers. He was a fine all-round sportsman in the best meaning of the term, and earlier in the year appeared with success in the forward ranks of the Public Schools Services XV. at Richmond Old Deer Park. "At the time of his death he was doing an artillery patrol, and was brought down near the enemy's lines, both he and his observer being killed."

G. W. E. Whitehead was the most modest boy it was possible to meet—"swank" was unknown to him—and it is safe to assert that he did not realise his own worth. As an all-round athlete he would be hard to beat, and he certainly never made an enemy, except when he deemed it necessary. The deepest sympathy will be felt for the family, who are well known in Kent cricket, which also suffers a heavy loss.





## THREE COUNTY PLAYERS.

### CLIFTON RECORDS BEATEN.

In the years immediately preceding the war there were three batsmen who stood out prominently in the Public Schools—John Howell, of Repton, Donald Knight, of Malvern, and George Whitehead, of Clifton. These three had all broken more than one School record, and though doubtless others, such as F. T. Badcock, of Wellington, might have done so also, they never had the chance. Knight, the eldest of the three, was captain of his School in 1913, obtained his "Blue" at Oxford the following year, and had already made his mark in Surrey cricket. Howell and Whitehead were School captains in the year of the war and had both appeared in county cricket, the former playing a wonderful innings of 45 against Barnes, of Staffordshire in 1913, and a fine century in the Surrey trial match the following spring, while Whitehead had appeared for Kent, in each case as boys still at school.

When war was declared Howell and Knight joined the Artists' Rifles, then under the command of that great sportsman, Lt-Col Shirley, and Whitehead, who had been entered for Trinity College, Oxford, went up to Woolwich, where he passed high. John Howell went to France shortly afterwards, and was killed in Flanders on Sept. 25, 1915, whereby Surrey lost one of her greatest potential players, but D. J. Knight's health did not allow of his going abroad until later, when, after great persistence, he succeeded in obtaining permission. Meanwhile he gave evidence of being one of the greatest batsmen in the country, and scored seven centuries in 1916 for the Artists' Rifles. He was gazetted to the Grenadier Guards, and has since been invalided home. He was badly knocked out, and though chosen to play for Capt Warner's representative XI's at Lord's and the Oval this summer, was unable to take part, though he was actually in this country, when the Oval match took place. In a Guards' match "over there" he took four wickets, but failed with the bat, some months ago, but more recently, when opposed to R. O. Schwarz, H. S. Bush, and other first-class cricketers, played a fine innings of 108. He is now at home, badly invalided, the effects of the gas poisoning having developed.

### G. W. E. WHITEHEAD'S RECORDS.

A full account of the wonderful achievements of young Howell was given in THE SPORTSMAN on the day the news of his death appeared, and only last Saturday I had melancholy occasion to write of the death, over the enemy's lines, of G. W. E. Whitehead. Little reference was then made to his outstanding performances, but, in deference to the wishes of many of his friends, some of these are now given below. A very kindly and sympathetic letter arrived, among others, from Uppingham, where, on the losing side, he played a fine innings of 100 last term.

George Whitehead was in the XI. at Cordwallies, Maidenhead, in 1907, 8, and 9, and captain in the two latter years. In 1909 in nine innings, with a highest score of 80, and an aggregate of 457, he averaged 114.25 per innings, the second on the list averaging 13.5, with a total of 27 runs for seven innings and five not outs! In these nine matches the School was never on the losing side, and on one occasion Whitehead "bagged the bowling" for 35 minutes, a wonderful feat for a boy of 13½!

### AT CLIFTON.

He gained his colours in the Clifton XI. in 1911, and in 13 innings scored 334 runs, with a best of 92, but the following year, in compiling 259 (not out) against Liverpool, he broke the school record and assisted in breaking another, his partner being J. F. Errington (150). He eclipsed everything in 1913 by compiling 701 runs, including three centuries, and an average of 46.73, and though he hardly had as many opportunities in his last year, he yet aggregated 485 runs, with an average of 40.41. Thus for four consecutive seasons his average was 33.4, 41.25, 46.73, 40.41—a model of consistency. Fifty-six innings were played, he was seven times not out, and scored for the school 2015 runs!

His bowling, which eventually developed into leg-breaks of a very effective character, produced 10 wickets in 1911 for 361 runs, 14 for 227 in 1912, 17 for 376 in 1913, and finally 36 in 1914 for 427, giving the fine average of 11.86. There are few cricketers who can claim to have taken 77 wickets and scored 2000 runs for their School. During the five seasons he played for the House—he did not bowl in 1910—he took 71 wickets for 905 runs, and with a highest (in 1910) of 113, in which year he averaged 56.33, he scored 1033 runs in 26 innings, and finished up his last season with the fine average of 77.25.

## APPRECIATION FROM WISDEN'S ALMANACK AND THE SPORTSMAN

"George Whitehead was a perfect flower of the Public Schools. He was not limited to athletics only, great though he was in this respect. Intellectually he was far above the average and was as happy with a good book as when he was scoring centuries. His ideals were singularly high and though gentle and broad minded he always stood uncompromisingly for all that was clean. So modest was he that strangers sometimes failed to realize his wonderful worth. He insisted on being transferred to the Royal Air Force from the R.F.A., fully appreciating the risks, because he knew of his country's then urgent need of airmen, and so he died, greatly patriotic. Clifton has lost more than 500 of her sons. She is proud of every one of them but of none more than this very perfect gentleman."

1914.

Kent v. Warwickshire  
at Gravesend.





# Bude - Reminders of War

by GROUP CAPTAIN MICHAEL HOBSON (W.H. 1940-44)

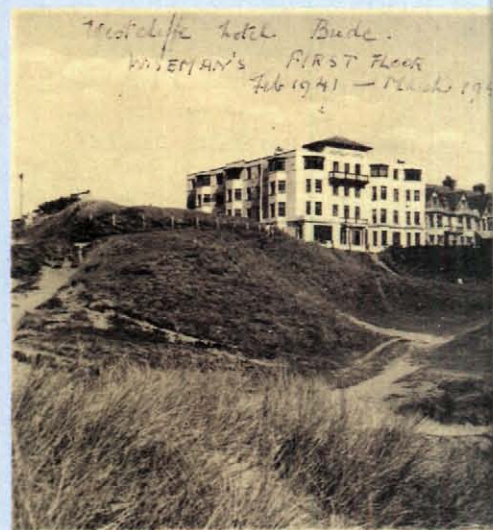
Living in our secluded little shell in North Cornwall we were very remote from the realities of war, and were personally affected only by the general shortage of foodstuffs and other goods, and the restrictions on travel. Periodically, however, the war would impinge on the lives of some of us, often in the form of losses amongst our family or friends, or friends of the family. And on some evenings, after dark, we would hear the sound of distant gunfire, when we would put out the lights in our room and take down the black-out boards to watch the flashes of light on the horizon as one of the many convoys that plied up and down the coast, heading for or returning from America, fought off combined attacks from aircraft and U-boats. These convoys were probably only eight or ten miles out, as during the day we could easily distinguish the outlines of the ships from our first floor window, and identify their escorting aircraft, usually Armstrong Whitworth Whitleys or Handley Page Hampdens. We were pretty hot on aircraft recognition, especially those of us in the ATC, and we could identify practically any British, German or Italian, and later American and Japanese, aircraft from a half-second exposure of a silhouette from any angle. In our ATC Proficiency Examinations an aircraft recognition pass rate of 95% was expected and obtained with 100% being quite normal.

None of us had a radio at school, for there were no such things as transistors, still to be developed by necessity for airborne radar, and valves were in very short supply, even supposing that we had been able to afford a radio set (still called a 'wireless' in those days)

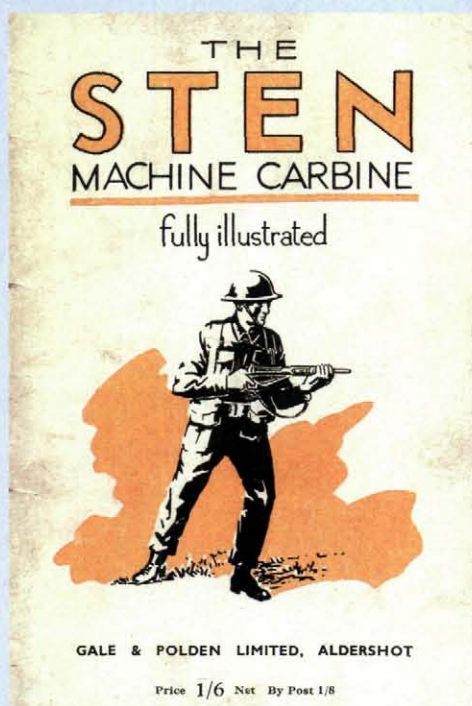
in the first place. So when a momentous announcement was to be made by a government spokesman, or when Winston Churchill was due to make a speech (and nobody who did not live through those years can have the remotest inkling of what those speeches did for morale), Jock Crawford and Michael Mounsey would invite us into their living quarters to hear the broadcast. In addition to Churchill's speeches, two broadcasts in particular stand out in my memory as we listened to them in Jock's living room: the first was the announcement of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour on 7th December 1941, precipitating America's entry into the war, and the second was the news of the Allied landings in Normandy on D-Day, 6th June 1944. Each event gave us a glimmer of hope that the war might one day be over, although few of us could have guessed that it would take almost another four years after Pearl Harbour.



The hall was also used to disseminate any information that needed to be given out to the entire school, for mealtimes were normally the only occasions on which the whole school was assembled together. Such information, either domestic or of a national or world news nature, was invariably transmitted to us by Martin 'Cassy' Hardcastle who was the staff supervisor of meals and delivered grace both before we sat down and after we had eaten. We learned of many momentous events in this way, but the



one that remains in my mind most vividly, because of the shock at the unexpectedness of it, was 'Cassy's' dramatic announcement on 24th May 1941 to a hushed hall that *HMS Hood* had been sunk by the *Bismarck*. It seemed unbelievable that this battle-cruiser, the largest and fastest capital ship in the Royal Navy, could have fallen prey to another warship. We already knew that the *Hood* was one of the many naval ships converging on the *Bismarck* and *Prinz Eugen* which had broken out into the Atlantic to harass our convoys, but we never dreamed for one moment that she would be sunk. It transpired later that the *Hood* had opened fire on the *Bismarck* at a range of 25,000 yards, and the *Bismarck* had replied, scoring a hit which started a serious fire amidships. All the remaining ships in our force then joined in the action, hitting the *Bismarck*, but after the latter's fifth salvo a tremendous explosion tore the *Hood* in two and she vanished in minutes beneath a pall of dense smoke. All but three of her company of over fifteen hundred, including Vice-Admiral Lancelot Holland and her commander, Captain Ralph Kerr, perished. It was news that stunned the entire school. As we all know, the *Bismarck* was then hounded and cornered, and after being further damaged several times was finally sunk a few days later, the *coup de grâce* being delivered by torpedoes from *HMS Dorsetshire*. Over two thousand Germans lost their lives, including their Fleet Commander, Admiral Lutjens.





# The British Army at Clifton in 1941

by DAVID SCHACHT (PHP/BH 1947-53)



At last year's O.C. Reunion I gave Charlie a group photograph with a rather fine background of School House, Big School and the Chapel; and I was cheered to see the photo reproduced across pages 8 and 9 of the 2004 *Old Cliftonian* magazine. The accompanying article, however, made no mention of the British Army at Clifton, concentrating instead, and very reasonably, on the better documented sojourn of General Bradley and the Headquarters of the U.S. V Corps.

Following the discovery of my late father's army service record (Army Form B 199 A!), I realise that I can now fill a small historical gap as well as providing some flesh for the bones of yet another group photograph. My father, Major Geoffrey Schacht, R.A.S.C., was appointed Chief Instructor to the Motor Transport School of No. 202 O.C.T.U., Royal Army Service Corps, on 11 January 1941, moving to Clifton from Boscombe on 8 March. His next posting was on 29 September 1941. I don't know why the title of O.C.T.U. (Officer Cadet Training Unit) was retained because all the 'students' were already commissioned; but I am now sure from the evidence of the posting dates that the photograph was taken during the summer of 1941. Major Schacht sits sixth from the right (as viewed) in the front row, if that matters to anyone (it does to me!).

It is therefore clear that the R.A.S.C. moved into Clifton College pretty soon after the School's departure to Bude. What I don't know is how long they stayed before the arrival of V Corps personnel in November 1942. By then my father was on his way to North Africa, and my mother and I were living in Weybridge, handy for the doodlebugs later on.

In 1941, though, training was still crucial to the British war effort. The unit based at Clifton was busy preparing officers for commands in all the subsequent theatres of action. In crude terms, anyone who already knew anything was likely to become an instructor! My father was one of that number, having spent several years in the pre-war Territorial Army, in the Westminster

Dragoons, where he had undergone driver training in Rolls Royce and Lanchester armoured cars and attended various courses and manoeuvres with both armoured cars and tanks. In addition there were some jolly social occasions, which he and my mother enjoyed during their long engagement.

Also among the 'experts' were a few men whose age allowed them the warped privilege of taking part in both World Wars. If you look carefully at the photograph, you will see not more than about half-a-dozen uniforms with medal ribbons already in place; while the younger generation are still bare-chested. We aren't as profligate with medals as the Americans.

Additionally, at that early stage of the war, the R.A.S.C. still had responsibility for Workshop provision, a function later devolved to the newly-formed Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers (R.E.M.E.). One of my clearest memories of the time is of a Field Workshop display staged on College Green, and including a spectacular mobile workshop lorry - lathe, welding gear and other such delights mounted on a noble six-wheeled chassis, possibly Albion or Thornycroft. And I think there was a sectioned motor engine or chassis left behind by the M.T. School which resided in the Science School. I'm sure I saw it there not long after I came back to Clifton in 1947. I wonder what became of it?

Well, I seem to have moved from factual evidence to the less sure ground of the memories of a five-year old. In the photograph I can see two men who were quite prominent figures in the world of motoring. Above and to the right of my father is the elegantly inclined bald pate (boiled egg!) of Mike Couper, who had raced a splendid Talbot (BGH 23) at Brooklands, did an early post-war Monte Carlo Rally in a Mk VI Bentley and ran a respected dealership in St. Albans. On his left is the noted motoring journalist Rodney Walkerley. Remember his contributions to *The Motor* over many years? There may be others - I know that we met that intrepid driver J. J. Hall around that time - but I can't spot him for certain.

We had a house in Stoke Bishop, 7 Druid Stoke I think, and I certainly remember Mike Couper's snazzy Citroen Roadstar. The worst of the Bristol Blitz had already happened before we arrived: the devastation in the City Centre is sharp in my memory. I can still see the twisted steel girders of a modern building, and the charred unyielding timbers of some of the older structures, heat having moved the steel and ironically aided the destruction. The Centre seemed full of taxis, black and orange Austin Goodwoods. During our stay, a bomb hit part of Bristol Royal Infirmary, scattering bits of bandage and bedpan all over the top of Park Street. Further down the hill, the Mauretania survived, but doesn't look so good now. What has happened to it? Further down again, near the Cathedral the relatively new Council Offices stood firm, despite the naughty hopes expressed by some!

While Stoke Bishop, being on the other side of the Downs, escaped the worst of the bombing, we watched some exciting aerial dogfights from the big windows in my parents' bedroom. And there was an interesting occasion when, driving in Roger Armstrong's old Morris Ten, we crossed one of the little bridges not far from St. Mary Redcliffe, and a huge detonation behind us disclosed the hiding place of an unexploded bomb, over which we had just driven.

And finally, it was that posting in 1941 that brought about my coming to Clifton, when my family realised that the wandering Army life called for a boarding education. A curious period, Clifton providing a welcome stability while I tried to find out where to go home at the end of each term, or so it seemed. Without Master Hitler's intervention, we might well have stayed in Winchmore Hill and I should probably have gone, following my father and grandfather, to City of London School. Clifton may not have gained much from that turn of events but I know I did!

David Schacht



WINS THE MILITARY CROSS.

range and then some Molotov Cocktails were thrown on it, severely burning the driver. Lieut. Chidson immediately opened his cupola door and leaping out with his revolver attacked the post which was responsible. The enemy there immediately surrendered. The courage and dash of this officer, in the face of heavy enemy fire, his coolness in directing the artillery fire on the previous day when his tank was being subjected to heavy and accurate fire, his complete disregard for his own personal safety, are examples of courage, determination and devotion to duty which rank highly in the annals of the Service. It was due to these qualities that the tank and crew were extricated while inflicting severe damage on the enemy on Nov 22nd, and again on the following day at Dalby Square.



1938

1938  
C.H. Becker, W.T. Barrett, C.F. Klingman, P.V. Oaks, B.D. Leland, C. Madson, K.K. Yampolsky, A. Marsden, G. Temple, T. Morris, E.B. McKee, J.A. Bunting, O.C. Grayson, G. Baker.  
H.F. Galt, R.G. Haslam

H.F.S.G., R.Q. Haselwand, D.G. N.W., J.H. Nichols, G. Güter, J.E.V. Shackleton, R.H. Webb, Q. O'Leary, R.M. Call, J.B. Cranford, J.L. Hines, Z.K. Hofford, J.R. Klein, T.A. Overland  
P. Pridemore, A. Ritchie, S. Shinkov, M. Thompson, T. Cunningham, T. Brown, V.B. F.B.B., M.K. Y.L. Z.C. Wang, D.M. Horner, Q. K. Williamson, D.M. Carlson

<b>F. D. BARKER.</b>					
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	Group IV. Shirlaw, D. W. Aeron-Thomas, J.				
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	5 (2) G. Oats ma., G. F. Jacob ma., R. F. H. Gabb, H. F. Nichols, J. H. G. W.		18 20 24  11	8 (1) Bunting, R. A. Daker totis, G. Mithe, E. H. S.	
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This article first appeared in Flypast in March 2005



## One of the unsung few

D.G. PARNALL (N.T. Pre: S.H. 1929-1933)



Educated at Clifton College, Bristol and Downing College, Cambridge, where he read Mechanical Sciences, Denis proved an able scholar. As he grew up he developed into a devastatingly handsome, but quiet and undemonstrative, young man. Former RAF colleague and close friend, Pilot Officer, later Wing Commander, H.J.S. Beazley remembers that he "possessed great natural charm, even-tempered, good-natured, with a nice sense of humour and a cheerful disposition. He also had a wonderful social assurance." Outwardly a refined spirit, Denis felt at home in the remote Cornish countryside where he spent as much time as possible sailing, swimming and following traditional rural pursuits, even at one time taking up bee-keeping.

### 'DESK' JOB

His RAF career began just before Christmas 1936, when, aged 21, he became a Pilot Officer in the Reserve of Air Force Officers, forerunner of the RAF Volunteer Reserve. He was appointed to a permanent commission in the General Duties (Flying) branch of the RAF in September 1938. A posting to 2 Elementary and Reserve Flying Training School at Filton, Glos, led quickly to the award of his coveted 'wings' and promotion to the rank of Flying Officer early in the new year of 1939.

### FIRST BLOOD

As the British Expeditionary Force retreated towards the evacuation port at Dunkirk, Denis became one of the first officers to join the newly-reformed 249 Squadron, furiously working up to operational status with Supermarine Spitfire Is at Leconfield, Yorkshire, but soon to be re-equipped as a Hawker Hurricane I unit. Operational on Hurricanes from late June 1940, the squadron continued an intensive programme of flying in the relatively quiet Yorkshire skies. It was on July 8 that Denis, leading two other pilots of 'Red Section', scored his first blood for the new unit by carrying out the faultless interception of a Junkers Ju 88 of Kampfgeschwader 4 off Flamborough Head.

Joined by two Spitfires of 41 Squadron, the Hurricanes sent the bomber down in flames at Hornsea in West Yorkshire where villager Mrs Caldwell disarmed one of the crew to become an instant celebrity. She was awarded an O.B.E. for her actions.

### IN THE THICK OF IT

On August 14, the squadron moved to Boscombe Down in Wiltshire to cover Southampton and the Isle of Wight. The unit was sent into action almost immediately. During the early evening of August 15 the Hurricanes were scrambled in two separate flights and Denis Parnall's 'B' Flight ran into a gaggle of Ju 88s with an escort of Messerschmitt Bf 110s over the Wallops in Hampshire. In the ensuing dogfight, Parnall claimed a Bf 110 destroyed.

Flying from Boscombe Down, the squadron continued to be involved in sporadic action for the rest of the month. Then on September 1, 1940 the unit moved to North Weald in Essex, a sector station in Fighter Command's 11 Group guarding the eastern approaches to London, and the pilots of 249 finally entered the fray in earnest. From the moment the squadron arrived in North Weald the action was frenetic and exhausting. The tempo was relentless. At 16.40 hours on September 2, Denis scored



Carved on a small obelisk on a cliff top overlooking an inlet at Crackington Haven on the beautiful and remote North Cornish coast, is an inscription:

*Given to The National Trust in 1959 by  
Wing Commander A G Parnall  
in memory of his brother  
Flight Lieutenant Denis Parnall RAF  
and all who gave their lives in  
the Battle of Britain in 1940.*



his first 'kill' flying from the squadron's new base, sending a Bf110 of Zerstörergeschwader 76 spinning down in flames to crash inverted on a farm at Billericay, Essex. Trapped in the wreckage, the crew perished in the ferocious post-impact fire.

The next day Denis was promoted to the rank of Flight Lieutenant and confirmed as 'A' Flight Commander. On Saturday September 7 the course of the Battle of Britain – and perhaps the history of the war – changed forever when the Luftwaffe abandoned its disabling attacks on Fighter Command's airfields and began an all-out assault on London. Denis was in the thick of the action, relentlessly pursuing a Heinkel He 111 of Kampfgeschwader 53 along the Thames, firing repeatedly until its port engine stopped, then harassing it with other fighters until it force-landed at Old Marsh, Isle of Grain, at 17.30. Four days later, another raid on London and another 'kill' for Denis, this time a He 111 of Kampfgeschwader 1 forced down at Hildenborough, Kent. This was shared with other pilots of 249. September 15 came and went with 249 Squadron still at the centre of the furious air fighting that was raging over the south and east of England.

### HIGH IN THE SUMMER SKY

Wednesday September 18, 1940, was a day of magnificent towering cumulus clouds. It was also the last day of Denis Parnall's life. At 12.15 the squadron was ordered off from North Weald to patrol Gravesend with Denis leading 'A' flight in his usual mount, Hurricane 1 V6694. It was the second patrol of the day. Soon after take-off Denis discovered a fault with the air pressure system and gun firing mechanism of his Hurricane. Unable to fire his guns he returned to base. No doubt conscious of his responsibilities as a flight commander, he ran to a replacement Hurricane, V6685. This aeroplane had amassed a total flying time of just 15 hours. At 13.10, even as the first of his comrades were making their way back to North Weald, Denis roared off alone to support those still engaged in a ragged battle with Bf 109s and He 111s over northeast Kent. Somewhere around 13.15, when he was still climbing hard towards the Thames Estuary, disaster overtook the young aviator.

No one can be absolutely sure what happened – interviewed years after the event, eye-witness recollections were hazy, some recalled a brief battle very high in the summer sky, others did not. All remembered that a Hurricane had come down in a vertical power dive, completely out of control, and crashed in a field beside Ivy Barn Lane, Margaretting, east of North Weald.

At 13.25 a telephone report was received at the local message-clearing centre to say that

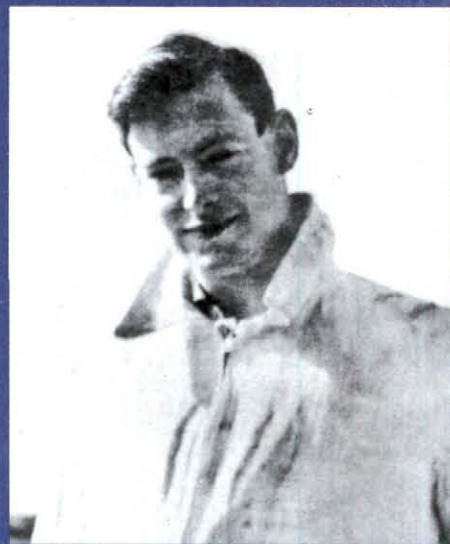
a British fighter had crashed and burned out in a field beside the A12 road at Furze Hill, Margaretting at 13.20. The pilot was dead. The Hurricane had crashed with terrible violence. The bulk of the wreckage was burning in a deep crater, with the remainder of the machine scattered around the hillside field. There was no hope for the pilot and evidence at the site clearly indicated he was still in the aeroplane when it hit the ground. The authorities arrived to take control of the situation and collect the remains of the pilot, but due to the severity of the crash immediate identification proved impossible and the fragmentary remains were removed to the mortuary at Chelmsford Hospital.

### AFTERMATH

Poulton and Sons, Undertakers of Epping, recorded a commission on September 25 "Supplying coffin for unidentified airman, delivery to and removal from Chelmsford Hospital to RAF camp North Weald with assistants." On October 3 the unidentified pilot was interred by the Reverend Gosney at St Andrew's Churchyard, North Weald, almost within sight of 249 Squadron's dispersal. The RAF, meanwhile, had been investigating the crash site and had found a way of identifying their fallen airman. The day before the interment at North Weald's St Andrew's Church 249 Squadron received a signal from HQ 11 Group. The Squadron Operations Record Book takes up the story:

*A signal from 11 Group giving us the serial number of some browning guns which have been found on a crashed Hurricane. On checking up it was found that these guns had been fitted to Hurricane V6685 which was the aircraft Flt Lt Parnall had been flying when he was posted missing. This proves much to the regret of us all that Denis Parnall had been killed in action. A loss to the service of a very fine regular officer.*

When Parnall's family found out about his interment as an unknown airman, they arranged for the body to be exhumed and returned to his beloved Cornwall. So it was on August 20, 1941, that his mortal remains were exhumed and the handsome and popular flight commander made his last journey – home to the cliff-top church at St Gennys on the Cornish coast, the place that meant so much to him. The simple inscription on Denis's grave reads: "In memory of Flt Lt Denis Geach Parnall RAF. Fighter pilot killed in action in the Battle of Britain September 18, 1940. Aged 25 years. Per Ardua Ad Astra." Denis was dead and laid to rest but not forgotten, not by his brother Alan who mourned for him all the days of his life and made a gift of an area of cliffs to the National Trust in his brother's honour, nor by his squadron colleagues from that far off summer of 1940.





# Operation Telic

## 1st Battalion The Royal Regiment of Wales Deployment to Iraq 2003

by CAPTAIN SIMON VALENCIA, (WISEMAN'S 1988-1993)

*The 1st Battalion The Royal Regiment of Wales (1 RRW) deployed on Operation TELIC to Iraq in October 2003. The battalion comprised 632 soldiers, and I was its adjutant for the tour. The battalion had an area of responsibility of around 200 sq km, including the city of Basra.*

When 1 RRW arrived in Basra in October 2003, the stability of the city was far from assured: armed gunmen still roamed the streets looting and intimidating the local population. Riots over fuel shortages and lack of electricity were common and the hospitals were becoming a no-go zone after dark. The local government was struggling to establish itself, the Iraqi Police Service (IPS) was ineffectual and the non-governmental organisations responsible for the redevelopment of schools, health and industry had all withdrawn owing to the security threat. All of this meant that the task of turning Basra into a functioning city was left almost solely to our battalion.

Prior to our deployment, a great deal of training time went into ensuring that our soldiers were fully prepared for the complicated Arab culture in which they were to operate. All of our soldiers were briefed on the history of the country and the significance of religion, and great care was taken not to offend locals through careless insensitivities. In addition, all the soldiers were taught to speak basic Arabic and understand customs and greetings. An excellent relationship with the locals developed through simply being approachable on the street, being firm yet friendly, and by showing respect for ancient Iraq and for those who live in it. Hordes of children frequently followed our patrols in the poorer areas of the city, fascinated by the foreign soldiers. Our troops engaged with them—a lot of young Iraqis speak good English—and often played football with them or looked through their school books.

To enable Basra to become a fully functioning city, it became paramount that its people felt safe and able to carry out their daily tasks without fear. In order to achieve this, the



battalion carried out high-profile patrolling on foot with friendly faces and a positive attitude. Our Welsh soldiers reassured the local communities and stopped vigilantes patrolling the streets, allowing normal people to move around, free from fear, by day and night.

The Battalion carried out a series of operations, of which a few are described below.

### PREVENTION OF OIL SMUGGLING

In a nation that has the second-largest oil reserves in the world, fuel supply should not be an issue, but it is. Smuggling on the Shatt Al Arab, the main waterway in and out of Iraq, and down through the Persian Gulf is endemic; illegal trading increased the prices that local people had to pay for fuel that was produced less than 50km from their city. To counter this, we mounted several anti-smuggling operations and improved the security at local petrol stations. By training the Iraqi police and eliminating illegal fuel sales, we ensured that the people of Basra started to pay a fairer price for their country's primary commodity.

The smugglers had a simple but effective system of early warning which made them hard to catch red-handed, but our determination overcame this. With constant monitoring of the situation, our soldiers grew to know the people of the area: who the locals were, who the smugglers were and the times that they plied their trade. We knew when to be at the canals and who to look for, and over the months we handed over several fuel barges and armed men to the local Iraqi customs police.

### FUEL

The battalion arrived in Basra only eight weeks after a wave of violent riots. These were sparked off by a severe lack of fuel at petrol stations; although Iraq sits atop vast oilfields, the facilities to turn that crude oil into refined fuel and distribute it are limited. There were only eight fuel stations in the city and these, due to the security problem, closed well before it got dark. The problems got worse and demand increased during the latter part of the tour. An additional drain on the fuel resources was caused by the fact that 300 cars a day were being imported into the city



as its economy began to recover from the war. During the day, fights would regularly break out on station forecourts because there was no organised queuing system.

The first thing we did was to deploy troops to each of the petrol stations and control the queuing system. The presence of soldiers meant that the stations could open later and this eased the burden during the day. The next stage was to train the Iraqi police to take over the task. This was helped by using project money to buy concrete blocks to force the cars into queues. New lighting was also bought. By the end of the year the stations could, when required, open 24 hours a day—for the first time in the city's history. To help the attendants distribute the fuel quicker we bought \$200,000-worth of new petrol pumps.

There were also significant problems with the refuelling of tankers at the refinery at Shaibah. Corruption was endemic, and often fuel distribution was halted due to lack of control over queuing tankers. A similar approach to that used in the petrol stations was used and an efficient and corruption-free method of filling tankers was soon up, running and controlled by the Iraqis.

#### **ENHANCING LOCAL DEVELOPMENT**

In the Maqil district of Basra, one of our units developed close links with the local councils, or 'Majlis', the local industrial leaders, and heads of various civic institutions. The market in Maqil was an ongoing problem, with the discovery of weapons and drugs trading. This was combated through joint patrolling with the Iraqi police, who helped to co-ordinate the stalls and traffic in the area, bringing more order to the marketplace. This was followed by a number of planned searches that uncovered weapons, drugs and stolen items.

#### **SETTLING TRIBAL DISPUTES**

To the north of Basra, the issue of tribal feuding remained central to all activities. Initially, a lot of effort was put into limiting the extent of the feuding by dominating the area during fighting. These actions undoubtedly saved the lives of many innocent people and enhanced the credibility of the local police and coalition forces as the protectors of the local community. In dealing firmly with recalcitrant tribes, it was possible to force them to take account of their actions, while at the same time providing them with the means (a venue, a deadline and an audience to hear their problems) to resolve their disputes. As a result, a final settlement of the 40-year dispute between the Al Garamsha and the Al Hamadne tribes was brokered, as well as settlements of several disputes within the Al Garamsha tribe and a resolution of the feud involving the Buchatra and Buckreet tribes.

#### **ENSURING PAYMENT OF MILITARY PENSIONS**

We undertook to ensure the payment of military pensions, which had not been paid since prior to the conflict. Hundreds of war widows and ex-military queued to receive their money. Many of the claimants believed the money would run out; this caused the crowds to surge to the doors of the banks every time they opened. Our response to this was to put in place control measures and the creation of an area where pensioners could wait. This involved the integration of the IPS and several weeks of our troops doubling up on their patrol shifts, to ensure that over 10,000 men and women received their money safely and therefore some level of financial stability.



#### **ENSURING FAIR TREATMENT FOR ALL SOCIO-POLITICAL GROUPS.**

In the political vacuum left by the fall of the previous regime, there emerged a multitude of new parties representing the entire spectrum of Iraqi society, some with less legitimate ambitions than others. It was an unfortunate legacy of the norms that Saddam established in Iraq that some of these groups used methods more in keeping with the Baath Party than a fledgling democracy. As our soldiers monitored and assisted the locals in taking control of their own affairs, they also had to make sure that these practices stopped.

#### **DEVELOPING THE IRAQI POLICE FORCE (IPS)**

Not only did our soldiers have to stay within the confines of the law, they found themselves instructing the local police force on how to carry out their job. Two of the battalion's sub-units developed the Security Sector Reform (SSR) Training Unit, with one being responsible for the mentoring of the Basra's Traffic, Patrols and Checkpoint Police, and the other focusing its efforts on higher-level policing such as the Tactical Support Unit and those who manage crime scenes.

The development of the police service brought with it new challenges. Information on numbers of police, their shift patterns and their tasks had to be collated before training could begin. This was no easy task, with only 130 soldiers looking after 5,200 policemen. The training involved teaching approximately 45 different lessons in 22 police stations around Basra. These lessons ranged from weapon-handling to crime-scene management and how to patrol safely and effectively. A further part of the training included the practical application of human rights and its role as an essential part of any democratic society.

During the period of working with the local police, we provided identification cards, installed a new radio communications system and issued the force with both new uniforms and serviceable weapons, having removed the damaged and unsafe ones. The police developed from a disorganised and limited force to a more coherent, more confident and more professional organisation. The development of the physical structure of the police stations became a priority. Every station in the city was assessed for redevelopment requirements and tenders sourced.

The future of police training will see greater emphasis on operational planning at a district and station level and an increased emphasis on the Military Police as well as the civilian police advisers. This will ensure that the force is trained as a law enforcement organisation and not a military one.

#### **REBUILDING BASRA**

During the Royal Regiment of Wales's tour of Iraq, a civil military co-operation cell was formed. The cell was responsible for linking with the various groups within Basra that were responsible for rebuilding the city, and offering whatever assistance we could provide. The team used project money worth over \$7.5m to rebuild various parts of the city's battered infrastructure. Basra changed dramatically during our tour of duty: on arrival, the city was an insecure and shattered war zone; on departure, it was a thriving and developing city well on the road to recovery.

#### **SOLID WASTE AND SEWAGE**

When we arrived in the city there was no system of collecting solid waste. Rubbish was heaped outside people's houses and this mixed with overflowing sewers. The city produced 1,500 tonnes of waste per day, which simply collected on the streets. If this had remained the case during the rainy season, the implications for the health of residents would have been severe. •

In response, we launched Operation DYSON to clear waste from the streets and take it to the outskirts of the city. By the end of the year the municipality had acquired its own budget



from Baghdad and began to clear waste with its own vehicles, ensuring that the city remained a cleaner and healthier place to live.

## EDUCATION

During the final years of Saddam's regime, the education ministry's budget was severely curtailed. This, in conjunction with the fact that many schools were heavily looted in the aftermath of the conflict, meant that the quality of school buildings and equipment was exceptionally low when we arrived. Many of these had no working toilets, electricity or equipment.

During our tour, project money was used to repair and rebuild these schools: structural damage was rectified, plumbing and electricity installed, buildings painted, and if necessary new desks and chairs bought. In total throughout the city, 56 schools were spruced up at a total cost of \$2,382,000. The reaction of the local communities to this was extremely positive.

## MEDICAL PROBLEMS

The hospitals were in a very poor state of repair and in many cases unsanitary. Many of the Primary Health Care Clinics around the city were inoperable because of the poor condition of the buildings. The desperate shortage of medical equipment and pharmaceutical products led to difficult choices for doctors, who were forced to decide who needed the medication the most. Moreover, the hospitals lacked any form of security force and armed gangs frequently

threatened the duty staff. Several weeks after our regiment arrived in Basra, the Director General of the largest hospital was shot dead at work.

The regiment's medical officer approached the problem in four ways: a "health police" was formed and trained; the hospitals received urgent repair work to ensure they could continue functioning until more money was allocated to them; poor-quality Primary Health Care Clinics were refurbished; and the pharmaceutical supply chain was revamped to improve the flow of drugs to patients. On top of this, the ambulance service was restructured and given a radio system to help it operate more effectively. The impact was clear to see: the hospitals were able to treat more patients and local medical practices were returned to areas that had been without them for years.

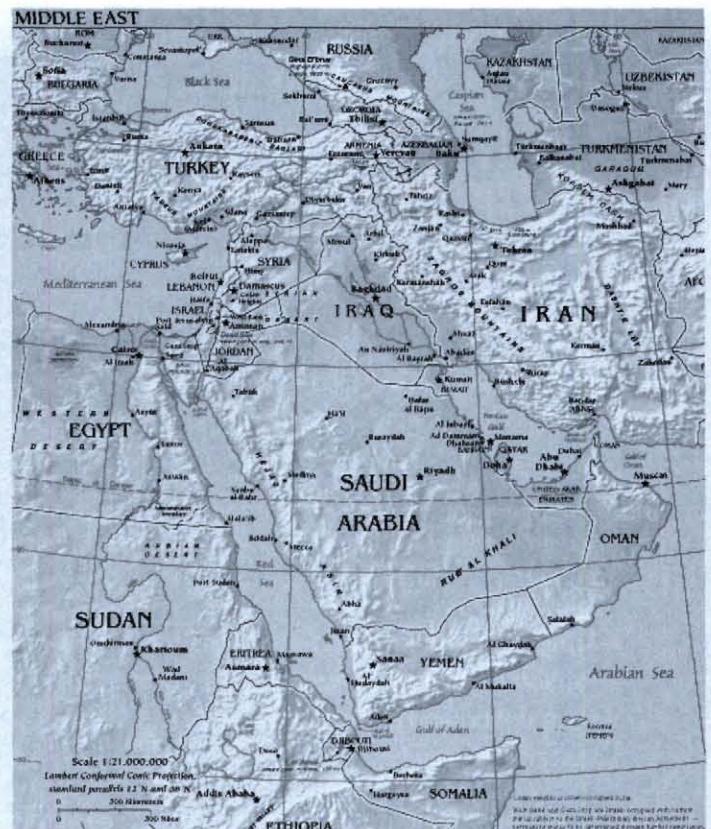
I am confident that the Royal Regiment of Wales made a massive impact on the people of Basra. Our teams worked daily with the local communities to find out what their problems were and to see what help they could provide. One of the greatest advantages of the projects was that they employed local Iraqi contractors whose experience working on the projects improved their company's profile and ensured that much of the \$7.5m spent in total ended up in the city trickling down through the local population. This helped the local people to buy luxury items they could never have afforded under Saddam's regime. When the regiment entered Basra at the end

of 2003 the population was insecure, the streets were empty and many of the shop windows were bricked up for security reasons. By the end of the year Basra was booming, and many residents were buying cars, TVs and other electronic goods. The street cleaners were working and the health service was recovering.

Throughout Operation TELIC the members of the 1st Battalion showed compassion and Welsh spirit to help develop Basra into a fully functioning city. All members of the battalion gave 100% commitment and regularly carried out tasks far beyond what is expected of an infantryman—from holding fundraising events to raise money for worthy causes, to risking their lives to police and develop run-down areas of the city.

The tour was not, however, without moments of intense personal sadness. A speeding car struck one of our armoured Land Rovers, killing Private Ryan Thomas, an 18-year-old soldier from South Wales.

At the end of our tour, Basra was in a significantly better situation than it was before we arrived. The people felt safer and had started to reap the benefits of a free society. I feel we maintained security and promoted the benefits of peace to the advantage of everyone in the city. Central to this was gaining the trust of the local people, so that they saw us as part of their community. Hopefully our efforts will help to bring closer a democratic, self-governing and independent Iraq.







# Safetrek

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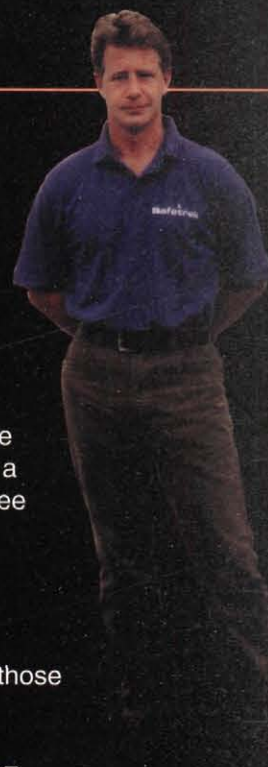
**John Cummings** was at Clifton from 1974 to 1983 - in Sharp's, Poole's and finally Wiseman's. A talented games player; he represented the school at Rugby, Football, Athletics and Water polo. On leaving he ventured to America on his Gap Year working in the Napa Valley Vineyards and then in San Jose. A memorable experience but not without its problems! Having won an Army Scholarship he subsequently joined the Light Infantry in 1985.

He served worldwide in Africa, America, Canada, Europe, The Middle and Far East on War Fighting and Peace Support operations.

He left the Army last July having formed Safetrek. He is passionate about travelling, adventure and developing individuals to their full potential. A Suzy Lamplugh Personal Safety Tutor and a partner with the Foreign Office 'Know before you go campaign'. Safetrek has now developed three core markets:

- Travel Preparation and Awareness for overseas travellers (regardless of age!).
- Personal Safety and Awareness at work for Lone Workers (nurses, doctors).
- Preparation and performance coaching for University Students to ensure that they obtain those successful results.

Married to Karen, who is a dentist in Exeter, they live in Devon with two daughters aged 9 and 7.





# The Branches

## INTRODUCTION

Although we have extended the number of events run across the country this year, there is a pressing need for Branch Secretaries in Hants and Dorset, Cambridge, Ireland and within a year, I suspect, Oxford. Could I therefore appeal to Old Cliftonians to contact me in the O.C. office if you are able to volunteer for this most rewarding and enjoyable job. It is not as arduous as one might think!

I would personally like to thank all those who do run Branches and events for the Old Cliftonian Society. All your efforts are very much appreciated and I do try to come to as many as possible. For those of you wondering why I am not always present, I have to confess that I am still a full-time teacher in the History department, actively running and playing four sports (rackets, fives, real tennis and squash), as well as producing the *Cliftonian* magazine for the School. If I appear busy at times that is why!

The Branch dinners were, as always, hugely enjoyable, wonderfully organised and fully attended. The curry evenings in Oxford, Bristol and Scotland were also a tremendous success. The Annual Reunion was not quite as well attended as in previous years but no less enjoyable. Next year's Reunion is for those who were in school between 1955 and 1966 and therefore born between 1943 and 1948, so dig out your flares, penny round collar shirts and kipper ties!



## Bristol

The AGM of the branch was held on Monday 6th September 2004 at 6.30 p.m. in the Newbolt Room. The meeting was attended by 12 members with 10 apologies. The Secretary, in the absence of Tom Gover (our Chairman) who was on holiday, welcomed those present and gave a report on the branch activities and future events. Duncan White (D.H. 1956-60) was elected as our new Chairman and Nigel Bishop as Secretary/Treasurer. The meeting was followed by some wine and nibbles.

The annual branch dinner was held once again in Big School on Friday 12th November 2004. Our branch chairman, Duncan White, welcomed all the Bristol branch members present together with our principal guests: Stephen Spurr - Headmaster, Jim Williams (D.H. 1984-91) - guest speaker, Bob Acheson - Pre Headmaster, David Jones - Chairman O.C. Executive Committee, Oliver Delany - Bursar, Charles Colquhoun - O.C. Secretary and Mike Innes - M.D. Clifton College Services.

Dr Stephen Spurr updated us on the school and its activities with a special mention of the Foundation and the development work now being carried out at the school. We were then entertained by an excellent speech from Jim Williams on his experiences at Clifton and his present sporting activities at the school. We were once again entertained by an excellent school girls' choir and the evening finished with the rendering of the School Song. All agreed that the food and service that we received from the school caterers were

excellent (headed up by Brett Jones who has very sadly died recently). Our thanks to Peter Bush (N.T. 1957-59) for his accompaniment of the School Song.

### Future Events

1. The A.G.M. of the Bristol branch will be held on Monday 5th September 2005 in the Newbolt Room.
2. There will be an O.C. Bristol branch supper in the Pavilion with the School Praepostors on Thursday 6th October 2005.
3. The annual dinner will be held in Big School on Friday 18th November 2005.

**Nigel Bishop**  
Secretary

## Birmingham

This year Branch members met for the Annual Dinner at the Shirley Golf Club. Our annual trip to the local greyhound track was missed, but is to be re-instated later this year after lobbying of the branch secretary from some keen race goers.

The Dinner was well supported by a good mix of youth and lesser-youth. Laura Baxter (OH 2000-03) did some sterling work in encouraging Duncan Lidgitt (ST 1997-2002) to travel from Oxford University (although I

don't think he needed too much persuasion!) and friends Annabel Langston (OH 2000-03) and Thea Inston (OH 2001-02) to travel from Warwick and Birmingham Universities. Ed Greig (WaH 1998-2003) made a delayed appearance and wins the award for effort and ingenuity in travel arrangements but not for his navigation skills. Thanks go to Brian Dicker (OH 1948-53), and his wife, and Roger Higgins (SH 1946-51) for providing transport.

Peter Spence, Philip Hallworth and Charlie Colquhoun joined us from Clifton, and Owen Davies (WiH 1948-52) brought his brother Howell (WiH 1953-58) from Hertfordshire. Other attendees were: Jeff Avery (ET 1959-64), Jonathan Baldwin (SH 1952-55), John Dayer (NT 1938-48), Charles Galletly (WaH 1963-68), Claude Joseph (PH 1943-46), Michael Leek (PH 1944-49), Charles Lees (SH 1928-32), Bob Levy (PH 1972-76), Martin Richards (OH 1956-61), Anthony Rubery (WiH 1939-45) and Jack Slater (ET/ST 1953-60). Nick Schiller (BH 1979-81) unfortunately did not make it, but as FD of one of the last remaining British vehicle manufacturers was excused for acting in the national interest.

The date for the 2006 Dinner is Thursday 9th March 2006. An evening at Hall Green Greyhound Stadium will be arranged for this November - details to follow.

If you want to know more, to offer to host, organise or help with something, then please feel free to contact me, (tel. 01564 771217, or e-mail [pflowles@blueyonder.co.uk](mailto:pflowles@blueyonder.co.uk)).

Peter Fowles



Rival attractions prevented some of the usual suspects attending what is always the event of the social calendar. Whilst numbers were slightly down on previous years, owing to a Rugby International and the opening of the new Cardiff Opera centre, enthusiasm for an evening with Tim Mathias rose in direct correlation. The Headmaster of the Pre, Dr. Robert Acheson, spoke eloquently but the main attraction was still finishing his soup when there was the usual demand for his oral contribution. Accordingly the assembled company was soon coughing, spluttering and guffawing as Mathias, the Welsh equivalent of Rory Bremner, regaled us with stories involving second world war aeroplanes and surfing hotel staircases on trays!. The Cardiff hospitality was, as always, legendary and continued long into the night and beyond in a variety of bars where Mathias seemed to know everybody. Wales it seemed was just warming up as Mr O'Sullivan aimed for his hotel room as the last owl hooted.

It had been another tremendous evening and our thanks go to Paul Dolan for his administration. On a more serious note we mourned the loss of David Glan Evans who had only missed one O.C. dinner in 40 years, and stood to honour him as well as Bill Mullens, recently deceased, a fiercely proud Welshman. Denis Yapp was also a notable absentee and we send our best wishes to him. Thank you all for a wonderful evening.

The following O.C.s were present: Shabab Ali (M.H. 1998-2000), Matthew Barrett (M.H. 1995-2000), Nick Carter (Pre: B.H. 1974-82), Henry Coffin (D.H. 1985-90), Jason Coffin (D.H. 1981-84), Martin Coffin (D.H. 1955-60), Tim Coffin (D.H. 1979-84), Will Fletcher (S.H. 1994-99), Martyn Ford (Wi.H. 1967-72), David Freed (P.H. 1967-71), Toby Harris (M.H. 1994-99), Phillip Howell-Richardson (Wi.H. 1964-69), Henry Hughes Davies (M.H. 1995-2000), James Hughes Davies (M.H. 1994-99), Philip Hughes Davies (O.H. 1960-65), Chris Jenkins (Wi.H. 1999-2004), Andrew Jones (B.H. 1975-84), David Jones (B.H. 1948-55), Nicholas Jones (B.H. 1980-89), Simon Jones (B.H. 1974-82), Tim Mathias (Wi.H. 1945-55), Rhodri Mogford (M.H. 2002-04), Marc Patrick (M.H. 1994-99), Matthew Rapport (P.H. 1991-94), Richard Read (O.H. 1945-53), Paul Rossini (O.H. 1968-71), David Scott (S.H. 1998-2003), Peter Scott (S.H. 1964-69), William Scott (S.H. 1996-2001), Richard Shepherd (P.H. 1958-63), Nick Stovold (M.H. 1997-2000), Rhodri Thomas (S.H. 1993-97), Roger Verrier-Jones (Wa.H. 1945-53), Lyndon Ward (Wi.H. 1980-83), Owen Wells (M.H. 1997-2000), Rebecca Williams (O.H. 1988-90)



## Devon and Cornwall

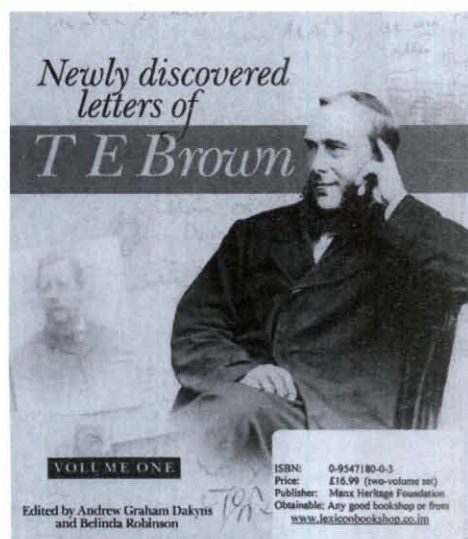
The Devon and Cornwall branch continues to flourish under the stewardship of Rowland Cole (Pre: S.H. 1948-54). Two functions have been organised this year and much enjoyed in super locations. Richard West (Pre: E.T. 1952-59) and Joan hosted a delightful lunch in October, while Chris Parrish (Wa.H. 1944-48) and Janet gave a Bar.B.Que for Old Cliftonians to enjoy with their partners in June. Both events were extremely convivial occasions and enjoyed by all. Numbers remain strong which is entirely due to the tremendous loyalty of Old Cliftonians and the generosity of the hosts who put on such a wonderful day. Thank you all for contributing to the life of the O.C. Society so warmly.

The following O.C.s attended either one or both events: Jim Baker (Pre: B.H. 1935-45), Michael Bower (S.T. 1934-38), David Brian (S.H. 1944-48), Henry Caish (Pre: S.T. 1953-62), Rowland Cole (Pre: S.H. 1948-54), Anthony Evans (Pre: Wi.H. 1946-54), David Evans (E.T. 1953-58), Bryan Foster (Pre: B.H. 1936-46), David Gough (O.H. 1942-46), John Hartley (Pre: Wa.H. 1945-55), Michael Haward (S.H. 1935-40), Richard Hitchcock (Pre: D.H. 1951-59), Patrick Holt (S.H. 1946-51), Gordon Houlden (N.T. 1946-51), Anthony Lane (O.H. 1952-55), David McMurtrie (D.H. 1945-49), Bruce Nightingale (O.H. 1946-50), Chris Parrish (Wa.H. 1944-48), Arthur Probert (N.T. 1937-43), Robert Sellin (N.T. 1950-55), Dick Sidwell (S.T. 1942-47), Gerard Smart (Pre: E.T. 1955-62), Jonathan Walker (Pre: E.T. 1961-71), Keith Warner (Wa.H. 1948-52), Richard West (Pre: E.T. 1952-59)

PS: [Editor's note]  
The Old Cliftonian Society wishes to record its gratitude to the Devon and Cornwall Branch for their most generous cheque.

## Isle of Man

In December 2004 Andrew Dakyns and Belinda Robinson, joint editors of the two recently-published volumes of T.E. Brown's letters, were the guests of honour at a party



held in the T.E. Brown room in the Manx Museum in Douglas to celebrate the publication. The Manx soprano Christine Bregazzi sang some of Brown's songs and Arthur Bawden, Clerk of the Island's Legislative Council, read extracts from the letters. The highlight of the evening was the presentation to the Museum by Andrew Dakyns of the magnificent silver salver given to his grandfather Henry Graham Dakyns, a master at Clifton when the school opened in September 1862 until he retired in 1889. Dakyns helped to establish many Clifton institutions including enthusiasm for long-distance runs, rugby football, cricket, Dakyns' House, and eccentric teaching methods. The salver, which was a gift to Dakyns from his two headmasters, John Percival and James Wilson, features the Dakyns coat-of-arms





above a fine engraving of the school buildings and the inscription:

### HENRICO GRAHAM DAKYNS

*fortunae domus  
et nascentis et adultae  
cum fide ac studio  
nunquam non inservienti  
grates agunt*

J. PERCIVAL. J.M. WILSON.  
MDCCCXC

The salver now stands proudly on display in the Museum alongside the silver bowl presented to Brown at Clifton on his retirement in 1892. After the Museum celebration there was an OC dinner party at the Hilton Hotel at which Andrew Dakyns was able to swap Clifton stories with his

contemporaries Duncan Egddell and Hugh Davidson. On May 5th 2005, the anniversary of Brown's birth, there was, in addition to the annual wreath-laying ceremony in Glen Falcon Gardens, Douglas, yet another party at the Manx Museum, this time to launch a CD of Brown's Manx dialect poems read by the late Geoffrey



Crellin. Later in May Charles Guard, the Director of the Manx Heritage Foundation, visited the Clifton area in the company of other Island cultural luminaries to see for themselves a place they keep hearing so much about, and Roger Sims, of the Manx National Heritage Library, presented to the Old Cliftonian Society three fine photographs of the Dakyns salver.

Derek Winterbottom

## Japan

On 1st September 2004, we had our regular annual OC Dinner in Tokyo Japan. We met up at a traditional Japanese "Yakitori" restaurant, which serves "Chicken on sticks" as a main course. Members who attended were Adrian Beard, Francis Clay, Michael Gover, Alex Kinmont, George Wallace and Masa Usui. If you are in the other side of the world, it is always great to catch up with Old Cliftonians and talk about our nostalgic days. This time Francis, who has now lived in Japan for a number of years, decided to change his career and leave the country. As a result, the dinner turned out to be a legendary farewell night out.

Finally, I have taken over the secretarial role from Jonathan Glassberg (thanks for your



huge support in the past Jonathan!). Anyone who is stopping over here should give us a shout. My email is usuim31@hotmail.com

Masa Usui

## London

The London dinner was held at the RAC Club this year and superbly organised by Richard Haines (Pre: M.H. 1989-95). A sumptuous dinner was served in the Mountbatten Room and all those who attended thoroughly enjoyed the occasion. The speakers were Mr Andrew Thornhill, QC (Pre: N.T. 1951-62), Dr. Stephen Spurr, and Mr Charles Colquhoun, O.C. Secretary. Please note that the application for this year's dinner on Wednesday November 30th is included with your *Old Cliftonian* magazine. We much look forward to seeing you in London.

The following O.C.s attended: S. Alabaster (Pre: B.H. 1958-66), R. Andrew (O.H. 1987-89), A. Aylwin (Pre: O.H. 1991-98), R. Barke (O.H. 1988-90), J. Beauchamp (Wi.H. 1962-66), D. Bevan (Pre: Wa.H. 1952-61), S. Brewer (Pre: E.T. 1970-81), G. Catford (S.T. 1936-45), P. Coe (N.T. 1972-77), J. Comerford (B.H. 1947-50), A. Crane (Pre: E.T. 1981-92), R. Creese (Pre: S.T. 1932-39), A. Dakyns (Pre: D.H. 1944-52), R. Davis (P.H. 1975-80), F. De Sica (Pre: O.H. 1991-98), S. Forrest (Pre: S.T. 1954-64), L. Fowler (Pre: M.H. 1989-94), N. Fraser (Pre: Wa.H. 1982-89), J. Galaun (P.H. 1990-95), Miss R. Haines (Pre: O.H. 1990-98), R. Haines (Pre: M.H. 1989-95), E. Hanson (M.H. 1993-98), I. Harris (Pre: O.H. 1980-95), S. Harrison (P.H. 1975-80), S. Heath (Pre: E.T. 1979-89), R. Henschley (Pre: Wi.H. 1954-60), T. Henderson (Pre: E.T. 1979-89), K. Ho (Pre: S.H. 1987-94), N. Hubbard (S.H. 1972-77), W. Innes (S.T. 1989-2001), D. Jacobs (Pre: N.T. 1938-48), G. Jacobs (P.H. 1971-76), C. Jenkins (Pre: N.T. 1967-77), V. Keenan (O.H. 1987-89), M. Kellett (O.H. 1990-94), E. Kenworthy (Pre: S.H. 1992-98), E. Leighton (P.H. 1973-77), M. Mackay (Pre: S.T. 1973-82), A. Mackenzie (Pre: B.H. 1946-52), K. Manning (O.H. 1990-95), D. Mayes (S.H. 1976-81), D. McKay (Pre: Wi.H. 1957-67), H. McWatters (Pre: S.H. 1971-82), R. Moffat (Pre: M.H. 1991-98), R. Nederkoorn (Pre: D.H. 1957-65), J. Parker (Pre: M.H. 1989-94), K. Parker (Wo.H. 1993-95), G. Pilkington (B.H. 1932-37), O. Piper (Wi.H. 1994-99), A. Pratt (B.H. 1990-92), A. Ray (Pre: D.H. 1954-62), J. Read (Pre: O.H. 1945-51), M. Saggese (S.H. 1978-86), S. Selzer (P.H. 1962-66), A. Shepherd (Pre: S.H. 1981-92), P. Smith (Pre: S.T. 1954-61), I. Stewart (D.H. 1986-91), M. Szala (Wa.H. 1997-99), N. Tarsh (P.H. 1947-52), D. Taylor (Pre: N.T. 1943-52), A. Thornhill (Pre: N.T. 1951-62), N. Tolchard (Pre: S.T. 1970-80), D. Tosh (S.H. 1978-83), M. Tosh (S.H. 1948-51), P. Tosh (S.H. 1980-84), S. Unger (P.H. 1974-77), A. Wallis (O.H. 1937-41), J. Ward (O.H. 1987-89), R. Ward (Pre: M.H. 1985-95), L. Wilson (O.H. 1988-90), N. Yannaghas (Wo.H. 1993-95).





## Mexico

The most important OC's to visit Mexico this last year have been Ed Henry (L.S. Pre: E.T. 1992-04) and Guy Robinson (ET 2002-04), who each spent a good three months as English language assistants, as well as travelling around the country. Both worked at the Escuela Secundaria Técnica 'Amistad Británico-Mexicana' in Mexico City, with which Clifton is linked, and Guy went on to help at a school in Real del Monte and to work in the archives of the Museo de la Minería in Pachuca. Their contributions were invaluable. Three other soon-to-be OC's are due to come to Mexico this year, and new volunteers are always welcome.

For the academic year 2005-6, Amistad Británico-Mexicana will be sending four Spanish assistant teachers to schools in Britain: Jaime González, from the EST99, goes to Clifton, and others will be going to The Leys, Cambridge, Sidcot School and Haygrove School, Bridgwater.

Readers of this column will be interested to know that the number of Mexican schools supported by Amistad is no fewer than eleven, each having been rebuilt or re-equipped and then linked with a school in Britain, along the lines of Clifton and the EST99. There are now Amistad schools in Acapulco, Villahermosa, Real del Monte, Cuernavaca, and Jalmolonga as well as Mexico City. This expansion, which is ongoing, has been made possible by the gift of a further \$330,000 from HSBC, Mexico, as part of its community support programme which is focused principally on education. As a result we are constantly in search of schools in Britain where Spanish is taught which would be interested in creating a special relationship with a school in this country. Please contact me if you have suggestions.

John Gibbs  
john.gibbs@prodigy.net.mx

## Oxford



Oxford witnessed two events this year. In November the students at both the University and Brookes joined forces on the Cowley Road to enjoy a terrific curry and a variety of funny looking beers in oddly shaped bottles with dodgy labels. One can't help thinking that recycling is a lost cause in this university town.

Nevertheless once we had met in a suitably down-market public house, we moved on to the curry house which was fortunately able to accommodate nearly twenty-five. Mrs Hill managed to order something that was hotter than the average volcano which happened, she claimed, because she had lost her glasses. The upside of this was that twice the amount of alcohol was required to avoid a throat operation. Sarah Hill (Pre: O.H. 1991-2001) must be congratulated on managing to organise a group of students into something assembling a company and acting (but not expecting an Oscar) as a Punkah Wallah, to cool down her mother, by waving a large menu. Mrs Hill is to be congratulated on surviving the evening and keeping your correspondent awake on the way home. A very good time was had by all.



In February A.J. Rivlin (O.H. 1996-2001) organised a formal dinner in Corpus Christi to say farewell to Doctor Spurr. Mr Andrew Thornhill QC, Chairman of Council (Pre: N.T. 1951-62), spoke eloquently as did Dr Robert Acheson. The occasion was preceded by a drinks party in The Bear and the dinner, which was attended by an excellent number of students, followed at Corpus Christi where both the food and wines surpassed expectation. It was a



fitting occasion for the Chairman and the Headmaster, both of whom had attended Corpus as students.

The following O.C.s attended the Student Curry: N. Adams (Pre: S.T. 1989-2001), E. Allen (Wi.H. 1994-99), A. Briggs (S.T. 1994-2001), K. Colquhoun (Pre: Wo.H. 1989-2001), E. Dunn (W.T. 2002-04), S. Hill (Pre: O.H. 1991-2001), A. Lang (Pre: M.H. 1988-98), D. Lidgitt (S.T. 1997-2002), R. Mogford (M.H. 2002-04), A. Rivlin (Pre: O.H. 1991-2001), H. Robinson (Pre: E.T. 1994-2001), T. Scott Healey (Pre: S.H. 1996-2001), S. Shivji (S.T. 1994-2001), E. Slack (Pre: M.H. 1992-2004), R. Small (S.H. 1998-2000), D. Townsend (Pre: S.T. 1997-2004), D. Turnbull (Pre: S.T. 1990-2002), Z. Udezue (S.H. 1999-2004), R. Yates (S.T. 1997-2002), D. Zimble (P.H. 1999-2001).



The following O.C.s attended the Oxford Dinner: T. Anstey (S.H. 1979-83), R. Carr (Pre: D.H. 1954-64), K. Colquhoun (Pre: Wo.H. 1989-2001), B. Crichton (S.H. 1955-59), W. Czartoryski (P.H. 1995-99), E. Dunn (W.T. 2002-04), R. Giles (Pre: Wa.H. 1949-56), M. Gill (Pre: W.T. 1998-2004), S. Hill (Pre: O.H. 1991-2001), T. Inston (Pre: O.H. 1991-2002), L. Johns (O.H. 2000-04), N. Kazimirov (P.H. 1995-99), D. Lidgitt (S.T. 1997-2002), A. McCormack (Wo.H. 2002-04), C. McHugh (O.H. 1997-2002), R. Mogford (M.H. 2002-04), T. Norris-Jones (D.H. 1969-74), L. Peers (O.H. 2000-04), E. Phelps (Wa.H. 1979-84), S. Richards (Pre: E.T. 1949-59), A. Rivlin (Pre: O.H. 1991-2001), M. Robins (S.T. 1939-45), H. Robinson (Pre: E.T. 1994-2001), T. Scott Healey (S.H. 1996-2001), A. Slack (Wo.H. 1997-2002), A. Thornhill (Pre: N.T. 1951-62), D. Townsend (Pre: S.T. 1997-2004), D. Zimble (P.H. 1999-2001).



## Scotland

**S**now-covered hills provided a spectacular backdrop to this year's O.C. lunch at Glenalmond College on 5 March. Graham Pilcher MC presided and our honoured guests were Charles Colquhoun, Adam Sibley (former housemaster of Wiseman's) and Mike Innes (Commercial Director). After the Big School Grace, pronounced by David Willington, and during the truly excellent meal, the secretary informed the gathering of the sad deaths of Rev. Jay Lennard, Michael Kirkland and Tony Harper. He also pointed out that he had been informed by John Musson that the Headmaster of Glenalmond had been an O.C. for 31 of the last 60 years.

After the meal, the President formally welcomed our guests to Scotland. In reply, Charles and Mike entertained us with a lively update on activities at Clifton and we reluctantly rose from the table at 4 p.m.

Other O.C.'s present were Peter Graham Carter, Michael Riddell, Robin Pilcher, Rod Eley, Christopher Roads, Liz and John Owen, and Rob Latimer, Josh Kernan and Oliver Vines who are presently undergraduates at Edinburgh University. Apologies were received from Oliver Whitely, John Musson, Stuart Delves, Colin James, Brian Kirkland, R. Gibson, Hugh Waterfield, Rupert Ormond, Clive Good, Quintin Bradshaw, Mike White, Ian Lennon, Philip Brittain, Neil Reynolds and Robert Steadman. Later that day the Away Team met O.C. undergraduates at a separate event in Edinburgh but that, as they say, is another story.

Picking a date for the Reunion is always a balance between ease of travel in Scotland and avoiding undergraduate exams. Opinion after the meeting suggested that next year the date should revert to May. Therefore the 2006 reunion will be held at Glenalmond on 6th May and all O.C.'s together with wives or partners will be most welcome.



Briony Pickles (Pre: W.T. 1995-2002) organised a spectacularly successful evening in 'Auld Reekie' which was attended by at least thirty Old Cliftonians. A suitable pub was selected

probably by Josh Kernan which involved Josh walking no further than 70 yards home (Briony, how did you let him get away with that?!). It was, in Josh's defence, a superb choice as the beer disappeared almost as fast as the contents of my wallet! We then moved on to enjoy a splendid curry which almost persuaded Mr Sibley to change into his kilt for a spot of late night clubbing! Fortunately he was too busy trying to keep Mr Innes awake and the last taxi disappeared round the corner before Mr Sibley could shout "charge!". The next day was spent walking the Royal Mile with Mr Sibley again to the fore in selecting a bottle or two of hard core whisky which he claimed was for his wife. A doubtful argument which even Mr Innes saw through by around 2.00 p.m., being as he was, somewhat challenged by the brightness of the morning. But with a large intake of Haggis on board there was no



stopping Mr Sibley's search for the largest screen possible to see the Bath/Gloucester match, suitably fortified with an open prawn sandwich and a pint of the inevitable. Thus it was that we shoehorned Mr Innes onto the plane just in time before the last hurrah! Thank you all for a wonderful weekend, the memories still linger and we must do it again soon. The following played some part in the evening one way or another:

Alice Allen, Ben Bartlett, Charlie Bingham, Jules Bird, Olivia Bradbury, Jim Clarke, Oli Creese, Jo Davey, Cara Davidowidz, Pondai Dengu, Chania Frost, Tim Gabelko, Tamsin Graham, Mel Joory, Josh Kernan, Jasmine Kiddy, Joni Levy, Leah Magoye, Chablis May, Duncan Nuttall, Tom Padfield, Harriet Partridge, Ed Phillips, Russell Savage, Simone Seltzer, Ross Stone, Lucy Tatton-Brown, Oli Vines, Hugh de Winton, Henri Worthington and Kelly Zimblar.



## Western Australia

**T**he Branch Secretary Tim Lalonde, who had done so much to get the Branch going, resigned this year and I took over in May. Our get together was a meeting between Giles Harford (Wa.H. 1946-51), our wives both Barbara and I at Bellissimo Restaurant in Rockingham on 20 August, 2005. Sadly our senior member Bill Pittendrigh died on 26 March 2005 after a long battle with cancer. [Editor's note: His

obituary will appear in the OC Magazine next year.]

Professor Melville Jones continues to teach classics and Ancient History at the University of Western Australia. He has recently relinquished the headship of the Department and has organized a student tour of sites in Greece connected with Theseus of Athens. He could not attend our meeting as he was addressing a conference in China.

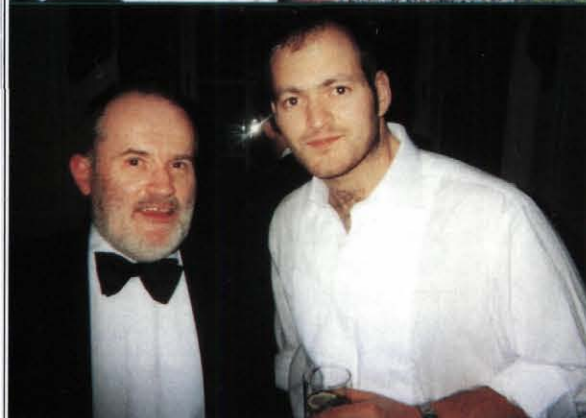
Michael Charlesworth (Wa.H. 1953-61) is difficult to contact as he lives on a yacht and

is a pilot with Skywest Airways. Thomas Higson (B.H. 1950-54) was in England watching the Test Matches. Harry Weston teaches at Hale School.

Other O.C.s in Western Australia are Dr. Christopher Dickson (O.H. 1940-44), Timothy Haggett (E.T. 1975-79), and Thomas Snowden (Wi.H. 1981-90) but I have not been in contact with them. I feel sure there must be others as our state is booming and I would welcome contact from any OC's who move here.

John Foulsham







# Annual Reunion

## INTRODUCTION

The Reunion began on Saturday May 7th with a splendid oration for Gordon Hazell (Master and Governor 1955-2000) by Miles Buckinghamshire (O.H. 1958-63). This took place in the fitness centre of the Sports Hall where a superb plaque was dedicated to Gordon. We thank Craig Turner and the Downend Boxing Club for all their help in erecting the plaque and wish them well with their project to build a gym in Gordon's

honour at Kingswood. The weekend was hugely enjoyable and the weather was particularly kind. Special mention and thanks must be given to all those who journeyed considerable distances to attend. The Reunion finished on the Sunday morning after chapel. Next year's Reunion is for those who were born between 1943 and 1948 and were in School between 1955 and 1966. Partners are particularly welcome.

The following O.C.s attended this year's Reunion:

- School House:** J. D. Baldwin (1952-55), N. I. K. Clark (1952-57), D. B. Crichton (1955-59), R. M. Davidson (1951-56), J. R. Folds (1953-57), J. D. Gass (1952-56), J. H. Pawlyn (1951-55), S. Pawlyn (1953-58), J. W. Rankin (1955-60), J. N. Scott (1950-55), P. J. Simmons (1953-56), P. M. Tosh (1953-56).
- Brown's:** F. J. Avery (1955-60), R. Cashmore (1949-54), J. E. F. Down (1947-52), A. H. Evans (1952-57), R. A. Hockin (1950-55), D. M. Jones (1951-55), R. J. Loveridge (1955-60), N. H. Ransford (1952-57), D. W. Schacht (1948-53), D. Sproull (1955-60), S. Wheeler (1955-60).
- Dakyns':** R. B. R. F. Hitchcock (1954-59), P. R. Mewton (1951-59), M. A. Richardson (1954-56), D. S. Sariputra (1954-59)\*, A. P. Travis (1955-59)\*, D. R. White (1956-61), R. H. Whitty (1951-56), D. J. L. Wilders (1952-57).
- Oakeley's:** A. K. Amor (1954-58), G. M. Buckinghamshire (1958-63).
- Wiseman's:** R. F. Collins (1954-59), H. M. Davies (1953-58), W. H. Durie (1950-59), D. W. Dyson (1951-56), C. J. Evans (1955-60), R. K. Frampton (1937-42), J. E. Gardiner (1955-60), T. F. Mathias (1950-55), D. G. Perry (1951-56).
- Watson's:** D. N. Hawkins (1954-58), M. Rutherford (1955-59).
- South Town:** R. A. G. Barnard (1955-59), J. Cottrell (1952-57), B. L. Hebblethwaite (1952-56), D. P. L. Howe (1950-55), B. J. Thorne (1953-58).
- North Town:** J. B. Cook (1953-58)\*, N. J. B. Cooper (1955-60), R. T. Harris (1954-59), G. Houlden (1946-51), I. A. H. McPhie (1955-60), J. H. Phillips (1953-58), G. S. B. Pritchard (1954-59), A. C. Smith (1951-56), C. A. von Struensee (1954-59), A. R. Windows (1957-61).
- Polack's:** A. C. Garcia (1953-56).
- East Town:** S. B. Richards (1954-59).

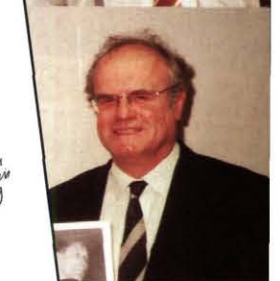
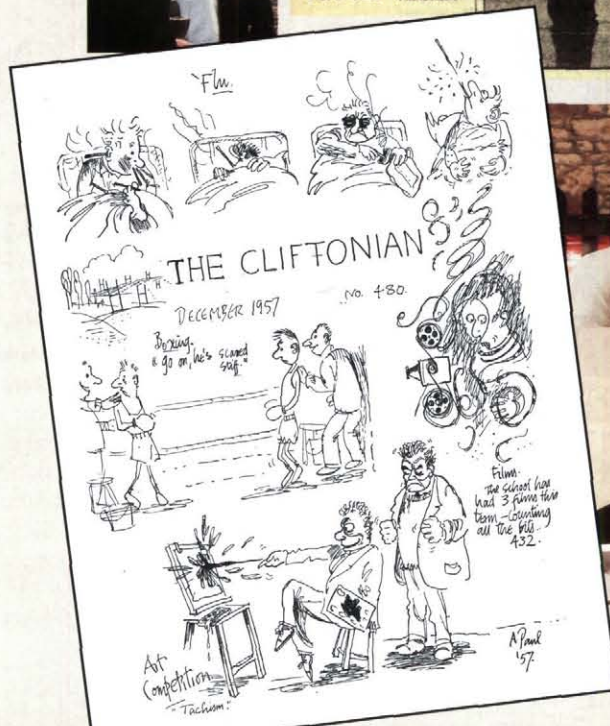
\* travelled from abroad



NEARLY 200 boys ran in the Clifton College Short Penpole cross-country run, held yesterday afternoon. Conditions were muddy and the competitors well spread out by the end of the approximate three-mile run. The race started in Ashton Court and finished outside Clifton College. As in the Long Penpole held on Tuesday, walkie-talkie transmitters linked up the different checkpoints. The first three to finish and pictured above were from the right, M. R. Stephens, M. P. King and P. Elman. The placings were: 1. M. R. Stephens, 22 min. 29 sec.; 2. M. P. King, 34 sec.; 4. N. G. M. Cornes, min. 34 sec.; 5. R. J. Monks, min. 46 sec.; 6. A. C. J. Chaston, 22 min. 47 sec.




CLIFTON COLLEGE  
LONG  
PENPOLE WINNER





# Clifton-Tonbridge Dinner



1914  1968  
Clifton v Tonbridge  
at Lord's

Dinner in the Long Room  
on Wednesday 27 April 2005

Admit One

Black Tie  
7.00pm for 7.30pm

...So I got Bradman out twice,  
caught and stumped, off one ball.'...



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## Dinner

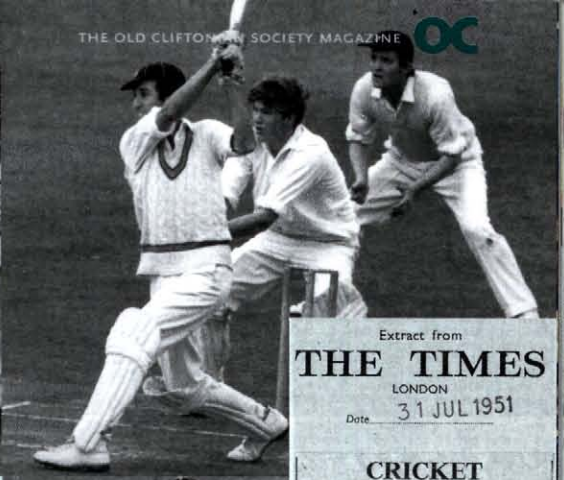
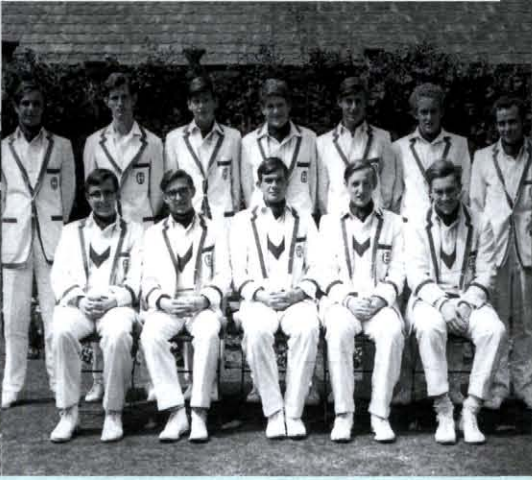
Old Tonbridgian Society and  
Old Cliftonian Society  
The Old Tonbridgian Society  
and Old Cliftonian Society  
held a joint dinner at Lord's  
on Wednesday, April 27, to  
celebrate the cricket matches  
between the schools at Lord's  
and elsewhere. Mr Bernard  
Simpson, OC, and Mr Chris  
Cowdrey, OT, were the  
principal speakers.

The Clifton-Tonbridge dinner was attended by 150 old boys (65 Old Cliftonians) on April 27th 2005 at Lord's. A drinks party in the Lord's Tavern preceded the champagne reception in the Long Room bar before the guests sat down to a sumptuous feast. Mr

Bernard Simpson (Pre: S.T. 1936-45), the senior surviving captain (1945), proposed the toast 'Tonbridge Cricket', and Christopher Cowdrey replied for Tonbridge.

Other notable guests included Roger Knight, Secretary of the MCC, David Graveney, Chairman of Selectors, and Mark Moore, Headmaster elect of Clifton. A presentation booklet to mark the occasion was presented to all the guests. If there is anyone who would like one who wasn't able to attend the dinner would they please contact the O.C. office. By popular request Bernard's speech is reprinted by kind permission for everyone to enjoy. It was a wonderful occasion and brought back fine memories for all those who had played at Lord's, between 1914 and 1968, as well as for those who had enjoyed the contests at the Eastbourne festival.





Extract from  
**THE TIMES**  
LONDON  
Date 31 JUL 1951

**CRICKET**

**THE SCHOOLS AT LORD'S**

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Tonbridge, winning the toss, made 227 by half past 3 at Lord's yesterday by forceful cricket; and, with Clifton replying with 170 for four wickets at the close of play, honours are easy.

If at times the bowling was loose, for the main part it was accurate, and also intelligent. And this attack in either innings was backed up by fielding that was keen. Perhaps Tonbridge had the best of it in this respect, but Clifton took their catches, and that counts. There was no one of very high class in the match, and a Clifton arriving late and asking whether

# Dinner Report

Bernard Simpson, the senior surviving captain (1945), proposed the toast 'Tonbridge Cricket.'

After thanking the organisers of 'this splendid occasion' and those who compiled the excellent souvenir booklet Mr Simpson outlined the long tradition of the game at the two schools and noted that many first class and international players had risen from them. It would be a pleasure to hear Chris Cowdrey, 'only the second man to follow his father as captain of England.'

"However," he said, "most of us could never aspire to these heights. With constant practice and expert coaching we reached a decent standard and, on average, had two years in the XI. Subsequently we did not have the time or the opportunity to maintain the standard; we played college, regimental and club cricket dwindling in the end to the village green and the pavilion bar. We appreciated what Arthur Mailey, that great Australian leg spinner of the 1920s, used to say, 'If ever I bowl a maiden over, it's the batsman's fault, not mine.'

Mr Simpson continued. "On these occasions we remember absent friends, the schoolmasters and coaches who taught us how to play, as well as fellow players." He recalled Arthur Bickmore, captain of the Clifton XI in 1917 and later headmaster of Yardley Court, the Tonbridge prep school, and Reg Sinfield, the Clifton coach after World War II. "Reg loved to tell the story of his only Test Match, against Australia at Trent Bridge in 1938. He took one wicket in the Australian first innings - D. G. Bradman c Ames b Sinfield 51. 'It was a floater, my boy. Ames took the catch and in one movement whipped off the bails. So I got Bradman out twice, caught and stumped, off one ball.'

"1946 was a special year. Colin Cowdrey played his first game at Lord's, against Clifton. He was 13, made 75 and 44 and took 8 wickets. I watched the game and marvelled not only at his precocious skill but also at his modest demeanour. He became a master batsman, the first to take part in a hundred Test Matches, and was without doubt the finest player in the history of Tonbridge and Clifton cricket. Rodney Exton followed me as captain; a brilliant schoolboy, scholar, games player and a natural leader. After the match, which Tonbridge won by 2 runs, Rodney was selected for the Lord's Schools and the Public Schools and played several matches for Hampshire. He had a gleaming future and, who knows, like C. L. Townsend fifty years earlier, might have become an England all-rounder. It was not to be. A few months later - he was only 18 - early in his National Service he was struck down by polio which nearly killed him and left him permanently disabled. He had a fine career as a schoolmaster but never played serious cricket again. Colin fulfilled his potential in a career of 25 years; Rodney's was extinguished in three weeks."

'As the run-stealers flicker to and fro  
To and fro:-  
O my Cowdrey and my Exton long ago!

Mr Simpson concluded by commenting on the good spirit which had always existed between Clifton and Tonbridge. "Our rivalry is keen but friendly and courteous." To illustrate the point he quoted the lines of an unknown 18th century poet:-

*"And yet our Victory will be dearly gain'd  
Were nothing of more lasting Worth attain'd.  
Be this your Counsel then: succeed with Grace,  
And should you fail, fail with a gen'rous Face;  
Inquire what more than Runs your Bat may give,  
For when the Runs are past, the Style may live."*



**M. Lord's Ground**  
**CLIFTON V. TONBRIDGE.**  
MONDAY & TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1951. (Two-day Match)

CLIFTON		First Innings		Second Innings	
1. C. R. Moore	10	1. C. R. Moore	10	1. C. R. Moore	10
2. J. L. Smith	10	2. J. L. Smith	10	2. J. L. Smith	10
3. J. L. Smith	10	3. J. L. Smith	10	3. J. L. Smith	10
4. J. L. Smith	10	4. J. L. Smith	10	4. J. L. Smith	10
5. J. L. Smith	10	5. J. L. Smith	10	5. J. L. Smith	10
6. J. L. Smith	10	6. J. L. Smith	10	6. J. L. Smith	10
7. J. L. Smith	10	7. J. L. Smith	10	7. J. L. Smith	10
8. J. L. Smith	10	8. J. L. Smith	10	8. J. L. Smith	10
9. J. L. Smith	10	9. J. L. Smith	10	9. J. L. Smith	10
10. J. L. Smith	10	10. J. L. Smith	10	10. J. L. Smith	10

**TONBRIDGE**

First Innings		Second Innings	
1. C. R. Moore	10	1. C. R. Moore	10
2. J. L. Smith	10	2. J. L. Smith	10
3. J. L. Smith	10	3. J. L. Smith	10
4. J. L. Smith	10	4. J. L. Smith	10
5. J. L. Smith	10	5. J. L. Smith	10
6. J. L. Smith	10	6. J. L. Smith	10
7. J. L. Smith	10	7. J. L. Smith	10
8. J. L. Smith	10	8. J. L. Smith	10
9. J. L. Smith	10	9. J. L. Smith	10
10. J. L. Smith	10	10. J. L. Smith	10

**THE TEST MATCH: Page 6**

Cowdrey had been in, apologized for expressing thanks on being told that he was no longer playing in the match in what would have been his sixth year.

To Tonbridge came an early morning upset when Lewis was bowled by a good ball from Carruthers, a tall, fastish bowler who can make the ball lift occasionally and was given an hour's spell from the nursery end. When Foyle, the Clifton captain, relieved Rowberry, who had made the ball move in the air, he deceived Musson in the flight and had him smartly stumped with the score at 38. This recovery was to take more definite shape when Pearce joined his captain, Foyle, and together they put on nearly a hundred runs before lunch. Pearce, a natural cricketer, played the right game in forcing the pace.

Just after the interval the stand was broken after Foyle had reached 50, when Smith held a good low slip catch off Carruthers. Pearce also left soon afterwards when he skied the ball hitting out, but both Hayley and Nicholson kept things going for Tonbridge. Yet it was Campbell, with a better style than most of the others, who, coming in at the strangely low place of No. 8, was the sting in the Tonbridge tail. One is credibly informed that he is unsuccessful at Tonbridge. But he seems to be a Lord's player, for he gathered 26 valuable runs, with no one to help him; and after being missed from a full bled drive - a not easy catch for deep extra cover - he hit the ball back over the bowler's head with the rackets player's wrist for a glorious 6 into the pavilion.

He it was who did most of the bowling for Tonbridge with an attractive easy action. When three wickets were down for 58 they looked to be nearly on top. But when two left-handers came together, Smith, who had opened the innings, and Moore, Clifton were able to get on terms, after having lost Foyle, their captain, caught at the wicket on the leg side. The Tonbridge placing of the field to the left-handers may be called in question, but at any rate the loose balls came, and of this full advantage was taken. Anything can happen to-day, if the weather lasts, after a most enjoyable day's cricket.

**Score:-**

**TONBRIDGE:-First Innings**

1. D. Lewis	10
2. M. Musson	10
3. P. H. C. Foyle	10
4. R. W. Pearce	10
5. B. D. Hayley	10
6. P. G. Nicholson	10
7. R. P. Pointon	10
8. J. F. Campbell	10
9. J. Kitching	10
10. A. B. Checkland	10

**CLIFTON:-First Innings**

1. D. Lewis	10
2. M. Musson	10
3. P. H. C. Foyle	10
4. R. W. Pearce	10
5. B. D. Hayley	10
6. P. G. Nicholson	10
7. R. P. Pointon	10
8. J. F. Campbell	10
9. J. Kitching	10
10. A. B. Checkland	10







# OC Sport

## Dark Blues out to light up festive affair

### Rugby

The highlight of the Rugby calendar was the Sports Reunion in December 2004. On a beautiful day it was a real pleasure to see so many old faces performing on the Close in both the morning and the afternoon. In the morning a Sevens tournament saw many of the 1986 XV roll back the years and there were some equally magic moments for the Frank Knight VII. However youth won the day and led by the captain of Nottingham University, Richard Lakin (S.H. 1996-2001), they had too many men with the answers.

The following played in the VII's tournament:

C. Barnard-Jones (Pre: O.H. 1976-86), R. Bryan (Pre: N.T. 1978-88), A. Cole (S.T. 1982-87), J. Davies (N.T. 1996-2001), M. Davies (Pre: N.T. 1987-99), J. Dellar (S.H. 1998-2002), D. Durie (Pre: Wi.H. 1982-89), J. Durie (Pre: Wi.H. 1978-87), B. Elliott (S.H. 1997-2002), W. Gelder (Pre: N.T. 1989-99), R. Gillon (Pre: M.H. 1994-2001), A. Heywood (Pre: D.H. 1976-87), S. Hoyle (Pre: D.H. 1980-91), M. In der Rieden (Wi.H. 1986-91), R. Lakin (S.H. 1996-2001), R. Moffat (Pre: S.H. 1980-91), A. Niven (Pre: Wa.H. 1976-85), I. Niven (Pre: D.H. 1977-87), J. Ogilvie (Pre: E.T. 1976-87), C. Pople (Pre: M.H. 1990-2002), R. Ridler (Wi.H. 1997-2002), T. Scott Healey (S.H. 1996-2001), C. St John (Pre: Wi.H. 1980-91), J. Toogood (D.H. 1986-90), D. Watts (Pre: D.H. 1976-86), G. Watson (Pre: N.T. 1974-83), M. Watson (Pre: E.T. 1981-88), J. Williams (Pre: D.H. 1984-91), M. Windows (Pre: Wi.H. 1980-91).

In the afternoon Bristol gained revenge for their narrow defeat by London last year to square the series 1-1. The man of the match was Rob Yates (S.T. 1997-2002) whilst a powerful display at the base of the scrum by

James Alvis (Pre: Wa.H. 1978-89) strangled a committed London XV. Afterwards the usual suspects ended up in all the usual places and a very good time was had by all!

#### BRISTOL XV

J. Alvis (Pre: Wa.H. 1978-89), J. Biddle (Pre: N.T. 1986-93), J. Breeze (Pre: M.H. 1986-96), J. Brown (Pre: S.H. 1983-94), N. Cussen (Pre: Wa.H. 1989-96), B. Elliott (S.H. 1997-2002), T. Harris (Pre: M.H. 1989-99), J. Howell-Richardson (S.H. 1993-98), R. Jenkins (Wi.H. 1997-2002), R. Lakin (S.H. 1996-2001), M. Li (Pre: M.H. 1991-98), M. Mann (Pre: S.H. 1989-97), C. Pople (Pre: M.H. 1990-2002), J. Roberts (Pre: E.T. 1991-2000), D. Sims (S.H. 1993-98), O. Wells (M.H. 1997-2000), R. Yates (S.T. 1997-2002).

#### LONDON XV

M. Boardman (S.H. 1993-95), H. Brace (Pre: E.T. 1985-94), D. Dewerson (Pre: Wi.H. 1988-96), T. Drummond-Wilson (Pre: Wi.H. 1983-92), J. Galaun (P.H. 1990-95), B. Gelder (Pre: S.H. 1989-95), R. Gillon (Pre: M.H. 1994-2001), S. Hartland (Pre: Wi.H. 1984-94), K. Ho (Pre: S.H. 1987-94), T. Humphreys (S.H. 1992-95), I. Jones (Pre: N.T. 1987-94), P. Kellett (B.H. 1990-92), B. Kenworthy (S.T. 1992-94), T. Scott Healey (S.H. 1996-2001), J. Thompson (S.H. 1994-98), A. Turner (Pre: Wa.H. 1986-94), O. Verrier-Jones (Pre: Wa.H. 1989-94).

#### REFEREE S. REES (S.H. 1974-78)

Special thanks to our brilliant referee Steve Rees who put up with Alvis who was trying to referee! Our thanks also to Andrew Thornhill (N.T. 1951-62) who kindly sponsored a very large proportion of the drinks. Next year we shall repeat the occasion on December 10th 2005. Please contact Matt Mann (Mobile No: 0781 211 5890) or the London O.C. XV via Owen Verrier-Jones on email: owen.verrier-jones@barclays.co.uk to play. If there is a demand we will also repeat the Sevens and there is the possibility of boy's hockey in the morning and girls', if they can raise a side to play against the school. Details will be sent out in September from the O.C. Office. There is also a challenge on the table from an Old Blundellian XV to consider.

Congratulations to Jared Greenblatt (P.H. 1996-98) on gaining his blue for Cambridge in the University match. Over 40,000 spectators

OXFORD: A Knox (St Andrew's, Grahamstown & Keble); J Boto (Ipswich & University), A James (King Alfred's, Wantage & Wolfson), J Whittingham (King Henry VIII, Coventry & St Cross), J Bradshaw\* (Rondebosch HS & Exeter); J Fennell\* (Dublin HS & Pembroke), C Mezger (Radley & Wyckliffe Hall); P Laffin (Wallace HS, Lisburn & St Cross), A Dalgleish (Bedford & St Anne's), S Brophy (Belvedere Coll & St Catherine's), D Lubans\* (Warner's Bay HS, NSW & St Anne's, capt), A Van Zyl\* (Rondebosch HS & Templeton), B Durham\* (Pate's GS & Keble), R Woods\* (Blackrock Coll & St Anne's), T Hayman\* (Mount St Mary's & St Cross).  
Substitutes: D Rosen (Brighton Coll & Worcester), M Street\* (The Ridgeway & Kellogg), A Harris (Hayle Community & St Cross), P Rafferty\* (Bedford Modern & University), J Gaunt\* (Monmouth & Worcester), D Abbott (Bournemouth & Somerville), R Lavery (Oundle & St John's).  
CAMBRIDGE: J Ufton\* (Whitgift & St Edmund's); N Toy\* (St Kentigern's, Auckland & St Edmund's), S Frost\* (Kingsway HS, Durban & Hughes Hall, capt), E Carter (King's, Parramatta & St Edmund's), A Abiola\* (Wellington & St Catherine's); D Lewis\* (Millfield & Hughes Hall), B Dormer\* (Christ Coll, Christchurch & St Edmund's); J Cure (Denstone & St Edmund's), F Gladstone\* (Gordonstoun & St Edmund's), T Kirkman\* (Loughborough GS & St Edmund's), P Robinson (Douai & Emmanuel), A Gilbert (RGS, High Wycombe & Fitzwilliam), N Alberts (Afrikaanse HS, Pretoria & Hughes Hall), N McGarry (Haberdashers' Aske's & Trinity Hall), B Wheeler\* (Oakham & St Edmund's).  
Substitutes: J Greenblatt\* (Clifton & Corpus Christi), T Martin (St Albans & Trinity), A Clements (Emmysted's GS, Skipton & St Edmund's), A Walters (Tadcaster GS & Hughes Hall), C Worsley (Lord Wandsworth & Hughes Hall), D Jenkins (Stanwell CS, Penarth & Hughes Hall), C Desmond\* (Haileybury & Gilton).  
Referee: S Lander (Liverpool). \*Denotes Blue

watched a spirited Cambridge team lose by 18 pts to 11 to Oxford who played most of the rugby on offer in an engaging match. Jared came on as a substitute in the 68th minute to replace J. Cure (Denstone and St. Edmund's). Ed Pearce (Pre: N.T. 1984-94) has been playing regularly for Bristol R.F.C. in their successful XV which regained their premiership status at the end of the season by finishing as champions. Former gap student Dean Dewdney, who was in School House under Mr Reece, has been playing regularly for Cardiff this year. Tom Brown (M.H. 1993-2001) was in terrific form for Coventry R.F.C. until a serious shoulder injury curtailed his season.

#### School 1st XV Fixtures 2005

DATE	OPPOSITION	1st XV
Sat 3rd Sept.	Pre-Season Festival King's Macclesfield	A
Sat 10th	Taunton	H
Sun 17th	Cheltenham	A
Sat 24th	King's Taunton	H
Thurs 29th	KES Bath	A
Sat 1st Oct.	Exeat	
Sat 8th	Sherborne	H
Sat 22nd	Half Term	
Sat 5th Nov.	Marlborough	A
Sat 12th	Bristol Grammar	H
Sat 19th	Exeat	
Sat 26th	RGS Worcester	A
Sat 3rd Dec.	Monmouth	A







# THE END



# Cricket

The Cricketer Cup first round took place at the ground of Old Merchant Taylors' C.C. this year. A glorious day and a beautiful ground, which is sadly about to be built on, produced some good cricket from both teams. OMT batted first and got away to a good start but some tidy bowling, particularly from Nick Stovold (3-40) made the opposition play with less freedom. The last eight overs produced too many runs however and a score of 280 was a little too many to chase without a solid start. With Nick Stovold and Matt Houcke out early it was left to James Williams (55) and Gareth Rees (39) to steady the ship. These two were the only batters to get on top of the bowling apart from Tom Henderson (35) and Clifton were bowled out for 184. Congratulations to OMT who incidentally raise five old boys' sides each week to play league cricket.

The following day a strong Old Cliftonian side played in the 20/20 tournament on the Close in a triangular contest with the Gloucestershire C.C.C. and the school. A wonderful day and some superb cricket saw over £6,000 raised for the St Lucia tour this summer. The O.C. XI against the school at Commem was an exciting contest ending with the scores level. A fine innings by Hugh de Winton (E.T. 1999-2001) got the Old Boys away to a fine start and honours were even by the close of play after an absorbing contest. Cricket week was shortened to allow work to start on the pavilion in time for completion this September.

Next year we very much hope that Matthew Windows (Pre: Wi.H. 1980-91) will be able to use the Close in his benefit season with Gloucestershire C.C.C. When the fixtures are announced we hope you will be able to support these games. It has been good to see James Pearson (E.T. 1997-2000) playing for the county this year and scoring runs against Glamorgan (105) and Nottingham (68). Will Rudge (E.T. 1999-2001) is also a contracted Glos C.C. player this year and made his debut for the county against Sussex. James Kirtley (B.H. 1988-93) has again been a stalwart for Sussex C.C.C. and V/Captain of the team. He has enjoyed another good season with the ball and now has over 500 first class wickets to his name. He remains a strong candidate to captain the county next year.



*The Old Pavilion on the Close*

## THE PAVILION PROJECT

Anyone who has frequented the Pavilion on the Close will have appreciated what a magnificent building this is. With its stunning views of both the school and the cricket, it is no wonder that Sir Henry Newbolt was moved to write so articulately about the Close. At present, however, the building is in need of urgent attention and I intend to see that the pavilion gets the care that such a fine building deserves. The Old Cliftonian Society is therefore considering a project which would refurbish the top and middle floors so that it is restored to its

former glory. We are hoping to enlist the support of The Friends of Clifton in this venture which will allow the school to pursue other equally pressing needs, such as the Science School and the newly acquired Worcester Court. In the process of this refurbishment the memorabilia inside the pavilion would be completely reorganised and reconstructed so that we produce our very own Long Room. This would make not only a fine Pavilion but also a magnificent function room for dinners, meetings and the entertainment of parents and friends of the College. The cost of this would be considerable but the value to the school enormous. I trust that you agree with me that this is a worthy project.

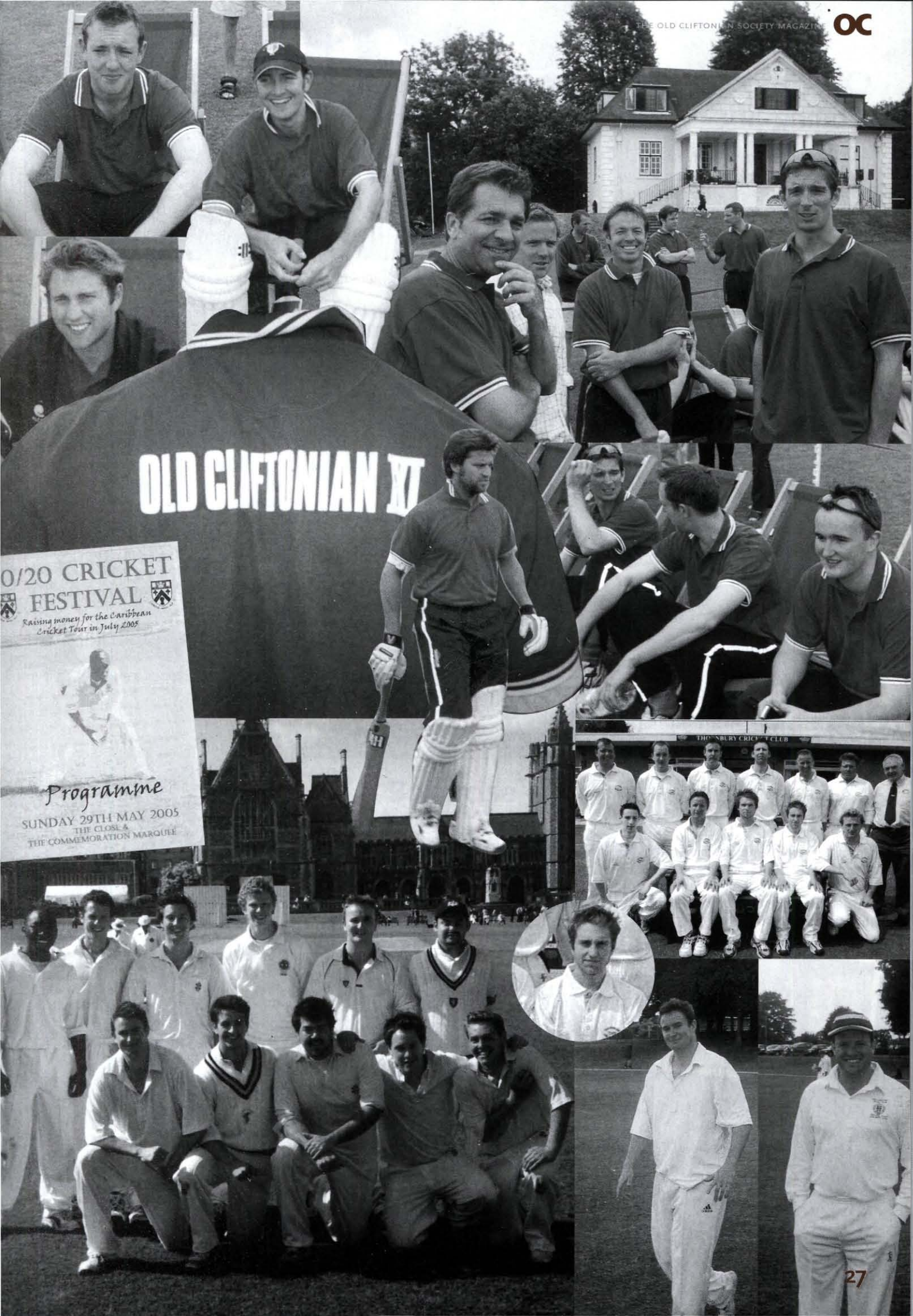


MEMBERS of Clifton College cricket team waiting to bat against an M.C.C. team at Clifton Close yesterday. They are (left to right): C. W. Witt, R. B. Rankine (secretary of cricket), and R. B. Turner (captain).

I am looking for Clifton memorabilia and Old Cliftonian memorabilia to decorate the Pavilion. If anyone felt able to donate or lend the school a XI blazer or an O.C. blazer I would very much appreciate it if you could contact the O.C. office. Caps as well would be wonderful and anything else of interest such as an O.C. cravat or simply pictures or Clifton/Tonbridge score cards. It would be super to collect the set from 1914-1968. If you could search your attics I would be most grateful.









# Old Cliftonian Golfing Society

Members of this Society receive a newsletter twice each year, which lists the results of our matches in previous months. So I see no need to repeat all those here, and hope this article will interest our readers.

Yes, a "hole in one" for Robert Dyson at The Berkshire Golf Club in June! We all celebrated in the usual fashion.



## Ace of clubs ready for allcomers



Old Cliftonian Golf Day at the Bristol and Clifton Golf Club, July 2005

**A Clifton boy has a fantastic score!** Also at The Berkshire in June, when 15 year old Chris Baker took the Blue Course apart with a gross 69 - 2 under the Standard Scratch for the day, and playing off a handicap of two. He won the Salver at the OC Annual Match (and AGM) at the Berkshire course, but unfortunately as not yet a member of the OCGS he had to concede the Salver, but not the prize, to Michael Bracey, a regular Trophy Winner on the OC Tour!

We invited four Boys from School, along with Master i/c Golf Bjorn Hoffmann and Paul Romaines (currently Captain of Bristol & Clifton GC) to join us for the day, and we all had a glorious day of golf, sunshine and the famous Berkshire lunch. Prizes were presented by our Captain, John Scott, who remains in office for another year. Our photo shows the boys and masters at the end of a long day!

Shortly we shall have our annual Bristol Branch Match at Bristol & Clifton - always a

lively event with Chris Bromhead in charge.

As always our team have been playing in the usual Public School events: the Halford Hewitt, the Brent Knoll Bowl, Little Aston for the Midland Golf Match, the Wimbledon Putting Competition and the Bernard Darwin matches.

Tim Taylor has recently finished his year as Captain of Walton Heath, and Alan Mann is doing his stint now for Temple G C.

We do need more members, and are hoping the boys who have played as guests with us will join when they have finished at school. Do get in touch if you would like details of our Society.

Congratulations to: Jeremy Dale (Pre: O.H. 1977-82), the leading golf trick-shot exponent, who was the subject of a major article in *The Times*.

Bob Bennett  
Honorary Secretary

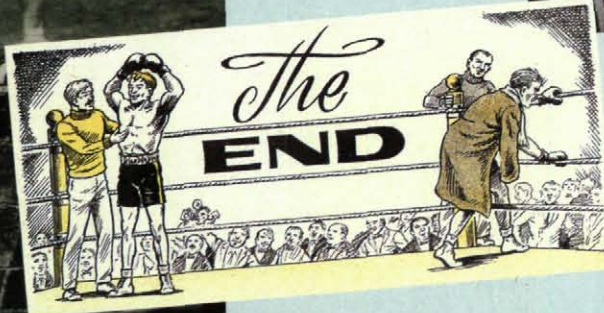
## Boxing

A magnificent plaque has been dedicated to Gordon Hazell and put up in the Sports Centre. Miles Buckinghamshire (Pre: O.H. 1958-63) delivered a superb oration at the start of the annual Reunion and the Gordon Hazell story *Come out Fighting* (cost £10) is on sale from the O.C. office. Proceeds will go to support the gymnasium being built in his memory at Downend.



## London Marathon

Congratulations to Edward Greig (Wa.H. 1998-2003), James Williams (Pre: D.H. 1984-91) and Harriet Partridge (Pre: O.H. 1993-2004) all of whom successfully completed the London Marathon this year. Special mention should also be made of Simon Barrett (Pre: S.T. 1984-93) who ran with the elite runners and completed the course in 2 hours 32 minutes and was 88th overall.







**Personal Trainer:** Jim Williams BA (Hons), Dip PT

**Telephone:** 07876 684602

**Web:** [www.nrpt.co.uk](http://www.nrpt.co.uk)

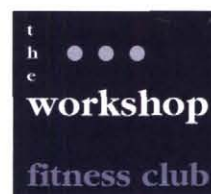
**Email:** [jim@jwfitnesssolutions.co.uk](mailto:jim@jwfitnesssolutions.co.uk)

# New year, new start, new you?

**Looking for a healthier lifestyle and to maximise  
your fitness levels?**

- **Fitness testing & health assessment**
  - **Aerobic & circuit training**
  - **Weightlifting & strength work**
  - **Boxercise**
- **Bodycore & Swiss ball conditioning**
- **Nutrition & weight management**
- **Sports specific & SAQ training**

Gym access available at Clifton College's two gyms – on Guthrie Road, Clifton and at The Workshop in Abbots Leigh. For further information and a free consultation, please call me on 07876 684602 and visit the National Register of Personal Trainers website mentioned above for professional details and references.





# Clifton Past

## The Bude Years

The Editor would like to thank all those who have contributed to the Bude Archive. A variety of these articles will be published in future Old Cliftonian magazines and newsletters. The following articles have been extracted from 'CLIFTON AT BUDE 1941 - 1944' by Group Captain Michael Hobson (WiH 1940-44).

The first term at Bude started on 11th February 1941, and very early that morning I said farewell to my parents and caught a train from Ainsdale to Liverpool, crossing over from Exchange to Lime Street to catch the main line train to Plymouth, since this stopped at Exeter for transfer to the branch line that ran via Okehampton to Bude.

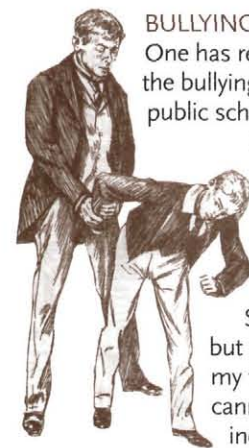
It was dark by the time that we reached Exeter where we had to change on to the line to Bude - this was very much a branch line, and single track for the last part of its journey, stopping at countless insignificant stations, the names of which nobody had ever heard. Our numbers had now grown, for we had been joined at Bristol and at Exeter by converging bands of boys emerging from trains that had started their journeys from all points of the compass, so we were now about twenty strong. I still have feelings of nostalgia about those wartime train journeys:

the dim, blacked-out stations; the equally dim and blacked-out carriages; the scruffy seats in the dingy and usually smoky compartments; the overcrowding and the standing in corridors; battling one's way through the throng to the toilet and then battling

back again; making way for the ticket inspector as he strove to work his way down the train; the complete lack of any form of refreshment; the stiff and heavy doors that could only be opened by using the equally stiff handle on the outside of the carriage after lowering the window by its cumbersome thick black leather strap; the soot that flew into the compartment as soon as you did open a window; the smoke and the steam belching from the snorting locomotive and enveloping you as you walked along the platform, followed by the blast from its whistle when you least expected it, making you jump out of your skin and leaving you deafened for minutes afterwards; the timetables that bore no semblance to reality; the immense variety of uniforms of all countries and all services; the RTO's office and the Redcaps searching for deserters and those AWOL; Crewe and Grantham stations at three o'clock in the morning - all these things and many more, but above all the wonderful camaraderie of one's fellow travellers and their overall honesty - if you left your bag, or even your wallet, lying around whilst you went to the toilet, you could rely on its still being there, untouched, when you returned.

Eventually the train trundled into Bude station and we all staggered out into the darkness of a strange new world. We were met by one of the masters who escorted our weary band on the winding way up from the station, along the bank of the canal, up the steep hill at the side of the creek, and so to Summerleaze Terrace where all the boarding houses were accommodated. Wiseman's was at the far end of the terrace on the first floor of the Westcliff Hotel which we shared

with School House on the floor above, and Brown's on the top floor. We were given cocoa and biscuits, shown to our study/bedrooms, and then climbed gratefully into bed.



### BULLYING

One has read a great deal about the bullying that takes place in public schools whether in *Tom Brown's Schooldays* or regarding the goings-on of Harry Wharton, Tom Cherry and Billy Bunter at Greyfriars School in *The Magnet*, but during the whole of my four years at Clifton I cannot recall a single incident of anything that could remotely be termed bullying. There

certainly was none in Wiseman's and none that I ever heard of in any of the other houses. Whether this was unusual compared with other schools, or whether it was a product of the war years when there was a universal feeling of having to pull together, I have no idea.

### ROCK-CLIMBING

Rock-climbing was something that never appealed to me (in fact it frightened me silly), but it was something that I forced myself to do because some of my peers were good at it, and it was an activity encouraged by the leaders of the Terriers. I usually managed to hold my own, despite my fear which I kept to myself, although on one occasion I froze on a rock face and

A.M.C. Todd

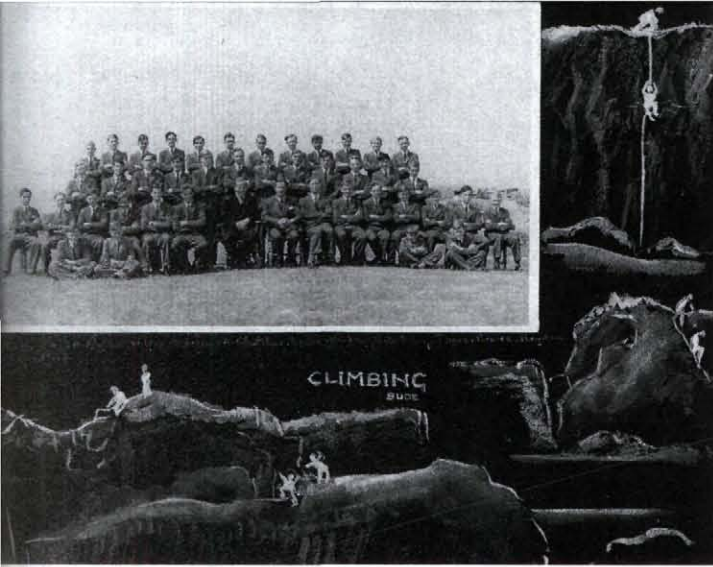
CLIFTON



COLLEGE.

Christmas Term, 1941.





the cliff-top, which was where we ourselves were supposed to be. We were both summoned to Jock's study where he expressed his displeasure to us in no uncertain terms, and said that the Sixth had wanted to beat us, but on this occasion he preferred to warn us and to explain the dangers to us, at the

same time assuring us that it would be a beating next time. It struck us as a very noble gesture on the part of Jock, though I fear that it did not prevent us doing the same thing again when we had the opportunity and thought that we could get away with it (as we did). Another popular pastime was watching the Atlantic breakers from our study window, and as soon as they were crashing against the breakwater that protected the harbour, and sending up clouds of spray and spume, one or two of us would don our sports gear and run to the other side of the bay from where we could ascend the breakwater and dash along its length dodging the waves as they thundered against it, trying to get as little wet as possible. Again, this was a punishable offence, but we usually got away with it.

#### MASTERS AT BUDE

A word about Peter Brook is a must. Having played rugby for England, he was naturally something of a schoolboy's hero, and thus an excellent man to have as the School Chaplain. Whenever there was something a little out of the ordinary and adventurous to be undertaken in the physical sphere, it would invariably be Peter Brook and 'Cassy' Hardcastle who would be in the lead – crossing rivers using logs and lengths of rope, abseiling down vertical cliffs, throwing thunderflashes at the laggards on military field-days, organising night evasion exercises, and, of course, before we left Clifton, rushing over the rooftops with buckets and stirrup-pumps, seeking and extinguishing incendiary

bombs by the score. He and 'Cassy', though neither taught the higher academic classes (except, in PWPB's case, religious instruction), were both wonderful schoolmasters in the full sense of the word, and it is true to say that most boys had the utmost respect for them and would have followed them anywhere: being amongst the youngest members of staff helped to cement the affinity with the boys even more. Peter Brook always believed in calling a spade a spade. Much has been written about the masters at Bude and none more so than the great Douglas Fox (see Annual Reports *passim*). Mark Lowe (O.H. 1947-52) concludes with some thoughts on the refreshing approach of masters like Douglas Fox, which was unusual for those in authority, at that time.

#### Group Captain

Michael Hobson (WiH 1940-44)

#### DOUGLAS FOX – TWO VIGNETTES

One evening in my last year at Clifton, Douglas Fox took the music scholars to a performance of Mozart's opera *Così fan tutte* in Bristol. During the interval, he turned to me and said in his characteristic muttered growl: 'you must not believe that all women behave like the naughty girls in this opera. Women can be loving and faithful to their husbands.' Here was another side of Dr Fox, not the perfectionist musical martinet we all knew and feared, but a paternal, shy, awkward, caring, kindly and rather unworldly man – the guardian of our morals and protector of our souls, a side of the man which few boys saw.



Five years later, Fox was organist of Great St Mary's, Cambridge, and I was an angry young music scholar at King's. My mission in life at that time was to stir up the moribund musical life of Cambridge – and especially the zombies in the Music Faculty – by giving concerts of music by 20th century composers: Schoenberg, Webern, Dallapiccola, Stravinsky, Bartok and Janacek. The members of the faculty, Messrs Hadley, Dart, Orr, Radcliffe and Tranchell, took no notice whatsoever. But Fox used to come to my concerts, and showed keen interest in the

could move only when one of the leaders, Robert Joly, worked his way along and put his hand on my shoulder to encourage me. 'Bobby' Joly (circled in the picture), the youngest of four brothers at Clifton, was a very popular House Sixth in Wiseman's being a keen sportsman with a lively brain and a very pleasant personality, and yet always finding time to give his attention to the younger members of the house. He won a major History Scholarship to



Peterhouse, Cambridge, and was commissioned into the Grenadier Guards, being a lieutenant when he was killed on 30th March 1945, his 21st birthday, whilst serving in France. Of all the budding young Cliftonians' lives so cruelly cut short by the war, Bobby Joly's must surely have been one of the most promising of all. I have a collection of the poems that he wrote at school and in France, published after his death under the title *Here Lies That Promise*.

#### GOING FOR AN 'ARRY'

One of our favourite occupations was going for an 'arry', which meant changing into rugby shirts, shorts and plimsolls, and then setting out for a run along the rocks, dodging the waves, either up or down the coast. This was strictly unofficial, for obvious reasons, as it would have been only too easy to slip and break an ankle, or even a leg, though remarkably in all the four years I had at Bude this never happened to anybody as far as I know. However, you landed up in trouble if discovered, though only once was I found out, when a House Sixth spied Bill and myself dodging the waves as he was running along





music I played, encouraging me to continue my explorations. The seventy-year-old Fox showed far more interest in the music of our time than the official musical hierarchy at Cambridge. He retained his youthful curiosity and zest well into old age. This, again, was a side of Fox that few people knew. He had a reputation for conservative taste in music. My experience belies that reputation. He kept abreast of serious musical developments: he was young at heart.

Mark Lowe (Clifton 1947 – 52)

## ALIMENTARY ARRANGEMENTS.

For my generation of Cliftonians, the school's sojourn at Bude was a peaceful and life-enhancing interlude between the excitements of the Bristol blitz and the rigours of Service life. Among the more esoteric of my recollections of that sojourn are those which relate to the wartime preoccupation with the production and consumption of food.

On the production side, two features remain particularly fresh in my memory. The happier of these was the annual inter-House blackberry-picking competition. Some of the hilly slopes to the north of Bude, between Flexbury and Coombe, were thickly covered with bramble bushes, from which many pounds of ripe and juicy berries could be picked. In the part of the Erdiston Hotel occupied by Oakeley's, at least two of the baths were filled to the brim with the fruits gathered by house members during the first week of the Michaelmas term, before the ground of the hastily-adapted fields had softened sufficiently to enable rugby to be safely played.

Less enjoyable, but even more productive, were the spells of horticultural work regularly undertaken in the allotments cultivated by the school. Participation in 'Aggers' was compulsory, and our work – which was expertly supervised by Michael Mounsey – resulted in the production of large quantities of vegetables for use in the school's kitchens.

On the consumption side, the preparation and service of meals for the whole school took place in the large building on the Downs behind Summerleaze Terrace which, in its pre-war incarnation, had been the 'Headland Café'. The kitchens contained in that building were presided over by the formidable

Madge Thomas, and the master in charge of the dining hall was Martin Hardcastle.

Despite rationing, the supply of basic foods was always sufficient to keep hunger at bay, and some of the dishes prepared by 'Ma Tom' and her brigade were memorable. I recall with particular pleasure generously-spread slices of bread and dripping. Moreover, for the serious trencherman, the basic diet could be supplemented by saffron-coloured buns and honey purchased at the Violet Tea Rooms or one of its rival establishments in the town.

On the other hand, supplies of confectionery were very restricted. The meagre ration of chocolate could only be bought from a stall occasionally set up on the ground floor of the Westcliff Hotel. However, for one brief period, there was a localised glut of Hershey chocolate bars, crates of which had been washed up on the beach following the offshore sinking of a merchant ship carrying stores for American PX canteens.

Happy days!

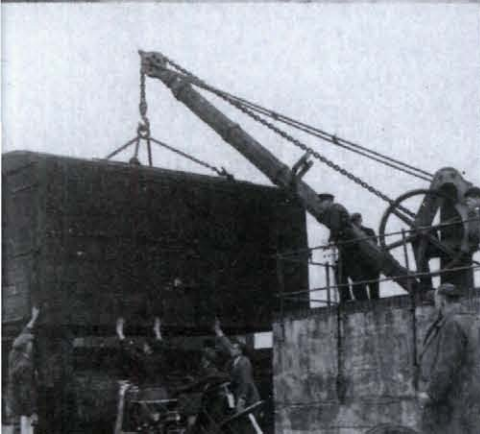
Duncan Douglas (O.H. 1939-43)



Gaskett, R.R. Braise, L.J. Waugh, D.J. Crisp, G. M.C. R.C. Moorsom, B.D. Clarke, R.D. Hengham, T.L. Morgan, P.G. E. 1941  
Hodge, 1942  
Freer, H.C. Sanderson, C.B. Foster, Macall, G.F. Smith, C.P. Wallis, A. Fielder, A.H. Jones, T.E. Wilson, J.D. Fisher, 1943  
Morse, M.B. Bridger, T.J.O. Hickey, R.H. Lewis, D.F.M. Peter Brook, Hayden, Robolkin, Chivers, Law, Fenn

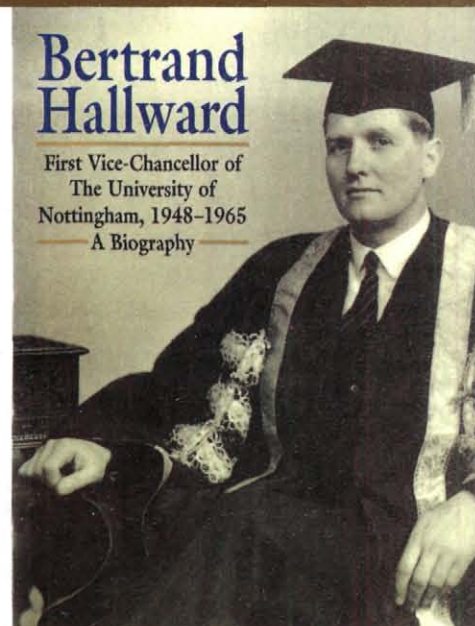
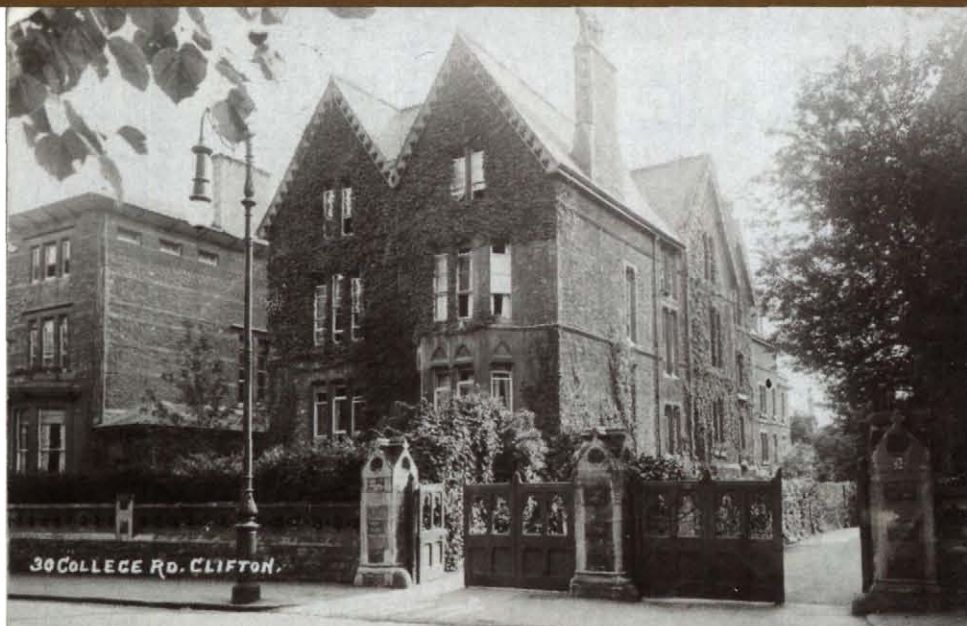


# Return from Bude





# Clifton Present



## From Watson's to Hallward's 1874 -2004



The building on 30 College Road has gone through many changes over the past 131 years. When first built in 1874, it was christened Watson's House, a name which it has held almost ever since, apart from a temporary closing due to the evacuation to Bude during the 2nd World War. Despite redecorations and additions over the years, this year it made its biggest change to date. In an evacuation of a different sort, the Watson's boys were replaced by the girls of Hallward's, a group made up of both current Cliftonians and new entrants to the

### The College Council

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Dr. S. R. Lang, B.Sc., (O.C.).  
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Mrs C. Lear.  
B. Worthington, M.A., (Hon. O.C.).  
Mrs D. A. Moore.

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**HEADMASTER (Preparatory School)**  
R. J. Acheson, M.A., Ph.D.

**HEADMISTRESS (Butcombe)**  
Dr. W. E. Bowring, B.Ed., A.D.B.(Ed). M.Ed.

**UPPER SCHOOL DEPUTY HEADS**  
T. A. Meunier, M.A., CChem., M.R.S.C. (Senior)  
P. A. Lee-Browne, M.A., (Academic)  
Mrs F. J. Hallworth, M.A., (Pastoral)





school. Hallward's, Clifton's fourth girls' house in the Upper School, was named following an inter-school competition, the name being chosen to commemorate former Clifton Headmaster, Bertrand Hallward. Hallward was most famously remembered for leading the school through the difficult evacuation to Bude in 1941. The responsibility of this move fell to Hallward, who managed to organise the evacuation of the near 400 pupils, tutors, and family members occupying the school.

*Hallward's House was officially opened by Andrew Thornhill QC, Chairman of Council, at a ceremony on Sunday 17th April.*

Mr Thornhill explained that the Hallward family was delighted that the name had been chosen and confirmed that as a father of four girls the former Headmaster would undoubtedly have approved of co-education.

Bertrand Hallward was, we were told, an extremely handsome and dynamic man and the new House is indeed created in his image with handsome design provided by architect Ian Brown, and dynamism supplied both by the House staff (led by Mrs Karen Pickles) and by the girls themselves, some of whom contributed musically on the occasion of the Opening.

The House, formerly Watson's House, has been totally refurbished, and will be home to 65 girls, bringing the total number of girls at the school to over 260 by September 2005.

The opening of Hallward's marks the start of an exciting new phase in the co-educational history of the school.



#### UPPER SCHOOL HOUSEMASTERS / HOUSEMISTRESSES

School House:	J. S. Tait, B.A.
Moberly's House:	A. J. O'Sullivan, B.A.
Oakeley's House:	Mrs S. Meunier, B.Ed.
Wiseman's House:	M. I. Dixon, B.Sc.
Watson's House:	J. P. Noad, B.Eng.
Polack's House:	J. H. Greenbury, M.A.
North Town:	R. T. Jones, B.A.
South Town:	M. J. Williams, B.A.
East Town:	J. H. Thomson-Glover, B.A., (O.C.).
Worcester House:	Mrs A. D. Musgrove, M.A.
West Town:	Miss A. C. Tebay, B.Sc.
Hallward's House:	Mrs K. J. Pickles, B.Ed., CertICT., N.P.Q.H.

#### NUMBERS IN THE SCHOOL

Summer term 2005

Upper School	Boarders	302
	Day Pupils	281
	Day Boarders	72
	Total	655
Preparatory School	Boarders	44
	Senior Day Pupils	160
	Junior Day Pupils	179
	Day Boarders	18
	Total	401
Butcombe	Butcombe	200
	Butcombe (Nursery)	57
	Total	257





# Head Master's Address

COMMEMORATION 2005

*President, Chairman, Members of Council, Governors, Head Master and Head Mistress, my Lords and Ladies, Ladies and Gentlemen, Colleagues, Girls and Boys of the School, Old Cliftonians.*



It is a long-established tradition that Head Masters at their last Commem speak for a very long time. This is understandable. Their audiences are usually forgiving and, sometimes, even enthusiastic. For departing Heads cannot resist the temptation to list all that has been achieved during their tenure in considerable detail – lest anyone forget. I can almost hear you thinking ‘it’s lucky he’s only been here five years’.

Given the President’s and the Chairman’s kind words, I hope I will not disappoint too many people here this morning if I break with that tradition. Whatever we have achieved, we have achieved together and that can be left to a footnote in some future history of the School. What I am proud of is the achievement for the benefit of pupils in the School here and now. When I was at school, I seemed always to hear of plans and improvement for the future. And what I am most proud of is my pupils’ success, which has been very special indeed for me this year.

In place of long speeches I have always been

more attracted by the skill of those who can sum up a career or a life in one epigrammatic phrase. Admittedly such succinct words are usually inscribed on tombs and I am hoping to carry on for a few more years yet.

One epitaph of a Head Master that I read recently seemed to damn with faint praise: ‘He did what he could’. More encouraging was that of JF Roxburgh, the very influential Head Master of the last century who founded Stowe School: ‘sui semper oblitus aliorum studiosus’ – here I am looking round for a member of my Third Form Latin class – which translates as ‘always to others’ needs he gave himself, always himself forgot’.

Richard Busby is another possible model. He was Head Master of Westminster for an incredible 57 years from 1638 to 1695. (I can see that I shall be mentioning him too at every Commem speech at Westminster.) He only wanted one word on his tomb – ‘oblivio’, ‘oblivion’ – the state of forgetfulness or of being forgotten about as though one had never existed. Incidentally, Busby was one of the first Head Masters to understand the importance of School and Home working together.

‘The fathers’, he wrote ‘govern the nation; the



mothers govern the fathers; but the boys govern the mothers and I govern the boys'.

However, Busby was trumped for succinctness by Clifton's founding Head Master, John Percival, whose name we record today in our prayers and of whom Revd Jarvis spoke to us so eloquently a short while ago. If you descend into the crypt beneath the Chapel where he is buried, you will find no inscription on his tomb. That is Clifton's modesty for you, and the best example for later Head Masters of this great School to follow as they hand over to their successors.

And as the Sixth Form were reminded in a fascinating lecture last term by Derek Winterbottom, who wrote the last history of Clifton, the great Clifton poet, Henry Newbolt, simply asks all of us who leave to pass on the spirit of Clifton to the next generation, having done our best according to our own merits along the way, as though we were handing on a torch to light the way for those who come after us. This idea lies at the heart both of the poem *Vitai Lampada*, which begins with the famous words 'There's a breathless hush in the Close tonight', and of the School Song. Please do take time to walk over to the far corner of the Close this afternoon to view the memorial recently erected in honour of Newbolt and his works.

It is important, however, not to fall into that trap, which snares many departing Head Masters, that of excessive sentimentality, with all this talk of mortality and immortality.

But it is impossible for any of us to be too sentimental or nostalgic for any length of time here at Clifton. Firstly because the Leavers are not really leaving, they just become elevated to the elite status of Old Cliftonians. And then also because there is always someone to bring one gently down to earth, whether it's the new member of staff who politely asked me about my retirement plans; or the Upper Sixth pupil when we were discussing A-levels and the future who said, with supreme nonchalance, 'and what about you, Sir, are you staying or leaving at the end of this term?'; or the Commem Ball Committee whose first thought for a theme for the Ball was 'I'm a Head Master, get me out of here'.

I was, however, very honoured when the editors of the Pupils' Leavers Book asked me whether I wanted to be included by way of a photograph and a few lines at the front of the book by way of introduction. I shall share with you what I wrote for them:

'Those who leave in 2005 are the first generation of Cliftonians of the 21st Century. They have been lucky to see the facilities created for their use at Clifton greatly renewed and extended. As I walk around the School in mid-May, I see many Leavers facing up to their A-levels by revising studiously in the

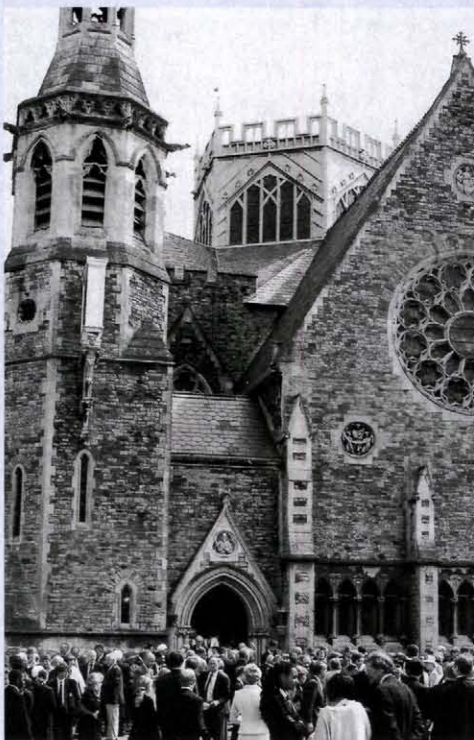
refurbished Percival Library, others practising their tennis for a forthcoming match on the new all-weather surfaces and in the new Indoor Court at Beggar Bush, and still others are running through an exciting piece of theatre in the Redgrave. They are a high-achieving year group, and I am immensely proud of them.'

I would also ask you to join me in thanking the following members of staff who are leaving this term:

**Glenn Moodie** who leaves to become Head of Classics at Uppingham

**Victoria Samworth**, our Head of Psychology who is returning to university to study at Theological College

**Nina Herzberg** from the German Department, who will be working and teaching in France next year



**Mark Swinton** who is moving on to Bath Abbey to pursue his career as an organist and vocalist

**Art Shrimpton** from the Physics Department, who leaves to return to Australia

**Brian Vowles** of the grounds staff, who retires after more than 40 years service at the College.

Two other members of staff of long-standing have left during the course of the year. My secretary **Kathy Goodwin** has retired, and **Gerard Coulson** and **Monica Coulson**, known to many from their time when Gerard was the House Master of Watson's and more recently in his capacity as the Deputy Head in charge of the Co-Curriculum. We wish them well as

they set out on a round the world sailing voyage with their three young children.

As the Chairman announced, Polack's House is to close this year. The boys will join other boarding Houses from next September. Among the boys I should like to make special mention of **Noam Lawi**, who has made an enormous contribution to the running of Jewish worship for all the Jewish boys and girls throughout the year, and I know all here will want to join us in thanking **Jo and Julia Greenbury** for looking after Polack's for the past decade.

Most of you will know also by now of the very sad news that struck us hard, namely the totally unexpected death of our talented Catering Manager, **Brett Jones**, on 19 April. There is an article in *Colloquy*, which gives a glimpse of his continual drive to improve on the range and quality of our food. He achieved a very great deal in his time with us. It is a particular pleasure to see Jane, his wife, and two children Victoria and Brett with us today.

If I have looked back in the first part of my speech this morning with thoughts mainly about the Leavers, I now want to look forward on behalf of the younger pupils here and those new ones to join us over the next five years.

It is, of course, comforting to hear that the Government intends to put education at the heart of its work although we might be forgiven if we say that their record of the past eight years does not exactly inspire confidence. Had the Conservatives won the Election, it seemed that they would have gradually eliminated state education by offering vouchers to the ever-increasing number of parents who aspire to send their children to private schools. For the Conservatives have formed the view that it is impossible otherwise to raise the nation's educational standards sufficiently in state schools. Labour's plans for the next term of office are at best contradictory – so far. This is not surprising, perhaps, since the Secretary of State for Education, Ruth Kelly, has only been in the job for five months. She is the fourth Secretary of State in as many years and has a ministerial team who have themselves been in the Education Office for less time even than she. Such a high turnover at the top has, again, not inspired confidence.

Labour appears committed to continue to spend vast amounts of money, matched by private funds, on a minority of schools – the new City Academies – in deprived areas. They also appear to want private companies or charities to run state schools. This seems like Conservative privatisation via the back door. Yet apparently the elite universities are being asked to reduce their numbers of privately educated pupils, although both the Office of Fair Access denies it and the University



Vice-Chancellors don't want it; and now Ruth Kelly is saying that the long-standing Labour target of admitting 50% of 18-30 year-olds to university, that is putting such a strain on resources, is artificial.

The lack of class discipline in state schools, according to the Conservatives, is the single most serious threat to academic standards in this country. This was seized upon by Mr Blair, who has declared that he wishes to open a national debate on job culture and the absence of respect; and Ruth Kelly has come up with the bright idea that the worst-behaved state pupils should be sent to boarding schools for reform. Among other snippets of information, we read that GCSE exam scripts are being posted to India for marking, where it costs less. And the Charities Bill is now going through Parliament.

The recent answer to everything is Jamie Oliver. Academic standards will shoot up if the catering is better; and two days ago we were notified of a big initiative with a new manual produced jointly by the Departments of Health and Education, called the 'Food in Schools Toolkit', which holds the secret to the academic curriculum, after-school clubs and healthy eating. Rest assured that I will be sending away for a copy of this educational Holy Grail.

Frankly, the Government is going round in uncertain circles. Now more than ever, Clifton must maintain its firm direction and independence. The best universities in this country and abroad will always want the best-prepared students; and the most successful avenues of employment throughout the world will always be open to the best-qualified young people with well-rounded personalities.

In the face of superficial political thought and educational fads and fashions, we must now reassert some principles of learning; and it is along these lines that I would like to share some thoughts with you before I conclude this morning.

For me, one of the most worrying developments over the past eight years has been the continual slicing away at the content of the subject syllabuses. Ever since the Department of Education was renamed the Department of Education and Skills, the mantra has been that we must teach pupils less knowledge but more skills – the skills to find out relevant knowledge and to apply it. Knowledge, the argument goes, is expanding at an exponential rate, so it is becoming pointless trying to teach it or learn it. It is much better to concentrate simply on skills. This is all very plausible but, as I shall point out in a minute, fundamentally flawed.

If we add to this the Government's drive to get more than the current very disappointing

50% of pupils nationally to pass five subjects at GCSE (I am looking at the Fifth Form here – your target is for 100% of you to get *at least* five GCSEs), we can begin to see why the number of subjects that any pupil has to study at GCSE is also being steadily reduced along with an erosion of their subject content. In other words, national results will be improved because there is much less to learn, rather than by any improvement in educational standards; and this is dressed up by the all-too-plausible view that, since we cannot tell what knowledge will be needed in the future, it is senseless to try to teach it in advance.

Going, going, gone from the Government's thinking is that all pupils should learn a broad range of subjects up to the school leaving age of 16. And, over the coming years, we can expect that the content of even those few subjects that remain compulsory, will reduce. Inevitably the same reductive process will occur at A-level and at university. I believe – and I hope you agree with me – that unless



you know quite a lot about a subject, you cannot properly develop the skills to find out more, or to distinguish what is sensible or relevant and then apply it appropriately. In my view, therefore, over the coming years, Clifton will need increasingly to enrich the syllabuses of each subject taught, well beyond the minimum required by the slimmed-down syllabus for the public examinations.

For me there is another fundamental reason why we must keep both a wide range of subjects and an enriched content of each subject. It is what I call the 'intergenerational' debate. We hear, don't we, with the world changing so rapidly, that the generation gap is wider now than ever before. That is one aspect of the intergenerational debate – the danger that children and adults, this generation and the next, have less and less in common. At a less obvious and more insidious level, as pupils study fewer subjects and less and less in those subjects, their future, however exciting, will be culturally impoverished if they lose the knowledge of the past. Set adrift in this way from the cultures that have formed our societies, it is hardly surprising that they lose

their way. And if you add to this the lack of agreed manners, courtesy and a shared moral code, it is not surprising that 'Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold' in the words of W.B. Yeats, quoted by Bob Acheson in his speech yesterday.

This will not happen at Clifton, I hope, as long as we maintain and resource the teaching of a broad and flexible curriculum for all and ensure that we continue to include in each course of study what Matthew Arnold called 'the best that has been said and thought'. For the learning for the future is most secure and most productive when based firmly on the best learning of the past.

This is not to say, of course, with my emphasis on the continuing importance of knowledge, that I oppose the idea of pupils developing learning skills. We must equip the next generation with all the right skills to adapt to a quickly changing and increasingly complex world. We were fortunate in the Upper School at the beginning of this term to listen to a talk by the internationally renowned Professor Guy Claxton on the subject of 'building learning power' in our pupils. He shared with us his research on how to extend the learning capacity for each pupil not only to obtain good examination results but also to make a practical success of what he called the global jungle of the 21st Century.

This then is another very important challenge for the coming years and one that a school like Clifton, with its emphasis on education both inside the classroom and in the co-curriculum outside the classroom, is very well equipped to succeed in. I mean the teaching of learning power – both to obtain the best academic qualifications and to learn practically what to do when you don't immediately know the answer. To teach pupils to learn to think for themselves, to give them the confidence that comes with being able to think on their feet in any situation; to learn to like learning, to learn to be critical and analytical, to learn how to keep on learning and improving throughout life: that is what we must teach if we are to prepare our pupils fully. We must teach independent thinking and learning skills combined with, and not instead of, knowledge.

As everyone sitting here today is aware, Clifton's overall educational ethos is the development of the whole person: the intellectual, physical, emotional and spiritual building of character.

I think we can see what Ruth Kelly means when she says that pupils who cannot behave should be sent to boarding school. Given the failure of state education, the all-round education and shared values of a community like Clifton might seem to be the only way of restoring their moral compass, sense of respect and a chance of spiritual growth. But Ruth Kelly's method of seeking a



solution by dealing with the symptoms - and in a punitive way - rather than attempting to focus on the causes of the problem, is of course not untypical of the superficiality of current governmental thinking. So I shall not be offering Clifton as an experimental penitentiary, but doubtless I will soon have an opportunity to meet her, since Westminster was her old school.

People sometimes say to me that I am speaking of a utopia, that the community bound by the Clifton Experience can never represent 'real life'. On the contrary - the school community must always relate to real life. It must always look outward, to be involved in the wider community. It must always be self-critical rather than self-satisfied. It must always help others, in order to enrich itself. We, the parents, the teachers must do our best in co-operation with you, our pupils, our sons and daughters, to prepare you for adult life. With the grander aim of not simply adapting to society but of improving it.

Ladies and Gentlemen, girls and boys, those one or two of you who study the Head Master's Commemorative speeches year on year will have noted that, four years ago, I claimed that we had re-established our reputation as this city's greatest school. In more recent speeches I have said that, with our strong and rapid development, we can now match the standard of education and depth of opportunity of any school in the United Kingdom. But we are a school that also

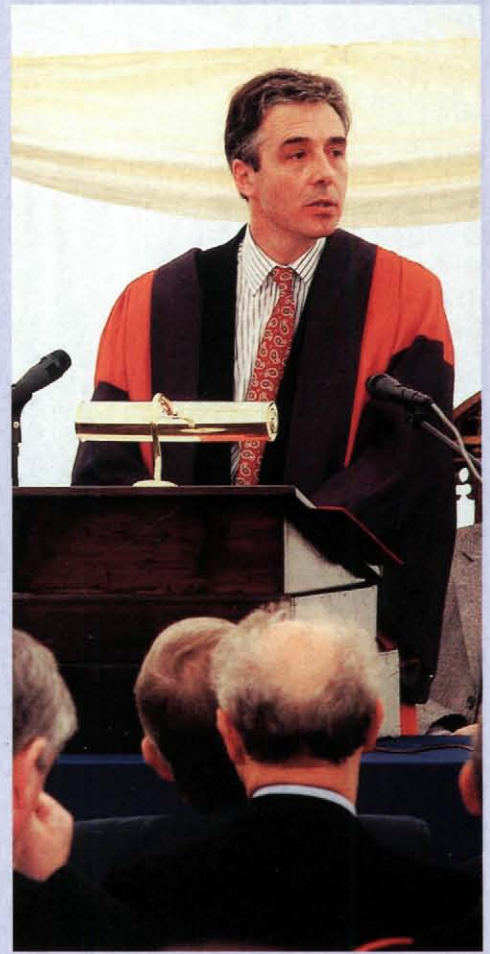
looks to the international future. That is the global future for the generation of pupils sitting here. Most recently, therefore, I have begun to use the term 'world-class'.

I mentioned my foreword to the Leavers' Book in support of the Upper Sixth. I am going to finish my speech by referring to my preface to the new Clifton Prospectus. Given what I have said this morning, you will not be surprised to hear that it is entitled 'An Enriching Education'.

The first sentence of the new Prospectus simply states: 'Clifton College has a long tradition of first-class education and my task is to make it world-class'. I would like Cliftonians to become confident young men and women of the world without being worldly. I do not think I am over-reaching myself in this aspiration. I believe that this is a realistic ambition for Clifton, and I am sure that it will be at the heart of Clifton's development planning for the future. I have no doubt that my successor - Mark Moore - with the support of all of you who work with him in the years to come, will achieve it.

I look forward to talking to as many of you individually as I can this afternoon, at the Ball tonight and on the Close for the José Carreras Prom Concert on Saturday 9 July. And, for the future, I shall be keeping a very affectionate eye on Clifton's progress from Westminster.

Thank you.







# A Celebration of Polack's House

## 1930-2005

BY ERNEST POLACK (MT 1937-40 PH 1943-49 Housemaster of Polack's 196-79 President of the Old Cliftonian Society 2004)

*My connections with Polack's House go back to my year of birth, 1930. My father was Housemaster and my brother, two sisters and I grew up in the house. To mark my birth, the boys in the house gave me a silver cup and napkin ring with my initials and date of birth which of course I still have.*



I entered the Lower Pre in 1937 and all went on steadily until war broke out in 1939. In 1940 after the fall of France, Bristol, a centre of the aircraft industry, came within easy range of German bombers. My family slept, together with all the boys, in the shelter, a brick and concrete structure placed on the New Field where the squash courts now are. They were then at the end of the yard. In December the raids became more severe and one night incendiary bombs fell like a huge torch, lighting up the surroundings. The German pilots could see the Close with the straight College and Pembroke Roads and apparently thought it was an airport and dropped their bombs all round.

A 1,000 bomb fell on the squash courts between the Wiseman's and Polack's house shelters. The lights in the shelter went out and the blast blew in the door at one end and out the door at the other end and much of the squash courts landed on the roof and there was a great noise and smell of burning.

Everybody was on their beds and nobody was hurt. My father always maintained that I said that night I wasn't enjoying it as much as I had! Bertrand Hallward appeared at the open door and my father shone a torch into his very white face. "Are you all right?" he said. "Yes", my father replied. "Thank God, thank God", BLH said. In the morning we were not able to go into the house which was said to be unsafe. My father gave out journey money, sitting on a piece of rubble at the side of the crater, and everybody was told to get home as quickly as possible. The family went to Sir Robert Waley-Cohen's farm on Exmoor.

In January we ended up in Bude (organised by Sir Robert with Churchill) and PH moved into what had been the St Hilary Hotel. Life, when I entered the Upper School at Bude in 1943, was very different from the rather more stuffy pre-war Clifton. The whole school ate together in what had been the Headland Cafe, catered for by the redoubtable Miss Thomas, and all the staff and families ate together in



D.W.M. FRASHER



# The Daily Telegraph

## Spy Celia Walden

E-mail: [spy@telegraph.co.uk](mailto:spy@telegraph.co.uk) [www.telegraph.co.uk/spy](http://www.telegraph.co.uk/spy)

### Last Jewish house to close

The Jewish community's only remaining boarding house – whose former pupils include Lady Thatcher's close adviser, Lord Wolfson, and actors Clive and Donald Swift – is to close in July next year.

Polack's House has been home to Jewish boys studying at Clifton College, Bristol, since 1877, but falling numbers (there are now just 24 boarders, when

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once there were 80) is forcing the establishment to close.

According to Ernest Polack, president of the trustees, there is one main reason for the house's closure: the increasingly overt maternal instincts of the Jewish Mother.

"Jewish mothers have an antipathy to boarding which they used to suppress," he says. "Parents like to be within easy geographical distance of their children."



### A CELEBRATION of POLACK'S HOUSE 1878 - 2005

The Trustees of Polack's House request the pleasure of your company on Sunday 3rd July 2005 at Polack's House

1.00 p.m. Buffet lunch  
2.30 p.m. Synagogue service  
Conducted by Rev. Malcolm Weisman  
Address by Ernest Polack  
3.15 p.m. Tea

RSVP  
Partners welcome

### Rev. Bernard Heymann



the Westcliff Hotel. After breakfast there were non-denominational Prayers. At the weekend, Polack's had their services on Friday night and Saturday morning in the hall of Flexbury Methodist Church and a plaque in the church commemorates the relationship.

When the school returned to Clifton in 1945, we went into a House that had been reasonably repaired, though there was some doubt as to whether the bomb or the American occupation had caused the most damage! I was taking O levels and stayed on until 1949, when I entered Cambridge and my parents retired and the House was taken over by Phil and Joanna with their children. I actually spent two terms there in 1953 when I was doing my Certificate of Education course at Bristol University.

Then off to Carlisle and South Africa until I returned with Pat, my sister, to become Housemaster in 1964.

I enjoyed my 15 years even though some of them coincided with the student unrest which involved Bristol in the late 60s and life was not easy. Length of hair was a major problem! We introduced some voluntary services in the 70s. I think Pat and I were fortunate in a number of ways. First of all Phil and Joanna left the House in a very lively and prospering state and always gave sound advice, but only when asked. Then we had Yetta as Matron throughout our time there and some fine House Tutors, starting with Richard Bland and ending with Adrian Mylward and Simon Reece. And above all, we had a large number of boys who were delightful, interesting, lively and idealistic; a constant source of pleasure and stimulation.

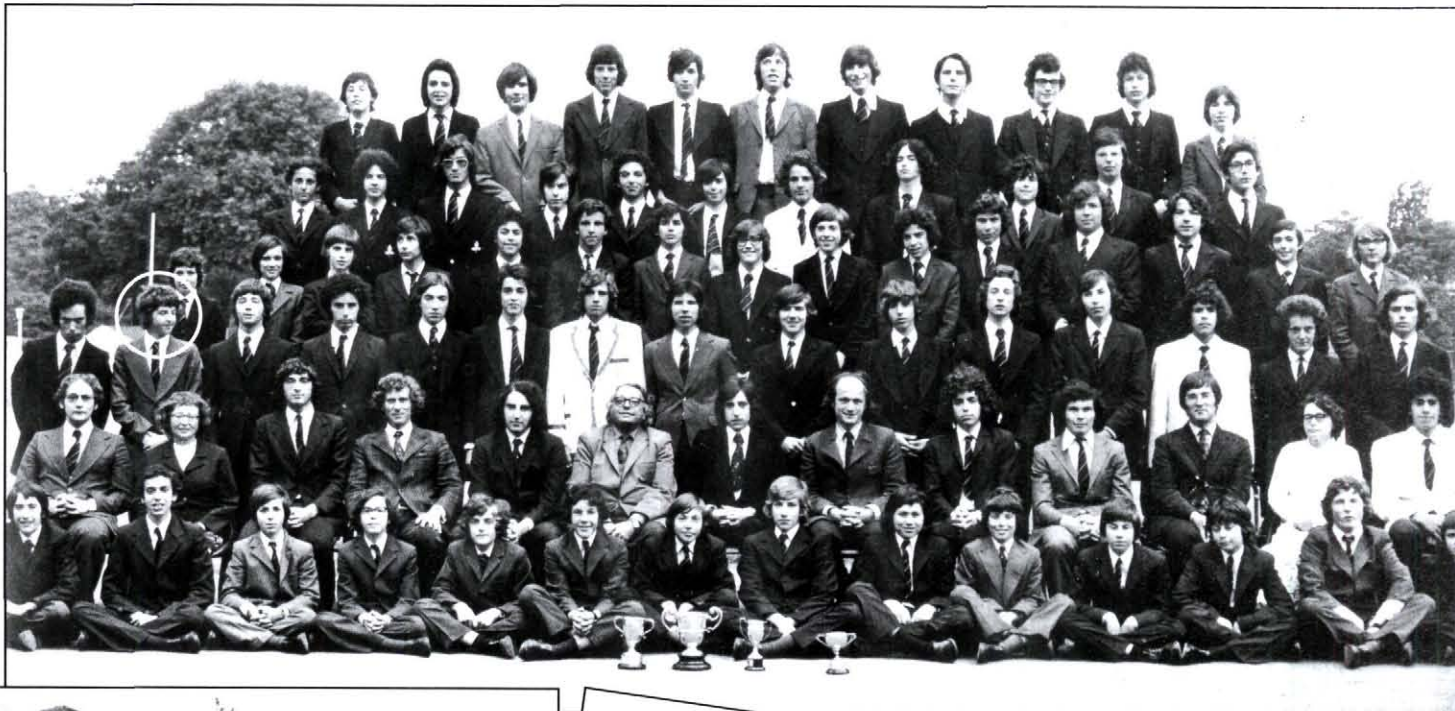
My 15 years was due to finish in 1979 and, of course, 1978 was the Centenary. The building of the new block, including the Synagogue, was not finished in time and we had to move for half a term to what had been the College Close Hotel. But it was finished in the end and we were delighted with it.

Then 1979 and we left Clifton and migrated to Tanzania as Principal of the Secondary International School. When I returned to the west (Bristol to Bath by way of Dar es Salaam!) I had a renewed connection with Clifton as a Member of Council and President of the O.C. Society.

So, it is the last term of PH and we are enjoying its achievements. And they are many. What it has contributed to the lives of the boys who spent their adolescence there, only they can say. But there is no doubt that it has given a great deal to the Anglo-Jewish community and to Clifton College as a whole. 127 years well spent!

Ernest Polack, President,  
P.H. Educational Trust





## Houseproud

*Simon Roker recalls his time at Polack's, the Jewish house at Clifton College, which is now set to close after 127 years. This article first appeared in the Jewish Chronicle in November 2004.*

A large, oblong room lined with 18-or-so iron bedsteads: in each, a strip of white sheet tucked over regulation grey blankets. Anyone visiting Polack's would have been struck by the austerity of Big Dorm. Here, on the top and third floor of the house, new boys would lie down to their dreams, seasoned perhaps by lurid extracts from "The Naked Lunch" or "Portnoy's Complaint" with which the prefects would read them to sleep at weekends.

I came to Polack's in January 1971, a month after my barmitzvah, and left a week after my 17th birthday, by which time Big Dorm was history, a casualty of renovation. I had not been destined for boarding school; when I was seven, we moved from my native Cardiff to Newport, where the smaller Jewish community still ran a cheder of about 20 children, but my parents wanted me to have

a larger field of Jewish contacts. And Clifton, over the Severn Bridge, was a mere 45 minutes by car.

Coming from Newport, "home of the mole wrench," as a poster boasted, it was hardly surprising that I viewed Clifton as an opportunity. Unlike some public schools sequestered in the country, it was located in Bristol's equivalent of Hampstead, a place of Sally Lunn teacakes and antique stores, and in a city where rock concerts and theatres were a short bus-ride away.

Polack's was the first – and now the last – of the Jewish houses at English public schools, founded a couple of decades or so after the school itself and the admission of professing Jews to Parliament. While the honours board in the house carried the surnames of some of the grandees of Anglo-Jewry, the history

**Cast into history: house of '74 with Simon Roker circled, Ernest Polack middle of second row seated; rugby champs with David Freed, centre; the house building.**

meant little to me at the time. Most of the dozen-or-so boys in my year seemed the product of newer migrations. Three-quarters of us came from outside London – Cardiff, Belfast, Dublin, Birmingham, Leeds. (The contraction of regional communities is one reason why the pool of potential Polackians has dried up.) Of far greater import to us was the influence of the housemaster, Ernest Polack, a portly man with teddy-bear tufts of hair, who was the fourth of his family to govern the house and infused it with his liberal values. (He was a Labour Party supporter then, which lent an edge to the current-affairs debates which followed Saturday-morning shul). Typically, it was a Polackian who had started the school's Amnesty International group.



Ernest was one of those people able to exercise authority through the respect in which he was held without having to resort to disciplinary gestures. Helping him to look after us was his sister, Pat, and the matron, Yetta Ober, a bird-like woman from a half-Jewish, German family who had once run home rather than receive a prize from Hitler for winning an athletics race in her youth. When the Polacks left the house in 1979, they went to work in an international school in Tanzania (where a dispensary at a nearby village for leprosy patients was later named in their honour).

While there was still fagging, it bore no resemblance to the hierarchical brutality satirised in Lindsay Anderson's film, "If." Older boys, generally, did not lord it over younger boys, but acted as mentors. The fag would usually perform one termly, symbolic act of service for his fagmaster and be rewarded by being taken out for a meal. Generally, the house was a caring place, though you would have to endure some teasing and the inevitable nickname: mine was Sid, dubbed so by my cousin after his father, a pipe-smoking property-dealer whom I resembled, as far as I could see, not in the slightest.

Our religious diet was light. Morning services in the synagogue lasted 10 or 15 minutes and twice a week were optional, when the majority chose a "creative assembly" instead, and only a handful of us laid tefilin daily. Attendance on Shabbat was not compulsory every week. What we lacked in piety we made up for through a sense of house tradition, and services were always sung with gusto, though it is the more soulful tunes that have stayed with me – Psalm 121 *Esau Einai*, "I lift up my eyes," and Adon Olam sung to "Scarborough Fair."

One day's yomtov was observed, except when Rosh Hashanah fell during term-time

and some of us trekked to the Orthodox synagogue in Bristol for the second day. Our succah was made from cricket nets. Formal Jewish education was restricted to 40 minutes of Ivrit on a Sunday morning – I was unusual in taking classical Hebrew O-level.

We dined with the rest of the school and ate the same food, except that our meat was kosher. I have heard of people adopting Jewish status in prison or hospital because kosher meals were better; no one did that at Clifton. Once I cut into a chicken pie and saw feathers.

I do not recall a single anti-Semitic act or remark. There was once talk of friction between Polack's and another house which evaporated (so legend has it) when our sixth-formers challenged them to a showdown on the Downs. When, years later, I read in some good-school guide that some non-Jewish pupils resented the absence of Polackians from Saturday-morning classes, I was genuinely surprised.

Certainly, I never felt we were excluded from any school activity. Polack's, with about 75 boys out of a school roll of 600, was one of the larger boarding houses and in many ways then at its peak. In 1972, it won four Oxbridge awards and three other places. The house excelled in drama and while "muscular Judaism" was a phrase unfamiliar at the time, we also held our own in sport.

In 1971, a palpable sense of achievement swept through the house when Polack's became "cock-house rugger" – inter-house rugby champions – for the only time in its history. It was as though some last frontier to full acceptance had been crossed. The team was captained by my cousin from Cardiff, David Freed, followed some years later into the school's first XV by another rugby-playing Welshman, my younger brother Michael, the contours of whose nose

bore witness long after to his deeds.

One difference between Polack's and other houses does spring to mind. On Monday afternoons, we were given the choice of "corps" – military-style training – or social service. Few Polackians showed any inclination for dressing up in khaki and learning to dismantle guns, and of the 13 boys in my year, only one opted for it.

On parents' days, Polack's perhaps may have sported an above-average number of Rolls Royces outside – I can't be certain – but, inside the house, there seemed little emphasis on material values. Our sense of community was primarily cause for pride. (Though I recall a couple of would-be entrepreneurs plotting their fortune with a scheme to sell sheepskin car-seat covers).

From the moment we were awakened, shortly after seven, by the hand-rung bell, our lives were full: even during weekend lulls we might be rehearsing the house play (TV was confined to one programme a week). On Saturday nights, there were house debates – or "night ops," when teams of younger boys were sent into the city like little argonauts with a prescribed list of booty to acquire (a pint jar, a bollard, a bra).

Sometimes there were films in the school theatre: as a sixth-former, I saw "Last Tango in Paris," though when a few of us planned a charity performance of "Straw Dogs" the authorities put their foot down. We had to settle instead for "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly."

Girls at that time were, of course, absent, visible only as posterised in various states of undress in studies, though occasionally they were let loose into the house in the flesh at junior dances with Badminton (the girls boarding school over the Downs).

Teenage bodies fused to the sound of "Imagine," to be parted by a housemasterly intervention only if things got too intense.

Experienced mostly in innocence, my Polack's days endure only as happy memories. But although I was asked to remain an extra term as head of house, it didn't seem cool to stay at school.

Just as I began Clifton with a sense of expectation, so I left it, passing through the memorial arch presided over by a statue of the old warrior, Earl Haig, whom most boys would have happily replaced with a more recent alumnus and role-model, John Cleese.

## 'We were the first Jews that many of the boys had met'

Simon Rocker regrets the closure of Polack's, the first and last Jewish boarding house at an English public school

AT THE end of one of those trying days, when in the battle of wits our 6-year-old son seems to be gaining the upper hand, my wife will turn to me in exasperation and say, "He's going to boarding school".

It is an idea neither I – nor she, when equanimity returns – would seriously entertain. But even if I did, the one institution I might have contemplated is no longer an option. Polack's House at Clifton College, Bristol, the first and last Jewish boarding house at an English public school.

It was a product of Victorian reform, set up to groom Arglo-Jewish gentlemen. That it survived 127 years shows it to have been a largely successful experiment. Other Jewish houses attempted elsewhere, at Harrow, Cheltenham and the Perse School, Cambridge, proved less enduring. Polack's opened a mere 16 years after Clifton itself was founded in 1862 by the enlightened John Percival (who also helped to establish one of Oxford's first women's colleges, Somerville).



Polack's House photo, 1974. The author, third row, second from left, remembers the community's esprit de corps

principles, his own religion, was admired." Sentiments I would happily echo from experience many years later. If there was ever anti-Semitism, I was fortunate to be oblivious to it. I was fortunate to attend the house in its heyday in the 1970s, when the Polackian contingent of 70-plus represented more than 10 per cent of Clifton's roll and we flourished under the tutelage of Ernest Polack, the fourth and last member of his family to serve as housemaster.

gogue service to the tune of Scarborough Fair or Greensleeves. Our Judaism was defined less by ritual than a certain esprit de corps, a sense of looking out for one another (though I realised that I had had my fill of communal living weeks later). On kibbutz and left two weeks later, What has ultimately sunk Polack's, a now down to 25 boys in residence, is a combination of factors. Nationally, boarding numbers have dropped by about 45 per cent since the mid-1980s, while there has been an increase in female pupils.

who, if I had had to sign a pre-nuptial contract, would have insisted that one of the conditions would be that any children were educated at home," he wryly observed. While Clifton will maintain special religious and educational facilities for its remaining Jewish pupils, how long it can retain much of a Jewish presence post-Polack's remains to be seen. In the meantime, British Jews are turning in ever-greater numbers to Jewish day schools to inoculate their children against assimilation – a trend beginning to be paralleled among other



# Clifton Future

## The Headmaster

In September we welcome our new Headmaster, Mr Mark Moore from Radley College. He has already attended O.C. Society events such as the Clifton/Tonbridge dinner and met the staff. We wish him and his family every success and happiness at Clifton.

## Worcester Court

The school has announced the purchase of Worcester Court, adjacent to Worcester House, which promises to be a wonderful acquisition. It is anticipated that Wiseman's will move into this building, which backs on to the Close, in 2006. Formerly a retirement home, the accommodation already offers showers, lavatories and kitchens in well-appointed rooms. Although the extension to Worcester Court is not to everyone's aesthetic taste, it will provide spacious accommodation for both boys and staff. Furthermore it offers a variety of opportunities to accommodate other sections such as the works department

if necessary. The school is currently carrying out a space audit to determine the best use of this new acquisition. The purchase of Worcester Court also reverses the policy of disposing of assets upon which many Old Cliftonians have commented in recent years. The recent refurbishment of school buildings and the purchase of Worcester Court therefore represent a significant change of direction and the management of the school should be heartily congratulated on the new sense of direction and purpose.

## NEW HEAD OF WINCHESTER

MR H. D. P. LEE, headmaster of Clifton College since 1948, leaving to become headmaster of Winchester College and will take up his new appointment in September. Mr Lee was a Fellow and tutor of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge when he was appointed to succeed



Mr B. L. Hallward, who became principal of University College Nottingham. Educated at Repton, he was a George Denman scholar, and an entrance scholar at Corpus Christi. Subsequently he gained the Charles Oldham scholarship. Mr Lee was thirty-nine when he came to Clifton in May, 1948. The Council of Clifton College will choose his successor.

## New Headmaster of Clifton College

THE COUNCIL of Clifton College have appointed Mr H. D. P. Lee, M.A., to be headmaster in succession to Mr H. D. P. Lee, M.A., recently appointed to Winchester.

Mr Hammond, who is 48 years old, is the son of the Rev. J. V. and Mrs. Hammond, and was educated at Fettes. He went to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he was a Cambridge scholar, and gained a double first in Parts I and II of the Classical Tripos, with a distinction in the second part. He was also a member of the Cambridge University Boat Club, and a member of the Cambridge University Rowing Club. In 1929 Mr Hammond was made a Fellow of Clifton College, Cambridge, and in 1937 he became a Fellow of the University of Cambridge. He was appointed a University Lecturer in 1938. He has published a life of J. E. Sandys, contributed articles to the classical journals, and is at present working on a history of ancient Greece. During the war he was dropped behind the enemy lines in Greece, where as lieutenant-colonel he organised guerrilla operations and became acting Commander of the Allied Military Mission to the guerrilla forces. He was awarded the D.S.O. in February, 1944, was made an Officer of the Order of the Phoenix by the Greek Government, and was twice mentioned in despatches. Mr Hammond is the daughter of Mr and Mrs J. W. J. Twiss, and has four children, two boys and two girls, the eldest being 14 years of age and the youngest six years. Mr Hammond will take up duties at Clifton in September.



## REV. A. A. DAVID APPOINTED HEADMASTER OF RUGBY

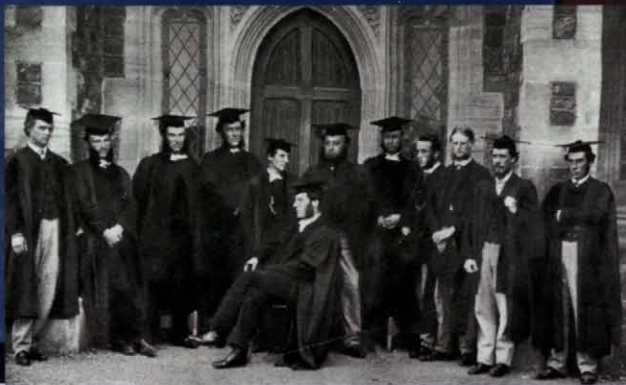
Great Loss to Clifton  
Official.



From a photograph by E. H. Spaight, Esq.



# Foundation



## New Director of Development Appointed

Dr Peter Spence has been appointed the new Director of Development of Clifton College, starting in January 2005. Peter has been responsible for establishing and managing the fundraising programmes at the University of Hull over the past six years. He will be responsible for the strategy, direction and management of the Clifton College Foundation in order to benefit the College's development plans. Born in Haiti, Peter's family returned to Ireland before finally settling

in western Canada. Peter received his BA (Hons) from the University of Alberta, his MA from the University of Western Ontario, and his PhD from Cambridge University. Prior to becoming a recognised leader in academic development and fundraising, Peter was a university lecturer in History at the University of Wales, the University of Auckland and lastly Cambridge University where he was a Fellow of Queens' College.



## The Bequest Appeal

In May this year, Sir David Willcocks wrote a letter to a number of Old Cliftonians. In it, the internationally-renowned choir leader and conductor stressed how much he valued the advantages which Clifton had provided him as a pupil and that as a result he had added a codicil making a bequest to Clifton in his will. He asked all those who received his letter to do the same, noting that their bequests would provide the same opportunity to generations of pupils in the future.



We are delighted to report that as a result forty-eight OCs are now listed as members of the 1862 Society, and we know that many others are considering adding codicils in favour of Clifton in their own wills.

Sir David is delighted by the response. 'It is wonderful to find so many OCs and friends who have been able to be very generous to their old school', he notes.

For further advice, please contact the Foundation and ask for the 1862 Society brochure. We will be pleased to oblige.

Dr Peter Spence,  
Director of Development

## Dear Friends,

As you will know from the letter you will receive shortly, Clifton College has embarked on an exciting initiative to live up to the dream of our founder and first Headmaster, the Rev. John Percival. It was his aim that Clifton should provide places for talented but impoverished children, and in the past we have done so in the provision of a variety of scholarships and bursaries. Now we seek the support of our network of Old Cliftonians, parents and friends significantly to expand the assistance we provide.

We wish to provide as many Foundation Scholarships as possible (including bursaries of up to 100%), funded directly from donations to Clifton. These will be additional to the £1 million provided by the college annually, and will be particularly focused on children for whom a Clifton education is otherwise simply an unattainable aspiration.

Each Foundation Scholarship will be additional to the assistance we currently provide, and the allocation of the gifts received will be determined in advance by the Foundation General Purposes Committee of which I am Chairman. For your information, Council has recently approved a decision whereby the members of the Foundation GPC will be responsible for the management and spending of all philanthropic gifts to Clifton College, ensuring that the disbursement of these gifts is in accordance with each donor's wishes and in compliance with our Code of Ethics.

You are therefore guaranteed that your gift will be used as you wish and will make a significant difference. Even more importantly, your gift will transform a child's life.

Already Old Cliftonians around the world have shown their enthusiasm by sending us very generous donations. I ask those of you yet to support us to do so now, and those of you who are already donating to consider increasing your regular gift. Together, we can make Percival's vision a reality.

Mr D N Tarsh  
Vice-Chairman of Council  
Chairman of the Foundation GPC











## A letter from Guyana

Lethem, Guyana  
Oct 5th, 2004

I've now been teaching in Guyana for a whole month, and loved every minute of it. I left England on the 25th August, and flew to Barbados, where a few of the group met Brian Lara, before flying into Georgetown. It's an amazingly interesting place, the capital that is. It stinks of sweat due to the humidity, the bus drivers tear down narrow streets at ridiculous speeds, beeping their horns at everybody they pass, whilst blaring out their favourite tunes, which usually consist of the same American hip hop rubbish in each bus. All 22 of us stayed in Georgetown for a week, before the six of us living in region nine took a 12 hour bus journey through the country down to Lethem. That in itself was an experience, as the further we went from the capital, the more the road deteriorated, and so the harder it was to sleep. Having dropped off Ben and Duncan, the remaining four of us arrived in Lethem and settled in to our accommodation. Liam and Adam were told that they would be leaving for Aishalton "just now", and ten days later they began their 14 hour journey into the Deep South.

Four weeks on from that, a lot has happened. I'm teaching physics to 4th and 5th forms, maths to 4th form, and integrated science to forms 1 and 2. My timetable though changes on a weekly basis, as the school hasn't yet decided which subjects the students should do for their exams in May. Soon, I will be giving piano and singing lessons also, as after giving a performance on Education Day, a number of pupils have been asking me every day when I can start teaching them. The fact that the school doesn't have a piano hasn't occurred to them yet. The school day starts at 8.15 and supposedly finishes at 2.30, but due to various activities the last period is almost always cut out at least once a week.

I'm thoroughly enjoying myself here, so thank you very much for all your support that enabled me to be here, as right now I can't think of anywhere I'd rather be, despite the cockroaches, and limited electricity. Today was Teachers' Day, which was an ego boost for the teachers, as the students spent all morning thanking us for what we do for them, and saying that we're really good at what we do. They then read a series of poems, performed some dances, and read out the results of the favourite teacher competition. This was quite amusing, especially as two of the teachers in the top three have only been at the school for five weeks.

Thank you again for your support that enabled me to be here, I am most grateful for it.

Hugh Lunt  
(S.T. 1997-04)

Dear Mr Colquhoun,

I hope that you are well. I have just returned from India having completed my teaching placement, which has been an amazing experience. I was teaching English and PE in a village called Alumpur, in Himachal Pradesh, in the foothills of the Himalayas. It is quite a large public school, on a cliff top overlooking the River Beas Valley. There are around 40 children in each class (trying to control them all at once was close to impossible...) I found the 1st month of teaching quite daunting but as I got over the culture shock and as the children got used to me it became really enjoyable and rewarding too. I had classes from aged 5 to 15, although this was a big range I really enjoyed having the variation. Teaching the younger children was challenging because of the language barrier, so lots of acting and generally making a fool of myself was required... Teaching English to the older children also proved more difficult than I had anticipated. They had knowledge of English grammar that I had no idea about! The children were very good at learning grammar and vocabulary parrot fashion, however very few of them actually understood what they were learning. So a lot of our time was spent trying to make them understand what their other teachers had taught them by rote. The main sport for the girls was Basketball, and for the boys it was Cricket, Basketball and a game which I never quite understood called Kabadee. I was able to introduce Rounders to the older girls which was really popular and I organised a match with a local school.

I have been living in a house with four other volunteers in a small village called Jangal. It has been great to be able to stay in one place for this length of time, as we have really been able to get to know the locals and understand their culture. We were invited to a few weddings in the area and getting involved in eating with the right hand has been messy to say the least. We have had a real insight into their culture of arranged marriages too, which I am still struggling to get my head around.

During the children's exam period we had a few days off and took the opportunity to visit Varanasi, a city which embodies the spiritual soul of India. It is known as the 'Sacred City' and is situated next to the River Ganges, India's holiest river. Thousands of Hindu pilgrims go here daily to bathe, chant devotional hymns and drink the water because they believe the water is pure and ancient as faith. This happens despite the river being septic and polluted by raw sewage and charred, rotting human and animal remains, which can be seen floating on the surface. Varanasi is also one of the most auspicious places for a Hindu to be cremated. Watching the bodies being cremated on the riverbank and the bones being thrown into the river was extremely daunting and disturbing.

Once I finished the three months teaching I spent a month travelling with the other volunteers. I really enjoyed this travel period as the South is so different from the North. Firstly, we went to Agra to see the impressive Taj Mahal, then we went on to the vibrant capital of Rajasthan known as the 'Pink City' of Jaipur and to do a camel safari in the desert. Finally we had a 40-hour train journey down to Goa to spend some time on the beaches before renting a houseboat in Kerala to explore the beautiful backwaters.

Thank you so much for the OC grant which has allowed me to have this fantastic opportunity, I have not only had a great time but also learnt a lot and met some lovely people.

Best wishes,  
Debbie Yates (W.T. 2002-2004)



## Postscript

Hugh has now been teaching in Guyana for about six months with another six months to go. He is really enjoying his time there and, judging by the blackboard behind him in the photo, he is teaching some quite high-powered physics. He certainly enjoys the teaching but gets rather fed up with the red tape involved in assessment. At the end of last term, both the Head and Deputy Head announced they were leaving; Hugh reports that this seems to have improved the running of the school and also that the staff room is a much more relaxed place! During the Christmas holiday, he travelled to Brazil with a friend and has also visited the rain forest. In Maruka, he reports that one evening he was sitting on his bed writing up his diary when he suddenly noticed a big tarantula spider walking towards him and just inches from his hand!

Charles Kinsey



# Back to the old school

BY CHRIS HARRIS (SH 1982-93)

**Chris Harris squandered his education reading car magazines and sleeping.**

**If he'd known who had attended his school 80 years before, maybe he would have paid a bit more attention...**

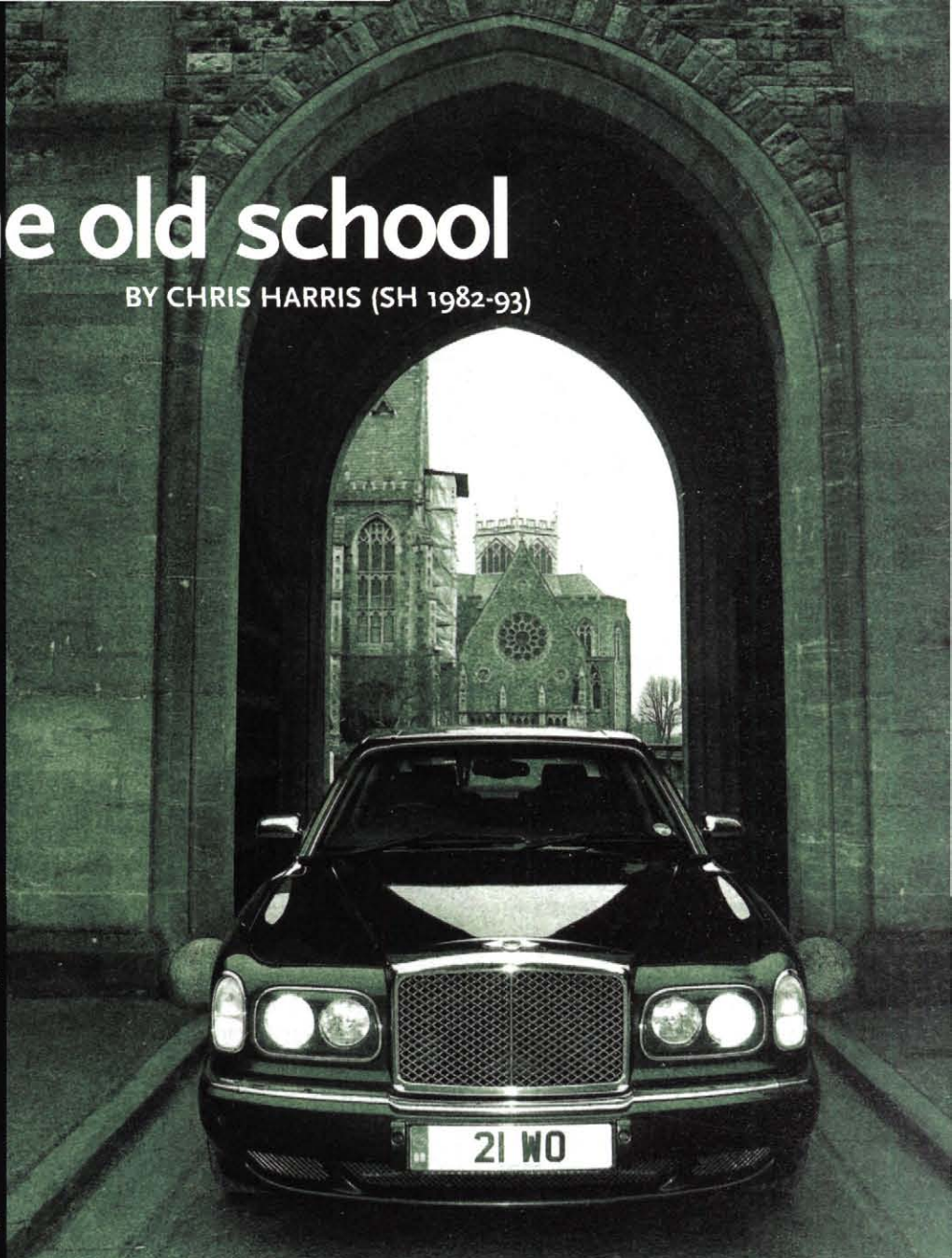
History was the weakest aspect of the undistinguished academic career of Clifton College pupil 18594, otherwise known as C Harris. The school report after the usual flimsy 20 per cent exam result confirms as much – 'we think it prudent to pursue alternative subjects,' it stated. They weren't wrong. As a kid, the only thing weaker than my grasp of dates was my interest in anything that happened before yesterday.

But if there's one aspect of my schooling that I deeply regret, and one irritating consequence of standing that year's history text book upright to cover a crafty snooze, it's the fact that I went to the same school as WO Bentley, and never knew it at the time.

How on earth is that possible? I was persistently late for lessons because I was reading *Autocar*, my study walls were daubed with pictures of cars, and all the while I was blissfully unaware that Walter Owen Bentley had sat at the same desks 80 years earlier. You must forgive the indulgence, but the only way to repent for such a crime was to get myself into a Benters sharpish, and head back to school for a much needed history lesson.

The delivery procedure for 21 WO, a late model Arnage R, with enough Mulliner leather inside to pay for a Civic Type-R, didn't please the village too much. Because it is the biggest car I have ever had delivered, and duly blocked the lane for 20 minutes. Such is the sense of mass you get just looking at the thing, you expect it to slide off the transporter and gradually sink up to its axles in tarmac. Thankfully, it didn't. Belted in, I grabbed the prescribed text books for the day – *Bentley: His Life and Works* by VLP Davis and our own Andrew Frankel's *Bentley: The Story* – and headed back to school.

You repeatedly tell yourself that such behaviour is crude and childish, but even the most modest man on earth couldn't suppress a grin on rocking up to his old



school in a Bentley Arnage. I drove down the road a couple of times, pretending to have forgotten where the entrance was. Naturally my academic reputation (and the limited earning capacity it ensured) preceded me, so the only questions I fielded as to the car's specification and provenance from staff and pupils were direct, and proved that no one was fooled. From the pupils: how much? Answer: £160,000. From the staff: have you borrowed it or nicked it? Answer (shoulders slumped, looking at floor, scuffing right shoe): borrowed it, sir.

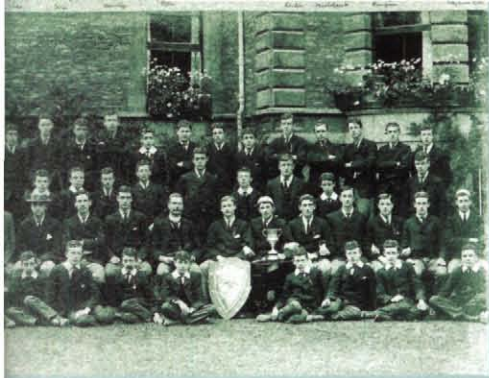
The more I find out about WO, the more surprised I am by the coincidental connections I have with him and his life with cars. Clifton College's most famous pupil arrived in September 1902, two months after EA Harris, my grandfather, had left to become an articled clerk at a local accountancy firm. Bentley was the youngest of six brothers, all of whom went to Clifton and at least two of whom my grandfather used to play against in house cricket matches.

Academia wasn't a Bentley strong point. He was a slow learner whose progress, according to VLP Davis' deliciously Victorian history, 'involved regular applications of the cane, a prescribed formula for stimulating learning speed'. Doubt that one would stand up to the Children's Act.

A podgy frame and dark eyes earned him the nickname of 'The Bun', and he struggled through academic life at the school. By the age of 15, the most significant observation that could be made of his abilities was that he knew how to take a demon slip catch. Records from the 1904 season indicate that he had hands like dustbin lids, and was incapable of dropping a ball. Take note, Graham Thorpe.

And then, just three years after he'd arrived, he left. Bentley wasn't sixth form material, and a burgeoning interest in steam locomotives persuaded his family to have him apprenticed for five years at the GNR locomotive works in Doncaster. That he didn't





certainly the case at Bentley.

Bentley himself summarised the achievement perfectly: 'I don't think many companies can have built up, during such a short period, a comparable font of legend and myth, story and anecdote.'

Within those 12 years sit another two connections. *Autocar* staff artist F Gordon Crosby designed the famous winged-B badge. But more importantly, in 1926 WO invited Sammy Davis, a well-known racer of the time, to join the Bentley Boys at Le Mans. He was also *Autocar's* sports editor, and in 1927 he won the race in Old No 7. The passage of time has done nothing to diminish that achievement, and every lad on the road test desk today is aware that SCH Davis, an *Autocar* hack, won the world's greatest race, something that will never happen again.

But earlier this year, for just a few laps, Bentley gave me the chance to dream. I wouldn't stand a chance against modern professional drivers at Le Mans, but the company let me drive the car that won the 2003 race. Being an unsentimental oaf, I didn't bore many people with these distant connections at the time, but being an *Autocar* bloke behind the wheel and completing the circle was one of the high points of my career.

So what reminder now sits at Clifton to tell future generations that one of the world's most recognisable names was created on the back of an education here? Nothing. Pride of place is a statue of Earl Haig, whose controversial achievements in the First World War earned him world-class satirical treatment in *Blackadder*, and years of worldwide derision. There's even a pictorial tribute to Henry Newbolt, and his dubious 'ten to make and the match to win' poetic powers, that always annoyed me. But nothing of WO.

How about it, Herr Eichorn and the rest of the current Bentley management? Please can we have something to commemorate the man? So that future pupils don't swagger through school like I did, oblivious to such a rich heritage.



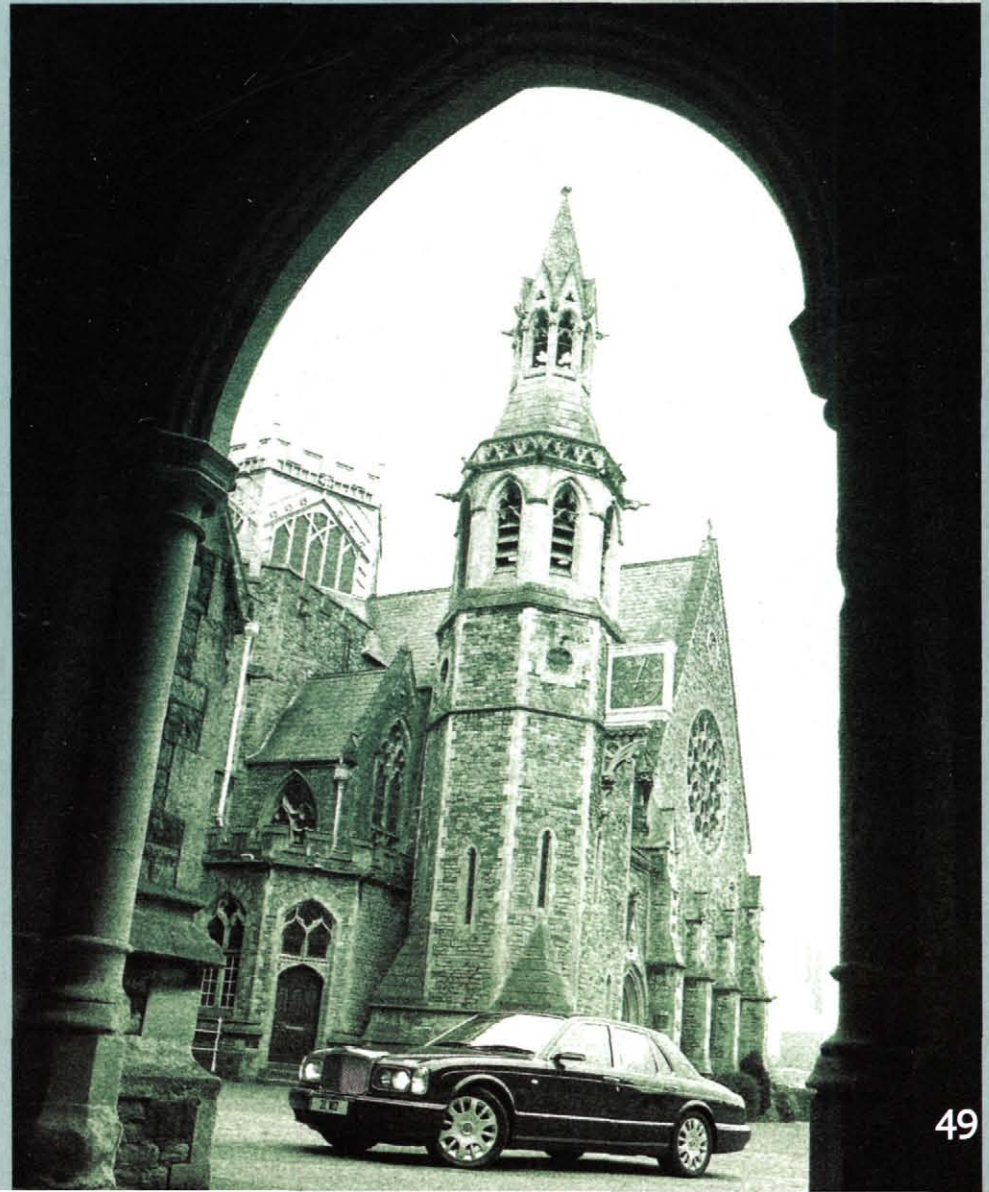
just survive, but thrived in an atmosphere as alien to leafy Bristol as possible, was testament to his passionate obsession with all things mechanical.

During the past year, just about everything I've read about the man has surprised me: from the fact that two wheels, rather than four, were his first love, to the influence his aero-engines had in the First World War. But for me, as a car nut, the Bentley Motors phenomenon ranks as one of the most remarkable stories in the history of the motor car. And yet so few people of my generation have any notion of this.

Bentley is one of the most recognisable and valued worldwide brands in the world today. A name whose very vowel construction somehow gels with the intended customer, like the familiarity of Marmite and hot butter. They might spell it Bent-ley, but own one and it has to be pronounced Bent-lay. Ask any brand expert why Volkswagen thought it wise to pay £430m for a company with a near-defunct range of cars and they'll point to the blue-chip image. The value, they'd say, is in a century's brand building.

But it wasn't a century at all. In fact it wasn't 50 years, or even 20. The legend of Bentley, of British Racing Green Blowers at Le Mans, blokes that conformed to the Biggles stereotype, of swashbuckling sports-tourers, was created, nurtured and ceased to be within 12 years. I had no idea of this until Andrew Frankel explained it to me over a beer last year. During the same period of time that the previous-generation Mercedes SL was on sale in the UK, WO Bentley and his brother formed Bentley Motors, won Le Mans five times and then were forced to sell it to Rolls-Royce in 1931.

Think on that for a minute. I don't reckon it's too much of an exaggeration to say that in the modern motor industry such a supercharged rise to fame would be impossible to repeat. Perhaps new-tech business could do it. The meteoric rise of the internet search engine Google is a good example, but will Google still be alive in 80 years and, crucially, will the principles on which it was founded still support the company's contemporary activities at that time? Because judging by the way the Arnage remains comfortably the most inviting and achingly desirable big saloon on sale, that is





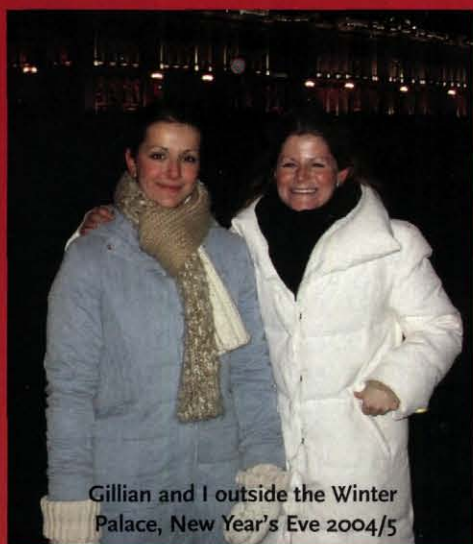


**ПУСТЬ ЖИВЁТ И КРЕПНЕТ  
НЕРУШИМАЯ ДРУЖБА И СОТРУДНИЧЕСТВО  
СОВЕТСКОГО И КИТАЙСКОГО НАРОДОВ!**

## From Russia with Love

ADRIENNE RIVLIN  
(PH (PRE) and OH, 1996-01)

Our Russian history lessons with Charlie were infused with his fiery passion for Stalinist Russia and long after I left Clifton his remarks and teaching continued to inspire an interest in tsarist overthrows, five-year plans and Siberian death camps. It was with great excitement then that I found out that my Dad's next posting was to be the 'Venice of the North', St Petersburg.



Gillian and I outside the Winter Palace, New Year's Eve 2004/5

It has been twenty years since Gorbachev's perestroika, and his programme of economic, political and social reform and restructuring has certainly left its mark on St Petersburg. It teems with shops whose price tags, had they been in roubles, would have been expensive enough, but when actually marked in US dollars would have made even Roman Abramovich squeal at the pressure on his credit card. St Petersburg is completely kitted out for the wealthy American/Finnish cruisers who descend on the city in summer and winter alike and the high-society long-legged platinum blonde Russian dollies who mince up and down Nevsky Prospekt, the main artery of the city, with military-clad boyfriends in tow. Cosmopolitan would be an understatement, St Petersburg is rich and ready and offers the tourist or rather bona fide Russian citizens (my family) a wealth of treats.

Top of my personal list is the 'blinny' (or pancake) house, Russia's answer to fast-food comprising savoury and sweet morsels of delight. Our family considered the blinny house only a small step removed from heaven itself, particularly the mushroom and potato or chocolate and date blinnys, and it was usually a pit-stop after a particularly gruelling CD/DVD/computer software hunt which nicely moves us on to Russia's second boon - legal and freely available pirated copies of any movie, single, album or piece of software you would care to own, priced respectably at just under £2 each. Jonathan, my 18 year-old brother, took particular pleasure in tracking down DVDs of films yet to be released in the UK, making 'special' relationships with the vendors of such

normally illicit items. We are now the proud owners of the best-quality collection of movies and music ready for another posting into the middle of the back of beyond (no more Angola please). Third place has to go to the infinite number of Irish bars (it's SO cool to be Irish now) of which my Dad's favourite haunt is a rowdy, smoke-filled little place called, somewhat predictably, Mollies. It's always packed, serves up a mean Irish stew, plays an eclectic range of music and sells cold beer and vodka by the truckload.

But of course: The Hermitage. One of the largest collections of art in the world (three million items) and only able to display a small proportion of its total collection. The

Hermitage site includes the original building commissioned by Empress Catherine II in 1754 (the small Hermitage) the great Hermitage and the Winter Palace. It is an impressive collection, granted, and I fiercely resisted becoming jaded after a few hours of Da Vincis, Michelangelos, Caravaggios, Picassos, Matisse ad infinitum. But after a while my father, as he put it, was 'grandmastered out' and my brother wasn't talking to me any more. Aside from the Hermitage, St Petersburg's museum assortment is truly outstanding. The Russian museum, housed in the Mikhailovsky Palace (which we lived opposite), has a fine Russian art and culture collection whilst the museum dedicated to the life and works of Pushkin (in the house where he died after being embroiled in a duel with a wealthy French soldier over his beautiful wife - how romantic) is also not to be missed. Special mention has to be made of the ancient babushkas who guard the museum rooms as though their lives depended on it (which in Communist times it probably did).

I could easily have written of the spectacular amber jewellery, home-visiting Uzbeki masseuses (not THAT type), the now infamous 'Golden Dolls' strip joint (yes, THAT type), White Nights (a two week fun and party-filled festival of the arts in the summer time), the world-famous Marinsky (Kirov) ballet that my dear grandmother, a life-time ballet devotee, would have given her right arm to have attended, and of the surreal experience of watching Putin on a gigantic screen in the Winter Palace square on New Year's Eve whilst party-frenzied Russians



shouted С НОВЫМ ГОДОМ or in English pronunciation S Novim godom - Happy New Year. I could easily have told stories about what happens to you when you accidentally make your mother, father, sister and brother stand in minus umpteen degrees for over an hour to see the fabled Amber Room at Tsarskoye Selo or what fun it is to watch semi-inebriated Russian students skid on the frozen river Neva, but it's probably best if you experience it yourself. Be wary though, it's not for the faint of heart.

A. J. Rivlin





all the other debris. The strip affected varies in width but is generally about 500m wide, with the worst obviously by the beach. It is quite a sight. We landed on the remains of one of the causeways (precarious) and got a ride in a rickety bus into the centre of the village. Our task was to finish the work on the district hospital that another team had started, and we were to stay overnight to achieve this.

That afternoon we worked like dervishes to

and children, unable to swim to safety or climb out of the way. I cannot help but be glad that we arrived too late to be finding and burying bodies, but it is clear that the toll has been terrible.

Later in the afternoon we were called to come and help a group trying to distribute aid. I was told to jump in the back of the lorry and we went away through the back streets. I began talking to a cheerful young man with good English: "Where in England are you from?" "Bristol, have you been to England?" "Yes, I lived for six months in a house behind Clifton College" "Do you know Anthony Newman?" "Yes, I saw him this morning!"... Good heavens! It turned out that the truck had come from Kandy branch of the Colombo International School where my old Housemaster at Clifton is now Headmaster! Sam and his English friend were delighted, as was I. I contacted Anthony when I knew I was coming to Sri Lanka and have an invitation to go and stay if possible, but I didn't expect to hear his name somewhere quite as remote.



## A Diary of the Tsunami Disaster

by KEN DALGLISH (L.S. PRE: E.T./S.T. 1988-99)

On Tuesday morning I went ashore to Kallar, a 2km long island with a lagoon behind it and the causeways at both ends broken. Among the 20,000 population there were heavy casualties and obviously access has been difficult. We were a team of 20 including two doctors. Although the only officer besides them I was actually just there as labour, my Warrant Officer Steve Price being in charge - a deliberate policy to make the guys appreciate that not only ratings are working hard, as well as stopping me moaning about being stuck on board.

The first amazing thing for me in a relatively short period of time rich in experience was the view from the air. We flew along the coast for 20 miles and there were areas where maybe one house in twenty still stands. The rest are just piles of brickwork strewn among

clean out and then disinfect the rooms in the hospital. Meanwhile others were pumping out the well which was full of sludge and salt water. We also had to clear an alleyway in which a lot of sand and vegetation had ended up, which took a lot of hard graft and also ingenuity with drainage. I was delighted that all the practice at channelling water I got on the beaches at Polzeath and Daymer Bay turns out to have been worthwhile!

Clearing through the endless mess left in those five minutes when the water was up I was struck by the number of pairs of sandals and shoes I found, and wondered what had happened to their owners. I also found a teddy bear under the sand that choked me up for a little while. It was a Sunday when the wave came and lots of the children were out playing. Many of the casualties were women

## Disaster Relief

by ANTHONY NEWMAN (FORMER HOUSEMASTER OF S.T., and DEPUTY HEAD)

30th January 2005

Our second consignment of aid went down to Matara on the south coast the week before last, as planned.

Those who went on this trip came back with appalling descriptions of the destruction in neighbouring areas along the south coast. We have had much debate about how to target our aid effort. Some felt that we should have gone to schools which had suffered more severe destruction and losses. In terms of emergency short-term provision of school stuff, however, there is logic in aiding a school which is down but not out. The aid agencies are hard at work on longer-term rebuilding projects.



Last week we decided to go back to Kallar on the east coast. We have worked hard to get up-to-date reliable information but it is not easy. It turns out that the bridges north of Kallar are now up again. However, there are thousands still in that area who have no food or water - or at least the supply is very intermittent.

Many thousands are in refugee camps, living in tents of variable quality. Sanitation is (if they are lucky) very basic. Nobody has anything to do and no prospect of any kind of job in the foreseeable future - a terrible situation leading to frustration, boredom, complete destitution and total dependence on handouts.

I remember visiting a refugee camp on the Thai/Cambodia border once and the same applied: the aid was getting to them OK but they had nothing to do - what an awful situation. Some had been there fourteen years or more. Let us hope that these camps do not become permanent.

We had prepared 300 'hampers' (plastic bags) containing a carefully contrived basic food ration of rice, dhal, sugar, dried and tinned fish, salt, spice and coconuts. Sam bought the stuff in bulk and we had a busy time the night before getting it packaged into the ration bags. I was on dried sprat duty and my hands still have the aroma to prove it! We also sent more water.

These items were handed direct to those in need in their makeshift tents. It was clear that the need was very urgent and we are sending another lot next week, probably further south to Arugam Bay or somewhere near there - it depends on the info we can get back the day before.

It was all too obvious that water is also urgently needed in those areas. We sent a



few hundred 2 or 2.5 litre bottles of water last week but it wasn't enough. We are thinking of sending a lorry load of large tanks, fitted with taps at the bottom, and a water tanker to fill them from.

We are all mystified that, after all this time, people are still lacking the absolute basic essentials. In some areas, the emergency is now under firm control and good progress is being made. On the east side, however, it is very hit-and-miss. For security purposes, the government banned the use of helicopters. All the same, you'd have thought that the situation would be much better than this by now.



## Disaster Relief Fund UPDATE ON PROGRESS

7th March, 2005

We sent two relief consignments out in February. On the 2nd Feb, we went to the Pottuvil/Arugam Bay area. This is on the east coast, south of Ampara district (where we went before). We got information that the situation was grim there and this turned out to be true. Our consignments have become bigger and bolder as we have become more experienced in how to do these things. Clifton and Westbury contacts will be pleased to know that Peter Bright went on this trip. He was staying with me in SL at the time and, having taught here for three previous years, he knew the school staff who also went on the trip.

As the amount of stuff we are buying and transporting goes up, so the job of packing it all into 'ration bags' becomes greater. This consignment was in excess of three tonnes. The kids at school have been brilliant in helping with this. There was a great activity throughout Tues 1st February, with me turning a blind eye to the many kids knee-deep in dhal, rice, dried sprats, and cooking pans when they should have been in study periods! The work carried on after dark and there was then a hell of a thunderstorm to contend with. The lorries turned up late, then there was a puncture. . but good humour always prevails on such occasions, short-circuiting the western tendency to get peeved! In the end, the trip was a great success and the Mayor of Pottuvil himself turned out to help ensure we got the stuff to the right people (while doing a little strategic electioneering for himself!...)

The following week Sam master-minded an even more ambitious trip to the south coast. We got word that the Hambantota district was still in trouble, so off they went with more than four tonnes of stuff. When they got there, it appeared that the people were reasonably well provided for, so they drove along to Tangalle, then towards Matara. When they got to Dickwella, they suddenly came across areas where the aid simply wasn't flowing at all and our rations were hugely appreciated.

While there, Sam and the team were helped

by a local chap (Sana) who told them about the villages in a nearby place called Batheegama – a small village near Dickwella. Out of a total of about 200 families, some 50 families had been making their living through fishing. Between them, they owned 25 small fishing boats.

The entire fleet was lost at Batheegama – the boats were all beached in the same spot when the wave came and all were smashed, and all nets lost. Having made contact with this community, and hearing their story (which is common in hundreds – perhaps thousands of other villages) we decided to take action on their behalf. It turned out that there was a local boat builder who could knock out these boats at the rate of about one a day, with help from the villagers who would end up using them. So, we obtained copies of the police documents confirming the boat losses. (Boat owners who lost their boats were required to register these losses with the local police so this gave us the opportunity to confirm who the owners were). We got him down from 36,000/- to 30,000 per boat – a good deal, we felt, and a promised delivery date of 8th April for all 25 boats. We will also be providing the nets.

Sana himself had lost everything in the disaster. He had been running a small beach side café on the water edge. Behind this he had two tiny brick-built houses – one for him and his wife and two little daughters, the other for his elderly parents. All the buildings were smashed and swept away – the family all survived and were now living with his in-laws in Matara. Sana had no money and not even any papers – no ID, no deeds to prove his ownership of the land – all lost. This is such a common circumstance. There is legal chaos regarding proof of ownership – as well as financial chaos and every other kind of chaos, emotional included. To make things even more impossible, the government won't allow rebuilding of permanent structures within 100 metres of the water, so he couldn't rebuild the two hut residences, even if he had the money. But he can put up a timber and palm structure for the restaurant. We took him out to supper and asked him about his

plans to do so – how to get water and electricity in for a fridge etc. etc. To cut to the chase, we decided to give him an immediate advance of 15,000/- with the promise of more, once we received from him a written plan and proper costing of work required.

This may seem to you somewhat random as a way of using the money you have donated. However, this is the nature of everything we are doing. The scale of the tragedy is so huge that we are bound to zero in on the particular circumstance that we just happen to encounter.

They next day we drove back through Galle and up to Colombo. The weather was beautiful – the sea a fabulous blue, the beach and the palms as dreamy as ever. But the destruction all around was terrible. This was my first sight of the real thing and I was greatly upset by it. Having seen endless TV coverage and pictures beyond counting, I thought I was prepared, but the sheer scale of it is overwhelming. The wrecked buildings and heaps of rubble are dry and dusty in the sun – more like a Baghdad bombsite than something wrought by water. The wave seemed wanton in its attack. For example, south of Hikkaduwa, towards Galle, there is little destruction. Yet north of Hikkaduwa – by only a few km – there is utter devastation. Through the palms and ruins, you can see three bent railway carriages – all that remains of the train in which over a thousand people died. Everywhere people are living in tents. Round ones, square ones, gabled ones – blue, white, green, orange – all proudly bearing the names or flags of the donor agencies – Sweden, Switzerland, USA, UK, Holland, UNICEF, UN, Oxfam etc. etc. The sheer tonnage of rubble lying about is mind boggling. What will they do with it all? It will, I fear, still be there in 50 years time. There is just too much to dispose of.

As you can see, we are getting through the money which you have so kindly entrusted to us. I hope you feel it is going in the right direction.



# Effraim Nahum 1918-1942 (POLACK'S HOUSE)

Every year, most notably on Remembrance Sunday in November, Pembroke College, Cambridge remembers with gratitude those of its members who gave their lives in the course of two World Wars. In May, at the annual Commemoration of Benefactors, the College remembers all those, from the Foundress onwards, who endowed the College with lands, scholarships or benefits of other kinds to enable it to prosper down to our own day. Among these are the parents of Effraim Nahum, a graduate and former scholar of the College, killed as a result of enemy action in an air raid on Cambridge on 28 July 1942. Alphonso and Marie Nahum (the family is Sephardi, and was based in Manchester) endowed a fund in their son's memory which was intended to be used to make awards of Scholarships or Exhibitions in Natural Sciences, with a particular emphasis on Physics, to graduates of Pembroke.

Effraim Nahum had been no ordinary undergraduate. He came up in 1936 from Clifton, where he had been head of the Jewish House, Polack's, and was to take a first in both parts of the Natural Sciences Tripos, graduating BA in 1939. He returned to Cambridge after a short absence to begin work in the Cavendish Laboratory on nuclear physics under Sir Lawrence Bragg. Throughout much of his school career and constantly afterwards, Nahum had been deeply involved with left-wing politics. These were the years of the Spanish Civil War, and the rise of fascism. The public school response to this is described in Jessica Mitford's *Hons and Rebels*, and Effraim Nahum was himself to contribute to the left-wing magazine *Out of Bounds* founded by Esmond Romilly, which circulated more or less clandestinely in a number of schools (distribution was banned inside Clifton). As an undergraduate Nahum worked in various Labour and Marxist causes, speaking in the Union, opposing anti-semitism and appeasement and supporting the International Brigade of the Spanish Civil war. It is plain that his winning personality and outstanding abilities won him the friendship and admiration of all who knew him, from the directors of research at the Cavendish to the leaders of the Labour movement in London, with whom he had been working between graduating and coming back to begin research. Readers of Eric Hobsbawm's autobiography, *Interesting Times*, will be made aware of the depth of Effraim Nahum's political involvement with the Cambridge Left.

All this has been brought to light by the presentation of an album to the College by the generosity of Effraim Nahum's family through the good offices of Dr Renato Ben

Sasson and Ms G. Nahum's niece. The album contains a large number of letters of condolence to Alphonso and Marie Nahum together with newspaper cuttings about the tragedy, many of them from left-wing publications not easily available. At the beginning are letters from those who knew his work at Cambridge, beginning with Sir Lawrence Bragg at the Cavendish Laboratory, who set the tone of all the letters by emphasising how fond everyone was of him, and how hard it would be to replace him. Sir Montagu Butler, who himself lost a son in the war, wrote with characteristic kindness, conveying the sympathy of the College's governing body. As Mayor of Cambridge that year, it had been his duty to go round to the scene of the air-raid (where others besides had been killed and injured) and he had found it even more distressing in the circumstances. The thought that death for



Effraim must have been instantaneous could only be small comfort for those left behind. Sir Edward Appleton, for whom Effraim had been engaged in some work, wrote from the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research at Teddington to convey his 'real distress'.

The bomb (doubtless released without special premeditation) fell on a crowded area near the Round Church. The Cambridge Union building was damaged, and so was the large ramshackle building called Ram Court (off what is now Round Church Street), where Effraim Nahum had his lodgings. His nickname, coincidentally, was 'Ram' Nahum, but the BBC broadcaster who delivered a tribute to him on the World Service of the BBC to an Indian audience was wrong to suggest that the Court was named after him. The lodgings, convenient for the Union, had served as an informal headquarters for Ram's large political acquaintance, and he had gained a reputation for generosity and ready hospitality.

Pembroke had not on the whole been noted for its associations with the Left. Maurice Dobb the economist had long ago moved to Trinity, where he would feature in the lives of Burgess and MacLean. Dobb's friend Roy

Pascal was now Professor of German at Birmingham. Pascal wrote from Edgbaston to the Nahums deploring not only the personal loss of Ram, but the loss to the cause of socialism. But the comment of Gordon Sutherland, afterwards Master of Emmanuel, and Nahum's former Director of Studies, that, apart from the purely academic side, where he had begun to do useful College teaching, he took a very active interest in social and political matters and was a most valuable asset in maintaining the balance of opinion on such affairs, was a measured understatement regarding the atmosphere at Pembroke. His former housemaster, writing from a Clifton exiled to Bude in Cornwall, spoke of his gift of leadership and the power of inspiring others as well as his charm of character.

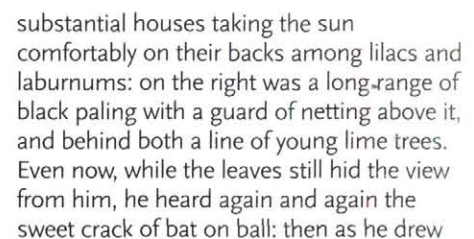
But from outside the College come the tributes where the political mingles with the personal. Party members national and local sought to outdo one another in expressing grief combined with indignation. Harry Pollitt, writing from the Communist Party of Great Britain, combined sympathy with pride at Nahum's membership of the Party, and the Fabian Harold Laski, a friend of the family, wrote more gently and personally about the loss of such a gifted young man. Winifred 'Freddie' Lambert, working for the University Labour Federation in Cambridge, had been severely injured in the same raid and eventually had to have both legs amputated after having been trapped in wreckage for several hours in extreme pain. She could not write until the anniversary of Ram's death, but there are a number of letters from contemporaries, as well as short obituaries and articles in the student Labour press which combine grief with anger. Nahum had been killed by enemy action, indeed by Fascists, and his death must be avenged upon them and the good work must carry on. Both the Cambridge Branch of the Association of Scientific Workers and the London School of Economics (to name but two out of many institutions) passed resolutions pledging their determination to redouble their efforts to win the war and fight back for Ram. Communist students had taken a solemn vow to avenge their beloved leader and the student movement and the Party would never forgive fascism for so great a loss. It is possible to see in these letters from student contemporaries an echo of something universal: the mourning of the young by the young, in a political context; Milton's *Lycidas* brought up to date. The practical expression of grief was the collection of a considerable sum of money to present an X-ray unit to the USSR, where indeed a unit of the Red Army was also named after Nahum. But there could be no religious



(1862-1938)

Jayne Ringrose  
Bye-Fellow of Pembroke College

It is therefore extremely sad to relate that Andrew Dakyns (Pre: D.H. 1944-52) has written to say that Sir Henry Newbolt's grave at St Mary's Church, Orchardleigh, near Frome has fallen into an extremely poor state and is now very overgrown. It is a very simple grave and headstone, and I would be delighted to hear from anyone connected with Clifton who might like to take it in hand. The Old Cliftonian Society would be delighted to meet the costs of such a worthy project. I please contact the office if might be able and prepare to do this. I am extremely grateful to Colin Hallward (Pre: S. 1945-53) for bringing this situation to my attention. There is no doubt that Newbolt



remember Sir Henry Newbolt, who used to live in Worcester Crescent and studied at Clifton College.

Brian Worthington, former head of English at Clifton College, is chairman of CHS and also a member of the College Council, the school's governing body.

He said: "Sir Henry Newbolt's most famous lines of poetry were written about his days at Clifton College, and in particular about

the games of cricket that used to take place on The Close, and still do today. He lived for some years in Worcester Crescent in the middle of the 19th century, so a plaque at the spot in between The Close and the Crescent seemed the perfect place to commemorate his life and achievements."

Old Clintonian Joe Cooper, who runs his own company, Touch Wood Enterprises, which specialises in producing bespoke

wooden signs and furniture, designed and built a stand for the plaque.

It was officially unveiled by Barbara Janke, leader of the city council's Liberal Democrat group but will not be permanently in place until the New Year.

The Old Cliftonians are placing a second plaque in Sir Henry's memory on the reverse of the stand, but this is not yet ready for display.



**OLD CLIFTONIANS.****LOYALTY TO THE SCHOOL.**

Old Cliftonians held their annual dinner last evening at the Connaught Rooms. Sir Henry Newbolt presided and the company included:

The Bishop of Barking, Sir E. Bonham-Carter, Sir H. P. Burt, His Honour Judge Cooper, the Rt. Hon. C. C. Heath, M.P., Brigadier-General M. S. Elmie, Sir James Jones, K.C., Sir Francis Newbolt, Colonel H. M. W. Souter, Mr. Norman Whitley (the headmaster), Sir John Wimble, Sir Robert Witt, Sir Francis Younghusband, Colonel A. H. C. Kearsley, Lieut.-Colonel R. C. Luard, Lieut.-Colonel F. Soames, Lieut.-Colonel T. C. F. Truscott.

The loyal toast having been enthusiastically honoured, Sir HENRY NEWBOLT proposed the received some years ago from Mr. H. G. Wells, in the course of which the novelist, commenting upon one of the speaker's poems as being on the "right lines," added, "But then you get back to those foolish old loyalties as if one school Henry could be more untrue and inhuman. It was perfectly easy to be loyal to the human race, but one must first of all be loyal to one's school, one's friends, and one's own country. There were Cliftonians who could not find that ready entrance into life which they deserved. There were not enough jobs to go round. There were not enough should found something like a labour registry. The HEADMASTER, in reply, said the school needed a new science building, and they would welcome any old Cliftonian who would make himself immortal by putting down £50,000 for this, boys in the school whose education was liable to be cut short because their fathers were faced with the financial difficulties of the times. He believed public school boys was the great problem of old future, and suggested that a fund might be created to enable the headmaster to assist such boys.

*Daily Telegraph 9-7-24*

level and looked between the trees he saw that which took his breath with an entirely new delight. In the distance were buildings—in front lay a wide green sward, level as a lawn, flooded with low sunlight, and covered in every direction with a multitude of white figures, standing, running, walking, throwing, batting—in every attitude that can express the energy or the expectancy of youth....At the second glance something broke over his spirit like a wave: he took it for the tide of joyful anticipation, but I think it was more than that—the inrush of an idea, the sudden perception, however vague and distant, of the meaning of the scene: a glimpse, behind the mere beauty of the white young figures shining so coolly in the slant evening sunlight, of the finely planned order and long-descended discipline they symbolised...and my vision of Clifton Close is not a merely individual experience. It is a touch, a password between all those who have seen it. My friend and contemporary Quiller-Couch emphasised this when he humorously suggested that I must have borrowed my rhapsody from him. He wrote to me after reading it. 'But was it you or I, who heard the crack of bat on ball and caught his breath at first sight of the Close? It was I, Sir, and here I catch you a-hugging one of my best memories.'

Sir Henry Newbolt, *My World as in My Time*.



# Roger Michell

FILM DIRECTOR (Pre: B.H. 1964-73)

## IS CONTENT WITH ONE CONTINENT FOR A LIFETIME OF TRAVEL

I have a vivid memory of standing by a lake in Czechoslovakia when I was 12, looking at the sky. We lived in Prague, where my father was chargé d'affaires at the British embassy, and we were at a little holiday village out in the countryside, at a place called Slapy. It was August 1968, and that morning a man had tapped on our window and told us that the Soviet Union had invaded. It was a hot day, and the lake was deserted and silent. I remember standing in this beautiful, tranquil place, looking up at the vapour trails as a stream of huge Russian planes flew troops into Prague airport, 50 miles away. It felt like watching the end of the world.

Then, at midday, a weird sound came over the flat water—a mysterious, whale-like noise. It was car horns. The radio station had appealed to every Czech to lean on their car horns at midday as a protest. That's what it was—hundreds and hundreds of people from all around, protesting.



I went back in 1972 to see how it had changed. I hitched. I've always thought hitching is a positive thing to do, very immersing and slightly scary. I was only 15 at the time, and went with a friend from school. We were turned back at the Czech border because our hair was longer than in our passport photographs. We were in this little German frontier town, and we had to go and find a shop, buy some scissors and hack off each other's hair—a painful thing to do at that age.

Prague was desperate. There were loads of Soviet troops still, and a lot of visible misery—drunkenness among young kids and so on. It was awful.

It's always weird revisiting places. Two weeks ago, I went to Florence, after a gap of about 30 years, and it told me as much about the changes in myself as those in the city. That process of retouching a place acts as a kind of barometer of what your life is and has been.

Florence has changed a good deal, but there are still one or two little secret places I remembered that are not on the beaten track. In particular, I went to revisit one painting, *The Deposition*, by Pontormo. It's in the Santa Felicità church, just off the end of the Ponte Vecchio, a startling and staggering painting that people don't bother to go and visit. They should.

And last month I went back to South Africa—though, actually, I left there when I was three months old, a gap of 48 years. I thought it was a mess. Not physically—it's a very beautiful

place. But that just makes the social inequality more unsettling. Going through the townships outside Cape Town, I couldn't believe that the ANC had been in power for 10 years. I couldn't make sense of it. I don't understand why this incredible disparity still exists in one of the richest countries in the world.

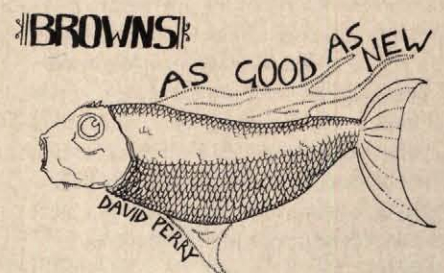
My children, Harry and Rosie, are my ideal holiday companions. This year we rented a house in the Languedoc. There was a river, a forest, bicycles, a swimming pool... it was a pretty much idyllic place. Harry caught several fish, which pleased him no end. We even tried eating some of them, but they tasted terrible—they were muddy river fish, the sort sensible anglers throw back.

I feel absolutely liberated by Ryanair and EasyJet. I quite often go off to somewhere weird on a £2.50 ticket, just to see what it feels like. A couple of years ago I decided to go and see where Fellini is buried. I went on my own in winter, flew into one of those funny airports, near Bologna—Forlì, I

think—got a car and just drove around the Po delta, which I'd never been to before. Rimini out of season is the most surprising and beautiful place. The medieval centre is astonishing, and if you ask around, you can find your way to Fellini's grave, which is monstrous and vulgar and funny.

Every year, I go with two colleagues to track down a wine we like—and speak to the people who make it, if possible. This year, we went to Slovenia to see Alex Simcic, who was lovely. He lives about half a mile from Italy. What's shocking about that border is that the difference between Italy and Slovenia is so marked. Italy has towns with old centres, while in Slovenia there seemed to be very few towns at all. The medieval culture just seems to stop at the border. The landscape was wonderful, though, with beautiful meadows full of wild flowers.

I've never been to the Far East, never been to Australasia, nor South America. But it doesn't matter too much to me. I find Europe so fascinating that I'd be quite happy if I never went any further again. This continent is enough.



STAGE MANAGER: Robert Macgilvray.  
ASSISTANT PRODUCER: James Browne.  
PRODUCER: Roger Michell.



## A detailed brown ink sketch of a European city skyline, featuring various Gothic and medieval buildings, including churches with tall spires and a large cathedral-like structure on the left. The drawing is done in a loose, artistic style with visible line work.

## A man in a white tuxedo with a black bow tie and a red boutonniere stands behind a wooden podium. The podium is adorned with a large bouquet of pink and white flowers. He is in a large, ornate cathedral with high vaulted ceilings and stone pillars. In the background, a large pipe organ is visible. To the left and right of the man, parts of other people, including a woman playing a violin and another woman, are visible, suggesting a formal event or ceremony.

Violinist **Liv-Marie Fletcher (W.T. 1998-2001)** was joined by Charles Matthews for a charity concert in the Pre Hall in October, performing Chopin, Prokofiev, Beethoven and Saint-Saens to raise money for the Multiple Sclerosis centre in Nailsea. Liv-Marie is a third year student at the Royal Academy of Music. **Christopher Purves (Pre: S.T. 1970-79)** has enjoyed the lead roles and excellent reviews in a new staging of Berg's *Wozzeck* as well as *The Marriage of Figaro*. **Joe Crouch (S.T. 1989-93)** played first cello in a concert in Cheltenham Town Hall by the Academy of Ancient Music. He has just been appointed principal cello for this group who are known internationally for playing on original instruments. **Sir David Willcocks**, who has been spearheading the Foundation's drive to raise money for scholarships, was the subject for an article in the *BBC Music Magazine* entitled *Music that Changed Me*, giving much credit to Douglas Fox (Master 1931-57) as a brilliant teacher.



**MUSIC THAT CHANGED ME** Sir David Willcocks

**Crushed to death under a hill of beans**

[illegible]

Author: Christopher Purves as Wazzyak

[illegible]

In my seventh childhood I was taken to church and told to prefer the living and certain the right. It never occurred to me that I should start to be more until the parents had discovered I had private gods, and my mother took me to see William Shakespeare, where *Alfred* was regularly performed. It suggested I try for Christianity. Alfred was a dreamer. So from the age of eight I was moved to music.

with the African Union. The meeting will also represent well-known leaders in the United States and the United Kingdom and has already been receiving media coverage. The meeting is scheduled to take place in the city of London. The event is being organized by the African Union and the United Kingdom. The event is being organized by the African Union and the United Kingdom. The event is being organized by the African Union and the United Kingdom.



**Antony Ellis (P.H. 1991-96)** has been touring with his band the Five O'clock Heroes. They have built up a tremendous following in New York playing to sell-out crowds. Their new single *Head Games* came out on June 13th. Log onto [www.thefiveoclockheroes.com](http://www.thefiveoclockheroes.com) for full details of their U.K. tour.

**WELL-CAST AND IN A LIVELY TRAIL:**

*Le monde de Pietro* (sung in English): Rebecca Chamberlain-Purves (as Fanny), Rebecca Evans (as Susanna), Yvonne Kerrary (as Count Almaviva), Diana Montague (as Countess Almaviva), Frances McCallister (as Cherubino), Jonathan Viles (as Bartolo), John Graham-Hall (as Don Basilio), Sarah Kade (as Don Garcia), Gwyneth Doolley (as Kade's maid), Geoffrey Mitchell (Chorus), Philomena Mooreaux (Chorus), and Percy Charles (as Don Juan). *Don Giovanni* (sung in English): 55 CHANG 3127 (44 minutes; DDD); lyrics and English libretto included.



last, the character played by the handsome clearly returns to the plot and to the action and to the balance of the film. In addition, the film is a success, one, we are sure, notably from the point of view, even in the plan is well received, even in the case of the character of Alvin Karpis or of the principle, even using this stage, which helps to bring the action to the end, which is not a measure to take. With words in clear is better, measures to take of Christian Dior and Jonathan Demme. Dior's character and Jonathan Demme's character are better, measures to take. With words in clear, the vocal acting is better, measures to take.

**Rolling Stone** **Rolling Stone**

Considering the potential gains that translation might bring to Fager's company, it is surprising it has not approached the really expending Olympic market. Happily, the word has been English ever. Happily, the word has been worth it. Even those who would say it is not a translation should say it is. Some of the best translations in the world are the result of a performance oriented effort.

David Perry has established his reputation as a translator, and his work is certainly not unimpressive, and his company has been well known to the public. Though the process

Comments of twelve among the nation's doctors. Religious Freedom's website at [www.religiousfreedom.org](http://www.religiousfreedom.org) is a future *Campaign*, who is finally winning, says by Vernon Kester, her co-chairer, those threats of Evans, her wife, to make comments through her website must count towards. "This is a quick, very balanced" is taken into account but the situation is clear as *Dr. Margaret is used as a*

Francine McCafferty. As *Time* magazine's Max Wallace, the beautifully judged Graham Hall regains the stage as Gilchrist's voice, presiding in grim overtones.

How far, I dare it say, is it Macmillan's — as a performance text, but one which only may give ally demands from its countering art.

Edward Greenleaf

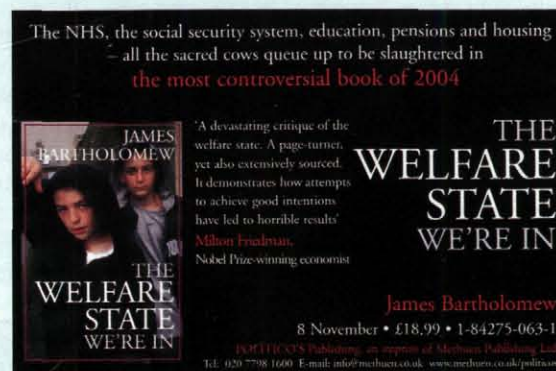


## OLD CLIFTONIANS IN PRINT

**JAMES BARTHOLOMEW** (O.H. 1964-67)

*THE WELFARE STATE WE'RE IN*  
Politicos/Methuen 2004 £18.99.

This book by James Bartholomew is a truly marvellous read. Using hundreds of references he gradually dismantles the illusions created during the last 50 years in relation to the welfare state from the health service, education, social benefits, pensions and beyond. The welfare state emerges without credit and appears nothing short of a disaster. Everything to which it turns its hand ends up worse, as it creates perverse incentives and crowds out more effective, alternate provision. Living in Bristol, itself one of the worst performing wards in the United Kingdom, it is easy to understand Bartholomew's conclusion that one in seven students leave school without passing a single GCSE exam, but difficult to digest the incompetence. Page after page of shocking statistics show how the welfare state hurts the poor, the sick and the vulnerable and everyone else in Britain. Despite considering alternative explanations that might absolve the welfare state of blame, we are left with the unpalatable truth that the welfare state does more harm than good. I would like to believe that this book will trigger the necessary reforms so that our faith and confidence in government-provided welfare might be restored. Somehow I doubt it. This book deserves the strongest recommendation. The author presents complex evidence in a highly readable style, without over-simplification.



**TIM MACKINTOSH-SMITH** (PRE: N.T. 1971-78)

*THE HALL OF A THOUSAND COLUMNS* John Murray £20.

Few writers have the talent to pull off a notable trilogy in any genre. In travel writing, only Patrick Leigh Fermor springs to mind, and he is still at work on the third volume about a walk he made across Europe in the 1930s. So eyebrows were raised a few years back when Tim Mackintosh-Smith announced he wanted to write a three-parter that would take him from Morocco to China. His talent was not in doubt. *Yemen*, his first book, was an award winner - but his subject was unusual: an obscure 14th-century Moroccan called Ibn Battutah (or IB, as he is referred to here by the author).

In 1334, about 50 years after Marco Polo returned to Venice from China, IB arrived in India on his way east. Marco Polo had travelled in order to trade, and is credited, controversially, as the first European to reach China. IB left his native Tangier to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, continued east, was away 30 years and travelled three times as far as Marco Polo, some 75,000 miles. Both men wrote about their journeys, but while Marco Polo is a household name, Ibn Battutah and his *The Precious Gift of Lookers into the Marvels of Cities and Wonders of Travel* are unknown outside a small circle.

Mackintosh-Smith's trilogy plans to rehabilitate IB by following in his "footnotes". In the first book, *Travels with a Tangerine*, he journeyed with him from Morocco across Africa to Cairo and Istanbul. This second volume opens with IB's arrival in Delhi at a time when much of India was ruled by

Muhammad Shah, a man whose court was said to be graced by 1,000 poets but who was as noted for his cruelty as for his generosity: the streets of his capital were littered with body parts. Shah plays a crucial role in this instalment of IB's travels, appointing him a judge in Delhi and later sending him on a high-profile embassy to China.

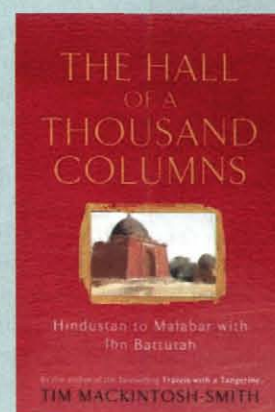
Mackintosh-Smith has elevated IB to the role of master or guru. They make an odd couple; both men have a love of life and an appetite for new experiences, but while IB often moved around in grand embassy style, his devotee travels more modestly in a retro-styled Hindustan Ambassador. And while IB was lured out of spiritual retreat by the promise of worldly goods, his follower seems to scorn the bourgeois side of modern India. However odd the match, the combination is fascinating.

Mackintosh-Smith's plan is to reanimate IB's time in Delhi and his journey to the coast of Kerala. To do this, he tries to visit places mentioned by IB. Sometimes this is easy (in Delhi, he makes straight for Muhammad Shah's palace, the so-called Hall of a Thousand Columns). But there are two-fold difficulties for the modern traveller. For one thing, many places have been ravaged by time - the hall is now a few pillars short of the thousand, and is being used as a public lavatory. But, unhelpfully, IB is often unspecific in his writing, being more concerned with noting the process of history than with sharing tales of everyday life. Whenever the trail threatens to go cold, Mackintosh-Smith finds

assistance from one of a cast of larger-than-life characters. He clearly doesn't care much for India's "InfoTech age", so his companions, unsurprisingly, tend to hark back to another time and include several holy men, a clutch of academics and a retired royal.

To get the best out of *The Hall of a Thousand Columns*, you need to have read *Travels with a Tangerine*. Having made that journey, Mackintosh-Smith now adds three things to this latest instalment. IB emerges from his adventures in India as a more rounded though still sketchy character, and the author appears as an enthusiastic researcher, a thirsty drinker, and a traveller who allows little to deter him from his path. But perhaps of greatest interest is the view he gives us of India. We are used to seeing the subcontinent during the time of the British or the Mughal raj. Thanks to IB, we get a glimpse of the country in the bloody, glorious 14th century, an age described as "the 1960s of Sufism".

By this stage, any concerns as to the viability of a trilogy in the footsteps of IB have been banished: *The Hall of a Thousand Columns* shows just how rich and fascinating travel writing can be.





Soon after the death of his father, James Joyce wrote *Ecce Puer*, a short poem linking the leave-taking of the eldest Joyce with the arrival of the author's grandson, Stephen. It closes theatrically: "A child is sleeping, / An old man gone. / Oh, father forsaken, / Forgive your son!" Written "in memory of my father, and in welcome to my son", the opening poem in Patrick McGuinness's debut collection is a studied variation on Joyce's theme: "In the wings there is one who waits to go on / and another, his scene run, who waits to go". The poet imagines their two souls meeting "like crossed letter touching in the dark; // the blank page and the turned page, / the first and the last, shadows folding // over and across me, in whom they're bound". The natural wholesomeness of the old making room for the new comes as a stark contrast to McGuinness's recent translations of Mallarmé's *For Anatole's Tomb* (reviewed in the TLS, March 19), a pile of grief-stricken fragments written after the death at eight of Mallarmé's only son. The one example of these to surface in *The Canals of Mars* is a chilling seance with death itself, who "whispers softly": "As for the others, for the living, / their mourning, etc., / that is just my shadow clothing them in black".

Poems dealing with death, disease, oblivion and oppression are seldom as poised as those encountered here. McGuinness projects the jarring absurdity of unnatural death through an intricate style buzzing with atonalities, asymmetries, partial repetitions and distorted echoes. The repetition of words

and images creates an effect of threads dropped and taken up again: the "white place" one woman briefly "dies into" in a poem contemplating near-death experiences re-emerges as a "white noise" heard by a feverish child (himself close to death), before this in turn is taken and used to describe the "sullen. ... muzak" of a swarm of wasps in the speaker's home. Sharing an image amongst various contexts in this way results in a thoughtful study in perspective: a domestic wasps' nest is measured on the same scale - of unwelcome foreignness - as a child's life-threatening illness.

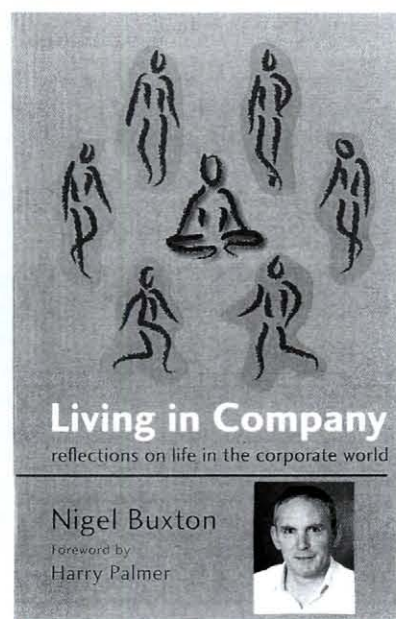
PATRICK MCGUINNESS *The Canals of Mars*

Less sombre poems are more eclectic in their subject matter. Erik Satie's surrealist prattlings, or the problems of Martian drought, offer vehicles for a playful mode of writing, as does a sequence of poems about Belgium, including such titles as *The Belgiad* and *Belgitude*. Devoted to the askew river-reflections cast by Belgian cities, the country in the sequence involves clever play with linguistic mirrors: "Louvain, Gand, Anvers / river-cities face to face with themselves / Leuven, Gent Antwerpen". Other such features are the anagrammatic asymmetry of "300 kilometres of frontier / united and untied", the eerie topsy-turviness of trees that "take root in cloud", and a swan that swims "neck and neck with his ghost". As "the real and the reflected / swap dimensions", the poet grows distrustful: "mirage / or mirror image?", he asks in an inspired piece of tmesis ("mirage" is extended to "mirror image" by the insertion of a back-to-front "mir(r)or"). Further evidence of McGuinness's linguistic flair is found in a handful of stunning translations (*My Glasgohemia* is a dizzy rendering of Rimbaud's *Ma Bohème* to date), as well as in the many thoughtful, understated poems describing a landscape of voguish vaguery: "All has that faint emphasis, as if the place were in italics, / could look like elsewhere yet be nowhere else". *The Canals of Mars* is infused with that altitudinous (or even Belgitudinous) grace.

Aingeal Clare

## NIGEL BUXTON (D.H. / S.T. 1967-71)

LIVING IN COMPANY: REFLECTIONS ON LIFE IN THE CORPORATE WORLD



*Living in Company* is a book for reflection, self-inquiry and finding personal answers. The chapters are short and designed to be read one at a time whereby one can read and reflect. The book is an invitation to try new perspectives and it is designed for individuals who want to explore. Nigel Buxton worked for many years for Ernst and Young in Italy and for Ametek Inc. (U.S.A.). When he turned his attention to looking at his life issues in his forties, he dived into the spiritual swimming pool with his Indian Master; but he was then faced with the dilemma of reconciling his work in the world with the truth found at meditation retreats and spiritual-consciousness workshops. This book is the result of bringing those two 'worlds' together.

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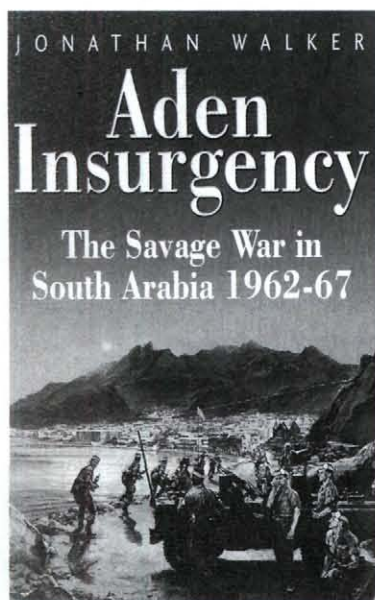
Mob: 07887 994951 Fax: 0117 923 9675

Email: belmont@leopard77.fsnet.co.uk



**JONATHAN WALKER (PRE: E.T. 1961-71)****ADEN INSURGENCY: THE SAVAGE WAR IN SOUTH ARABIA 1962-1967**

Spellmount £25.00.



As the British Army faces serious allegations of abuse by its forces in Iraq, and Charles Clarke prepares to revoke the emergency anti-terror legislation which resulted in the Guantanamo Bay-inspired incarceration of foreign terror suspects, the brutal and bloody conditions of Britain's last colonial conflict in South Arabia thirty-seven years ago become increasingly relevant.

Jonathan Walker has written the definitive account of Britain's last End of Empire conflict. In *Aden Insurgency* he has combined information gathered from previously classified sources with eyewitness accounts from combatants and civilians, and presents a detailed history of the military operations involved from 1962 until the withdrawal of the British Army in November 1967.

Britain's last End of Empire conflict was a fierce fight with the rebel tribes of the wild interior and terrorist assassins that spiralled

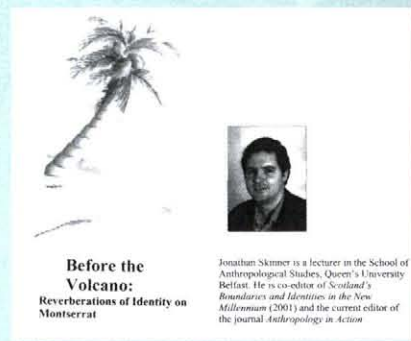
out of control amidst damning reports of prisoner abuse. Under the Aden Emergency Regulations of 5 June 1965, the High Commissioner could authorise the indefinite detention of suspected terrorists under a 'holding order'. Allegations of mistreatment were made against the security forces, with nationalists and trade unionists taking their claims to Amnesty International and the United Nations. While doctors from the Royal Army Medical and the al-Mansoura Detention Centre Corps strenuously denied accusations of mistreatment, Amnesty's 1966 report chronicled in British torture of detainees.

The violence in Aden reached a bloody denouement in June 1967, and Jonathan Walker examines the collapse in military security and failures in the intelligence war. This new approach to the insurgency considers the major role played by Police and Special Branch and reveals the disasters and success of early SAS operations. Britain's clandestine war in neighbouring Yemen is for the first time juxtaposed with the conflict in South Arabia, and the truth behind the Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell 'Mad Mitch' Mitchell legend is explored in this full examination of the war which became focused on the quest for dominance of the strategic military base of Aden.

Thirty-seven years after the British Army withdrew from the violent conflict in Aden, torture, rebellion and repression continues in Iraq, which makes this account of the last time Britain fought, and lost, a war of resistance in the Middle East essential reading.

**Tony Lewis-Jones (Wi.H. 1972-76)**

Following a successful spell as Poet-in-Residence for BBC Radio Bristol, and more recently the *Bristol Evening Post*, Tony Lewis-Jones is currently negotiating for a book deal with Bewrite Books to bring out a Collected Poems. Old Cliftonians with an interest in poetry should please keep an eye on Amazon.com, where several of Tony's most recent publications are already listed.



**Dr Jonathan Skinner (Pre: S.T. 1977-88)** is a lecturer in the School of Anthropology Studies at Queen's University, Belfast. He is co-editor of *Scotland's Boundaries and Identities in the New Millennium* (2001) and the current editor of the journal *Anthropology in Action*. His new book published in 2005 is entitled *Before the Volcano: Reverberations of Identity*. This book looks at retentions of identity in a colonial Caribbean setting. It is an 'uncomfortable' and 'impressionistic' ethnography of life on the island of Montserrat leading up to and including the present-day volcanic eruptions. It explores examples from local poets, calypsonians and historians; controversial development and trade union struggles, and the impact of tourism and colonialism on the island - Black Irish identity claims and the celebration and/or commemoration of St Patrick's Day in particular.

This book will appeal to Anthropologists, Sociologists, and Cultural Studies and Caribbean Studies scholars, as well as those involved in and concerned for the reconstruction of Montserrat the place and Mons'rat the people.

Also in print this year:

**A. T. Phillips (P.H. 1967-72)** *Going Sane* (Hamish Hamilton)

**R. C. H. Pilcher (O.H. 1965-67)** *A Risk Worth Taking* (Time Warner)

**S. W. Blackburn (Wa.H. 1957-61)** *Truth: a Guide for the Perplexed* (Allen Lane)

Our grateful thanks to all those Old Cliftonians who have so generously donated books to the library this year. Your gifts are very much appreciated.

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**Patrick Timmons (N.T. 1989-93)**, who works in the Department of History at the University of Texas at Austin, has had a number of impressive articles printed in the *Texas Observer* under the following titles: *Chicago Bay*, *The Politics of Death*, *Sins of the Father*, *Death House Memories* and *La Abogada de Mexico*. These articles explore the issue of capital punishment in Mexico.

**Robin Lindsay (S.H. 1942-47)** has had his poem entitled *Some Thoughts on Sachin Tendulkar* published in a book of verse called *A Breathless Hush*.



**Simon Russell Beale (Wa.H. 1974-78)** was the subject of an article which appeared in the *Independent* magazine, entitled *A Performer at his Peak*. The writer concluded that Simon could justifiably be called the best actor of his generation. Apart from



starring as Macbeth at the Almeida Theatre, London, Simon found time to visit Hurstpierpoint School to open a Drama Centre for Stuart Andrews (Pre Master 1984-97) who is now Headmaster of the Junior school at Hurstpierpoint. Many of you will

have memories of Simon's beautiful rendering of the Willow Song as Desdemona at Clifton and playing Guildenstern in Tom Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*. In his last term Brian Worthington persuaded him to play King Lear before going up to Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge as a Choral Scholar. Sometimes referred to as a romantic actor, it is Simon's presence on stage and the tremendous energy he generates which captivates audiences.



**NT**  
**HIS DARK MATERIALS PART TWO**  
Based on the novels by PHILIP PULLMAN  
Adapted by NICHOLAS WRIGHT  
Supported by The Columbia Foundation of San Francisco

Lyra Belacqua	ELAINE SYMONS
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Will Parry	MICHAEL LEGG
President of the	IAN GELDER
Constitutional Court	ELLIOT LEVEY
Perpetual	VICTORIA MOSELEY
Cleric, Home, Church	
Dignitaries	
Lord Bonell	JOHN CARLISLE
John Coulter	LESLIE MANVILLE
The Golden Monkey	LEO KAY
OTTAVIO	
Servant of the	ADJOA ANDOI
Queen of the	ELLIOT LEVEY
Figures	HELEN MURTON
Graville	VANESSA EARL
Graville	EMMA MANTON
Graville	MICHELLE DOCKERY
Graville	
Giacomo Pandolfi	DAVID KILICK
Graville	MICHELLE DOCKERY
Graville	MARC BUCHNER
Graville	
Graville	DAVID HAREWOOD
Graville	EMMA MANTON

**Elliot Levey (P.H. 1987-92)** appeared in prominent roles in both parts of *His Dark Materials* based on the novels by Philip Pullman and adapted by Nicholas Wright. The sixth form travelled to London to see the play, as part of their 'A' level course at the National Theatre.

**Sing Sing Sing**  
7:30 pm Monday 14<sup>th</sup> March  
A Musical Revue - by the students of  
Bristol Academy of Performing Arts  
Come and be Entertained  
@ The Redgrave Theatre - Clifton  
Tickets £8 or £6 concession  
Book on: 0117 9630966  
Or purchase on the door

**BAPA**  
THE BRISTOL ACADEMY OF PERFORMING ARTS

**Ben Davies (Pre: M.H. 1996-2001)** appeared in *Sing Sing Sing* put on by the students of the Bristol Academy of Performing Arts.

**John Wilkins (Pre: S.T. 1945-55)** was interviewed on Radio 5 about the Pope and his life and the procedure for electing a new Pope. **Rosamund de Sybel (Pre: O.H. 1991-2002)** has been working for Radio 4.



The editor of *The Tablet*, John Wilkins, after receiving a papal knighthood from the apostolic nuncio, Archbishop Tullio Paoletti (right) on Tuesday. The ceremony was attended by Cardinal Cormac Murphy-O'Connor (left).

At the time of the election **Brian Worthington** (former Head of English 1970-2000) appeared on television as a floating voter on *Newsnight*, commenting succinctly on the various merits of the potential leaders. **Andrew Wilson's (Pre: S.H. 1969-77)** splendid programme the *Last Days of the Nazis* was highly recommended to Sky viewers in April 2005. In the *West at War* in June 2005 **Derek Horsford (Pre: S.T. 1925-35)** explained how using his brilliant plan of attack Cohima was taken by the Gurkhas during the Second World War. **Isabel Pick's (Wo.H. 1988-90)** *Strictly Come Dancing* programme was an extraordinarily successful reality TV show and Isabel is on a list of rising young talent for Channel 4.

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Corin Redgrave looks back on his formative years as a scion of an acting dynasty, 1948



Corin Redgrave wrote a delightful piece about his early life and his father **Michael Redgrave (D.H. 1922-26)** which appeared in the *Sunday Telegraph* magazine.

**SKY ONE**

12pm Sky Travel Shop 12.30  
Secret World Of New York City  
1.30 Michael Jackson Trial 2.0  
Entertainment Tonight US 2.30  
Scrubs 3.0 Dr Phil 4.0 Star Trek:  
Deep Space Nine 5.0 Star Trek:  
TNG 6.0 StarGate SG-1 7.0 The  
Simpsons 9.0 Last Days Of The  
Nazis 10.0 24 11.0 Cold Case  
12am Star Trek: TNG 1.0 Popular  
1.50 Crash Palace

**BBC THREE**

**Last Days of the Nazis** Sky One, 9pm

Using reconstructions, archive clips and eyewitness accounts, this two-part examines the events of spring 1945, which led to Hitler's downfall, as does part two of 1945: The Year That Changed the World on UKTV History at 10pm. ★★★★★



## MISCELLANEOUS

**Charles Newington-Bridges** (Pre: S.H. 1986-93) came 5th in a race to the North Pole in May 2005.



**Charlotte Partridge** (Pre: O.H. 1993-2001) has been working in Cambodia in an orphanage for HIV positive children and is now studying for a P.G.C.C. in Biology in London.

**Vladimir Bermant** (P.H. 1998-2002) was Secretary of the Oxford Union Society this year and has now joined the Rothschild Graduity programme.

**Marcus Barton** (Pre: E.T. 1974-84) who last came to public attention for gun-slinging activities in the frozen wastes, where he downed a dangerous polar bear, has a new world record to his name. It is for the deepest ever game of underwater scrabble played to competition rules using scuba apparatus. He played a full game on specially modified equipment, including a solid steel board with magnetic counters on a lead weighted table. It was carried out 60 feet below the surface amongst the kelp, fish and frigid waters of Tasmania's south east coast. He was underwater for one hour and three minutes with rescue divers and photographers in attendance. The video proof is winging its way to the *Guinness Book of Records* as I write.

HRH The Princess Royal looking at a Multilingual Touchscreen Information Centre at HMP Pentonville  
26 June 2003  
An inmate is demonstrating the touch screen



**David Mills** (N.T. 1951-56) escorted the Princess Royal as she examined the new Touchscreen Information centres now being installed in many prisons. These have been provided and developed by David's firm, Business Numbers Limited.



1955 Rugby team

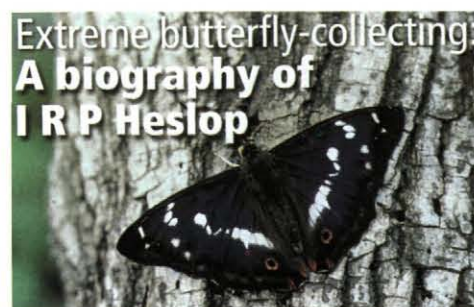
**Camilla Goldsmith** (O.H. 1990-92) is now the Advertisement Director for *Brides* magazine.



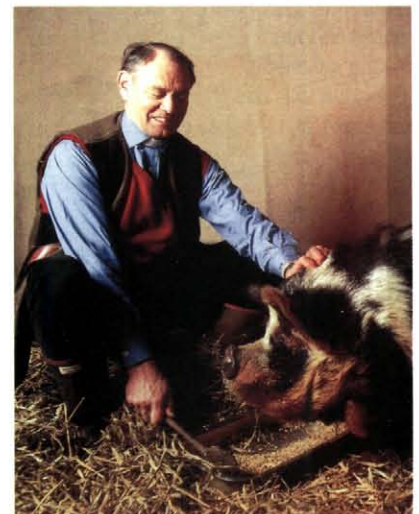
**Ian Heslop's** (N.T. 1918-23) butterfly collection was the subject of an article entitled *Extreme Butterfly Collecting in British Wildlife*.



Heslop with elephantine trophies. Purple Emperors and Large Blues proved to be more alluring quarry.



**The Rev'd Canon Andrew Bowden** (S.H. 1952-57) had a wonderful article on the Kune pig printed in *Country Life* in February 2005.



**Rev. W. J.A. Rankin**, has been appointed Honorary Canon of St Edmundsbury Cathedral, Suffolk.

In June 2005 **Tamsin Graham** (WoH 1996-03) delivered a superb talk to the Scientific Society about her Gap year travels in South America.

The Scientific Society and the Geography Society present



Ms Tamsin Graham (OC)

GAP year travels in S America

Friday 17<sup>th</sup> June, 8.00pm, Kendrew Room. Refreshments available





## QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY HONOURS

**S. P. Leavey (D.H. 1958-63)** – O.B.E. – Services to agriculture and to horticulture.

**L. P. Tomlinson (Wi.H. 1965-69)** – O.B.E. – Services to finance sector.

## ACADEMIC

**Jeremy Davey (Pre: M.H. 1994-2000)** gained a first class honours degree in Astronomy and Physics from U.C.L.

**Rosamund De Sybel (Pre: O.H. 1989-97)** gained a first class honours degree in American Studies from King's College, London, and was the best student in American Studies 2005.

**Barry Watt (Pre: M.H. 1995-2001)** gained a first class honours degree in Philosophy and Theology from Durham University.

**Nicholas Adams (L.S. Pre: S.T. 1989-2001)** gained an upper second in History from U.C.L.

**Daria Bure (Wo.H. 1998-2003)** gained an upper second in Economics and Business with East European Studies from U.C.L.

**Katherine Colquhoun (L.S. Pre: Wo.H. 1989-2001)** gained an upper second in History of Art from Oxford Brookes.

**Sarah Hill (Pre: O.H. 1991-2001)** has graduated from Oxford University with a 2:1 in Psychology.

**Amy Pickles (W.T. 1996-2000)** has graduated in Medicine from Cardiff University and is now a Doctor.

**Duncan Lidgitt (South Town 1997-2002)** obtained a 1st class honours degree in P.P.E from Christ Church, Oxford.

**Vladimir Bermant (Polack's 1998-2002)** gained a 2:1 in P.P.E from Balliol College, Oxford.



## ARMED SERVICES

**D. R. T. Macklin (Pre: S.T. 1985-94)** was commissioned into the Royal Dragoon Guards on 6th August, 2004.

**D. J. Tanner (Pre: S.T. 1985-94)** was commissioned into the Royal Signals on 6th August, 2004.



## BIRTHS

**J.N. Alvis (Pre: Wa.H. 1978-89)** and Mary, a son Jack Jameson on 25th November, 2004.



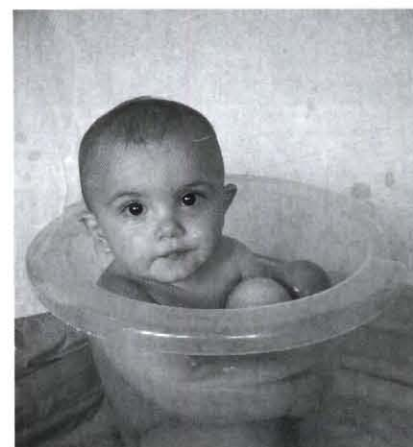
**Jada C. Bratkowski (O.H. 1990-91)** and Bruno, a son Nils Henri Alexander on 4th October, 2004.

**J. C. Edgell (Pre: S.T. 1974-80/Master since 1984)** and Catherine, a daughter Sophie Elizabeth on 23rd December, 2003.

**A Meadows (S.T. 1974-79)** and Helen, a daughter Laura Helen on 12th February, 2004.

**R.S. Burns-Cox (Pre: E.T. 1972-80)** and Janet, a daughter Alexandra Elizabeth on 8th May, 2005

**M.G.N. Windows (Pre: Wi.H. 1980-91)** and Emma, a son William on 20 July, 2005.



Xander Flakelar

## MARRIAGES

**Vanessa A. L. Bird (Wo.H. 1989-91)** to Mr Elliot Walsh, on 31st July, 2004.

**N. G. Hall (Wi.H. 1981-86)** to Miss F. R. Smith-Rawnsley, on 25th September, 2004.

**Richard Holdsworth (DH 1983-88)** to Miss Fiona Johnston on 17th January, 2004 in Clifton College Chapel.



**T.A.N. Windows (Pre: Wi.H. 1982-93)** to Paula Caradoc-Davies, on 22 January, 2005.



Guests at the Wedding of Tom Windows (Pre: WiH 1982-93) in 2005 to Paula Caradoc-Davies

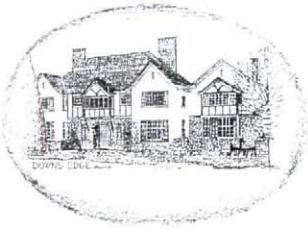
**R. S. P. Young (Pre: S.T. 1977-86)** to Anne Hilde Neset, on 19th June, 2004.



**Andrew Simmonds (WiH 1990-1995)** married Louise Scott on 31st August 2003 at a small ceremony in Bristol. Ian Gillett (formerly Latin teacher in the Pre) actually married the happy couple wearing his OC tie, as he is now a registrar in South Gloucestershire! Best Man was Sam Gee (Pre: ET 1992-95).







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## DEATHS

- ARMSTRONG, N.D. (S.T. 1937-39)  
ATKINS, CAPT. D.J.F., R.N. (S.H. 1945-50)  
AUSTIN, J.R., M.B.E. (Pre: S.T. 1922-31)  
BARBER, W.M. (B.H. 1931-35)  
BARKER, MAJ. C.H. (Pre: B.H. 1932-42)  
BARR, D.P. (N.T. 1933-36)  
BEAUCHAMP, K.G. (N.T. 1927-32)  
BELCHER, K.W. (U.H./B.H. 1927-31)  
BIRK, E.S. (P.H. 1929-34)  
BREWIN, D.J. (N.T. 1923-27)  
CARPENTER, J.M.V., D.F.C. (N.T. 1935-38)  
CLUBE, J.M.M. (Pre: N.T. 1946-54)  
CRISP, D.J. (S.H. 1934-42)  
DAVIS, J.L. (P.H. 1962-67)  
DRAPER, M.R., C.B.E. (Pre: S.H. 1933-40)  
EVANS, D.T.G. (Wa.H. 1949-52)  
FAYLE, J.R.K. (Wi.H. 1939-44)  
FIRTH L.J.B. (D.H. 1932-1936)  
FOSTER, J.M. (S.H. 1947-52)  
GAWTHROP, H.W. (Pre: B.H. 1946-51)  
GRANT-DALTON, MAJ. N.D.S., R.A. (O.H. 1936-40)  
HARPER, PROF. A.J. (Pre: S.T. 1946-56)  
HOLLOWAY, P.A. (S.T. 1933-36)  
HOOPER, K. G., Former Governor (N.T. 1925-28)  
ILES, DR. R.A. (N.T. 1923-27)  
JAMES, G.N. (D.H. 1936-40)  
KEMP, H.S. (P.H. 1945-49)  
KNAPMAN, P.R. (Pre: N.T. 1921-27)  
KNIGHT, I.St.C. (Pre: Wi.H. 1951-61)  
LEES, C.H., (S.H. 1928-32)  
LEONARD, His Honour J.C.B.W. (S.H. 1918-23)  
LUCKWELL, J.G. (S.T. 1941-50)  
MARSH, Col. L. G., R.M. (N.T. 1933-37)  
MAYO, G.L. (B.H. 1951-55)  
MICHIE, J.R.V. (Pre: S.H. 1974-83)  
MULLENS, W.J.G. (Pre: S.H. 1963-71)  
NABARRO, E.J.N. (P.H. 1930-35)  
ODLUM, REV. M.J. (O.H. 1938-40)  
OGG, A.J. (S.H. 1935-38)  
PAIN, LT. GEN. Sir R.P., Former Governor (S.H. 1934-37)  
PARKER, P.A.A. (Pre: N.T. 1930-39)  
PITTENDRIGH, W.D. (S.H. 1939-41)  
PORTER, M.R.M. (B.H. 1927-31)  
PORTER, CAPT. S.A., D.S.C. (S.H. 1929-33)  
RICHARDS, C.A. (Pre: S.T. 1929-38)  
RUSSELL, D.B. (B.H. 1930-33)  
SAINSBURY, J.P. (B.H. 1940-44)  
SHERRATT, C.G. (Wi.H. 1950-55)  
SIMON, L.J. (P.H. 1924-28)  
SIMPSON, M.D. (S.H. 1949-52)  
SQUIBBS, J.A. (Bu.H./Wi.H. 1942-48)  
STEVEN, D.H. (S.H. 1947-52)  
STRUTHERS, C.A. (L.S. Pre: Wa.H. 1961-71)  
TOWNSEND, Dr. E.W.J. (N.T. 1928-32)  
VAISEY, T.A.F. (Pre: Wi.H. 1927-33)  
WATKINS, R.F. (Pre: O.H. 1931-39)  
WHITLEY, O. J., Former Governor (Wi.H. 1925-30)  
WHITTY, DR. H.P.B., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (O.H. 1932-37)  
WILKINSON, C.R. (B.H. 1939-43)

## STAFF

- BARRY, J.C. (Pre Master 1948-53)  
HERSEE, J. W. (Master 1959-75)  
PULLINGER, H. L. (Master 1966-84)  
WYNNE, M. W. (Master 1943-49)

## OTHERS

GOVER, M. Old Cliftonians will be sorry to learn of the death of Tom's brother, Michael Gover. He was a great friend of Clifton and a former Headmaster of the Dragon School, Oxford.

JOYCE, Jennifer, wife of A. M. Joyce (Master 1958-68; Housemaster B.H.)

WILLIAMS, E.M. (Peggy), wife of H.T. Williams (Billy) (Master 1928-58; Housemaster B.H. and N.T.)





# Freemasonry:

## An approach to life.

**Nick Brook (DH 1956-61)** is this year's Worshipful Master, and was duly installed at our April meeting in London. We are sad to report the deaths of five members during the past year. They are **Bill Wilton (SH 1934-37)**, **Henry Kemp (PH 1945-49)**, **Geoffrey Atkinson (OH 1931-40)**, **Jim Brewin (NT 1923-27)** and **Dr Dick Iles (ST 1934-44)**.

The Lodge has had another busy year, and has been very pleased to receive several enquiries about membership. This has so far yielded one joining member; we hope more will follow. Membership of the Lodge is open to any male OC, and also to any Master who has served on the Staff for at least five years. We are keen to boost our numbers, both with candidates for initiation and with joining members, as we approach the Lodge's Centenary in 2009. With this in mind, a grouping of younger Public School Masons known as the Acacia Society is hosting a reception in London on Saturday 15th October 2005, to offer an informal opportunity for prospective members to meet a wide range of current members from the 32 Public Schools Lodges, and find out more about Freemasonry. We are planning, with the assistance of the O.C. Society, to write to a cross-section of those who might be interested in attending, but the Lodge Secretary would also welcome direct contact from anyone reading this article. The cost of this lunchtime event including tea/coffee on arrival and a buffet with wine will be £23 per head.

Freemasonry is a charitable and philanthropic organisation, and any Lodge is only as useful as its current active membership. One of the O.C. Lodge's current objectives is to add further capital to the initial sum donated to the school in 2002, which launched a bursary fund. A full programme is planned for the coming year, including a meeting in Bristol on Saturday 12th November 2005. This year's other meetings will be held at Freemason's Hall, Great Queen Street, London on Thursday 20th October 2005, Thursday 19th January 2006 and Thursday 27th April 2006.

For further information please contact the Lodge Secretary, **James F King (NT/ET 1955-60)**, Cape Cottage, Uplands Road, Denmead, Waterlooville, PO7 6HE. Tel: 02392 255 994. email: [jfking@btinternet.com](mailto:jfking@btinternet.com), or visit the O.C. Lodge website - which has recently been redesigned and re-launched by our Web Administrator, Dr Roger Stevens - you will find it at [www.ocldodge3340.org.uk](http://www.ocldodge3340.org.uk)

James King

**F**reemasonry under the United Grand Lodge of England is the UK's largest secular fraternal and charitable organisation. It has over 300,000 members working in nearly 8000 lodges throughout England and Wales. There are separate Masonic jurisdictions in Scotland and Ireland.

### What is Freemasonry?

Freemasonry teaches moral lessons and self-knowledge through participation in a progression of allegorical two-part plays, which are learnt by heart and performed within each lodge. It offers its members an approach to life which seeks to reinforce thoughtfulness for others, kindness in the community, honesty in business, courtesy in society and fairness in all things. Members are urged to regard the interests of the family as paramount.

### Why do people join and remain members?

People become Freemasons for a variety of reasons, some as a result of family tradition, and others upon the introduction of a friend or out of curiosity to know what it is all about. Those who become active members and who grow in Freemasonry do so principally because they enjoy it. They enjoy the challenge and fellowship that Freemasonry offers. There is more to it, however, than just enjoyment. Participation in the dramatic presentation of moral lessons and in the working of the lodge provides a member with a unique opportunity to learn more about himself and encourages him to live in such a way that he will always be in search of becoming a better man, not better than someone else, but better than he himself would otherwise be and therefore an exemplary member of society.

### What promises do Freemasons take?

New members make solemn promises concerning their conduct in the lodge and in society. These promises are similar to those taken in court or upon entering the armed services or many other organisations. Members also undertake not to make use of their membership for personal gain or advancement; failure to observe this principle can lead to expulsion.

### Who can join?

Membership of a Freemasonry is open to men of all faiths who are law-abiding, of good character and who acknowledge a belief in God, and has attracted men of goodwill from all sectors of the community into membership. Membership of the Old Cliftonian Lodge is open to any male Old Cliftonian, and to those who have been Masters of the School for at least five years. There are similar Masonic organisations for women.

### Is Freemasonry a religion?

Freemasonry is not a religion. A belief in God, however, is an essential requirement for membership and Freemasonry encourages its members to be active in their own religions as well as in society at large.

### Is Freemasonry a secret society?

Freemasonry is not a secret society, but lodge meetings, like meetings of many social and professional associations, are private occasions open only to members.

### Is Freemasonry involved in politics?

Freemasonry is definitely not a political organisation, it has no political agenda, and discussion of politics is not permitted at lodge meetings.

### Is Freemasonry involved in the community?

From its earliest days Freemasonry has been involved in charitable activities, and since its inception it has provided support for many widows and orphans of Freemasons as well as others in the community. All money raised for charity is drawn from amongst Freemasons, their families and friends, while grants and donations are made to Masonic and non-Masonic charities alike. Over the last five years alone Freemasonry has raised more than £75m for a wide range of charitable purposes including those involved in medical research, community care, education and work with young people.



# Obituaries

## Capt. David John Farquhar Atkins 1932 – 2004 (S.H. 1945-50)

David Atkins was born on 28th March 1932 and entered Clifton in 1946 soon after the school had returned from Bude. He hugely enjoyed his time in School House, and was an enthusiastic rugby player and cross country runner.

He left school in 1950 to follow his father's career as marine engineer in the Royal Navy. His love of rugby continued through much of his sea-borne career. The "Grey Funnel Line", as the RN was known, was an ideal way to see the world and wherever possible when in port, to find someone for a game of "rugger". He had a steel pin inserted into his ankle after a nasty fracture when playing for the ship's XV in South Africa and had to be airlifted home. David was in the RN for 37 years. He started out as a cadet on the light cruiser HMS Devonshire. After graduating in Marine Engineering he returned to sea, in time for the Suez crisis of 1956. He rapidly rose to the rank of Commander, where he was responsible for Engineering for the 6th Frigate Squadron, as well as being zic on HMS Andromeda. His skills were then used to great effect when he was asked to join the design team of the Dreadnought nuclear submarine programme, and later on the Type 21 and Type 42 destroyers. He was promoted to Captain and was given the job of Director of Mechanical

Engineering in Bath, and was in charge of design work and support of all the gas turbine and diesel engines for the RN's surface ships and submarines. After the RN he joined K Shoes in Kendal as Chief Engineer, and then Director of Technical Engineering at the specialist engineering firm Furmanite.

Perhaps for all his achievements in the RN and elsewhere he will probably be remembered for his remarkable ability to get the best out of everyone, whatever their rank or position. He was respected for his expertise and liked because of his relaxed and gentlemanly manner. His concern was always for other people not himself. Even during the last days at St Mary's Hospice in Ulverston, he would check how everyone else was, and never complain about his own pain.



CROSS-COUNTRY.—Clifton College boys at the start of their annual cross-country run, the "Long Penpole" (top picture), which was won by (lower picture) N. H. James, of Porthcawl (centre), with P. J. Greenway (right) second and D. J. F. Atkins third. The course is from Barrow Court to Beggar's Bush, about five miles over rough country.

with Bridget and two of his three sons, Charles and Nicholas, and their wives. Far from holding the younger generation back, he was setting an embarrassingly fast pace!

He loved his time at Clifton so much that he was determined to send his own family too,

despite only having a salary from the RN. He and his first wife Valerie gave up a lot to achieve their aim. Coincidentally his father-in-law, two brothers-in-law, and two nephews also went to Clifton. Like many parents of Clifton they felt that by the time that Charles, Nicholas and lastly Guy had been through the school, they had paid enough to own the whole school. His first child Penelope (Pen) managed the unlikely feat of not only being at Clifton before they had girls, but also getting some of that money back! She worked as Matron of Hankey's House, before going on to a career in nursing.

He leaves behind his wife Bridget, ex-wife Valerie, four children, four stepchildren, 15 grandchildren as well as an enormous number of friends, from Clifton and from all chapters of his full and varied life. He exemplified the spirit of adventure, determination, optimism and gentlemanliness and was an inspiration to many.

He had a great love for life, be it family, travel, DIY, gardening, or vintage cars. Anything that he did was done with gritty determination and a cheerful grin. Not one to be deterred from his path, he and his second wife Bridget would travel around the world's less obvious destinations, despite language barriers, terrorist activity, inhospitable climates, or having to rough it. During his late 60's the two of them were frequent travellers to the Himalayan foothills of Nepal for trekking, as well as visiting Malawi, Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan and Ecuador. Aged 70 he went on a four day overland trek in New Zealand





# John Campbell Barry 1924 – 2005 Pre Staff 1948-53

John Barry who has died aged 80 was born in Hexham in 1924, the youngest son of a Methodist Minister. He attended Christ's Hospital Horsham, winning an open scholarship to Cambridge University in 1942 to read History. Instead he enlisted in the Royal Navy and saw service in the invasion of Sicily and the D-Day landings, successfully landing the Canadian Armoured Brigade at Juno beach.

## John Barry

**John Barry**  
Housemaster and head of history at Clifton,  
Born 7 April 1924, in Hexham,  
Northumberland.  
Died 16 February 2005, in  
Clifton, Perth and Kinross,  
aged 80.



Far more than a gifted reader, John Barry, who was head of history at Clifton College, Glenalmond for almost 30 years, was a quiet and resolute man who encouraged his pupils to think for themselves. He kept his lessons factual and unadorned, though he indulged himself and his pupils by regularly compiling current affairs with events of the past. He was also the housemaster of Clifton in 1970, an appointment he held with typical energy and he fulfilled with typical energy and enthusiasm.

John Campbell Barry was the youngest son of a Methodist minister, John Barry, and his wife, Marjorie. He was born in Hexham, Northumberland, on 7 April 1924. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, Horsham, where he won an open scholarship to Cambridge University in 1942 to read History. Instead he enlisted in the Royal Navy and saw service in the invasion of Sicily and the D-Day landings, successfully landing the Canadian Armoured Brigade at Juno beach.

After the war John took up a place at Corpus Christi College before teaching at Clifton, where he met and married Marianne, a medical student and daughter of a colleague. In 1953 he moved to Glenalmond where, as Head of History and Housemaster of Goodacres, he enjoyed a terrific reputation as a kind and committed teacher who achieved tremendous results particularly in Oxford and Cambridge exams. 27 pupils gained scholarships, an unprecedented number, filling this modest and unassuming man with great pride. Respected by both seniors and juniors as Housemaster between 1967 and 1979 he ran his house, with Marianne, with thoughtful care so that as one former



colleague said: "Few Glenalmond masters enjoyed such a distinguished career and few can have touched the lives of so many boys. He was a wonderful teacher, inspirational and scholarly, enjoying universal respect". He also branched out his business and bought the lease of the Chapelhill Inn, and although never making a lot of money in the venture with his colleagues, had a lot of fun.

In retirement from 1982 John continued to pursue his interests, visiting historic sights, watching St Johnstone football club, charity work and the odd visit to local pubs! Far more than a gifted teacher he was a lively, engaging personality, intelligent and caring and with a strong sense of justice and dislike of pomposity. He died aged 80 in Perth and is survived by his wife Marianne, his son and daughter and two granddaughters.



# Lt. Col. Kenneth George Beauchamp 1913 – 2004 (N.T. 1927-32)

Kenneth Beauchamp was the youngest of three boys and the son of a well-respected Bristol Grammar School master, who had previously owned his own school in Bristol. His brothers were both educated at Cheltenham and Oxford whilst Ken came to Clifton and then Bristol University. In 1943 he was married in Jerusalem Cathedral.

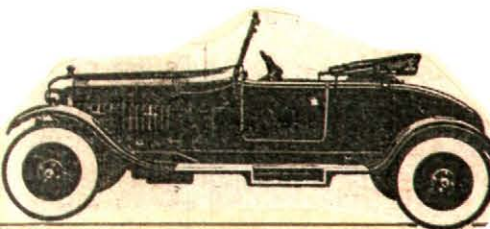
The Second World War saw him wounded at Dunkirk and then hospitalised in England. A strange thing then happened. The army simply forgot about him and he had to remind them of his existence some months after he recovered. He served time in the desert, where he was shot at by a Hurricane pilot and was moved to Tripoli. He was then

part of the advance invasion group into Sicily where he lost his uniform! This happened while he was swimming in the Straits of Messina and his clothes were washed away by a passing destroyer!

At the end of the war Ken was posted near Hamburg and his wife moved to Denmark. Wives were not allowed to live with their husbands and so she had to commute across the water at weekends. This rule was soon changed and he was posted to Hanover where Julian was born. After a spell in England where Ken was trained as an Oil Storage expert the family moved to Egypt where they remained between 1951-1954, leaving at the outbreak of the Suez crisis. Egypt was a marvellous place to be brought up and the

family became friends with Anwar Sadat. The next stop was Dortmund in Germany which was ghastly and then on to Belgium which was rather dull and Ken's last posting.

An avid lover of vintage and veteran cars, he shared a 1900 New Orleans with a chum and regularly covered the London-Brighton run each year. He also had a 1926 Wolseley Coupe which he drove all over Europe, frequently with Lord Montagu, as a founder member of the Vintage Wine and Sports Car Club. Having raced Aston Martins before the war at Brooklands, this was his favourite marque. At one point he had a DB2, a DB2/3 and a DB4 Aston Martin all at the same time. His life is commemorated by a bench on the Close which Julian generously donated.





# Ellis Samuel Birk 1915 – 2004 (P.H. 1919-34)

Ellis Birk was born in 1915 in Newcastle to which his Jewish parents had emigrated from Lithuania. His father was a financial dealer and sent his son to Polack's House from where he went to Jesus College Cambridge. A fine athlete, he played Rugby for school and university. When he came down he joined the City lawyers Nicholson, Graham and Jones. It was here that he met Sir John Ellerman, a main influence in his life.

Ellerman was an eccentric shipping magnate who picked Birk out as a talented legal brain and made him his front man in several enterprises. As a large shareholder with the Mirror Group Ellerman appointed Birk to the Mirror board and also to the Board of Associated Television. At the Mirror Group he met Hugh Cudlipp.

A socialist since his school days, Birk was always a keen supporter of the Labour party and spent his holidays working among the unemployed. He flirted with the Jewish Reform Community before returning to Orthodoxy and became Chairman of the *Jewish Chronicle* and the Jewish Welfare Board. He was increasingly interested in the State of Israel and contributed

generously to various causes including the Hebrew University of Jerusalem of which he was Governor. In later years he became Chairman of Wilson Brothers, the greetings card manufacturers founded by his wife's family.

Although Ellis Birk never became a peer, despite intensive lobbying by his wife Alma, herself a junior minister at the Department of the Environment 1974-79, he was an influential city figure and played a key role in the demise of Cecil King, Chairman of the Mirror Group during the Gaitskell-Wilson years of the Labour party. Ellis Birk is survived by his son and daughter. His wife predeceased him in 1996.

## Postscript

David Simon (P.H. 1932-35) writes that over seventy years ago he travelled to Polack's House solo. 'I had left Middlesbrough by train, changed twice and arrived to be greeted by Matron who asked about my trunk. I then realised I had changed trains without the trunk.

However it was well labelled and turned up a day later.



After the first day in form I returned to Polack's and the head of house at tea asked if anybody had any prep. I put my hand up. He wanted to know what study I was in. Luckily I was in study 1 and said so but I was taken aback – there were gales of laughter. As a proud Yorkshireman I had said "wun". My error was explained and I soon acquired a standard accent which proved very helpful for court advocacy, on stage, in oratory competitions, on commercial videos etc.

A day or two later Ellis Birk took Douglas Abbot and myself to the New Field to teach us how to "fall" correctly on a rugby ball and avoid injury. Douglas went first and "fell". We had to carry him into the house to bring him round. Fortunately he recovered!



# Denis James Brewin 1911 – 2005 (N.T. 1923 – 1927)

Denis Brewin – always known as Jim – was born on 14 December 1911, and had been the oldest member of the Old Cliftonian Lodge; he died a few days after his 93rd birthday.

He entered Clifton in January 1923, went through the school from 1 to UV in North Town, and left at Christmas 1927. At Clifton Jim had developed an interest in the Classics, which was to become a life-long passion. After school he went into sales and distribution, and in the late 1930's joined the North Somerset Yeomanry. When war came he was sent first to Palestine, and later saw service in North Africa. He achieved the rank of Lance-Sergeant, and was mentioned in Dispatches. After the war he became involved in the liquor industry, and by 1954 was Area Sales Manager of Meltis Limited and living in Pinner. From 1965 – 1976 he was Managing Director of Rademoker UK. He joined the O.C. Lodge in 1954, was Worshipful Master in 1964, and subsequently

served the Lodge as Director of Ceremonies – an excellent ritualist and a delightful and charming person. Following his Masonic promotion in 1980, he had returned his Past Master's jewel which had next been issued to W. Bro. Prof. John Morehen, and is currently held by W. Bro. James Fox.

He and his wife retired in 1975 to Sidmouth and following a heart problem he led a quiet

life in retirement. He was never happier than when watching cricket or rugby, enjoying the cut and thrust of Bridge, or using his knowledge of Ancient Greece whilst battling with *The Times* crossword. All pastimes at home had to be accompanied by his beloved Gilbert and Sullivan, always at full blast. He is survived by his wife Mary, and had one son and one daughter. W. Bro. Jonathan Walker represented the Lodge at his funeral in Exeter.



Polacks v North Town 1927



(N.T. 1935-1938).

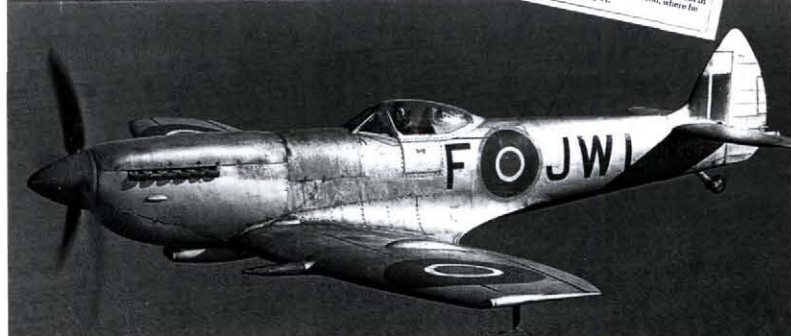
A black and white portrait of a young man with dark hair, smiling and looking slightly to his left. He is wearing a military uniform with a collar. The background is out of focus, showing some vertical lines.

From September Carpenter saw constant action and shot down a Junkers 88 bomber and was awarded the DFC for "consistently showing great courage and fighting spirit." Carpenter acted as an instructor of fighter pilots in South Africa for a short time before returning to fly Spitfires with 145 and 92 Squadrons. He took command of 72 Squadron in January 1944 as Squadron Leader based in Italy. His main job was to escort bombers and to provide fighter support during the Anzio landings, receiving a bar to his D.F.C. He returned to England to test Typhoon and Tempest fighters for Hawkers in May 1944.

# Squadron Leader 'Chips' Carpenter

*Spitfire pilot in the Battle of Britain who went on to see six months' constant action over Malta*

**S**QUADRON LEADER 'CHIPS' CARPENTER, who has died, was remembered as the last eight British pilot to die in the Battle of Britain, and the surge of Malta. When he joined No 222 Squadron in May 1940, he was one of the few survivors of the ill-equipped No 263 Squadron, which had fought during the Battle of Britain.

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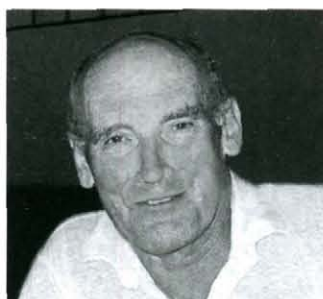
**GIBRALTAR - LONDON, ENGLAND - MARBELLA, SPAIN**



# John Montagu Murray Clube 1936 – 2004 (NT 1946-1954)

Just over a year ago John Clube, who had in recent years become an Australian citizen, sadly died. John was born in 1936 when his father, Monty, was in the RAF. Monty trained on Tiger Moths and during the war had under his command a squadron of Hurricanes before moving onto Lancasters. After the war the family moved to Bristol where Monty was employed by WD&HO Wills, then became a manager with Mardon, Son and Hall handling their printing and packaging. John and his two brothers, Malcolm and Peter, as a consequence, were enrolled at Clifton with no doubt the intention of acquiring the skills with which to emulate their eminent father. In the event academic studies often took second place to a zest for more interesting attractions than textbooks! Although Peter the youngest became a professional soldier, partially fulfilling their father's ambitions for his sons, John's military experience was limited to National Service.

In 1957 he joined Monotype Corporation who manufactured hot metal typesetting machines and sent him on a three year printing course to the Camberwell School of Arts. His enthusiasm was such that he completed the course in a year ready to embark on a career of selling printing machinery.



Monotype moved John to Scotland as their representative where he remained for three years. He then received an offer from Crabtrees who, within a few years, was sold to Vickers and it was while working with this company that he enjoyed many happy years selling 4 colour litho printing presses in the London area. As a large international operator, Vickers acquired smaller companies and amongst these was Howson Algraphy who made litho printing plates. Howsons operated from Leeds in Yorkshire where John and his first wife Wally set up home in the village of Green Hammerton.

Sadly his devotion to work and world travel meant days, weeks and months away from home and inevitably led to Wally and John going their separate ways. However, his success with Howsons was catching and their turnover was hurting the big names, with the result that Duponts bought the company.

John resolved his difficulty in coming to terms with the new owners by accepting promotion to MD of the Australian Branch, a post he held for several years. Australia proved to be his joy and salvation. In 1989 he met Liliana and they were married in 1994, establishing their home in Daylesford about 100 miles north west of Melbourne. In Australia, he joined in the numerous sporting activities available. He cycled round Tasmania three times with Bicycle Victoria enjoying the opportunities Australian weather gave him for exercise; he took advantage of his lifelong love of skiing in the Victorian mountains; he started riding, imagining himself as a reincarnated 'Man from Snowy River', and did the annual Portsea 1.2 km swim along with 2500 others. Although a late starter at golf it became a consuming hobby but his only conflict was when England played Australia at cricket – his roots always prevailed! John owned a catamaran which he kept at Phillip Island along with a caravan. He enjoyed his sailing immensely but often got himself into unnecessary trouble.

In a word John became, and very happily, a thorough Australian. His heart was in Australia at the side of his wonderfully supportive wife Liliana. He is survived by his son John and daughter Johanna from his first marriage and two granddaughters.

# David Turner Glan Evans 1935 – 2005 (Wa.H. 1948-52)

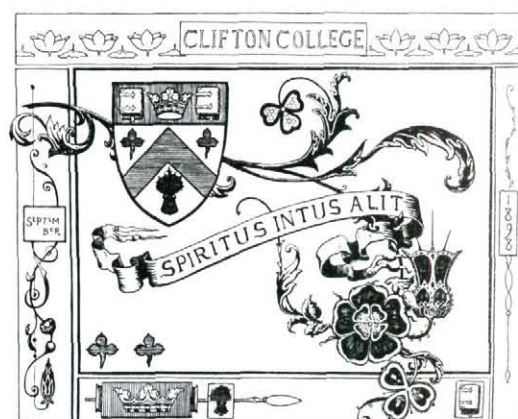
David Evans entered Watson's in 1948 and left in 1952. Exempt from National Service as he suffered from asthma, David was articled to a firm of Chartered Accountants in Cardiff. Soon after qualifying David joined a brewery company, Evans Evans Bevan Limited in Neath, as their accountant. This company was acquired by Whitbread Wales Limited and David continued to work for the company in Cardiff. After further nationalisation Whitbreads asked David to move to their accounts department in Cheltenham. He declined this offer as both his parents were quite elderly and he was their only child. David then became accountant to the Church of Wales in Cardiff and remained there until he retired in about 1995. After his retirement he became Chairman of the Llandaff Diocesan Board of Finance for eight years.

David was Treasurer of the Cardiff and South Wales branch of the O.C. Society for about twenty-five years. He was a faithful supporter of the annual branch dinners and I believe he missed only two dinners in 40 years.



As an accountant David was connected with other charities and at the time of his death he was involved as a King Purchaser with A. M. Order of Purchasers, a local liaison person for RUKBA, and a trustee of several charities within the Church of Wales.

David was a bachelor and lived all his life at the family home in Porthcawl. He was a member of Royal Porthcawl Golf Club from



the age of fifteen and whilst he was no low handicap player he thoroughly enjoyed the game. He was Captain of Royal Porthcawl in 1984.

He had a wonderful happy personality and was never heard to mutter an unkind word about anybody. He is sadly missed by all who knew him.



# Professor Anthony John Harper

1938 - 2005 (Pre: ST 1946-1956)

Tony Harper was born in 1938 and was educated at Clifton College from the age of 7 until he left school to go to Bristol University, where he studied German with French (subsidiary) and gained First Class Honours in German under Professor August Closs. His first post was as Lecturer in German at Edinburgh University and in 1979 he was appointed to the Chair of German at the University of Strathclyde where he remained until he retired a few years ago. He published many books on 17th century German Barock literature and was an internationally renowned figure in his field. He died very suddenly while on holiday with his wife in Broadway, Cotswolds where he had a holiday flat. He is survived by his wife, Sandra, his children, Veronica, Anne and Stephen, and his grandchildren, Hannah and Daniel.



Clifton College,  
SOUTH TOWN

E. M. HAZELTON.

SUMMER TERM, 1958.

SIXTH		5 Y (27)	
Coomer, G. J.	1	Hale, A. J.	
Ellison, E. J. D.	9	Haxworth, W. A.	
Martin, A. J.	21	Shellard, S. A. S.	
		5 Z (28)	
Dainton, M. B.	4	Portch, J. L.	
Davis, C. J. P.	5	Chapman, H. G. F.	
		22	Smith, I. C. V.
		25	Dunlop, B. M. S.
		4 A (28)	
Wilkins, J. A. F.	7	Cottrell, J.	
Barnard, M. L. G.	8	Rostron, C. S.	
Day, R. S.	16	Marsh, P. D.	
Wason, L. J.		Monks, R. J.	
Homesdale, B. C.		4 B (28)	
Brody, M. D.	2	Wilkins, B. M.	
Wells, P. N. T.	14	Hallpike, C. R.	
Gallward, G. G.	19	Vaughan, R. W.	
Wynes, A. G.	21	Hazard, J. H.	
Witchell, T. S.		4 C (29)	
UPPER FIFTH		8	Wheaton, P. J. M.
Carter, D. J.	6	Farr, M. G. D.	
Brown, R. A.	7	Cooch, M. J. A.	
Hippisley, J. J.		4 X (27)	
Thorne, B. J.	6	Bennett, I.	
Harper, A. J.	12	Blackwell Jones, A.	
Duval, D. V.	15	Howe, D. P. L.	

## John Hersee 1928 - 2005 (Staff 1959-75)

John Hersee died on 10th May 2005 aged 75, after a long and painful illness. His family suffered a double blow in his wife Gwen's early death in 2004.

After gaining a place from Lewes County Grammar School at Keble College, Oxford, and a First Class in the Maths Honours School, he married Gwen and spent several years as Second Head of Maths at King Edward VII School, Sheffield, then joining the Clifton Maths Department in September 1959. He became Head of Maths in 1972. He was a conscientious Head of Department, taking great interest in the work of each Maths teacher and personally checking every internal exam paper for suitability. He was supportive of younger members of his Department during and after their time at Clifton and was a generous and sociable host to Maths teachers and senior pupils, keeping in touch with many of the latter long after their school days.

He left Clifton in 1975 to become Executive Director of the School Mathematics Project (SMP). SMP has had a profound effect on the content of school mathematics courses in both GCSE and A Level, not just in Britain but world wide. The idea was to make mathematics accessible to a larger number of students by shifting the emphasis from how to do certain things, and to concentrate on their meaning - to move from 'how' to 'why'. There have been some disadvantages in this move as although more students now pass mathematics examinations, this has been at the expense of technical ability. However that may be, in his new post John's organising talents had full scope and he spent a great part of each year visiting foreign countries which use SMP.

He was an active member of the

Mathematical Association of Great Britain, becoming its Treasurer for many years and, for the maximum period of one year, its President, and facilitating the publication of its journal, the *Mathematical Gazette*, a periodical with an international reputation for articles written for university and school teachers and students. Though not publishing much himself in the way of mathematical articles, he enabled others to publish. He also possessed a remarkable mathematical library, with many ancient texts, recently donated to the Mathematical Association by John with the help of his daughter Margaret.

John played an important part in the organisation of the International Mathematical Olympiad (IMO), a competition which is held annually for students under 19 and not yet at a university. This movement had its origin in Russia and Eastern Europe. John became important in the IMO as Chairman of the Site Committee

organising in which country the Olympiad takes place, and he was involved in the training of the UK team for many years. John's feat of organising the 1979 UK Olympiad with about one year's notice instead of the usual five and of bringing it to London must have ranked as a major administrative success. The Olympiad has grown from having about 12 countries competing to about 85 now.

In later years, John's final appointments after retiring from SMP were first with the British Council over its work in Eastern Europe and then as Special Lecturer in Education at Bristol University.

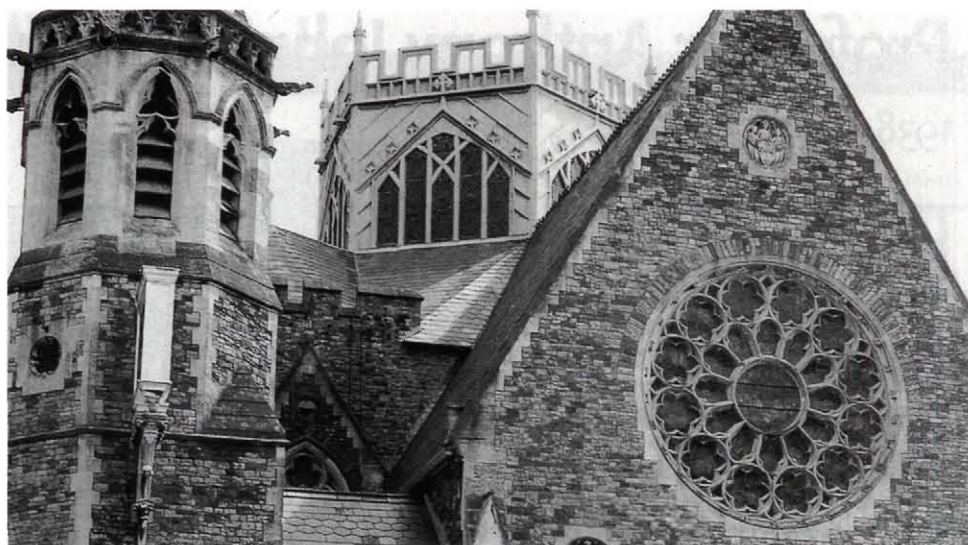
John's most visible legacy to Clifton is the Redgrave Theatre. Involved in university drama at Oxford, he was active in Clifton school productions from his arrival here. Before the School's centenary in 1962 he persuaded the Council almost single-handedly that Clifton should build a proper





drama-oriented theatre (not a multi-purpose one, as some schools did). It was opened in 1966 by Sir Michael Redgrave and was among the first 'proper' school theatres built after WWII. John was not just the leading force in the design and planning but actually undertook a huge amount of building and carpentry himself, installing the seating and, with a colleague Michael Vokins's help, much of the lighting. Gwen contributed to their fine effort by making the new theatre's front of stage curtains on their sitting room floor and a colourful set of Elizabethan costumes, used in the Redgrave's first production, *Love's Labours Lost*. Not content with this practical work, John promoted and acted with distinction in early staff plays, as the lead in *Macbeth* and as Antonio in *The Merchant of Venice*. During this time the Hersees twice took casts of Cliftonians to Denmark to perform Shakespeare and Stoppard.

His time as House Tutor of North Town in the Sixties saw the exploitation of his dramatic and practical talents in a series of productions in Chapel, several of them with a cast of North Town members only. Fry's *A Sleep of Prisoners* and the French mystery play *The True Mystery of the Passion* (with the Housemaster playing the Devil) are examples. For these plays John constructed,



mainly in the small hours, a huge solid stage below the Chapel lantern, fully exploiting the building's sight lines and doubling the acting space.

Chapel has a permanent memorial to John's skill and craftsmanship in the beautiful octagonal plinth now used as an altar for eucharists 'in the round' and for display purposes in the ante-chapel. This skill extended to his own house in the furniture

and musical instruments he built there.

A man of great energy, strong religious faith and firm views, as a colleague he made his presence felt. John's and Gwen's concluding years were sad and undeserved, but their achievements and character are already part of Clifton history.

John McKeown

## Richard Arthur Iles 1927 – 2005 (Pre: S.T. 1934-44)

Richard Iles, usually known as Dick, or at school as Birdie due to his tall slim build, was born on 23 May 1927 and was the son of Arthur Iles O.B.E., F.R.C.S., who had been Ophthalmic Surgeon to the Grand Fleet in World War I, and then Ophthalmic Surgeon at Bristol Eye Hospital. Dick was also a nephew of Stanley and Reginald, and the whole family had been in South Town. He joined the Pre in 1934, was in M.T., P.H.(P), and S.T. at Clifton and Bude, and left in Summer 1944.

At Bristol University Medical School he qualified with M.B. and Ch.B. in 1952 and then joined the Royal Army Medical Corps with a Short Service Commission for National Service, most of which he served in Kenya. On leaving the army he stayed in East Africa from 1957-63, becoming Medical Officer first for the Kenya Tea Company, and then for the Tanganyika Tea Company – both subsidiaries of Brooke Bond. Meanwhile in 1960 he obtained a Diploma in Tropical Medicine and Hygiene.

In 1963 he returned to Bristol where he was in General Practice until retiring in 1990.

In retirement he was Secretary of the Friends of Bristol Art Gallery for many years. Dick was a keen oarsman all his life, rowing for Clifton and Bristol University, and as a Steward at Henley Royal Regatta. He was initiated in St Vincent Lodge in 1989, joined the O.C. Lodge in 1993, and attended regularly until his recent illness finally prevented him from getting to London. He is survived by his widow Patsy, his two sons Christopher and Alistair (both educated at Clifton) and his two daughters Victoria and Charlotte. Dick was a much loved and respected GP in Bristol, who quietly hid his light under a bushel. His latter years were marred by increasing Parkinsonism to which he would not bow. He was admitted to Southmead Hospital with a chest infection in November 2004 and finally passed away peacefully there. Several members of the Lodge attended his funeral on 17 January 2005 at the Lord Mayor's Chapel, which was packed for the occasion, with standing room only.





# Brett Jones 1951 - 2005 (Catering Manager)

## The life of

### Brett Jones



buildings and took a keen interest in history. People who know him described him as popular, well liked, always cheerful, courteous, willing and helpful.

He was a kind and considerate gentleman who always thought of others before himself. Brett will be missed by his wife Jane, son Brett, daughter Victoria and partner Hadyn, and all those who knew him.

The funeral service for him will be held on Wednesday at 2.30pm at Clifton College Chapel.

It is to be followed by burial at Frenchay Church at 3.45pm.

antiques, and spent a lot of his time attending fairs. He also enjoyed visiting historical

**BORN:** October 15, 1951  
**DIED:** April 19, 2005  
**MARRIED:** Jane, in July 31, 1976  
**CHILDREN:** Victoria and Brett

**BRETT** was born in Gloucester in 1951. He worked as the district catering manager for the NHS, as the commercial services manager at both the University of the West of England and Weston College and as the general catering manager at Clifton College. He was an avid collector of

**B**rett was born in Gloucestershire in 1951. His career in catering involved working as the District Catering Manager for the NHS and Commercial Services Manager at both the University of the West of England and Weston College.

As Catering Manager at Clifton, Brett was highly respected by his immediate colleagues and by all those in the College, staff and



pupils alike. He delivered a most professional and courteous service, always with a smile, and was a delightful man to work with. At the time of his death he was greatly enjoying redecorating Big School with old photographs plundered from the College archives. By

twisting the arms of his suppliers to pay

for this initiative he was already returning Big School to something of its former glory, using pictures of the College taken from the Jubilee Annual which were much admired by everyone: he was fascinated with the College's history. He was also an avid collector of antiques who spent a lot of time attending fairs, and enjoyed visiting historical buildings. He loved his job even though the hours could be long.

Always kind and considerate, he put others before himself and will be much missed by his wife Jane and his children Brett and Victoria. His funeral in the College Chapel was a testimonial to a lovely man.



# Leslie Marsh

1918 - 2005 (N.T. 1933-37)

## Brigadier Leslie Marsh



**B**rigadier Leslie Marsh was born in 1918, educated at Clifton in N.T. 1933-37, and enjoyed boxing and rugby. He joined the Royal Marines in 1938 and then volunteered for commando training before the Normandy landings during which he was shot in the shoulder in 1945. He won a Military Cross during the Korean War fighting in "Hell Fire Valley". He was one of only 100 survivors of 41 Commando who relieved the UN base at Hagaru-ri. For his selfless conduct, outstanding leadership and determination to succeed, Marsh was awarded the MC, repelling repeated

Chinese Communist attacks on the base. After Korea, he instructed at the Commando School in Devon and was appointed to the army's School of Infantry at Warminster and then to the Royal Marines at Plymouth. Marsh saw action both at Suez in



1956 and Aden in 1960 as well as Borneo in 1962-64, before training young officers, NCO's and marines at the Commando Training centre at Lympstone. He married Annie Watts in 1972 and retired to France where he died.



# Graham Lionel Mayo

**G**raham Mayo was born in Gloucestershire. He began playing the piano at the age of five and the organ at the age of eleven. After winning a music scholarship to Clifton, where he studied with Dr. Douglas Fox, he won a further scholarship to the Royal College of Music. He became a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists, winning the Limpus and Dr. F. J. Read prizes. After completing his academic and musical education at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge he continued his studies with Sir Adrian Boult and Sir John Barbirolli. In 1963 he was appointed the conductor of the Philharmonic Choir and under his direction the choir steadily expanded its performing horizons as well as constantly improving its technique and artistic standards. Graham Mayo conducted many



1937 - 2004 (B.H. 1951-55)

professional orchestras including the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. In 1984 he founded the English Heritage Orchestra and the English Heritage Choir.

## BROWN'S HOUSE.

W. D. GIBSON  
CHRISTMAS TERM, 1964  
(67)

1. Houghton, J. B.	8. B. Dainty, G. B.
2. Bear, S. A.	9. Hill, R. P.
3. Sear, J. R. S.	10. Hollings, N. H.
4. Ogden, R. B.	11. Morris, J. R. F.
5. Holloway, P. J.	12. Ransford, N. H.
1. Ransford, R. K.	13. C. C. Millett, R.
2. Gay, M. J.	14. Seth-Smith, R. G.
3. Malcolm, N. C.	15. X.
1. Wheeler, N. D.	16. Fidler, J.
2. Macchellan, A. D.	17. Jones, P. F.
3. Phillips, S.	18. Taylor, T. B.
4. M. Stephens, G. M.	19. Williams, D. H.
5. Walker, I. L. M.	20. Y.
6. Wise, G. A.	21. Wilson, A. R.
7. Jones, D. M.	22. Z.
8. Snowden, T. D.	23. Cox, N. B.
1. U. V.	24. Higson, T. G.
2. England, A. R.	25. A.
3. Goodfellow, T. A. J.	26. Bone, W. M.
4. White, P. R. C.	27. Hughes, D. W.
5. Mayo, G. L.	28. Leigh, R. C.
6. Evans, D. A.	29. Smith, R. J.
7. Gould, A. J.	30. B.
8. G. G.	31. Pakenham-Walsh, P. D.
	32. Stephens, J. R.



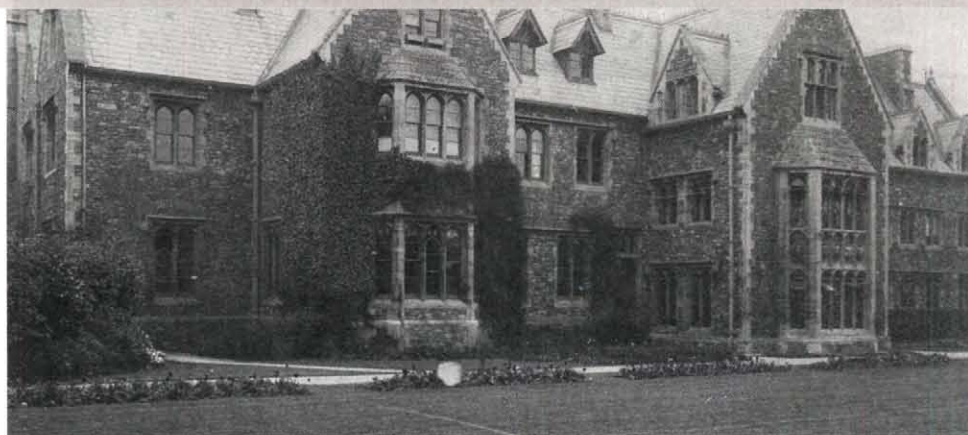


# William John Glanville Mullens 1953 – 2004 (Pre: S.H. 1963-71)

William Mullens, who died of cancer in Australia, was in the Pre and in School House between 1963 and 1971. Known as Bill, he was a fine captain of Rugby. He played in the threequarters and found himself opposite the Blundell's, Rosslyn Park and England centre, Charles Kent, on a number of occasions. They got to know each other quite well during the trials and matches for the South West Schools in the early '70s. Bill was not renowned for his tackling but could 'front it up' if necessary, relying more on his attacking skills as a centre. By extraordinary coincidence Bill and Charlie Kent died within weeks of each other.

Bill spent most of his working life overseas working as a Personnel Manager for oil and exploration companies, whilst Kent became a doctor in Devon.

The Old Cliftonians who attended the Cardiff dinner stood to remember William and other "absent friends" before the meal commenced in November 2004.



# Archibald John Ogg 1921 – 2005 (S.H. 1935-38)

Archibald Ogg was educated at Clifton and in School House between 1935 and 1938. After house jobs and service in the Royal Navy, John held ophthalmic posts in Oxford and at Moorfields Hospital where he became Senior Registrar. He was appointed to Salisbury in 1955 where he remained for the rest of his career.

John was a member of the Magic Circle and a skilled carpenter and joiner and designed and made miniature dolls' houses and automata. He made an enormous model of Salisbury Cathedral but his great love was the restoration of a near derelict croft on the Hebridean island of Coll. John published *House in the Hebrides* in 2004 about the croft's restoration and associated adventures. He leaves Doreen, four children and six grandchildren.



# Horace Rollo Squarey Pain 1921 - 2005 (S.H. 1934-1937)



Horace Rollo Squarey Pain was born in Cheshire in 1921 and educated at Clifton in School House between 1934 and 1937. He enlisted in 1941 and joined the Royal Armoured

Corps in 1943. He won the Military Cross for the highest leadership, ceaseless energy and courage, fighting with the 53rd Reconnaissance Regiment in April 1945 against an SS division. After the war Pain stayed in the army serving in East Africa and British Somaliland as well as Palestine. His incisive mind, thoughtful leadership, charm and good humour took him to Staff College along with his pipe. It is said that this was carefully reversed when he took a shower! Further accolades followed his command of the 5th infantry brigade in Borneo before a spell at Imperial Defence College and then



BAOR. He moved to the MoD in 1972 as Director of Army training before taking up his final appointment in Washington as Vietnam was ending. ADC to the Queen in 1969 and KCB in 1975, he retired with his wife Denys to Middleton in North Yorkshire to devote himself to hunting. They did, however, enjoy a cameo appearance in *Brideshead Revisited* in a scene of a meet at Castle Howard in 1979. Sir Rollo Pain was the guest of honour at Bisley in 1974 and had the pleasure of presenting

the trophies in the year in which Clifton won the Ashburton shield. He is survived by his wife whom he married in 1950, a son and two daughters. Lieutenant-General Sir Rollo Pain died in April 2005 aged 83.







## Henry Pullinger

(1920 – 2005)

(Former Head of Geography at Clifton)

Henry Pullinger had always been immersed in school life – his father was Headmaster at Worcester RGS. He joined Clifton from Bloxham School in 1966 and was Head of Geography until 1982, retiring from the staff two years later along with his wife, Jack, who had taught art in the Pre. Ever the geographer, when he and Jack moved to Bruton he developed an encyclopaedic knowledge of the town, its people and its wildlife.

Henry was passionate about his subject and most days he wore a tie bearing the pattern of Christaller's Central Place theory! A traditionalist at heart he was nevertheless prepared to embrace the 'quantitative revolution' of the 1970s whilst still promoting (through what was known as the 'Chelmsford Syllabus') the lesser known byways such as the pattern of rainfall distribution in Spain, and population in Russia east of the Urals!

He took an all-round interest and part in many school activities. In particular, Henry (who was a wartime Oxford cricket blue in 1944) looked after school cricket teams for many years, and he and his wife worked very hard behind the scenes for many productions at the Redgrave Theatre.

Reluctant pupils were always chided gently, but Housemasters were occasionally known to hide from him at break lest in one of his more 'puckish' moods he demanded to 'have a word about a boy in your House!' Henry was a thoroughly amiable colleague, self-deprecating, roguish and unfailingly good humoured and he made it very easy for a young Head of Geography to arrive at Clifton and turn 'his' department upside down.

He will be remembered with affection by numerous colleagues and former pupils who will have inherited their fascination about the world we live in from his teaching. His name is remembered still at Clifton in the annual awarding of the Pullinger Prize to a pupil who has shown particular aptitude for practical fieldwork.

Dudley Fromant and Philip Hallworth

## John Popham Sainsbury

1927 – 2004 (B.H. 1940-44)

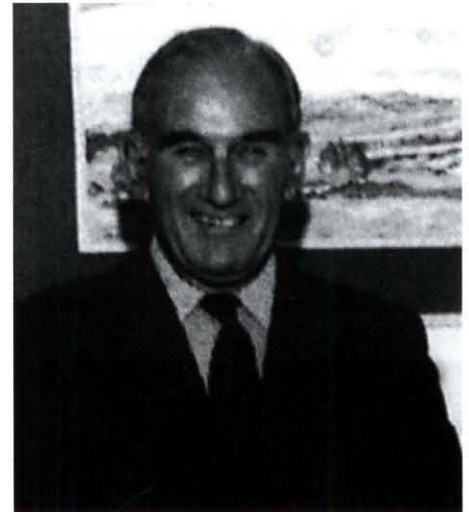
John Sainsbury passed away on the 24th August 2004 in Old Mutare, Zimbabwe.

He was in Brown's and although academics were not his forte History seemed to be his strong point. He was an outstanding athlete and captained the cricket, rugby and athletics teams. He was also in the 1st teams for all sports from his second year as my grandfather, E.A. Sainsbury, had threatened to take him away from Clifton if he didn't make the teams.

He married my mother, Bridget Grindod, in 1955 and moved to Rhodesia as it was then and became a tobacco farmer. He never returned to England and spent the next 50 years on his farm, Odzani Junction Estate, growing tobacco, cotton and maize. There were several other Old Cliftonians in Rhodesia and I believe that the last time that they all got together was approximately six years ago.

He never forgot his school days, and he always told people with great pride that he had been at Clifton. I was fortunate enough to bring my son two years ago to the college and brought several prints of the school, the cricket field and the Close with a game of rugby on it, also one of the main schools. These hung in his living room and took pride of place.

He loved reading and had a command of the English language which is seldom heard today. His knowledge of sporting history, especially cricket and rugby, was phenomenal. He had gone into the navy when he left school and while working at my grandfather's grain merchant business in Bristol he had played county rugby and cricket for at least six years. He was selected



several times as a trial for the national team and although he never made it, he would often talk of his games he played at Lord's, the Oval and Twickenham. He was very gifted at sports and held the discus and javelin records at Clifton for many years.

We discovered about 18 months ago that he had an aneurism in his aorta and eventually that, together with kidney failure, killed him. But he passed away very peacefully in my arms and was a very content man. He is remembered by the community with great affection, and they all spoke of him as being one of the last perfect gentlemen who made time for all and who was always cheerful. In today's world where everyone is always in a hurry I believe that is a great epitaph. Although my grandparents can take credit for bringing him up with perfect manners, he always told us that Clifton too had a great influence over how you behaved and how you treated your fellow men.

**Fiona Raissig**  
daughter of John Sainsbury

*Many of you who have bought wine from the Clifton Wine offer in the past will be pleased to hear that a new selection of wines are being prepared for this Christmas. Indeed we are hoping to develop the possibility of offering wine all the year round and developing a*



**R.S.**

**W I N E S**

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*Wine merchants since 1985*



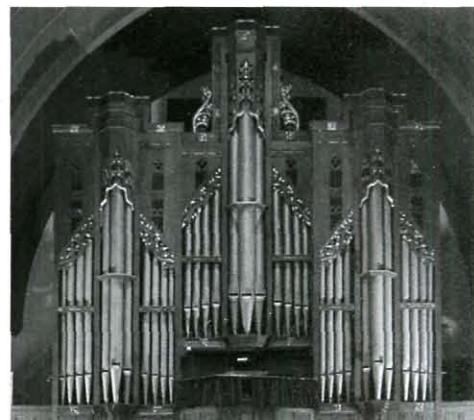
# Colin George Sherratt 1936 – 2005 (W.H. 1950-55)

Colin Sherratt, chapel organist and former music teacher at Dean Close School in Cheltenham, died aged 68.

Born in Burton-on-Trent, his love of music began at an early age. By eighteen months, he could sing nursery rhymes in true pitch. Inspired by his father, the conductor of Moira Vale Voice Choir, he was playing the piano to

an impressive standard at the age of three. By the time he was five, he could listen to orchestral music on the gramophone and play it back on the piano note-perfect.

It was at this time when the people of Moira, the village where he grew up, established the Colin Sherratt Trust Fund to pay for his musical education. By nine, he was an



experienced concert pianist, with many private recitals under his belt. He went to study music at Clifton before accepting a Music Scholarship at Christ Church, Oxford.

He joined the teaching staff at Dean Close School in 1965 and taught piano and organ there for 31 years before retiring. But for the fact that his health was not as robust as many, he would have become a world-class concert pianist.

Colin had a quiet and somewhat retiring personality, but once he sat at the piano or the organ he became a different character, and the brilliance of his playing was both exciting and inspiring.

Mike Girling  
Former Housemaster  
Tower House  
Dean Close School



# Oliver J. Whitley 1912 – 2005 (W.H. 1925-30)

Oliver Whitley, born in 1912, was the son of J.H. Whitley (O.C.), M.P. for Halifax and Speaker of the House of Commons. Oliver was in Wiseman's from 1925 to 1930 and after reading History and Law at New College, Oxford he qualified as a barrister and joined the BBC, persuaded by his father's enthusiasm for "a great new medium of culture". During the war he monitored 150 foreign news bulletins each day including the Nazis' internal communications. A controversial move to Reading from Caversham prompted Whitley to resign and join the Navy in 1941. He served first with Coastal forces in Scotland and then with Combined Operations in both Europe and the Far East, taking part in the recapture of Singapore. He returned to the BBC in 1946 and advised on the development of broadcasting in British territories overseas. In 1949 he became Assistant Head of the Colonial Service, and

rose steadily through a succession of posts in the External Services, as the World Service was then called. Heavily involved in staff training, he was also largely instrumental in improving relations between the BBC and political parties when he was appointed assistant to the Director-General, Sir Hugh Greene. Relations were extremely cordial between the two until they fell out because Whitley refused to agree that Juke Box Jury was 'evil'. When Greene resigned Whitley was passed over on grounds of age for the top job although many would have liked to see him as Director General. In 1972 he returned to his garden in Oban with his wife Elspeth with whom he had four sons (they all went to Wiseman's) and a daughter, all of whom survive him. He died at Benderloch, Argyll in March 2005, aged 93.





# Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

Having attended Clifton from the age of nine, during the socially turbulent years of 1962-71 (M.H.(P)/H.H./O.H.), one has grown accustomed of late to reading in the *Cliftonian* the obituaries of past members of the staff who taught in those times. However, I was particularly sorry to read in the last edition of the death of former Preparatory School art master Peter Clay.

For many of us very young children, being away from home at boarding school was sadly not a pleasant experience in those



Peter Clay 1923-2003 (Pre Staff 1951-88)



Spartan days – yes, "character building" it may have been, but emotionally distressing nevertheless. Thus, those masters in the Pre who were by nature of compassionate disposition were much liked by us and – in my experience – remain well remembered as a consequence. A notable amongst these was the delightful master Henry ("Fizz") Phythian-Adams (semper idem), whose teaching enthusiasm, impish humour and simple kindness left many of us with a life-long penchant for history and classics. Another was Peter Clay.

Despite his seemingly rugged appearance, Peter's art classes were not remotely intimidating and provided welcome light

relief from both the daily school routine and the ever-present threat of corporal punishment, to which we were otherwise accustomed. In this context, readers (and contemporary Pre boys) may be amused to see the enclosed cartoon. It features "The Brutal Master's 11 boy-power car", which Peter sketched on a scrap of paper (on 20th July 1964) to lift my tearful 11-year old spirits, following an earlier beating administered to my well-bruised backside by one of his more zealous staff colleagues. It was a simple gesture by Peter, but the fact that 40 years later the drawing is still to be found in my writing desk drawer, perhaps speaks for itself. R.I.P. Peter.

Neill Mitchell (Pre: O.H. 1962-71)

weddings & engagement parties | discos & karaoke | concerts | corporate fundays  
marquee & tented events | banqueting | business meetings, seminars & dinners

*What better venue?*



Clifton College's historic buildings and beautiful surroundings create a perfect setting for any function or event. The College has a number of facilities and rooms for hire, both at the prestigious Clifton site or the ideally-located Pavilion at our Sports Ground in Abbots Leigh. The College's top-class caterers have an extensive range of menus and will work with you to provide for your culinary needs with creativity and enthusiasm.

For further information, please contact CCSL (Clifton College Services Limited) on 0117 3157 669

Please note: The College Chapel can be made available for the marriages of Old Cliftonians and those affiliated to the College.



# 107<sup>TH</sup> Annual General Meeting

*Minutes of the 107th Annual General Meeting of the Old Cliftonian Society held in the Newbolt Room at 5pm on Friday 12th November 2004.*

10 members were present. Ernest Polack took the chair.

1. The minutes of the 106th Annual General meeting were confirmed and signed.
2. The 106th Annual Report and Accounts printed therein were approved and signed. The Secretary was thanked and commended for the production of the magazine. The Treasurer made reference to the generosity of R.D. Birch deceased and explained the arrangement by which the School now paid the running costs of the O.C. Office.
3. The Secretary recalled the year which had been both busy and rewarding and thanked the Branch Secretaries for all their tireless work on behalf of the Society which was much appreciated. He reported that Mr Tom Gover was well and hoped that he would continue to attend O.C. functions in the future. The Secretary expressed concern about the rising costs of dinners and hoped charges could be kept to a minimum. New innovations such as Curry Evenings and the Sports Reunion had been well-received. The Annual Reunion which incorporated the Bertrand Hallward Memorial Service

had been a great success. The Secretary reported that with a new Headmaster to be appointed shortly and a new Director of Development starting in January 2005 change was on the horizon. The closing of Polack's House was also announced by the Secretary to the great sadness of all members present. A letter would be sent to all Old Cliftonians shortly. The Secretary's priority would be the Website in the coming year. Outgoing members of the Committee (Mr Martyn Ford, Mr Ian Wilson, Mr Wayne Thomas, Mr Peter Ashmead, Mr Pat Howe) were all warmly thanked for their immense contribution to the O.C. Society.

4. Mrs Vanessa Keenan and Mr James Williams were elected onto the O.C. Executive Committee proposed by Mr Peter Ashmead and seconded by Mr Richard Harris on the retirement of Mr Martyn Ford and Mr Pat Howe.
5. On the retirement of Mr Peter Ashmead, Mr David Jones was elected as Chairman proposed by Mr Ernest Polack and seconded by Mr Pat Howe.
6. The Secretary announced that Mr Pat Howe would be retiring as Treasurer and

was pleased to propose that Mr Richard Harris succeed him. Two Vice Presidents were proposed on the retirement of Mr Ian Wilson and Mr Wayne Thomas and they were Mr Peter Ashmead and Mr Pat Howe. The Secretary stated how important it was to have continuity at a time of considerable change. Finally it was proposed that Roma Butler be elected as an Honorary Cliftonian after 35 years of service to the School. These proposals were adopted after being proposed by Mr David Jones and seconded by Mr Pat Howe.

7. Mr David Jones asked that dates for future meetings be fixed in advance and that the Headmaster had asked to come to the Executive Meeting in 2005. Accordingly Thursday February 17th 2005 was proposed as the date for the next meeting.
8. The President concluded the meeting by reiterating the Secretary's remarks concerning the outstanding contribution of Mr Martyn Ford, Mr Peter Ashmead, Mr Pat Howe and Mr Ian Wilson. A tour of the new facilities in School House and Watson's would take place after the meeting which closed at 5.55 p.m.



David Jones (BH) in 1954.

## General Work of the Society

### MEMBERSHIP

The membership of the Society is now 9558. There have been 131 new members since the last Annual Report and 45 deaths.

### GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

In the past year your Executive Committee have approved the following gifts to the School:-

St Lucia Cricket Tour	£ 250
Sports Reunion	320
The Optimists Cricket Club	200
Prizes	80
Jeremy Potter Real Tennis Award	110
Total	960

In conjunction with the Friends of Clifton, the Society has approved the refurbishment of

the Pavilion on the Close which will start in July 2005 and be completed in September 2005. It is hoped that Old Cliftonians will note the request for memorabilia which would be very gratefully received by the Old Cliftonian Secretary.

### ASSISTANCE WITH FEES

From the interest of the Endowment Fund, the Society can offer a small number of grants to help O.C.'s who need assistance with the education of their children at the School. In special cases, grants may be extended to children who, though not the sons or daughters of O.C.'s, are grandchildren or wards. All grants are initially approved by the Executive Committee, but the names of the recipients are withheld. An annual financial statement is required with each application and forms may be obtained

from the Secretary. Grants are tenable in either the Preparatory or Upper School.

**The Society hopes that all such grants will be regarded as far as possible as loans and repaid under more favourable circumstances so that later on others may be similarly helped at a crucial time. Perhaps past recipients might ponder on this.**





# Honorary Treasurer's Report

## The Old Cliftonian Society

Following the bequest last year from the Estate of R. D. Birch deceased the Society received a further bequest from the Estate of shares to the value of approximately £28,000, providing dividend income and a further addition to the Society's assets. As a result we made an unusually large surplus of £40,000 which in the absence of further substantial bequests or donations is unlikely to be repeated.

## The Clifton College Endowment Fund

Copies of the accounts can be obtained from the O.C. Office and will be available at the A.G.M. A legacy of £7,000 was received during the year from the Estate of H. G. Hickman deceased. Funds under management at 31st December 2004 totalled £1,985,141.00.

## REPORT OF THE INDEPENDENT AUDITORS TO THE MEMBERS OF THE OLD CLIFTONIAN SOCIETY

We have audited the accounts of The Old Cliftonian Society for the year ended 31 December 2004. These accounts have been prepared under the historical cost convention.

This report is made solely to the Society's members, as a body, in accordance with our engagement letter. Our audit work has been undertaken so that we might state to the members those matters we are required to state to them in an auditor's report and for no other purpose. To the fullest extent permitted by law, we do not accept or assume responsibility to anyone other than the members, as a body, for our audit work, for this report, or for the opinion we have formed.

## Respective responsibilities of the Committee and auditors

The Society's Committee is responsible for preparing the Annual Report and the accounts. Our responsibility is to audit the accounts in accordance with relevant legal and regulatory requirements and to report our opinion to you.

## Basis of opinion

We conducted our audit in accordance with United Kingdom Auditing Standards issued by the Auditing Practice Board. An audit includes examination, on a test basis, of evidence relevant to the amounts and disclosures in the accounts. It also includes an assessment of the significant estimates and judgements made by the Committee in the preparation of the financial statements, and of whether the accounting policies are appropriate to the Society's circumstances, consistently applied and adequately disclosed.

We planned and performed our audit so as to obtain all information and explanations which we considered necessary in order to provide us with sufficient evidence to give reasonable assurance as to whether the accounts are free from material misstatement, whether caused by fraud or other irregularity or error. In forming our opinion we also evaluated the overall adequacy of the presentation of information in the accounts.

## Unqualified opinion

In our opinion the accounts give a true and fair view of the state of affairs of the Society as at 31 December 2004 and of its income and expenditure for the year then ended.

Horwath Clark Whitehill LLP

Chartered Accountants & Registered Auditors

Cheltenham

Dated: 10 February 2005

## INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

For the year ended 31 December 2004

### Income

	2004 £	2003 £
Subscriptions	14,087	14,040
Entrance Fees	17,424	14,581
Donations – R. D. Birch	-	47,235
Donations – shares and others	29,535	2,815
House of Lords and Reunion	11,680	-
Sundry receipts	1,244	-
Bank interests and dividends	2,058	61
	<b>76,028</b>	<b>78,732</b>

### Expenditure

Salaries	15,418	24,669
House of Lords and Reunion	16,496	-
Audit fee	559	303
Other administrative expenses	4,581	7,102
Depreciation and loss on withdrawal	433	500
	<b>37,527</b>	<b>32,574</b>

Contribution to Clifton College Endowment Fund

	-	20,000
	<b>37,527</b>	<b>52,574</b>

Printing and despatch of Annual Report	-	9,570
Branches and clubs expenditure	1,261	3,289

**Total expenditure**

**NET SURPLUS FOR THE YEAR**

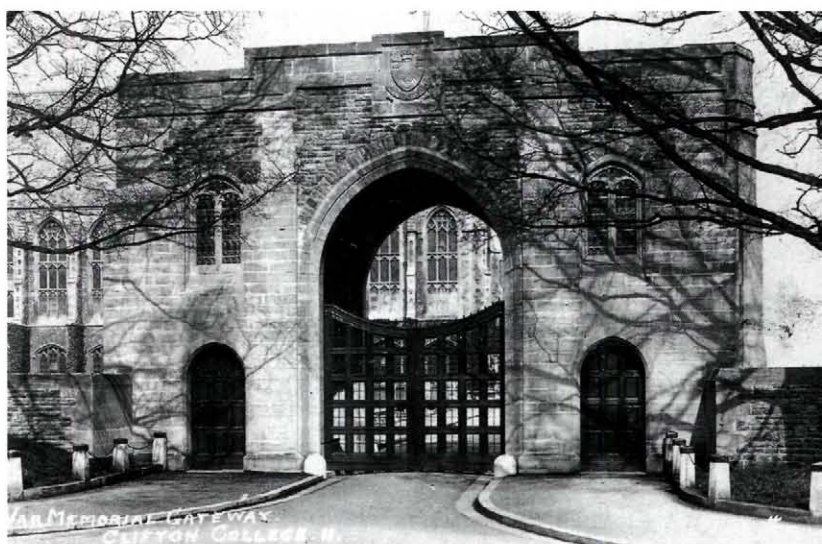
**Unrealised gain on Investments**

	40,067	13,299
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Balance brought forward at 1 January 2004

Balance carried forward at 31 December 2004

Approved by the Committee on 10th February 2005 and signed on its behalf by D.M. Jones, Chairman, and R.T. Harris, Treasurer.







# OC Clubs

## HON. SECRETARIES

### OLD CLIFTONIAN LODGE NO. 3340

The regular meetings of the Lodge are held at Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, London on the third Thursdays in January, October and November, and the fourth Thursday in April. The November meeting is usually moved, by dispensation, to Bristol and is held at Freemasons Hall, Park Street, on the Saturday nearest to Remembrance Sunday. Hon. Secretary: James F. King, Cape Cottage, Uplands Road, Denmead, Waterlooville PO6 6HE. Tel: (02392) 255 994. Email: jfking@btinternet.com  
Lodge website: www.occlodge3340.org.uk

### OLD CLIFTONIAN GOLFING SOCIETY

Robert C. Bennett, 69 Ridgeway Road, Long Ashton, Bristol BS41 9EZ. Tel: (01275) 392 529. Email: rcbgolfer70@aol.com. Bob would like to hear from any O.C.s wishing to join the Golfing Society, also from any members wishing to play in matches.

### OLD CLIFTONIAN RACKETS CLUB

N.J.B. Cooper, 5 College Fields, Clifton, Bristol BS8 3HP. Tel: (0117) 974 4146.

### OLD CLIFTONIAN SHOOTING CLUB

A.D. Venables, Henwick Manor, Henwick, Thatcham, Berks RG18 9HR. Tel: (01635) 877 161. Email: andrewvenables@aol.com

### OLD CLIFTONIAN REAL TENNIS CLUB

J. Clark, The Glen, Beach Road West, Bristol BS20 7HX. Tel: (01275) 842 669. Email: jim\_clark\_13@hotmail.com

### OLD CLIFTONIAN FIVES CLUB

P.W. Dunscombe, 15 Archfield Road, Cotham, Bristol BS6 6BD. Tel: (0117) 924 5314.

### OLD CLIFTONIAN SOCCER CLUB

M.J. Barrett, c/o 10A College Fields, Clifton, Bristol BS8 3HP. Tel: 07870 196972.

### OLD CLIFTONIAN RUGBY CLUB

Kevin Ho, Flat 814 Point West, 116 Cromwell Road, London SW7 4XJ. Tel: (0207) 370 6467. Email: kinwan@yahoo.com

### OLD CLIFTONIAN CRICKET CLUB

*Cricket Week & Cricketer Cup Captain:*  
James Williams, Top Floor Flat, 31 Aberdeen Road, Redland, Bristol BS6 6HZ.  
Tel: (07876) 684 602  
*Secretary:* J. Davies, 20 Logan Road, Bishopston, Bristol. Tel: (0117) 9422119, 07866 440958 (mob).  
*Treasurer:* B.M.O. Gibbs, 1st Floor Flat, 7 Granville Park, London SE17 7DY.  
Tel: 020 8318 5404. Email: bengibbs@hotmail.com

### OLD CLIFTONIAN CROSS COUNTRY

Simon Tait, Clifton College, 32 College Road, Clifton, Bristol BS8 3JH. Tel: (0117) 3157 350. Email: simontait@clifton-college.avon.sch.uk

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### EIRE

Refer to OC Secretary

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The Secretary of the O.C. Society asks O.Cs who are going abroad to work to communicate with him, so that he may put them in touch with the local branch in the district to which they are going.





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