

CLIFTON COLLEGE



the **Clifton** magazine 2009

For Cliftonians, past and present

Special feature

Music at Clifton

The first 50 years

FROM THE HEAD MASTER

2008/09 saw the completion of three major projects. In September 2008 Professor Lord Winston opened the newly refurbished Science School; in November 2008 the new 3G pitch at Beggar's Bush opened and on September 24th 2009 Sir David Willcocks officially opened the Joseph Cooper Music School, which was completed in May.

These three projects represent a significant investment in the College and its future: happily, all three have been fully funded from our own financial resources without the need for borrowing. The magnificent new Music School was more than half funded by Joseph Cooper's bequest to the College: I hope that he would have been proud of the result. The three projects enable Clifton to forge ahead in science teaching, music and sport, three of Clifton's longstanding strengths. Added to the recent refurbishment of all of the Houses, boarding and day, with Hartnell's in the Pre, the last piece in the jigsaw, to be done this summer; improvements to the fabric of the buildings, including the cleaning of the Wilson Tower; and many other improvements as well, it is not difficult to see why those professional school-watchers at "The Good Schools Guide" declare in their current 2009 edition that "these are exciting times for Clifton".

But of course it is not because of the infrastructure or the new facilities that a school becomes an exciting place. It is the pupils' enjoyment of being here that creates excitement. Last September we opened with 708 pupils in the Upper School. The official capacity last year was 680 and over the summer we had to add new studies in the basements of both West and East Town to cope with the additional pupils. Why is it that Clifton is so popular at the moment? Well, I believe that one of the main reasons is that Clifton's ethos is the inverse of that of many other schools, certainly in one respect, which is this. Many schools focus on success but success is not necessarily the key to happiness: Clifton is built on the principle that happiness is most definitely the key to success. Our focus is therefore on creating an environment where the pupils are at ease, where a framework exists so that happiness is not a distant goal but grows under our feet. The happy child is the successful child and that is the principle we work to from Butcombe to the Pre to the Upper School. The happy child is not

the indulged child: happy children like a challenge, relish a challenge and thrive in a framework of high expectation in every aspect of their lives, not just in terms of exam grades. But it would be a mistake to think that this commitment to the education of the whole person did not include the highest possible exam grades. You might be surprised to learn that last year over forty of the Upper Sixth achieved three A grades or better at A level and nearly 100 achieved ABB or better. Over 80% went on to their first choice university, including



24 who went on to the UK universities ranked in the global top ten, namely Oxford, Cambridge, UCL and Imperial. There is no question that Clifton is an academic school, perhaps increasingly so, but it is of course, so much more than that. In boys' rugby we had not one but two unbeaten Junior Colts

teams and across the school won a very high percentage of matches against the toughest of opposition schools; yet again a girls' hockey team went to the National Finals, this year it was the turn of the Under 14s; boys' hockey, especially, and soccer go from strength to strength and we have the best First XI cricket team for many years. Add to that a quite extraordinarily high standard of drama, as demonstrated in the House Drama Competition, and winning entries for the third year in a row in the Bristol schools Art competition, and the artistic flair of the pupils is much in evidence. Above all, the standard of music at Clifton is quite breathtaking. The new Music School can only encourage even more pupils to enjoy and excel in their music still more. Clifton is, unquestionably, a great school and there is much to celebrate. I trust that the school, your school, and what is recorded here in this magazine make you proud to be a Cliftonian. ■



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EDITORIAL

This edition of *The Clifton Magazine* is, of course, overshadowed by the untimely death of that much-loved teacher, sportsman and OC Secretary, Charlie Colquhoun. Tributes have poured in since he died and some are to be found within these pages. Charlie was, quite simply, a remarkable man, capable of brightening up a room or an occasion just by his jovial presence and generous personality. He was also that rare feature in today's self-absorbed world: an utter gentleman. Nothing befitted him more in life than the manner of his leaving it. The courage and example he showed in his last few weeks were both humbling and typical of the man. Once his illness had been diagnosed, humour continued to triumph over pain. He had hoped, in his own words, for a lengthy "last wicket stand". Sadly, for once, both pitch and light defeated him.

The Clifton Magazine was very much a central part of his all too short tenure as OC Secretary and reflected his interests, his beliefs and, above all, his sense of fun. No attempt is being made in this edition to try to reproduce his unique "Bunter meets *Boys' Own Newspaper*" style, for it was a style unique to the man and should be allowed to stand alone as a lasting reflection on his presence among us.

By the end of this calendar year, the College will have completed two important projects – the refurbishment of the Science and Music Schools. Given that Science featured in last year's edition, the *leitmotif* of this year's offering is therefore music and I hope both the old and young alike enjoy reading this meander through the College's musical past and present.

Next year's edition will cover some of the anniversaries associated with 2010 of which there are several. I would be particularly happy to hear from OCs who joined the College in 1960 and 1985. Given the current state of the economy, I would also like to start up a Business Section in the OC part of this publication and thus would be delighted to hear from OCs in commerce and industry who would like to share with a wider audience their current successes and lessons learnt along with opportunities that they may be able to offer in terms of work experience both for current pupils and those just graduating from university. Finally, picking up the reins from Charlie has inevitably resulted in gaps in certain areas for which I apologise and beg patience. Getting this edition out would have been even more complex had it not been for the help of Frances Stretton, Tom Gover, Geoffrey Hardyman, Sarah Clarke, Greg Corrigan and Andy Moon, along with the generous encouragement of the OC Society.

Omissions and errors there will doubtless be. The traditional role of the Editor is to take responsibility for all such which this Editor is pleased to do! ■

Bob Acheson

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

2009

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| Friday 23 October | Old Cliftonian Society Annual General Meeting at 4.30pm |
| | Old Cliftonian Society Executive Committee meeting at 5.30pm |
| | Bristol Branch Dinner in Big School at 7.30pm |

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| Saturday 14 November | OC Lodge meeting |
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| Thursday 19 November | 'The Best School of All' - the history of Clifton College book launch at Brooks's Club, St James's Street, at 6.30pm |
| | London Branch Dinner at Brooks's Club, St James's Street at 7.00pm for 7.30pm |

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| Friday 27 November | Cardiff and South Wales Branch Dinner |
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| Saturday 12 December | OC Sports Reunion |
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2010

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| Thursday 25 February | Oxford Branch Dinner at Christ Church |
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| Saturday 8 May | Reunion for all those born between 1967 and 1972 and therefore in school between 1980 and 1990 |
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Music at Clifton - The first fifty years

In his biography of John Percival, published in 1921, William Temple wrote:

‘Music was another subject, then usually neglected at Public Schools, which achieved much attention from Percival.’

In so far as Percival placed music on the curriculum this is true.

However, music at Clifton did not really take off until the 1890s, and there are several reasons for this. First, it must be remembered that the early Head Masters of the new Clifton had much with which to occupy their time. Success, in what has sometimes been called “The Heroic Age” of the College’s history, was very much dependent upon raising the necessary funds to provide the right facilities and in creating and staffing a curriculum which would ensure that adequate numbers of parents were attracted to send their sons to what was a new and unknown quantity. In addition, the plain fact was that the period before Edward Elgar was a pretty barren one for English music in general. One of the great figures of the twentieth century, as far as Clifton’s music is concerned, Douglas Fox, wrote a fairly acerbic assessment of English musical taste in the mid-Victorian period in his contribution to *Centenary Essays*. There was, he observed,

an extraordinary quantity of bad music; poverty-stricken oratorios, shallow and sentimental trivialities, anaemic hymn tunes and other church music, vocal duets, “royalty” ballads and vapid, meretricious piano music.

This was not a particularly fruitful cultural heritage upon which to found and develop music in a new school. Finally, it is quite clear from reading many editions of *The Cliftonian* during this period, that music just did not rank as being important as far as Clifton’s pupils were concerned. One such, looking back on his time at Clifton, could remember that certain Staff were regarded as “the aristocracy” of the Common Room – Housemasters, Classics teachers and Games “men” – whilst the remainder, though often “charming and accomplished”, worked outside this magic circle and were thus by and large disregarded by the boys. It is significant that an early photograph of the Staff in 1865 does not include the music master.



1865.

On top of this, the thrust of the age was towards university scholarship, preferably in Classics, the army or imperial administration. *The Cliftonian* magazines of this time were far more interested in lengthy reports of House Matches (much more important in the eyes of the School than the “foreign” matches against other schools with the exception, perhaps, of the two-day cricket match against Cheltenham), “pack” runs as far afield as Nailsea and Portishead, and letters from OCs in far-flung parts of the Empire with their tales of giving the local natives “a tremendous toko”.

It was against this somewhat unpromising background that WF Trimmell was appointed as Organist and Choirmaster in 1864. Trimmell inherited a choir consisting of eighteen pupils and no Music facility, lessons being conducted in a house in what was then Albert Road, now College Fields. He was ably supported in the school’s Chapel music by EM Oakeley.

In 1886, when Oakeley left, this received due recognition;

But music was to him more than a subject – it was a life, and his life, as regards both music and all other interests of this place, was given to us freely, and with splendid loyalty of act and character

referring to him as

the faithful guardian and unwearied and able exponent of classical music in this School.

Unwearied they needed to be as Trimmell and Oakeley took on the daunting task of developing Clifton’s music over the next twenty years. The scale of the challenge before them as far as singing was concerned is revealed by the fact that singing in Chapel was just not “the done thing” in the 1870s, the School being rather more interested in Rugby matches between the Organ Side and the Pulpit side, the latter invariably winning, a triumph of the word over sacred music! On one occasion, Percival was moved to upbraid the School about this with the result that two forms immediately passed a resolution that

Anyone who did not sing in Chapel should have his head punched

which, in the absence of any concept of Social Services or children’s legislation, seemed to have had the desired effect in the short term. However, in 1886, the editors of the *School Magazine* are bemoaning the fact that

whether in Chapel or out of it, our singing is by no means what it ought to be.

Trimmell was clearly a patient man. OF Christie, reminiscing about his time at Clifton during this period, recalled

As one of his pupils I can testify that Mr Trimmell was a very kind and patient teacher who (miraculously) never lost his temper.

In 1865, Trimmell established a Choral Society and instituted annual orchestral concerts the following year. The Choral Society undertook to try and raise money for an organ in Big School in 1868 and their target was achieved five years later, although the opening concert to mark the installation of “Father” Willis’ organ descended into farce, as Douglas Fox later recounted;

Alas, the long-awaited “opening” at the concert of 1873 proved a fiasco; the draw-stop action refused to function properly; the organ was obviously unplayable, and dismay and frustration on the platform was made worse by some hilarity in the audience

largely caused, according to an eye-witness observer, by “the vulgar contortions and spasms” of the organ rods exposed to public view.

Trimnell was clearly little supported in his efforts. Time set aside for choral rehearsal was not regarded as a priority, as a letter to the magazine in 1876 demonstrated;

If there is a time which is sacred, if there is a society who ought to be left for one short hour a week to enjoy themselves in perfect peace and harmony, surely the hour of the Choral Society's meetings ought to be respected. But, no! The hoarse notes of the bugle are apparently to be ranked higher than the music of the Choral Society..... members are altogether debarred from coming, or compelled to come late.....Surely this is going too far. I am not, I trust, quite music mad, but still I did believe hitherto that "choral" was a time to be respected and zealously cherished.

Moreover, the Commem Concert, which should have been a centrepiece of the College's musical year, was clearly seen by its audience as being more of a social gathering than a serious celebration of the College's musical talent. In 1876, it was noted that conditions in Big School were so crowded and noisy

that we must confess we were unable to form any idea of the merits of the Choral Society's singing

and nothing much appears to have changed six years later;

The soirée in Big School was as usual a conflict between music and conversation, in which the audience carried the day.

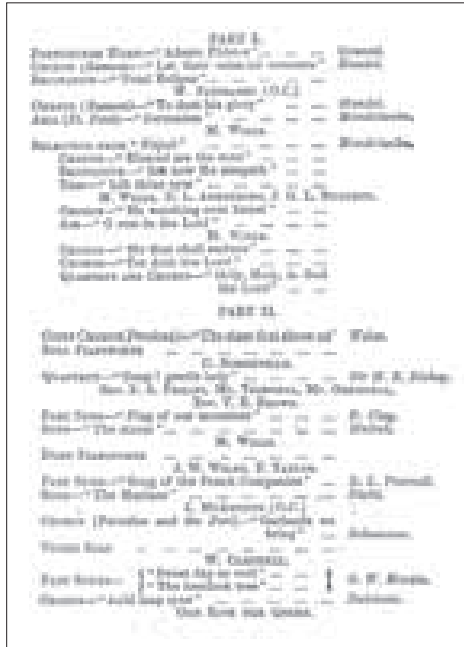
Throughout the 1880s, Chapel singing continued to be a vexatious issue. In 1885, one correspondent was moved to write

The state of the Choir at the present time is generally agreed to be the reverse of good, and, indeed, for some time past, our singing has been unworthy of the chapel of such a School as ours

and this may well have been the result of a general malaise which affected the boys as far as Chapel was concerned, another letter asking

Could not the services in the College Chapel be made somewhat more cheerful? It can hardly be expected that boys should give full attention to a dreary service.

Outside of Chapel, College music fell into an annual pattern of concerts in each term. Initially, Trimnell got this wrong both in terms of length and programme, one member of the audience in 1872 complaining that the music was far too difficult for the performers.



Harry Plunket Greene.

these concerts by Harry Plunket Greene, one of the outstanding solo singers of the age, who grew to be a great favourite with the boys on these occasions. Plunket Greene had come to Clifton as a boy in 1877 but his school career was cut short following a serious accident whilst playing rugby. Instead of going into law via Oxford, he went abroad to study singing in Germany and became one of the most eminent singers of his day. He regularly supported his old School – indeed, the illness that finally carried him away in 1936 had prevented him from going to a recital at Clifton at the age of 71!

From 1887 onwards, Trimnell's patient example appears to have borne fruit. Commem arrangements were changed, allowing music to be performed in its own right;

During the evening there was a concert given in the Physical Lecture Room by picked members of the Choir and Orchestral Society, and the crowded audiences showed that music could be appreciated when not drowned, as in former years, by the hum of conversation. For the benefit of those who preferred Big School to the lecture room, Mr Trimnell gave a recital on the Big School organ after each half of the concert.

By October 1891 we are reading that

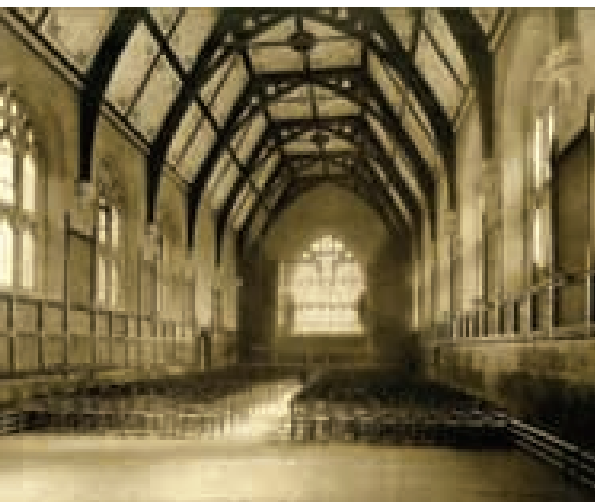
The Concert programme was very wisely supplemented by some excellent analytical notes, which enabled the School better to appreciate the meaning of various pieces.... The performance was in every way a decided success.

Commem in 1895 witnessed the Choir singing to an appreciative audience from the balcony outside the Library windows (no Health and Safety Executive to worry about in those days) and the November concert of the same year produced cries

However, he kept chipping away at the problem. In 1883, the Music Society's Concert was deemed "one of the most successful for several years" and he initiated the following year the House Glee Competition, forerunner of today's House Music Competition. At its first outing, an encouraging report stated

All the songs were carefully sung, and showed that, with more study and practice, solo-singing could be made a prominent feature in next year's competition.

In 1884, the Christmas Concert was praised, especially the performances of the instrumental soloists. Behaviour, too, was improving. During the 1870s, the School had been crammed into the gallery in Big School and had had a history of being disruptive, so much so that on one occasion the Head Master had stood up and stopped the Concert whilst he reproved the boys publicly for their rudeness. By the late 1880s, the audience was becoming more appreciative. Part of this was undoubtedly due to the regular performances at





1900.

of “encore” from an audience which was clearly beginning to value musical occasions. It was to be Mr Trimmnell’s last, ill-health forcing him to resign in 1896. He had laboured for over thirty years in a stony vineyard, and had clearly won the respect of the School by the time he retired;

We shall all miss his presence at the Concerts. None of us can forget his unfailing kindness and geniality; and his ready help made itself felt by everyone who had been brought into contact with him.

Trimnell died in Torquay in 1901, EM Oakeley paying this tribute to a sincere and gentle servant of the early part of Clifton’s life:

For the hearer of the spoken word either heeds, or flatly disregards. But the listener to music....he may hear; but without following the composer’s drift, and yet his mood is coloured by the music, and all his thoughts lit up by a novel radiance....And if so, how important in our lives has been this part of the musical duties so faithfully discharged for thirty-two years by Mr Trimmnell....As a teacher and conductor of the School Choral Society, Mr Trimmnell was unremittingly active; and doubtless many have agreed with H Plumket Greene, who when a boy at the School,- and one who enjoyed every day of his school life,- once said to me that the most enjoyable thing in the week was “The Choral”. For that and for all, we owe Mr Trimmnell kindly remembrance.

* * * * *

By the 1930s, Clifton’s music was clearly exceptional. Much of the credit for this must go to Canon Glazebrook, who had been appointed Head Master in 1891, and to AH Peppin. Glazebrook has always attracted a rather indifferent press.

Part of this is undoubtedly because there was a dip in numbers during his time,



Canon Glazebrook.



but he also suffered from a reputation for being somewhat dour and humourless. In fact, nothing could have been farther from the truth, as one example from an address to the School in Chapel may suggest;

Shakespeare tells us that parting is such sweet sorrow. This was not meant to apply to the hair.

No musician himself, he understood the importance of music within the context of an all-round education. His obituary in 1926 paid homage to the decisive influence he had on the cultural development of the College;

But that education should be above all “humane” was his supreme care, and this was at the root of the pains he bestowed upon fostering the study of history, of English Literature, of advanced Mathematics, of Modern Languages and of Music. If in any of these departments Clifton has taken a high place among English schools, the extent to which Glazebrook’s initiative and encouragement should not be forgotten.

One of his priorities was clearly the appointment of a proper Director of Music of quality. As *The Cliftonian* observed,

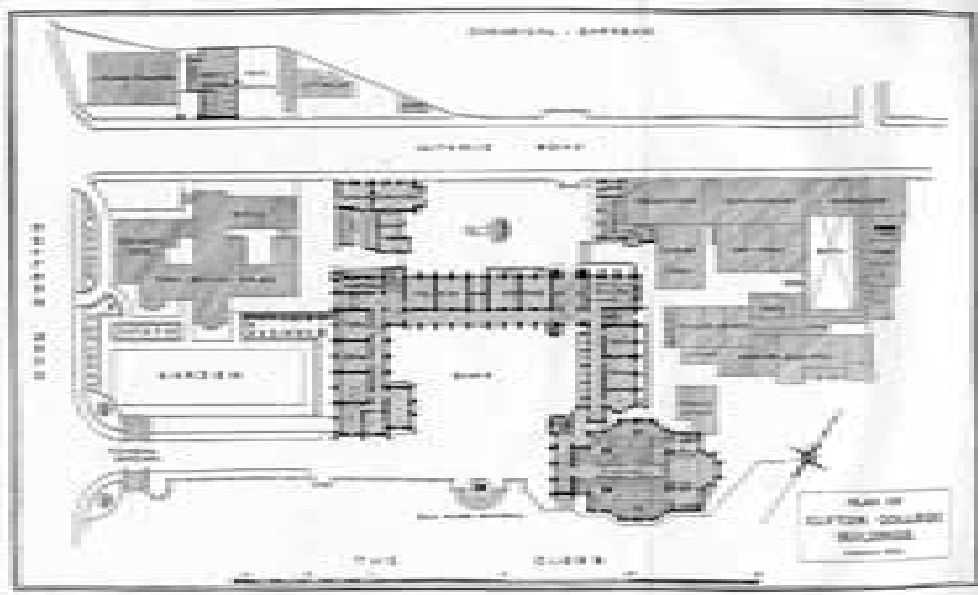
What pains he took in the appointment of masters! Six musicians, all of them distinguished or to be distinguished thereafter; enjoyed his hospitality and endured his scrutiny before the seventh, AH Peppin, emerged triumphant from the ordeal.



Sir Walter Parratt.

Glazebrook had chosen well. Arthur Peppin had studied under the legendary Sir Walter Parratt and had been Secretary to Sir George Grove, one of the foremost writers on music in the country and author of *Grove’s Dictionary of Music*. It was, perhaps, these connections, and the fact that Grove had publicly stated that Peppin would accomplish for Public School music what Arnold had managed for Public Schools in general, which influenced Glazebrook to make this appointment.

Right from the outset, Glazebrook made it clear to Peppin that “music had no footing in the School” and that he looked to Peppin to “make a niche for it.”



Plan of Clifton College buildings.

Together, they wasted no time in laying the foundations for the first proper Music Department at Clifton. Council was made aware immediately of where Glazebrook's initial priorities lay, the Council Report for 1896 recording,

In appointing an organist and director of music it was considered desirable to make some changes to the system of music teaching in the School, and the Council, on the recommendation of the Head Master, have therefore arranged that the individual teaching of instrumental music to the boys, and the superintendence of practice, which before were the private concern of the organist, the assistants being selected by himself, should now be taken up as a College matter and worked under the Head Master; by the director of music and a staff of assistant teachers appointed by the former. In order to further improve and develop the system, the Council have determined to erect a music school – which will comprise a large room for choral and orchestral rehearsals, a director's room, and seventeen small rooms for individual practice – on a portion of the ground hitherto use by the Head Master as a kitchen garden, which he has kindly surrendered for the purpose, and plans have been accordingly drawn out for the building, which it is designed to erect in the course of the next few months. (see above)

Peppin's impact was immediate. Lessons and practices were formalised and a record for each pupil kept in a book – names were entered in blue and black (“sheep and goats” as they were termed) and woe betide a pupil who attracted more than his fair share of “blacks”! Peppin also kept a careful record of who had practised what and when it was performed.

The consequences of having a proper department in a purpose-built facility

soon became apparent. By March 1897, the editors of the School Magazine are congratulating Peppin and the Choral Society on the success already achieved; by the end of the year they observed,

how successfully Mr Peppin had trained the choir in their piano passages, and what a great improvement there was in their phrasing and pronunciation.

By 1901, the School Orchestra was of sufficient standard to hold its own concerts and there is increasing mention of piano and string solos by pupils. Audience behaviour had clearly improved as well, so much so that by Christmas 1902 it was suggested that the School's “gentility” at concerts was beginning to hamper performance! By 1903, Peppin had established regular lectures, or “Illustrations” in the month before a concert to help the School to understand the pieces they were due to hear, prompting this observation in November:

We have grown accustomed to expect a high standard of performance at the Orchestral Concert which Mr Peppin has now established as a yearly institution, and on this occasion our expectations were surpassed. We consider that these concerts have done a great deal towards educating the musical sense, not only of those who are themselves musicians, but, what is more important, of the School in general. That there is widespread appreciation of good music is shown not only by the fact that, at the lectures which Mr Peppin gave previously on the pieces to be performed, the audience sometimes numbered two hundred, but by the undoubted and unanimous enthusiasm which greeted the performance at the Concert itself.

Innovations followed thick and fast and in these Peppin was ably assisted by a team of music teachers of evident quality – CS Lang, FW Rootham and WE Smith amongst them.

Smith was appointed in 1902 to teach Theory along with the less talented pianists. He taught at Clifton for fifty-two years and was fondly remembered by many, including Joseph Cooper. When a pupil once told him that he was unable to play the organ at a lesson since he had left his shoes at home, Smith replied

What nonsense! Last week I played a Cathedral Service in rigger boots!

Glazebrook left Clifton in 1905, but the quiet influence that he had had on shaping the development of the College's musical life carried on under his successors, Rev AA David (1905-1909) and Dr JE King (1909-1923). Glazebrook was a modest man, often understating his principles and his achievements, but few can argue with his contribution; his aspirations were revealed in a letter to the *Church Times* just after he had left Clifton;

The object which we have set before us for the last eight years is to give music a definite place as an integral part of a liberal education.

Therefore, though we have welcomed exceptional talent and tried to develop it, we have thought chiefly of the influence of music upon the School as a whole. Not that every boy should learn to sing or play an instrument but that every boy should feel music to be part of his life.

Such aspirations were amply fulfilled, not only in his lifetime but in the years that followed.

In March 1905, Peppin organised the first concert in the Junior School realising that the strength of the College's music partly depended upon identifying potential talent at an early age. Over the next year or so, he also introduced recitals by visiting musicians of note, such as the pianist Frank Merrick, along with regular organ recitals, one of which in 1907 featured the young Douglas Fox who was then only fourteen and who was the recipient of the first Music Scholarship offered by the College. This in itself was quite an innovation since only Rugby School offered such awards at this time. Fox was to be the first of a whole string of talented musicians attracted by Clifton's reputation to come to the College in the next few years or so – Boris Ord, who entered the Pre in 1908, Joseph Cooper and David Willcocks being just some of them – and, in his turn, was to have a profound influence on Clifton's music as its Director between 1931 and 1957.

By 1909, the original organ in Chapel was beginning to betray its limitations and, in any case, it was felt that a new organ should be part of the plans to redevelop the Chapel. Dr King made a case for this at Commem,

The music of the School is so good, not only in itself, but as working so valuable an influence on the whole life of the place, that if it were only for Mr Peppin's sake, who has made it what it is, I feel he must have all he wants.

The problem, of course, was cost – some £2,500, a considerable amount in those days. To the rescue came HH Wills, who donated the entire amount, and the organ which we enjoy today was finally completed in 1911 as part of the massive redevelopment of the Chapel which gave us the building so much valued and enjoyed then and since.

It was at this time that the School Song, *The Best School of All*, became a regular feature at School Concerts. The Clifton connection behind its composition was solid. With words by Henry Newbolt and music by Hubert Parry, whose daughter had married Plunket Greene, the song was dedicated to “Harry Plunket Greene, Arthur Peppin and the Clifton Boys”. Hitherto, School Concerts had always ended with the singing, or to be more accurate, “shouting” of *Auld Lang Syne* by the whole School. Peppin initially brought this under control by teaching the School to sing this properly. In 1908, however, he substituted this for *The Best School of All*, the singing of which still survives at some OC functions today.

The Music School continued to develop under Peppin's leadership, although heating was clearly an issue in the practice rooms. He introduced the concept of setting wall-space aside to act as an Art Gallery and, as a result of a gift of £50 from JE Barkworth, the noted writer on organ technique, a Music Library was established. Barkworth had clearly been struck by the quality of Clifton's music, writing

at Clifton....the art of music, the most spiritual of the arts, the most modern, at once the most intimate and the most universal, is there held in such honour that I appeal confidently for help to set up a fully-equipped Music Library.

By 1913, Peppin had become a figure of some standing in the College, Volume 23 of *The Cliftonian* being dedicated to him. The star pupil of this period was

Boris Ord who was giving regular organ recitals in Chapel which were “particularly brilliant and striking.” Winning a scholarship to the Royal College of Organists meant that he missed the inaugural Kadoorie Cup Competition in 1914, which was won by TR Milford (SH) who played Beethoven's Sonata, Opus 111. As war closed in on the consciousness of the College, so Arthur Peppin's time was drawing to a close. In 1915, he accepted the post of Director of Music at Rugby. The account of his final concert in March leaves the reader in no doubt as to how he was perceived by Staff and pupils alike;



Old Chapel and organ.

The occasion was a sad one, for the School knew that it was for the last time enjoying the genial presence of Mr AH Peppin, and applauding in the excellent performance the fruits of his labours as Musical Director during the last seventeen years...

....At the end of the Concert, the Head Master spoke a few words expressing the general feelings of regret at Mr Peppin's departure. He gave an amusing description of an episode in his musical life when he himself was a boy at Clifton, showing that trivial and sentimental productions were sometimes allowed then which are not allowed in the excellent programmes we are now able to enjoy at School Concerts. In conclusion, he wished Mr Peppin all success and happiness in his new post at Rugby. The Head Master's words were heartily endorsed by the tremendous cheering of the whole School.

The impact of the partnership between Glazebrook, in particular, and Peppin cannot be overestimated. At a time when Public Schools were preoccupied with sport and “manly endeavours”, with pupils who appear to have been obsessed with standing and status in terms of badges, caps, ribbons and colours, studying a curriculum in which Classics was still regarded as the only worthy academic subject, these two very different men nudged Clifton onto a course which the College has held pretty steadily ever since, and laid the foundations upon which subsequent Directors of Music have been able to build with confidence and success. Clifton is often talked of as being a “civilized” school – that development owes much to Glazebrook and Peppin.

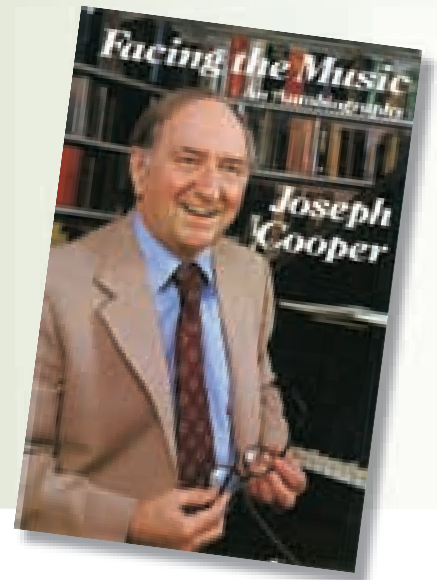
Arthur Peppin died in 1929. His obituary, in conclusion, says all that needs to be said about this remarkable man;

Peppin was a man of wide interests and culture, and he could hold a balanced view of what share extraneous matter should claim in a general education. He always kept the musical enthusiast to a sense of proportion, and to a recognition of the proper place of music in his work as an additional, and maybe, deepening influence in life, but not as the object of existence. Even to a specialist who proposed for himself a career in Music, a general all-roundedness and a grip of life were to come first. The effect of this was that in taking to music a boy did not feel he was passing into some rarefied and detached atmosphere where the satisfaction of his own gift or interest would be all that he would gain from the study of music; he felt, rather, that he was adding something important and illuminating to what he already knew. In time it came to be accepted without comment at Clifton that a classical scholar should be a soloist at a concert or that a Bach Trio should be performed by three caps.

Reading this helps us to understand what Glazebrook saw in Arthur Peppin. Not only did he share Glazebrook's vision of what a truly liberal education should be, but he was, quite simply, ahead of his time; Cliftonians past and present, both musicians and non-musicians, have cause to be grateful. ■

JOSEPH COOPER AT CLIFTON

1912 was an auspicious year for Clifton. It marked the School's 50th Jubilee, Douglas Fox won an Organ Scholarship to Keble College, Oxford, and Joseph Cooper was born in Westbury-on-Trym.



Concerts featured as a large part of the Jubilee celebrations culminating in a grand reception held in July with a concert in Big School which featured both Harry Plunket Greene and the Bristol Symphony Orchestra.

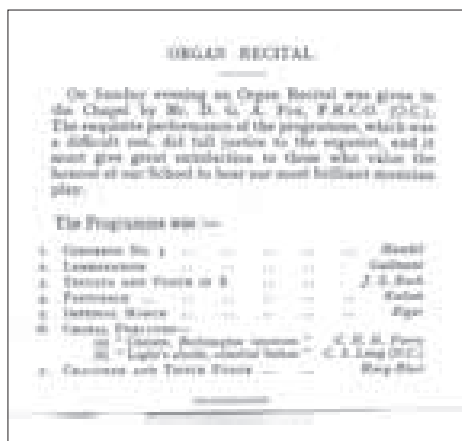
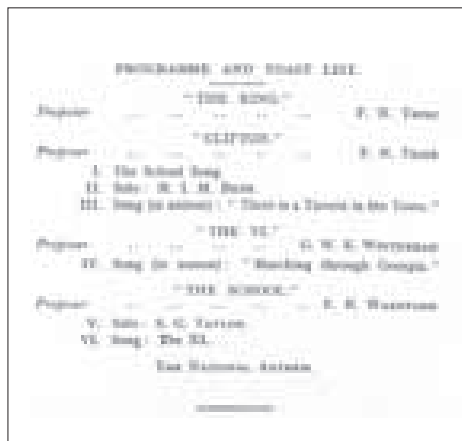
On the Sunday evening, celebrations were rounded off with an organ recital in Chapel given by Fox who had returned to the College for the occasion. *The Cliftonian* commented,

The exquisite performance of the programme, which was a difficult one, did full justice to the organist, and it must give great satisfaction to those who value the honour of the School to hear our most brilliant musician play.

The programme, which was very well attended, included Parry's *Christe, Redemptor Omnium* and a setting of *Light's Abode, Celestial Salem* by another OC and music teacher, CS Lang.

Joseph Cooper was the youngest of three children and spent his early childhood in Westbury-on-Trym which was then a village on the outskirts of Bristol. Falcondale Road, which now takes us out to the M5, was then open farmland. His father, a quiet and contemplative man, was the local bank manager. He was also tone deaf and Cooper noted fondly that he was often an embarrassment at concerts since he tended to nod off and proceed to snore loudly! Cooper's musical ability clearly, therefore, came from his mother. Writing many years later, he recalled,

My first memory was of the sound of music in the house, because my mother played the piano incessantly. She had a Steinway grand and was an excellent pianist.



As a tot, he would sit under the piano whilst she played, enjoying the "roar" that came from the instrument. She also possessed a small pipe-organ and was clearly a forceful soul who was to have a major influence as far as encouraging her son's musical talent was concerned. In his autobiography, *Facing the Music*, he freely acknowledges this, along with one of his uncles who possessed a natural ear and who taught his young nephew to copy his *ad lib*s on his mother's Steinway;

Uncle Charlie had started me off. My mother now showed me the rudiments of time. I couldn't have had two better teachers.

Joseph's mother clearly saw that her son had unusual potential and, as a result, she started him off on piano lessons when he was only four years old. Her faith was justified because it became clear straight away that he had a gift. At the age of five, his mother decided that it was time for some formal schooling and she enrolled Joseph and his sister at Badminton. His sole memory of this is the fact that on one occasion, when many teachers at the school were ill, he volunteered to play the

Juniors out of Assembly. He improvised a march of his own and was then accused of lying when he was asked who composed it! His mother soon became dissatisfied with her choice of school. Part of this was probably down to the fact that she had introduced Joseph to Dr Hubert Hunt, the Cathedral Organist in Bristol.

Hunt not only realised that he was dealing with a quite exceptional child, but was also dismissive of the music teaching at Badminton



Presentation of Address to the King by the Head of the School.



Westbury Parish Church.

and suggested that her son should be moved to a small local private school, chiefly because the piano teacher there, a certain Miss Bernhardt, was felt to be just the person Joseph needed at this stage. Hunt continued to take an active interest in the young Cooper and the latter acknowledged that he learnt one very vital lesson from him. Even though very young, Joseph had developed a precocious talent of “improving” the pieces he played by various variations or amendments of his own. He recalled Hunt as a charming and gentle man “with his funny, blinking eyes”, who calmly steered him away from his penchant for messing around with the compositions of others by telling him

one thing you must always remember; the composer knows best. When you write your own compositions you have every right to alter what you've written, but you must not alter what another composer has written.

Cooper held very happy memories of his time at this small, private school, called The Manor House, and reading his account of his time there it is easy to understand why. Equally, with such a wide programme and such small numbers, it is easy to understand why the school went bust pretty quickly! As far as his developing musical talent was concerned, Miss Bernhardt played her part and he also paid tribute to the Headmaster whose love of classical music, especially Liszt, was passed on to his charges via regular evenings in front of the gramophone.

His introduction to the organ came at the age of nine as a result of regular attendance at Westbury Parish Church. By his own admission, he was a child never backward at coming forward and he introduced himself to the organist, Geoffrey Mendham, who went on to be a

music teacher at Clifton between 1926 and 1940. Mendham immediately recognised Cooper's talent and thus, at the age of nine, he became sub-organist at Westbury even though his feet could not reach the pedals.

Mrs Cooper was quite clear in her mind that Clifton was the next school for her son, no doubt influenced by the growing reputation of the College in this sphere thanks to the endeavours of Arthur Peppin and Richard Beachcroft – the latter having joined Clifton as a music teacher in 1897 and who went on to succeed Peppin as Director of Music in 1915. In order to win a scholarship, however, something had to be done about Music Theory, which Miss Bernhardt did not teach. It was therefore arranged that



Westbury Parish Church.

Joseph should cycle to Clifton for Theory lessons with Walter Smith, who had joined the Staff in 1902. Joseph was, by his own admission, a free-spirited child and it was clear that these lessons did not go well; he found Theory “dull and uninteresting”. However, he was firmly told by all and sundry that a knowledge of Theory was vital if he was to become a proper musician and so he buckled down to ensuring that he reached the requisite standard. Preparation for the Clifton scholarship gathered pace – four hours practice a day and regular visits to the organ in Westbury Village Hall where his mother spent hours in the bowels of the building pumping away to give the instrument the air needed. For the actual scholarship, he practised two Chopin preludes. In July 1926, the day of the exam finally dawned. Dr Beachcroft was, in fact, about to leave the College and the audition was held in his house in Percival Road. He had very much carried on where Peppin had left off and, under his guidance, the number of boys learning music had mushroomed. Clifton was beginning to produce a string of highly talented musicians – Leslie Russell, Geoffrey Higgins, JA Hunter, Marcus Beresford, JA Sykes, STM Newman (who went on to be Professor of Music at Edinburgh University) and HCM Ross, who became Toscanini's assistant in New York. Cooper later recollected,

It all seemed to go quite well, apart from one disputed note in a Chopin prelude, where Dr Beachcroft thought it should be E flat and I, backed by my mother, thought it should be E natural.

Music scholarship duly secured, Cooper started life at Clifton as a dayboy. At his previous school he had boarded even though it was local but when he and his parents were shown around a boarding house at Clifton, they were put off by the fact that the playing of piano duets was banned in boarding houses! He therefore started in North Town as a day boy and his Housemaster was Harry Norton Matthews who, up until 1920, had been in charge of the Preparatory School.

It was perhaps this experience of having spent much of his teaching career with younger pupils that made him the approachable and genial mentor that Cooper remembered. His Form Master was Horace Merrick, a formidable figure with an oblique sense of humour who had won the MC during the First World War and who had played cricket for Gloucestershire. Both men made a strong impression on Cooper recognising, perhaps, that his sense of humour

and love of fun marked him out as an interesting young man along with his undoubted musical potential. Beachcroft's successor, the eminent organist William McKie, was altogether made of sterner stuff and clearly he and Cooper crossed swords from time to time, McKie not approving of Cooper's exuberance.

Unusually for a Public School of this time, musicians at Clifton were allowed time off within the curriculum for extra music lessons or practice on a daily basis. Cooper continued his Theory studies under WE Smith whilst McKie supervised his piano and organ lessons. Cooper later gave some insight into Clifton's music when he wrote,

The Music School was across the road from the main part of the College; it was only a short distance, and it backed onto Clifton Zoo. Many an awkward situation was averted when I played more than my usual succession of wrong notes – a sudden squawk from a parrot or roar from a lion could bring humour into the music room. Humour was badly needed in the Music School, because William McKie didn't see the funny side of life.

Later, however, he admits that he grew to admire McKie and that they got on well, the one understanding, perhaps, the value of the discipline imposed by the other.

Joseph Cooper's musical career is not always easy to plot at Clifton. In 1927, the year that saw the opening of the new Science School by the Prince of Wales, Cooper was the first winner of a music prize that had been awarded in memory of Harry Bonas, a pupil who had died tragically young. He also made his debut on a Clifton concert platform playing, at the age of 15, Rachmaninov's *Polichinelle* and, with others, Handel's *Sonata for Two Violins and Piano in G minor*. He admitted that he did not spend as much time practising as he should have done, and he found McKie a hard taskmaster. Equally, however, he valued the many concerts in the Colston Hall to which McKie would regularly treat his pupils, and he felt very privileged at such an age to go and hear Rachmaninov play in person. This experience had a huge effect on him as a developing musician;

when I heard Rachmaninoff, I can't tell you why but I found a lot of people agreed with me, I immediately wanted to go home and practise. I felt that he gave one hope. He seemed to do things that were possible, if only you worked at them in the right way.

Students of Cooper's later BBC career, especially as far as *Face the Music* was concerned, will not be surprised to know that his musical talents were not always catholic. He loved jazz and "swing" and,

indeed, he was reprimanded at one stage by his Housemaster with the veiled threat that he would lose his scholarship for spending too much time with these areas of music and not enough on the serious stuff. He also learnt a lot by being part of a Staff "revue" known as "The Canterbury Chestnuts". It was here that the famous "dummy keyboard" of later years was born. Two masters would come on stage calling themselves "Pader" and "Rewski" and would proceed to play the piano with theatrical flourishes. The pianos were in fact "dummies", Cooper and another outstanding pupil, Felix Felton, playing the actual music backstage behind a screen or curtain.



In 1928, at the age of 16, he played at the annual Christmas Concert, performing Scarlatti's *Pastorale* and *Allegro*, drawing measured praise from the editor of the School magazine. Another very talented piano scholar at this time was Christopher Wood.



In the 1929 edition of *The Cliftonian*, we read,

Both Cooper and Wood in works of their own showed that they possessed considerable talent both as players and composers.

Two months later, both these 16 year olds were good enough to compete in the Kadoorie Cup Competition, which was won on this occasion by Felix Felton who was later to pursue a successful career in drama with the BBC rather than music. Cooper clearly impressed;

There were besides many good performances. Wood deserves a special mention for his playing of Liszt's Concert Study in D flat; so does Cooper, who played Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor.

During the summer holidays, Cooper and a friend entered Junior Wimbledon – entry procedures were rather different then in those far-off amateur days – and got through several rounds before, as he admits, his natural over-enthusiasm rather got the better of him. The December Concert saw him perform Daquin's *Le Coucou* and a Scarlatti *Sonata*, as well as Debussy's *Toccata*.

1930 dawned and this proved to have been something of a watershed for Cooper. He clearly loved life and loved all that Clifton had to offer, especially on the social side! He threw himself into supporting the Dramatic Society's

production of Galsworthy's *Loyalties*, taking charge of the orchestra and conducting with panache:

Cooper possesses the full equipment of the greatest of British conductors except, perhaps, the forward-downward thrust..... we greatly admired the gallant, if losing, fight that he waged against his pianist as to the proper tempo of the National Anthem.

His sense of the absurd was already well-formed and it was this, perhaps, that resulted in him needing to convince his Housemaster, his father and the solemn McKie that he was in fact a serious musician. As a result, he was told that he should forget the world of the professional performer and concentrate instead on getting an Organ Scholarship at Oxford. Stung by this, and in the knowledge that the forthcoming Christmas Concert was in fact to be McKie's last, Cooper learnt Rachmaninov's *Piano Concerto in C minor* and performed the 1st Movement at the Concert:

Cooper's performance was masterly: he played with great vitality and musicianship; we congratulate him.

McKie's response to his efforts was characteristic but sincere, telling his pupil that "it just shows what you can do when you try", praise indeed from a man who set the highest of standards for himself and expected no less from his students.

Cooper had two terms under Douglas Fox and quickly grew to appreciate the brilliance of the man. It was agreed that César Franck's *Symphonic Variations* would be the piece to be prepared for Keble College, Oxford, where Fox had himself been an organ scholar. It was Fox that at last got through to Cooper the importance of practising in the right way:

Mr Fox was very interesting on the whole subject of practising and I think what he said to me then was so important that it helped me more than anything so far. It went something like this.... "When you get a new work you must think in terms of analysis; you must take the thing to pieces, play each hand separately, get sensible fingering, and only work in small sections which you can mark and copy. But above all work at a very slow tempo."

It was clearly good advice because the scholarship was duly won and Cooper moved into his final two terms at Clifton, marred only by a bout of measles. Fox introduced him to the joys of Mozart; he was made a Praep; he played the organ at Chapel Services, once again conducted the orchestra at the Drama Society's Commem production, and played the Franck piece and JS Bach's *Concerto for Three Pianos* and



Strings at the School Concert in the Lent Term. The Kadoorie Cup in the Summer Term was clearly a foregone conclusion.

It was a fitting conclusion to his musical career at Clifton since the external adjudicator was none other than Dr Beachcroft who had given him his scholarship to Clifton in the first place. As to his final days as a boy at the College, the words are best left to Joseph Cooper himself;

For the last Service of all in July 1931, I was down in the Chapel and I remember being completely overcome with feelings of grief that this was to be my last ever Service as a schoolboy. Clifton Chapel had come to mean a great deal to me. I found it very easy to believe in a benevolent God, who watched over our affairs, and I had had the great privilege of hearing great organ playing from McKie and Douglas Fox, and had had

an excellent musical grooming. None the less, the feeling that it was all coming to an end was more than I could stand, and I confess, with perhaps a hint of shame, I quietly wept my way through the entire Service.

He was not the first, and will certainly not be the last, Clifton leaver to feel so during the Leavers' Service at Clifton! The rest, as they say, is history.

* * * * *

Joseph Cooper loved Clifton and his time here as a pupil. Blessed with immense talent combined with a great sense of fun and a balanced perspective on life, he was always the first to acknowledge the debt he owed to Clifton in terms of shaping him as a musician and as a human being. That debt he has more than amply repaid. His bequest to the College upon his death in 2001 has enabled the School to support its outstanding musical tradition, still very much alive today in both the Upper School and the Pre, with a facility to match.

It is right and proper that this generosity should be acknowledged. The good that we do does not die with us, as some would suggest, but rather lives on in what we leave behind. If Joseph Cooper had cause to be grateful to Clifton for making his formative years special, then so, too, will future Cliftonians benefiting from what the newly-refurbished Music School, which quite rightly bears his name, has to offer, for love of music is not just something to be acquired at school but is something that moulds us all for life. In life and death, Joseph Cooper did not forget his old School; in our turn neither shall we forget him. ■



DAVID WILLCOCKS

A Personal Recollection

I first encountered David at the rehearsals of the Cambridge University Music Society (CUMS) in 1967. The rehearsals were thrilling and the performances, many of which took place in King's College Chapel, set a benchmark for the rest of my life. A particularly memorable moment in the first term occurred when we were practising the *Proficiscere* section at the end of Part 1 of Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius*. David said 'just this once I would like all the men to stand and sing the Priest's music' so we stood and roared through this marvellous music. Forty years later it still excites me to remember that moment.

Another highlight was on the occasion of the great Russian violinist, David Oistrakh, receiving an honorary doctor of music degree at the university. David conducted the CUMS orchestra in a marvellous performance of Brahms' Violin Concerto with Oistrakh as the soloist.

David had an extraordinary gift for bringing the music to life. When we were preparing Tippett's *A Child of our Time* the various sections of the society were shouting 'Burn down their houses' 'Beat in their heads' across the music school at each other.

After Cambridge I didn't encounter David personally for a number of years, whilst remaining aware of his public appearances. However he returned to Clifton to conduct a performance of Fauré's *Requiem* in the Chapel. We were thrilled by the way he transformed our performance (already well prepared) in a single short rehearsal. In the evening the whole audience rose to its feet as he entered the building.

Since 2000 I have taken part in many performances with The Really Big Chorus. These are organised by Concerts from Scratch. On these occasions large numbers of choral singers gather together at the Royal Albert Hall to rehearse and perform a major work. Until recently most of these were

conducted by David, although in recent years a number of other conductors have shared the work. David is due to conduct Handel's *Messiah* there in November 2009, shortly before his 90th birthday.

The first of these concerts that I attended was Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius*. The most striking thing was that nothing seemed to have changed in 34 years. David was as inspiring, as entertaining, and as much a perfectionist as before. His energy was beyond belief. He took a 3 hour rehearsal in the morning with the chorus of about 3,000 singers, a second 3 hour rehearsal in the afternoon with chorus, orchestra and soloists, and then conducted the evening performance. All this at the age of 80!

In addition to the Royal Albert Hall performances David conducted performances with The Really Big Chorus in many overseas venues. I took part in these events in Halle and Leipzig, Vienna, Venice, Rome, and Barcelona. There would always be a cabaret in which David participated, as well as joining us for the sightseeing trips and at meal times.

As well as the charm and the humour there is the iron will of professionalism and woe betide any singer who does not watch the conductor. In spite of the very large numbers David can spot individuals who are not watching him. One technique for gaining attention is to take a handkerchief from his pocket and put it on his head for a few seconds whilst continuing to conduct. It is then returned to his pocket after which he will ask 'Did anyone notice me doing anything unusual during that last passage?'. There will always be some who have not looked up at all and have no idea what he is referring to.

Participation in performances with David Willcocks has provided many of the most exciting and memorable experiences of my life. ■

Michael Butterfield (ST)



DOUGLAS FOX

If Michael Glazebrook and Arthur Peppin can be said to have steered Clifton in a decisive direction as far as making Music an important feature of the College's life is concerned, then it is equally true that the elevation of Clifton's reputation as one of the "best schools of all" when it came to this area of the curriculum owes a very great deal indeed to Douglas Fox.

David Willcocks has always held him in the highest esteem, referring to him as "my beloved teacher", asserting that he made a "distinguished contribution to music education in this country" and describing him as "one of the great teachers of his day." Brian Pippard, another gifted musician as a boy at Clifton, who chose the path of science, called him a "wonderfully talented man", whilst another former pupil, who went on to be a Director of Music himself, Alan Vening, simply described Fox as "the finest man I have known."

Details of his early life are frustratingly elusive. He was born in Putney on 12 June 1893. Both his parents were musical and, on his mother's side, may even have been able to claim descent from Thomas Ravenscroft (d.1635), a chorister at St Paul's who went on to become an early English composer and collector of folk music – *Three Blind Mice*, for example, makes its first appearance in one of his published works in 1609. Fox's sister remembers their mother as "a beautiful

pianist”, whilst their father also played the violin and the cello. So it was into a musical household that Douglas Fox was born. First music lessons were given by his mother when he was four, largely because he was already beginning to show signs of a more than unusual talent. His grandmother was also a good pianist and it was she who first introduced him to the pleasures of duets. In 1902, the family moved to Bristol, his father having been asked to take over and revive an ailing engineering firm. Given its growing musical reputation, Clifton was the obvious choice for Fox’s education and he joined the equivalent of the Pre at the age of nine. One of the many changes wrought by Peppin in his quest to improve the College’s music was his insistence that all new boys should be given voice and sight-reading tests – a notebook belonging to CS Lang suggests that this took place at 12.15 on the first Saturday of term, or during the subsequent week for those whose other commitments prevented them from attending. There must have been some excitement, even by early twentieth century pedagogical standards of behaviour, when Fox not only played exceptionally but found the sight-reading tests far too easy.

The following year, he was awarded a “star” for piano playing, the piece in question being Bach’s *Invention in C major*. This was remarkable for two reasons - first, that he was playing such a complex piece as a Pre pupil and, second, that a Pre pupil should be awarded a “star” since these were normally reserved for older pupils who had done some exceptional academic work, usually in Latin. Fox was duly sent to Glazebrook, a prospect which the ten year old must have found pretty daunting. Whilst Glazebrook’s emphasis on the importance of music is well documented he was, in fact, no musician. His wife, however, was and she was duly summoned to hear Fox play, quickly confirming for her husband that the award was well merited.

In March 1905, the editor of *The Cliftonian* wrote,

A new feature has entered our musical life. The Junior School, at the end of last term, also gave a concert in the Music School, such an one, we venture to think, as would have been beyond the power of most of its contemporaries. We hope it may become an annual institution.

It is more than likely that it was the likes of Fox and Lang who had performed at this inaugural event. On 8 April there was another concert in Big School at which Fox played – Goltermann’s *Romanze, Opus 15* – which, again, was a rare achievement

for a Pre boy, one member of the audience remarking

there is promise of a great deal of very high talent among some of the younger musicians of the School, which leads us to hope that for many years the same standard will be maintained in concerts.

Certainly Peppin appears to have realised that Fox’s talent was exceptional and required guidance for, in the same year, he wrote to the legendary Sir Walter Parratt at St George’s, Windsor, for advice. In June, he took Fox to meet the great man and Parratt wrote back to Peppin a few weeks later;

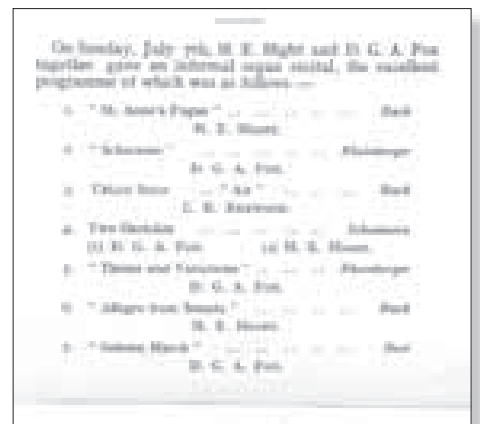
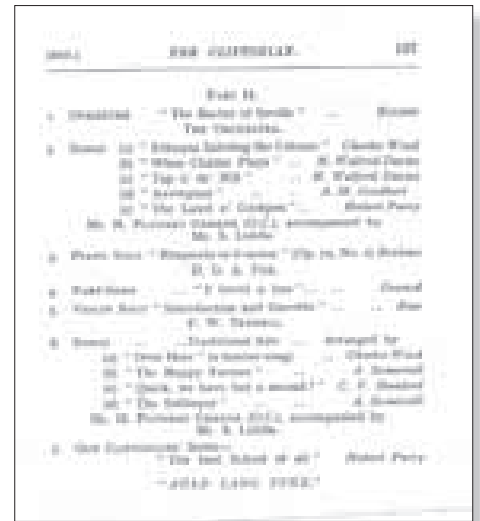
The little boy Fox interested me greatly. He possesses a keen organisation, enough technique, good taste, and considerable powers of expression. His prospects of success as a professional musician are excellent

and concluded that he should begin organ lessons at once. This advice was obviously taken since another Headmaster’s “star”, this time presented by the new Head, the Reverend AA David, was secured the following year for Fox’s playing of Bach’s *Trio Sonata in E flat* on the organ. In 1906, not only had CV Stanford, present at one of the regular concerts in Big School, remarked favourably on Fox’s performance and ability, but Parratt, visiting Clifton to adjudicate the House Music Competition, insisted on hearing Fox play in order to measure his progress since their first meeting. Winifred Fox recalls that her brother

was sent for and told to extemporise in 9/8 time in the key of F minor – on the organ.

Parratt later confided in Peppin that his performance would have gained him a fellowship at the Royal College of Organists, and all this at the age of 12! It was thus little surprise that Fox won the first Music Scholarship awarded at Clifton, worth the princely sum of £24 *per annum*, for the organ and he joined South Town in 1907.

His career in the Upper School can be traced largely through concert programmes. In July 1907, having just arrived, as it were, he gave an Organ Recital in the Chapel along with Harold Hight, who was then in the Sixth Form and who was yet another of Peppin’s pupils to go to the Royal College of Music via King’s College, Cambridge, returning as a music teacher at the College between 1914 and 1924. By 1909, Fox is leading South Town to victory in the House Music Competition and the various records of concerts of this period reveal that he played a leading role in the College’s musical life.



In December 1909, at the annual Christmas Concert,

DGA Fox was quite at his best in the Brahms “Rhapsody”, which was well calculated to bring his fine technique into prominence

but, even though he was only 16, his career as a schoolboy at Clifton was drawing to a close. In 1910, he won an Organ Scholarship to the Royal College of Music and his final school performance on 2 April drew this comment,

Of special merit was Fox’s interpretation of Chopin’s “Polonaise in A flat”. We were sorry that this should be the last time that he would play to us as a member of the School.

His career at the RCM is well-known, sweeping all before him in terms of prizes, including the Challen Gold medal for the piano, which remains in the School’s possession.



The RCM Magazine of 1913 – by this time Fox had taken up an Organ Scholarship at Keble College, Oxford – described him

as an organist of quite extraordinary powers, whose splendid technique is mated with quite ample measure of musical insight, and whose gifts extended so far beyond the average range of the pure organist, that he carried off the gold medal for pianoforte playing at the annual examination last year. I live in hopes that he will attain the position of one of the foremost organists of this or any other country.

Such hopes were to be cruelly dashed on the Western Front four years later when the 4th Gloucesters came under attack and Fox was so badly wounded that his right arm had to be amputated. In a typically understated letter to his erstwhile teacher, Arthur Peppin, on 4 September 1917, Fox wrote:

I was wounded on 27th and on the 28th they took my arm (right) off just above the elbow. Apparently they consulted very carefully before doing it, but it seems to have been hopelessly shattered, and they thought I probably shouldn't have lived if they had left it. This is supposed to be the best place in France. It is a casino at Paris Plage and some miles west of Boulogne. The decent food and quiet are heavenly and I don't get much pain considering. This scrawl is due to first attempts at left-handed writing which seems perfectly hopeless at first. I am likely to be here for some time.

When news of this reached England, the musical world was appalled. Hubert Parry wrote of “the very malignity of cruelty as the utter destruction of that dear boy’s splendid gifts”, whilst Stanford merely talked of his “great grief” as a result of what had happened. The extent of the sadness for what had befallen him is reflected in a letter written to Fox by RO Beachcroft:

I don't know whether it can afford you any satisfaction, but your case seems to have spread out in endless directions – it has actually been a slight comfort to me to know what a large, a very large quantity of people have thoroughly realised your great gifts and also know the injury they have received in your misfortunes.

Two key influences may have played their part at this stage in steering Fox away from depression into a positive frame of mind. Stanford wrote to him suggesting that all was not lost and that his future might well lie in conducting, whilst Hugh Allen, an Oxford friend, played Evensong at New College, Oxford, using his left hand only, and spent a week using the same hand alone to wash, shave and dress. He then wrote to Fox about this and told him firmly that all things were

possible and that he would “come up on the right side of this disaster.” Another critical influence at this stage was his being sent to convalesce at a Military Hospital in Bournemouth. There he met Hubert Heyner, an opera singer who had been badly wounded. Of equal importance was the fact that there was a piano available. On such chance meetings are futures determined! They began to practise together and Heyner later recollected

that piano.....was significant for us both in the first attempt to pick up loose threads under handicap.

In addition, Fox was allowed to use the organ at the local church as part of his rehabilitation, a gesture of kindness he never forgot, playing a recital there some fifty years later as a token of his gratitude.

For the next twelve years, he was Director of Music at Bradfield where he transformed the school’s music which, by its own admission, was “at a very low ebb”, by applying the Peppin model of concerts, Music Clubs, House Competitions, visits by professional musicians and “Illustrations” prior to public performances. He also wrote and arranged music for the Greek Plays for which Bradfield is still known today, eliciting on one occasion this response from no less a figure than Gustav Holst:

I write to congratulate you very heartily on the splendid singing in the Greek Play. The sense of rhythm was quite wonderful. Do let me know if there is a chance of hearing the boys sing either at a school concert or, better still, at an ordinary singing lesson.

The Bradfield school magazine’s reaction to his leaving there in 1930 says all that needs to be said about what he had managed to create in his time in Berkshire:

He has shewn us that music is no polite pastime but a vital thing, and, if he has not spared others he most certainly never spared

himself.....That Mr Fox has steadfastly set himself only one standard, that of the best, is a credit to himself as an artist, and a lesson to us that we shall do well to remember.

Clifton had known the musician; now it was about to experience the man, for Fox succeeded William McKie as Director of the College’s music in 1930. His career at Clifton needs no retelling with, perhaps, the exception of his achievements during the “Bude years”.

But what of the man and what of the teacher? To judge such an extraordinary man or, for that matter, any of his contemporaries, by present-day teaching methods and attitudes is both fruitless and anachronistic. In the classroom he expected only the very best and could display a fearsome temper if it was not forthcoming. Brian Pippard recalled,

He was definitely an eccentric man. He lived on his nerves. He was capable of sudden rages and equally sudden repentance for his rages.

On one occasion it is reported that his reaction to one of the young trebles at a choir rehearsal, who was not doing what he was supposed to be doing, was to grab him by the hair and pull violently until the unfortunate chorister burst into tears. Immediately, rage turned to horror and remorse, Fox leaning over the boy and saying “I shouldn’t have done that – here, pull mine”. The boy in question did so evoking a startled cry from Fox, “Oh, not as hard as that!”. That said, even wild animals could be cowed by Fox’s authority in the rehearsal room, as the Public Orator at Cambridge, Professor Gifford, noted in his address in 1966 when conferring an honorary Music Degree on Fox;

The gentlest of men, he can rise to moments of sudden wrath in rehearsal. When the wolves of the Clifton and Bristol Zoo howled in accompaniment to his trebles at choral practice, he turned on them with the simple command “Shut up”, and the wolves were silent!



Clifton College Orchestra, December 1935. David Willcocks, back row, second from right; Douglas Fox, front row, centre.

Tom Gover remembers this side of his character years later when he visited Fox and his sister in retirement; whilst this may appear to modern sensibilities as an unattractive trait, it has to be remembered that most schoolmasters of that time were pretty daunting figures. Moreover, in common with so many of his generation, Fox had been through an appalling ordeal and, as a result of sheer perseverance and grit, had more than conquered his demons. For him, as for many, a young person wasting their time or their talents by messing about was understandably not to be tolerated. Alan Vening was under no illusion that behind the facade of a hard task-master beat a heart of gold:

Duggie's method was a unique mixture of fear and love....which brought more from a pupil than anyone thought possible

and he remembers an occasion which typified this. Vening was two minutes late for a piano lesson as a result of dashing back to the House to collect a slice of his birthday cake for the "great man". As a consequence, he received a severe telling-off and was then presented with the gift that Fox had bought him for his birthday! If he could be a harsh critic, he could also praise, and a word of praise from Fox was praise indeed. At his Memorial Service, Sir Thomas Armstrong summed all this side of Fox up as follows:

Douglas Fox: the name itself, like the sound of the bell we heard at 12 o'clock, creates far-reaching resonances for each one of us. We all have our own picture of Douglas, our personal memory, our own estimate of his achievement. For some he is the exacting teacher, demanding the best, occasionally provoked by stupidity or carelessness into anger that passes as quickly as it erupted, leaving only regret and often apology.

He is remembered by pupils as "one of the kindest and most scrupulously considerate of men"; and how many musicians there are, distinguished professionals and devoted amateurs, who would say that much of what they are and do is owed to their contact with Douglas!.....He was hard-working, careful over detail, imaginative, highly strung, quick to enjoy a joke, dangerously self-critical, sometimes impatient, easily cast down. Never is there a word of wilful discourtesy or deliberate unkindness.

His work ethic was immense. It was rumoured within the Clifton community that he never slept since the Chapel organ could be heard regularly after midnight, although it may also be surmised that on occasion this must have been the antidote to poor sleep and physical discomfort arising from his disability – not that he would have ever mentioned this since

he was not only a stoic, but a man, like all true scholars and artists, of immense modesty and humility. The camera, we are told, never lies and photographs of him show a very serious and stern figure. Photographic conventions of the day did him no favours in this respect. The Rintoul drawing of Fox is, perhaps, nearer the mark where seriousness is tempered with a slight twinkle in the eye and a wry smile playing on the lips.



Certainly colleagues remember him with fondness and admired his sheer professionalism and sincere devotion to duty. With what Yngve Lidell described as "the mind of a scholar and something of the waywardness of genius", the latter, it would appear, being certainly evident when it came to the way he drove his car, he is remembered by many as "a charming and interesting companion", "a wonderful man", "a wonderfully talented man, generous in sharing his talents, his possessions and his friendship" and "his hatred of publicity was matched by his politeness." He was a generous man and yet the contradiction persists since he could be painfully shy and hated being discovered in the act of generosity.

Thus it was to this complicated man that the task of organising Clifton's music fell when the decision was taken in 1941 to evacuate the entire College to Bude in Cornwall.

The logistics attached to moving an entire school from Bristol to a series of hotels and domestic dwellings in a North



Cornish town would, even in today's world of speedy communication, be daunting enough. To complete this in a month during wartime was nothing short of miraculous, and yet this is precisely what happened to Clifton between January and February 1941. Whilst the Art Department was at least accommodated in one area, nothing is more telling as far as the organisation of the College's music is concerned than a document in the College Archives entitled *Removal of Clifton College Bude to Bristol 1945* where it can be clearly seen that whilst the kitchens were located in the Headland Cafe, the Library in the Erdiston Hotel, and the Art School in "Madura", music's designated collection area is merely designated as "various". Such a scenario is confirmed by an eyewitness of that period:

For music, too, there were obvious difficulties, and the problem of housing pianos and arranging instrumental practice was never perfectly solved. There were only two teaching and five practice rooms, compared with the twenty-one in the Clifton Music School.

This problem was partly solved thanks to the generosity of Bude householders, who allowed Clifton boys to practice on their own pianos in their own homes. Occasionally this could lead to friction, as Winifred Fox observed:

The late Admiral Sir Douglas Nicholson, then living in the castle between the river and the canal, allowed his drawing-room and piano to be used. A boy found on one occasion that he was being greatly disturbed by a loudly ticking clock, a sort of anti-metronome, and smothered it under a sofa cushion, forgetting to replace it. The admiral was not pleased.

In spite of these difficulties, the number of pupils learning music during these years actually rose. Much of this was doubtless





due to Fox's energy and enthusiasm, but one also cannot help feeling that music supplied an oasis of calm and peace in what was clearly a difficult time for all concerned in terms of cramped living conditions, small studies sleeping six or eight boys in some circumstances.

Many of those for whom Bude was Clifton as far as their schooling was concerned, remember the cold and the rain, and the dreariness once darkness had set in and the black-out screens put in place. Looking back, one such writes of

The drabness of studies, classrooms, landings, stairs, of trestle-tables in Hall, of cutlery and crockery

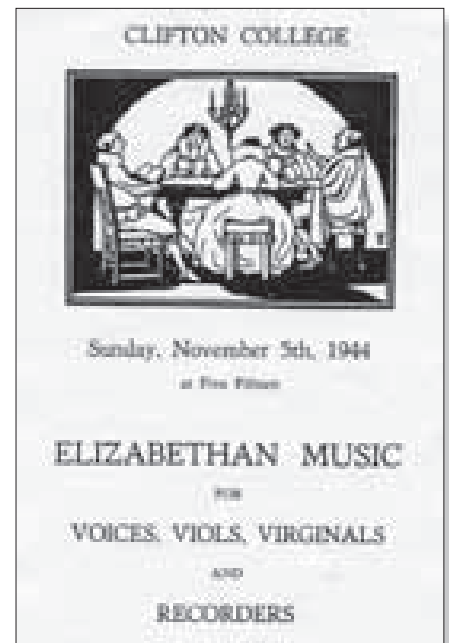
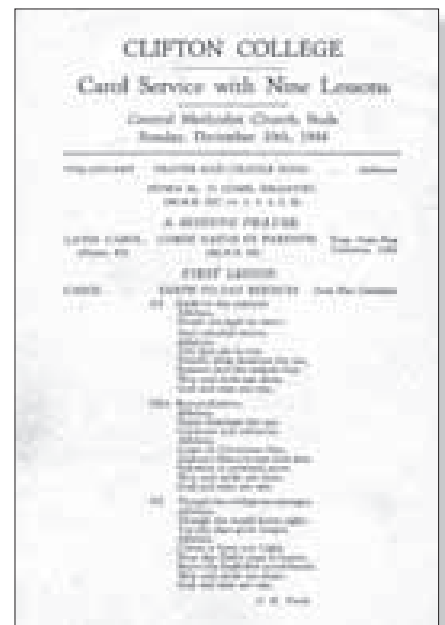
all of which could have a demoralising effect on pupils. Music clubs, rehearsals and listening to gramophone records provided a much-needed escape from this.

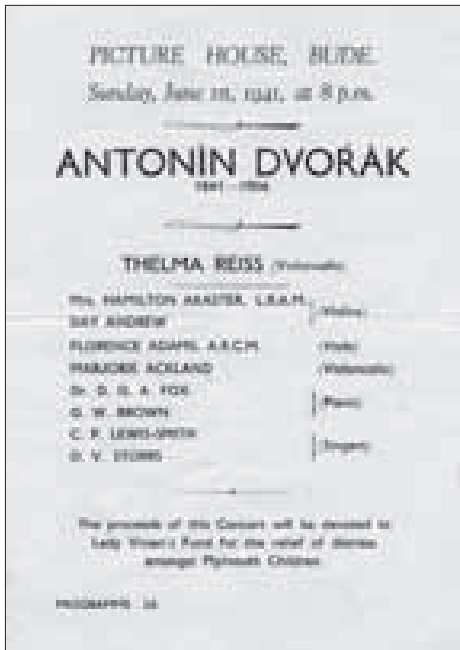
Fox's immense achievement in Bude, however, was not just to manage music against a background of a timetable which had to be entirely written around the availability of the Science Laboratories at local schools in Bude and Stratton, but was also to carry out an annual programme of music which differed



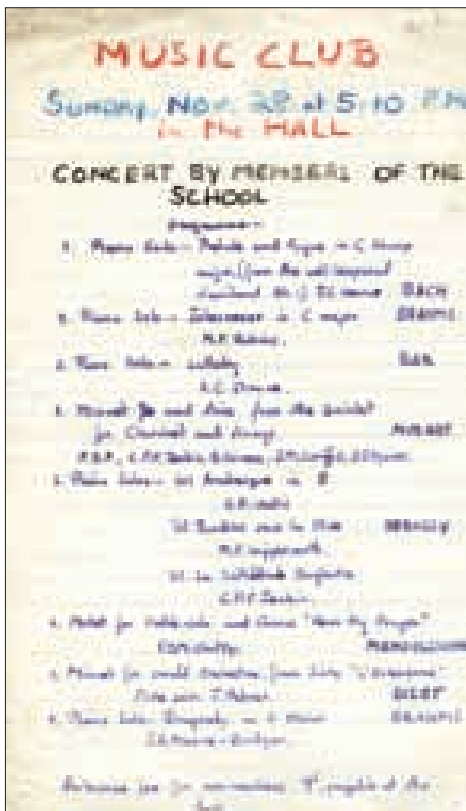
little from the traditional pattern experienced by all in Bristol.

In 1941, for example, apart from regular Music Club concerts by school musicians, including Denis Mack Smith, who later became one of the foremost authorities on Italian history, Gavin Brown, who became yet another Clifton pupil to win an Organ Scholarship at the RCO, and Peter Tranchell, who was characterised by a contemporary as "the most erudite and versatile" of the many distinguished scholars Clifton produced at this time (testimony to the quality of teaching at Bude is the fact that in 1942 Clifton secured more Oxbridge awards than any school in the country) and who went on to be a modern composer of note, there were recitals given by such world-class figures as Leon Goossens. In 1942, the College enjoyed visits from the international pianist, Kathleen Long,





the famous violinist, Eda Kersey, and the cellist, Thelma Reiss. The following year, it was the turn of the pianist, Irene Kohler, and the writer and musician Sinclair Logan whilst, in 1944, the eminent pianist, Frank Merrick, and such figures as Max Rostal and Franz Osborn all gave recitals in November. Home-grown talent was equally in good supply. A series of pupils helped to support Fox's ambitious programme of concerts and recitals. John Moore-Bridger (SH 1941-1944) was one such, eventually winning a Piano Scholarship at the RCM, Martin Wigglesworth another, along with Adrian Addison (BH 1942-1946), who won an



Organ Scholarship to Cambridge. In addition, there were the regular Sunday Services to be planned and rehearsed in nearby St Olaf's, Poughill, Commem to be celebrated at the Central Methodist Church in Bude, and annual Carol Services at the same venue, that of 1944 seeing the appearance of the *Dorset Carol*, much loved by Cliftonians to this day.

All of this was, by any standards, a considerable achievement, but Fox's contribution goes deeper than this. When the College arrived in Bude, it was natural that there should have been an initial hostility between "town" and "gown". This was very quickly dissipated by the way in which the School involved itself in the local community, such as members of Staff joining the local Home Guard and Masters' wives becoming involved with local savings groups. The chief vehicle for creating a harmonious relationship, however, was music. As one contemporary put it,

this natural dichotomy between the resident population and the visitors soon gave way, or perhaps, was broken down, because the concert given to the town in the cinema was a single event which proved to Bude that the members of a large public school were not necessarily devoid of humanity

and he went on to conclude,

The School did not introduce culture to Bude, but it gave the town opportunities such as it can rarely have had before. Musical notices and play bills were in every shop window; and the events they advertised were not merely an alternative to many things as they had been in Bristol, but the only opportunity for the people of Bude to hear good music and good plays. Plays and concerts became more than mutually congratulatory social functions; they were eagerly anticipated and carefully appreciated. People from the town sung in the School Choral Society, a society which concentrated singers who would normally have remained within the circle of their own church or organisation and local musicians supplemented and led the School orchestra.

This was not just a Cliftonian perspective.



Poughill Church.

In March 1945, Fox received a letter from a local which thanked him for including so many Bude inhabitants in the College's musical life, and which went on to say,

We are more than sorry to know that you are returning to Bristol and we shall miss the rehearsals more than I can say. To most of us the music has been a real education and a tremendous pleasure.

If Bude had a decisive influence on the way Clifton was organised – being all together as a College instead of geographically isolated in the "petty kingdoms" of Houses where contact between individuals in different Houses was not encouraged, had a huge influence for the better on the School returning to Bristol in 1945 – the war years also shifted the College's gaze on to a wider world. It is certainly true to say that today's Clifton is an unstuffy and "normal" society with a real sense of perspective as to what matters and what does not. This is one of the main reasons that it is such a pleasure to live within. There are a myriad of influences that have contributed to this happy state of affairs but it is, perhaps, not too fanciful to suggest that the spirit of co-operation and



The photograph shows Clifton College Home Guard officers in Bude, Cornwall, 1941. In 1940, when the national Civil Defence Volunteer Corps was formed, the Home Guard, a Clifton College CVV section was formed under the command of Major J. G. Fox. Fox also commanded the Clifton College Civil Corps, and was linked up with the local LFF. The college CVV, which consisted of masters and senior boys from the Cadet Corps, took up duties at Bigger Wash and B. Wash and were in charge of inserting the woods in that area for enemy parachutists. There was the special occasion when a German prisoner was executed and the church bells in Bude (the nearest land station) were rung from Cornwall to Long Ashton before information arrived that it was a false alarm. That night the Bigger Wash Redoubt was manned by members of the Home Guard, including some from the Clifton College contingent, and it was announced that the Bigger Wash Redoubt had been destroyed in preparation for possible invasion. When Clifton College was evacuated to Bude in February 1941, the College Home Guard was transferred to the Bude Central Home Guard. (Photo) Peter Drouot

Evan Prentice

Evan Ridley Prentice was born on 9th July 1922. In the summer of 1966 he fell to his death whilst removing a VHF aerial from the roof of his house in College Fields. He was only 44 years old.

He had been a chorister at St George's Chapel Windsor and came to Clifton with a music scholarship in 1936. He was in Wiseman's House from 1936-1940 during which time he played for the 1st XI and won the Challenge Cup. Whilst at Clifton he became an A.R.C.O. and was awarded an organ scholarship to Christ's College Cambridge where he gained a BMus and became an F.R.C.O. and an A.R.A.M. He served in the RAF as a flying instructor during his time as an undergraduate and completed his degree after the war. When seeing the array of controls in the aircraft he remarked "Just like playing the organ!"

He returned to Clifton in 1947 as assistant to Douglas Fox and became Director of Music in 1957 following Douglas's retirement. He also lectured part-time at Bristol University and the Folk House, and was about to take a full-time appointment at the University when he met his death.

His period as Director included the school centenary in 1962 which was marked by a great concert in the Colston Hall. This concert and the Carol Service that year were immortalised on gramophone records which testify to the remarkable standards achieved during his time as Director. Years later the College produced a recording of various Clifton organists, which included two fine tracks of Evan playing the great Harrison organ in the Chapel.

The Director of Music in those days bore a great burden of responsibility as organist, choir master, conductor of the orchestra and choral society, piano teacher, and teacher of O and A level GCEs. He also took congregational practice on Saturday mornings and led the whole school singing at the Christmas concerts. This was in addition to taking music appreciation classes for the VI form.

My perception is that he was outstanding in each of these capacities. I can still remember virtually word

such was the esteem in which this extraordinary man was held. The influence he had on those that knew him was enormous and lasting. David Willcocks wrote in *The Times* on 28 September 1978:

His death has robbed the musical profession of one of its most loved and respected members. Those who knew Douglas Fox throughout his long life witnessed the exciting development of a young musician of quite exceptional talent and promise, and the subsequent triumph of a man of indomitable courage over cruel tragedy.

Brian Pippard, writing in *The Cliftonian*, observed

with what courage he overcame despair to prove himself that he still had a future as pianist, organist and teacher. To have heard him play Ravel's left-handed Concerto is to realize what a brilliant career lay in ruins; to have been taught by him is to know what splendour arose from those ashes; to have had him for a friend is to have been one among hundreds whom he always remembered with affection, and who for their part would find affection too cold a word to describe their love for Douglas Fox.

Henry Ley, the Eton organist, who was widely regarded as one of the finest organists of his day in the country, would dismiss such accolades with the single statement that Douglas Fox "was the greatest of all of us." Fox's example of stoicism, dedication and courage stand out even more in this current age of the tinkling cymbal of shallow celebrity and it is that for which he is as much remembered and honoured as for his considerable musical prowess. But perhaps the last word should belong to that loyal supporter of Clifton music spanning the Peppin/Fox years, Harry Plunket Greene, who once wrote to Douglas Fox,

I only wish you'd realise what a damn'd fine chap you are – not only as a musician but as a magician. I don't suppose there's a harder bag of beans to make bread out of than a set of public schoolboys, and you've a genius for it.....All those school concerts were eloquent of what you can do, let alone the orchestra. You ought to be mighty proud.

Douglas Fox, of course, wasn't. Clifton is. ■



wider community experienced at Bude had a critical influence on "normalising" Clifton and making it aware that, far from being an isolated city "set on an hill", revolving around The Close, it was part of a wider world. If this is so, then music under Douglas Fox played a vital part in this process and makes his achievement all the more memorable.



J H Britton.

Fox retired in 1957 and died in 1978. His family home in Grange Road was bought by the distinguished OC and generous benefactor as far as the College was concerned, JH Britton. The idea would be that the house, renamed Fox House in Douglas' honour, should house him and his sister in a purpose-built flat, the rest of the house being redeveloped for retired people, preferably musicians -

for word his account of Act III of Wagner's opera *Die Walküre*. The excitement of that music has never left me. His understanding of the music was as remarkable as his capacity for transmitting this to his pupils.

His ability to generate a passionate response was not limited to music scholars but could be shared by the whole school on the big occasions such as the Christmas Concert and the Carol Service at which he excelled. For many people the most memorable moments in their school lives are the grand musical occasions and those of us lucky enough to be pupils during Evan's time as Director of Music were most fortunate in this regard. The audience could be rather startled when he performed hand springs on the floor of Big School at the end of these concerts.

Clifton had a long tradition of attracting music scholars of high calibre. A glance through old concert programmes reveals a wealth of talent and some very challenging programmes. My personal highlights in the period from 1961 when I entered the Upper School include Roger Green playing Liszt's *Hungarian Fantasy*, Richard White singing in Chapel,



Andrew Strang's cello playing, and William Langley on the trumpet. Henry Ward played Rachmaninoff's second *Piano Concerto*, Hugh Mather playing Grieg's *Piano Concerto Movements 2 and 3*. (I played the first movement of the Grieg myself at the Christmas concert in 1966, the term after Evan's death).

Whilst Evan could be infinitely patient with pupils who were trying hard to overcome musical obstacles, he shared with his teacher Douglas Fox and his contemporary David Willcocks a tendency to impatience with musical sabotage and many of us still remember his withering attack on the unfortunate headmaster who allowed members of the Choral Society to go to support an away match which resulted in them not being back in time for Choral Society practice on a Saturday evening shortly before a Christmas Concert. The HM in question, who sang with the tenors, was dismissed with the rest of us as there was no point having a rehearsal at all with so many people away!

My recollections of Evan include great social occasions at his home with his very supportive wife Ina, who sang in the Choral Society. I also saw him from time to time at the University Swimming Pool where he would do handsprings off the springboard.

As Evan had left the school just before his untimely death there was a *Vale* to him in *The Cliftonian* for July 1966 of which I was Editor (under the expert guidance of GVH). The author credits him with bold innovations in spite of the burden of his distinguished predecessors. New works were introduced into the Christmas and Choral concerts. I particularly remember Constant Lambert's *The Rio Grande*, Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana*, and

Arthur Honegger's *King David*. These were ambitious works for a school Choral Society. He increased the number of boys taking part in the House Music Competitions to about 150 – roughly one quarter of the total in the school at that time. He changed the emphasis of the Music Club to performing rather than just listening,

and he established a summer term performance of religious music in Chapel.

The same edition of *The Cliftonian* contains a review of the school orchestra and Choral Society performing Verdi's *Requiem* in the Colston Hall;

"There were many who voted this performance the outstanding one of the last few years."

This was a colossal achievement and a fitting culmination of Evan's time at Clifton. The magazine also records the impressions of a local comprehensive school teacher who came to Clifton for two weeks as a swap with EFP. The visitor records "the singing in Chapel was truly magnificent".

Evan was an inspirational leader of school singing and for many Cliftonians of that period this may be their most vivid recollection of his music-making. ■

MJB

FATHER WILLIS FINDS A HOME

On 25 April 2009, the Father Willis organ, which had formerly graced Big School, was finally inaugurated at the church of St Mary Magdalene, Bridgnorth.

Tom Gover led a party of present and past members of staff on something of a penitential pilgrimage to Bridgnorth for a recital to celebrate the installation of what for over a hundred years had been Clifton's Father Willis organ in Big School. Tom, Fiona Hallworth, Wendy Bowring, Geoffrey Hardyman and David Reed, driven by Tim Fish, were joined at Bridgnorth by a group including Gabriel and Olwen Lazlo, Charles Beresford, Michael Butterfield (the new Treasurer of the Old Cliftonian Society), Nigel Bishop, Alan Ormrod, Keith Warner, John Slater and David Kirkpatrick; together with two distinguished OC organists. Richard Popplewell was an organ scholar of King's College, Cambridge, going on to become Assistant Organist at St Paul's Cathedral, Director of Music at St Michael's, Cornhill, and from 1979-2000 Organist, Choirmaster and Composer at the Chapel Royal, St James' Palace. Coincidentally, when the Clifton organ was recommissioned in 1973 (exactly 100 years after its original installation) he gave an opening recital. John Pryer was Sub-Organist at Birmingham Cathedral assistant to Roy Massey, succeeding him as Organist in 1975; he later became Organist of Alexandra Palace and Organiste Titulaire of Birmingham Oratory. A roll-call of fine Clifton organists is impressive: one thinks in addition of Douglas Fox, Boris Ord, Sir David Willcocks, John Sykes and Evan Prentice.

The recital was given by Dr Roy Massey, from 1974-2001 Organist of Hereford Cathedral and a former President of the Royal College of Organists, with an international reputation as a recitalist. He had also been a pupil of Sir David Willcocks at Worcester Cathedral. His rare musicianship was brought to a programme carefully chosen and varied, designed to demonstrate the range and characteristic tonal qualities of Willis' historical instrument. In his introduction to the recital, Dr Massey expressed the gentle surprise that Clifton should have been unable to rehouse the organ, remarking that Clifton's loss was Bridgnorth's gain. The programme, with each item prefaced by short comments, included pieces by Salomé, Bach (*Toccata & Fugue in D Minor*) which we learned was not composed by Bach nor written for the organ, Haydn (*Three Pieces for a Musical Clock*), Mendelssohn (*Sonata in A Major, 1st Movement*), Elgar (*Chanson de Nuit, Chanson de Matin*), and Vierne. By way of contrast, the encore was Percy Grainger's attractive *jeu d'esprit, Handel in the Strand*.



(l to r) Lord Hamilton, Bishop Michael Hooper, Dr Roy Massey (all Patrons of the Organ appeal), Dr John Turnock - Organist & Director of Music at St Mary's, Rev Preb Andy Roberts - Rector of St Mary's, and Bishop John Oliver - a keen supporter of the appeal



Dr Roy Massey

The Trustees of the Saint Mary Magdalene Restoration Trust wish to thank all those who helped on Saturday evening at the 'Gala Organ' recital. - The success and attendance of over 250 could not have been achieved without the support and fellowship of the Old Cliftonian's Society. With John Pryer OC playing the organ and the O C's singing their school 'Carmen' it appeared that they were giving their blessing to 'Father Willis' in its new home. The Trustees intend to maintain this connection with Clifton and to forge Musical links between us both. (David Davies Secretary to the Trustees)

of rebuilding and installing the organ, St Mary's included a "Sponsor a Pipe" scheme, to which the Old Cliftonian Society responded by a donation for three pipes, dedicated to the memory of three outstanding Clifton Directors of Music;

Arthur Peppin (1896-1915), Douglas Fox (1931-1957) and Evan Prentice (1957-1966). It would be good to think that in church music circles it might become known as "the Clifton Father Willis." ■

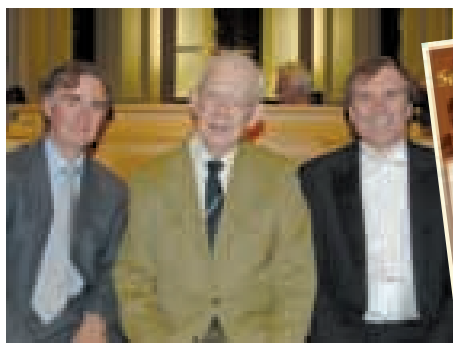
David Reed



The Clifton supporters!

During the social gathering over a glass of wine that followed the recital, the Clifton contingent was photographed in front of the organ; then in a splendid unscripted moment John Pryer sat down at the console and launched into Parry's great tune, prompting a spirited rendering of a verse of the School Song (complete with the time-honoured "pounce" on the word "jolly"), to general wonderment.

Clifton's loss of the organ must continue to be a matter of regret, but this is tempered by the recognition that it is housed in a beautiful building where it will be loved and looked after and available for a variety of musical events as well as enriching the pattern of worship. As part of the Appeal for funds to cover the very substantial cost



David Davies (Secretary to the organ appeal), Richard Popplewell OC and Dr John Turnock





PASTMASTERS:

In conversation with John Marsh

Born exactly seventy years ago, John Marsh was very much synonymous with Clifton's musical success in the post-Prentice years, serving as Assistant Director of Music at the College until 1999, some 34 years after he arrived as a young organist and teacher from Sutton Valence. The editor had the pleasure of interviewing John in June.

Where were you born?

At Bristol General Hospital in 1939. I am very proud of the fact that I am a "Bedminster boy" having been educated locally at the Mixed Infants School in St John's Lane and then at Victoria Park School.

Were you born into a musical family?

No. Dad was a painter/decorator and Mum was a tailoress and dressmaker. That said, Dad also painted watercolours in his spare time so they were both creative people in their own ways. My early introduction to music was via the radio. I was glued to it and especially enjoyed listening to *Music While You Work* and *Workers' Playtime*. My earliest memories are of wanting to play the piano at the age of 4; I was always improvising at home on the arm of a chair!

When did you start learning to play?

I was 5 when I started the piano. My parents agreed to lessons locally with the formidable Garjulo sisters in Wells Road who made it quite clear to their pupils that if they were no good after six months, they would have to go! The lessons cost a guinea a term, which must have been quite a lot for my parents to find, but Mum and Dad were very encouraging. My parents were very strict, mind you. I was brought up as a Strict Methodist – my Uncle was in charge of the Chapel at Windmill Hill and we went to Chapel three times on Sundays. As my playing improved, I was allowed to play the piano there, especially at the Women's Bright Hour.

What influence did your schooling have on you as far as music was concerned?

Enormous. When I passed my 11+ into Cotham Grammar I was soon spotted by the music master there who was also organist and choirmaster at St Mary, Redcliffe.

He told me that he wanted me to join the Choir there since he was trying to build it up, so I did – one did as one was told in those days! It was thanks to this that the whole rich and varied world of Church Music was opened up to me as a Choirboy. I had reached Grade 8 on the piano at this point and one day the curate, John Norton, heard me playing and suggested to the organist, Garth Benson, that he take me on as an organ student. I can still remember his imposing figure looming in front of me and saying gruffly "Gather you want to play the organ"! From then on I became his articled pupil at Redcliffe and by the age of 16 I was playing at the services there. I loved – still do – the Anglican hymns and, above all, the Psalms; it's such a pity that Psalms are no longer sung as a matter of course in churches today. Garth Benson was a fearsome teacher, but he had a huge influence on my musical development and, looking back, on my life as well. He had been an Organ Scholar at Cambridge under Boris Ord and it was Garth who eventually muttered to me that it might be a good idea if I

had a go. I was also having lessons with Douglas Fox and Alan Hemmings, the latter having such an influence on Pre music at the time. I used to cover Garth's piano lessons when he was away, and practise for hours in St Mary's. I got to know Douglas and Winifred Fox pretty well and was a regular visitor. Douglas was another formidable character – exploding with righteous anger one minute, utterly remorseful the next – and I used to turn the pages in the organ loft for him. He was a great man. I still have quite a lot of his music and inherited the piano in my sitting room from him.

Typically, you pass over the fact that you won a Scholarship to Cambridge.

Yes – to Trinity College. That was a marvellous time especially after such a strict family upbringing. Going to Cambridge opened up a whole new world for me. I met and made lots of musical friends, wrote music for concerts and revues, and didn't study nearly as much as I should have done! At Cambridge I came into contact with some great people, including Raymond Leppard and David Willcocks.



What do you recall of your time with Sir David?

He was, above all, an immensely clever man and we were all somewhat in awe of him. Busy, always busy, to the point sometimes of being almost manic. He, too, could be a martinet, especially with the Choir, but he was so talented. In my last year, whilst doing a DipEd, I ran the College's music to cover Leppard's sabbatical. That was a wonderful experience.

What happened next?

My teaching practice was at Sutton Valence School and, once I had got through that, they offered me a job teaching Music and English, which I loved. It was a small school, but the Head was very supportive as far as music was concerned and I thoroughly enjoyed my time there.

So why did you come to Clifton in 1965?

In September 1965 I got a 'phone call from Evan Prentice telling me that Clifton had a vacancy for an Assistant Director and could I attend an interview for the post the following day. Before I knew it, I had said "yes" and had to borrow a suit pretty quickly! Evan put me through my paces at the interview and Stephen McWatters talked at length about Mozart, and I was offered the job on the same day – and stayed for the next 34 years! Stephen McWatters was very donnish; highly intelligent and immensely supportive of music. We ended up playing duets together. Evan was another exceptional musician although I only had the benefit of working with him for two terms before his career was cut short by his tragic accident. I admired and respected him enormously. Another martinet when he chose to be, he was a very clever musician, technician, and a very good organist.

Peppin, McKie, Beachcroft, Fox, Prentice; Clifton seems to have attracted exceptionally talented Directors over the years. Why do you think this was so?

I think it was because Clifton was highly respected for its music and this attracted men of real stature and character. They were all first class musicians with immensely high standards to which they therefore expected their pupils to aspire. As a result, Clifton had a real name.

Who followed Prentice?

I did for two terms and then David Pettit arrived In January 1967. He was a real character, larger than life, over the top, amusing, and often putting his foot in

his mouth. Another very accomplished musician, we all had a hilarious time. It was great fun and music certainly flourished at the College, with a lot of applications from very able music scholars. I used to interview them, especially the candidates from the Choir Schools – Simon Beale was one such. I can remember him now, a funny little round thing bursting with potential and latent talent, especially for performance. We were also very well supported by the Heads. There were lots of musical events over and above the main ones – concerts, revues, musical evenings and so on.

Were there any clashes with sport?

Not really. David Pettit tended to get his way. The only time he was bested by sport was when a boy called Armstrong was due to play a Piano Concerto in the evening but insisted on playing cricket in the afternoon whereupon he promptly broke a finger. David was not amused!



David Pettit and Jack Britton.

How involved with College Chapel were you?

Very much. In those days we had services every Sunday and I played the organ. Chapel singing was very good and the boys were very supportive. I also took Congers. It was great and I had a whale of a time, leaping on seats, dancing on the radiators, hurling my gown at unfortunate pupils – anything to get their attention and full involvement!

How was Music organised then?

The Music School then was really a very dingy building but it produced some very good results. There were very few instrumental specialists then. We had some splendid ladies who taught singing, one of whom we had to banish to the top floor! Wind and brass specialists were unknown. These instruments were all taught by the band Master, an ex-military man called Tom Geggie. I can hear him now presiding over a pretty awful band practice, bellowing out "Walker, put your trombone down!" He taught 84 lessons a week. Specialists gradually started to appear in the late 1960s.

Why did you never apply for the post of Director?

Well, to be honest, I was told pretty firmly by one Head that "Clifton never made internal appointments" for this post. I'm glad in a funny way since not being Director gave me a certain freedom. In 1982, John Davenport took over. He was such a nice man, enthusiastic, lively, a very good musician being both a cellist and an organist (another King's Scholar), and always with a smile on his face. We worked well together and during his time we took over control of the Wind Band, and persuaded large numbers of sporting types to join the Choral Society; there were so many that Gwil Isaac and I would conduct rehearsals using two pianos. I was also involved with the Bristol Madrigal Society and we had regular concerts at the Colston Hall, where we combined with the girls of Clifton HS and Badminton. Their musical directors were formidable women and I was once drawn aside and given a severe reprimand for telling their girls during a rehearsal to "lift their chests" whilst singing. I was informed in no uncertain terms not to use the word "chest" but to use the word "ribcage" instead!

What makes a good musician?

Oh, that's a hard one. In the end, it has to be innate talent. You can, as a teacher, instil technique but not musicianship. I have known a lot of technically good pupils who lacked the emotional intelligence to transform technique into memorable performance. I have to admit, class teaching was not my forte! However, I always felt that if only one or two got something out of, for example, my rabbiting on about Bach, then it was worth it. It still surprises me when OCs come up to me and tell me that they owe their enjoyment of music to those lessons! I suppose I just tried to encourage people by being openly sympathetic to the limitations of this age-group. The tremendous influx of pop music during the 1960s had a huge effect, too. We could not, as teachers, retreat to our ivory towers and pretend it wasn't happening but rather use it as a platform to develop pupils' interest in music. House music, too, of course, is very important in this respect.

What are your fondest memories of Clifton?

Lots! Friendships, lots of characters, lots of common interests. We had marvellous times in those early days, whether it was appearing in the Pre production of *The Mikado*, or Staff plays, or doing revues à la Hinge and Brackett with John

Davenport. There was lots of getting together and mutual entertaining – it was a real community. One felt valued for what one did and for who one was. You were expected to be of a certain calibre and people accepted you for that and respected what you could offer. It was a very happy time. If I am honest, I did not enjoy my last few years. I was used to boys and being involved in their musical development, and I found the transition to co-education not easy. Changes in attitude towards behaviour and discipline were also unsettling for my generation, and we began to feel that our personal standards were being challenged and devalued.

You came to my rescue at a difficult time for Pre Music. What do you remember about that?

Oh, it was such great fun. I had been just teaching piano part-time and, after years of being really involved with Clifton music, I have to say that I was not enjoying the experience. Running the Pre's music for a time made me feel valued again, and taking the Pre Choir was such a refreshing experience. The children were so enthusiastic and affectionate and I found my last Sunday Service with them a very emotional moment. There was such a lot of music in the Pre and it was always full of life, and the Common Room made me feel very welcome. A very happy time!

When did you finally retire?

At the end of the Summer Term 1999.

Did you miss Clifton?

Actually, no. I have always been one for moving on.

What are you doing now?

Lots. I'm Director of Music and Organist at the Lord Mayor's Chapel, and am very proud of the fact that I have just completed my Doctorate at the Birmingham Conservatoire. This involved, amongst other things, a dissertation on Aesthetics and a composition entitled *Songs of Earth and Heaven*.

How would you characterize your composition?

English pastoral. I have been very influenced by English composers, especially Vaughan Williams. I am so pleased that his music is enjoying a reassessment. He was much influenced by folk music and 16th Century modality, and his work is highly emotional. He was a superb setter of words, a conjuror of pictures and emotions; there is great humanity about his music. Elgar, too, is a great influence. His work is pure emotion and very personal. I have just finished a set of songs, and a new work for the 125th

Anniversary of the Bath Choral Society, entitled *Remembering*. And then there's my garden, which I love, socializing and going out with friends, going to antique fairs (I love collecting china, as you can see), and walking. I still don't really know where composing comes from – I could certainly never teach it, it's too personal.

John, you come across as having had a full and happy life. Any regrets?

Not really. I nearly became a Cathedral organist (Canterbury) but I couldn't face it. I sometimes wonder if I did the best for my parents whose ill-health was one of the main reasons I stayed in Bristol. I hope so. Did I do what was right? It wasn't an easy time.

Is faith important for you?

Yes, but in a pretty uncomplicated way. Faith always seems to have been there as part of me and part of my life. Theological niceties have never worried or concerned me. I love the 1662 Prayer Book – it provides the mystery I need because I just don't know what the truth really is in this respect.

Why is music important in education?

It's a civilizing influence. Some of the most civilized people I have met are musicians or music teachers. Music puts people in touch with part of themselves which nothing else does. It has an immediate appeal, moving even the hardest of hearts, and it's right that children should meet their emotions head on and learn not to be afraid of them. I think it is very important to have music available. I don't like music exams or competitions. Life would be so less rich even at the humblest level without music – children's lives need enriching in this day and age of measurement. It's a liberating influence, like Drama. People need to have this wider vision because teaching today is far too prescriptive.

If you had one memory of Clifton and one piece of music to take on your proverbial desert island, what would they be?

Memory of Clifton? Hearing the whole School sing in Chapel. I found that always uplifting, especially when they sang my *Anthem for Peace* – it bowled me over. One piece of music? Mozart's *Requiem*. But then there is, again, Vaughan Williams' *Toward the Unknown Region* or *Sea Symphony*; and then there's Elgar's *Symphonies* and his *Allegro for Strings* – oh dear, that's four or five already!

John, it's been a pleasure talking to you and thank you for your time, and for all that you have given Clifton music over the years. ■

PASTMASTERS: Gwilym Isaac

Many a Clifton musician has had to start somewhere, and for quite a few this meant an early introduction to Music in the Pre, and the early influence of Gwil Isaac. Together with John Marsh and several Directors of Music, he forged a partnership to which the present quality of the College's music owes much.

Gwil was born in 1931 in Pentre, Wales. His was a musical household. His father, like so many of his fellow countrymen, loved to sing and was Precentor at the local Welsh Baptist Church. Like so many of his generation, he was not blessed with much choice and it is probable that he exorcized his frustrations at not being able to make more of a career in music by encouraging his son in that direction. By the age of 6, Gwil was playing the piano and, in his own words, "was a precocious little *****"! His early memories of piano lessons revolved around visits to the home of his teacher, Jack Foulds. Gwil recalls him as,

"a delightful man. Jack and Florrie had eight cats in their three-bedroom house, with a keyboard in every room. He set me on the road as it were – they were a lovely couple."

As with John Marsh, it was going to Grammar School, in Gwil's case Oswestry, that opened his eyes to a world of musical possibilities. "It changed my life", is his simple verdict. Grammar School introduced him to the Chapel and, more importantly, to the organ, with which he fell in love. Clearly a talented youth, for whilst continuing piano lessons it was some time before he had any formal organ teaching, he was encouraged by the local parish organist,

Leslie Calvert, to take it seriously, and Gwil won both the Under 16 and Over 16 prizes at the National Eisteddfod, playing Bach's G minor. With this background, he was encouraged to go for an Organ Scholarship at Cambridge where he found that he was up against a huge field. Not getting this was a blow at the time but, characteristically, Gwil looks back on this disappointment as positive since, had he won this award, his life would subsequently have panned out rather differently.

National Service followed, as it did in those days for many school leavers. Gwil remembers "ritual square-bashing" and a request to go to Germany in the mistaken belief that such a posting would afford him plenty of opportunities to play the organ! It was an important experience for him and he believes that it did many people a lot of good in terms of making them grow up and get life into perspective.

On his return to Wales, the priest of Holy Trinity, Oswestry, managed to wangle Gwil an introduction to Hereford Cathedral where he was taken on by Meredith Davies as an articulated pupil, a sort of equivalent to an organ scholar. Davies was a huge influence on Gwil's musical development and also introduced his young protégé to whisky! At Hereford, Gwil, of course, became involved with the Three Choirs festival, meeting such luminaries as Vaughan Williams and Herbert Howells – "When Herbert called me Gwilliam for the first time, I could have licked his boots", Gwil recalls and, all through his life, Gwil has retained a love of Psalms and Psalm singing.

In 1953, he went to the Royal College of Music where he remembers having a wonderful time. His mentor and teacher was the eminent Dr Sidney Campbell. Gwil claims that he did not work very hard, and the fact that he appears to have secured a regular slot as a Saturday night performer at the Chelsea Palace may indeed support his assessment! During his last term at the RCM openings appeared at both Southwark and Canterbury and Gwil ended up going down to Kent. Typically modest, he insists that he was "no whizz-kid" and that he had to learn an awful lot in order to cope with the demands of the Cathedral. Some thirty voluntaries alone were required every week and there were strict rules when it came to improvising (anyone who has heard Gwil play knows how good he is at this). Carried away at one stage by what he felt to be rather an elegant piece of musicianship, he once

ignored and then kept the Dean waiting, much to that cleric's evident fury. Four years on, an opportunity arose to go to San Antonio, Texas, but this was to prove but a short interlude and, in a funny way, the catalyst for the rest of Gwil's career. Back on leave, he was encouraged to apply for a post at Bradfield College. Nothing came of this but, back in America, he soon received a letter from Stephen McWatters offering him a job – his reputation had evidently preceded him! And so the Clifton chapter began, arriving at the airport to be met with the Bursar in December 1965, who promptly installed him in Northcote Road. As it happened, John Marsh joined at the same time, and the pair bumped into each other in January 1966 on their way to the Music School. Thus began a long and productive friendship. Both had to play for Evan Prentice, Gwil playing the Bach B minor, eliciting the observation from Prentice, "Oh – I see you keep your elbows



Gwil playing at the Commem Service 1996.

pushed in when you play!"

The Pre's music had been in the hands of Alan Hemmings, but he had left, so Gwil was immediately given the responsibility – "Director of Music in all but name" as McWatters carefully put it. Music facilities were virtually non-existent, lessons taking place in classrooms or the Pre Hall. With the advent of Jim Hornby, space was created in Cambridge House and Gwil remembers assisting in its creation by personally wielding a sledge-hammer as walls were knocked down and areas opened up. Gwil typically understates his influence on Pre music. Under his guidance, and with the full support of both Jim Hornby and Roger Trafford, recorders ceased to be the main focus and, as the years rolled by, he established

a proper Music Department with a wide range of specialists. Mothers were cajoled into making proper gowns for the choir and he expanded this, using his cathedral experience to lay the foundations of a strong choral tradition that is still very much a feature of the Pre today.

In 1995, Gwil retired, although, along with John Marsh, he was inveigled out of retirement to come and play the organ for the Pre during a hiatus between Music Directors. I have immensely fond memories of his enthusiasm, slightly naughty sense of humour, and the unique way in which he took Congers in the Pre hall – the children simply had no idea what hit them! On retirement, he gave all his organ music away, having the wisdom and humility to realise that to play at the level which gave him any sort of satisfaction required a commitment to practice which was now beyond him. The consolation that went with this act is the fact that he proudly claims that he has not played a wrong note for the past 14 years! When asked about Clifton memories, not surprisingly Chapel stands out – "It's a wonderful building and I loved what went on in there and I loved the work. I can't understand why anyone doesn't appreciate the place."

Gwil still comes across as a thoughtful, sensitive and wise soul whose belief in the importance of music in education stems from the fact that he has always seen music as a universal language, bringing people together and giving them not only opportunities for fun but also for achievement. One particular pupil typified this for Gwil, a certain Ben Hughes-Games. "Not a promising organist" was Gwil's initial assessment and yet man and boy worked hard over the years and Ben finally managed a Grade 8. "He and his parents were so proud of this and I was so proud of him" Gwil recently commented, and the fact that he sees this as one of the great successes of his life tells one volumes about the man and the teacher.

Gwil has no regrets. He has always seen disappointments as being opportunities rather than failures, and he looks back with immense fondness on his time at Clifton – "It was a great place to end one's career and I have so many wonderful memories of great occasions when the choir sang so well in that marvellous Chapel." He feels that he has been very lucky; I reckon that it is a feeling shared, in no small part thanks to his efforts, by many Cliftonians. ■

MUSIC TODAY

The current year has witnessed a major rebuild of the Clifton College Music School. The original music school was opened in 1897 and it represented a milestone for the school in that Clifton was one of the first public schools to have a dedicated building for music.

The music school was extended in the 1960s to accommodate the school's flourishing music and this new facility was opened by the late Yehudi Menuhin. In recent times it became clear that the fabric of the building was in a state of disrepair and it was a source of major excitement when a substantial bequest from Joseph Cooper (OC) enabled the College to press ahead with ambitious plans for a refurbishment. Architect Mark Webber (OC) was appointed to prepare plans and construction work commenced in August 2008.

The original 1897 building is retained in the refurbishment but the 1960s extension was demolished to make space for a state of the art new building, incorporating a recording suite and three music technology classrooms. The finished result is startling: old and new are seamlessly fused, light pours into the building from newly installed roof windows, many new sound insulated practice rooms have been created and new instruments have been purchased, including a Yamaha grand piano for the Recital Hall.

The current list of music groups is diverse: chapel choir, string orchestra, orchestra, swing band, soul band, recorder consort, rock workshops, jazz workshops, A cappella singing and much more besides. The new Music School will offer every group excellent rehearsal facilities and staff and pupils alike are extremely excited at the possibilities which lie ahead.

Since being appointed Director of Music, in September 2002, the pupils and staff have been involved in much varied and memorable music making. Here follows an A-Z account of some of the highlights...

'A' is for **Academic music**, which has flourished in recent years. Many Cliftonians choose to take GCSE and A-level music and recent results have been impressive. The course structures, determined by QCA, have evolved over time and the three main areas of study are listening, performing and composing. Whilst not groundbreaking in their conception, the methods by which these skills are taught and examined have changed dramatically,

undoubtedly widening the appeal of music; musicians from all backgrounds, whether classical or contemporary, can enjoy the fun of discovering music. 'A' is also for **A cappella**, referring to the wonderfully talented group of chamber musicians who sing in this leading school group. Their recent performances (mimicking the style of the legendary King's Singers) at school concerts and at OC events have been warmly received and the group continues to grow in strength. By no means least, 'A' is also for **Advent Sunday**, one of my favourite chapel services of the year and well attended by local residents in Clifton. The 2004 service is especially vivid in my mind, as I recall the girls' performance of *A Ceremony of Carols* by Benjamin Britten.

And so to 'B's, and firstly to **Bude**. In September 2005 the chapel choir made a day trip to Cornwall to sing Morning Prayer at St Olaf's, Poughill; this marked the 60th anniversary of the school's return to Clifton in 1945. Following the service the choir enjoyed an afternoon on the beach at Bude, eating barbecued food and playing games. Two years later, in July 2007, the choir returned to Cornwall, this time to Fowey, for a brief music tour which combined surfing with singing!

'B' reminds me also of 'blue': Harvey Brough's *Requiem in Blue*, which was performed to a packed chapel in November 2001. Harvey Brough (perhaps best known with his group Harvey and the Wallbangers) played alongside Gerard Presencer (Flugelhorn), Jacqueline Dankworth (daughter of John Dankworth

and Cleo Laine) and several other amazing jazz musicians. What made the event so special was the inclusion of many Cliftonian musicians, who were invited to form a backing choir for the performance. 'B' also stands for **Big School Concerts** and **Battle of the Bands**, two annual events which are firm fixtures in the Clifton calendar. There is clearly a very long and distinguished history of Big School concerts, and a good number of programmes have been discovered as the music school was packed, charting concerts right back to the late nineteenth century. Battle of the Bands was initially conceived as a fiercely fought competition between rock bands, but in more recent times has become a celebration of all Clifton's best rock talent.

For 'C' we must first mention **Chapel Choir**. They are one of the busiest ensembles in the college, singing at a very large number of services during the term. They are called into service for special services and in recent years these have included the memorial services for Dr Hallward in May 2004 and this year for John Barratt. Away from college the choir has been invited to sing at a number of prestigious venues in London (St Paul's Cathedral and St Martin-in-the Fields) and at Salisbury Cathedral (October 2005) Gloucester Cathedral (February 2007) and Hereford Cathedral (January 2008). 'C' is for **Commemoration Concert** and this annual event has produced some fine performances over recent years. Two highlights for me were Katie Samuel's (WT) rendition of *The Lark Ascending* (Vaughan Williams) in May 2003 and the string orchestra's performance the following year of *Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis*, written by the same composer.

A 'C' not to be missed is the annual **Choral Congers Concert** which was started in Lent term 2004. This grew out of the Choral Society and is a singing concert designed for the whole school. Every Upper School pupil takes part in weekly rehearsals each Saturday morning during the Lent Term, leading up to a whole school performance at the end of the term. The accompaniment is provided by a 12 piece brass ensemble (with percussion), yet during the climactic points of 'Jerusalem', both the players and chapel organ are drowned out by the volume produced by the school!

'D' is easy: Rachel Skinner's production of *Dido and Aeneas* (Purcell), in Lent Term 2004. On a tight rehearsal schedule and budget Rachel (a former singing teacher) produced a quite outstanding show in the college chapel. She built on this success with excerpts from Mozart's *The Magic Flute* (2005) and in May 2006 with scenes from *Carmen* (Bizet). In May 2007 Luke Bond took charge of proceedings in a delightful production of *Little Shop of Horrors*. For 'D' we must also mention **DJ lessons**, taken



with DJ Mark! This recent innovation has proved very popular with pupils.

October 2007 saw our first ever guitar clinic with **Elliott Randall**; our entry for 'E'. This extraordinary occasion was led in entirety by Elliott and we were all wowed by his musicianship, technique and personal warmth. Randall has played the well-known guitar solos from Steely Dan's hit *Reelin' in the Years* and *Fame*. Legendary Led Zeppelin guitarist Jimmy Page has said that Randall's solo on *Reelin' in the Years* is his favourite guitar solo of all time so it was a privilege to have him coaching our students.

Two 'F's bring back fond musical memories; the first, **Fine Arts Brass Ensemble**, made a visit to Clifton in January 2004 and this world renowned group returned in 2006. With their brand of wit, musicianship and sheer class they made a sensational impact on both visits. Whatever they turned their skills to they captivated the pupils' imaginations. I recall them playing the themes from *The Antiques Roadshow* and *Ground Force* to the obvious delight of the Pre pupils and then, in the evening concert, producing stunning playing in both classical and jazz genres. The other 'F', in June 2006, was the **Gerald Finzi 50th Anniversary Concert** in the College Chapel, featuring the Chapel Choir and Brunel Sinfonia. The programme, which included *God is gone up*, *Romance* for string orchestra, the Clarinet Concerto and *Welcome Sweet and Sacred Feast* produced some exquisite musical moments.

Giles Nuttall, an outstanding guitarist and current pupil, is my first entry for 'G'. His solo recital in March of this year was one of the finest individual musical efforts that I have had the privilege to listen to at Clifton. Switching effortlessly between classical and contemporary electric he produced a consummate performance. 'G' is also for **St George's**, the wonderful concert venue off Park Street which is in walking distance from College. Sir Simon Rattle has described the hall as having one of the finest acoustics in Europe and it is easy to see why pupils enjoy playing their annual spring orchestral concert in such fabulous surroundings. Each subsequent year provides more treats as the standard is propelled ever higher.

At the risk of sounding like Christopher Smart, 'H' is for **Houses**, or more specifically House-based music competitions and evenings. The strength of Clifton is built on the House system, and the annual House Music Competitions and concerts provide a remarkable variety and standard of performance. There are solo, chamber and whole house competitions, but, without a shadow of doubt, the most keenly fought and most eagerly awaited is the part-song competition. In recent years the standard

has gone quite literally through the roof and there have been occasions when selecting a winner has been an invidious and unenviable task!

'I' might well be for **informal** concerts and indeed informal music making in general. One of the delights of the Clifton music scene is the depth of musical ingenuity and inventiveness. There are numerous groups, including rock groups, barber-shop and Cambridge Footlights impersonators who meet simply for their own pleasure. Not all of what they produce reaches the public ear (indeed not all of it may be quite so suitable...) but it forms a continuous thread in the musical life.

'J' for **Joseph Cooper** and 'K' for **Kadoorie Cup** are synonymous names with music at Clifton. The considerable donation given by Joseph Cooper has been mentioned at the beginning of this article, indeed the formal opening of the Music School, on Thursday 24th September by Sir David Willcocks (OC), will be the occasion when the building is renamed the Joseph Cooper Music School. The Kadoorie Cup competition, held each year in May, is still the premier solo music competition at Clifton. It is open to any musician who has reached grade 7 standard. Competition is stiff and there is no room for sentiment; in some schools there is bias towards leavers or 'good musical eggs', but not here! The winner is selected entirely on musical merit and, as if to prove that point, the current Kadoorie Cup holder is Oliver Gittings (ST, 3rd form).

Music and Readings for Lent is my choice for 'L'. This very special occasion is scheduled each year towards the end of the Lent term and has become a flagship performance opportunity for the Chapel Choir. Initially conceived as an intimate homily, the nature of the occasion has evolved and in recent years larger scale works have been sung. These include Fauré's *Requiem* (March 2007), Stainer's *The Crucifixion* (March 2008) and Duruflé's *Requiem* (March 2009).

The first 'M' that springs to mind is **Master-Classes**, which are our opportunities for pupils to work alongside truly world-class musicians and learn from their expertise. Members of the Fine Arts Brass Ensemble, Harvey Brough and Elliott Randall have already been mentioned, but there are two further musicians whose master-classes and



evening recitals remain vivid in the memory. Violinist Marat Bisengaliev's visit to Clifton in May 2004 was an astonishing occasion, equalled only by John Lill's piano tour-de-force in September 2005. Just three months later, in December 2005, came Handel's *Messiah*, worthy of a mention for 'M'. The Chapel Choir were joined by a professional orchestra and soloists in a memorable performance (in entirety) of this magnificent work. Three of the soloists, Margaret Thomas (soprano), Patrick Lee-Browne (counter-tenor) and Tim Meunier (Bass), were then current staff members. Thinking about Patrick and Tim I cannot imagine a greater combined musical talent on any other Senior Management Team in the land! Clifton was indeed fortunate to have such singers in their midst. It was an astonishing achievement for a group of (non-auditioned) school pupils; all the hard work paid off in a night that I will never forget.

'N' can be nothing else but the **New Music School!** This has been mentioned several times before, if you hadn't noticed, but, as you might have guessed, we are rather pleased with the outcome!

And so to 'O' for **organs** and **organists**. In my time at Clifton the following organists have held post at the college; Jeremy Holland-Smith, Tom Day, Mark Swinton, Ronny Krippner, Luke Bond and most recently Andy Dewar. All have brought different skills and perspectives to the post and there are memorable highlights of these years. Two in particular are Mark Swinton's performance of *La Nativité du Seigneur* (Messiaen) in January 2005 and, more recently, Andy Dewar's remarkable transcription of the Liszt B Minor piano sonata. I also have fond memories of Luke Bond's delightful organ accompaniment at the Hereford Cathedral evensong.

The chapel organ has undergone regular maintenance work and the reservoir and

wind-trunking were all replaced by Harrison and Harrison last summer. This has reduced the excessive wind noise produced by the organ and has ensured that it remains one of the finest instruments in the country. Numbers of organ pupils are on the increase which is a very pleasing trend, and I am pleased to announce that the first recipient of the Sir Charles Villiers Stanford Organ Prize is Oliver Gittings (previously mentioned as winner of the Kadoorie Cup – on violin!)

'P' is synonymous with **The Prom on the Close**, Clifton's annual open air concert on the Close. Started in 2001 it has grown to become one of the largest musical parties in Bristol, regularly attracting audiences of several thousand people. Guest soloists have included José Carreras, Lesley Garrett, Aled Jones, Russell Watson and the vocal group All Angels, but a most significant feature has been the inclusion of Clifton musicians in the line-up of performers. Groups such as the Soul Band and Swing Band have featured as warm-up acts ahead of the main concert, and increasingly pupils have been invited to perform in the main concert itself. Julia Hwang (violin), Laura Creese and Elleri Hughes (sopranos) and the chapel choir are cases in point. It remains the most extraordinary end of term school concert of any school that I know and long may it continue!

'Q' reminds me of the upper school's **Clarinet Quintet**. This premier chamber group is formed entirely of pupils under the age of 13 and they are working on Mozart's fine composition for this combination. They play with poise and musical understanding well beyond their years and my thanks go to Richard Crabtree and Sara Temple, head of strings and wind respectively, for their dedication in coaching this ensemble.

Radio broadcasts is our first entry for 'R', referring to the succession of invitations that the College Choir has received to perform on BBC National Radio. The Choir has twice sung for the Daily Service on Radio 4 and recorded a further two shows for Sunday Half Hour on Radio 2. These occasions have given the pupils tremendous insight into how the BBC go about their professional work and, in turn, the pupils have received warm accolades from a discerning national audience.

'R' also reminds me of **Rotary Youth Concerts** which started in 2005 and have been repeated biannually. These concerts have featured the very best talent from local Bristol schools and have also featured the winning soloists from the prestigious Rotary Young Musician of the Year Competition. Cliftonians have risen to the challenge to give their very best performances and needless to say have not been found lacking in such esteemed company. The association



with the Rotary club of Bristol has been most fruitful and I hope it will continue.

Summer Serenade, formerly known as the Baroque Concerto Concert, is now a firm fixture in the early part of the summer term. Richard Crabtree, Head of Strings, has nurtured this event since its inception and given it a firm standing in the College calendar. Our most talented music scholars are given the opportunity to perform part of a concerto movement with a professional orchestra, which this year was made up of members of the Philharmonia Orchestra from London. The highlight of the evening was a faultless rendition of Mozart's *Sinfonia Concertante* with soloists Julia Hwang (violin) and Lana Trimmer (viola). 'S' is also for **Soul Band** and this group has become one of the most successful music groups of our time. As early as November 2006 Toby Carden (then Head of Wind and Brass) had organised a salsa evening with dancing in the JCR and this group of pupils later formed the current Soul Band. This summer the band is travelling to Portugal on tour to give live performances.

This leads nicely on to 'T' for **tours**, of which Clifton has undertaken many. Visits to Florence (2003), Barcelona (2005) and Venice (2007) are clear highlights. There are many happy memories of such visits which were a union of music and fun; friendships were cemented and many lifelong musical memories remain. A special moment for me was performing *Versa est in luctum* (Alonso Lobo) in the 11th century monastery in Montserrat, high in the mountains overlooking Barcelona, and centre of the Catalan faith.

'U' can really only stand for **Unplugged**, the impressive acoustic guitar nights that Jerry Crozier-Cole organises each year. So much Clifton musical talent comes to light on such occasions which bears testament to his efforts and indeed the hard work put in by many others teachers (of which more to come! There is room to mention yet more Clifton talent with 'V' for **virtuosi**, the select group of highly talented pupils for which music practice is a way of life! In my time there have been breathtaking performances by Liv-Marie Fletcher WT (violin, October 2004), Laura Creese OH (soprano, April

2006), Ha-Young Jung WoH (double bass, April 2007) and more recently by Julia Hwang, Lana Trimmer and Oliver Gittings.

Visiting Music Teachers (VMTs) must not be forgotten under 'V'. This large team of visiting tutors (currently around 30 in total) give very dedicated service to pupils and ensure they gain the bedrock of skills which enable them to achieve so much in their collective ensemble music making. The range of instruments and styles taught by these teachers is immense; they are aided (as indeed am I) by a dedicated support network of incredible people including Allison Durrans (Music Administrator) and Dean Ashfield and his ever-helpful team of porters.

The **Worshipful Company of Musicians** prize, awarded annually by this prestigious national organisation, recognises the contribution of an upper sixth leaver to music over a number of years. The award is funded by a very generous OC and we are most grateful for that continuing support; the current recipient is Nicholas Bromilow ET (2009) and he takes over from Jessica Crabtree WoH.

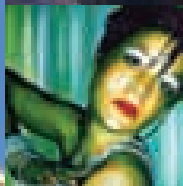
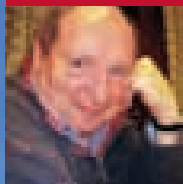
And so to 'X'. The dictionary offered me fewer than ten words in total to get me out of this alphabetical dilemma, and I could think of nothing in particular to write about Xenakis, the French composer of Romanian birth, born to Greek parents! So it has to be **Xylophone**, and my recollections of some astonishing performances by Adam Briggs ST on this wonderful instrument. As he progressed the school eventually purchased its own marimba and I vividly recall Adam's performance of *Zimba Zimba* by Goff Richards at St George's in a clever arrangement by Jeremy Holland-Smith.

Yehudi Menuhin is commonly considered one of the twentieth century's greatest violin virtuosi and it was he who opened what was the new music wing in the 1960s. When this building was demolished to make way for the new extension we came across a framed photo, signed by Menuhin, marking that particular milestone in Clifton's history. This frame will be displayed in the new building.

And so finally to 'Z' for **Bristol Zoo**, worthy of a mention because of its proximity to the music school and also because of the close relationship that we enjoy. There are legendary stories of boys deliberately allowing monkeys to climb through an open window in the main recital hall to rile Douglas Fox, and whilst today's pupils are rather kinder we must still have the only music school in the country whose Associated Board practical exams can be interrupted by the deafening roar of lions... ■

James Hills
Director of Music

the Cliftonian



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Charlie Colquhoun

David Hume, the 18th century Scottish philosopher, argued that when we experience something, it creates an “impression” in our minds, and that when we recall that experience at a later date, the “idea” which we conjure up is a “faint copy” of the original “impression”.

Charlie Colquhoun certainly made a vivid impression on all those with whom he came into contact, but the recollection of him will never be “faint”. He was a larger than life character, with copious *joie de vivre*, and his untimely death cast a long shadow over the whole Clifton community. The facts and figures of his time at Clifton are, of course, worthy of note and of celebration, but Charlie was never a slave to what could be measured. To him, the measurable and quantifiable were the antithesis of the true and proper aims of education, which entailed becoming and being a “good egg” – not just at school, but in life. Teaching for him was therefore an intensely personal endeavour, and an art, and he was one of its finest exponents, an “Old Master”.

Charlie arrived at Clifton in 1984, when he began work in Derek Winterbottom’s History Department, and as George Cross’s House Tutor in Watson’s. Over the following 24 years, he would serve four Head Masters with distinction, and his presence would be felt in countless areas of school life. In the classroom, he was immensely popular with the pupils, and delivered memorable lessons and excellent results, for which he rarely took the credit he deserved. He was the resident expert on 20th Century Totalitarianism, and Room 10 was a treasure chest of memorabilia (military as well as sporting). In an earlier period, when A Levels were a “proper exam”, he exuded the same kind of authority as a “Tudors and Stuarts man” – he seemed to have an instinctive feel for tyrants and megalomaniacs! He adored the highways and byways of historical narrative, and was never short of “fascinating facts” and “biographical trivia”, from which he learnt profound lessons about the human condition. One recent favourite was the story of Effraim



Nahum, which came to light when Charlie was contacted (as OC Secretary) by Pembroke College, Cambridge, with news of a scholarship in Nahum’s memory. He had been at Polack’s in the early 1930’s, and then had a stellar academic career at Cambridge, before being killed in an air raid in 1942. But what especially appealed to Charlie was Nahum’s devotion to various Marxist causes, his support for the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War and, best of all, the naming of a Red Army unit in his honour!

Charles Murray Etheridge Colquhoun was born on July 21st 1953 in Salisbury. Family life was quite itinerant, and after a brief dose of the village school in Failand, he went to The Downs and then to Blundell’s, where he excelled at sport – he was in a Nationals’ winning Fives pair with Vic Marks, and captained the XI in 1972, a team which included both Vic Marks and Jeremy Lloyds. He

was, in his 20’s, very active in the Old Blundellian Cricket Club, and played for the Free Foresters. At school, he came under the wing of the extremely charismatic Master-in-charge of cricket, John Patrick, who was an important influence on his subsequent teaching career. On leaving Blundell’s, he tried his hand at Surveying, and then picked up some work experience at The Downs. He had now discovered his vocation, and spent three years at St. Paul’s College in Cheltenham, and a fourth at Bristol University. Charlie returned to work at The Downs (1977 – 1984), where he made a lasting impression on the pupils, and on a young colleague, Jean, whom he married in September 1981. Once at Clifton, he began to make his mark on the sporting life of the College, running the XV (1985-87), the XI (1988-93), Fives (1985-93) and Rackets (1988-92). He enjoyed huge success in all these roles, which he always put down to the boys in his charge, but he was the one who identified, encouraged and led them, and he loved to win, especially against Cheltenham, Marlborough and Sherborne! Nevertheless, despite this intensely competitive streak, what set him apart was an often unspoken conviction that the Corinthian ideal of taking part really was *the point* – if you weren’t meeting people, making friends and enjoying the journey, you might as well not have bothered.

Charlie continued to play his part with various sports’ teams, and was, at various times, a much loved Tutor in School House, West Town and Polack’s. In 2005, when PH closed, he wrote me a wonderful letter, in red ink (“the use of the socialist pen is entirely appropriate and deliberate”), in which he remarked that he had tried to “embrace (Polackians) for what they bring to our lives.” It seemed

to me then, and still does today, that this was his secret – he embraced *people*, and what they “bring to our lives”, and this made him such great company and such a great friend.

His enduring achievements at Clifton will be Moberly’s and the OC Society. The merger of Brown’s and Dakyns’ was fraught with difficulty, but Charlie’s inclusive and dynamic approach yielded a rich harvest – he established a fresh template, and ran a modern, vibrant House, where all the boys felt part of the project, without in any way disrespecting the two previous regimes. When he moved on to the Secretaryship of the OC Society, he knew that Tom Gover would be a hard act to follow, but once again he came up trumps, with new ideas and a passionate commitment to the organization, which would build on what had gone before.

In a speech at St. Paul’s School in July 1946, Field Marshal Montgomery told his *alma mater* that education of the young can “only succeed...if we pay great attention to certain basic fundamentals, and these are Leadership, Morale and Discipline.” Charlie would have appreciated the sentiment, but he also embodied those virtues himself – he was unquestionably a leader, and he was also great for morale, because time spent in his company always made you feel good. As for discipline, he was a prime example of how being ferociously well organized, in an almost effortless way, could enable you to get on with the really important things in life. It was ironic that in January 2009, at a staff INSET (not Charlie’s favourite activity!), the speaker, a distinguished Scottish Professor of Education, should ask himself the question (and I paraphrase): “After 40 years in education, what does it all come down to? In one word – Relationships.” Charlie would have approved, because that was his *raison d’être*. When he died of cancer at the age of 55, it came as a dreadful shock, and a wave of emotion was detonated amongst all those who knew him, as was amply demonstrated at the “Service of Thanksgiving” in October 2008. There were floods of tears, both of sadness and of laughter, and I guess he would have approved.

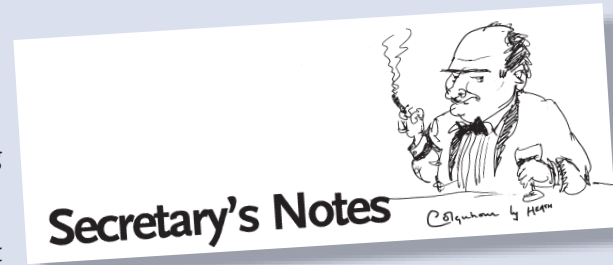
He leaves a widow, Jean, and their two daughters, Katherine and Emma (both OC’s), and we wish them well as they try to rebuild their lives without a much-loved husband and father. ■

Jo Greenbury – President of the SCR

The Cliftonian Magazines

It is sometimes said that we are what we read. It could equally be argued that we are what we write and nothing exemplifies this more, perhaps, than the Clifton magazines that were produced under Charlie Colquhoun’s leadership.

His publications, starting with the *OC Magazine* and then, eventually, overseeing the amalgamation of this with *The Cliftonian*, were characterized by being colourful, full of fun, buoyant and informative. His sense of humour and love of life permeates through them all yet, typically, never at the expense of respect for the past and its traditions.



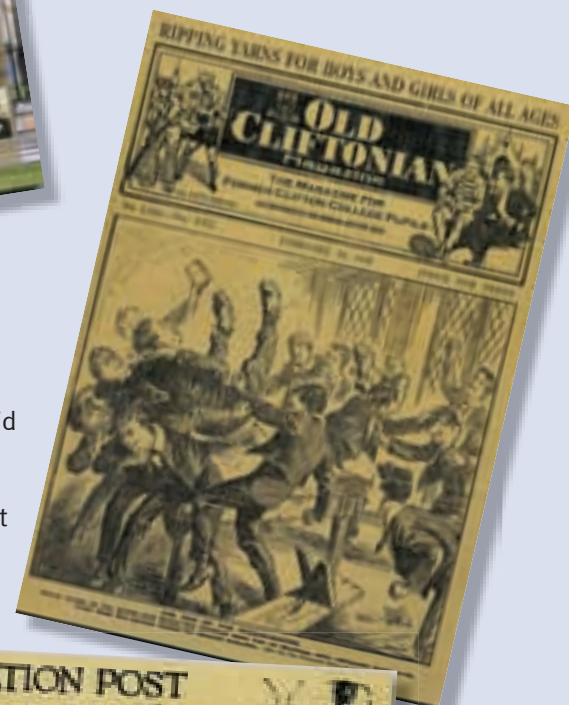
It was thus somewhat typical of the man that his last edition, published just before his death (and how pleased he was in hospital to know that he had lived to see it come out) should open with two quotes from the past. The first was from ST Irwin, who taught at Clifton from 1876 to 1911 and who left behind a volume of speeches and addresses with which Charlie could readily identify;

So long as the standard of manners in places like this is kept up, there is no danger from without. Such places are not brought down except by themselves.

(continued over)



Charlie was too good a historian to let that happen, and too good a schoolmaster to approve of shallow mockery. So, whilst there is plenty of tongue-in-cheek – witness the splendid cover of the 2006 edition of the *Old Cliftonian* with *faux* Perry and Mathias to the fore – there was plenty, too, that instructed and underlined the past properly approached and understood.

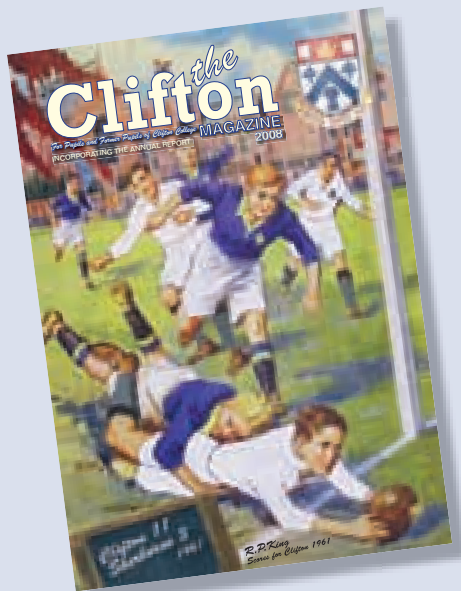




The second was from Oscar Thomson, writing in 1927 about his hopes for his children, and concluding;

I would rather my children would have hardship and live deeply, than an easy road and live superficially.

Live deeply was, in many ways, a fitting epitaph for Charlie and he most certainly set that example to all with whom he came into contact and thus will his legacy blossom and grow in the years to come. He saw *The Cliftonian* as having a vital role to play in this. For him, the magazine was both a way of bringing the generations together in a shared experience and reinforcing the educational nature of the whole place, both as a living historical document relating to the College, and as a guardian of those values and standards for which he believed the College stood and continues to stand today. In the end,



he liked to ask “What are schools such as Clifton for?” and he had few doubts as to the answer to that question. For him, Clifton was all about values and standards of behaviour which were permanent, non-negotiable and life-sustaining. His magazines reflect this. I hope, thus, that future editions will be able to acknowledge and develop this legacy and I can hear him now as I conclude saying to me through slightly gritted teeth accompanied by that characteristic twinkle in the eye, “Well done, Bob – it’s all going terribly well.” Yes, Charlie, I think it probably is.

RJA

Wiseman’s

My involvement in running a boarding house began many years ago, around 1980, when I was a Tutor in School House at Rugby School under the then Housemaster, J C Marshall. Rugby School at that time was a fairly rough, tough environment, an all-boys’ school with a few sixth-form girls.

This experience was then augmented when my wife was appointed sixth-form Housemistress at a genteel boarding school for young ladies in North Yorkshire and I was involved in the House as “Housemistress’ spouse”. These two experiences were polar opposites but provided me with useful parameters for teenage behaviour. Even though now, in Wiseman’s, I run a boys’ boarding-house, genders in general seem to have merged in such a way that I sometimes find myself dealing with boys in much the same way that I dealt with the girls in Yorkshire. I have to confess that until this year I was unaware that some young men use face masks!

Taking on responsibility for a House entails also taking on its past and the characters who shaped it. On one of my late-night tours around Wiseman’s, within a few days of moving in, I stopped to look at a House photo on the wall. It showed the House around 1935, with the Housemaster, J K B Crawford, sitting proudly amongst his boys and with his attractive young wife at his side. There is a huge shield on display and also a classical statue, sword in hand, which adorns many Wiseman’s photos of that era. I wonder what it was for and where it is now. Perhaps one of our readers could shed some light on this. Nearby is another photo, this one taken ten years later at the end of the Second World War. It is a very different Housemaster and wife looking out at us this time. One can only guess at the events of the intervening ten years, but one suspects that the changes in their appearance were not due entirely to the natural ageing process. Going back further into the House’s history, I see Clissold’s bright young face, and remember that he was a victim of that earlier tragedy the First World War. He sits proudly with his Cock House Cricket XI. Of the eleven young men,



by the end of the war, nine lay dead on foreign battlefields, as did Clissold himself, whose medals hang in our House library. If the horrors of war showed Wilfred Owen that “dulce et decorum est pro patria mori” was nothing but an “old lie”, the untimely deaths of so many Wiseman’s boys and of their Housemaster show that it is equally an old lie to claim, as many do, that “Tommys” alone were cannon fodder while their public-school officers sheltered in the safety of their bunkers.

So why am I writing about these ghosts from the past? Because it is as if every one of them is now part of a huge extended family of mine. Becoming a Housemaster here has been in many respects like marrying into a family, and I want to know as much as possible about my recently acquired forebears. I should also add that not all of the photos suggest sadness. There are some wonderful photos from the Fifties showing an obviously happy and contented Rev. P W P Brook surrounded by boys who must have possessed amazing sporting prowess, to judge by the cups and trophies on display. In one photo, it proudly describes three different boys as being



captains of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd XI. In addition, I am fortunate in being able to turn to at least three former Housemasters from more recent times, if I want information or advice: Geoffrey Hardyman, Mike West and Adam Sibley.

Wiseman's strengths under Brook may have been on various sportsfields, but I have inherited a far different kind of House. Of the sixty or so boys in the House, around forty of them are overseas boarders and unlikely ever to have held a rugby or cricket ball before coming to Clifton. It follows that we are unlikely ever to win inter-house competitions in these areas. However, that is not to say that we do not have other strengths which previous generations of Wiseman's boys perhaps did not possess. This year, for example, we have won two major inter-house competitions, in Water Polo and Basketball, as well as the competitions in Chess and Backgammon. All of these successes were due in part to our boys from abroad, with major contributions coming from America in the Water Polo, the Far East in Basketball and Russia in Chess. It can be seen that Wiseman's today is a very international and cosmopolitan environment, and I rejoice in this diversity. Each and every one of our boys brings something different to the mix.

I was asked to write about my first year in Wiseman's, and you will have realised by now that I have not addressed the question in linear fashion. For consistency's sake, therefore, I shall conclude in a similar vein with a few fairly random thoughts on the subject. The bane of the modern Housemaster's life is email. Computers have brought great benefits to us in different areas, but the constant flow of often pointless emails takes up far more of my time than I should like. I am much happier talking to my boys than reading and writing emails - especially since I am a one-finger typist! Yet sadly, a huge part of each day is spent at my computer, taking

me away from far more worthwhile and interesting personal contact with my boys. Another area which I find difficult is giving my daughters the time which they need. Ianthe is 13 and about to leave the Pre for the Upper School, while Phoebe is 9 and in Year 4 at the Pre. They are at ages when they need considerable attention and time, especially since

I am their only living parent. I try to make time for them every evening and during the weekends, but I am aware that, in term-time at least, my daughters get a fairly rough deal, despite my best intentions. On the other hand, they are both very happy at school here and have loved being a part of things in the House. There is no limit to the number of hours that one needs to give to this job. One is never off duty, even when one is officially "off-duty". In addition to the time-honoured attractions of cigarettes, alcohol, drugs and break-outs, the free availability of the internet has made fairly sickening scenes of violence and pornography, in addition to a whole host of dubious chatroom acquaintances, only a few mouse-clicks away. We have as much internet security as anyone, but pupils will always try, often with success, to beat the system, and one has to be ever vigilant in this area, especially late into the night. Housemasters need to be able to get by on a maximum of five hours sleep per night! More positively, I have taken great pleasure in watching and encouraging boys in a vast range of activities. I wrote a little about sport above, but there has been a multitude of activities in other areas such as Music and Drama. The House Song and the House Drama Competition both amazed me as I witnessed the energy and dedication of the boys involved, who put in many hours of rehearsals in between and around their studies.

I am very fortunate to have a great team working with me in Wiseman's: my assistant Housemaster Dan Janke and his wife Laura (Deputy Matron), our Matron Gill Gardiner and a fine team of Tutors with whom it is a delight and a privilege

to work. All of us are working in different ways towards the shared aim of enabling every boy in the House to do his best in as many different areas as possible and to help and guide him on this fraught path through the pleasures, disasters and fears of adolescence. We feel a unity of purpose and I hope that the boys know and feel that we are here to help them however we can. I have also been in regular contact with many parents over the course of the year and built important relationships with them which will add to the support offered to their sons.

Wiseman's today, particularly because of its ethnic make-up and its twenty Day Boys, is, I am sure, a very different place than it was in the days of Clissold, Crawford and Brook. However, I am equally sure that my distinguished predecessors would agree with me that it is the boys who make the House, and that whatever the boys' background, we have all striven towards the same end. We have all had our successes and our failures, our highs and our lows. It has been an exhilarating year during which the successes and the highs have far outweighed the failures and the lows, and I shall be very happy if this trend continues. As I have written above, I already feel that Wiseman's and every Housemaster and boy from its past are now part of my family, and I should be delighted to hear from any reader, of any era, who would like to share with me their memories of this old and distinguished House. ■

Bill Huntington



Alan Brown

“A Clifton Legend...”

Successive generations of pupils, I suppose, have applied the expression for a variety of reasons to a few, a very few of their teachers: there is no doubt in my mind that Alan retires from Clifton after 33 years' service to the school with this soubriquet ringing in his ears. He is of course an OC - so if we add the years he spent as a boy in the Pre and then in East Town, his involvement and dedication have been phenomenal. What distinguishes his contribution to Clifton's well-being, I think, has been his astonishing versatility, his range of interests and skills, his unflagging enthusiasm and readiness at all times to square the circle.

An English teacher, of course: how many hundreds of pupils have benefited from his meticulously thorough notes, the extra revision classes, the relentlessly conscientious momentum of all his classes? Nobody passing the door of T1, seeing the wonderful range of handwritten [always handwritten!] quotations on the walls could fail to be impressed and instructed by the breadth of Alan's knowledge. He used to consider that the former Percival Librarian, David Reed, was the best-read man he knew - but for many years now the laurels have gone to Alan: constantly to be seen reading a book, whether walking between the SCR and the Tribe Building, standing on the Parapet or crossing the Close. I hesitate to suggest that he might have held a book while umpiring or supervising an activity in the Sports Hall - but it's possible! In addition to full-time English at all levels, he taught Psychology GCSE for 7 years and EFL IGCSE for 9 years.

The backbone of his commitment to Clifton was undoubtedly his great flair for pastoral care: he was Assistant Housemaster of Wiseman's for 8 years and then Housemaster of Dakyns' for another 8 years, in which role his wife Jo also played



a very full part. I know he was saddened by the closure of Dakyns' as a boarding house when that building was redeveloped to provide more spacious accommodation for North Town and East Town, but - as with so many of his classes - the pupils whose welfare he nurtured will remember him always as a wise and kind man. He has been an Out-House Tutor in Watson's since 1993, and was an outstanding Sixth Form Tutor - and, when I was Housemaster of East Town, he quickly offered to organise that house's 30th Birthday Reunion in 1987.

In the same year he became Director of Activities, again for 8 years: this was a monumental responsibility, requiring him to oversee the supervision of an astonishing variety of sports, societies and extra-curricular activities. Older colleagues will remember Alan's tireless efforts to monitor, encourage and record pupils' out-of-class 'official' activities. It was a near-certainty that, if you mentioned the name of almost any pupil to him, he could reel off a list of concerts, matches, exhibitions, competitions, etc., in which he knew the pupil had participated and which, in most cases, Alan himself had seen.

In addition, he ran the Yearlings Programme for 3 years, the 2nd Cricket XI for another three, Yearlings B Cricket for 8 years and the 3rd XV for eight as well. He has practically lived in the Fives Court, playing the sport since 1976 and sharing the role of Master i/c with Charles Colquhoun. He has been i/c Work Experience, MAA & Social Services

at different times, served on the Co-education Committee prior to the arrival of girls at Clifton, i/c the Commemoration Activities Programme for 8 years and ran a series of reading groups. He has been in a succession of Staff Plays, spoken regularly in Chapel and in English Department A Level Revision Seminars. A passionate enthusiast for Morris and Line Dancing, he tells me that he participated in every Contemporary Dance Performance between 1990 and 2001. He was a staunch supporter of the Choral Society in its golden days. Throughout his career, Alan was a driving force in setting up many new initiatives, such as Block I Grades, Activities Reports, House Newsletters & Parents' Conferences for all year groups. He was a tireless letter writer: how many of us have received, often, a generous note of thanks.

It's no surprise to me that his favourite novel is George Eliot's *Middlemarch* - that panoramic analysis of all the ordered strata of Victorian society: the haves and have-nots, the prominent and the unassuming. It would be easy to imagine Alan as a stalwart figure in such an environment, in a portrait by W. P. Frith perhaps. But another favourite text is the much more unsettling *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* - and this gives us a hint of the steel and intensity which lie beneath his usually serene demeanour. I think he might enjoy giving out conflicting signals: why otherwise would he wear those shirts and bow ties which look as though he might have bought them in Las Vegas or Honolulu? The battered straw hat - left over from a long-past performance in a play by Chekhov perhaps? - is another endearing clue to the complexity of his character. It was never likely that his plan for retirement would consist mainly of golf or gardening: as he and Jo go to Sri Lanka for two years of V.S.O. I dearly hope that the straw hat will go with him, with all our fond thanks and best wishes for the next phase of their lives. ■

Lionel Binns

Hugo Besterman

Hugo Besterman was appointed Head of Biology in 2007 and now leaves, having won promotion to the Head of the Sixth Form at Red Maids School, Bristol. I suppose we realised that we wouldn't hold on to him for long, but perhaps hadn't reckoned his career would be quite so meteoric. That he approaches all his work with a broad grin and a sense of humour so close to the surface that it virtually seeps out all the time are his two most immediately visible assets. Even greater ones lie deeper. He has brought a clear idea of what he wants pupils' experience of biology to be: that they produce fine work, achieve fine results, but also have a fine intellectual experience, both wide and deep. There has been a reinvigorated Science Society, increased use of the Zoo, determination to demonstrate aspects of ecology by virtue of a trip to the Serengeti for the Lower Sixth - even a practical demonstration of the limits of the human musculoskeletal system by his own break dancing routines. Lessons have been lively, imaginative, meticulously prepared, precisely delivered and appreciated by pupils for both the work and the fun had working; I know well, as I was fortunate enough to share classes with him.

A surfer (he surfs to exhaustion

otherwise it hasn't been a good day), a musician (drums, accordion, singer and the rest) and footballer (we hope he has realised that Red Maids and Real Madrid have only their initials in common), a great traveller and lover of the wide wild world. He is an enthusiast about reptiles (of all things); those who came to Tanzania will remember that utterly adoring look with which he gazed at a chameleon walking along his finger, others will remember that Saturday morning is snake-feeding time in the Department. But his primary expertise is primate evolution as we all realised when we visited Olduvai in the Serengeti. Indeed at one stage in his career there was the possibility of research into the ecology and evolution of newly discovered species of African Bushbabies identifiable only by the obscurest morphological detail.

Although his tenure has been short he has made a very significant, lasting impact on Biology teaching at Clifton - and a lot of significant and lasting friendships too. We all express our gratitude and congratulations, as well as our best wishes for his future endeavours. Red Maids, make of his multitude of talents while you've got him as surely even greater things will beckon in years to come. ■

Simon Reece

Gillian Donald

Charles Kinsey, the then Head of Chemistry, first met Gillian at a friend's 50th birthday party when she told him that she was a Chemistry teacher. Very soon after, around July 2000, an unexpected vacancy arose at Clifton, just before the start of the new academic year. Charles remembered Gillian and contacted her and yes, she was prepared to come and teach right away. At that time and indeed from then on, Gillian was always prepared to teach as much or as little as was required in any one academic year, a flexibility that both Heads of Chemistry in her years of service have been very grateful for.

Gillian has always been friendly and supportive, her robust no-nonsense approach to her colleagues has always been backed up by a real kindness; she is also blessed with the unique and very real sense of humour that some would say is a necessary prerequisite in a teacher. She has made thought provoking contributions in departmental symposia and has always had much to offer, both in terms of her experience from teaching in other schools and from her external GCSE and AS level marking.

She has always shown great loyalty to the department and to Clifton, and in that respect we shall all miss her a great deal. It is hoped that she and Graham will have time to travel and to hear their favourite music. Gillian has been a familiar face at many concerts given by the Choir and orchestras at Clifton and we hope this continues. I am sure that both she and Graham will remain very active at Christ Church, Clifton. ■

Ruth Williams

Harry Newington

Time to make a mooove !

'Sacred cows make the best hamburger', once remarked American author, Mark Twain, in a characteristically witty poke at tradition and received wisdom. A constant thorn in the side of social convention and religious orthodoxy, his nonconformist attitude endeared him to many. And so it has been for our very own beatnik and free spirit, Harry Newington, whose flamboyant and maverick teaching style has done much to enthuse and enlighten the minds of the many students who have been fortunate enough to pass through his classroom.

After two years' service, Harry has decided to leave the daily rigmarole of life in the Religious Studies and Philosophy Department to embark - in true *Huck Finn* style - upon his own epic voyage of discovery; a journey that will eventually take him right around the globe and across three continents.

Harry has had a tremendous impact on life at Clifton, and his contributions to the broader school curriculum have been considerable. His tireless energy and dedication to running and promoting

the Philosophy Society have been greatly appreciated by me and have similarly inspired many students along the way. A keen and talented hockey and tennis player, his enthusiastic coaching style will be sorely missed next term.

All of us in the Religious Studies and Philosophy Department would like to take the opportunity to wish Harry the best of luck on his future travels. ■

Daniel Janke

Charlotte Graveney

Charlotte Graveney has Clifton College painted through her body and as an OC she arrived here with boundless enthusiasm for her new role as Assistant Housemistress in Hallward's House. She passed on her experiences as a pupil and as Head of School to the Hallwardians and encouraged them to push the boundaries and achieve more than they ever expected possible. It has been a privilege to

work with Charlotte and I am delighted that she has found herself more challenges and such a wonderful position at Cheltenham Ladies – it is of course our loss and their gain but I know that she will keep in touch and let us know how she is. We all wish her every success and thank her for all she has done over the last two years for Hallward's House. ■

Karen Pickles

Julian Noad

Julian came to Clifton in 1997 to teach Physics, and now, in summer 2009, he leaves us to become Deputy Head at Rydal School, Cardiganshire. Soon after arrival, he became Assistant Director of Studies, and in 2003 he was appointed Housemaster of Watson's, effectively organising the house's transfer into its new accommodation. He has assisted at Rugby and Soccer, been Master i/c of Squash and Sailing, and has helped on outward bound and Ten Tors expeditions. In all that he has undertaken he has triumphed, and the enterprise has flourished.

He has been a superb Housemaster, and has blended being 'father', 'older brother' and 'friend' in his in loco parentis role. He is respected and admired for his many talents, and Watsonians enjoy his company. From the first days, he established an open-door policy; his young family were at his side often, and he promoted, within the boys, the experience of living in the house being like a family. In the house, I think he will be most remembered for his cross-country running. He has given the House Cup Run and the Pens a considerable emphasis, and this has rubbed off on the boys. He was a very successful part of the Physics department, which, in its entirety, entered the Long Pen. Remarkable! He has finished in the top 5 of the Long Pen no less than 10 times.

Julian is modest and self-effacing about his Physics credentials and yet is an excellent teacher at all age levels. He is extremely well organised and maintains the highest of standards both for himself and in the expectations he has of students and colleagues alike. He is a paragon of fairness, and his ground rules are always clear and well understood. He always played a full part in departmental rotas. His crowning legacy to the Physics Department and Science School in general was overseeing the Physics element of the refurbishment. His vision was matched by a great sense of the need to maintain a sympathetic approach to the tradition and ethos of the Science School with the demand for a top-class modern facility. The outstanding result was the product of many hours of meetings (with a tight deadline) and an unstinting attention to detail.

In the Noad years, Watson's has been a very happy house. His wife, Jane, a

Lesley Hill

Lesley J Hill, Lel to her friends and family, arrived at Clifton in 1988. Appointed by Stuart Andrews, she was the first Housemistress of the then new Worcester House. Her vast experience in the same role at Taunton School soon began to show and in a short space of time Worcester was full. For thirteen years, the girls in the house benefited from her firm but fair approach to outstanding pastoral care and, as an ex-parent myself, I know they adored secret buddies, theatre trips *ad nauseam*, Dyffryn, the delicious home-made birthday cakes, the barbecues, House plays, and the relaxing suppers before A levels and GCSE examinations. Lel's ideas on how to run a successful house remain to this day, and Clifton is fortunate to have been left such a historic legacy.

Her other roles involved teaching for 20 years in the biology department, running the AQA A Level course for much of this time. Her teaching style was perfect for the intellectual demands of this course, and her results were always excellent. She also loved helping with recreational half-day picnics and cycling, sadly an educational experience that no longer exists. Her support with hockey, netball, rounders and the dreaded Long Pen was much appreciated by staff and girls; the thought of her

scurrying around in her eye-catching red tracksuit does raise a smile! She cared deeply about the pastoral welfare of Cliftonians, so much so, that she studied at Birkbeck College at London University to gain her Diploma in Student Counselling. The skills she acquired were used by the local charity 'Off The Record' for many years, and Cliftonians also benefited enormously from her knowledge, experience and warm personality.

During her Clifton days, Lel was not alone. She raised a daughter, Sarah, and three dogs, Tonto, Bobo and Cleo. Sarah left Clifton to read Psychology at Oxford and is now happily married, living and working in London. Those of you who understand Spanish will realise that the dogs' names suggest a somewhat limited IQ, apart for Cleo, who was to be named Soso, but was saved by Sarah.

Lel is now enjoying all the pleasures that village life offers, often to be found reading *Pride and Prejudice*, yet again, whilst sipping chilled Pinot Grigio on her patio overlooking Glastonbury Tor, Bach, ever-present in the background, Cleo, ever-obedient at her feet, Sarah a phone call away, and Clifton a distant memory.

The next stage in her life will take her to Kuwait: our loss, but their gain. ■

David Barrett

teacher in her own right, has been a delightful and faithful support. Shrove Tuesday sees every boy in the house cooking and tossing their own pancakes. Birthdays, year group suppers, sports teams' suppers, weekend camps – care is always taken. Molly and Henry have left their mark on the Watson's experience too. Molly has borne the noise of fire alarms (always School House's fault!) and gibbons (this reached the national press) with good humour.

Thank you for all you have done, for the house and for the school. Many Cliftonians will remember your kind influence for the rest of their lives. ■

Alan Brown and Anthony Reeves.

Mary Iles

Mary did her first degree in Biochemistry at the University of York. She then moved to Linacre College, Oxford while she studied for her second degree at the Department of Plant Sciences. Fresh from completing her D.Phil. into 'The Role of Nitric Oxide and the Nitric Oxide Syntheses in the Rice Blast Fungus' she joined us last September. For many, such a change from full-time researcher to classroom teacher would have seemed daunting but Mary took to teaching from the very start and all in the Department are grateful for the super job that she has done. Mary is superbly organised and truly unflappable and in her own quiet way she has motored through this year developing into a first rate teacher. Unfortunately, the work-life balance of a busy boarding school in term time does not chime with everyone's ideal and it is a real shame that Mary has decided to leave teaching to pursue a career in accountancy. She will be missed by those whom she has taught, by the girls in Hallward's and by her colleagues in the Department, all of whom wish her the very best for the future. Who knows what that future holds, but I for one would not be surprised to see Mary return to the chalkface one day. In the meantime, the world of finance's gain is our loss. ■

TMG

PRAEPOSTORS

MICHAELMAS TERM 2008

Head of School Grace Annan-Callcott (WT)

Deputy Heads of School

James Couzens (SH) and Owen Franklin (ST)

| | |
|------------------|------------|
| Emily Atkinson | West Town |
| John Butterworth | South Town |
| Tom Crane | Watson's |
| Josh Daniel | Moberly's |
| Joe Gibbs | East Town |
| Tom Harris | North Town |
| Katie Longman | Hallward's |
| Hannah Meehan | Worcester |
| Charlotte Pierce | Hallward's |

LENT TERM 2009

Head of School Charlotte Pierce (HH)

Deputy Heads of School

James Couzens (SH) and Owen Franklin (ST)

| | |
|----------------------|--------------|
| Grace Annan-Callcott | West Town |
| Emily Atkinson | West Town |
| Charlotte Bowden | Oakeley's |
| John Butterworth | South Town |
| Tom Crane | Watson's |
| Josh Daniel | Moberly's |
| Joe Gibbs | East Town |
| Tom Harris | North Town |
| Katie Longman | Hallward's |
| Hannah Meehan | Worcester |
| Opus Sekibo | School House |
| Seabe Setshwaelo | Wiseman's |

SUMMER TERM 2009

Head of School James Couzens (SH)

Deputy Heads of School

Opus Sekibo (SH) and Emily Atkinson (WT)

| | |
|----------------------|------------|
| Grace Annan-Callcott | West Town |
| Charlotte Bowden | Oakeley's |
| John Butterworth | South Town |
| Tom Crane | Watson's |
| Josh Daniel | Moberly's |
| Owen Franklin | South Town |
| Joe Gibbs | East Town |
| Tom Harris | North Town |
| Katie Longman | Hallward's |
| Hannah Meehan | Worcester |
| Charlotte Pierce | Hallward's |
| Seabe Setshwaelo | Wiseman's |

Chapel Notes



The five memorial windows in the east end of the Chapel graphically depict apocalyptic scenes from the *Revelation of St John the Divine*, and imagery of the ultimate triumph of good over evil.

The three most easterly windows depict the Risen Christ appearing to St John on the island of Patmos (Revelation ch.1), a woman clothed with the sun and with the moon under her feet (Revelation ch. 12) and St Michael and his angels fighting the evil dragon (Revelation ch. 12). The disturbing and haunting figures of the four horsemen of the Apocalypse appear in the latter two windows.

The northernmost window depicts seven angels sounding seven trumpets (Revelation ch. 8), and the hail, fire and blood of God's judgement are hurled down upon the earth. The southernmost window

was given by the School in memory of the reign of King George V. It shows the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, (Revelation ch. 21), descending upon Clifton College, where a game of cricket is being played on the Close. What could be more representative of 'heaven on earth'?

*"Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine."*

During this academic year, Clifton has experienced the truth of William Blake's words, and the Chapel has provided the place of gathering and spiritual focus for our community expressions of grief and celebration.

Soon after the summer holidays, staff and pupils received the shocking news of the death, after a short illness, of O.C. Society Secretary, Charlie Colquhoun. On 3rd October, the Chapel was overflowing with a huge congregation of young and old alike who came to pay tribute to Charlie at the Service of Thanksgiving for his life. Charlie's widow, Jean, and their children Katherine and Emma, helped to devise a service which encapsulated the man and his many passions. There was rich musical variety; the *Dorset Carol* followed *Wild Horses* by the Rolling Stones. Family, friends and colleagues told anecdotes

of cricket, rugby, history, music and G & Ts. There were tears and there was much laughter too. The occasion was a very moving and heartfelt celebration of a great schoolmaster and a fine human being.

The Butcombe Harvest Festival was a joyful celebration of the goodness of creation. The Chaplain's address, entitled "*Harvest around the world*" involved the congregation saying 'thank you' in 22 different languages! More than one thousand people attended the College Remembrance Sunday Service at which the Rev'd Julian Poppleton (Chaplain of King Edward VI School, Southampton) reminded the pupils, parents, staff and guests of the millions who had died in warfare, whilst challenging all to strive for future peace in the world. The pupils looked magnificent in their CCF uniforms and the wreath-laying at Memorial Arch seemed all the more poignant because of the rain. The Advent and Christmas Carol Services provided their customary atmospheric candlelit magic towards the end of term. The Pre and Upper School Chapel Choirs were in magnificent voice leading the worship with repertoires of inspiring, reflective and celebratory anthems.

Fifty pupils, parents and members of staff marked the beginning of Lent by attending the moving and reflective Holy Communion Service with the Imposition of Ashes on Ash Wednesday. The preachers at the starred services during the term were the Chaplain, Mrs Nicola Feather (a missionary teacher with Africa Inland Mission) and the Rev'd Wendy Hough (Chaplain of St Mary Redcliffe & Temple School, Bristol). Mr and Mrs Feather delivered the annual Lent Lecture on the topic of *Missionary work in the 21st century*. On 12th March, the Upper School Chapel Choir performed Duruflé's stunning *Requiem* and, the following day, many pupils and staff shared a 'Lean Lent Lunch' raising money for the Catholic Fund for Overseas Development (CAFOD).

The Summer Term in Chapel is dominated by landmark services. The preacher at the Old Cliftonians' Reunion Service was a former pupil – the Rev'd Dr David Wenham OC, Vice-Principal of Trinity College. The Pre and Upper School Commemoration Services were marvellous celebrations of the college's vision and life. In the

former service, we were captivated by the words of Dame Jo Williams DBE, former Chief Executive of Mencap, as she challenged us to 'believe the impossible'. The following day, the Rev'd John Boyers, Chaplain of Manchester United Football Club, shared some fascinating anecdotes about his ministry in sports chaplaincy. On both of these occasions, the quality of the worship provided by the choirs and instrumentalists was truly special and memorable! The traditional Ascension Day Holy Communion Service took place, appropriately, on top of one of the highest places in the College – the Wilson Tower. Twenty intrepid early risers enjoyed the service, the marvellous view and the bacon rolls which followed!

Just after half-term we heard the tragic news of the loss of eleven year old Alexander Bjoroy (Year 7, Hartnell's House), along with 227 other passengers, in the Air France plane which went missing off the north-east coast of Brazil. The event attracted world-wide media interest. The Pre community was understandably shocked and deeply saddened by the loss of such a well-liked and respected boarder. A Service in Memory of Alexander, attended by his family and friends along with the Pre pupils, staff and many parents, was held in the Chapel a week later. The Pre choir's version of Rutter's *A Gaelic Blessing* beautifully encapsulated both the mood and purpose of the Service. It was a powerful and poignant occasion in which Alexander was remembered, cherished and released into the love and care of Almighty God.

On 14th June, eleven pupils from the Pre and the Upper School and one member of staff were confirmed by Bishop Lee of Swindon in the Independent Schools Confirmation Service at Bristol Cathedral. The pupils were supported by their families, friends, godparents and members of staff as they made a public profession of their faith within the beautiful and uplifting context of a Cathedral Eucharist.

Throughout the year, the pupils have delivered many thought-provoking and challenging addresses during morning chapels – these occasions always provide valuable learning experiences for those who speak and those who listen.

Up to twenty pupils regularly attended the candlelit service of Compline every Thursday evening during term-time. This quiet and reflective service of prayer provides a 'spiritual oasis' for many in the midst of the busy school routine. The service is always followed by food, drink, conversation and fun at the Chaplain's house.

Generosity of spirit and of the pocket is good for the soul, and charitable giving from Chapel collections has been greater than ever, despite the credit crunch! Some of the local, national and international beneficiaries this year have been:

Bristol Down's Syndrome Trust, St Peter's Hospice, Children's Hospice South West, WESSA (West of England Schools Sailing Association), Care for the Family, Children's Hospices UK, Help the Aged, MENCAP, Samaritans, SCORE (Sports Chaplaincy), SSAFA (The Soldiers, Sailors, Airmen and Families Association), Teenage Cancer Trust, The Association of Jewish Ex-Service men and women, The Children's Society, The Guide Dogs for the Blind Association, The Royal British Legion, Willow Foundation, Africa Inland Mission, CAFOD, Disasters Emergency Committee (Congo crisis), Nepali Children's Trust, The Kilimanjaro 2009 Trust, USPG (Anglicans in World Mission).

Finally, I would like to thank those individuals and groups of people who contribute a great deal to the life of the Chapel. The Pre and Upper School Chapel choirs have magnificently enhanced and enriched the worship during the Chapel services with their inspiring and beautiful anthems. I am very grateful to all of the members of both choirs for their commitment and to James Hills, David Pafford and Andy Dewar for their musical and motivational gifts. The flower arrangers – Chryssa Taplin, Liz Pafford and Jill Acheson – have been committed and very creative, whilst verger, Allan Crocker, has ensured that the Chapel has always looked clean, tidy and ordered. He has also provided the Chaplain with witty, insightful observations and a never-ending supply of appalling jokes! ■

The Rev'd Kim Taplin, Chaplain
8th June 2009

HEAD MASTER'S SPEECH

“Ladies and gentlemen...

I don't know how many of you have had a chance to read the current issue of *Private Eye* but there is a very good cartoon depicting closing time in the Commons bar with the landlord declaring “Haven't you got any second homes to go to?” In a week in which we have learned about the dark arts of flipping second homes and other extraordinary MPs' expenses claims from dog food to moat clearance, loo seats and pergolas it is good to be reminded that as well as the nose in the trough there are also the eyes in the right. One such is Vince Cable, MP for Twickenham and formerly Chief Economist at Shell. Mr Cable was described by the *Mail on Sunday* as “Everything a politician should be and everything most politicians are not”. Earlier this year he published a book which is the definitive guide to the Credit Crunch. It is titled *The Storm; The World Economic Crisis and What it Means*. In it he writes as follows:

‘Economic storms, like those in nature, come and go. They cannot be abolished. But, as with hurricanes and typhoons a well co-ordinated emergency response can mitigate the misery. They also test out the underlying seaworthiness of the vessels of state. How many ships will finally make it back to port in good order is what we don't yet know.’

Reading that, I thought that exactly the same is true of schools. Last Sunday's *Observer* ran a story claiming that private schools are closing at the rate of one a week and although that may be journalistic licence, there are definitely shock waves battering the good ship *Independent School*. So how are we faring in the storm? Well with over 1300 pupils across the College and more than 700 in the Upper School, with 191 full time teachers and a further 350 employees and with an annual turnover equivalent to a mid-sized company, I can reassure you that Clifton is a very robust vessel and we are cruising the high seas. As we felt the first winds of the storm we acted quickly to make

sure that our balance sheet would see us through any downturn over the coming years. This year we have undertaken a number of major capital projects: the refurbishment of the Science School, the new 3G pitch at BB and the new Music School, built within the shell of the old one but unrecognisable from it. The new Joseph Cooper Music School is finished and you are welcome to look around. It will be officially opened in September. These capital projects have significantly added to the school's provision for its pupils. And there is more to come but I am sure that you will not be surprised to learn that we are taking a rest from such large projects as part of that careful protection of our balance sheet in anticipation of difficult times. But, extraordinarily and perhaps counter-intuitively, we have not experienced any downturn at least not in terms of demand for places in the school. Last September we opened with 708 pupils in the Upper School. Our capacity was 680 and last summer we had to add studies in the basements of both West and East Town to cope with the additional pupils. Recruitment for next September is so strong that we are very likely to be over 700 again. Why is it that Clifton is so strong at the moment, a fact recognised by the 2009 *Good Schools Guide*, whose professional school watchers have written in that influential book that “these are exciting times for Clifton”?

Well, I believe that one of the main reasons is that Clifton's ethos is the inverse of many other schools, certainly in one respect, which is this. Success is not necessarily the key to happiness but happiness is most definitely the key to success and Clifton is built on that

principle. Our focus is therefore on creating an environment where the pupils are at ease, where a framework exists where happiness is not in the distance but grows under our feet. The happy child is the successful child and that is the principle we work to from Butcombe to the Pre to the Upper School. The happy child is not the indulged child: the happy child likes a challenge, relishes a challenge and thrives in a framework of high expectation in every aspect of their lives and not just in terms of exam grades. But it would be a mistake to think that the education of the whole person did not include the highest possible exam grades. You might be surprised to learn that last year over forty of the Upper Sixth achieved three A grades or better and nearly 100 achieved ABB or better. Over 80% went on to their first choice university, including 24 who went on to the UK universities ranked in the global top ten, namely Oxford, Cambridge, UCL and Imperial. There is no question that Clifton is an academic school, perhaps increasingly so, but it is of course, so much more than that. Thus we have pupils who excel in so many areas of their lives and one of the purposes of a day like this is to recognise and celebrate the achievements of the pupils.

Two years ago I introduced a “world première” at this point in the proceedings in asking the Head of School to speak to you. Last year saw a world “deuxième” and so with compelling logic this year is the “world troisième”, and therefore now a much loved Clifton tradition. And this year all three of this year's Heads of School will speak, namely Grace Annan-Callcott, Charlotte Pierce and the current Head of School, James Couzens.



THE HEAD OF SCHOOL:

In just under 24 hours the upper sixth – myself included - will have technically finished our time at Clifton. One year from now most of us will, hopefully, be at university or in the midst of our gap year. We leave Clifton with many memories and with a certain amount of sadness in our hearts; and as we prepare ourselves for our departure, an interesting question comes into our minds: what will be the most valuable thing we take away from Clifton?

I have invited Charlotte and Grace, the Lent and Michaelmas Heads of School, to talk to you about their time at Clifton and how this has affected them. Charlotte is, surely, one of the most qualified to talk about this as she has been at Clifton from the very start of her education in Butcombe; Grace started in year six; and I came in year seven. Between us we have around 26 years of Clifton experience: we are what can be called veterans of the system.

GRACE:

Over the last few weeks, I've asked a number of people in our year what they will miss most about Clifton. Some said misty mornings walking along the parapet to Chapel, some said summer afternoons watching cricket on the Close, and some said the House Song competition. The majority of people said that the thing that they will miss the most is their house. It becomes such a central part of our lives here at Clifton and house pride is strong amongst us all, and most prevalent during house competitions. I will especially remember the sporting events (house hockey, netball, tennis, rowing, water-polo, fencing, swimming, tug-of-war), as they give many of us the opportunity to try sports that we wouldn't necessarily have done otherwise. In stepping up to play for our houses and passionately support those competing we are brought closer together as a house.

There's something really special about the close-knit Clifton community, which makes our relationships with each other stronger and all the more special. Over the last few years, I feel that we've grown together as a year group. The environment in which we live also means we form good relationships with our teachers, especially house staff and tutors. During my time as Head of School, we lost Mr Colquhoun. He was a truly fantastic teacher, capturing the imagination, and respect, of all of us that he taught. We will long remember all our

teachers, and everything they've done to help us through our time here at Clifton.

As the Marshal so kindly mentioned to me a few weeks ago, I seem to have a slight aversion to physical activity, and it's true that the only sport I was ever any good at was rounders and I'm not sure that even counts. But luckily the rest of the girls make up for my shortcomings, and our year has been brilliantly successful at various sports.

We've reached the National finals three out of our five years at Clifton for hockey, and narrowly missed first place twice. We made it to the regional finals two years running in netball, and competed in the Nationals for tennis three times. Perhaps what we should be most proud of is the wide variety



of sports we've participated in over our five years, and the precious experiences this has given us.

Our varied encounters at Clifton help prepare us for the future, and a clear example of this is the CCF. As you move up the ranks, your responsibilities increase, bringing new challenges. This year I found myself in charge of 20 5th formers, and, despite my best efforts to pretend, it must have been obvious that I didn't have a clue what I was doing. Yet these sorts of experiences that Clifton gives us are so important, as they help prepare us for difficult situations in later life. I'm just hoping it doesn't get much more difficult than managing 16 year olds with loaded rifles...

People often ask me what it's been like to be a girl at Clifton, a school which still

has a male majority. It's a question I find almost impossible to answer. To be honest, a much more valid question is what it's like to be a part of this community, because whether you're a girl or a boy I think your experiences here are much the same. Just as memorable, just as valuable, just as cherished, and sure to turn you into a well rounded person: the sort of people that we, the Upper Sixth leavers, are today.

CHARLOTTE:

'The brain is a wonderful organ. It starts working from the moment you are born and does not stop until the moment you stand up to speak!'

Each of us has a different story to tell at Clifton. For me, and six others in the Upper Sixth, this started fifteen years ago. We are given the title of "lifers", and just to clarify what a "lifer" really is: a pupil who begins their education at Butcombe in the nursery and continues on through the school to Upper Sixth. So whether some of us have been here for two years or more it has given us all a purpose and a sense of belonging. This is something I think that you feel within and gain over time. Hence the school motto "*Spiritus Intus Alit*" - roughly translated: "The Spirit Burns Within".

Butcombe, the Pre and the Upper School are perceived as three separate schools but are all linked as one. For many of us, each part of the school has opened a new door and is a greater challenge than the last one. For me, this year was the greatest challenge I have had to face as Head of School, especially as for the first time ever there have been two consecutive female Heads of School. So James: no pressure!

The Clifton experience is just like the life cycle; you start at the bottom of the pond in Butcombe as a small fish and work your way up to the top, but before you know it you enter the Pre, come out the other side and go into the Upper School only to return



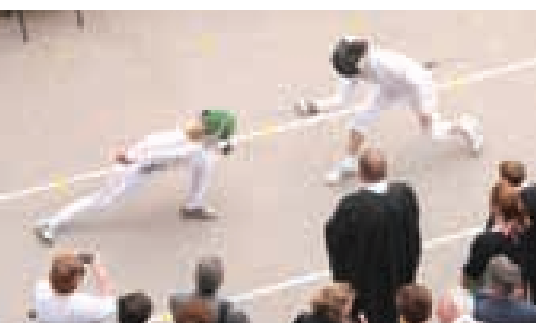


to being a small fish in big pond again. Well now that we, in the Upper Sixth, have reached the top, most are about to swim into the ocean. Although this is an exciting prospect, many of us are only too ready to admit it is also a scary one, as we will no longer have the same structure, care and guiding hands in our lives.

When we leave two things happen: we take something of the school with us and we leave something of the school behind. You might not be the greatest sportsperson, scholar, musician, or artist, but we will live on in the memories of the people left behind in both staff and pupils alike. We will have friendships that will stand the test of time, and reminisce about the staff who inspired us with their teaching; many of whom have broadened our horizons further than we thought possible. This has given us greater confidence in facing the future and a determination to grasp every opportunity that comes our way.

Throughout our time at Clifton, the Chapel has played a significant part in our education. As we leave it for the last time at the end of term, no one will fully appreciate the gap that we have to bridge as we walk into the new avenues of life not as pupils but as Old Cliftonians.

To cherish the memories of our time here, we each get given a piece of jigsaw as we leave Chapel, which has become a much valued tradition. Like the pieces of the jigsaw we are all as important as each other to complete the whole picture. This will forever remind us that we are part of something special and give us the memory



of celebrating times, good and not so good, that we encounter.

We are all privileged to have been at a school like Clifton and have immense pride in what we have achieved, which I am sure

will stay with us forever and create a sense of fondness and loyalty within us. It is an opportunity for which I personally will always be grateful and an experience that I will never forget.

JAMES:

There are various memories that will stick with me from Clifton. However, for me, most of these will be in my house: School House. My first memory of the place is stepping into the building a humble third former, and being greeted by our head of house, James Paul. I can honestly say that I have never seen a bigger man in all my life and, as I am sure most of the present Sixth Form will agree, the Upper Sixth of the time were nothing short of huge; a trend I seem to have ended.

My first term culminated in an event of such magnitude in the school calendar, an event so ridiculously challenging, an evening that is the epitome of competition: I am, of course, referring to House Song. Weeks of nine o'clock rehearsals had boiled down to this one evening, and we thought that we were in with a chance of being crowned House Song Champion. It is customary in school to psyche the house up for the event so as to reach maximum singing potential on the night. During one session, however, I witnessed something very special. The Upper Sixth started up a massive huddle of 60 boys, linked arms with boys of varying years, and took up the loud chant of 'School House! School House!' (we are not renowned for being the most inventive house as chants were regarded). And at that moment it did not matter what age you were, how big you were, what social group you were, what ethnicity you were; all that mattered was that you were a member of School House, and therefore you were one of us.

House events are the perfect example of how strong house spirit is within the school, most noticeably the infamous Pens: 10kms of gruelling high speed running for the Sixth Form reducing even

the most hardened first team sportsman to tears. This event is always held in high regard as it is one of the hardest, and it involves the entire school. Within this there are some fantastic examples of grit and determination, bred purely by the love of one's house. For instance, a Wiseman's team five years ago was considered very much to be the underdogs, but thanks to an outstanding effort from the whole house (from many students to whom running was a very strange concept) and two fantastic individual runs, they went on to win the whole competition. Mr Tait, the Head of Cross Country, often holds this up as the case study of house spirit.

My year group in School House has given me many happy memories and to quote Mr Hughes, our Housemaster, we have created what can only be described as "epic banter". Our house callovers are a particularly fond memory of mine, in which our Housemaster would pass on to us golden nuggets of wisdom such as: you are a muppet; the harp is a perfectly manly instrument to play; if you get cold you're not running fast enough; you are all muppets; snow is no reason not to wear shorts; and how to order two pints of bitter in Welsh. The most wonderful thing about such stories of fun and jokes is that they are not uncommon or isolated to School House.

There are numerous occasions in our time at Clifton where we have been successful and these are rightly held up as great successes. However, a time when Clifton really excels is when we make mistakes. The Houses and the School have a wonderful ability to forgive and move on. For boarders this truth is all the more relevant. Throughout the year pupils have made mistakes - be they unkind words, offence or poor judgement - and in every house said pupils have been welcomed back. Exam results, sport and co-curricular activities are all important, but in my view learning to forgive people, respect one another, and show love to your fellows is one of the best lessons I have learnt at Clifton. Finally I'd like to end with a quote from our very own Reverend Taplin.

If you leave this School entirely motivated by Pounds, Dollars and Euros, we will have failed you. If you are only concerned with climbing to the top of your chosen career ladder as quickly as possible regardless of the human cost to yourself or others, we will have failed you. If you think that the only thing that matters is what you look like on the outside, we will have failed you.

If, however, you leave Clifton with a greater understanding of service and sacrifice and duty and love (along with your A levels and trophies); now that is success worth having.

So let's look forward to such success in our future years knowing that they will have been shaped and moulded by the friendships and experiences that we have enjoyed here at Clifton.

HEAD MASTER:

As we reflect on the rites of passage of the Upper Sixth so we must also pay tribute to their teachers and especially those who are moving on.

At the end of 2008 Mrs Lesley Hill, Housemistress of Worcester House until 2002, and teacher of Biology took well deserved retirement, and a number of other members of the Senior Common Room are moving on at the end of this academic year. Mary Illes came to teach science at Clifton having completed a DPhil at Oxford and after a year of lion taming



in the schoolroom she has decided she would prefer to become an accountant. Charlotte Graveney, former Head Girl, Assistant Housemistress of Hallward's, and girls' games coach, is tearing herself away from Clifton after two very productive years in which she qualified as a teacher, to a post at The Cheltenham Ladies College. I have a suspicion that she will be back, for like a stick of rock she has Clifton written through her. Also after two years of entertaining service, Harry Newington, juggler, windsurfer, skier, hockey coach, Glastonbury regular, and teacher of Philosophy and RS, spreads his wings to travel the world, and Hugo Besterman, schooled at the same Cambridge college as me, though a far, far better soccer player, and a superb Head of Biology continues his glittering career as Assistant Head at Red Maids school. To achieve such high office at just 28 is remarkable. That is the problem with appointing such talented

young teachers: they move on but Clifton has benefited hugely from their presence.

Gillian Donald, part time teacher of Chemistry, retires this summer, as she rather charmingly wrote to me she feels that "a somewhat easier life beckons". Gillian is well known locally, at Christ Church and as a former Liberal Democrat candidate for Stoke Bishop. Her warmth and good humour characterise her approach and we wish her a more than somewhat easier life.

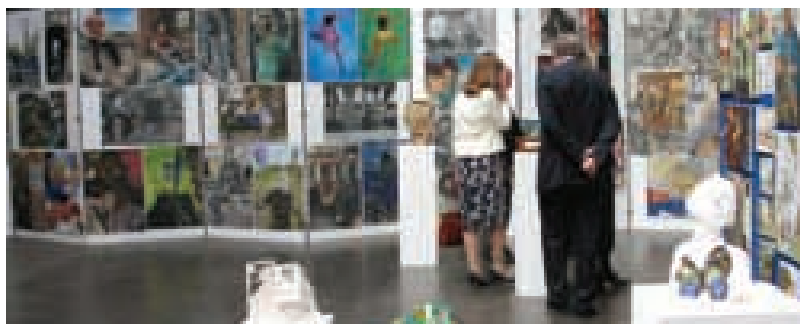
One of our more senior teachers is moving onwards and upwards too. Julian Noad, Housemaster of Watson's House since 2003 and formerly Assistant Director of Studies, takes up the post of Deputy Head of Rydal Penrhos School. Julian, a Physics teacher, is an engineer at heart and he spent hours last summer working on some of the finer details of the refurbishment of the Science School but his main legacy to Clifton will be making such a success of Watson's move to its new home alongside School House. This was not an easy transition, in many ways; the fact that Watson's is now such a happy, secure and successful House is a great tribute to Julian and Jane. Not content with that, Julian has busied himself with sailing, cross country running, squash and rugby. He will be greatly missed across the school but he has done an excellent job in training his successor Simon Heard and the future of Watson's is secure.

Lastly, but most definitely not least, we say a fond farewell and wish a very happy and well deserved retirement to Alan Brown. Alan's association with Clifton extends over 50 years when he first arrived as a boy in the Preparatory School. Alan moved through Wollaston's, North Town and then to East Town in the Upper School and after university and qualifying as an Accountant, Alan returned to Clifton in 1976 to teach English which he has done for 32 years. Alan was of course Housemaster of Dakyns' from 1985 to 1993, a House described to me by those who knew it before it merged with Brown's to create Moberly's as "free-range" and most difficult to run, where Alan's sensitivity and



slight folksiness clashed with some rowdy boys. As he pointed out to us all in his final address in Chapel, Alan has seen a number of changes at Clifton, but two men who taught him as a boy and who know him still concur in the theme of their recollections of Alan, as, essentially, the quintessential English teacher. David Reed writes that "Alan is a constant reader: a book is never far from his hand and his range seems to be expanding all the time". Tom Gover recalls him as a boy, "a thorough assiduous scholar and Public Schools Fives Champion", and as a man, as "an old testament prophet trundling along reading a novel". But do not be deceived for Alan is still very active on the Fives Court, and he hates losing, as I know to my cost as I have taken on that mighty left hand and been left floundering by its enduring accuracy and power. Alan will be remembered as a kind, scholarly man who has given generously to Clifton as man and boy for over 50 years. Finally, there is one re-retirement. Dudley Fromant, who long since retired as a teacher, is, on the cusp of his 9th decade, retiring from the print room where he has worked with such distinction since hanging up his mortar board. Please join me in thanking Alan in particular and all of the leavers for their contribution to Clifton, and wish them well for the future.

There are eight newly-appointed teachers joining the Senior Common room in September and a number of other internal changes too which I will set out for you in my end of term letter. One major and significant change is to the weekly pattern. From September we will abandon the two week cycle of fifty minute lessons, and put



in its place a weekly timetable with more and shorter lessons. I have been convinced of necessity for this change since I arrived in Clifton and Antony Spencer has enabled it. Shorter, more frequent lessons, will add a sense of business-like urgency to the day and far better corresponds to the learning styles of the pupils who are far better than we ever were at processing large amounts of information very quickly and who work in shorter, sharper bursts than previous generations. There is no question that we have seen and are seeing a rapid evolution in the way that children think, and possibly



even in the way that their brains work, as Professor Susan Greenfield describes in her book I-D. This is not worse (contrary to the views of many commentators on education) nor is it necessarily better; but it is different, very different, and we have seen a seismic shift in the last few years, particularly in terms of processing information visually, through images rather than through words, as any of who have taken on your children at any Playstation or Xbox game, and been soundly thrashed, will have discovered. We need to react to change, and adapt to it, not to turn the clock back or sing hymns to a lost age of higher cultural values, or to deplore the modern ways; instead we need to harness the incredible energy that it brings. And we should not be frightened of that nor of the fast pace of change.

One of the privileges of youth is the capacity for change and indeed rapid recovery when things go wrong. Teenagers



will always make mistakes: after all schoolboy errors are so called because schoolboys and girls habitually make them. This term some mistakes have been made by some of our younger pupils, serious mistakes, but one should not lose one's sense of proportion: no-one was hurt, the sun still came up in the morning and life carries on. These things happen periodically in schools such as this; one should not be either surprised or alarmed, and the school is more than strong enough to cope. Those of you, and there are a good number, who sit in magistrates' courts or criminal courts, will know that one has to tread a very fine line between punitive action and salutary warning, particularly with young teenagers, and a full and complete knowledge of all the facts, including personal and family circumstances, needs to be brought to bear in each and every case. It is a truism, but worth saying, that every pupil in the school is somebody's beautiful baby, somebody's adored son or daughter. It is also a truism that those parents who call for the firmest possible sanctions against other parents' children are the very ones most likely to demand leniency and forgiveness when it is their child who has erred and strayed like the lost sheep. So before you are inclined to leap to judgement, look before you leap and when another child stumbles and falls let your reaction be "there but for the grace of God go we". Without exception, in any school the Head Master is the person best placed to know how to proceed when these things happen; whereas there are many, very many, who can and do express an opinion, only the Head Master can decide what is right. It is one of the most difficult things that Head Masters have to deal with; the aftermath of things going wrong creates so much fall-out. But the most difficult thing I have had to do this year was to stand before the school and let them know of the cruelly premature death of our good friend Charlie Colquhoun. At the conclusion of today's cricket match his widow Jean will present a silver salver to the winning captain in Charlie's memory: cricket and OC cricket meant so much to Charlie.

The mark of a great school is that it can take difficulty in its stride and march on to further greatness. This year has amply demonstrated that; I talked of our academic achievements at A level earlier and would add that last year's GCSE results saw an 8% rise in the number of A*/A grades, a very significant rise, which we believe, from the evidence of their



mocks, this year's Fifth form can match and possibly even better. In boys' rugby we had not one but two unbeaten Junior Colts teams and across the school won a very high percentage of matches against the toughest of opposition schools; yet again a girls' hockey team went to the National Finals, this year it was the turn of the Under 14s; boys' hockey, especially, and soccer go from strength to strength and we have the best First XI cricket team for many years. Add to that a quite extraordinarily high standard of Drama, as demonstrated in the House Drama Competition, and winning entries for the third year in a row in the Bristol Schools Art competition, and the artistic flair of the pupils is much in evidence. Above all, the standard of music at Clifton is quite breathtaking as any of you who were present at last week's Summer Serenade would have witnessed. The new Music School can only encourage even more pupils to enjoy and excel in their music still more. Ladies and gentlemen, Clifton is, unquestionably, a great school and there is much to celebrate. Let us join together now to do so in another world "troisième": drinks in the Quad. ■



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Art Review

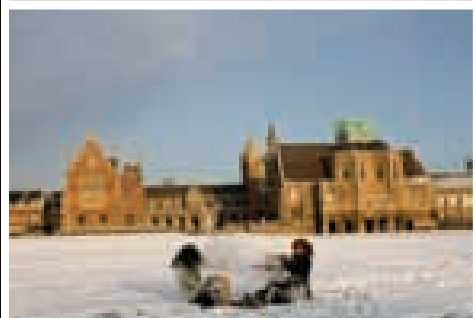
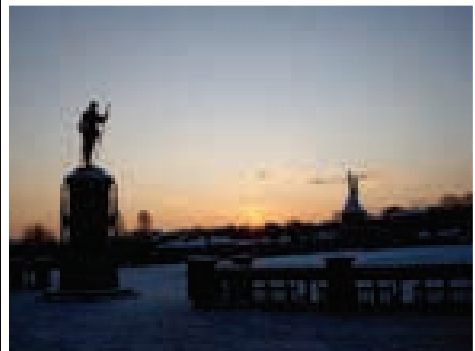
2008/2009

It has been another eventful year for the Art Department here at Clifton. The year began with the North Bristol Arts Trail, in which teaching staff from the Art Departments of the Pre and Upper School joined forces to present an exhibition of their own work in the Hornby Centre.

John Grice exhibited a series of very well crafted large canvases depicting different varieties of flowers arranged in glass vases. Sally Nuttall showed an attractive series of watercolour scenes of the Devon coastline. Paul Wigginton exhibited panoramic photographs of Scottish landscapes as well as some delicate flower studies. Deirdre Houghton showed her ceramic work: a series of shell like objects and waves being climbed by sea horses and leaping fish. Jane Wolf showed some vivid paintings of boats battling against the power of the sea and some winter landscapes and Allan Wilkie showed portraits and figure compositions in oil.

The House Art Competition was held in October. The standard of draughtsmanship and composition was complimented by the adjudicator, professional artist and former lecturer, Neil Murison, of the Royal West of England Academy.

Francesca ffiske, Tom Lloyd-Hughes and Milo Whitfield won the Third Form prizes. Katie McInally, James Heaven and Philippa Davis won prizes in the Fourth Form and Jane Wang, Frankie Tromans and Hester Allen won the Fifth Form prizes.



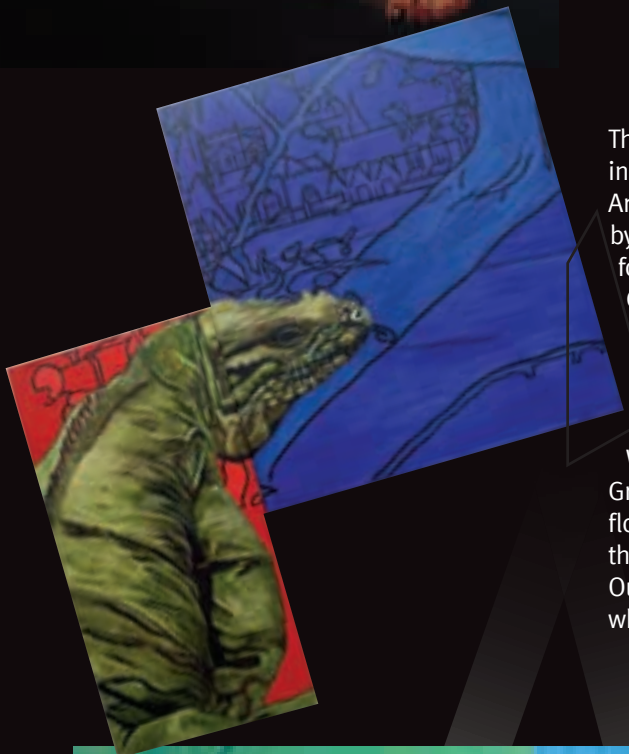
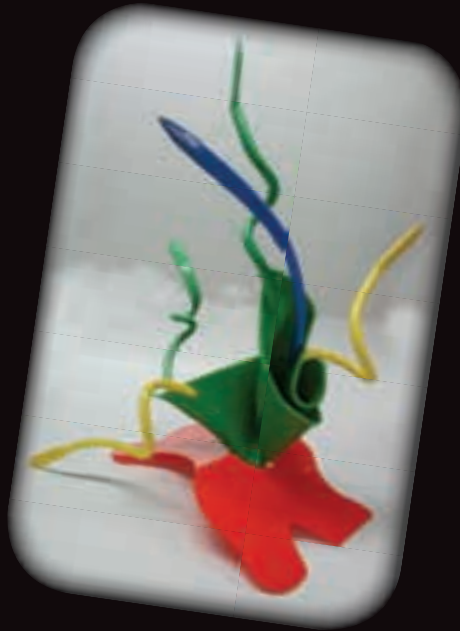


The Lower Sixth produced work of a particularly impressive standard with Coty Mo taking the drawing prize, Damaris Dresser the photography and Amanda Tong the sculpture prize. In the Upper Sixth, Tansy Duncan won the first prize for drawing, James Lewis won the painting prize, Ed Musgrove the sculpture prize and David Terry the photography.

During the Lent Half Term, we entered the Senior Schools Art Competition for the third year running. This was an event

in which twenty schools participated and it was held at Bristol Cathedral; the work was judged by members of the Royal West of England Academy and The Bristol Savages Art Society. Coty Mo and Damaris Dresser were highly commended by the judges, and Daniel Herlihy won the best overall prize – this is the third year that Clifton has received this honour and it was delightful to see work from our students being so favourably acknowledged.





The Art Scholars' evening took place in March and the work in the school's Art collection, which is being copied by our Art Scholars in preparation for the 2012 celebrations of Clifton College's 150th anniversary, was on display in the Tribe Building. Work copied included pieces by Roger Fry, Vanessa Bell, Duncan Grant, Roland Vyvian-Pitchforth and Edward Wolf, members of the Bloomsbury Group of artists and intellectuals which flourished in Britain in the early part of the twentieth century. Our sculptors displayed their work which was based on some of the

architectural embellishments around the school.

During the first few days of the Easter Holiday the Art Department ran an educational visit to Paris for Sixth Form students, visiting the major Art Museums in Paris to gather inspiration for the students' final examination pieces. The students were able to benefit from the broad range of artistic styles in the Louvre, Musée D'Orsay, Picasso Museum and the Pompidou Centre.

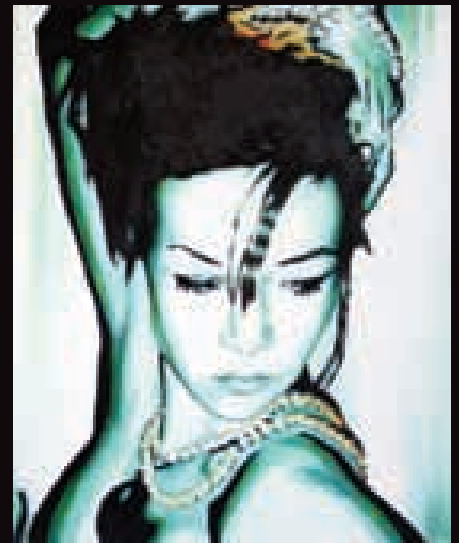




In May the Commem Exhibition took place in the Rackets Courts, and this was followed by our GCSE and AS and A2 exhibition in the Tribe Building. Work by the AS students has been particularly impressive this year, with many of them demonstrating a level of draughtsmanship and painterly skill well beyond what one would expect to see from most students of their age. The overall standard exhibited in photography and sculpture has also been impressive this year, and next year we will be introducing photography at AS level for the first time.

The Art Department would like to thank everyone who has once more supported the students by visiting our exhibitions and offering encouragement and feedback. Parents, Old Cliftonians, Staff members and Councillors, as well as members of the public, have all shown their enthusiasm and have contributed to the sense of pride that Clifton Art students have been able to feel for the work they have produced this year. ■

Allan Wilkie



Oliver Twist

Following last year's impressive production of 'Fiddler on the Roof', this year's 'Oliver Twist', directed by newly appointed Director of Drama, Robert Morris, had a lot to live up to. Unlike the West End's musical, 'Oliver', Clifton's version was based on Neil Bartlett's truthful and powerful adaptation of Charles Dickens' novel, 'Oliver Twist'.

Minutes after sliding into my front row seat, the lights dimmed, hushing the chattering audience. It was at this point I noticed the complexity and sophistication of the set (designed by Robert Morris, David Fells, Ellie Lyons and Keifer O'Brien), which consisted of a huge cobbled archway leading to a dark alleyway underneath London Bridge. An old steel clock took centre stage, standing beside several vintage styled lanterns and barrels, whilst a loft space to its right, created on a higher level, added further visual interest. The set changes were slick and well rehearsed, making the play professional. The dreary melancholic colour scheme of



muddy browns, greys and charcoal black instantly transported the audience back to harsh Victorian England and presented a sympathetic backdrop to the sinister events occurring within the play. The many textures and materials, such as brick and wood used to build the set's components, made the scene diverse and realistic.

The strong opening sequence, performed as a harmonic serenade, provided an introductory plot in the form of a vocal chorus. Throughout the play, the dialogue was interspersed with similar melodies, as well as the Artful Dodger's (played by James Hanson) fluent, comic and lively narration.

There was an effective use of accents, which, along with costumes, helped to emphasise the difference in social class from the working class Fagin's street gang to the upper class Mr Brownlow.

Dramatic Overview

This year has been an impressive one for Upper School drama. We have enjoyed great performances in both the academic and co-curricular areas of school life, and the profile of drama on both an artistic and technical level has soared.

In October 2008, excellence was visible in extremely well crafted performances of extracts taken from Miller's 'The Crucible' for which universally high marks were scored at GCSE. This was matched by contemporary extracts performed by the Lower Sixth for their AS level in April 2009 (two candidates achieving full marks for their performances), in which the Redgrave was converted into an intimate little studio space – the 'black box'... This proved to be so popular and effective that it is likely to become the 'norm' for a large percentage of academic dramatic output in the Upper School.

In addition to this, students went on many trips to see professional productions by a range of companies from 'Kneehigh' to the 'RSC'. These included 'Blue Orange' and 'Twelfth Night' at the Tobacco Factory, 'Blood Brothers' and 'Don Jon' at the Hippodrome, 'The Taming of the Shrew' and 'A View from the Bridge' in London's West End and 'Northanger Abbey', 'Two', 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' and 'Tess' at our very own Redgrave theatre.

There have also been A level drama workshops led by the screen actor Lee Boardman (Rome, Coronation Street, Moving On, Drop Dead Gorgeous) and the National Theatre, Paines Plough and Soho produced playwright Simon Bowen.

On a co-curricular basis, the School production of Neil Bartlett's Oliver Twist and

the House Play festival in the Michaelmas and Lent terms respectively were also highlights of the calendar, raising the quality and perception of drama in the school.

LAMDA too has flourished this academic session, with distinctions for some students in various categories and merits and passes for the majority. LAMDA has grown and is growing, and the standard keeps on getting better. Whilst the spirit of competition is healthy in the dramatic arts, and the quest for quality, discipline and focus is fast becoming the ethos of Clifton College students, there is still a sense that drama at Clifton has something for everyone.

Next year there is much in store. I can announce that the school production in November 2009 will be the

RSC's version of 'The Canterbury Tales', and there is much academic drama to look forward to as well as the House Play festival in February 2010. There will of course be more workshops and more trips, starting off with a trip to see the RSC's production of 'The Winter's Tale' in Stratford in September.

It only remains for me to wish all those students who have participated in past drama events or who intend to participate in drama in the future the very best and, of course, a huge thank you to the Redgrave staff and to Karen Pickles for all that they do in the service of drama within the upper school. ■

Robert Morris
Director of Drama





The variation in the style of costumes, supplied both by the Bristol Costume Services and Dauphine's Bristol, was enormous. Fagin's gang were dressed in sombre coloured rags that were patched and ripped and wore scuffed and faded shoes, whereas the rich Mr Brownlow donned a suave morning suit.

There was definite attention to detail which was displayed through subtle combinations of fabrics and colours. The make-up applied by C. Taplin, M. Morris and C. Greenslade was of a similar high standard. The urchins in the workhouse were smeared with charcoal, whilst Fagin and Bill Sikes bore scars, cuts, grazes and facial hair.

The lighting operated by Keifer O'Brien worked alongside the fog machine to create an eerie, mysterious and threatening ambience. The variation in intensity and focus of colour including the dull grey glow from the street lamp on stage dictated the mood of the scene. In one of the penultimate sequences, a harsh white spotlight arranged in bars cleverly represented Fagin's prison cell and evoked a feeling of confinement and incarceration.

A multitude of sound effects were employed from the chiming clock to the menacing and aggressive sound of the barking dogs; these noises built up to a crescendo, heightening the tense, wired atmosphere.

The casting was one of the most successful aspects of the production; all actors showed extensive characterisation and spoke with confidence and clarity. James Goldsworthy's portrayal of Bill Sikes was extremely convincing as the mixture of his gruff, gravelly voice with his



rough appearance moulded his threatening and callous persona: his ferocity, intimidation and oppression of Nancy gave him complete domination of the stage. In the same way, Fagin, played by Charles Markham, captivated the audience's attention through his clever monologues of persuasion and manipulation. The diversity with which he reacted to different characters and situations added depth to his performance.

Two other great performances were those of Fox Hambly, who played Mr Bumble, a parish beadle, and James Couzens, who played Mr Fang, a bumbling police

magistrate. Both characters provided comic relief to the otherwise morbid storyline. Nancy and Mrs Bumble, portrayed by Sophie Jones and Ella Holbrook, were full of vivacity and energy and their performances were polished and well devised. Mrs Bumble's character was devious and conniving, whilst Nancy's was vulnerable and caring.

Overall, 'Oliver Twist' provided the audience with a dramatic performance, combining elements of dark humour, violence and reunion. ■

Sophie Jackson HH U6th

House Play Festival

The House Play festival is the biggest event for Drama at Clifton College in the Lent term. The selection of plays was strong this year and the award of Best Production went to Moberly's House for their tremendously moving version of Willy Russell's 'Blood Brothers'. The whole school was 'wowed' by the depth of talent on show across all of the houses. It was testament to the universal passion the college holds for drama that every house was nominated for the award for House Spirit.

The acting, directing and showmanship of veterans and novices alike combined to make the festival week memorable. Whilst aspirations for next year are high, we won't forget the chills of The Woman in Black, the slickness of A Few Good Men, the alien intensity of Blackrobe, the puff powder and greasepaint of Hairspray or the wit of The History Boy.

A plethora of commendations, stars and prizes were awarded to over 60 students. The main awards were:

BEST TECHNICAL CONTRIBUTION:
Watson's – 'The Woman in Black'

BEST INNOVATION:
Wiseman's – for the use of the screen in 'The Elephant Man'

BEST DESIGN:
North Town – 'Journey's End'

BEST MUSICAL CONTRIBUTION:
East Town – (musicians) Seth Crawley, Nico Bromilow, Conrad Heald, Jonah Trenouth, Hector Williams in 'Blackrobe'

BEST ADAPTATION OR ORIGINAL WRITING:
School House – 'The History Boys'

BEST NEWCOMER:
Katendi Heald – Penny Pingleton - 'Hairspray'

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR IN A MALE ROLE:
Joseph Phillips – Lt. Jack Ross – 'A Few Good Men'

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR IN A FEMALE ROLE:
James Hanson – Mrs. Johnstone – 'Blood Brothers'

THE SPIRITUS AWARD:
West Town - 'Hairspray'

BEST ACTOR IN A MALE ROLE:
Callum Paine – Mickey – 'Blood Brothers'

BEST COMEDY:
Moberly's – 'Blood Brothers'

BEST DRAMA:
South Town – 'A Few Good Men'

BEST DIRECTOR:
Evan Edwards and Jack Dixey – 'A Few Good Men'

BEST PRODUCTION:
Moberly's – 'Blood Brothers'

THE FESTIVAL PRODUCTIONS

SUMMARY

The festival started off on the Sunday, with Wiseman's 'The Elephant Man'. This show enjoyed a strong start, with the use of carnivalesque lighting to set the scene; very quickly, we were transported to the world of the Victorian freak show.

This story, about the demise of the angelic John Merrick who was stricken by the horrifically debilitating elephantiasis, was underpinned by some focussed acting and sensitive direction from the boys of Wiseman's House. With the exception of some confusing and perhaps over-politicised use of the admittedly novel 'screen', which formed the backdrop of their set, the 'mise en scène' gave credulity to a society riddled with hypocrisy and mixed values. The ever present image of Queen Victoria glowered down at us with customary disapprobation. The use of the choir, though not always perfectly executed, was a welcome enhancement to scene changes and transitions, and the piece was well directed and serious in its overall inflexion.

Perhaps a little laboured at times, this seriousness manifested itself in the valiant efforts of Frederick Treves, played by Murray Lidgitt who inspired the audience with a solemn rendition of William Blake's *Jerusalem*. In all, this was the strongest and best tailored Wiseman's production we have seen for some years; all credit must go to a house that showed us what can be achieved by teamwork. This was an impressive eminent start to the week.

This was followed by **School House's** 'The History Boys'. The play was well chosen and well executed by an enjoyably unified cast, and there was the odd outstanding performance as well. The story of a motley crew of boys, all gunning for Oxbridge places, escorted down the avenues of knowledge by their zany, albeit 'alternative', teacher, certainly captured the imagination. We enjoyed the warmth of the banter as well as the lightness of touch sometimes exhibited. This, counterpointed by the odd 'arch' comment, or incisive one-liner, made for a delightful mix. Some impressive characterisation and natural ensemble playing, not to mention superlative exchanges in French, left us feeling that School House had done much to open the doors on another world...perhaps not a world that we can relate to any longer, but certainly a museum piece of some potency nevertheless.

Monday night...**Watson's House** had set themselves a difficult task in their choice of the West End hit, 'The Woman in Black'. The key to successfully realising this ambitious choice of show was always going to be in the way in which the cast combined compelling story-telling with a mastery of suspense. The development of tension would rest on this control and attention to restraint and underplaying. There were some technical flaws and clarity and diction could have benefited from a vocal warm-up, but the detailed planning and forethought of the overseers of this production paid off strikingly in the end.

Despite an over-long cut of one hour and five minutes, with which we sympathised to some extent, the production achieved its desired effect, and was, depending on your constitution, authentically and frequently disturbing. From the use of the torch and the beautifully positioned sound effects, with just enough of a hint of atmosphere to conjure up Drablow and the 'glittering marshes', this production was, at times, a tour de force, eliciting screams and gasps from the genuinely surprised audience. Intriguingly, the identity of the Woman in Black still remains undisclosed and the memories of this intellectually driven but viscerally charged production will linger long...the white sheets covering the furniture in an upper room, the rocking chair, rocking, unoccupied...the raw whistling winds and the cries of a drowning child, all moments of sublime and other-worldly intrusion, set against the backdrop of this lyrically haunting tale of curiosity and retribution from the grave.

If this were a hard act to follow, you would not have guessed it in the execution of Ayckbourn's delightful comedy, 'Bedroom Farce', which brought a lightness back to the proceedings. The girls of **Oakeley's House** did not disappoint, giving us a rich panoply of individual performances. The physical ludicrousness of Natalie Heritage's Ernest, reminiscent of French and Saunders' fat men in the pub sketches, the narcotic shrillness of

Pippa Robinson's Delia and the high pitched paranoia of Emily Tonks' Mike Leigh style Susannah, (crumbling under the weight of her own self-inflicted neurosis), were a revelation to behold. Whilst the play was dated and did not always dance to the metronomic tune which Alan Ayckbourn designed for it, this hour and ten minute long production, (pulled out of the hat in the very jaws of panic and last minute blitz spirit) ensured Oakeley's place in their House Play archives as one of the most entertaining of recent generations: all this despite a loss of a key actor at the eleventh hour as Rosie Keefe valiantly stepped in at the last minute.

Tuesday... 'Annie' has had a long history of performances and so Hallward's choice was always going to be a popular one. Previous interpretations (such as Albert Finney's unforgettable Oliver Warbucks and Carol Burnett's acid-tongued Miss Hannigan) stick in the mind, and the challenge for **Hallward's** was therefore to make this play their own. In flashes, the girls succeeded in doing this, with some of the distinctive Hallward's marks in some of the early numbers. The cast was large, presenting a managerial challenge for the director, but the array of smiles at the curtain call suggested strongly that Hallward's had invested this production with a good degree of love.

Some opportunities were missed (smoother scene transitions would have blended the action more effectively perhaps), but songs like 'It's a Hard Knock Life' were powerful in delivery and intention. Ensemble pieces were secure and crowd-pleasing, but a certain degree of hesitancy in the solos denied the production the power required of a winner.

North Town's production of 'Journey's End' followed 'Annie', and lasting for over an hour (the rules specify 45 minutes as the maximum time allowed) the play undeniably over-ran. However, a tremendously apposite set - a single dug-out light hanging over a map-strewn table creating a real sense of a bleak no man's land just beyond - provided enormous potential for this beautifully written English GCSE text of choice. However, a certain quietness of delivery, fumbled diction and problematic stretches of dialogue meant that this particular production never really took off. We felt for the cast and production team, whose enormous work and effort seemed somewhat lost in translation. One of the final images of the play, a carelessly thrown blanket over the recently deceased young officer Raleigh, seemed to present a problem that the direction of the piece had never really managed to articulate: the contradiction between withheld emotion and stiff upper lip.

Worcester House made a rather unusual choice this year, especially in view of the extra work involved in converting it from its original form as novel into something that could be performed on stage. It is perhaps this process, though finely executed, that was responsible for an excessive amount of short scenes. At times, a gentle blend from one scene to the next would have been preferable to the staccato fragments of plot which advanced the story and ultimately detracted from the central hub of the drama. However, in every other respect the cut was intelligent, finely observed and close to the allotted time, delivering with truthful simplicity the main protagonist's deterioration.

Dramatic performances shone through here, and, in view of the painful nature of the subject matter, remained touching and well-pitched. **Worcester House** offered a powerful performance: both an improvement on last year's contribution and an example of the shape of things to come.

Wednesday saw **East Town's** contribution; an example of quality drama. The piece had an exotic feel, governed as it was by the central theme of indigenous Huron Indian cultures assimilated into Christianity. The subject matter was handled carefully and sensitively by the director, and the set - a kind of abstract temple that positioned itself between the pagan and Christian ideas of worship - demonstrated that East Town meant business. Indeed, a high intellect drove this piece forward, aided by strong performances and focused acting from the cast.

The conflict between the world of ancestral Gods and the world of ecclesiastical corporate expansion was fiercely staked out. The choir, who sang live behind the curtain, would not have been out of place in the cloisters of King's College Cambridge, such was the perfected harmony and ascetic control of a musical arrangement which intensified the mood. There were some well crafted and strongly executed moments too, most notably the killing (or was it self-sacrifice?) of Blackrobe himself. The piece would have benefited from more detail, and the smoke was perhaps a little clichéd as the martyr emerged from another dimension, but these are small criticisms in the grand scheme of things. As the boys of East Town took their bow, it was clear that here was another very serious contender for the House Play title.

South Town were in a tight spot coming into the festival at this stage, with already so much quality under the bridge. Whilst the overall piece might have suffered from more glitches than last year, this production, despite running over time, sped along at a breathless

pace. This was, in part, down to style as much as it was down to the razor quick communication of thoughts and movement from a talented and controlled cast. It was certainly the play that, thus far, had managed to imitate real speech most convincingly; the one in which the audience was least aware that actors were present. Scene transitions were faultless, and almost every fissure in their constructed reality was shored up as soon as it appeared. As we looked around the audience, it was clear that we were witnessing something special.

However, this play was not without its faults. We secretly begged for the court room to be brought forward, in spatial terms, so that we could enjoy the intimacy of procedures. In fact, it seemed ironic that its excellence made its imperfections more conspicuous. The overall impact of the piece (the smart retorts, the gravitas of the witness testimonials, the theatre of military ritual and the individual relationships of council and marines themselves) spoke to us with a resounding realism. South Town had handed in another virtuoso turn for our delectation. At this point, nominations, opinions and recollections of previous impressive productions were flying in and colliding from all directions.

And so we arrived at the final evening of the week. The first show was **West Town's** rendition of the musical 'Hairspray'. This is a tale of one girl's dream of stardom and television popularity on the Corny Collins show and it showed us a swinging sixties world of coiffured plastic people against a backdrop of racial segregation. It had seemed, initially, an unusual choice for a predominantly white cast, but the use of black costume to represent 'colour' was a simple and distinctive solution to the problem; we were so glad in the end, that the director had remained resolute in her decision to persevere here. This was a dance filled explosion of West Town energy and rigour, sleek characterisation and teenage exuberance that blew bubblegum love into the audience. We got oodles of assiduously rehearsed ensemble routines, memorable numbers such as 'You Can't Stop the Beat'; we got hooked in by gyrations, vibrations, funky choreography and a sheer vitality and vibrancy of colour; we got lemon popsicle style relationships, framed as they were in what seemed to be one great electric pulse of big hair and razzle-dazzle, and the girls of West Town showed great stamina in what was a very physical experience - for them and for their audience alike.

It was no surprise, then, when some performers began to run out of steam in the final numbers: these girls had given their all.

What a testament to their spirit and resilience this was. Admittedly, the material was on the superficial side, but from the title of the piece we were under no illusion about what we were going to get from the start. Indeed, this production added something thrilling and unique to the week, and it was with wistful poignancy that we reflected how the cross gendered casting of House plays had moved on over the years: here were girls playing convincing male characters, with liberating largesse and no sense of going for the cheap laugh.

To say that **Moberly's House** delivered everything that Willy Russell's 'Blood Brothers' has to offer in an hour and fifteen minutes would, of course, be untrue: how could they? Similarly, to claim that the performances lilted between the two dramatic masks with balletic poise, as the script does, would be incorrect: there was unevenness; there was generalisation; there was, perhaps, too much of the dactyl and not enough of the spondee in the realisation of tone, mood and performance. However, in this truncated, brilliantly adapted (though over-long for the purposes of House Play week) production, there was more sensitively handled and carefully sustained 'feeling' than anything we had seen thus far in the festival.

And so, it was with initial alarm (in view of the tortuously difficult decisions that now awaited us), very quickly followed by a kind of drugged bliss, that we fell into the arms of this majestic production. The voices, the live keyboard playing, the story of the brothers, the evocation of childhood and those first steps into love and adulthood were arresting in both purpose and execution. Again, this was a piece in which genders were crossed and frontiers broken; though this time it was boys playing girls...and in this transformation, any girl in that audience would have been hard pressed not to fall in love with the openness with which some of these performers bared their souls.

The word 'extraordinary' was one which passed our lips as we passed out of the Redgrave for the last time in this year's House Play season, and this referred not only to Moberly's performance but also to an extraordinary week of extraordinary productions in an exceptional House Play festival. ■

HOUSE UNISON

It was a typical October night, dark, wet, cold and blustery. All the spectators were huddled together in their Houses, hopping from one foot to the other to keep warm.

Despite being exhausted and on the brink of half term, everyone shared in the uneasiness and excitement felt by all performers. As the hands on the Chapel clock approached the half hour, the exhilaration of the Houses assembled outside on the Quad rose to a deafening crescendo.

This year, Mr Hills mixed up the performing sequence by pulling Houses' names out of a hat. This meant that each time another House was called up, those that still hadn't performed would sit nervously in anticipation, wondering if it was their turn next.

Oakeley's definitely had the 'wow' factor as they assembled on the stage in their monochrome personalised, black t-shirts and striking metallic face paint. Their performance had a lot to live up to after last year's thrilling rendition of "Shout", an 80's inspired hit. I have to say, though, they didn't disappoint. The quirky Queen's song, "Radio Ga-Ga" was staged with flair and originality. The use of choreography and vocal dynamics added another dimension, making the catchy chorus stand out.

"I can't take my eyes off you" performed by **Moberly's** was slick, smooth and sophisticated. The genre, a combination of swing and jazz, complemented the deepness of the boys' voices and offered an alternative musical sound to the evening's extravaganza. The attire of jeans, a white t-shirt and a black suit jacket, looked understated and didn't distract from the melodic composition.

The girls from **West Town** delivered a spectacular performance from start to finish. Their costumes certainly matched the high standard of their voices. A simple white t-shirt provided a blank canvas for

their Union Jack inspired theme. Each West Towner was adorned in red, white and blue ribbons, imitating the team GB design. Throughout the song "Proud", written as this year's Beijing Olympic anthem, the singers remained in unison, and simple but effective use of actions was perfectly synchronised and mirrored the uplifting, patriotic lyrics. This was a definite contender for this year's House Song title.

Wiseman's decided on the Beatles' classic "Hey Jude!" Despite the slower tempo of this song, the boys exuded a strong sense of rhythm and enthusiasm. The lyrics were sung with passion and clarity that captivated their audience and guaranteed enormous applause. The creative 70's inspired theme of bold coloured shirts and animated conducting made this performance stand out from the rest.

Watson's decided on Take That's "Rule the World", a soothing yet thrilling pop ballad. The cello's musical accompaniment added a depth, richness and electricity to the piece. The boys chose to remain understated in their uniform creating an air of unity and ease. There were definitely a few audience members mouthing the words as the vocal volume increased in the bridge that led up to the unforgettable chorus.

"Imagine" written by John Lennon and staged by **North Town** was recently credited 'the third greatest song of all time' by *Rolling Stone* magazine. The lyrics originated from Lennon's hopes of a more peaceful future; he used music as a device for expressing and preaching his positive beliefs. The performance was simple but effective, the singing remaining in time throughout, despite the constant interjection of the riff. There was variation of tempo and dynamics as the notes reached the chorus.

Hallward's branched out in a different musical direction by choosing the gospel/soul classic "Ain't No Mountain High Enough" which the girls performed in two sections. There was a tremendous sense of House spirit and pride as the song alternated between the two groups and then returned to the unison. There was good use of facial expression, vocal differentiation and instrumentation, which gave the song a dramatic edge. The choice of little black dresses appeared glamorous whilst the tropical flowers added a touch of subtle femininity.

Worcester provided the audience with an engaging interpretation of Abba's legendary "Mamma Mia". The girls were co-ordinated in gold, green and black and wore sparkly jewellery with glittery make-up. The combination of well-known lyrics, a popular tune and solid beat emanating from the drum kit provided a truly enjoyable number.

"Lifted", performed by **School House**, is a 90's hit belonging to British pop duo, 'The Lighthouse Family'. Like Watson's, School House kept things simple in the costume department and opted for their everyday uniform. The acoustic guitar chords could be heard above the song's lyrics. Although this is quite a challenging number, the boys carried it off with style and individualism.

South Town pulled out all the stops, with their take on "Moonlight/Summertime". The song is part of the soft jazz/swing genre, and the use of drums and trumpet playing throughout the performance emphasised key elements of syncopation and improvisation, typical of this type of music. The boys certainly dressed the part in their showbiz tuxedos and black shades, and their voices sounded tuneful and well rehearsed. This was an all round good performance.

“Everytime”, performed by **East Town**, is a feel-good, pop ballad. As well as delivering strong and consistent vocals, the boys used a range of tone, which varied the mood of the piece. There was a real sense of enjoyment and achievement as the boys belted out the lyrics. Their form of dress was suave yet quirky, as many of the boys had managed to transform their signature yellow and red school ties into bow ties.

In keeping with tradition, the teachers performed a song whilst the adjudicator, (Director of Music from Badminton), finalised the results of the competition. This year they chose another Abba hit “Thank You For The Music”, which they sang with gusto and energy, but with slightly different words, more appropriate to their profession. What a finale!

Congratulations to **West Town** who were this year’s winners. ■

Sophie Jackson

Harp Workshop

In the Michaelmas term our harp teacher, Emily Mullins, organised a harp workshop for current and potential pupils. She engaged the help of Clive Morley from Morley Harps in Gloucester, who brought along eight harps for pupils to play. Mrs Mullins demonstrated the different qualities of each instrument: the most basic harp was a Celtic lever harp typically used in Irish folk music. This has a quiet and distinctive timbre and is an instrument typically used by beginners. The most advanced instrument, and probably the most expensive, was a full size Etude 42 pedal harp made by Aoyama. This is a much more challenging instrument to play because of the advanced skills used for pedal-changing and supporting the weight of the harp. We were given a piece which had both easier and more challenging parts. By the end of the session we played this ensemble piece together as a group and as a canon. Mrs Mullins played a grade 3 piece to show how an easy piece can be made to sound impressive using particular techniques. She also played a few more advanced pieces to finish off the workshop. ■

Catrin Cox, WoH, L6

A Capella Group

Over the past couple of years, the A Cappella group has been asked to perform for the Old Cliftonians during their annual Old Cliftonian dinner as a form of ‘light entertainment.’ This year, after a couple of minutes of last minute practice, we proceeded to sing our favourite numbers, including ‘Penny Lane’ and ‘Somewhere over the Rainbow’ in the upper floor of Big School.

The A Cappella group comprises a number of sixth form boys and girls. Five parts are covered, ranging from bass to soprano and including all in between. We have sung in a variety of places, including the top of the Eiffel Tower (supposedly illegally!) and in St George’s, and our repertoire is fairly large, mainly containing music arranged by Bob Chilcott (of the King’s Singers) but also some more sacred pieces. We practise once or twice a week, and usually a little more right before a concert.

As a member of the A Cappella group, it has been a pleasure to sing at these dinners over the last two years, and I hope it continues in the future. ■

William Morrison, SH, L6



Choir recital

12 March 2009

The choir performance of ‘Requiem’ a short while ago was, by all accounts, pleasant to watch (and hear); it was also great fun to take part in. This piece was slightly trickier than the pieces the Clifton Chapel Choir usually take on, but afforded an opportunity for some beautiful solos - Emily Tonks’ *Pie Jesu* bearing her unmistakable style, although all soloists performed the music with flair. For the rest of us, it was a time to stretch our voices on a piece that ranged in scope from the whole choir thundering ‘*de poenis inferni, et de profundo lacu*’ to the delicate beginnings of *In Paradisum*.

Much of the term had been spent practising the piece, and, although I can’t speak for the rest of the choir, repeatedly trilling *Sanctus, Sanctus* until Mr Hills’ standards were reached caused some soprano headaches. However, by the time performance night rolled around, we were ready to deliver up to that standard, all but free of the doubts we’d been smoothing out over the term as to whether we could hit that high B or C. Performing a piece that was both beautiful and somewhat challenging was fun, which is what choir, performance and attendance at events like this one is about. ■

Zoe Asquith



House Part-Song Competition 2008

Before writing about the Part-Song competition, I had to think long and hard about what part-song really is. Every year there seems to be a myriad of different interpretations, which helps to add to the colour and excitement of the evening. Often the songs submitted will be worlds apart, and that was the case this year, the adjudicator commenting that in fact it made it extremely difficult to judge between them.

So many choices have to be made when choosing a part-song, and each year the adjudicator is looking for something different. Should the part-songs have words or can they be just noises? Does it matter if there is only one main singer i.e. a soloist, with the other parts providing backing, or is it a rule that each part should contribute equal importance to the song? Can there be beat-boxing? How many voices should a part-song roughly consist of?

This is why I believe that the organisers of the part-songs should be congratulated more than anyone else, as they have the hardest task before them. They must find a song which will not only suit the range of different voices available to them, and will survive on its own unaccompanied by instruments, but will also be a song which they truly believe can win the competition.

The singing was of an extremely high quality this year, a sign that music at Clifton is truly flourishing. There was a wide range of talents exhibited by the differing range of songs undertaken:

School House gave a powerful and stirring rendition of 'Eye of the Tiger', starting off with a strong underlying beat accompanied by continuous beat-boxing. The lead singers had a high vocal range to cover, often using falsetto to reach the highest notes; however, the melody was carried well.

Wiseman's sang 'Only Truth' with great enthusiasm, making the most of the refrain and the harmonies it presented; there were

some wonderful bits during this piece. Good eye contact was maintained during the singing, ensuring that the piece ran smoothly, and, overall, there was a sense of confidence in the performance.

Watson's performed 'I'm Yours' keeping a good rhythm throughout. It was an enjoyable piece overall, and the backing certainly helped carry the song along. Alternating parts in the piece allowed the singers to relax more into the performance.

West Town's song, 'He lives in you' from the Lion King, had two strong leading vocalists while others provided a backing. The tune of the song certainly rang out through the Chapel, a combination of both African phrases and English, which complemented each other very well.

East Town was one of the last Houses to perform with the 'Pink Panther', an unusual but effective arrangement consisting of 'scat singing': syllables sung to an improvised melody. The range of notes that the main soloist had to cover was no mean feat and, once again, falsetto came in handy.

As with last year, **Moberly's** cleverly managed to mix two very different songs into a continuous flowing medley. 'For the longest time' and 'Fields of Gold', both very popular songs, went down well with the audience. A very strong performance overall was led well by the main soloists.

Hallward's presented a well chosen piece, 'Adiemus', which suited their voices and

certainly captured the attention of the audience; the parts were well balanced with everyone playing equally important roles, and this led to many complex harmonies. The piece lent itself to the Chapel setting.

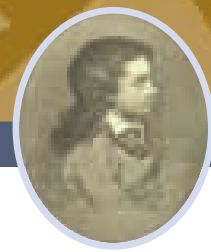
Oakeley's gave an emotional performance of 'Total Eclipse of the Heart'. Clarity was maintained throughout, and the blending of the sound made by the background singers and the soloists was well balanced.

South Town gave a very slick and entertaining performance of 'Mack the Knife' with many of the singers dressed for the occasion in waistcoats and fedoras. The solos interchanged in a convincing manner and, overall, you could see that those taking part were having great fun.

Worcester chose a song by Mika called 'Happy Ending' which made great use of harmonies and the performance certainly played on the heart. The volume of the song was cleverly varied throughout, illustrating the talent of the singers.

This year it was **Hallward's** who won the competition, though I am sure that no-one walked away disappointed; everyone enjoyed themselves, and it was wonderful to see such a large turnout to watch, more so than in previous years. I also personally believe that the adjudicator did a fantastic job in judging such a large spectrum of talent: I look forward to next year. ■

Hector Williams



Thomas Chatterton Poetry Winner and shortlist

Students from Clifton entered an externally judged poetry competition. The winner of the competition was Third form student Francesca ffiske. Her poem “Moments” is printed below. Students were asked to submit a poem and picture entitled “What I love the most...” inspired by the poetry of Thomas Chatterton, the Bristol-based Romantic poet.

MOMENTS

The smell of damp earth, its crumbling leaves leaving the sweets scent of decay,
The choking, bitter fragrance of blackened toast.
The deep, earth tang of smoke coils from myriads of chimneys,
Eucalyptus’ sharp scent clings to a drowsy body.

A whisper of silk against skin, as delicate and light as water,
Fresh paper, clean and simple as the start of the world.
A warm bed enveloping shivering limbs on a crisp winter night,
Sea breeze stealing your lungs, filling each swelling chest.

For everyone a smile represents pleasure, no matter who you are,
An alluring diamond dances with light waiting to be unleashed.
For each dawn the sun rises above a world glazed with hues of red and gold,
The splendour of the moon watches through her misty veil.

The subtle sigh of wind murmurs through the creaking branches
A woman cherishes, singing softly to her sleeping infant.
The curtains of rain thrum the underlying pulse of a single heart,
Whilst delight is echoed in the language of the soul: laughter.

An innocent sunny fruit, sodden with perfumed pulp that draws lips together in a grimace,
A light pink mist of sugar melting, spun into a hazy cloud.
The sweet crunch of pastry coats the hot relish of the sticky apple centre,
Forcing the tongue to skip with guilty pleasures.

Life is not measured by the breaths we take,
But by the moments that take our breath away.

The moments where your heart halts with wonder,
The beauty we want to soak up, live in, believe.
That is what I love the most.
These moments.

Francesca ffiske, Third form

WHAT I LOVE THE MOST....

It’s on your hand
The power to create, to have, to hold
The power to remember
Never to forget

The moment is captured
Now there for all time
An expression remembered or laughter replayed,
The image caught forever

The moment’s gone now, slipped away
The scene has changed,
A second in time, lost, yet kept,
Taken in the present

But now gone from your grasp into the past,
But there in your hands for all to see;
Your memories,
Your photograph.

Flo Freeland, Third form

Debating

This year’s junior debates kicked off at the start of the Summer Term. The contests were fought simultaneously for the first couple of weeks in order to avoid a traffic jam of high profile events in the run up to Commemoration. However, the Houses were as keen as usual, fielding many hopeful debaters from the Third to Fifth forms, all anxious to score points over their competitors. Sometimes a flourish of rhetorical skill, a neatly put phrase or indeed strong, simple argument carried Houses through the rounds. In every case, Sixth Form adjudication gave these debates a special feeling that perhaps can be missing from the senior competition.

In the end though, the final, fought between Oakeley’s House and School House, was a fairly one sided affair and School House romped home with the prize. Yet again, all those long winter evenings spent deliberating immigration or climate change (which serves as fodder to School House internal debates) sent a strong message that debating, like everything else in life, needs to be practised.

The senior competition also set high standards and, whilst there was no surprise when School House got ‘the double’, they had to work hard against stiff opposition. Points of information were thick and fast and the floor was mostly engaged throughout the ten debates in the Redgrave. Themes included immigration, the age of consent and the current economic crisis. The teams did well with topical material as well as researching more remote themes in depth. In the end though, School House triumphed: their victory was powered by a fast talking Josh Jacobs, a convincing Nick Morris and an eloquent Josh Brown. A special mention should go to Wiseman’s House (Runners Up) as I think I am right in saying that this is the first time in five years that they have made it this far.

Mr. Hasthorpe takes up the reins of this thriving area of the school next year. ■

Rob Morris

Some further poetry, inspired by a range of sources...

NIGHT AT THE UNDERGROUND

We herd through the passage ways like sheep,
Wave after wave, pour down the escalator,
Into the bowels of the earth,
Bright posters stare blankly from the filthy walls,
Hot noise roars from the mouth of the tunnel.
The stench of sweat, the gritty floor, the heat.....
I look away, and down and see a crumpled man,
Lying on a blanket, arms around a dog,
Shaking, his eyes are full of pain,
He looks at me; I look back and want to help,
I move towards him but the crowds surge,
I am carried to the train and sealed in bodies,
Helpless. The plastic seats are smeared with gum,
"Mind the Door." The hooded people stare.
I leave him in his tomb.

Johnny Gill

LOVE SONNET

If your love has returned but soon enough,
It still would not be in the perfect time,
Our love boat has been sunk by tempests rough,
You are a siren wicked yet sublime.
When you wish to revitalise our love,
My heart shall sink towards the ocean floor,
Your voice that calls me is sweet like a dove,
But your heart is bitter right into the core.
Your face gives off a radiant sort of light,
Your eyes that burn with passion from within
I will withhold you using all my might,
I will not let your love beneath my skin.
And still there is some feeling there its truth,
You love me, maybe one day I will you.

Noonie Holmes

THE MIND

As the sun begins to rise,
Your mind passes through,
A sub-conscious temple;
In which the jaguar stands tall.

As the clouds give way to rain,
You start to doubt the world;
And every step you take
Will feel like two.

When the wind begins to bite,
You wonder why you are here,
How you've become like this,
And what you can do to change.

When the sun begins to set,
The jaguar will leave their temple,
For the mind is complicated matter,
When you wonder about everything.

BUNKER

I shall not and will not,
The cries of machine guns echoed in my ears,
My eyes gaze upon sights no man should see
A world torn apart by the ravages of war.

The wails of innocent men being robbed of their lives,
Tanks charging, obliterating all in their path,
Silence fell upon the battlefield only to be destroyed by a hand grenade,
I shall not and will not.

Jordan Cranton

THE LIGHTHOUSE

It stands tall, this mighty building or wonder,
A simple plan but a magical reality,
With great walls, impossible to scale,
This god of the sea sits patiently.

It waits for one of its minions to call,
For help, for ease and for guidance;
When this time comes, it bellows a mighty roar
And spits its light out through its kingdom.

Its song of hope will help all men
Navigate its stormy realm,
With immeasurable waves and tempestuous oceans,
Guidance is a matter of life and death.

With a rocky base and a light for a brain,
It saves many lives at sea,
But sometimes makes mistakes like anyone
And guides its minions to their death.

EXAM

The rest of my life, determined by the palm of my hand.
A blank page, just waiting to be filled with right answers,
But what are they?
My hand shakes and my heart is thumping,
Fate is resting in my fingertips.
The walls are closing in and the clock ticks like a time bomb;
Waiting to explode and end this torture.
I look at the questions, the sea of words engulf me,
Drowning me in confusion and desperation.
Then my time is up.
I look down at the page filled with black writing,
Everything is black and white, right or wrong,
But the world is multicoloured.
Life is full of maybes and the unknown,
So how can these questions decide my future?

Philippa Davis

SUMMER EVENINGS

It is that time of year, summertime has come again;

To pitch its golden tent once more and stay a little while.

The solemn evening hours breathe sweet thoughts around,

Whilst soft mellow apricot light glows airily at dusktime.

Dappled shadows through white blossom trees

Light up blushing roses, that deck the flowerbed garlands.

Cloaked birds in the bushes chirp their twilight lullaby

That illuminates the summer night.

The faint putt of a croquet ball echoes
Within the exuberant garden walls.

The strong scent of summer drinks binds with twilight aromas

Creating a depth: an azure, a perfume, a transcending ecstasy.

Soon the sun descends with milder rays to cool

The ocean where his journey ends.

It hangs low like a sentimental pearl

In a sea of peachy blue, where it performs its ceremonial farewell for the night.

Pippa Robinson

TO COEXIST –

A FOUND POEM BY FRANCES BUIST

You take too much out of hospitality,
Grumbling at your neighbour's house,
A pale faced memento of solemnities.

You don't read prayers or preach,
You set an example of irreligion,
A mind without a revelation.

There was no reason, then,
There is no reason, now,
You necessarily coexisted...
To coexist.

WHISPERS IN THE DARK

In the night,

It is cold,

Darkness erodes the horizon,

Stars explode across the black velvet above.

Cold pushes people close,

They huddle for warmth,

Whisper their secrets,

Laugh away the chill.

Cold smells fresh, sharp,

Keeps you awake,

Yet in a dream, a daze,

As you stare out across the emptiness.

Cold is like thoughts,

Lets you forget,

Lets you remember,

Cold sounds of nothing.

Cold makes you feel alone,

Lets you think, breathe,

Drains away the troubles,

Disappears into the lurking shadows.

Cold is feared, unwanted,

Dreaded by most,

Others embrace it,

Let it swallow them whole.

Cold isolates feelings,

Makes breath act like fog,

Cold engulfs you,

Cold engulfs the night.

Night offers excitement,

Murky shadows act as strangers,

Corners act as danger,

Wind acts as whispers.

Whispers of the wind,

Sounds like music,

Enchanting, haunting,

Open, revealing.

Whispers of the wind,

Makes flowers sway,

Cold night enhancing their beauty,

Whilst lying in this field of moonlight

drenched flowers.

Rain gets heavier as night gets darker,

Cold rain drills through arms like bullets,

Glacial droplets rest on eyelashes,

Hair is plastered on foreheads whilst frost

pierces the skin.

Walls turn to blocks of ice,

Cars turn to refuges,

To admire the night,

In the back seat of your car.

Cold night makes your heart race,

Your mind scream, your voice turn to a whisper,

Your legs shake and your arms search,

Only to leave empty shadows.

Night is like love,

Night makes you lose your thoughts,

Your inhibitions,

You lose yourself in the night.

Cold night lets you escape,

Jump over walls,

Delve into secrecy,

To then be forgotten when daylight returns.

Whispers,

Wind,

Cold,

Night.

Dale Evans

WAVES

The scene never changing,

The wild horses rushing,

Meeting their end.

Frothing from the mouth,

The beat of the hammering heart,

Mad eyes as pink as roses.

The ongoing sound of pounding vibrations,

The swish of the tail creates tension:

The unruly characters take hold.

As the creatures are controlled,

The gentle sound returns.

They are no longer charging,

But wandering.

Katherine Beesley

Festival of Remembrance at the Colston Hall

With volunteers from each section of the CCF, we made our way to the venue to rehearse our marching sequence for the festival in the evening, which was on Saturday, the 1st of November.

We were greeted soon after we entered the hall by a rehearsal of the introductory fanfare played on what I believed to be a keyed trumpet, which is similar to the bugle in that it has no valves. After they had played this fanfare, I knew that I was going to enjoy the evening. We then rehearsed twice the whole procession of a large number of representatives of various associations, linked to the forces. These included a large number of standard bearers, or 'flag carriers', as well as representatives of associations from universities, the Red Cross and the Poppy Appeal Association.

Our job was very simple; to march in time (which a large number of one section of the forces, who will remain anonymous, often find very difficult) down to the stage and then file into our seats. Once rehearsed twice, we took our leave and then met again just before the concert to line up for the order of marching into the hall.

After we had marched up and found our seats, we enjoyed a festival which had a large number of different performances. The festival started with a young soprano who sang four songs from various shows and some old classics that suited the audience's taste. We were then read some extracts from various diaries of individuals who had joined the Territorial Army since it was an anniversary for this component of the army.

Then followed the performance of various songs from one of the Royal Marines bands. The Royal Marines musicians have the reputation of being one of the best organisations for orchestras & bands since musicianship, talent and discipline almost always make for the best results in music. We were treated to various 'Big band' pieces, along with a solo violinist who played the main theme from *Schindler's List*.

Another celebration of an anniversary followed, which was in relation to releases of the first episodes of the well-known comedy sketches *Dad's Army*. Some actors acted out one episode of this series, which was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. Next, a regionally famous tenor singer came onto the stage and performed a wide range of songs, some modern and some linking to famous styles of the wars. We then had the Act of Remembrance, which was surrounded with some hymns, readings and the Last Post, which was played on the bugle by a member of the Marines. The festival ended with some good patriotic pieces (*Land of Hope & Glory*, *Jerusalem*) and of course the National Anthem.

I strongly recommend this occasion to any musicians in the CCF and for anybody who enjoys having a good sing too. ■



RAF Field Day to RMB Chivenor

After a long trip in the minibus, we arrived at the gates of former RAF base, now a RMB Royal Marine base, Chivenor, home of both Royal Marines and a part of the RAF Search and Rescue team.

Having been waved through by security, we rolled in and seemed to be greeted by huge Chinook transporter helicopters swooping through the air, twisting and turning in ways that seemed impossible. After meeting our Royal Marine guide for the day, we were led immediately to the RAF hangars, where we were amazed to find we were all to have a flight in the Sea King Rescue Helicopter. This proved to be the highlight of the day, as we





were all kitted out in full flying suits before being led to the bright yellow aircraft. As we soared over the nearby sands with the large side door wide open, sometimes flying at very low altitude, its speed and agility were demonstrated in a striking way.

Next, we were shown a pair of night vision goggles, our guide pleading with us to be careful as they cost £10,000 each! Soon we were whisked off to another section of the base where we were shown how to prepare a rabbit for cooking, and then taken for our last



activity of the day; one that left us with no energy for anything else.

We were introduced to the Royal Marine PT instructor for Chivenor who, in turn, introduced us to an assault course that potential Royal Marines had to complete in order to be accepted into the regiment. We were led through the obstacles and helped over the tougher challenges; we all made it to the end, thoroughly exhausted. It was only then that we were told that those recruits doing this same challenge had to complete it in less than five minutes, whilst fully loaded with pack and rifle, and only after completing a cross country run with the same load. As we set off back to Clifton, we realised the experience we had had was barely a glimpse of the true training and life of the Royal Marines. ■

James Moore 5th Form

Royal Marines Band Course

I decided to do the Royal Marines Band Course at HMS Raleigh. It was the first time I had done a CCF course apart from summer camp with the school's CCF; so it was all a brand new experience for me. It was one of the most enjoyable weeks of my whole life. We spent every day of the five days playing music. We stayed in a mess block at HMS Raleigh. Apart from the early wake up calls everything was great in the mess block. The food was very good. We ate in the phase one trainees dining hall with the trainees and cadets who were on other courses.

We practised three marches, a drum display and some concert pieces for the first four days of the week leading up to the big parade on the final day of the week on the drill square. We also played a concert to fellow cadets on the other courses as well as their instructors in the chapel on Thursday evening. We were in very capable hands all week, as we were being trained by the Royal Marines Band and Corps of Drums from the Plymouth Band. Being a drummer the other four drummers, the drum major and I were trained all week by the amazing drummers and buglers from the Plymouth band. This was the best training any musician could ask for as you are being trained by the top musicians in the military.

On the course there were people from all over Britain. I got to know everyone on the course very well and by the end of week we almost felt like family. Quite a lot of people had been on the course before and I hope to go again this summer. I would thoroughly recommend going on this course and any other course as it is great fun. I am hoping to be selected to perform in the cadet 150 celebrations in London in 2010. ■

Adam Kula



CCF Field Day

As time approached 9 o'clock in the morning, we all assembled on the South Quad along with the other sections of CCF. A quick registration and brief inspection and we were given the order to fall out, setting off on our first activity of the day.

Although First Aid has been shown to us many times in the past, yet this was perhaps the most enjoyable session I've attended and took me one step further in my understanding of this topic.

After a short break we assembled back at the South Quad and proceeded to our second task. In order for us to be qualified to fly with the RAF in an extraordinary experience above ground on a 'Grob Tutor' aircraft, we must pass a brief test to review our progress and our understanding. We had some revision on the RAF Part One syllabus, some basic information that we need to know as part of the section and then we went back onto the Quad to learn some more about the foot drills. These practices proved very effective at the end of the day when assessments took place.

After lunch we returned and gathered in preparation to start the first of the two activities for the afternoon. First was a slight taste of commanding task for us. We were given instructions and were divided into two groups to complete the task given. One person was appointed the leader of each group and the rest of the team followed. On such an enjoyable occasion as this we actually managed to grasp quite a bit on communication and team work (as well as leadership for the leaders). Overall the teams turned out to have worked really well in completing the task given. This was agreed by the majority of the recruits as the highlight of the day.

This then led to activity two, viewing the video about the RAF Search & Rescue service.

After a short tea break, at last the foot drill assessment came. This was something new, something different, something we have never done in the past. All of the recruits of different sections assembled on the Quad waiting to be assessed on their foot drills. RAF was called up first. Although we are the smallest group out of the three sections, yet we were ultimately among one of the best during the assessment. My overall thought on the day was that it was very enjoyable, we were given tasks to complete, we engaged them and we successfully achieved accomplishing them. ■

Brian Yeh

Navy CCF Field Day



The day began with an early start as we were on parade at 7:30am, after rushing to polish our boots and pessimistically packing our waterproofs. The journey to our home for the weekend took two long hours, and we waited with anticipation to see the grand HMS Bristol in Portsmouth. It was not the 5 star luxury accommodation we were hoping for but a good experience of what it's really like to stay on a naval ship. After leaving our bags on the industrial metal triple bunk beds in mess deck 3, we got back on to the coach and headed off to our first activity of the weekend.

We split in half, and my group was sent to the "Action Stations" centre. There

we watched an exciting action movie about a hostage rescue mission which made me jump at least six times and left my heart pounding - a real insight into the thrill of being in the Navy! After that, we went on a helicopter simulator which made us feel as if we were actually flying across mountains and then went on the aptitude tests and rock climbing wall.

The groups then swapped over, and I was led through *HMS Victory* by our very own tour guide, Mr Crocker. We learnt all about her history and the general life of naval men in the past, including their uncomfortable living conditions, use of the 104 cannons and even stories of men sneaking their wives on board.

We marched to dinner where we were served a variety of much-needed hot food (a real treat compared to the Army's ration packs), then marched home again. If that wasn't enough marching, we were taken to a large sports hall where we did marching



drills and learnt how to salute. We also played a team building game and then, exhausted, went back to the ship for snooker, table tennis and chocolate milk.

Having followed the complicated instructions for making our cramped little beds, with 5 minutes till lights out, we were suddenly told we were in the wrong mess and had to quickly rush to change beds. However, by the time the lights went out, we were all lying comfortably, worn out from our long day, and ready for sleep. The beds may have been small and hard, but as I listened to the rain pour down, I was very happy with the warmth and shelter.

Our wake up call was at 6.30 and, as we marched to breakfast, passing a Commander on our way, I realised why there had been such an emphasis on marching and saluting.



Because of the large numbers, we were split up into four groups. I was lucky enough to be one of the six who got to go on the *Amaryllis*, an eight-berth ocean yacht and sail around, led by Stew and our skipper, Rob. At one point we ventured out of the port and almost capsized because of the violent sea. It was my first time on a yacht, and I learnt so much about sailing and all the different actions. In particular, I discovered how stressful but thrilling it was to operate such a large boat in rough conditions. Another group went sailing on a similar yacht while the other two groups went on powerboats. The bad weather made it all the more exhilarating, and we all got a real taste of the excitement of the Navy and sailing.

We got back onto the coach, physically drained, but having enjoyed our first real naval experience. The weekend was such a success, and we learnt so much about the different aspects of the Navy as well having fun living the life of a real cadet. ■

Philippa Davis



Field day on the *Pride of Bristol* 2009

At 8 o'clock on the 8th March 2009 we arrived at Portishead Marina not knowing what the next twenty-four hours had in store for us. We were shocked by the size the ship, it was much bigger than any of us had expected. One of us started off on the "wrong foot" with Tansy falling down the steps. The crew prepared us for the next day and we had a helping of soup before heading off to bed.

The following morning we were woken at some unearthly hour, however we did get to see a fantastic sunrise. After squeezing through Portishead lock, we entered into the Bristol Channel where we were hit by the extreme conditions. We had a short period to take in the surroundings before setting out for our day's duties. Our first task was to plot our course to Penarth where we were to conduct the afternoon's activities. An hour later we were anchored outside Penarth Bay for lunch – although some of us had already had breakfast twice and despite feeling a little under the weather did give lunch a good try.

The afternoon activities that followed really were superb as we carried out some first aid training learning about the Neil Robertson stretcher and what to do in an emergency. This was punctuated with fascinating anecdotes of past experiences where the on-board Medic helped us to

see how difficult dealing with a casualty on board a boat in motion is!

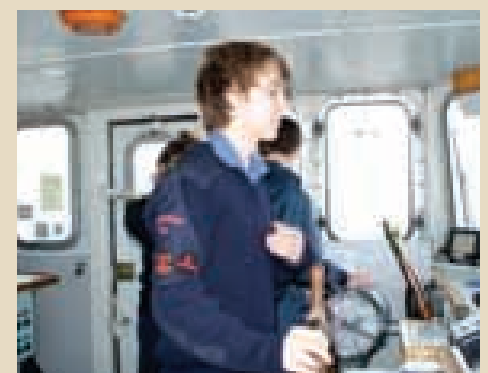
Following this, we carried out some chart and navigation work, plotting our position at anchor using a three point fix and plotting our course for the following journey back to Portishead harbour. We also checked the tides at certain harbours and learnt the importance of forward planning and entering bays, so as not to run aground.

At last we arrived back in the Portishead marina where the quiet surroundings became disturbed with the roar of the now launched RIB. We were each lucky enough to be allowed to take this for a spin and by 6pm our day had unfortunately come to an end. Exhausted by the day's events, we managed to gather together the last of our strength and clean out the rooms and tidy up.

The experience was excellent and we couldn't have hoped for a better crew, teaching us so much as well as entertaining us. We are all so grateful and hope that we can return next year. Overall a truly terrific field day. ■

Thank you from:

Alex, Becky, Ben, Ellie, Katie, Luke, Murray, Oliver and Tansy





Navy Field Day

On Monday 8th March we met in the quad at 07.45 for a quick inspection before jumping onto the mini-bus at 08.00. The short ride took us to *T.S Adventure*, Bristol's sea cadet centre, just on the Bristol Docks. Shortly after arriving we quickly set to putting on our buoyancy aids, replacing our boots with trainers, distributing the food and kit between the power boats, and getting the boats ready by checking the engine, fuel and oil for the trip ahead. The trips main aim was to test us for our power boating RYA 1 and 2.

Once everything was prepared we got onto our allocated boat and set off into the harbour. Within the harbour we went through and practised the skills needed for the assessment, such as getting used to controlling the boat, becoming aware of the other vessels, and the trickier stuff like coming alongside, man overboard and the dreaded three point turn in a

tight space! Once most of us had grasped the general concepts of these skills we stopped off at the buttery and snacked on bacon sandwiches and chips, washed down with a cup of hot chocolate, and of course perfecting coming alongside in the process when tying up at the pontoon! Although the sun was out, the bitter cold wind meant the warmth of the food still went down as a much welcomed treat!

After everyone's stomach was satisfied, and our trousers were feeling tighter than ever, we clambered back down to our boats and set off out of the harbour along the Feeder Canal. At this stage Mr Scorgie and Mr Crocker began to assess us. Even with the terror of having our every move watched and judged we still had fun whether at the helm, clinging on for dear life as someone messed up a manoeuvre, or just taking the relaxing option of sunbathing and waving at the people on the banks!

We followed the Feeder Canal to Netham Lock where again we stopped off. Not surprisingly it was to eat! However this time it was to munch on a lunch of hot soup and sandwiches. Once filled up Mr Crocker taught us the concepts of anchoring on land, as we couldn't put it into practice in the dock due to restrictions.



When we set off again we went through the lock gates out onto the river. It was exhilarating when we had to tie ourselves to the sides by our bow rope and hold on as the gates were opened, all boats cramped into the small space, trying to prevent ourselves from being dragged back by the current. Once through the lock gates the water was much rougher and the wind had picked up. Here we were assessed on our man overboard in the current which made it much harder, due to having to learn to use the current and wind to our advantage when picking up the 'man'. Once everyone had had a go, we turned around and headed back the way we came, right back to the harbour, being assessed the whole duration of the journey. In the harbour we enjoyed a last stop off at the buttery, eager for some food to warm us up, before heading back to *T.S Adventure* once all the assessments had been done. It was truly an enjoyable event and we all arrived back ready for supper! ■

H.M.S. Raleigh Leadership Course

It was late afternoon on Sunday when I arrived at Temple Meads station to travel to *H.M.S. Raleigh* in Plymouth. Typically the travelling is never straightforward with trains in England, so from Tiverton Parkway we were taken by bus to the ferry to cross Plymouth harbour in order to reach *Raleigh*. Once we were on the naval base and found our division's block we were told to drop our kit and head straight over to the junior rates mess hall for supper. When we returned we withdrew our bedding and settled into our mess decks (sleeping quarters).

Next morning the hands were called (we were woken up) by the coxswain at 6.00 am, to march over to breakfast. After this we had a full inspection from Lt. Cdr. Evans our senior officer. We then started our full and busy program of activities. The point of the course was to promote confidence in all members of the team so we could advance our knowledge and skills of leadership that we would apply back home in our own contingents.

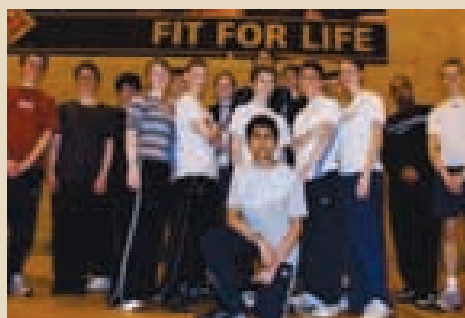
One of the most effective ways to instil confidence in the way you speak and present yourself was the snap talks. This is

where you are given a subject to talk about for one minute. Another similar activity was our prepared presentations where we had to speak for five minutes on a subject of our choice with any extra aids to assist the presentation. Confidence is a huge part of leadership to gain respect and to use the power of command when teaching cadets.

The best activities in my opinion were: the assault course which we completed three times, running through muddy rivers and crawling through tunnels, the drill competition between the two syndicates, the obstacle course and the orienteering at Edgcumbe Park. However, there was one activity that stood out: the DRIU

– Damage Repair Instruction Unit. The DRIU is based on various compartments on board a ship. The purpose of it is to train the ship's company how to repair a sinking ship with a number of different methods. The freezing water rushes in from the shredded steel, and the entire compartment starts to roll forcing the wave of water to and fro. Also there is one single tiny light that is illuminating the large compartment.

Our two staff members were brilliant, CPO Aldridge and Lt. Cdr. Huxtable. The group of 18 people that I was with were fantastic; we had really bonded by the end of the week and it was a real anticlimax when we left. So overall I would thoroughly recommend this course, it was incredible, and remember - shop early to avoid disappointment. ■



L/Cpl Charlie Markham



Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award

Snowdonia - Easter 2009



During the last week of the Easter holidays, 19 sixth form pupils, three members of staff and a dog travelled to North Wales to undertake two days of training and a three day practice expedition within the stunning landscape of Snowdonia National Park. Pupils undertook training in all the skills necessary to complete safely an unaccompanied practice expedition, such as navigation, camp cooking, wild camping and expedition first aid. After a busy two days of training, the pupils in three different expedition groups were let loose to follow various routes, camping wild and being completely self-sufficient. The weather was good throughout, hot during the days and cold during the nights. All groups were closely monitored by staff, and they all performed superbly throughout; they should now be ready to undertake their qualifying expeditions later on. All in all, the trip was a great success with the pupils being a huge credit to the school and a pleasure to spend time with. ■

Gary Walker
Duke of Edinburgh's Award Co-ordinator



My time in the Army Section

I have really enjoyed my four years in the Army Section, CCF. That's not to say it's been easy. Our first Field Day at the end of Fourth Form was a totally new experience for all of us. We put up our bashes in the woods in Caerwent, but it rained so heavily that we slept in a building. All the windows were smashed and the floor was lined with rabbit droppings. Nevertheless, things got better the next day when we faced the teachers in a tactical situation. I'm pretty sure it was a total disaster, but a good laugh anyway.

Field Day in Fifth Form was probably the Field Day I enjoyed the most. We ambushed building 821 and ran over the battlements, avoiding numerous IEDs and took the building. We then spent the rest of the weekend defending it from the Upper Sixth, our enemy for the weekend. Sleeping in the building was an eerie experience, although I don't remember anyone getting much sleep.

In the summer before Lower Sixth I went on a leadership course at Frimley Park cadet training centre. It was this week, out of everything I've done in the CCF, that taught me the most about myself and provided me with the biggest challenge, both mentally and physically. The highlight of the week was probably visiting Sandhurst where we were given the opportunity to make an attempt at completing the assault course there. It was a gruelling experience, and I am proud to say that I was the only girl on the course that made it all the way round.

I have enjoyed the Upper Sixth in CCF and all the extra responsibilities the year has brought. I really feel that I have developed some leadership skills through the CCF that I might not have done otherwise, and I honestly believe that these will be invaluable to me in later life: I'm glad that something I've enjoyed so much will also provide me with such useful skills. ■

Grace Annan-Callcott



Canoe club trip to River Wye and Symonds Yat Rapids – Easter 2009

Clifton College Canoe Club started in January 2009. Since then pupils have rapidly progressed in the art of kayaking (closed cockpit), developing many new skills and performing on water rescues. Some pupils have even learnt how to do an Eskimo roll and felt up to the challenge of taking on Symonds Yat rapids in the Forest of Dean.

On the water and en route to the rapids, pupils practised various skills and even attempted a 15 foot seal launch from one of the many rocks. All pupils had a couple of runs through the rapids and even practised getting very wet whilst performing some white water safety skills. There was a very quiet minibus journey back to Clifton (apart from the odd snore!), having all had a thoroughly good time! ■



Clifton in the Community

Playing indoor balloon volleyball with the elderly, teaching children French nursery rhymes, painting wall murals at a children's centre, bramble clearing at a local primary school, doing a citizen's arrest of a shoplifter in a local charity shop, sculpture making with stroke patients, swimming classes with young children, helping with horse-riding for the disabled, organising Chinese Moon festival celebrations, snake handling at Bristol Zoo . . . just a few of the experiences of those involved in Clifton in the Community this year!

Lower Sixth and Upper Sixth have worked exceptionally hard in so many areas for Clifton in the Community this year. Achievements in school are often associated with academic success and, yet, when I come to read the accounts of students involved in Clifton in the Community, achievement is a word that comes to mind. Students have shown their ability to embrace new experiences and work with people and in places that are often unfamiliar. So many placements have commented on students' exceptional qualities – of understanding, of patience and of their kindness.

This year 2008-9, we have been lucky enough to have been involved in a number of new projects, with students working at the Stroke Rehabilitation Unit in Bristol General Hospital, the Centre for the Deaf in King Square and at Southmead and Frenchay Hospitals. Jess Trounce who worked at Bristol General writes:

Since September I have been attending, on a weekly basis, the Stroke Rehabilitation Unit in Bristol General Hospital. After a stroke, it is common to lose the ability to use one side of the body, depending on the side of the brain that is affected, and for many people, a stroke can also have devastating effects regarding memory and speech.

During my weeks at the hospital, I spent time with many patients and used various techniques in the hope of stimulating and ultimately regaining the use of the parts of the body that were badly affected by the stroke. Art therapy played a significant role in the rehabilitation, and we often manipulated clay, papier-mâché, and other materials to design masks, and models used to represent the emotions of many of the patients. We also used musical instruments and the Nintendo Wii to promote limb movement and this helped

many of the patients to regain the use of immobile limbs and aid their recovery.

Having a strong desire to enter the medical profession, I saw my visits to the hospital as a chance to really experience hospital life, and quickly discovered working at Bristol General Hospital to be much more than that. I discovered that to work in an atmosphere in which there are so many different emotions, and such a variety of people, a mutual feeling of hope will always remain; I found this to be an extremely rewarding experience. It greatly aided my interpersonal skills as I was given the opportunity to interact constantly with a variety of age groups, in very different stages of recovery. I also learnt how to approach and relate sensitively to people of very ill health, skills that would no doubt help the majority of people in later life, whether they wished to pursue a career in medicine or not. The project not only helped encourage the victims to regain their emotional and physical strength, but also aided the families of the sufferers, who also suffer greatly with the hospitalization and illness of a loved one, but are often forgotten. All in all, visiting Bristol General Hospital was a truly amazing experience.

Participating in Clifton in the Community, whilst essentially altruistic, can open doors for students in terms of careers – confirming a particular career path or allowing students to decide that it is not for them. Students who participate in the programme often work with people and in sections of the city that they are unfamiliar with. Working in different areas of the city often reveals a side to Bristol that students have not seen before. Sasha Montagu-Pollock writes of her placement at Southmead Children's Centre:

The area in which the school was located contrasted completely with that of Clifton College. It surprised me and made me realise that places like Fonthill are often

forgotten. I spent most of my time with a boy called Cary who suffers from a mild mental disorder and it was particularly interesting to see how I helped him develop skills in reading and writing in the course of only a few sessions. What really affected me most was seeing some of the children go home to dysfunctional families. If I were to go back and help at a school like this I would be glad to show the children the ways in which they are special as many of them had very low self-esteem.

Sometimes students are required to use skills that they would not necessarily have expected. Students working at Cowlin House, a home for the elderly, found their football skills challenged. Finella Tancred-Holmes writes:

We volunteer at Cowlin House which is an elderly people's home. We have fun interacting with the elderly in different ways. We play bingo where we help the old people who have hearing problems to be involved. We also help to play football which allows the boys to show off their skills; this involves kicking a ball across the room while one of the elderly residents usually acts as the goalie.

For added variety, we also play volleyball with a balloon. This means that all residents get the chance to use their hands and heads which means that they are getting some exercise: they're not the only ones! Some of the more active ones will tell us about their lives and families before they came to Cowlin. This is very interesting and, although their memories aren't what they used to be, they seem to remember us and smile at us when we arrive. The staff are really friendly and supportive, and the whole experience has taught us patience. We really look forward to going again.

In many of the student accounts this year, there is an overwhelming sense of capability and understanding, kindness and generosity. The projects that students are involved in often depend on the help of volunteers and some, for example the animal charities Horseworld and the Holly Hedge Animal Sanctuary, are run almost entirely by volunteers.

There are many life lessons to be learnt from participating in Clifton in the Community – to be open-minded, to be flexible and have a sense of humour in our approaches to life, to avoid judging people, to give generously and to realise that it is sometimes when we least expect it that we learn and gain the most. ■

Sophie Cuesta i/c Clifton in the Community.

1st XV Rugby

Played 11 Won 5 Lost 6 Points For 138 Points Against 202

This season was always going to be a tough one. The majority of the Squad were in the Lower VIth and, although they had as a year group a history of success behind them throughout their school career, this year would always be a physical test for them since they were up against teams who were just physically stronger. As a result, the pack was constantly on the back foot when it came to scrummaging, and the lineout also proved a challenge given no regular or experienced thrower.

However, when the results are analysed, the XV did win or lose eight of their matches by a single score. Dean Close was a much tighter game than the first-half performance suggests, three good tries unanswered and the side playing well. Lack of fitness, or the fact that most of the players had never played 70 minutes of rugby before, began to take its toll, however, and we were grateful to hang on to a 17-15 victory.

The loss of Charlie Colquhoun brought a sad atmosphere to the week's training before the Cheltenham game and match day was an emotional affair. Charlie, usually dressed in his grey jacket, standing behind the posts at the College Road end, was a permanent feature at 1st XV home matches. We all miss his wise words and encouragement. The team worked exceptionally hard to try and "win it for Charlie" but Cheltenham were a good side with much to offer. 6-11 was a good effort against a team who went on to have an unbeaten season.

A try and conversion in the dying moments of the match against King's, Taunton, sealed a pleasing 25-24 victory and said much about the team's character. This should have been the launch-pad to greater things but a lacklustre performance against KES Bath brought everyone back down to earth. Although we staged a second-half revival, a sixteen-point deficit was too much to claw back. Sherborne

were very strong up front, making it difficult for the backs to create successful attacks. Our scrum was always moving backwards and, on what was a very blustery day, our kicking game failed to take any advantage of the wind when it was behind us.

Marlborough and the Governors' Cup match was next. How we stayed in the game in the first half was beyond belief as far as most of the spectators were concerned! Remain in the match we did, and with seven minutes of determined defending in our own 22, and a narrow two-point lead secured, the XV demonstrated commendable concentration and determination. The resulting 8-6 win was definitely the highlight of the season.

The BGS pack was the largest we came up against and, predictably, they played to this strength keeping the ball in the forwards for as much of the match as possible and securing a narrow 8-7 win as a consequence. The next fixture was against Blundell's and had the added factor of being the first match for the Colquhoun Cup which is to be played for in this fixture annually in Charlie's memory. Not surprisingly, perhaps, the XV played well against a side who were excellent counter attackers, and we recorded the largest win of the season.

In contrast, the heaviest defeat of all came in the following match against Millfield who were quite superb, scoring 42 points in the first third of the match. The second half was more even but they ran out comfortable winners, our boys taking some comfort for showing real spirit and determination against a very good opposition. Monmouth followed with a 12-3 victory on a heavy pitch, and the season ended with a narrow loss to Queen's, Taunton, on a poor pitch where we just did not get the rub of the green.

Major thanks to all the players who worked





so hard during the term. Captain Jamie Williams only played in three matches and then succumbed to a stress fracture in his back. We missed his darting runs and confidence on the pitch; thanks to Opus Sekibo who took over from Jamie and then to Nick Williams who finished the season as captain after Opus was sidelined for the remainder of the season at Millfield. The squad returns minus only three Upper V1th players so expectations for next year are high.

The other senior teams had a mixed time, brilliant one moment and tragic the next! The 3rd's and 4th's were tough sides and no team had an easy game against them. The 3rd's won 70% of their matches and their 29 – 7 win against Millfield was the highlight. The Colts XV were a very solid side under

the guidance of Mr O'Sullivan but injuries and players deciding to play for Bristol Schools rather than the School saw their form dip towards the end of the season. A 10 – 0 win at Sherborne was probably the highlight of the season. The Junior Colts teams were excellent, losing only four games between the four teams all season. The A team did well in the Daily Mail Cup reaching the 5th round but losing to St Peter's just before the end of term, when injuries had robbed them of a few vital players. The B's were unbeaten and racked up a massive 373 points with only 81 conceded and the U15 C team were the top ranked C team in the country;



well done to Mr Gardiner and his boys. The yearlings were a small side and though very brave struggled to defend against bigger boys. Hopefully as size evens out they will improve as teams.

In all, the School played 138 matches winning 76, losing 59 and drawing 3, a 55% win ratio which, with the fixture list Clifton has, is a pretty good effort. ■

Paul Askew

FOOTBALL

Once again, football had a successful season in terms of results and, just as importantly, in the manner in which the football was played. In all, eight teams played on a regular basis and, despite losing 18 matches due to inclement weather, 65% of the games that were played ended in wins or draws.

The two Yearlings teams met with mixed fortunes. The 'B' team played seven matches, and after an encouraging start against a stronger Sexey's Bruton side, had poor results against St. Katherine's and Sherborne. Unfortunately, the opposition in later matches was to be too strong and, as a result, heavy losses were the outcome against Beechen Cliff and Monmouth. However, a good win against Malvern and draw against Wycliffe raised the spirits. The 'A' team also ended up with fair reward for their efforts and ability.

After opening solidly with a convincing win against Blundell's, there were, unfortunately, poor results versus both King's Worcester and St. Katherine's before draws against Sherborne and then Malvern. The season finished with two wins (Sidcot and Wycliffe), two draws (Monmouth and QEH) and a closely fought defeat at the hands of Beechen Cliff.

The Junior Colts teams had a most successful year, with the 'A' team winning the newly-formed Mercian Independent Schools League. Despite a heavy opening

loss at the hands of QEH, victories against Blundell's and King's Taunton, separated by a defeat at King's Worcester, put them in good shape with further wins versus Sherborne, Malvern, Monmouth and Malvern. However, the skills of Beechen Cliff put paid to their good run, followed by a disappointing draw at Wycliffe. The Junior Colts 'B' had an excellent season winning seven of their ten matches against QEH, Blundell's, Sherborne, Malvern, Wycliffe, Monmouth and Bromsgrove. Defeats were suffered in hard-fought matches against

Beechen Cliff, King's Worcester and an exceptionally strong Sidcot 'A' team.

The Senior Colts ended the season with the best record of the eight sides and were a very talented group of players with four of their age group earning places in the 1st XI. They started strongly with victories against Blundell's and King's Worcester. Then followed wins against Malvern, Sidcot, Wycliffe and Bromsgrove. Only a disappointing defeat at the hands of Monmouth spoilt a 100% record after half term.

At senior level, the 2nd and 3rd XI's had indifferent seasons. The 3rd XI suffered the due to the poor weather, managing to play only seven matches throughout the term. They recorded two wins (Blundell's and Beechen Cliff), one draw (Monmouth) and four losses (Wells Cathedral, Sherborne, Malvern and Bromsgrove) but, nonetheless, their enthusiasm was never wanting and they all enjoyed their football. The 2nd XI also played in the Mercian League. Their performances were inconsistent and a succession of injuries made team selection a difficult task: they managed to win only three of their games (Blundell's, Malvern and Bromsgrove). They recorded five losses (disappointingly against King's Worcester, Sherborne, QEH, BGS and finally at Monmouth) and three competitive draws (Beechen Cliff, King's Taunton and Wycliffe). Unfortunately, too many players under-performed in the squad this year and this, alongside the injury jinx, was the main reason for a relatively disappointing outcome.

The 1st XI had a mixed bag of results. As defending Champions of the Mercian League, the pressure was on to repeat the feats of 2008. A fine win against Blundell's (7 -1) was followed by defeats at the hands of Beechen Cliff (0-2) and King's Worcester (0-2). A promising first league victory of the season at King's Taunton (2-1) was followed by a non-league win at Sherborne (3-2). Due to previous cancellations in the term, the League programme then swung into action. A convincing win (4-2) against QEH was followed by a 'crunch' match at Malvern, both schools defending undefeated records. An excessive eight minutes extra time (during which Malvern were awarded a penalty to draw level with three of minutes remaining) meant we came away feeling frustrated. Despite this setback, wins against Wycliffe (7-0) and BGS (2-0) kept us in the hunt for retaining our title. However, we didn't play well in our penultimate match at Monmouth, losing 1-0, and finished the season at Marlborough with a 1-1 draw. For information, Malvern were the eventual winners of the League with Clifton coming runners-up. As you would expect, the squad were highly committed and motivated and were, all in all, a credit to the School. Despite the fact that we will lose four of the squad next season, I remain confident of our chances for a successful season in 2010.

The accolade of showing commitment and motivation must be paid to all our teams. Each one played football as it should be played, with a positive approach, sense of purpose and dignity, both on and off the field, no matter the end result. Of course, none of this could be done without the dedication, co-operation and expertise of the staff who took the teams. To Messrs Barrett, Trivic, Lewis, Besterman (who is sadly leaving us), Wagstaffe, Janke, Romaines and Jones, along with our 'refs', Mr Reeves, Rev. Taplin and Mr. Lidington, and the Marshal Paul Simcox: my thanks and appreciation for all your efforts. ■

David Rodgers



Boys' Hockey

The 2009 hockey season was probably Clifton's best to date. Hockey is thriving at Clifton and as a result considerable success is accompanying this.

For the first time the 1st XI took part in a school's league which included seven schools from around Bath and Bristol. (Kingswood, Dauntsey's, Prior Park, King Edward's Bath, Bristol Grammar School, Beechen Cliff and Clifton). The Clifton 1st XI played consistently strong hockey in each of the league games and were thoroughly deserved winners of the JMS Sports Schools Hockey League.

The performance of the season was beating Prior Park 2 – 1, the first time the 1st XI have beaten Prior for some years. Other excellent wins came against Dauntsey's (4 – 1), Bristol Grammar (3 – 2), Sherborne (3 – 2) and Kingswood (3 – 1).

In the Avon Schools Competitions Clifton battled in every age group with Prior Park. For the first time Clifton won through to the Regional Finals at two age groups (U18 and U14). Clifton would have also won the U16 if a final had not been played having completed the qualifying group. The 1st XI certainly played some exceptional hockey throughout the day culminating in beating Prior Park for the second time in the season.

Rhys Bratchie-Watkins had a brilliant season in goal for the 1st XI. He has now been selected for Wales U18 and will be taking part in the European Championships later this year. Tom Atkinson was selected for the West of England U16 Squad. What makes both of these achievements special is that both boys are a year young for the age groups they have been selected in.

Arguably the strongest side this year were the U15A side. Being unbeaten for the season and scoring a staggering 44 goals in nine games highlights what a very talented group this is. The most emphatic result of the term was undoubtedly the 10 – 0 win over Prior Park. Much will be expected of this team when they take part in the National U16 competition in 2010.

Boys' Hockey Results Summary 2009

| | 1st XI | 2nd XI | U16 XI | 3rd XI | U15A | U15B | U14A | U14B | All teams: |
|-----------|--------|--------|--------|--------|------|------|------|------|------------|
| Played | 12 | 10 | 6 | 5 | 9 | 6 | 9 | 7 | 64 |
| Won | 9 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 8 | 3 | 7 | 0 | 35 |
| Lost | 2 | 4 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 7 | 21 |
| Drawn | 1 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 8 |
| Goals For | 33 | 21 | 14 | 3 | 44 | 20 | 28 | 3 | 166 |
| Ag'nst | 15 | 18 | 10 | 9 | 5 | 11 | 10 | 24 | 102 |

Perhaps the surprise package for the season was the success of the U14A team. A brilliant win in the Avon Schools Competition also saw them competing in the Regional U14 Finals. Their result of the season would certainly have been going away to Sherborne and coming back with a 5 – 1 win.

JMS League Table 2009

| Team | P | W | D | L | Points | A | GD |
|-----------------|---|---|---|---|--------|----|----|
| Clifton College | 6 | 5 | 0 | 1 | 15 | 7 | 9 |
| Bristol Grammar | 6 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 10 | 12 | 1 |
| King Edward's | 6 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 9 | 8 | 1 |
| Kingswood | 6 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 9 | 12 | 1 |
| Dauntsey's | 6 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 9 | 16 | 0 |
| Prior Park | 6 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 5 | 19 | -3 |
| Beechen Cliff | 6 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 17 | -9 |

Tom Harris was an outstanding Captain for the 1st XI in the 2009 season. Exceptional on and off the field, his shoes will be big ones to fill in 2010. Having said that Tom will be the only leaver from the 1st XI so once again much will be expected of next year's 1st XI. Hockey at Clifton has come a long way in the last five years and the signs at the moment are that we can expect much more success in the future. ■

John Bobby (Master i/c Hockey)

Cricket

As can be seen from the results summary below, this has been an excellent year for Clifton's cricketers. Of the 65 fixtures played throughout the term across all age groups 45 fixtures were won. In such a short term which only has eight Saturdays, it is such a disappointment when a block Saturday fixture is cancelled and frustratingly that happened twice this term meaning that some teams could only play six times.

Undoubtedly the outstanding year group has been the Junior Colts (U15). If one were to take all the traditional fixtures played on Saturdays neither the U15A or B sides have been beaten, a tremendous achievement. Impressive victories against the likes of Marlborough, Taunton School, King's Taunton and Blundell's show that there will be very much to look forward to as these young cricketers move on to senior cricket next year. The Junior Colts A side also had another excellent run in the Bristol schools 20/20 Cup winning the Colin Mitchell Cup for the fourth successive year. Early wins against Bristol Grammar School, King Edward's Bath and Colston's were crucial before playing Ashton Park and Churchill in the semi-final and final. This also meant that



the Junior Colts progressed into the National Schools 20/20 and for the third successive year Clifton were represented as one of the four top west schools in the regional 20/20 finals. George Harris has been superb with bat and ball throughout the season. Ryan Bresnahan, Tom Atkinson and Max Cresswell have all made telling contributions with the bat. Will Barrett and Joe Brooks have been excellent with the ball.

The Junior Colts B fixture against Marlborough is certainly worth a special mention. Having been set a testing target of 224 by Marlborough the JCB's needed to win to keep their unbeaten season intact. Wickets fell early before Jonah Trenouth and Charlie Moore shared a stand of 160. Eventually it came down to the last over and with wickets tumbling Clifton required 3 to win the game from the final delivery. Christian McGill then became a somewhat unlikely cricketing hero as he launched the final ball of the game for six and a quite incredible win.

The Yearlings can also reflect on a positive season. Impressive wins against Taunton School, Blundell's and particularly



Marlborough, whom they bowled out for 68, will certainly give the side much confidence in the future. Ben McGeogh has captained the side from the front and made excellent contributions with both the bat and the ball; he was particularly well supported in both areas by Will Higgins.

The 1st XI will probably look back on a season that though successful could have been even better. Twelve wins from nineteen games is certainly more than respectable but the side must believe they can compete with the top cricket schools in 2010.



Arguably the side's best cricket was played in the shorter version of the game, 20 over cricket. A brilliant early win against Filton College in the Western Schools 20/20 was followed by strong performances against Queen Elizabeth's Hospital and Colston's, seeing Clifton win the Bristol Group in the competition.



Undoubtedly the performance of the season was in the Western Schools 20/20 Semi Final; Cheltenham College at Cheltenham. Having lost to Cheltenham in the Saturday fixture earlier in the term a brilliant performance was required by Clifton in chasing down 168. A stand of 144 between Charlie Walker and Freddie John determined the outcome of the game. A Cheltenham parent watching the game described the stand as 'some of the finest cricket he had ever seen played at Cheltenham'.

In the longer version of the game the most memorable performance was a quite incredible win at Marlborough on the final Saturday of the term. Clifton had bowled brilliantly to reduce Marlborough to 152 - 7 from their 50 overs, only for Clifton to suffer a catastrophic batting collapse to be 130 - 9. On a very indifferent Marlborough wicket the result looked to be going to Marlborough when Ross Miller joined George Kinsey for the 10th wicket stand. As the tension grew the runs were knocked off one by one and out of nothing Clifton reached their target of 153. It was an amazing effort that will always be remembered by those who played in the game; 'Do you remember that day at Marlborough?'

Clifton's cricket is certainly very healthy and there should be much optimism for even better results in 2010. Only two of the 1st XI will be leaving and with so many talented players moving up from the



Junior Colts competition for places in the senior sides will be fierce. In March 2010 the 1st XI are touring to Barbados as their pre-season preparation so the side will hopefully embark on the 2010 season with plenty of cricket already played.

With the pressures of exams throughout much of the school cricket season the additional pressure on the school's cricketers is enormous. This season the school's senior cricketers have been exceptional in their commitment to cricket and I would like to thank them for that. I hope that we can look forward to the same commitment to Clifton cricket in future years allowing Clifton's cricket to continue to impress and improve. ■



John Bobby (Master i/c Cricket)

SCHOOL CENTURIONS 2009

| | |
|-------------------------|---------------|
| Josh Barnes | 107 not out |
| 1st XI v Dean Close | |
| Lisle Durrans | 105 |
| 1st XI v Taunton School | |
| Tom Harris | 102 not out |
| 2nd XI v Marlborough | |
| Henry Amor | 100 (Retired) |
| 3rd XI v Marlborough | |
| Jonah Trenouth | 120 |
| U15B v Marlborough | |

Cricket Results Summary 2009

| | 1st XI | 2nd XI | 3rd XI | U15A | U15B | U14A | U14B | All teams: |
|--------------|--------|--------|--------|------|------|------|------|------------|
| Played | 19 | 6 | 5 | 15 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 65 |
| Won | 12 | 5 | 3 | 12 | 5 | 6 | 2 | 45 |
| Lost | 7 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 19 |
| Drawn (Tied) | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 |

Sailing Club

The Sailing Club has had a very busy year with all year round sailing and powerboating, an expanding list of racing fixtures, and the pursuit of an exciting racing development plan. The Club is also the largest it has been for some time with 18 students regularly taking to the water.

We further developed our links with Alan Watson of the Bristol Sailing School in the Michaelmas and Lent terms. Students initially took a 'better sailing' course on the historic Bristol Harbour, spending cold, dark weeks in January and February following a 'fitness for sailing' programme and earning qualifications with RYA Level 1 Powerboating or higher.

With the powerboating instruction under their belts, the students suddenly found themselves in a real life-and-death emergency one cold, late afternoon as they sped across the icy waters of Bristol Harbour to save a drowning man. The story made regional BBC TV news, and received *Evening Post* as well as local radio attention. The students were proud of their action in saving the man's life.



Racing and recreational sailing on the glorious Chew Lake followed in the Summer term, and an extremely beneficial arrangement with Bristol University meant that we were again able to focus on fleet and team racing in modern, matched GRP Fireflies class boats. Though we had plenty of capsizes in gusty winds, no one was awarded the Bosun's trophy for boat damage this season. Thank you sailors!

The racing season was longer than usual with 'local' fixtures against Millfield, Prior Park and Sherborne to complement the Southern and Midland BSDRA events. The House Sailing competition was completely becalmed but turned, nevertheless, into a tremendously fun 'Laser paddle'. There were a number of racing successes this season; however, we are still a young, relatively inexperienced racing team and have much to learn about rules and tactics. Nick Bromilow was an effective team captain and club captain and earned half colours for his commitment to the Sailing Club. Simon Green will, I am sure, be an able successor. We are sad to bid Nick farewell this summer, but hope to see him during our fixture at Sherborne where he will be working next year.



The racing future for the Club looks bright with Clifton on the verge of implementing a major joint race development plan together with Millfield School. The plan would see the two establishments sharing the initial cost of a flight of brand new matched racing Fireflies.

The season ends for the second year running with a two day performance sailing and regatta event at the 2012 Olympic venue, The Portland and Weymouth Sailing Academy. This time the students will chalk up some hours on the Laser SB3 as well as on the more familiar Stratos, 2000 and Vago.

Finally, we are sorry to say farewell to veteran Clifton College sailor, Julian Noad, who leaves us this summer for Rydal Penrhos School, North Wales. Julian ran the Sailing Club here for many years and introduced us to racing, bringing passion and years of racing experience to the sport. He will be greatly missed. However, Rydal Penrhos is a sailing school so I am sure that we will create a fixture out of the link and so hope to see Mr Noad on the water in the future. ■

Owen Lewis
Master i/c Sailing

GOLF

This season has been rather quiet for the Golf team, partly due to the fact that it consists largely of young up-and-coming players. However, the highlight of the year (Avon Schools' Championships held at Chipping Sodbury Golf Club at

the end of April) clearly illustrated the wealth of potential: they will be a force to be reckoned with over the next couple of seasons.

The girls' team (Annabel Balance and Emily Atkinson) were the overall winners of the main team event (gross scores), with Emily coming runner-up in the individual nett score event.

The boys' team (Jack Mann, Pete Murdoch

and Charlie Walker) defended their title admirably and came fourth out of a field of over 30 schools. Individually, Jack Mann finished in the runner-up spot in the individual event (gross scores). This was particularly impressive as there were over 100 competitors and he equalled the best score, only losing on count-back.

A promising season, and we look forward to the opportunities presented next year. ■

Tennis

The Summer of 2009 has borne witness to great progress on the tennis court for Clifton's boys. Our youthful squad continues to succeed in school fixtures and we have seen a rise in the activities and competitions we have entered.

With the unfortunate injury of Hugo Pattar, the first VI only fielded one Upper Sixth in Ollie Barcock (WaH), the team captain. Alongside him Freddie Kalfayan (ET, 4th form), Andre Vakilzadeh (ET, L6th), Cameron Brown (ST, L6th), Will Evans (ET, 5th form) and James Johnson (NT, 5th form) combined to form a potent team. Throughout the season, we played 7 fixtures, won 6 and lost just one when we fielded a weakened midweek team due to summer exams. The victories were always convincing and the performances therein solid and impressive. The two biggest highlights were winning against a very good Sherborne side away from home and regaining the Hines-Ogilvy Cup. This cup is awarded annually to the winner of the Clifton vs Blundell's first team tennis match. The second VI had a slightly mixed year, but all senior boys contributed very well to a pleasurable season, playing the sport in the correct spirit.

After a disappointing start to the season, the U15s produced stunning victories against Sherborne and Queen's Taunton with sterling performances from James Webb (ET), Jonny Whitaker (ET) and Chris Weale (ET). Amidst this slightly mixed season, all the boys abounded with their enthusiasm for the sport, often going to extremes to fill in for a last minute withdrawal and clocking up a few miles on the travel clock. The U14s won all five of their fixtures and thus our recent trend of having excellent young players looks set to continue. We are sorry to lose Siso Escrigas, but Seb Perry and Charlie Powell will ensure the future of our tennis is in safe hands.

We finished the season with one new and one semi-new experience for Clifton boys. We entered the Independent

Schools Tennis Association National Championships held annually at Eton. The competition was very strong indeed, but our experiences against RGS Newcastle for the Seniors and King's School Wimbledon for the Juniors can only make us stronger. Finally, 2009 saw the resurrection of Midsummer Madness, a mixed doubles tournament involving staff, pupils and parents, held at Beggar's Bush on Sunday 21st June. Eight pairs battled it out, but the eventual winners were Daria Malyarova (WoH, 5th Form) and Harry Newington (outgoing Teacher of R.S. and Philosophy). Everyone enjoyed the day, supplemented by reasonable weather and a barbeque and we hope to repeat the occasion next year.

My thanks go to Harry Newington for masterminding the U15s season revival, Hugh Stevenson for masterminding the U14s undefeated season and to Greg Spinks for his excellent coaching. ■

Bobby Trivic

Real Tennis

Clifton entered three pairs in the inaugural National Schools' Real Tennis Championships held in February 2009 at various courts in the Thames Valley. Ollie Barcock (WaH) and James Johnson (NT) competed as the 1st pair; Alex Mullan (MH) and Lucinda Pigott (WoH) as the 2nd pair; and Freddie Kalfayan and Jonny Whitaker (both ET) as the Colts' pair. Congratulations in particular to the Firsts and the Colts, who both finished 3rd in their respective competitions. ■

Girls' Games

Hockey and tennis were captained by Emily Atkinson (WT), and netball by Abigail Barrett (WT). We won the Avon County Hockey tournaments for U14, U16 and U18 for the fifth year in a row and represented the West at the regionals in the Michaelmas term. The U18 and the U16 finished second in the West and the U14 won the competition and went on to represent the West at the National Hockey Finals. The U14, U16 and U19 netball squads all qualified for the second round of the Avon County Competition, with the U19 squad qualifying for the Regionals in Taunton. The U15 tennis squad, captained by Saskia Barnes (WT), finished top of the Avon County Tennis League and will now go on to represent Avon in the West; fantastic play by Lucy Tucker (WoH), Yana Bulyanskya (OH) and Lily Owsley (WT).

Clifton girls have achieved impressive success this year, showing depth with many teams across all the sports. I am proud of all the girls who made this possible: their effort and determination is commendable. Congratulations to Emily Atkinson (WT) who has made the U18 England Hockey squad and has played in the Four Nations – we hope to see Emily representing England at the European Championships in July. Congratulations also to Sophie Gordon (WT) who has been selected for the Scotland U16 training squad for 2009.

I would personally like to thank all the staff that helped out with teams and training during the year; Sue Kerr, Katherine Jeffery, Fiona Hallworth, Lisa Moyle, Anna Haynes, Antony Spencer, Tim Martin, Ian Turnbull, Harry Newington, Isabel Heard, Verity King, Alex Tebay, Val Hufflett, Tim Lang, Trish Lambert, Sarah Thomas and Suzanne Spencer. A special mention to Charlotte Graveney who has shown considerable commitment and enthusiasm during her two prosperous years in the Girls' Games department at Clifton: she has been snapped up by Cheltenham Ladies College as Head of Tennis and a specialist netball teacher. Her energy and willingness will be sorely missed, and I wish Charlotte all the success in her new post - a true diamond. ■

Louise Catchpole

Clifton can be proud of another fantastic year of girls' sport. We have fielded nine hockey teams, ten netball teams and eight tennis teams. The girls have been committed and dedicated, and have shown great determination at hard times during the year.



Hockey

1st SQUAD

After the success of last year's hockey team and with so many of the old guard moving on to university, this year's team brought some raw talent and fresh faces to the 1st team squad. After a brief but successful pre-season, I was filled with a great deal of optimism and excitement as many of the new players brought into the squad had shown vast potential. The team was superbly captained by the incredibly gifted Emily Atkinson (WT) with fantastic support from Abigail Barrett (WT). The girls started the season well with solid victories against the tough tackling BGS and Marlborough, but their true capability remained unseen. New players to the team - Saskia Barnes (WT) and Hannah Giebus (WT) - settled in superbly, performing particularly well in the county tournament where the girls were once again victorious; Gemma Heaven (WT), Anna Bird (WoH) and Sophie Gordon (WT) also amongst the new faces performing well in the new look 1st team. Further matches saw four more victories, one draw and two defeats to quality Cheltenham College and Cheltenham Ladies sides. Over the course of the season the girls demonstrated terrific commitment and pride when representing the school and I am immensely proud of their attitude and efforts. Thanks for all your hard work, well done on a top term of hockey and good luck next year. A special thanks to those girls who have been playing in the side

since I took over and who now move on - Lucy Telling (WoH), Abigail Barrett (WT) and Emily Atkinson (WT). I have thoroughly enjoyed being your coach and I wish all the best in the future.

Tim Martin

2nd SQUAD

This has been a most enjoyable and successful season, with only two matches lost, both in the first half of the season. When on song, the team played fast-flowing, attractive hockey, and scored plenty of goals. In defence, Charlotte Bowden (OH), and Katherine



Moul (WT), both playing in their third season for the 2nds, were outstanding, and, aided by some promising youngsters in defence, conceded only 12 goals all season. Emma Powell (WoH) was our top scorer with 9 and won the most improved player award. She played very well on the right wing and few opponents could cope with her pace. The most valuable player award was shared between two of our midfielders, Jennifer Durbridge (WoH) and Emily King (HH) who both contributed hugely to the success of the side. Becky Templer (WT), also in her third year in the side, proved an excellent captain and led by example. Well done all!

Ian Turnbull

3rd SQUAD

Squad: Natasha Quick (HH), Grace Annan-Callcott (WT), Rebecca Tait (WT), Rosie Keefe (OH), Jessica

Pullen (WoH), Jessica Marshall (WoH), Danielle Dresser (HH), Tlameo Setshwaelo (WoH), Victoria Beswick (HH), Hester Allen (HH), Aimee Freeland (HH), Sophie Jones (WT), Amelia Currie (HH), Laura Davies (WT).

The 3rd XI squad did themselves proud this year, in terms of achievement, commitment and in improvements made, both by individuals and in team coherence. Unsurprisingly, a number of players had been elevated to the 2nd XI by the end of the season, and as a relatively young squad they showed considerable promise, particularly in their physical commitment. Beginning with an impressive 4-1 victory against BGS in September, the season continued with wins against Dean Close and Cheltenham Ladies and bitterly fought contests against Marlborough and Taunton. Their main weakness was in sometimes allowing youthful exuberance to become positional naivety, costing some close games. The high point of the season was, undoubtedly, the resounding win against Wellington (4-0) in which Aimee Freeland (HH) emphatically claimed Goal of the Season.

Highlights: excellent keeping from Sophie Jones (WT), solid defence from Rebecca Tait (WT), structure and superb skills in mid-field from both Grace Annan-Callcott (WT) and Jessica Marshall (WoH), impressive goals from forwards Aimee Freeland (HH) and Jessica Pullen (WoH), and exemplary captaincy from Natasha Quick (HH).

Michael Haynes





U15 B SQUAD

The U15Bs had a challenging season and were faced by some strong opposition. Whilst Marlborough managed to inflict a humbling 6-0 defeat in the second game of the year, the team bounced back and secured a run

of three wins and a draw before falling to a narrow defeat in a hard-fought game against Millfield. Special mention must go to Alice Moul (WT), Agnes Woolley (HH) and Emily Dunlop (WT) for their tireless efforts on the pitch and to Charis Date (WT) who, with 5 goals, received the golden hockey stick. Player of the season was awarded to Tilly Wickens (WT) whose sparkling runs up the right wing regularly left her opposition for dust. Overall, the team was peppered with wonderful, colourful characters that made it a great season on and off the pitch. Well done to all.

Harry Newington



U14 A SQUAD

The U14 A's showed some magical talent from day one in their first match. I knew they were going to be good and this was proven by starting the unbeaten record they gained throughout the season. The highlight was winning the Regional tournament in November and reaching the National Hockey Finals in March 2009. Captained by Isabel Murphy (WT), with Poppy Brookes (WT) as vice, they showed depth across the lines. Lily Owsley (WT) showed flair and determination whenever on the ball, a true match winner. Poppy Brookes (WT) has speed and tremendous agility, with Bella Ghaidan hanging on the left post for those all important touches. The midfield, which consisted of Lucy Gallop (WT), Isabel Murphy (WT) and Isis Mok-Hartley, were able to turn on the tricks when needed. In defence, Georgina Lewis (WT), Victoria Kenny (WT), Laura Stokes (HH), Flo Freeland (WT), Lizzie Markham (WT), Zoe Frewin (HH) and Rebecca Pople (WoH) all showed desire and determination. Katherine Beesley (WT), Lottie Griffiths (WT) and Ling Qi (WoH) were

4th SQUAD

This year's 4th team hockey had a fairly successful record, winning half of their matches. The team was captained by Natalie Condie (WoH), who was fantastic and always managed to keep the team's spirit high. The goal keeper position was shared between Caroline Lloyd (WT) and Claire Moffat (WoH) who both managed to do a great job keeping the balls out of the goal. It was fantastic to see so many new girls join the team, Hannah Wiggin (HH) did an amazing job defending the goal and her determination and drive to never give up was phenomenal. Hattie Dembo (HH) was one of the big goal scorers for the team and always showed great flair with her stick and ball skills. This team certainly had a lot of talent as well as spirit and I look forward to seeing them all continue to play hockey next year and some even move up the rankings in terms of teams.

Katherine Jeffery

U15 A SQUAD

The U15As took a while to find their form having lost a key player to the 1st team squad at the beginning of the season. Once the new star additions to the year group, Adriana Leyh (WoH) and Carla Romagosa (WoH), had settled into the team and confidence began to grow, the team notched up some very good results against strong opposition. The team had a winning run after the half term break with victories over Dean Close (1-0), Wellington (3-0) and Queen's Taunton (1-0). However, the highlight of the season was a 3-3 draw with a very strong Millfield team, with open play goals coming from our season's top goal scorer Carla Romagosa (WoH). Confidently lead by Ocean Critchley-Clark (OH), the girls had the better of Millfield in open play, only being undone by some very well drilled set plays at short corners.

also selected for the Nationals and they performed excellently on the day. I was very proud of their achievements and I hope their hockey careers will continue to develop over their time at Clifton.

Louise Catchpole

U14 B SQUAD

Squad: Imogen Comerford (OH), Sarah Warren (WoH), Ling Qi (WoH), Amelia Streatfeild-James (WoH), Zoe Slack (WoH), Elizabeth Down, Tor Kenny (Captain), Lottie Griffiths, Katendi Heald, Charlotte Miles, Evie Marcer, Alicia Ballance, Katherine Beesley, Naomi Trembath (all WT) and Esther Kovoov (HH).

Competition was fierce for places in this team and, consequently, a large squad was selected. This allowed for illness and injury as well as loss of form and fatigue. From humble beginnings, the squad quickly developed into a very cohesive and close knit unit, playing hard and gaining an impressive set of results. As the season progressed the mid-field players really began to understand their roles and how they could work with the forwards - there was some impressive running both on and off the ball. However, the real key to the success of this team was their willingness to train hard and to work for each other in matches; their team spirit is second to none and I look forward to seeing them compete for top team places next year.

Sue Kerr

U14C SQUAD

The Under 14s had a great season; all the girls went from strength to strength throughout the term. Our first match (against Marlborough) was our biggest challenge, and after this they decided as a team that defeat was no longer on the agenda. Consequently, their 8-0 victory over Taunton was an extremely exciting match for all involved. Special mention must go to Maria Komarova (OH), Megan Fowler (WT) and Captain Emily Miles (WT) who played with enthusiasm and determination in every game. This is the first year Clifton has fielded an U14 C squad, and they showed great spirit and determination throughout. ■

Charlotte Graveney



Netball

1st SQUAD

It was a tough yet promising season for the 1st VII this year. The squad was superbly led by Captain Abigail Barrett (WT) who was ably supported by her team mates. The season started with three strong wins against Dean Close, Marlborough and Malvern, where both defence and attack played outstandingly well. Aimee Freeland (HH), Ella Holbrook (HH) and Anna Bird (WoH) showed potential and improved greatly over the course of the term. Lucy Telling (WoH) started out in the second squad, but after a few games it became clear she was destined for higher places (this was highlighted as she turned the game around at Taunton School: after losing the first quarter by eight goals, by the end of the second we were winning by two). After an excellent performance in the County tournaments, where they narrowly lost to the winners King Edward's Bath 5-4, the girls won their place to the regional round. This was a huge eye opener for our girls, the average height of the opposing team being 6ft. They played their hearts out winning two group matches, which, unfortunately, was not enough to progress further. It is exceptionally hard to reach the Regional Netball Finals, so the girls really did perform well to succeed that far. The team has gained invaluable experience and it has set them in good stead for next season. Special thanks must go to the leavers, Abigail Barrett (WT), Becky Templer (WT), Hannah Meehan (WoH), Lucy Telling (WoH) and Emily Atkinson (WT); they have all been fantastic role models and players throughout their time at Clifton, and all of them will be truly missed.

Louise Catchpole and Charlotte Graveney

2nd SQUAD

Ever since we returned from South Africa last summer, I have been looking forward to this netball season: with so much talent selection was always going to be tough, but that would also mean that we would have a very strong squad. The 2nd team squad had an excellent first half of season and then suffered a little as Lucy Telling (WoH) and Ella Holbrook (HH) were promoted to the 1st VII. Combining three year groups together and trying to create a cohesive squad in just ten weeks is a tall order, but this year the players and personalities just seemed to gel. Captained initially by Lucy Telling (WoH)

and later by Jessica Trounce (WT), there was a tremendous feeling of inclusivity and team spirit and every player had their own crucial role to play. Holly Russell-Kennedy (WT) discovered she could defend and shoot, and she combined well with both Charlotte Greenslade (WT) in defence and Victoria Beswick (HH) in attack. In centre court we had the luxury of being able to combat fatigue by rotating Jessica Trounce (WT), Abi Hallworth (HH), Hannah Giebus (WT) and Emily King (HH) in any position, which also proved a useful tactic for confusing the opposition. A real team effort throughout made this a very successful group. Well done girls.

3rd SQUAD

2009 was a challenging season and it took a few weeks for the team to sort itself out. During this time the opposition was tough but the team played hard and with determination. At times, they became downhearted when good possessive play was not always converted into goals, and the wins they deserved did not materialise. Nevertheless, spirits were not broken and every game was met with the same optimism and will to win. The team was ably led by Emma Corrigan (WT) with some inspired defending by Olivia Still (WT). Jessica Pullen (WoH) and Becky Tait (WT) at WA ran their hearts out and fed consistently good passes into shooter Lauren Gilmour (HH). Their confidence and accuracy improved over the season, and Lauren Gilmour (HH) in particular looks a promising prospect for next year. A good team effort overall.

4th SQUAD

The fabulous Fourth team won 3 (Malvern, Bromsgrove and Bristol Cathedral) and lost 7 matches, showing relentless dedication and never, ever giving up. So many quarters were very close. The Fourths never barged, stepped or intimidated players unlike some of the teams they faced; they play for the beauty of the game. At away matches a squad of ten would turn up to play, some girls just for a quarter. When they were good they were brilliant; armed with Claire Hampson's (WT) love of the game, Phoebe Spike's (WT) and Lauren Gilmour's (WT) competitive shooting and the graceful and speedy flight around the court by Zoe Crook (OH), Eloise Ladkin (HH) and Sophie du Mont (HH). Maddy Dunn

(OH) played her heart out passing the ball to her team mates with accuracy. The coaches were very proud of a team who played with skill, spirit and good humour.

Fiona Hallworth

U15A SQUAD

It took some time for the U15 squad to settle this season and there was quite a bit of juggling of positions, but the team – full of enthusiastic and lively individuals – showed great promise in practice sessions. However, the early promise did not translate into many winning performances on the court in the actual event. Concentration was an issue, and a desire to play the game at pace resulted in far too many mistakes, allowing often less talented opposition to triumph. In defence Milla Jupp (OH) and Pippa Robinson (OH) controlled the circle, their height being a distinct advantage. Holly Osborne (WT) proved the most versatile player switching between shooting and defending and she struck much fear into many a Goal Attack. Henri Worthington (WT), Zoe Ward (WoH) and Saskia Barnes (WT) dominated the centre court and were all tenacious and strong. They gave good accurate passes and intercepted some crucial balls. Ellie Sibley (WT) and Ruby Potts (OH) battled away at GA and GS respectively and grew more and more confident in their circle play. There was great team spirit and Zoe was an excellent captain. The girls' netball skills did improve significantly over the course of the term as did their match play and many matches were very close, but shooting under pressure is never easy. I believe that with a little more maturity these players will make an excellent contribution at senior level next year.

Alex Tebay

U15 B SQUAD

The U15 B squad had a mixed season but always gave 100 % in matches, showing determination and skill. Eva Hogan (WoH) was tough in defence, always getting up for the rebounds. Marie Phillips (WT) displayed her agility with excellent interceptions, and Miranda Walker (WT) showed determination, skill, and commitment. In the centre court, Tilly Wickens (WT) showed speed and agility around the court often leaving her player standing still. Philippa Davis (WT) and Agnes Woolley (HH) showed great determination in centre court, both a real asset to the squad. Maddie McLeod (WT)

and Katie McNally (HH) demonstrated incredible shooting and strength throughout the season, both proving how easy it is when you have excellent shooters. A great season, well done.

U14 A SQUAD

The U14's have been very strong this year and selecting squads has been challenging. The good news for school netball was the fact that so many girls were keen to play in teams and the depth in this year group has made for some good U14 results as a whole. The A team played 8 regular matches with 5 wins, 1 draw and 2 losses. The triangular fixture with Bromsgrove & Malvern, played in difficult conditions, also resulted in wins, with some brilliant high scoring play. After qualifying for the County Finals, the team narrowly missed making it to the Regionals in a tense deciding playoff game. There were some excellent performances from many players and it was great to see skills improving as the term progressed. Many players rotated between the A and B squads as their netball developed with some consistently good performances. Imogen Comerford (OH) turned in some excellent shooting throughout the season and it will be good to have her back after

her injury. A special mention to Poppy Brookes (WT) and Isis Mok-Hartley (WoH) for some outstanding netball and the inspiration they provided in the Captain and Vice Captain roles. Well done everyone.

U14 B SQUAD

This year saw a fantastic season for the U14 Bs. Many of the girls moved from the As on a regular basis showing the depth and skill we had at U14, and the squad remained almost unbeaten. Lotte Griffiths (WT) and Tor Kenny (WT) showed great potential throughout the season, and Flo Freeland (WT) played well in defence with Naomi Trembath (WT). Other impressive performances include Georgina Lewis (WT), Lizzie Markham (WT), Bella Ghaidan (WT), Rebecca Pople (WoH) and Ling Qi (WoH). The girls all showed great skill, determination and agility. They gave 100% in every match, always determined to chase and get the ball.

U14 C SQUAD

What a cracking season it has been for the U14Cs. They ended the season unbeaten and deservedly so. What started as a quiet team lacking self-confidence became a strong cohesive team with bags of spirit.

They worked well together and cheered each other on. The defence team of Elizabeth Down (WT) and Esther Kovoov (HH) was unstoppable and ensured many a victory through their dogged determination to get the ball out of the danger zone. The mid court combination of Charlotte Miles (WT), Evie Marcer (WT) and Alicia Ballance (WT) was a dynamic force - Charlotte's ability to spot the gaps was complemented by Alicia's ability to move quickly around the court. Zoe Frewin (HH) and Katendi Heald (WT) played superbly as forwards. Zoe really pushed her shooting range and made some excellent shots, supported continually by Katendi who also made some great goals. Emily Miles (WT), Maria Komarova (OH) and Phoebe Chappell (WoH) served the team fantastically throughout the season with their flexibility and willingness to give any position on court a go as the team needed it. The opposition proved consistently challenging and the girls enjoyed some really tough matches throughout the season. They were able to remain consistent both at home and away and despite some close calls ended the season unbeaten. A marvellous season for a team that showed true resilience, determination and team spirit. Well done. ■

Tennis

1st, 2nd and 3rd SQUADS

The tennis squads were captained by Emily Atkinson (WT). The first team consisted of Emily Atkinson (WT), Emma Powell (WoH), Sophie Atkinson (WT), Daria Malyarova (WoH), Hannah Meehan (WoH) and Yana Bulyanskya (OH). They played well in the first half of term, before the dreaded examinations took over proceedings. Thank you to Hannah Meehan (WoH) and Emily Atkinson (WT) for their years of service to tennis at Clifton College. Charlotte Moore (HH) and Anna Bird (WoH) topped the second team with some good performances followed by Ola Gutkowska (OH), Amanda Tong (OH), Lucy Curtis (WT) and Grace Williams (HH). The third team was led by Gigi Tsui (OH) and Joanne Sasson (HH) followed by Grace Humphries (HH), Audrey Sasson (HH), Lucy Frewin (HH) and Maddie Ingraham (WoH). Well done to all the girls who have played fantastically well this season – they all managed their time extremely well squeezing tennis into an examination-dominated term.

U15 A and B SQUADS

The U15 tennis teams have shown enormous promise this season though as yet they lack the killer instinct to finish off matches.

In the A team the first pair of Captain Saskia Barnes (WT) and Lucy Tucker (WoH) triumphed over some tough opposition in many sets with intelligent court play and strong hitting. The 2nd couple, Milla Jupp (OH) and Eva Hogan (WoH), have shown great potential and are individually strong but have yet to gel as a pairing. Miranda Walker (WT) and Jenny Zhai (OH) have played well together and are developing a good variety of shots, when Miranda remembers her racket! Victoria Beswick has also represented the A team when not trekking off on Ten Tors.

In the B team Zoe Ward (WoH) and Maddie McLeod (WT) have really begun to shine as the 1st pair and will be contesting places in the A team very soon. Yulia Puponina (OH) and Katie McNally (HH) as 2nd couple have really come on and are tenacious on court. Sherry Liang (OH), Charlotte Reynolds (HH) and Pippa Robinson (OH)

have all represented the team in the 3rd couple, and Charlotte in particular has made a real impact with her ability to keep the ball in play.

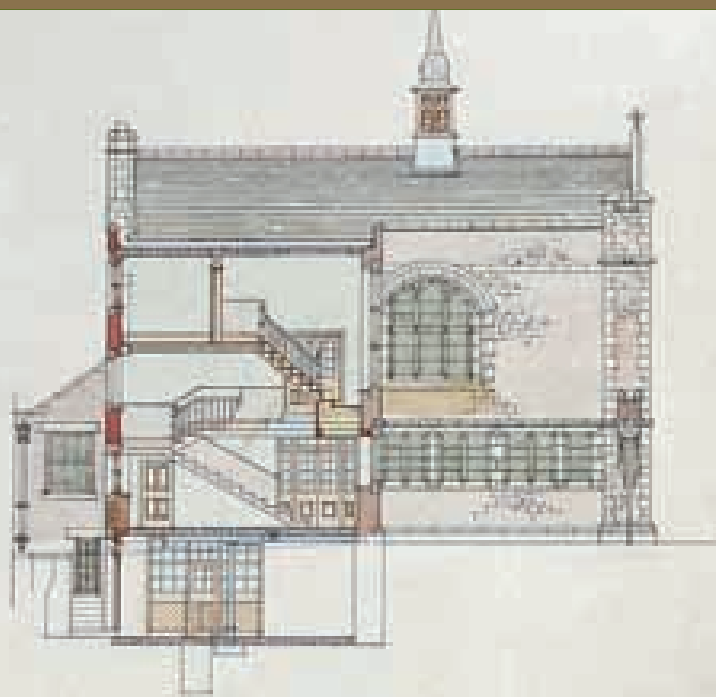
U14 A and B SQUADS

The U14s had a wet and windswept start to the season. The U14As, yet to play at full strength, narrowly missed victory after some close fought matches against King's Taunton and Blundell's, with the first pair of Lily Owsley (WT) and Isabel Murphy (WT) yet to drop a set. The U14Bs have had an outstanding term with a 9-0 victory over King's Taunton and an 8-1 victory over Blundell's. Lottie Griffiths (WT) and Bella Ghaidan (WT) have dropped just 7 games in their 6 matches.

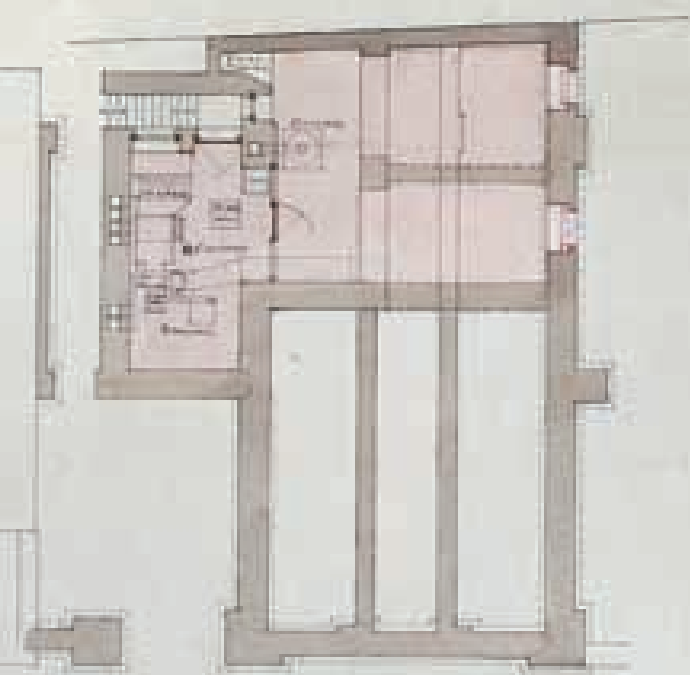
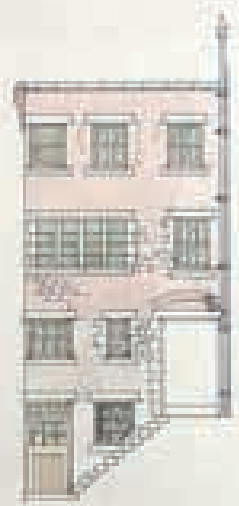
The U14s have also played in the National singles competition "The Road to Wimbledon". After some close matches early in the draw Yana Bulyanskaya (OH) beat Isabel Murphy (WT) in the final 6-3. Both of these girls will go on to represent the school in the County competition. ■

Louise Catchpole

the Old Cliftonian



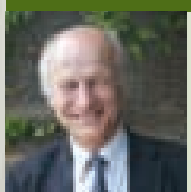
Section C.C.



Detached Plan.

Original Music School plans.

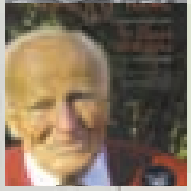
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The Old Cliftonian Society welcomes a new Secretary

Simon Reece's connection with Clifton goes back to 1958 when he joined the Pre. He moved up to South Town under the Housemaster-ships of Dudley Fromant and Geoffrey Hardyman, representing the School in the 1st VIII in rowing and cross-country and excelling in boxing under the legendary Gordon Hazell. He went on to read Zoology at The Queen's College, Oxford, finding time for both cross-country and rowing for his College 1st VIII's and winning a Full Blue in Boxing for the University. Simon returned to teach Biology at Clifton in 1973 with the same ambivalent feelings that all of us as OCs have had in the same position. Having experienced life as a pupil can be a great advantage when it comes to understanding all the dodges and misdemeanours that a teacher and especially a Housemaster may encounter!

Simon has held many posts at Clifton including Master in charge of Rowing, Cross Country, Rugby coach and referee,

Head of Biology, Assistant Housemaster of Polack's, North Town and East Town and of course Housemaster of School House. It is in this last post (1987-2002) that many of the School House boys will remember him and Sue, his wife, very fondly. Simon built on the success of Tom Gover, another outstanding Housemaster, to make School House a really special place. In the early days, Night Ops were still a feature, with the famous basement evenings, croquet, summer fetes and great hospitality which Sue and Simon offered to staff and pupils. The gardens were re-designed by Sue and Simon and with financial help from an array of well-wishers and the OC Society, and hours of hard work, an award-winning rose bed was established, the original design of which, whilst somewhat diminished, can still be made out. After leaving School House, I was fortunate to gain Simon as a tutor in East Town, where we have enjoyed his expertise and experience. Since 2002 he has also been President of the Common Room, acting Deputy Head and Senior Master where his intimate

knowledge of the workings of the school has been a real asset.

A day off would see him on the banks of a river questing for a salmon, a holiday perhaps on a mountain in Uganda searching for a gorilla or maybe quaking at the top of a black run. He lives on the Mendips with Sue and his gun dogs who help out by keeping his freezer full of pheasants.

Not only does Simon bring with him a wealth of experience from the last 40 years or so, but a great deal of enthusiasm and fondness for the school. He has our best wishes for success as Old Cliftonian Secretary. ■

Jonathan Thomson-Glover

From the Chapel Register

As always, Chapel continues to be much favoured by OCs for weddings and christenings, and Kim Taplin, the College Chaplain, does sterling work in meeting these needs! Congratulations to all the following:

Weddings

[OCs in bold]

Emma Longman & Nicholas Gwynn

Emily Bushby & **Henry Acreman**

Derek Kirton & Claire Matheson

James Payne & Hazel Bainbridge

Daisy West & James King

Elizabeth Gregg & Philip Chambers

Baptisms

Sophia Alice Jeffery (Benjamin & **Katherine Jeffery, née Virgo**)

Alexander John David Wares (**Stephen Wares** & Hanna Wares)

Isabel Grace Snowden (**James Snowden** & Joanna Snowden)

Harry Clive Rendle (**George Rendle** & Clare Rendle)

Mabel Elizabeth England (**David England** & Bethan England)

University news

Chris Jenkins has achieved a 2:1 in Economics & Politics at Cardiff

Stephanie Squire has just gained a 2:1 in Engineering at UCL

Harriet Smith has gained a 2:1 in Biology at Durham

Patrick Timmons (NT 1989-93) has written to tell us that he is now in San José teaching Justice Studies at the State University there which is part of the Californian State University. Much of his work involves historical analysis of punishment. He is about to marry his partner and is in the process of writing two books, one of which involves an account of his experiences resulting from giving up the telephone and e-mail. Given the tyranny of modern communications, he may well be onto a winner!



Not many OCs can claim that the reason they came to Clifton was *Sanders of the River!* **John Melville-Jones (WiH 1947-1952)** writes from Australia:

In the "Sanders of the River" books by Edgar Wallace, popular reading for boys then (ie 1946) but perhaps not now (perhaps too politically incorrect), an engaging character called Lieutenant Tibbets appeared. He had been at Clifton. I don't think I completely identified with him, but I was very taken by one episode in which a young Portuguese grandee called Manuel duc de Sagosta appeared. It turned out that he too had been at Clifton. The joyful reunion of the two in West Africa took my fancy, and I announced that I wanted to be entered for the scholarship examination there. It was an excellent choice, even if not based on any very logical process of thought.

John is now Professor of Classics and Ancient History.

(The Editor would be pleased to hear from any OC who has similarly eclectic reasons for joining the College or who has come across fictional OCs in literature!)

In this year's New Year's Honours List, **RI White (OH 1957-62)** was awarded an MBE for services to Music Education. He left Clifton with a choral scholarship to Cambridge and is a Lay Canon of Truro Cathedral. We all extend our sincere congratulations on this recognition of his services to music.

Robin Willows has achieved 4 A Levels in Maths, Physics, Chemistry and Biology and has won a place at Imperial College London. Those of you who know Robin, and the courageous battle he has waged with illness over the years, can have nothing but admiration for this achievement and we wish him well as he embarks on the next stage of his education.

Congratulations, too, to **RJ Holtum** who was awarded the Queen's Medal at Sandhurst and has been commissioned into the Scots Dragoon Guards.

Mark Rutherford (WaH 1951-59) has written to let us know that his son, Timothy (WaH 1984-91) was married to Miss Violet Stojmilova in Bath Abbey last August (2008). His wife is a nurse from Macedonia but has been living in London for nine years.



Mark sent this photo of the happy day and we congratulate them both and wish them well.

Mark Swinton, who was not so long ago our Chapel Organist before moving on to Bath Abbey, has now taken up a post in Kendal Parish Church. An impressive building, almost as wide as York Minster and with capacity for a congregation of 750, the church boasts two organs and

Mark is hoping to introduce regular organ recitals. He appears to be fully involved with services, concerts, weddings, funerals, church policy and finance and so on and is clearly very happy to be back in the North West.

Adrian Share, father of **Adam Share (PH 1992-95)**, writes to let us know that after leaving Clifton, Adam was awarded a National Diploma in Design at The Chelsea College of Art and Design and was made a Fellow of the RSA in 2007. After working at Gucci he is now Company Director at Design & Development International Ltd. A letter from David Prashker, the then Polack's Housemaster, to his parents in 1992 appears to have been remarkably prescient, David observing, *He has involved himself in a range of activities, and his artistic talents, which are considerable, have been recognised and appreciated.....and I have no doubt that his future lies in the artistic field in some way.*

Conrad Meyer (NT 1931-40) has "most graciously" been appointed a Prelate of Honour by Pope Benedict, and his title is now "Revd. Monsignor Canon". This is a considerable recognition by His Holiness and merits sincere congratulations.

Tom Gover has had news recently from **Tim Lapage (SH 1963-67)**. He has recently featured in the travel magazine *Wandermelon*. As he approaches 60, he has discovered a passion for helicopters and advises all who are thinking of going to South Africa for the World Cup in 2010 to act now. He can be reached at *Safari Experts*, which he runs, and would be more than happy to advise OCs on African adventures!

Elliott Levey (PH 1987-92) has recently appeared in a controversial but hard-hitting play at The National, *England People Very Nice*, by Nicholas Hytner.

Closer to home, a recent article in the local press featured **Alan Bailey (ET 1980-91)** and **Paul Albone (ET 1981-91)**. Together, they run an environmental consultancy business in Queen Square, *Environmental Lean Solutions*. Alan is also chairman of BETS and a keen supporter of Green initiatives in Bristol.

Alexander Evans (WaH 1982-90) has just been selected by Yale University as one of its World Fellows for 2009, in recognition of his work in the Foreign Office in Islamabad in relation to Pakistan's tribal areas. He will contribute to the Yale World Fellows Programme which has as its main aims the advancement of training for emerging leaders, linking them together and helping Yale and its

students to have a far greater awareness and understanding of international issues. Alex is to be congratulated on this honour, Yale describing him as

a key diplomat with expertise in South Asia, in particular Pakistan-Afghanistan relations and Kashmir.

PNT Wells (ST 1945-54) was made a CBE in the New Year's Honours List.

Scott Foster (PH 1974-79) has been in touch recently. At the moment he is working in Biggin Hill as general Manager of Triple E, a company that manufactures curtain tracks and acoustic systems for theatres, cruise ships, concert halls and so on, both here and abroad. He was back at Clifton a short while ago helping his eldest son, Toby, to lead a mock Seder service in BSK for the Year 8s in the Pre.

Rosemary Emanuel has written to the Head Master concerning her father Felix Nabarro who was taught by the then legendary "Fuzzy B" or HC Beaven, described at his funeral in 1939 as a

devoted and unselfish scholar whose whole being becomes part of the school they serve.

Beaven would set his class a problem and then show them the solution of one of their near contemporaries, Nevill Mott, who became a distinguished scientist, winning the Nobel prize in 1977. Mott's solutions were invariably elegant and short. Rosemary inherited her father's predilection for Maths and in retirement has written an A Level text book which is used at Clifton. As she says,

The Clifton connection through Nevill Mott, Fuzzy B, my father and the Longman book completes a pleasing circle.

David Jones wrote to Charlie Colquhoun shortly before his death to say that **Ben Gorman (BH 1975-82)** and **Mark Harrell (BH 1979-84)** are now the proprietors of *The Mermaid Cafe* in Dame Street in Dublin, and suggests this as a possible venue for a Dublin Branch Dinner!

News of **Jarad Zimble (PH 1997-99)**. He has been awarded a Junior Research Fellowship by Wolfson College, Oxford. After leaving Clifton, he read English at St Hugh's, Oxford, and then went on to do his Law College Exams. Following this, he went to Pembroke College, Cambridge where he is in the process of completing his Doctorate. Jo Greenbury tells us that his father is immensely proud of his achievements and very grateful to Clifton for the support and encouragement given to his son. Pembroke, incidentally, has a scholarship in honour of an Old Polackian, Ephraim Nahum, whilst Wolfson College, of course, is named after a family with very strong Polackian roots.



James Hills has heard from **Arthur Noble (ST, left 1955)** who is now Emeritus Professor of German at the Universities of Metz and Nancy. He is also an eminent musician, being the UK representative at the World Choral Festivals with the Vienna Boys' Choir, and a freelance accompanist on the piano and organ. He sent a pair of pictures, having recently found the exact spot in College Road where he was "snapped" during the Short Pen. It would be courteous to add that not much has changed, bar tree growth!



Schoolboy spellings
 Sir, Brian Easty's letter (June 12) about Kennedy's Primer reminds me that at the Catholic grammar school that I attended in the 1950s we were all required to buy a copy of *Planchart for Schools, Masses and Occasional Chants*, which was immediately transmuted into "Pampong for Fools, Asses and Occasional Ants".
CHARLES MILLER
 Wigan

Sir, At my prep school (Clifton) every copy of *Parts of Speech and Their Uses* was embellished with the words "Parts of Peach and Their Juices".
ANDREW DAKYNS
 Eastbourne, East Sussex

Christopher Purves was in South Town from 1975 to 1979. Tom Gover remembers him as a charming young man, who played hockey well and who made a strong contribution to the College's music when it came to singing. From Clifton he went on to read English at King's College, Cambridge.

His early musical career was far removed from his present engagements, since he was for a while part of the vocal rock and roll group known as *Harvey & the Wallbangers*. From rock to opera and the classics was a transition smoothly made, as any reference to the roles he has performed and the work he has recorded amply demonstrates.

At the time of writing he is singing the title role in Verdi's *Falstaff* at Glyndebourne. The production has not been overwhelmingly well-received by the critics, but one thing that they are all agreed upon is the quality of Christopher's performance. Tim Ashley, writing in *The Guardian*, observes that:



Purves is, however, marvellous. With his big voice, he is an empathetic figure so that when he denounces the "wicked thieving world" – of which he is, ironically, very much a part – we really feel for him.

Fiona Maddocks, a forthright music critic who writes for *The Observer*, likewise praises Purves for bringing intelligence and discretion to the part, complimenting him for avoiding the buffoonery that so often goes with this role for a more sympathetic and credible interpretation. ■

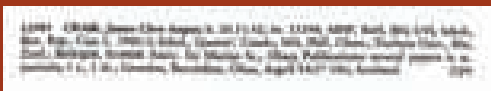


Off The Beaten Track – The Birdman Of Barcaldine

Talking some while ago with Hugh Monro, we mused over the question as to what kind of careers and professions Cliftonians took up when they left the College and whether or not there was any pattern, concluding, rightly or wrongly, that because of the College's tradition and ethos, it probably produced its fair share of unsung heroes. One such would appear to be Clive Craik, who was the subject of a full-length feature in July 2008 in the FT's weekend magazine.

Born in Bombay in 1942, his family returned to Britain towards the end of the Second World War, and settled in Tavistock. At Clifton he was evidently a successful boxer and by his own admission became fascinated with homemade explosives – he still carries the evidence of a firework that blew up whilst he was holding it. In 1960, he won a scholarship to Queens' College, Cambridge, where he was awarded a Doctorate in Chemistry, and then went on to Durham to take another degree in Zoology. Marine Biology became his life and he worked as a government scientist. His passion, however, was birds and it was this that led him into making a life-changing decision and retire early at 45.

In 1979, he took up a post at a marine biology laboratory in Oban, a prospect which excited him since it gave him



the opportunity of developing his skill in "ringing" birds. Six years later, the RSPB asked him to start counting terns in the islands and inland waterways in the area. Over the next two years, a series of discoveries led him to believe that the future of bird-life in this area was under serious threat as a result of the depredations of wild mink. The journalist who covered this story, Sam Knight, wrote,

The first time Craik came across a mink kill, in June 1987, he was curious but not worried. "It was just another interesting thing", he says.



He and a colleague from the laboratory had gone to Eilean Inshaig, a tiny island next to a marina which Craik calls the "St Kilda of the Sea Lochs", because 16 bird species have been recorded there, the same number as its more famous cousin in the Outer Hebrides.

They were looking for chicks to ring but instead found more than 100 dead birds – adults and young – with bloody bite-marks on their necks, strewn on the rocks and hidden in the long grasses. Thinking it was a one-off, they found the mink and killed it. It wasn't until two years later, after a series of mass kills in the summer of 1989, that Craik was convinced he had found an endemic threat to the birds and mapped out the beginnings of his campaign.

For the last 20 years, Clive Craik has devoted his life to trapping mink and protecting bird life on the west coast of Scotland around Oban. When asked why, he replied,

I was at a stage when I felt "My God, I really haven't achieved much in my life. I really must try and achieve some little thing, whatever it might be", and it turned out to be this.

One is reminded of the final passage in *Middlemarch*, for it is people like Clive Craik who make a difference via their quiet, unhistorical acts, and this magazine would be interested to hear from any OC with this sort of story to tell. ■

Home from Home

Costa Rica is a small, Central American country, approximately the size of Wales, with an estimated population of 4.1 million.

Although Costa Rica nestles just to the south of the historically war-torn country Nicaragua, its army was abolished on 1 December 1948, just three years after the Second World War. Because of that, and many other reasons, Costa Rica is known internationally as a place where peace (along with a good pinch of chaos) presides.

What better place could present itself to a person who had wrestled with the legal community of the UK and Europe for seven long years, was tired, and longed for change?

In my, (perhaps biased) opinion, none.

In May 2007 when I first wrote to the British Embassy in the capital, San José, asking to be an intern for a couple of months I had no idea what lay ahead. That said, when I was informed that my internship had been approved, I had sufficiently high hopes to buy a return ticket to the UK nine months after my entry into the country, rather than when my internship was going to end. My gut reaction to stay in this beautiful country served me well and I now consider Costa Rica home from home.

The internship resulted in being appointed as a locally employed member of staff and, at the time of writing, I am happy to have served my country and Costa Rica and Nicaragua for over 18 months. The projects I have been involved in have been, without exception, important, interesting, fun and rewarding. I have, amongst other things:

- created a handbook for new British Prisoners in Costa Rica, which is now being used as the basis for all British Embassies throughout the world,
- acted as translator for Claire Hughes - Strategic Communications Officer of DEFRA - at a Costa Rican weekly cabinet meeting, and
- been involved in the first Trade Mission in Costa Rica which related to Climate Change.

However the most rewarding experience so far has been working for two consecutive years on a project known as "the QBP" (the Queen's Birthday Party).

The QBP is an event famous within the Diplomatic Corps on a global scale. In many

cases the QBP consists of a plush cocktail evening where the diplomatic community and VIPs relevant to the country in which the party is held discuss, no doubt, very important matters.

However that's not the purpose of the QBP in Costa Rica; it's not what it is about for us.

So what is it about and how do we celebrate the Queen's birthday?

Well perhaps it's easier to start off with what it is not. There's no cocktail party. No posh frocks. No champagne. No elaborate speeches. Perhaps with the exception of playing the National Anthem, nothing you would generally associate with a party on diplomatic soil aimed at celebrating Her Majesty the Queen's birthday features at the Costa Rican QBP.

The QBP Costa Rican style takes place on the nearest Saturday to the Queen's actual birthday (21 April) and consists of a day when Her Majesty's Ambassador opens his/her Residence to the public at large for a charity event in the style of a traditional fayre. This event was organised for the first time by the British community in Costa Rica together with members of the British Embassy in San José the year of the Queen's Golden Jubilee. Whilst at the time it was envisaged to be a one-off event, it has since become a regular fixture, and, in fact, something of a legend.

In order that the fayre be traditional in the British sense of the word, we try to make as many things available as would be present at a village carnival. We cook fish and chips, have a tea-tent (a controversial move in a country where the world's best coffee is grown) and ensure that curries and candy floss are for sale in the eating area. There are pony rides, clowns, a coconut shy, lucky dip, and a bouncy castle for the little ones to enjoy. For the bigger kids we provide raffle tickets, a tombola, a silent auction, a tea tent, a bar and live music. And for the ex-pats we have a shop crammed to the rafters with almost all those goodies they crave year-in year-out but are unable to purchase when living in a country 8,000 kilometres away from "home". Those products you take for granted in your shopping basket every week such as BISTO gravy granules, BIRD'S custard, GALES lemon curd, WALKERS prawn cocktail crisps, HARVEY'S Bristol



Cream Sherry, STRONGBOW cider, chocolate HOBNOBS and CADBURY'S Crème Eggs.

In December 2007 when I was asked to take on the role of logistics for the 2008 event I was ignorant, perhaps blissfully ignorant, as to what it would entail. That said I had only heard good things about the event and wanted to get stuck in. Sheila Pacheco MBE, Vice-Consul at the Embassy and head-honcho of the prestigious QBP tea-tent, gave me one of her telling smiles when I told her of my new role, laughed, looked pensively into space for five exceedingly long seconds and finally assured me that everything would "just fall into place".

She was right; in the main.

The role of logistics, in this case, is all about communication and deadlines. Before I started the project it all seemed so simple. After all I was an ex-lawyer who lived tormented by deadlines and who communicated in multiple languages every day regarding complex co-existence agreements between international companies and the like. Just how difficult could it be?

Well quite challenging as it happens.

Let's take the simple example of getting British goods from Portsmouth to San José.

In theory it goes something like this...

John, a devoted member of the committee asks his long suffering in-laws to make a trip to their local Tesco and Makro to buy approximately £5,000 worth of goodies that all ex-pats dream about. Once the goods are bought and palletted up they are put on a ship and transported at no cost to us through our friends at Fyffes, to Moín, Caribbean coast, Costa Rica. Once they arrive in the port my job is to get the goods through customs and arrange the transport of them to the Ambassador's garage where they sit in storage awaiting the big day.

In practice it ends up something like this...

John's in-laws buy the products in good time for the party. They send the goods to the port and the goods are placed on the ship. We receive the bill of lading and write to

the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Costa Rica requesting the goods not be subject to tax when they arrive into the country, due to a reciprocal arrangement between Costa Rica and the UK. When writing we provide a list of the individual goods being shipped to us, in Spanish.

Interesting.

How exactly do I translate crème eggs into Spanish? Ditto for gravy, lemon curd, toffee crisps and approximately 20 other weird and wonderful products on the list. GOOGLE translation tool just doesn't cut the mustard with this task.

Once the list is concocted The Ministry of Foreign Affairs sends our request to the Treasury who immediately picks up on our inventive translations. We reach a compromise.

The goods arrive in port and we decide upon a date for picking them up.

In 2008 the collection went off without a glitch, but not due to good management, rather due to the port being empty since the staff were attending a funeral in nearby Limon. We were in and out of there within just over an hour. Perfect. On the drive back to San José I thought back to the committee meeting and all the sniggering that had gone on when I had announced my intentions to pick up the goods that week.

It was not until 2009's goods collection that all became abundantly clear.

Upon arrival in Moín we waited for the goods to be transferred from the port to the warehouse, thinking that once they arrived we would be able to load them into the truck and be on our way.

Let's just say that I left San José at 6am and got home at 11pm. The previous year the same task had been completed and I was back at home before sundown, approximately 6pm in the tropics. So what changed? Not a lot really, apart from the fact that The Ministry of Agriculture decided it was a little concerned about a certain product we had imported to Costa Rica.

Custard.

Bird's custard to be more exact.

Groan.

"It doesn't contain birds itself, that's the brand," I explained to our representative.

Wonderful.

"Only in Costa Rica," I muttered under my breath.

The Ministry was happy with the explanation and decided not to come and check out the goods; thankfully the internet

had shed sufficient light on the situation and we were free to go ahead with unpacking the goods from their container.

Then came the question of getting the goods out of the warehouse. In order to be able to do that, it is necessary to have clearance from customs in the form of an electronic permission.

And then, the computer system went down.

And stayed down...

Until, it came back up and our application was given a red light. That is denial, rather than permission to take the goods.

I made the necessary calls, waited 20 minutes and hoped and prayed to the god of free movement of goods for a green light, as our application was passed once more through the system.

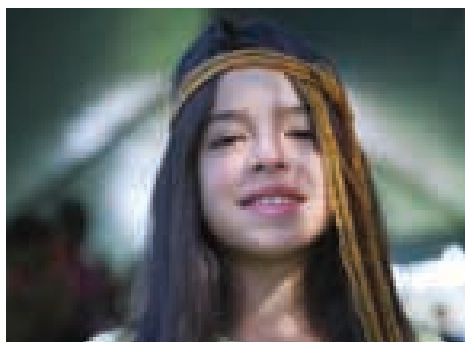
Green light, permission granted!

We got to the Ambassador's house and unpacked the goods to find that many of the beer and cider cans had exploded. Whilst we had requested the goods be stored in a refrigerated container, they had in fact been frozen. The position of a temperature dial cost us 1,000 dollars of damaged stock and that before we had even started the party. There was little we could do about the matter, just pour the beer down the drain and recycle the empties.

When I arrived home, after my 17 hour day, I wondered just where the time had gone. Then I remembered those ingenious Malibu adverts I had loved so much whilst I was in the UK. I was in the Caribbean and that gave me sufficient explanation as to how exactly I had managed to take that long to transport 1600 kilograms of goods three hours up the road.

Exhausted I went to bed, focusing on the success of the day. We had got the goods, with relative ease and three days before the event. Perfect.

After four long months of planning the big day eventually arrived and in 2009 around 1,100 people attended the event. Despite the gloomy economic climate the day in itself was an absolute scorcher. The theme



was the 1960s and whole families dressed up from head to toe in their hippy gear; the atmosphere was electric and peace and love abounded.

Not all customers however were as satisfied by the event as they could have been. Post-event we received an email thanking us for a wonderful day from a British member of the public together with a request for us to purchase QUAVERS for next year's QBP. Whilst the event had been a success his son's mood had taken a downturn when he found out that those delicious curly, cheesy, maize snacks were not on sale. Be sure Mr. your son's cravings will be cured in 2010 when those make an appearance at the new and improved British Shop! And that reminds me, how am I going to translate QUAVERS into Spanish for next year's goods collection, because I have this feeling I am going to be around when the application is sent to the Ministry!

And if I am given the opportunity to be there in April 2010 helping to organise the event, every challenging telephone conversation, every seemingly interminable discussion regarding what "ahorita" really means (anything from in half an hour's time to, give or take a few days, a week's time), and every other frustrating moment will dissolve from my mind when I see people having fun at the event itself, and groups benefiting from the money we raise on the day.

Since its inception in 2002, the various fayre style QBPs have raised an amazing \$110,000 which the committee has donated to Costa Rican schools in need. In 2009 alone we raised \$19,365 dollars at the fayre and that cash has been donated to two very different but equally worthwhile projects.

The first project we have funded will be managed by the British charity Raleigh (www.raleigh.org.uk) who will work with an indigenous community in the construction of a secondary school for children in an area where currently only primary school education is available.

The second project relates to the reconstruction of a kindergarten in the Cinchona area of Costa Rica which was sadly hit by an earthquake measuring 6.2 on the Richter scale on 8 January this year.

So if you find yourself in Costa Rica next year around the Queen's birthday, look us up, come and have a go on the coconut shy, try your luck, you won't regret it! Maybe, just maybe, Costa Rica could become your home from home. ■

Kate Cruse



BEHIND: above Peter Lanyon with the 20-foot eight-foot high work which was on show on Saturday. Below the painting in New Jersey

Huge painting by Bath artist goes on show

“The gigantic picture measures 31ft eight inches long and was painted for the music room at Stanley J Seeger’s New Jersey home

It is very hard to get a picture of the size of the one from America. The artist will be a very long time to be in the country and will be in the country for a long time. The artist will be a very long time to be in the country and will be in the country for a long time. The artist will be a very long time to be in the country and will be in the country for a long time.

On Saturday a new exhibition opens at the Victoria Art Gallery in Bath showing the work of former Bath artist and lecturer Peter Lanyon.

The exhibition is a very important one for the city and will be a very long time to be in the country and will be in the country for a long time. The artist will be a very long time to be in the country and will be in the country for a long time.

Peter Lanyon (1918-1964)

Born in St Ives in 1918, Peter was educated at St Erbyn’s School in Penzance before coming to Clifton, where he was in Oakeley’s House, leaving at the end of the Summer Term in 1935. His father had been an amateur photographer and musician. From Clifton he went to Penzance School of Art where he met Adrian Stokes (1902-1972) who was to become one of the most original and critical writers on art, according to contemporaries, and it was probably Stokes who encouraged the young painter to join the Euston Road School of artists who had set up a School of Drawing and Painting in London in 1937. Their emphasis was very much on naturalism and realism and they saw themselves as a bulwark against the rising tide of avant-garde art during this decade. There, he studied under Victor Pasmore who was widely regarded as one of the most influential abstract artists of his time.

In 1939, Lanyon met Ben Nicolson and Barbara Hepworth and, as a result, he moved back to St Ives to receive private tuition from Nicolson, one of the more radical of Britain’s 20th Century painters. Both Nicolson and Hepworth had a significant influence on Lanyon and he became heavily involved in making constructions, such as the celebrated *White Track* (mahogany, jarrah wood, three-ply and string). In addition the poetic spatial forms of another of the St Ives group of this period, the Russian sculptor Naum Gabo, along with the developing work of Barbara Hepworth, encouraged Lanyon to experiment with three-dimensional forms.

The war intervened in 1939 and he fought in Africa, Palestine and Italy before returning to England in 1945, whereupon he married and the couple went on to have six children. Back in St Ives, he became an influential member of the Crypt group of artists and a founder member of the Penwith Society of Artists in Cornwall. In 1950, his reputation was sealed by his first solo exhibition at the Lefevre Galleries in London. For the next seven years he was an inspirational teacher at the Bath Academy of Art. From 1957 onwards he travelled all round the world, giving talks and lectures, but his heart remained in Cornwall, chairing the Newlyn Arts Council and being elected as a Bard of the Kernow Gorsedd for his services to Cornish art. It was at this time that he took up gliding in order to “get a

more complete knowledge” of landscape. It was this that was to cost him his life – he died in Taunton following blood-clot complications arising from a gliding accident in 1964. His death was seen as a huge blow to art in general, and Cornish art in particular.

In January 2009, Bath Victoria Galleries honoured one of their most memorable lecturers by putting on an exhibition of his work, including a massive mural entitled *Porthmeor* which he had completed two years before his death. Clifton art is usually associated with Roger Fry, and Peter Lanyon is, as a result, overlooked. This is unfortunate since his work is still much admired and valued today and there is little doubt, as his recent biographer observes, “he transformed the art of landscape” in this country. ■

10882 Lanyon, George Peter; 18.1.1918; OH; 3/2-11; 1959; 1970 War, Corp., R.A.F.; Artist; 4 s, 2 d; Little Park, Okeley, Clifton, Bath, St. Jon. (2s)

The Clifton Whittys

Fifteen members of the Whitty family have been to Clifton.

The first, Henry Tarlton, was one of seventy six boys who made up the very first intake in September 1862, being closely followed by his brother Charles in 1868. Their father, John Charles, had emigrated from the East India Company in Madras to Tarramia, New South Wales where, after selling cavalry horse to the Indian Army, he became a successful sheep farmer before leaving Australia for retirement in Bristol. The two boys were in Town House.

Sir John Whitty followed his father Henry to the Pre in May 1888 and thence via North Town to Dakyns'. He went to New College, Oxford, and then joined the Indian Civil Service where he became Governor of Behar and Orissa. He was a member of Clifton Council. He was followed to Poole's and then Oakeley's by his brother Noel who, as a regular soldier, became a Brigadier and then in 1946 Colonel of his regiment, the Queen's Own Royal West Kents. Noel sent his two sons to Clifton – Tony, who in 1933 entered Oakeley's as the first OC to have father and both grandfathers as OCs, and David, who went to Oakeley's in 1935 and was killed in action in North Africa in 1943.

Meanwhile, all four of John's sons had been at Clifton. Patrick, who went to Dakyns' in 1920, was commissioned into the Royal Sussex Regiment before transferring as a Lieutenant Colonel to the Royal Army Pay Corps, where he was Command Paymaster in Ceylon. His brother Ronald (Tim), who went to School House in 1922, became Head of School and as such had the honour of presenting the Prince of Wales with the keys of the new Science building at its opening in 1927. Then came brother Michael, also to School House, in 1927. After Brasenose, Oxford, he went into medicine and became a distinguished consultant neurologist at St Thomas's Hospital and then the Radcliffe, Oxford. Michael's younger brother, Peter, who was in Poole's and School House from 1932, then Sidney Sussex, Cambridge, also went into medicine after war service in the RAF, as an ophthalmologist at King's College Hospital, London.

My father John (JHH), nephew of Sir John and Brigadier Noel, came to Clifton straight from the family ranch in Australia.

He went to Hartnell's in 1923 then, via North Town, to Dakyns'. He too became a soldier, commissioned into his uncle's regiment, the Royal West Kents. He played rugby, cricket and golf for the army, won the MC in Palestine and a DSO for bravery and superb leadership in Italy and, having commanded his battalion from El Alamein through the Italian campaign, was killed north of Florence in 1944, having just been promoted to Brigadier at the age of 34. He was described by Monty as 'the best commander in the 8th Army'.

My brother Kenneth and I followed my father into Dakyns' under the eagle eye of 'the Yak'. Jos Cave, in between reviewing activities on The Close on previous Saturdays, managed to get me into Sandhurst, whence I joined my father's regiment, playing cricket for the army. I left the army at the age of 31, pursued a number of careers, finishing as Chief Executive of one of the professional societies of the land. Ken meanwhile became Head of School in 1958, read English at Oxford and Berkeley, California, taught English at Malvern for five years and then joined the British Council for whom he worked in Belgium, Nigeria, Malawi, Greece and London. He was a hugely talented person and it was the most terrible tragedy for all who knew and loved him when he was murdered by terrorists in Athens in 1984.



Hamlyn Whitty on left, Kenneth Whitty on right with glasses.

Finally, Julian and Richard, sons of Michael Whitty the neurologist, came to Clifton in 1955 and 1957 respectively. Julian, after School House, went to St John's, Oxford, and then into medicine at St Thomas's Hospital, after which he emigrated to Australia, the land of his fathers, practising as a surgeon and doing part-time work for the Royal Australian Air Force. Richard was in Dakyns' and after Oxford worked as an anaesthetist at various hospitals in Hull.

A pity my two daughters were too old to become the 16th and 17th Whittys at Clifton! ■

Hamlyn Whitty



John Whitty (father).

Percy Hobart was known as “Patrick” to his family and friends and “Hobo” within the Army.

He was one of nine members of my family to attend Clifton, and he and my grandfather, Ernest Miles Hobart-Hampden CMG, were the two members of the family who contributed significantly to the successful outcome of the Second World War. Hobart was highly influential in the development of tank warfare and Ernest Miles played a key role in interpreting Japanese foreign policy in the 1920s and 1930s, including assisting the Australian naval lieutenant, Eric Nave, to break Japanese codes.

I am writing this article on 6 June 2009, the 65th anniversary of the D-Day Normandy landings. It seems a fitting moment to reflect on the man described by the famous military historian Captain Sir Basil Liddell Hart as being “one of the few soldiers that I have known who could rightly be termed a military genius”. Yet this is the same man who was dismissed by Wavell from his command of the 7th Armoured Division in late 1939. This is the Division that Hobart trained up from scratch. The 7th Armoured Division went on to be known as the Desert Rats, fighting successfully through the North African campaign, defeating Rommel, before fighting their way up through Italy. After retiring from the army, Hobart was rescued from obscurity as a corporal in the Home Guard, by Churchill in 1940. He was given command of the newly formed 11th Armoured Division. After training this Division up to operational levels, Hobart was unable to deploy with the Division on medical grounds but accepted the command of the new 79th (Experimental) Armoured Division. This Division, under Hobart, and with Churchill’s support, was to develop the so-called “Hobo’s Funnies”.

Hobart went to Clifton as a classics scholar and on leaving joined the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. He was commissioned into the 1st Sappers and Miners. Hobart won the MC on the Western Front in 1915 and the DSO in the Mesopotamia theatre of war. Having survived the First World War, in 1923 he joined the Royal Tank Corps. So began a lifetime dedicated to the development of tank warfare strategy, and in the Second World War, to developing specialised tanks, to be known as “Hobo’s Funnies”, as mentioned above.

The extent of Hobart’s influence on tank warfare can be seen by how the German generals, such as Guderian and Rommel, embraced his concepts of rapid advancement into enemy territory in conjunction with air and infantry support. Guderian is reputed to have said “I put my faith in Hobart, the new man”. Unfortunately, with a few exceptions such as Liddell Hart, Hobart was a prophet without honour in his own land for many years. His cause was probably not helped by his character. He was not one to step back from forcibly expressing his views,



to the point of rudeness. His relationship with many of his senior officers was not harmonious. Hardly surprising given Hobart’s views that “no man is any good who has no enemies”.

To return to the “funnies”, this was the name given to the Sherman and Churchill tanks modified to carry out specialised tasks such as mine clearing, removing underwater obstacles, destruction of enemy positions by using flame throwers, laying tracked causeways (Bobbins) and bridging ditches, canals and rivers.

The impact of these weapons on the beaches of Normandy was to help make the landings a success and to save many lives. The “funnies” were able to neutralise mines and underwater obstacles by mechanical means and this ensured that the troops, once landed, were able to advance relatively swiftly. This was the situation for the Canadian and British troops where Montgomery (who had married Hobart’s sister, Betty) had embraced Hobart’s machines. Unfortunately, the Americans under Bradley, despite the endorsement of Eisenhower, did not utilise these modified tanks. This decision, along with other factors to do with the terrain, contributed to the heavy loss of American life on OMAHA beach.

The 79th Armoured Division also played their part with their “Hobo’s funnies” in the advance across western Europe leading eventually in 1945 to the defeat of Hitler.

Hobart’s last command was of the Royal Hospital Chelsea and he died in 1957 after a short battle against cancer.

I think the foreword by Liddell Hart to *Armoured Crusader*, written by Kenneth Macksey, summed up Hobart’s character. He wrote:

He [Hobart] was also a man of passionate convictions and inexhaustible originality, who combined a temperament of fire and and rock with an intellectual eagerness and sensitivity which won him the friendship of artists of all kinds. Churchill, recognising these qualities, rescued him from the wilderness into which the military establishment dismissed him and enabled him to scale the heights of success. ■

MB

References:

‘Armoured Crusader – A Biography of Major-General Sir Percy Hobart’ - Kenneth Macksey - Hutchinson & Co Publishers 1967

‘The unpublished writings of Christopher Hobart’ 2008

Would any Old Cliftonians who remember Sir John Kendrew (Watson’s 1930-1936) please contact Tom Gover as he is trying to help with a biography. Any details or anecdotes, however trivial, would be most welcome!

Shooting

Sixteen OC shooting Veterans from the 1940's to 1970's gathered at Bisley on 16 July 2009 to celebrate the 60th anniversary of Clifton winning the Cadet Trophy and the 35th anniversary of winning the Ashburton Shield.

Gordon Johnston and David Morgan had won in 1949 with a record score that has been equalled but never beaten.

The two had lost touch, but met up to organise a 50th anniversary reunion with Clifton shooters from the 1940's - 1970's in 1999.

Addressing the gathering in 2009, Gordon Johnston recalled that they had been congratulated in 1949 by Colonel Sinnott OC, who had been in the winning 1890 team.

The younger OC's took part successfully in the Veterans' competition. Andrew Venables (OC) said: "We hope our success in the Veterans will foster the continued interest in Clifton shooting and hope that current Cliftonians will give increased support to the sport."



Standing, left to right: *Bernard Kain, Tom Waycott (NT), Nick Atkin (07 leaver), George Irish (MH), Finella Tancred-Holmes (HH and Adjutant), John Molesworth (ET), Simon Heard (Master in charge of shooting), Alex Tong (WaH and Captain), Ben Jarvis (WaH), Murray Lidgitt (WiH and Vice Captain), Peter Stanley (adult instructor, OC ST), Daniel Odutola (WiH), Tony Marsh, Nigel Evans, Andrew Venables, John Evans, Peter Molesworth, Chris Melhuish, Jonathan Haward, Hugh Murray.* Seated, left to right: *Perry Chesser, Anthony Blackburn, Gordon Johnston, David Morgan, John Gibbs, Peter Greenaway, Peter Davey, Alistair Evans.*

Veterans Shoot and Ashburton Anniversary 2009

The Veterans team comprised: Andrew Venables, Jonathan Haward, Hugh Murray, Nigel Evans and John Evans.

The team shot its best score to date with a notable 238 + 13 V bulls at 500 yards. Top scorer was John Evans with 49.4. The team were doubtless spurred on by the school CCF who shot well and were placed 18th on the Ashburton score board. Past members of the Clifton College shooting teams going back to 1947 met for a reunion luncheon and photograph, followed by a practice shoot, the Veterans Match and a splendid dinner at the North London Rifle Club. All in all a great day for Clifton, past and present. It was also marvellous to see a quite a number of current team members going on the shoot in the Imperial Meeting. Congratulations to Mr Simon Heard on his sterling efforts and a very successful start with school shooting.

Please would any OC shooters wishing to join us in the future contact Andrew Venables at: andrewvenables@aol.com or on 07767-365804. We need new blood! Despite our best efforts, we only managed to field 4 people for the 5 person B team and one of those was John Gibbs! His score remains a secret.



Old Cliftonian Golfing Society

We have had a good year since I last wrote a note for this magazine.

- We have done better at two of the major Public School Competitions (Halford Hewitt and Brent Knoll Bowl).

- We have taken in eight new Members, two of whom are very low handicap golfers who left School in June 2008 - Chris Baker and Chris Spiller.

- We have entertained Masters and Boys at our Annual Match at the famous Berkshire course, and they ran off with some of the prizes, albeit 2009 proved more successful for the "older" members.

As always we are indebted to a smallish number of keen golfers and match managers.

We would like to encourage the 50% of our current members who have not played this last year in OCGS Meetings, to turn out next year for some of our events. We are particularly grateful to David Rowe who again took charge of our Team at the Halford Hewitt, Chris Dale who manages the Grafton Morrish team (who have qualified for the finals in October), and James England who organised the Brent Knoll Bowl at Burnham-on-Sea. For the Hewitt, the blue riband meeting, the greatest gathering in amateur golf where over 1000 meet at Deal and Sandwich in early April, this means a big commitment and we are grateful to those who play. Our Captain Alan Mann in particular would love to see more OC supporters/spectators at the 2010 meeting. He is happy to organise local golf for the "supporters team".

The Hewitt

David Rowe led the team and in Round 1 we beat Rossall 3/2, then Canford 3½ to 1½, followed by a Saturday morning win over Winchester, and finally after a tight match we went down to Bradfield 3/2, the crucial last match going to the 19th hole in the quarter-finals. Our team contained new young blood this time and we should be even stronger next year as Andy Rudge has just returned from the professional ranks. Our team in 2009: David Rowe, John Capper, Chris Dale, Tony Taylor, Malcolm Lewis, Rob Mitchell, Chris Carney, James England, Chris Baker and Chris Spiller.



Brent Knoll Bowl

James England led the Team but lost Round 1 to the RAF, the ultimate winners. But Clifton then went on to win the "Plate" which was a first.



Our team: James England, David Rowe, Chris Baker, Chris Spiller, Rob Mitchell and Chris Carney.

We have enjoyed many other less strenuous fixtures! A new event made up of teams of OC's, Masters, School Boys and Parent of current pupils. A great social occasion.

We lost in the match against Blundell's Old Boys; we beat the "Colonials" at Exeter in a thrilling close encounter, and played the usual local matches, whilst other OC's represented the OCGS in the Grafton Morrish and various Bernard Darwin events. I am grateful to John Chesser and Ham Whitty for organising these.

This is just a flavour of the year gone by, still with many events to come. Why not join the OCGS? My address and details are at the end of this publication. ■

Bob Bennett
Honorary Secretary

The 4th John Bretten Trust Hockey Match

Another glorious May weekend brought together the fourth annual hockey match to raise money for the John Bretten Trust. The match as ever was very competitive and made up from Old Cliftonians, current Cliftonians and local clubs in the area.

The current score in matches was two-one to the Dons XI so the Sir Humphrey XI were very much looking to level the series.

The match started off at a frenetic pace with both sides playing excellent fast flowing hockey. With chances made and missed at both ends the loyal band of supporters had plenty of entertainment to accompany the fantastic tea, cakes and sandwiches kindly supplied by the School.

At half time it was all square at 1-1 and all to play for. However, soon into the second half it became apparent that Sir Humphrey XI had the superior fitness and with some excellent interplay between Cliftonians young and old came out worthy winners 4-2. With the score 2-2 in matches it is all to play for next year!

As always an excellent drinks reception was held afterwards in the cricket pavilion for all the players and supporters.

Over the four years £10,000 has been raised so a very special thanks for all those that have donated, and as always a huge thank you to the School for so generously providing the pitch, teas and drinks in the pavilion afterwards.

If you would like to play in 2010 or would like to donate or have more information on the Trust please contact either James Trafford (JamesTrafford@eversheds.com) or George Bretten (gvtbretten@hotmail.com). ■

Cricketer Cup 2009

Since the draw for the 2009 Cricketer Cup was published earlier in the year, there has been a feeling of excitement amongst a few of the regulars in the side with the news that all our games would be at home on The Close, right up until the final. All Old Cliftonians will agree that coming back to The Close



is a great pleasure and the opportunity to play there many times across the summer, so long as there is a successful cup run, surely provides motivation to succeed.

The Old Cheltonians, with a strong cricketing tradition at schoolboy level, were always going to be an unknown quantity and in theory a tough first round opponent. We had assembled a strong side with players returning such as Will Rudge, whose availability this year would strengthen our bowling attack, along with the likes of James Pearson, a strong all-rounder, and Gareth Rees to bolster our top order batting.

To the captain's relief, the OC's lost the toss and were asked to bowl. A great opening spell from Will Rudge, in conjunction with John Davies and later James Pearson, had the Old Cheltonians in trouble at 35-6 and they were finally bowled out for 83, with Rudge taking a superb 5-22. After an early lunch the Old Cliftonians top order started to claw down the runs with Matthew Houcke and Rees



starting well, allowing James Williams and Pearson the freedom to finish the game by 3.30pm! This was a great start to the campaign and showed the kind of performance the Old Cliftonians can produce with the players available. A big thank you must go to all those who

came to support and to those who worked hard to contact as many as possible Old Cliftonians to create a wonderful atmosphere that day.

Round two saw five of the first round side unavailable, but the depth of Old Cliftonian cricketers available this year meant we still had a strong side to compete against Shrewsbury Saracens, again with the luxury of being on The Close. A good all round bowling performance, led by the spinners, Jamie Whitby-Coles and Saul Heard, meant that Shrewsbury were restricted to 195-9. Superb knocks from Matt Windows and Toby Harris, ably supported by James Williams and Will Rudge, meant that we cruised to victory only 5 wickets down.



This victory meant that the Old Cliftonians had reached the quarter finals of the Cricketer Cup, a feat that had not been achieved for several years. We were drawn against Oundle Rovers who had removed Radley Rangers from the competition in the previous round and therefore were likely to be a good outfit.

On arrival at The Close, it was evident that there had been some overnight rainfall and there were a couple of areas that could do with some drying time, so a later start was scheduled but with no reduction in overs. Oundle batted first and a good opening spell from John Davies produced some good chances. Whitby-Coles and Heard bowled well in the middle but the Oundle batsman had got themselves set and a century from one of their openers, who gave an early chance, and a swift half century from their captain allowed Oundle to post a respectable score of 239-5. The Old Cliftonians started steadily



and built a platform from which to start an attack. A fine 74 from Matt Windows supported by James Williams got the OC's close to victory, but at the end of a good fight we were just 19 runs short of the target and a place in the semi final.

It was a disappointment to get so close but there was a real feeling that this year the Old Cliftonian side had competed admirably, progressed further in the cup than they have for several years, and built a good platform to progress further next year and indeed in future years.

Thanks must go to Tony Wright and John Bobby for their support in the pre-match preparations; Julyan Capper and Mark Eldridge for their help and support over the winter months and for encouraging all the great support at the games; Tom Gover and Frances Stretton for all their help behind the scenes, continuing the resurrection of OC cricket started by Charlie Colquhoun. ■

Rupert Swetman



The Annual Reunion

We were blessed with a beautiful day with The Close at its best; this was the reward for over eighty Old Cliftonians born between 1961 and 1971.

This year the festivities were limited to Saturday only, starting with Chapel. The Reverend Dr David Wenham (NT 54-63) preached an excellent sermon and the OC Secretary, whose 'geological layers' of papers habitually clutter his desk, felt suitably impaled in footnotes! Drinks on School House lawn followed and it was obvious that conversations last exchanged thirty years ago had lost none of their vitality and enthusiasm. A fine buffet lunch in Big School was followed by tours of Houses. Despite the sadness that the inner School House was now diminished and unrecognisable, that Wiseman's had removed to a far less impressive house and that Watson's, despite an excellent interior, resembled a Portakabin on stilts, morale was only slightly deflated. Tea in the Pavilion afforded majestic views towards School House and Big School. Pre-prandial drinks on School House lawn demonstrated the impossibility of getting eighty rather free-range OCs to obey the summons to Dinner, which this year was a black-tie affair. We dined well, with *divertissements* provided by James Hill's group and the talented violinist Julia Hwang. Fighting the usual acoustic problems of Big School, the Head Master gave an enthusiastic account of the vibrant state of Clifton, and the Secretary paid tribute to the success of the three schools and reminded us of the outstanding contribution to Clifton of John Barratt, whose memorial service would take place the following Saturday. Drinks were served in the Common Room and the last OC struggled home in the early hours. Two lessons learned from a happy day were the need for a decent piano in Big School to replace the late, lamented "Father Willis", and the resurrection of cricket teams now missing from the walls of the recently restored Pavilion, which stands as a most eloquent memorial to Charlie Colquhoun.

The following attended:

Peter Tunstall-Behrens (WiH 78-84), Mrs Tunstall-Behrens, Richard Brooks (NT

73-83), John Howell (ST 76-81), Jonathan Glassberg (PH 78-83), Rebecca McColl, Mark Reynolds (DH 77-82), Richard Musson (SH 78-83), Julian Hardyman (BH 77-81), Andrew Roach (DH 78-83), Nicolas Chardon (SH 78-83), Andy Rosser (NT 79-84), Rachael Rosser, John Highfield (NT 70-80), Neil Harding (NT 69-80), Scott Foster (PH 74-79), Edward Clarke (WiH 76-81), Ian Bascombe (DH 78-82), Edward Christie (SH 78-83), David Tosh (SH 78-83), Moya Tosh, Peter Whidborne (WiH 79-82), Peter Beavis (NT 74-79), Mrs Beavis, James Cole (SH 78-83), Darren Harding (NT 70-81), Mrs Harding, Andrew Milton (SH 79-84), Paul Morris (OH 79-84), Rupert Hornby (ET 72-82), Richard Pitkin (WiH 74-79), James Robson (DH 78-82), Simon Brewer (ET 70-81), Nick Tolchard (ST 70-80), James Ottewell (WaH 79-84), Dean Jenkins (DH 70-80), Adam Brooks (WaH 78-83), Mrs Brooks, James Crawford (WiH 77-83), Antony Morris (WiH 76-80), Michael Marks (PH 75-79), Julian Feneley (NT 77-81), Nick Marchant (SH 74-84), Philip Exon (ST 77-81), Paul Leonard (NT 70-84), Mrs Leonard, Maarten Westerduin (BH 77-82), Robin Bowie (WiH 75-80), Henry McWatters (SH 72-83), Fiona MacWatters, Hector Pinnington (BH 77-82), David Forbes-Nixon (NT 78-83), Simon Burns-Cox (ET 72-80), Nick Hodgson (NT 69-80), Neil Marshman (DH 77-79), Julian Telling (WaH 68-79), Mark Webber (NT 74-81), Quintin Bradshaw (OH 76-80), Mrs Bradshaw, John Ball (DH 77-81), Julian Matthews (WiH 79-83), Mark Thomas (OH 79-84), Piers Finzel (OH 79-84), Tom Manners (SH 78-83), Dirk Catterall (WaH 75-83), Matthew Laws (DH), Tim Sheard (WiH 72-81), Peter Matthews (WaH 79-84), Adam Robinson (ST 76-81), Robert Southwood (DH 80-84), Benedict Gorman (BH 79-82), Mark Harrell (BH 79-82), Adrian Cornes (ST 78-83), Rupert Taylor (BH 74-79), Chris Allen (SH 78-83), Mrs Allen, James Rose (NT 72-83), Bruce Lloyd (NT 72-84), Mrs Lloyd, Tom Elliott (OH 78-82), Ben Dembo (PH 79-84), Christopher Evans (OH 76-84), Chris Adams (OH 74-79), Mrs Adams, Simon Wigley (WaH 72-80), Shula Gold, Peter Fowles (NT 77-82), Ian Davis (ST 75-83), Ralph Melhuish (WaH 71-81), Andrew Jones (BH 79-84), Luke Fromant (OH 79-83), James Loxdale (WaH 78-83),

Jonathan Putsman (PH 77-82), John Heller (PH 79-84), David Wille (OH 79-84), Edward March (DH 75-84), Anthony Gorbey (DH 75-84), Andrew Dalrymple (DH 75-84), Richard Saunders (DH 75-81), Neil Constable (WiH 72-83), Guy Addenbrooke (ET 78-81), Oliver Pearson (SH 79-84), Myles Watkins (WiH 79-84), Roger Mayhew (NT 75-80), James Roach (DH 76-84), Graham White (ST 75-83), Neil Barbour (NT 75-80), James Fox (WaH 75-80), Mike Farr (OH 76-81), Simon Richards (OH 77-82), Charles Foster (OH 74-81), William Holloway (WaH 79-83), Nick Schiller (BH 79-80), Simon Konsta (NT 79-83), Adrian Donald (BH 72-82), Paul Michaelson (SH 78-83), Jeremy Woolf (PH), Nayyer Hussain (DH 78-80), Cristina Pelli, Raymond Kelly (WiH 69-79), Roderick Anson (DH 70-81), Darius Panahy (DH 75-80), John Lawrence (SH 78-82), Mrs Lawrence, John Cummings (WiH 74-83), Nick Carter (BH 74-82), Gareth Jones (ET 72-82), James Cole (OH 75-84), David Cooksey (WaH 74-83), Simon Bourge (ET 75-79), Angus Chapman (BH 74-79), Martin Telling (WaH 69-78), Bruce Clark (WiH 74-79), Simon Davis (NT 75-82), Mrs Davis, Adam Bourge (WaH 76-80), Andy Cleverdon (NT 73-81), Richard Deverson (NT 72-83), Simon Woodruff (OH 75-85), Oliver Ahrens (WiH 76-81), Jonathan Kidd (SH 72-81), Richard Christie (SH 76-80), David Andrews (ST 77-81), Nick Thomas (WiH 82-84), Nick Moran (NT 69-81), Alexander Kinmont (NT 71-80), Patrick McNamara (OH 80-81), Paul Gerrish (WiH 72-81), Jonathan Smith (NT 74-84), Mrs Smith, Andrew Haworth (NT 75-80), Mike Matthews (WaH 76-81), Ernest Alishan (DH 76-80), Clive Downing (BH 74-81), Vaughan Reek (BH 76-82), Tim Moran (NT 68-79), Theodore Allegaert (DH 82-83), Sarah Han, Robin King (ET 69-80), William Morris.

The following attended the Dinner as Guests:

Tom Gover, Frances Stretton, John Rankin, Elizabeth Rankin, Julian Edgell, Dudley Fromant, Vicky Fromant, Stuart Taylor, Colin Millar, David Barrett, Douglas Henderson, Heather Henderson, Stuart Andrews, Marie Andrews, Brian Worthington, Philip Hallworth, Richard Gliddon, Rita Gliddon, Paul Hutchinson, Gillian Hutchinson, David Jones, Ian Scott, Chris Gardiner, Hank Adlam, David Wenham, Andrew Thornhill, Helen Thornhill, Tony Williams, Tricia Williams, Mark Moore, Jo Moore, David Reed, Jonathan Hughes, Richard Crabtree, Simon Reece, Richard Bland, Jonathan Thomson-Glover, William Huntington. ■

Tom Gover

Sixty Years On: The School House Reunion of 2008

In late November 2008, Michael Southcombe and John Ireland (both SH 1946-1950), much aided by Frances Stretton, arranged for a couple of dozen of their School House contemporaries, some with wives as well, to join them at Clifton for a weekend of wine, over-eating, and reminiscence.

The early memories were of a school which had only recently returned from wartime evacuation to Bude, and of a house which was being built up in times of austerity under the influence of its outstanding new housemaster, Martin Hardcastle. Five years later, by our final autumn term, we had got a collection of XV's, running Eights and rowing colours, as well as half a dozen Oxbridge scholarships and entrances, and were Cock House at rugby. No less than eight of that 1950 House XV were present at the reunion. In our unanimous view, a remarkable generation, undoubtedly better than any before or since, and we – naturally – were its cream.

We were pretty pleased with ourselves when we arrived, and even more so after the welcome from the Headmaster and champagne lunch in the Pavilion arranged by Frances. Warm inside, with a few others, we watched the 1st XV play Monmouth, interesting enough but perhaps a little low-key compared with our day? In those days, half the school would have been lining the parapet. Then tea and tour of the refurbished School House, before recouping energy to face an evening blow-out, and further analysis of how things had changed since 1950.

One of our number, Nick Hood, is the immediate Past Master of the Merchant Venturers, and he with his brother Jim

hosted us at dinner in the splendid surroundings of the Merchants' Hall. We were joined by the Housemaster Jonathan Hughes and his wife, Ruth, by Frances Stretton and Jean Colquhoun, and also by our contemporary Nick Tarsh, now joint Vice-Chairman of the Council [*Editor's note: now President following the sad death of John Barron*], but more importantly, second row with Michael Southcombe in the 1950 XV. At an appropriate stage, Michael toasted Absent Friends, especially Martin Hardcastle, Olly Grove, Miss Andrews and Charlie Colquhoun; and Michael Foyle, aided by frequent interruptions from the floor, reminded us of great days and jolly days, and memorable contemporaries like Ma Thom, who fed us, Bert the School Marshal, SM Hiscock in the Gym, and Haynes of the science labs; and teachers like Peter Brook, Yak Lidell, Wert, the Oss, Spy, Dougie Fox, Bill Leadbetter, Tubbie Merrick, and Spiv Edwards.

Jollity continued over drinks at the Avon Gorge Hotel, and at breakfast the following day. A weekend much enjoyed by all. Other SH members attending were:

Martin Christie, Alistair Craig, Roderick Davidson, Jim Glasspool, Patrick Holt, Richard Hoskin (who had come especially from the USA), Robert Hunt, Jack Lindsay, Christopher Poole, John Rees, Michael Robotham, Geoffrey Robinson, Malcolm Tosh, Christopher Warren; and good wishes came from many more who wanted to come but could not make it: Richard Cleeve, Chris James, John Maitland, Garth Mumford, Bob Neill, Nick Playne, Robin Rankine, John Scott and Canon Thomas Christie.

Will it happen again? Improbable, but you never know. ■

Michael Foyle



Cardiff and South Wales Reunion

Friday 31st October was the date chosen for the Cardiff and South Wales Annual Dinner held in the excellent Cardiff Club, where your scribe can remember many happy dinners over the past forty years, when he has accompanied Jock Crawford and Harry Edwards. Poignantly, we remembered Charlie Colquhoun, who had been so cruelly taken from us.

Charlie was particularly fond of the Cardiff Dinner and would have wanted the show to go on. We had a memorable evening presided over by David Jones, who happily is the new Old Cliftonian President. Paul Dolan's organisation was, as usual, splendid and any inadequacies of your deputising OC Secretary were more than compensated for by Tim Mathias' usual stream of inimitable Celtic consciousness. We were reminded how excellently he would have blended with the Cambridge *Footlights* of his era including Cleese, Rushton and Miller.

Sadly the Headmaster was unable to attend as there was a clash with the meeting of the Clifton Council. This year's Dinner date is **Friday 27th November**.

The following attended:

Dan Brown (WiH 1987-1992), Martin Coffin (DH 1955-1960), Paul Dolan (BH 1965-1970), David Freed (PH 1967-1971), Charles Freed (MH 1992-2003), Andy Giles (DH 1985-1990), James Hughes Davies (MH 1994-1997), Philip Hughes Davies (OH 1960-1965), Rhys Ingram (ST 1992-2004), Andrew Jones (BH 1975-1984), David Jones (BH 1948-1955), Nicholas Jones (BH 1980-1989), Rebecca Jones (OH 1988-1996), Simon Jones (BH 1974-1982), David Leron (PH 1958-1963), Tim Mathias (WH 1945-1955), Gillian Rivlin (OH 1993-2003), Paul Rossini (OH 1968-1971), David Scott (SH 1999-2003), Peter Scott (SH 1964-1969), William Scott (SH 1996-2001), Richard Shepherd (PH 1958-1963), Richard Thomas (SH 1987-1992), James Trafford (WiH 1983-1992), Roger Verrier-Jones (WaH 1945-1953), Lyndon Ward (WiH 1980-1983).

The following represented the College:

David Barrett, Amy Bowring, Kevin Bowring, Tom Gover and Mike Innes. ■

Tom Gover

Edinburgh Lunch at Glenalmond on 6th June

Simon Reece and I travelled up to Edinburgh by Easy-Jet on rather a wet early Saturday morning. Simon negotiated with the airport staff, who appeared to want to confiscate most of our belongings. A pantomime ensued over the necessity of having a plastic bag to protect a toothpaste tube! We arrived in Edinburgh thanks to the smoothest landing ever encountered; and we were kindly met by Ian MacFarlane (S.H. 1958 – 1962), who took us for breakfast at his house in Burntisland, where his wife, Daphne, kindly plied us with coffee and toast. Robin Pilcher (O.H. 1964 – 1967), Eric Taylor (S.H. 1958 – 1962) and Rod Eley (Pre, SH 1953 – 1963) also arrived to enrich the company with their respective experiences as writer, child psychiatrist and historian.

A splendid drive through the Kingdom of Fife and the beautiful Perthshire countryside led to the outstanding Glenalmond, surely the best school in Scotland! John and Liz Owen (former master and O.H. 1987 – 1994) provided a most excellent buffet lunch, the perfect setting for a most enjoyable gathering and appropriate for the oldest of all Old Cliftonian branches – indeed the Scottish Branch predates the founding of the O.C. Society.

Our senior member was Dr Michael Riddell (B.H. 1931 – 1935) and the following made up the party: Peter Graham-Carter (D.H. 1935 – 1940) all the way from Aberdeen, John Hartley (WaH 1950 – 1955) and his partner, Michael and Anne White (WiH. 1951 – 1955), Rupert and Mavis Ormond (O.H. 1957 – 1964), David and Mary Willington (D.H. 1959 – 1964) and Dr Marianne Barry (W.R. Taylor's daughter and widow of John Barry, Pre master 1948 – 1953).

Many thanks to Ian MacFarlane for his excellent organisation. We hope to be able to combine with the Edinburgh undergraduates at our meeting early next year. We all send our deep sympathies to Robin Pilcher following the death of his father, Graham, who had been for many years the doyen of the Scottish branch.

Tom Gover

London Reunion and Dinner

On November 27th, Derek Winterbottom's *Dynasty: the Polack Family and the Jewish House at Clifton* (reviewed elsewhere in this Magazine) was launched by Nick Tarsh at the Westminster Synagogue. The Head Master and the author made fine speeches to the large gathering. Fiona Hallworth had clearly done much work to make the day a great success, and much excellent Avery's champagne was in evidence. This was a fine prelude to the London Dinner held at Brooks's Club.

Richard Haines had organised a happy occasion where the numbers were swelled from the book-launch. The Head Master gave a most encouraging report on the excellent state of the current Clifton, the OC Secretary was able to pay tribute to Charlie Colquhoun's magnificent contribution to Clifton and to the Old Cliftonian Society in particular.

This year's Dinner will again be held at Brooks's Club on **Thursday November 19th**.

Oxford Reunion and Dinner

Livy Kaufmann has kindly taken on this responsibility and she writes that she is off to South America for the vacation but that she hopes that next year's Dinner will take place in Christ Church on 25th February.

She continues:

On Tuesday 17 February, the Oxford Branch of the Old Cliftonian Society met for Dinner in Christ Church. As this was my first Dinner as Branch Secretary, it was good to put names to faces. Charlie Colquhoun was thoroughly missed. However, Tom Gover's speech was hilarious, making all the young girls and older chaps fill the four walls with laughter. All had a thoroughly good time and we are hoping to repeat the event in the convivial surroundings of Christ Church next year.

The following, in no particular order, attended;

Tom Anstey, Eitan Buchalter, Adrienne Rivlin, Brian Worthington, Cheryl Trafford,

EJ Phelps, Roger Trafford, Maryon Phelps, CE Phelps, Mr Crichton, Steve Richards, Tom Gover, James Rankin, John Rankin, David Jones, James King, Pat Robins, MF Robins, Jon Avery, Mrs VA Carr, Sue Reece, RAR Carr, Olivia Kaufmann, Simon Reece, Alicky Davies, Rachel Romain, Katy Lawrence, Sacha Tasker, Richard Wilkes, Megan Williams, Hatty Holiday, Camille Ascoli, David McLeod, Adam Montgomery Frost, Rowan DalGLISH.

Western Australia

We were very sad to hear of the death of Charles Colquhoun who did so much for the OC Society and was a first class editor of the *Clifton Magazine*.

Our Branch held a picnic in a pavilion in Kings Park on the 22nd November but only John Hartley (Pre, WaH 1950-55) and his wife, Dr. Christopher Dixon (OH 1940-44) and my wife Barbara and I attended. Unexpectedly for the time of year it rained hard in the morning but it cleared in the afternoon and we had a most enjoyable time reminiscing about the foibles of the masters who were at the school long enough to have been known by all three of us.

Following on from this Chris Dixon organised a lunch at his house in Gooseberry Hill for my wife and me, John Hartley and his wife and Tom Higson (BH 1950-54). We enjoyed sitting in his dining room on the edge of the Darling Range drinking champagne and looking right across the Perth coastal plain to the sea in the far distance.

One of the rewards of writing these notes is that I hear from people who I have not seen since 1961. This year I had a long email from Dugald Sproull who was in Brown's House and could remember me reading Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. He now runs a solicitors practice in Camelford, Cornwall with his eldest son and is a keen yachtsman. I would love to hear from others who have the time to contact me on jfoulsham@space.net.au

Other OC's in Western Australia are, Giles Harford (WaH 1946-51), Michael Charlesworth (WaH 1953-61), Jonathon Snowden (WiH 1981-90), Professor Melville Jones (WiH 1947-52), Adele Brown, Timothy Hagggett (ET 1975-79), and Harry Weston (WiH 1963-66). ■

John Foulsham (BH 1952-61)



Old Cliftonian Lodge celebrates its Centenary

On 14th February 2009, the Old Cliftonian Lodge celebrated one hundred years of public school Masonry by holding a Centenary meeting at Freemason's Hall in Bristol followed by a Celebration Reception and Lunch in Big School.

The day was presided over by the Worshipful Master, W Bro. Roger Bath (MHP, PHP, SH, 1965 – 73) and was attended by Officers and Members of the Lodge together with Guests from other Lodges. 71 Brethren were present at the Centenary meeting and they were joined by their ladies and other distinguished guests including the Headmaster and the Chairman of the College Council for the Reception and Luncheon. In all, 114 sat down to enjoy an excellent lunch.

The Guest of Honour was RW Bro. Russell Race DL – Deputy Metropolitan Grand Master. The Lodge was also honoured by the presence of the Immediate Past Metropolitan Grand Master, RW Bro. Rex Thorne and the Provincial Grand Masters of Bristol, Hampshire & Isle of Wight, and Somerset.

Representatives of the other four schools which, with Clifton, were the founding members of the Public Schools Lodges Council (Charterhouse, Westminster, Cheltenham, and Sherborne) were all present and all took an active part in the Centenary meeting.

In addition there were present representatives of the following schools all of which are affiliated to the Public Schools Lodges Council: Aldenham; Ardingly; Bradfield; Repton; St Paul's; Taunton; Tonbridge; Malvern and Wellington.

At the Centenary meeting, W Bro. James King (NT/ET 1955-59) presented a short history of the Lodge which he had based on a more detailed paper researched and published by W Bro. Roger Marjoribanks (WiH 1946 – 51). The full published

history was made available to all those who attended the luncheon.

The main focus of the meeting was the presentation of the Centenary Warrant by the Deputy Metropolitan Grand Master to the Worshipful Master and the display (for the first time) of the distinctive Centenary Jewel which can now be worn by all members of the Old Cliftonian Lodge whilst on Masonic business.

W Bro. Tim Brunton (WTP, NTP, NT 1971 – 82), a Bristol mason, though not a member of the OC Lodge, acted as Metropolitan Grand Chaplain for the morning and delivered a Centenary Oration.

The Centenary meeting was concluded with the Worshipful Master presenting a cheque for £1,000 to the Deputy Metropolitan Grand Master in aid of the London Appeal for the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution.

While the members of the Lodge and their Masonic guests were at Freemason's Hall, the Ladies were being entertained by the Clifton College Soul Band. All reports are that everyone was very impressed by the sheer professionalism of the group and thoroughly enjoyed listening to the eclectic mix of music. The performances by the various soloists were particularly appreciated and commented upon.

The celebratory lunch which followed the champagne reception was a very happy and festive occasion. The food and wine which was provided through Clifton College Services was first class and the Roast Loin of lamb was absolutely delicious. An excellent meal enjoyed by all.

RW Bro. Russell Race responded to his toast as Deputy Metropolitan Grand Master and in turn proposed the toast to the Old Cliftonian Lodge. The Worshipful Master responded with thanks to the Deputy Metropolitan Grand Master for his support in making this a truly memorable event. He then proposed the toast to the School with grateful acknowledgement to all the many people associated with the School who had contributed to the success of the day.

As is traditional at OC Lodge meetings, the School Song 'The Best School of All' was sung with great enthusiasm by all the Old Cliftonians present with the Worshipful Master ringing the original school bell (used by John Percival to open the school in 1862) at the appropriate line 'Till the last bell call'.

The Headmaster responded and, in conclusion, he accepted a cheque for £4,000 which was to be added to the capital supporting the Clifton Masonic Prize Fund.

The Clifton Masonic Prize Fund was established in 2005 with capital provided by the Lodge Members and built up following the first donation of £8,000 in February 2003 so as to produce an income which the Headmaster, at his discretion, can use to support pupils who wish to participate in activities which would enhance their education and which their parents might not otherwise be able to afford. In the fullness of time, it is hoped that the income will be sufficient to assist with actual fees in deserving cases.

The Old Cliftonian Lodge owes a great debt of gratitude to W Bro. James King for the time and effort he put into organising such a successful event. The many letters of thanks received are testimony to the appreciation and enjoyment of all those who came to Clifton to celebrate our Centenary with us. ■

John Acton

OLD CLIFTONIAN LODGE No. 3340

Colin Jaque (MH, HH, PH 1950 – 1957) is this year's Worshipful Master and he was duly installed at our London meeting in April 2009. Colin is a Past Master of the Lodge of Joppa and also the Lord Mayor's Lodge. He has already started his year by visiting a number of our Sister Lodges and he plans to represent us at the Public Schools Lodges Festival in June which this year is being held at Eton.

Sadly we have to report the deaths of two members during the past year. Tony Bennett (NT 1951 – 56) died 28 January 2009 and Alan Stevenson (NT 1952 – 55) on 14 April 2009. Further details of their lives appear elsewhere in this magazine.

During 2008 our Worshipful Master, Roger Bath, besides getting married in Uganda, also found time to visit a large number of our Sister Lodges. He also represented the Lodge at the Public Schools Lodges Council Festival, accompanied by a large contingent of OC Lodge members and their Ladies. The Festival was held at Sherborne in June.

The Old Shirburnian Lodge was also celebrating it being 100 years old and was thus able to combine its Centenary festivities with its hosting of the PSLC Festival. The Church service which was held in Sherborne Abbey was most impressive and included an excellent sermon on Freemasonry. The Reception and Lunch was held in a grand marquee set up on the 'Uppers', the school cricket ground – only a short walk from the Abbey but umbrellas had to be at the ready!

The OC Lodge has had a very busy year. In October 2008, we carried out a Second Degree Ceremony for Old Westminster's Lodge. In November we visited Bristol and paid a fraternal visit to Robert Thorne Lodge - Bristol Grammar School. In January 2009, we carried out a Second Degree Ceremony for Old Wellingtonian Lodge. Most importantly, we held our Centenary meeting in Bristol on 14th February 2009 with a Reception and Lunch held at Clifton afterwards. The events of the day are described more fully in the adjoining article.

During the year we welcomed three new joining members – Henry Peters (WaH 1980 - 82), John Pritchard (NT 1958 – 63) and Geoffrey Pritchard (NT 1954 – 59).

We are expecting the members of Robert Thorne Lodge to pay a return visit to us when we visit Bristol on Saturday 14th November 2009. The dates of our London meetings for the coming year are Thursday 15th October 2009, Thursday 21st January and Thursday 22nd April 2010. All the London meetings are held at Freemasons Hall, Great Queen Street, London. OC Masons are always most welcome as visitors – please contact the Secretary if you would like to attend one of our meetings.

Membership of the Lodge is open to any male OC and also to any Master who has served on the teaching staff for at least five years. If you are interested in Masonry and would like further information please contact the Lodge Secretary, John Acton (MH, HH, OH 1949 – 58), 17 Moorend Glade, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham, Glos. GL53 9AT; tel: 01242 578557; email: jmacton@cheltm.freemasonry.co.uk; or visit the Lodge website at www.oclodge3340.org.uk. There is also a link from the OC Society website. ■

Clifton College Endowment Fund

| INCOME | 2008 | 2007 |
|--|------------------|------------------|
| Dividends and Interest | <u>86,275</u> | <u>80,437</u> |
| EXPENDITURE | | |
| Newton expenses | 15,819 | 16,265 |
| Audit fee + costs | 3,343 | 2,276 |
| TOTAL EXPENSES | <u>19,162</u> | <u>18,541</u> |
| INCOME LESS EXPENSES | <u>67,113</u> | <u>61,896</u> |
| Educational Grants | 44,033 | 37,864 |
| Capital Projects | 41,069 | 42,264 |
| TOTAL CHARITABLE EXPENDITURE | <u>85,102</u> | <u>80,128</u> |
| INCOME LESS EXPENSES AND CHARITABLE EXPENDITURE | <u>-17,989</u> | <u>-18,232</u> |
| DONATIONS | 26,880 | 22,657 |
| EXCEPTIONAL ITEM | 11,505 | |
| NET INCOMING RESOURCES | <u>20,396</u> | <u>4,425</u> |
| CAPITAL RESOURCES | | |
| Cash | 213,951 | 164,759 |
| Investments | 1,889,565 | 2,552,195 |
| | <u>2,103,516</u> | <u>2,716,954</u> |

The income of the fund consists of dividends and income from a portfolio of investments run by Newton Investment Management Ltd. The funds have suffered in line with stock markets generally and are currently worth about £2,000,000.

The income is used to provide grants for members of the school, especially but not exclusively for those with an OC parent. These are mostly provided in cases of unforeseen financial need, but support can also be given in recognition of outstanding performance in any school activity.

OC parents of pupils in the school who run into financial difficulty should approach the School Bursar in the first instance to apply for support.

The major contributions during the year related to the Shenstone Science Scholarship Fund. Contributions to this fund have so far totalled £18,000.

The major project was the allocation of £35,000 for the purchase of new pianos for the refurbished music school. This was offered in 2008 and completed early in 2009.

Contributions are invited from OCs, either to the Shenstone Science Scholarship Fund or to the general fund. Gifts from UK taxpayers gain Gift Aid increasing the net value of the gift by 25%. ■

MJB

9th October 2009

Minutes of the 111th AGM of the Old Cliftonian Society

and the Clifton College Endowment Fund Trustees held on
Friday 17 October 2008 in the Cricket Pavilion at 4.30pm

Present: David Perry (President/Chair); Nick Tolchard (OC Chairman); Richard Harris (Treasurer); Matthew Windows; Katherine Jeffery; Chris Pople; Chris Barnard-Jones; James Williams; Robert Melvin.

Apologies: David Jones; Vanessa Walsh; Richard Moffat; Sophy Levy.

1. The President led a period of silence for those present to remember our Secretary, Charles Colquhoun, who had passed away recently. The Chairman of the Executive Committee then paid tribute to Charlie and the work he had done so well for the OC Society since his appointment. Charlie's great commitment to the school and the Society was noted, and in particular, his outstanding contribution to the strong relationship between both parties, as well as the initiatives he had brought to the Committee, that had received the support of the OCs in recent years. These included the refurbishment of the Cricket Pavilion and the rackets and tennis courts, and more recently the introduction of the Shenstone Science Scholarship.

2. The minutes of the 110th Annual General Meeting were approved and signed.

3. The 110th Annual Report and Accounts were adopted.

4. The President remarked on the success of the recent years with Charlie as Secretary, and highlighted the challenge of finding a replacement, whilst ensuring continuity within the Society. He noted that his two-year period of office came to an end at this meeting, but offered his ongoing support to the Society and his successors.

5. The Chairman then reviewed the previous year which had been overshadowed by the death of Charlie. He commented on the Society's support of the Shenstone Scholarship and welcomed the imminent opening of the refurbished Science School. He indicated that the Society would support the Music School refurbishment in 2009.

During the year, the OCs had supported the sports tour to South Africa, as well as a number of individual scholarships and bursaries.

The Clifton Magazine 2008 had been the best ever. Some footage of John Cleese visiting the school and an interview with Charlie had been filmed for the 2012 DVD.

The Society's investment portfolio had been resilient despite the global fall in stock markets, whilst the school had finished paying back their loan from the Endowment Fund.

The Art Gallery project had been put on hold by the school, whilst the Society had looked at potential improvements to the website and database.

The Chairman thanked all for their support in the last difficult few weeks, including the school, OCs, CCSL, and Frances, our administrative assistant. In particular, he thanked the President for his support and work over the last two years.

Going forward, the Chairman stressed his desire to build on the last few years, with a new Secretary to be recruited within the next 12 months.

6. Mr David Jones was elected as President, being proposed by Mr Nick Tolchard and seconded by Mr Chris Pople.

Mr Richard Harris was elected as Vice President, being proposed by Mr Chris Pople and seconded by Mr Robert Melvin.

Mr Jim Williams was elected as Vice President, being proposed by Mrs Katherine Jeffery and seconded by Mr Chris Barnard-Jones.

Mr Julyan Capper, Mr Mark Eldridge and Dr Bob Acheson were unanimously elected as new members of the Executive Committee.

7. The President and Chairman then thanked all the Committee members for their valued work this year, in particular Robert Melvin who is retiring from his post as Vice President and Vanessa Keenan who is retiring from the Executive Committee.

There being no further business, Mr David Perry brought the meeting to a close at 5.30pm. ■

HONORARY TREASURER'S REPORT

This report consists of two parts. First there are the accounts of the Old Cliftonian Society. This is a members' club and the accounts are not published elsewhere. The full audited accounts are presented below. There is also the Clifton College Endowment Fund. This is a registered charity. The Trustees are the members of the OC Executive Committee. The full accounts are available on the Charity Commission website. A summary of the accounts is presented below.

THE OLD CLIFTONIAN SOCIETY

The Society receives voluntary contributions from past and present members of the school, together with a small amount of investment income. This covers the costs of running the society, including subsidies for the Reunions and the Branch dinners as well as various sporting activities.

There is currently surplus income which can be applied for the benefit of the school. The society has capital reserves of about £200,000.

Many OCs contribute by annual standing order. However these contributions do not gain Gift Aid tax relief as the society is not a registered charity.

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 2008. These accounts have been prepared under the historical cost convention and the accounting policies set out on page 00.

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.

continued

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 International Auditing Standards (UK and Ireland) issued by the Auditing Practices 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 judgments 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, in accordance with United Kingdom Generally Accepted Accounting Practice, of the state of affairs of the Society as at 31 December 2008 and of its income and expenditure for the year then ended.

Horwath Clark Whitehill LLP

Chartered Accountants & Registered Auditors
Cheltenham

Dated: 11 June 2009 ■

Accounting Policies

Accounting Convention

The accounts have been prepared under the historical cost convention in accordance with applicable accounting standards.

Incoming Resources

Subscriptions, entrance fees and donations are recognised when they are collected.

Interest received is accounted for as it is earned. Donations are recognised at valuation at the time of receipt.

Investments

Investments are stated at market value.

Old Cliftonian Society

Income and Expenditure Account

31 December 2008

| | 2008 | 2007 |
|---|----------------|---------------|
| | £ | £ |
| Income | | |
| Subscriptions | 15,058 | 12,938 |
| Entrance Fees | 39,439 | 50,004 |
| Donations including bequests | 29,421 | 1,305 |
| Reunion and dinners | 14,146 | 13,091 |
| House of Lords reception | - | 3,223 |
| Sundry receipts | - | 50 |
| Building Society interest | 1,720 | 1,078 |
| Bank deposit interest | 1,315 | 452 |
| Dividends | 1,667 | 1,657 |
| Total Income | 102,766 | 83,798 |
| Expenditure | | |
| Salaries and administration | 18,455 | 13,026 |
| Reunion and dinners | 18,515 | 15,331 |
| Audit fee | 700 | 650 |
| Annual Report/Clifton Magazine | 16,327 | 12,542 |
| House of Lords reception | - | 3,384 |
| College ties and pashminas | 3,580 | - |
| Other miscellaneous expenses | 10,615 | 549 |
| Branches and clubs expenditure | 6,028 | 13,582 |
| Total expenditure | 74,220 | 59,064 |
| NET SURPLUS FOR THE YEAR | 28,546 | 24,734 |
| Unrealised (loss)/gain on investments | (18,939) | 6,339 |
| | 9,607 | 31,073 |
| Balance brought forward at 1 January 2008 | 164,229 | 133,156 |
| Balance carried forward at 31 December 2008 | 173,836 | 164,229 |

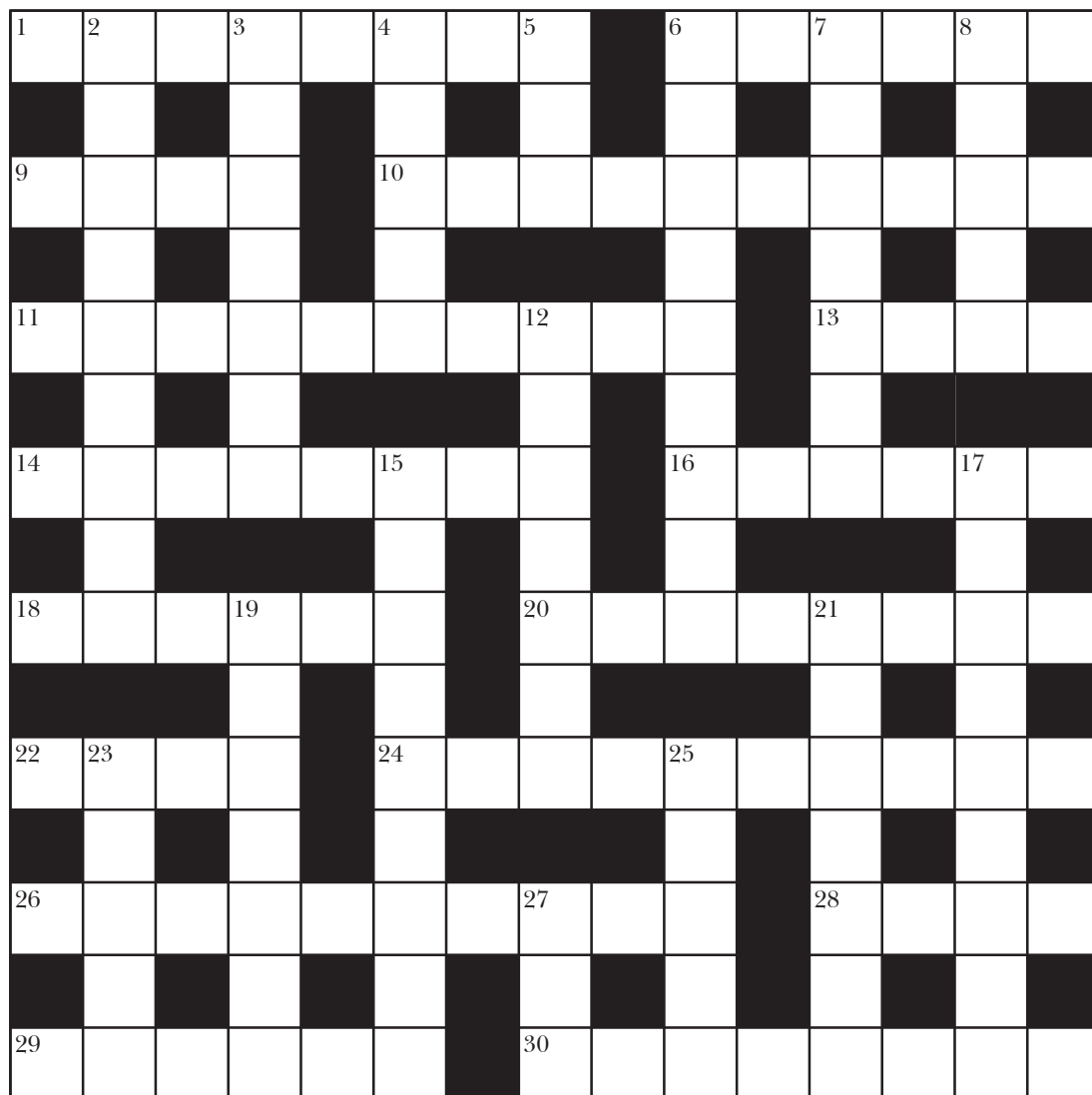
Balance Sheet

Year ended 31 December 2008

| | | |
|---|----------------|----------------|
| FIXED ASSETS | | |
| Investments | 28,496 | 47,435 |
| | 28,496 | 47,435 |
| CURRENT ASSETS | | |
| Debtors – Clifton College | 6,593 | - |
| The Clifton College Endowment Fund | 5,263 | 5,263 |
| Cash at building society | 34,545 | 82,825 |
| Cash on deposit | 104,848 | 25,452 |
| Cash at bank | 4,091 | 13,254 |
| | 155,340 | 126,794 |
| CREDITORS: amounts falling due within one year | - | - |
| NET CURRENT ASSETS | 155,340 | 126,794 |
| TOTAL NET ASSETS | 183,836 | 174,229 |
| Loan from World War Memorial Fund | 10,000 | 10,000 |
| ACCUMULATED FUND - Unrestricted | | |
| At 1 January 2008 | 164,229 | 133,156 |
| Surplus for the year | 9,607 | 31,073 |
| | 173,836 | 164,229 |
| At 31 December 2008 | 183,836 | 174,229 |

Approved by the Members on 11 June 2009 and signed on its behalf by:

| | |
|-----------------|-----------|
| NC TOLCHARD | Chairman |
| M J BUTTERFIELD | Treasurer |



THE CLIFTON CRYPTIC

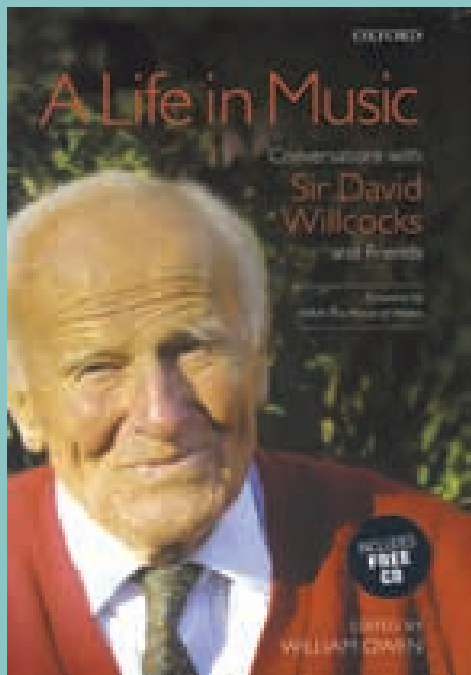
(Solution in next issue)

Across

1. Communist interment creates dramatic site (8)
6. Pity if gets mixed up to represent completely (6)
9. Overburdened carrying part of speech? (4)
10. Thin covering on the water gets you ahead! (10)
11. Pastor tangles with rope but becomes prefect (10)
13. Point on immature growth proved a haven for College (4)
14. Planetary entrance makes for disciplinarian (8)
16. Soldiers in sad disarray make changes for the better (6)
18. Possesses Japanese cash inside – clever dogs! (6)
20. Rudeness in river (8)
22. Wane hopelessly once more (4)
24. East Russian aircraft reverses into a hired item – very military! (10)
26. Scores rung out? Makes for beggars? (10)
28. Letter from Greek gets Queen to Brighton spot (4)
29. Colonial seat? (6)
30. Parson is terrified, concealing criminal (8)

Down

2. Well-prepared battery? (4,5)
3. Noted old boy punts for lumps (7)
4. Comes up against Saxon invaders (5)
5. Article follows French conjunction to the letter (3)
6. Route in ancient city lacking direction but gets you to holiday sailing spot (3,6)
7. Level board lacking time? There's a story! (7)
8. Sustenance ingests fifty and creates an overflow (5)
12. William fashionably good – and informative (7)
15. Causes ran out, inspiring confidence (9)
17. Trousered by sandhills around French station? (9)
19. Fresh surprise for College linesman (7)
21. Yearn for writer to run and run (4,3)
23. Direction over Irish revolutionary comes up with specialised market (5)
25. Considers Greek goddesses (5)
27. 5 loses time, gains resistance...and time again! (3)



A LIFE IN MUSIC

CONVERSATIONS WITH SIR DAVID
WILLCOCKS AND FRIENDS

Edited by William Owen
Foreword by HRH The Prince of Wales

This biography of David Willcocks (WaH 1934-1938) was published by Oxford University Press in 2008. It takes the form of interviews between the Editor and Sir David, and also includes conversations with people who have known David and worked with him. A CD is provided with the book which consists of extracts from his many recordings, each of which is preceded by introductory comments taking the form of a dialogue with John Rutter. The book is lavishly illustrated with photographs from every period of David's life including the time at Clifton College.

There can be few music lovers in this country who have not been touched by David's music-making at some time in their lives, and for many he has been a continuing presence as a result of his broadcasts, recordings, chapel services and concerts, quite apart from those who have been lucky enough to know him as a conductor, a teacher or a friend.

His life includes time as a boy chorister at Westminster Abbey, as a schoolboy at Clifton, a student at King's College Cambridge, active service in World War II, and periods as organist at Salisbury and Worcester Cathedrals. This was followed by his celebrated period as Director of Music at King's College Cambridge, and then the Directorship of the Royal College of Music.

All of these periods make fascinating reading, but Cliftonians will inevitably be drawn to the chapter recalling the period at Clifton: *I was introduced to the Director of Music, a man called Douglas Fox.* Much of the chapter is devoted to a description of Douglas Fox who is remembered with great respect and affection.

It is touching to learn that his parents never made the journey from Cornwall to Westminster Abbey to hear the choir whilst he was a chorister, but he told his mother that during the broadcasts of evensong after the second lesson 'you'll hear a little cough. That will be me coughing and you'll know that I am well and happy'.

The period at Worcester includes fascinating memories of working with Ralph Vaughan Williams (Uncle Ralph).

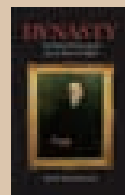
In addition to the conversations with the editor there are recollections at the end of each chapter from other individuals who have known David. These include his two older brothers, his wife and children, Sir Brian Pippard (OC), Roy Massey – the organist who gave the inaugural recital on Clifton's Father Willis organ in its new home in Bridgnorth, Sir Philip Ledger, Sir Neville Marriner, John Rutter, Dame Janet Baker, and many others.

Recalling David's time at King's College Philip Ledger tells us that there were complaints about the length of the choristers' hair. 'David replied graciously and in a postscript added that he had it on good authority that Our Lord himself wore his hair long.'

Anyone who has known David will find this book very hard to put down. ■

Michael Butterfield
(ST 1955-66)

DYNASTY



Published in 2008, *Dynasty* is a fascinating and detailed history of Polack's House, the Polack family and their involvement with Clifton and with the Anglo-Jewish community.

For most of its 127-year history, Polack's House at Clifton was the only Jewish Boarding House in an English Public School. It was founded in 1878, 16 years after the College was established. It was followed by Jewish Houses at Cheltenham, Harrow and The Perse School but these only lasted for 31, 22 and 37 years respectively. Why was this? Why did Polack's at Clifton survive so much longer?

'ALUMNI MONTIUM

– SIXTY YEARS OF GLENALMOND
AND ITS PEOPLE'

Glenalmond was founded 15 years before Clifton in 1847. The railway age had given a boost to schools in remote parts such as Rossall (1844) on the bleak Fylde coast in Lancashire as described by Derek Winterbottom in his recent history of that remarkable school. David Willington (D.H., Head of School in 1964) similarly has written a fascinating account of Glenalmond, described by Sir William Gladstone as 'the Rolls Royce of Scottish schools'. Glenalmond's remoteness and its Scottishness and the great loyalty of its former pupils are brilliantly evoked by David Willington, a Balliol man, whose thirty year stint as Head of Classics and a Housemaster qualified him uniquely for this daunting task.

It will be of considerable interest to Old Cliftonians that two of Glenalmond's Wardens were Old Cliftonians: Ralph Barlow and John Musson. Barlow was Warden from 1948–1964. Clearly his contribution to Glenalmond was

Derek Winterbottom, the author, is very well qualified to research this. He knew three of the four Polack Housemasters who together covered 89 consecutive years – almost certainly a unique dynasty in any Public School or House. He had been a House Tutor at Polack's under Ernest Polack (the last of the Polacks) and he lived very close to Ernest's predecessor Philip and had met on a number of occasions Albert, Ernest's father and Philip's predecessor. He has also written *Clifton after Percival*, so is well-steeped in Clifton's history and tradition.

Starting with the "genesis" of the House, Derek has skilfully interwoven the interests of the School and the Jewish community in the 1870s which lead to the House's formation. He has sketched the involvement of the leading Anglo-Jewish families of the time and chronicled their continuing support. Today the fifth generation and seventh member of one of these families is still at the School! He has analysed the periods under the four Polacks and given insight into their different characters. He has shown the

development and increasing involvement in all aspects of School life of the Jewish boys at the School and has followed the careers of some of them. He picks up the pressures of the times, the two World Wars, the rise and fall of numbers, the closure of Carmel College, and the achievements of Jewish girls after the school became co-educational.

The book is easy to read, flows well chronologically and has a lot of human interest but has it answered the question posed as to why the House lasted so much longer than the other Jewish Houses? Was it the Polack family? Was it something about the Jewish Community? Was it something about the relationship with the College? This is for you, the reader, to decide. That the College has benefited, the boys have benefited and the Anglo-Jewish Community has benefited is indisputable.

Selling at £15 in hardback, the book is a bargain and recommended to anyone with an interest in the history of Clifton, its early years and this warm, outgoing

considerable. Numbers increased from 230 to 360. A new Music School was opened in 1962: it was perhaps no coincidence that Peg Barlow was an accomplished musician and that Ralph had won a Choral Exhibition at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. As a Cambridge Rugby blue, Ralph would have taken much satisfaction that his appointment of Jim Greenwood as Rugby coach led to victories over Fettes, Watson's and Merchiston. Clifton shooters will recall the kilted Glensalmond VIII of the late forties and early fifties when Glensalmond won the Ashburton Shield in 1949 and 1952.

The College had clearly prospered and expanded under Barlow; and the fact that in the fourteen years between 1950 and his retirement in 1964 fifty-nine scholarships had been won was testimony to his good appointments. Clearly he had let light into Glensalmond; and the provision of married quarters was a telling fact in attracting a good young staff. John Musson (B.H. 1941–1945) and Warden of Glensalmond (1972–1987) said of Ralph Barlow after his death in 1977: 'Si monumentum requiris, circumspice' ('If you are seeking a memorial, look around you'), words inscribed over the interior of the North Door of St Paul's Cathedral as a tribute to its architect, Sir Christopher Wren.

John and Ann Musson kept up the Barlow reputation for generous hospitality, but in the early seventies had to deal with the horrors of inflation. However, John presided over fifteen years of success for the College in almost all spheres.

Willington stresses that his major contribution was to equip Glensalmond for the changing conditions of the outside world. He was the only Warden with experience outside the teaching profession, having worked as a District Officer in northern Nigeria and also as an instructor of the Institute of Administration, preparing Nigerian officials for self-government. After Nigerian Independence he worked for British Petroleum, mainly in the selection and training of young graduates and school leavers for industry.

This experience benefited the College; and during a Sabbatical in 1983, he toured industry, ministries and the Armed Forces, exploring themes of leadership and developing ideas he had first considered back in Nigeria. He was alert to modern trends and guided the College through the new entrance procedures for Oxford and Cambridge, the transition from 'O' levels to GCSE,

THE JOSEPH POLACK MEMORIAL FUND.

Many Old Cliftonians, parents of Old Cliftonians and friends, have expressed a desire for the establishment of a permanent Memorial to the Rev. JOSEPH POLACK.

With this object in view, a Meeting recently took place at which a proposal was put forward that the most suitable Memorial would be the endowment of a JOSEPH POLACK MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP. It is hoped to found a Scholarship for Clifton boys, tenable at Cambridge, where Polack's sons were educated. The school has already two close Scholarships at Oxford but none at Cambridge.

A Public Meeting in support of the scheme is to be held on Monday, February 6th, at Woburn House, Tavistock Square, W.C., at 6 p.m.

The Meeting will be addressed by the Rt. Rev. the LORD BISHOP of LIVERPOOL, Dr. A. A. David, a former Headmaster of Clifton, a staunch friend of Joseph Polack and of the Jewish House at Clifton. We are very anxious to have a largely attended meeting in order to show the widespread sense of Polack's great services and the appreciation which is felt by his friends at Dr. David having arranged, amidst great pressure of work, to come to London and address the meeting.

We hope you will make every effort to attend this Meeting and we shall be grateful for your support of the scheme, not only financially, but also in making the project known to others who may be interested in this Memorial.

Subscriptions, which can, if desired, be spread over seven years, enabling the Scholarship Fund to reclaim the amount of the Income Tax thereon from the Exchequer, may be sent to any of the undersigned, or to Mr. DONALD VAN DEN BERGH, 50, Hans Crescent, London, S.W. 1, the Honorary Secretary of the Fund.

| | |
|---|---|
| ROBERT WALKY COHEN. J. F. DORSON. E. G. FAWCETT. M. M. S. GURNEY. CYRIL O. HENRIQUES. LESLIE HORN-BELISHA. A. J. JACOBS. NORMAN LASKI. | JULIAN G. LOUSADA. L. G. MONTEFIORE. J. ROSSDALE. G. L. SCHLESINGER. C. E. SEBAG-MONTEFIORE. D. N. STERN. W. REGINALD TUCK. F. S. WALBY. |
|---|---|

LONDON, JANUARY, 1933.

and dedicated family, the last three of which were committed members of the Labour Party yet did so much to educate and influence leaders of Anglo-Jewry. ■

**Nick Tarsh (PH 1947-52,
President of Clifton College)**

the changes to the curriculum and the introduction of computers as a regular tool. Perhaps the culmination of Musson's success came with the building of the Design and Technology Centre.

Sadly John was frustrated in his quest to admit girls, but this inevitably took place three years after his departure. As early as 1969 Charlotte Barry had been the first girl admitted, and clearly endured the tribulations of girls in other schools which had allowed children of schoolmasters entry. Charlotte's father, John, had taught at the Clifton Pre following war service. He married Marianne Taylor, daughter of W.R. Taylor, who had taught at Clifton from 1921–1951 as well as being Housemaster of South Town from 1930–1946. John was an outstanding Housemaster of Goodacre's House and a brilliant and scholarly Head of History. During his time twenty-seven boys from the History VI gained awards at Oxford and Cambridge.

I thoroughly recommend this excellent history to anybody interested in public schools - especially Scottish ones. ■

Tom Gover

POLAND ALONE

BRITAIN, SOE AND THE COLLAPSE OF THE POLISH RESISTANCE, 1944

As a very small boy of five, I lived in Exeter and experienced one of Hitler's Baedeker raids on May 2nd, 1942. Lodgers next door were a couple of brave Polish fighter-pilots, who were stationed at Exeter airport, and were the only defence we had to protect an ancient city which was almost razed to the ground. This formative experience meant that I regarded the Poles as particularly special heroes. When years later after the end of the war, I discovered that we allowed our very brave allies to fall into the merciless clutches of Stalin, it made me feel that this country was guilty at the very least of ingratitude to a loyal and brave ally. This excellent history by Jonathan Walker (E.T. 1967 – 1971) reinforces this belief.

Britain entered war against Germany as a result of Chamberlain's guarantee to come to Poland's support in the event of a German invasion. The temporary non-aggression treaty between Germany and the Soviet Union early in the war meant that Poland was effectively carved up between those two countries. Walker in a brilliant exposé demonstrates not only our immense debt to our Polish allies, but he also questions whether in return we could not have done more to help Poland especially in 1944 when the Polish Home Army (*Armia Krajowa*) attempted to wrest Warsaw back from German control. Sadly Britain's Special Operations Executive (SOE) only managed to drop a paltry 600 tons of supplies to the beleaguered city. In addition Stalin attached little strategic value to Warsaw and it suited his purposes to let the Germans be tied down in the city, and he had no wish to assist the A.K. who might prove very obstructive to Soviet future territorial aspirations in Poland after the war. It is perhaps difficult to appreciate the immense pro-Stalin feelings in Britain in the last years of war. The difficulty that George Orwell found in getting a publisher to accept *Animal Farm* illustrates that perhaps the bitterest

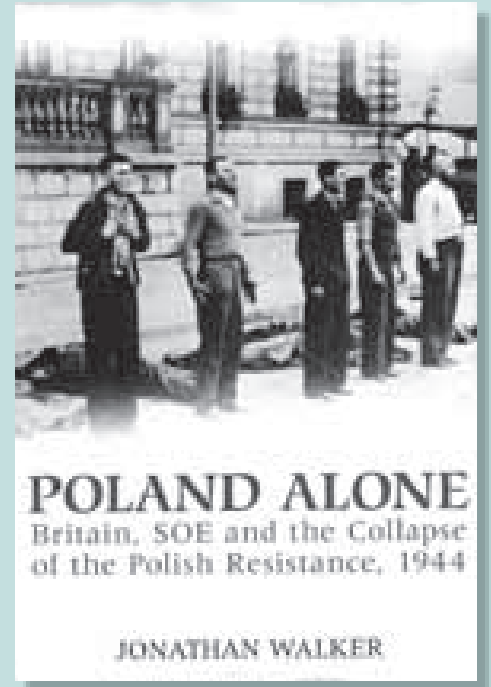
pill which Britain had to swallow involved keeping the Soviet Union as an ally, whatever the consequences for Eastern Europe. Air Marshal Sir John Slessor, who had some very difficult decisions to make regarding relief flights to Warsaw during the 1944 rising, condemned 'the blackest-hearted, coldest-blooded treachery on the part of the Russians'. Unable to contain his anger at Soviet policy he railed 'I am not a naturally vindictive man; but I hope there may be some special hell reserved for the brutes in the Kremlin.'

Readers of this history may be shocked to discover that the appalling loss of human life at Auschwitz and other Polish extermination camps under S.S. control was known in intelligence circles, and yet the priority of winning the war meant that humanitarian issues had to take second place as far as the mandarins in Whitehall were concerned. The Poles as a nationality were singled out for particularly brutal treatment, and over 2,700,000 Polish Jews were destined for extermination.

In the matter of intelligence, increased co-operation between Britain and Poland played a significant role in eventual victory. In the 1930s the Poles had already constructed replica 'Enigma' machines and with the invaluable assistance and knowledge of Polish cryptanalysts, the British were eventually able to break the Enigma code. Polish reports on the secret V-2 rocket, which caused such havoc in London in 1944, helped immensely in analysing the threat. However, further Soviet treachery was discovered in the matter of the transmission to London of V-2 burned out parts, which the Moscow scientists replaced with old aircraft pieces and other rubbish.

Walker focuses on the irony that Britain went to war for Poland and yet the main victim after the Allied victory was Poland. Did Churchill have no alternative but accept Soviet domination of Poland and Eastern Europe as the price to be paid for defeating Hitler? However, we are left with the uneasy feeling that much more could have been done to save the Poles in the 1944 crisis. Such action which would certainly not have pleased 'Uncle Joe'. ■

T.C.W.G.



*And some there be which have no memorial . . .
but these were merciful men, whose righteousness
has not been forgotten . . . Their bodies are buried
in peace, but their name liveth for evermore.*

Ecclesiasticus Chapter 44



Percival's Tomb, Chapel Crypt

Alexander CW (ST 1934-42)
Baxter JSR (NT 1948-54)
Arnold RG (ET 1977-85)
Carey JM (ST 1957-61)
Chiswell PJ (WiH 1943-48)
Corbett FRD (OH 1922-29)
Essex WG (DH 1931-35)
Hibbert-Hingston AD
(WiH 1939-44)
Jordan WG (SH 1954-61)
Landman RH (PH 1927-31)
Mackenzie-Smith RE (ST 1928-31)
Miller TP (BH 1965-68)

Napper RB (OH 1944-56)
Parsons TA (NT 1933-40)
Quennell Rev BM
(WiH 1928-37)
Rivers SH (SH 1939-41)
Romans JP (SH 1957-65)
Rose ED (PH 1971-76)
Rudman CJ (OH 1958-63)
Sharp CC (PHP 1934-40)
Skene A (NT 1931-36)
Squire Rev JB (NT 1930-35)
Warne FB (NT 1928-38)
Wheeler JL (OH 1946-50)

Obituaries

**Charlie Colquhoun (Staff 1984-2008, Housemaster
MH 1993-2003, Secretary OC Society 2003-08)**

Stephen Alexander (ST 1930-37)

John Barratt (DH 1948-53)

John Penrose Barron (DH 1947-52)

Dr James Anthony Bennett (NT 1951-56)

David Anthony Verelst Boyle (BH 1949-53)

Bernard Richard Braithwaite (DH 1932-36)

**Geoffrey and Mary Burton (GNB 1950-79
Head of Modern Sixth, Senior Master;
MB Headmaster's Secretary 1951-66)**

ARW Eve (Hon. Treasurer, Clifton College 1978-94)

Jordan Mather Ferguson (DH 1986-91)

Revd. KJ (Jack) Frampton (WaH/WiH 1935-44)

Norman Hardyman (BH 1943-48)

Patrick David Haworth (ET 1953-62)

Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Heaven (OH 1926-37)

Lyndon Irving (WiH 1929-33)

Richard Austin 'Jimmy' James (WaH 1933-38)

Charles Kinnersley (NT 1924-29)

Peter Lake (BH 1929-33)

Robert Gowan MacAlister (OH 1952-56)

Martin Meade-King (NT 1925-32)

Revd. Canon Geoffrey Scott Mowat (ST 1928-36)

**Lieutenant-Colonel MRM Newall
(WiH 1946-51)**

David Norris-Jones (DH 1960-64)

David Arthur Chester Peck (OH 1934-39)

Sir Edward Peck (ST 1929-34)

Frederick James Gibson Pert (DH/WaH 1945-50)

Graham Pilcher (OH 1930-35)

Professor Sir Brian Pippard (SH 1930-38)

Robert John Windust Poole (WiH 1946-55)

Nick Sanderson (WiH 1975-78)

Louis Sherwood (Member of Council, 1992-2009)

Alan Stevenson (NT 1952-55)

Malcolm Tosh (SH 1948-51)

Ian Robert Wilson (WaH 1947-55)

Lt. Col. Patrick Hamilton Woodward (WaH 1932-36)

Robin Guthrie (OH 1950-56)

CHARLIE COLQUHOUN

A tribute delivered by Simon Reece in Chapel on October 3rd 2008.

'Get Reece to do it'. You can imagine Charlie saying it, just like he used to say when we were short of a player and an unsuspecting boy found himself turning out for Clifton against Cheltenham moments later. What situations your friends can get you into. I certainly feel in a bit of a situation right now, Charlie was most certainly my friend: a friendship begun immediately we met, probably just like it was for most of us.

Charlie arrived at Clifton from the Downs School in 1983 to teach history, virtually every sport that involved a ball and to be resident House Tutor in Watson's. After a couple of years he moved to the tutors team in School House where I inherited him in 1987. His duty evenings would start with a decent gin and tonic, continue with lots of banter and fun and a glass of Chardonnay, but always with a keen eye for what work needed to be done, who needed to be seen, or what needed to be said. The boys loved the evenings that Charlie was on duty not only for his vivacity and entertainment, but also for the trouble he took, the lengths he went to, and his real interest in the well-being of both individuals and institution alike. School House still held House Prayers each evening in those days, and the tutor had to take it, giving a 'thought for the day' type talk. Charlie was never all that keen on these events, but I did overhear one: four words – 'Marlborough tomorrow: beat them'.

Soon the Colquhouns found themselves moving into Moberly's, now so firmly established on the Clifton scene that one has to think hard to remember that it was forged by amalgamation of Dakyns' and Brown's. There were sensitivities and strong feelings about this merger from many quarters and it was a severely daunting task that Charlie and Jean took on. Charlie threw himself into it with unbelievable energy and enthusiasm, determined to make it work and attending to every conceivable detail of historical

tradition and style of significance to both Houses. The building was arrayed with old photographs, sporting memorabilia, old rackets, bats and balls that found themselves used as decorations. We will hear shortly about life in Moberly's I dare say, but as a neighbour to me in School House he was just wonderful. I would be in and out of his study, and I suppose he was in and out of mine too. 'What do I do about this', 'You'll never believe what Richard Haynes has done now', 'Yes, but what is the role of the Praepostor?'

His study in Moberly's was an Aladdin's Cave of riches, a treasure trove: more sporting memorabilia, old books, a splendid clock, old School scarves, pre-war prep school caps, probably the cat and possibly the dog. I seem to remember part of an old aeroplane, but it may have been a model biplane or two, of course a collection of CDs of rock music and hidden away, just about accessible, a computer, a new device that Housemasters of the '80s had to learn how to use. On the coffee table there would be a book called something like 'Understanding the Adolescent' – Charlie was horrified at how obviously he had been found out trying to impress visiting prospective parents. But as if he needed to read about it: Charlie had the most astonishing perspective about young people, how to entertain, how to inspire, how to command respect, how to communicate, an appreciation of pressures, of successes and failures, of loves and fears, how to convince everybody that they really mattered: simply, he understood. No act this, I hasten to say, this man was genuine to his core. And Moberly's thrived.

We both left our Houses together in 2002 and Charlie became a tutor in Polack's, then West Town. We both looked back on those years with great fondness but how much it was made easier and how much more fun it was for having Charlie over the road.

All this time, of course, Charlie was also teaching history. Other staff were deployed around an immovable block of granite in the History department: Charlie would be teaching 20th Century European. Non-PC, irreverent, outrageous, hilarious yet terribly effective, Charlie's classes were adored. I have twice asked different sixth form tutor groups if they had only one lesson left, who they would like to teach it and they both said, immediately, in unison, Mr Colquhoun. His methods included techniques long since dropped from teacher training courses: copying from the board and dictation of notes. I dare say classes were banned from reference to either in inspection week, defaulting to the merits of independent learning and discovery.

His one concession to modern methods was free use of the video. Visualise the Staff Room at morning break where Charlie, leaning on his elbows on the window sill, blocking the way through for everyone else and discussing Saturday's team or tactics, would gradually realise that he wasn't quite ready for the next lesson. He would stride off to Room 10 in the Cloisters muttering 'Thank God for the video'. The Percival Librarian upstairs would resign herself once again to the fact that Hitler's tanks could be heard rolling forward across the battle fields of Europe in the room below. But you had to be in the room to appreciate that this would be accompanied by a smiley face cartoon of the Führer drawn on the board, by the wearing of a tin hat or the demonstration of a gas mask. Perhaps the room also had grenades: it certainly had polished wooden desks that had themselves survived the war and window sills that were used to store and display yet more cricket bats and squash rackets.

A girl arriving late and hesitantly knocking on the door would be greeted with a chuckle and 'Ah, the tea lady'. 'Live the dream or get shot' – how many Cliftonians have learnt that? They will tell you 'one death is a tragedy, one million is a statistic', they will tell you 'terror is the essence of totalitarianism', they will tell you about those vast A3 sheets of notes and of a revision pack that was more detailed than the textbook itself. Pupils will know that when Charlie is dictator, he will be a benevolent one, and that he will ban iPods, rap and

Facebook. They know that he loved Boris Johnson and *Private Eye* and will know of his encyclopaedic knowledge of rock music, much enhanced by attending concerts - tribute bands or the real thing. The Rolling Stones and the Rolling Clones equally enjoyed. 'Good concert at the Fleece last night, sir?' Through slightly clenched teeth 'Fantastic', and a big grin.

He taught quickly and with liberal humour, smirking, grinning and guffawing his way round absurdities. 'How am I meant to teach the impact of barbed wire in the First World War if so-and-so can't even speak English?' There were lots of essays to write, marked with frequent and enormous ticks across the text and 'Excellent work - a bit more analysis needed' in the comment at the end. And at the end of term, the report would be a generous encouragement towards better things with a comment on character too - 'A delightful fellow', 'A fine chap', all written in that huge writing that could be read from several yards. Charlie's response to the latest good idea, that we should be filling up a bit more of the report form, was easily responded to as he increased the font size of his manuscript even further.

The relationships Charlie established with his pupils were astonishing. 'He was without doubt one of the finest masters that ever had the misfortune of teaching me' said one. Others say 'he was the best, most charming, wittiest, liveliest history teacher I ever had', or 'three of the funniest years of my life were in his classroom', and 'Those double history lessons before lunch that with any other teacher seemed to take forever, with Mr Colquhoun doing imitations of Stalin and bellowing 'Peace, Bread, Land' they seemed to fly by.' Lastly, 'He was the only person on Earth who called me seaweed and got away with it'.

His secretaryship of the Old Cliftonian Society was the perfect platform for him after Moberly's and it was perfect for the Society too. Whilst paying due attention to all generations of OCs he always felt the more recent ones should be especially nurtured. He introduced more affordable dinners and the much supported December Sports Day. He was famous at the formal occasions, not only did he always remember who everyone was, what they did at School and were doing now, but his organisation was so impeccable, even down to the issuing of ration cards for the wartime generation

OCs' reunion. His speeches were as non PC and irreverent as his lessons and might involve the adventures of the characters Lottie and Tottie teetering their way through teenage life assailed by current educational theories or just 'stuff'. He was also outstanding at a personal level too, meticulously dealing with individual requests and enquiries as best he could, calming down the over-enthusiastic and encouraging the hesitant.

During his time as OC Secretary he developed the Magazine into a wonderful publication that even those who haven't been to Clifton at all find absorbing. Old Cliftonians will have received his last edition in the post this very week. He argued for, and secured, financial support for the refurbishment of the Fives Courts and of the Rackets Court, which sports, along with real tennis and squash, were great enthusiasms. We are all beneficiaries of his drive and determination to see through the redecoration and development of the Cricket Pavilion. A stunning tribute. As well as an excellent party venue, and of course a functional pavilion, it houses a wonderful collection of cricketing memorabilia and Clifton cricketing history, situated as it is in the perfect position directly opposite the School buildings, overlooking the square where so much of Charlie's energies were focused. Indeed, Charlie was utterly tireless in his support for OC cricket: alas that this year's cricket week was washed out by the rain.

Journeys to OC dinners were often as entertaining as the dinners themselves. You would be reminded of arrangements by a note signed Chazza telling you not to be late under any circumstances whatsoever. Once a long journey was underway, particularly if his companion was the Head Master, out would come a Rothman's Sporting Yearbook and a quiz would begin with questions of ever increasing obscurity. 'Having a little trouble getting that one?' Charlie would chortle, 'try this one, you must be able to get this one', 'do you want a clue? Just a little clue?' And when that was done, it would be the Guinness Book of Hit Singles, Rock and Pop of course, and so it would go on. Chuckling away.

I have come to realise these last few weeks that Charlie made all his friends feel like they were his best friend. It was magic, a special instinct, a special way he had: in his company, you were central. Being with

him was always such complete fun and even when the agenda was a good moan, it was still somehow positive, light-hearted, enlivening and made you feel better. He had a keen sense of the absurd, so beautifully illustrated by his photograph on my wall at home: in his hands he has a paper outlining some new orthodoxy, his expression is 'eyes half-closed, a bit of a bad smell grimace' and a speech bubble reads 'Oh Lord, this is complete and utter tosh - what will they think of next.' His humour was spontaneous and he made light of his own problems, even the recent ones. I still have a text message in my mobile phone which says of his biopsy, 'let's hope they find it is a curry ball' and he signed it Bishan Bedi. He made visiting him in hospital incredibly easy as he made concerned enquiries about how things were with you and your family and made only passing reference to his treatment being not as nice as gin and tonic.

We have all been so lucky to have known this great man: 'a delightful fellow', 'a fine chap', as his school reports would say. I know that in the end my memories will be eternally warm and grateful but I'm sure I speak for everyone if I say I am not there yet. For 'it is in the parting that the friendship is proved.'

Immediately after the School was told what had happened I drifted to the parapet and gazed over the Close. You could see the Pavilion which Charlie had taken such trouble to get refurbished, and the square where his sides fought their campaigns, 'ten to make and the match to win'; the pitches where his teams' 'last charge went thundering beneath the twilight goal'. I could see him prowling the boundary in despair at an ill-considered stroke 'Whatever is that?' 'Oh dear boy, what are you doing?' I could see him illustrating a cricketing anecdote with a half demonstration of a ball bowled or shot played. Enough of that, I turned to the South Quad and there was his Room 10: you can see the Pavilion from Room 10, that line was his axis. You'll be standing in the middle of it straight after this service.

Later that day I found myself in conversation about Charlie with one of our Clifton girls. She told me about him and then paused a while and then she said 'I was just quite a big fan'. 'Well there we are' Charlie, as you would say: I guess we all were.

Simon Reece ■

STEPHEN ALEXANDER

Stephen Alexander, who died in June, was in South Town (1930-37). He had four brothers in the school, and he sent his three sons to Clifton.

John Gibbs writes from Mexico City:

One of the remarkable aspects of Stephen Alexander's life was that he came through his ordeals as a prisoner of war at the hands of the Japanese with his faculties unimpaired and without bitterness. Indeed, in *Sweet Kwai Run Softly* he sets down his experiences with clarity and frankness but also with humour and almost affection. These qualities are seen again in *Foreign Strands**, published when he was 83, in which he charts his course as an employee for 33 years of the British Council.

Foreign Strands - part diary, part personal reminiscences, part gallery of people and places - is a glorious compendium of comments on the human condition in various parts of the world. Nothing seems to escape his curious eye, and it is a joy to appreciate his command of English - vocabulary, turn of phrase, style - and to relish his wit.



No person or institution is immune from his mordant comments (and the writer can speak personally of this), whether it be the hopeful Miss Hall on her way to reform the teaching of English in Colombia, or the British Council itself. Stephen Alexander's comments on the latter (in the opening and in the closing pages of *Foreign Strands*) are masterly as he traces its several reincarnations from its birth in 1934 to the present day as it has struggled to decide what its role is. (Its most recent convolutions, and the notion of out-sourcing to India, would doubtless have brought out more acerbic words.) But however merciless Stephen's comments may initially seem to be, he usually ends up with forgiveness or even admiration. The work of a gentleman writer. ■

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JOHN BARRATT

John Barratt, who died on 17th January at the age of 73, was an inspirational teacher and writer whose love of history was matched by passions in equal measure for fine wine, theatre, Conservative politics, fishing, potholing and Staffordshire Bull Terriers.

Born in Birmingham in 1935 John Barratt was the son of Sydney Barratt, a scientist who worked with Barnes Wallis on the development of the bouncing bomb. He was educated at Shute School in Dorset (where, following wartime evacuation, he was the only boy in an otherwise all girls' establishment), Clifton College, and King's College Cambridge. Originally set upon a career in the law he passed both his solicitors' exams and bar exams but baulked at eating the dinners that would have entitled him to practise, so turned to teaching instead. It proved to be an inspired decision.

As a history teacher Barratt taught for a time at Lancing but spent the greater part of his career at Clifton, where his pupils included Simon Russell Beale. Barratt was proud to have spotted Beale's talent when he directed him as Jack Worthing in *The Importance of Being Earnest*. A passion for Shakespeare and John Buchan remained with him all his life, and he possessed a near encyclopaedic knowledge of the operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan.

His approach to teaching history was vivid and idiosyncratic. Whilst the syllabus might be touched upon, and when necessary adhered to, Barratt was never happier than when he was able to digress, for example to draw parallels between the election of some mediaeval pontiff and a

contemporary Conservative leadership contest. As Housemaster of North Town he believed in fostering independence in his charges, and would sometimes deposit boys deep in the Somerset countryside in the small hours of the morning to see if they could find their way back to Clifton. They generally succeeded.

Barratt was a knowledgeable and astute political observer. His own views remained firmly those of the right wing of the Conservative Party, from which standpoint his admiration of Enoch Powell and Margaret Thatcher was only exceeded by his loathing for the policies of Ted Heath and Chris Patten (who was for a time his local MP). He was also a great admirer of the Emperor Haile Selassie but despite this he regretted the ending of colonial rule in Africa. His book *Through Lightest Africa* described an eccentric journey he made through West Africa, Ian Smith's Rhodesia, Vorster's South Africa and Portuguese Mozambique, as well as Ethiopia where he smoked *ganja* in the Mountains of the Moon (he pronounced himself unaffected by it, as he was later to be unaffected by chewing coca leaves in Bolivia). Throughout the whole trip, he was later to report, not a single evening passed when he did not change for dinner.

Though an unusually convivial and generous host, Barratt made no secret of his preference for canine over human company. He was devoted to a series of dogs, all of which, with the exception of a vicious beagle (immortalised in his mother's book *Bardolph the Beastly Beagle*), were Staffordshire Bull Terriers. Each was from time to time the object of envious attention from members of the criminal classes and on two occasions his dogs were kidnapped. The first abduction occurred at the Grand National race meeting. By-passing an inept and uninterested local police force, Barratt paid a ransom to an underworld villain and the dog was returned to him in the small hours of the morning. The second dog was snatched in a remote Irish forest after he had stopped to pick mushrooms. With the enthusiastic assistance of the *Gardai* Barratt made an emotional appeal for the dog's return on RTE and became a minor celebrity a few days later when he was reunited with her on live television.

Whenever possible Barratt loved to travel. In 1962, following in the footsteps of Richard Hannay, one of his literary heroes, he took time off teaching to drive a Bentley to Eastern Anatolia. He achieved his object, although the Bentley was damaged by envious Turkish youths in Erzurum. Upon complaining to the

police Barratt was concerned to learn that the culprits had been identified and subjected to summary justice by the local chief of police.

He was also for a time a keen, though largely self-taught, potholer and sometimes took parties of Cliftonians on expeditions under the Mendips. On one such trip he had to spend a dismal night underground when rising water cut off his exit. In the morning he was brought to the surface by the local Cave Rescue organisation and though his plus-fours were somewhat bedraggled, neither he nor his charges were any the worse for the adventure.

The last ten years of his life were marked by the relentless progress of Parkinson's disease, which he bore with great stoicism. His only complaint in his final months was that his sense of taste had altered to the extent that wine, long one of his principal enjoyments, now tasted like battery acid.

Matthew Scott



Michael Jones, Jonathan Wookey, Peter Coe and Garth Williams have all recently expressed their affection for John Barratt. Garth Williams, now at RGS Guildford, recalls:

I have a vivid memory of John's warm and friendly manner. He had this ability to make you feel he liked you and that you were special. We have been playing Roald Dahl to the children in the car and a recurrent theme is people who smile with their eyes not just their mouth. John smiled with his eyes. We were proud to be in North Town because of Johnny. As a former Housemaster I remember boys in my boarding house shrewdly pointing out that they would behave well either because they feared being shouted at or because they liked the teacher. In North Town, we at least tried to behave because



we loved Johnny and didn't want to let him down. I remember feeling far worse about getting things wrong because John seemed so disappointed and not because he shouted or scolded. As a Housemaster he led by charisma, charm and giving the boys responsibility. The Night Ops were legendary – all I remember was a great sense of excitement involving screeching Land Rovers and shotguns. I can just imagine him filling in a Risk Assessment Form in 2009! He loved his Cross-Country running with Tigger. Talking of Tigger, there was a famous occasion when an injured rugby player was rather crossly asked by the matron the name of the master who was taking the game in which the injury occurred only to be told that he did not know his name, but that there had been a dog called Tigger joining in the scrums.

Like Michael Lane, John rather liked things to go wrong. Peter Coe remembers an occasion when John's wheezing 3.5 Rover, bound for Liverpool and the Dublin Ferry, doing a stately 70mph up the M4, lost the entire contents of the roof rack including John's clothes for the week along with a vast sack of sawdust for smoking fish, all deposited into the central lane. He'd forgotten to tie any of it down.

George and Matthew Tricks, along with Alexander Gover, will never forget the time that Tigger was stolen during the Grand National at Aintree. John, dressed in appalling grey and blue plus-fours knitted by Liverpool nuns, was distraught to find no Tigger after a brick had been thrown through the car window. A woman PC told him to pull himself together, but luckily a dog-loving Merseyside policeman drove John around the more insalubrious parts of Liverpool where they spied three youths with a Staffordshire terrier. When asked if they knew anything about the lost Tigger they shook their heads. The policeman said it would be worth their while if the dog could be produced. "Oh! £100!" said John. "Shush, sir" said the policeman. "They would kill their mother for that sum." In the event, £25 had the desired effect and Tigger was restored to his master. Alexander recalls that he travelled

back to Bristol in an absolutely freezing and windowless car. At one point John said, "Put the rug around Tigger. I don't want her to get cold." John's dogs were all more or less completely out of control and cats approached at their peril. The worst was Bardolph, the beastly beagle. Christopher Blackstone, a great friend of John's, told me of an occasion when the Blackstones were staying at the Barratts' Charmouth house, "Thalatta", in 1974 with their eighteen-month old son Rupert. Bardolph was the least agreeable of the Barratt animals. He had the propensity to bite the ankles of anyone who was minding their own business, the result being that visitors gave him a very wide berth indeed. We became aware that Bardolph was missing. Jane suddenly remembered that Rupert was eating by himself in his low chair in the dining room and, fearful lest Bardolph might have found him unprotected, and so afflict grievous harm, with one accord we all rushed into the room. We were met with a tranquil scene, reminiscent of St Jerome, of Bardolph



sitting docilely alongside Rupert, who was patting Bardolph's head and continually repeating very calmly from his limited vocabulary, "Nice doggy, nice doggy!" This was the hound who bit numerous people including the vet who came to put him down.

John wrote the best postcards and reports of anybody I have know. One such example was the report he wrote on Julian Hardyman:

He gives the impression of being mischievous and a scholar; and he is adept at producing snippets of bizarre and sometimes disreputable information. I refuse to believe that Charlemagne consumed twelve peacocks (and a good deal more besides) at one sitting and that he could raise aloft two knights in full armour on the palms of his hands! However, I have to admit that such fairy stories enliven history lessons, and I am glad he has raided the family library for Gibbon. I do wish he would blow his nose in a less Wagnerian fashion. The trumpeting of all the elephants in the Zoo is mild in comparison.

On my many long walks with him through Burgundian countryside, we sometimes discussed death and whether there really are pearly gates and an inquisition from St Peter. However, John, you are having a good reception (I hope with a large G and T) led by gardeners, lovers of Somerset and other churches, fishermen, scatty cavers with burnt out candles, members of the Clockmakers Guild, Staffordshire bull terriers, members of the Savile Club, Art Dealers and Wine Merchants led by Ronald Avery. Let us hope that the Heavenly libraries are stocked with Jane Austen, PG Wodehouse, Evelyn Waugh, Richmal Crompton, John Buchan, Edward Gibbon and the Bard himself.

I finish with a French quotation from Christophe Plantin (1520-1589), perhaps apt when we think of John and Crowe Hall:

*Avoir une maison propre et belle
Un jardin tapissé d'espaliers odorans,
Des fruits, d'excellent vin,
Conserver l'esprit libre, et le jugement fort,
C'est attendre chez soi doucement le mort.*

*(To have a beautiful, spacious and tidy house,
A garden draped with scented espaliers,
Enjoying fruit and fine wine,
Maintaining a free spirit and strong judgement,
And to await death serenely in one's own home.)*

Tom Gover ■



JOHN BARRON

1934 - 2008



John Barron succeeded Lord Jenkin as President of the Council. His academic experience and the fact that he was a governor of St Paul's Boys and Girls' School as well as Radley meant that he brought immense knowledge and experience to the post. Above all he brought enthusiasm. He was ambitious for Clifton just as he had been for St Peter's College, Oxford of which he was Master from 1991. His loss was sudden. He presided at Commemoration in May 2008. Only after that did he learn of his cancer. With great bravery he attended the Council meeting in late June and presented a paper on the necessity for an Education Committee. His views prevailed and the committee sits for the first time on June 15, 2009. No-one knew of his illness. Treatment started in June but it greatly reduced his resistance and he died in August.

John came to Clifton in 1947 with the arrival of Desmond Lee as headmaster. He entered the fourth form and was in Dakyns', first under Sammy Beachcroft and later Yngve Lidell whom he greatly preferred. He specialized in Classics after O Level and gained an Exhibition to Balliol. When he left Clifton, he told the writer that he had no intention of becoming a don. His ambition was to go to the Bar. He had several contemporaries who became classical dons. He remembered fondly the teaching of David Gaunt who presided over the Sixth Form. Though he was taught by the headmaster,

he objected to being read long extracts from his translation of Plato's *Republic!*

At Balliol John came under the influence of two exceptional tutors, Kenneth Dover (later President of Corpus Oxford and Chancellor of St Andrews) and Russell Meiggs (an ancient historian who gave a hostile (and unfair) review of the *History of Greece* written by the next headmaster of Clifton after Lee, Nicholas Hammond). These two set him on an academic career all of which was spent in London, in earlier years biased towards archaeology and numismatics but in later years based on mainline classical studies. He was professor of Greek at London University from 1971 to 1991 and Director of the Institute of Classical Studies in Gordon Square from 1984 to 1991. This last was a prestigious post. The Institute brought together classical scholars from all over the world. John's interests were very wide and reflected in his publications.

However, besides his abilities as a scholar, he had administrative abilities of a high order. At London University he served on the Senate and was Public Orator. More importantly, he was called on by the Government to prune the university departments in Classics among English universities. There were too many small departments. The work was necessary, but not popular. John brought a clear head to a difficult job. It is generally agreed he got the answer right.

In 1991 he took over the Mastership of St Peter's, perhaps not his first choice. St Peter's did not offer Classics. He devoted huge energy to new buildings and fund raising and was very successful. He would have been even more successful if his plans to take in Oxford Gaol as an extension to the College had been accepted. The SCR rejected them – probably wrongly. The old Gaol is now an upmarket restaurant and hotel!

John played a major part in the appointment of Stephen Spurr and Mark Moore, heads who have re-vitalised Clifton and raised numbers and academic standards. He was always ready to support initiatives.

John presided over Annual General Meetings and Commemoration with a gentle calm. On these occasions he was accompanied by his wife, Caroline, herself no mean academic. The School Collect which recorded thanks to John Guthrie and his wife Caroline always seemed very appropriate on these occasions. His death is a great loss to Clifton and its Council.

A R Thornhill ■

DR ANTHONY BENNETT

1937 – 2009

13081 Bennett, James Anthony; b.b.10.37; br. 14118; NT; 30—31; L09964; Bristol Univ.; Medicine; Little Paddock, 19 Stoke Paddock Rd., Stoke Bishop, Bristol 9. [Gt]

Tony Bennett's family lived in Stoke Bishop, where he was born, and indeed there is a bell in Stoke Bishop Church which the family dedicated to the memory of his father in 1977 – perhaps a pointer towards Tony's love of bell-ringing in later life. During World War II the family was evacuated to Tortworth in the Gloucestershire countryside, where Tony's funeral was held on 17th February. On that occasion eulogies were delivered by Sir Peter Simpson, the Immediate Past President of the Royal College of Anaesthetists, and by Rt. W. Bro. Michael Flynn, the Provincial Grand Master for Bristol, and I am indebted to both of them for their respective insights into Tony's life.

Tony was educated at Clifton College, where he was in North Town, and at Bristol University. Professionally he was a Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of London, a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and a Fellow of the Royal College of Anaesthetists. For much of his medical career he served in the Bristol area, first as Clinical Lecturer at the University of Bristol, based in the Bristol Royal Infirmary, then as Senior Lecturer, finally becoming a Consultant Anaesthetist at Frenchay Hospital in 1976, and he was also at one stage co-editor of "Anaesthesia CPD"; he was Treasurer of the Association of Anaesthetists for several years and a founder member of the History of Anaesthesia Society, and subsequently its Secretary; an avid researcher into both current and historical anaesthetics and Masonic matters with several published articles to his name, including one dealing with Sound Transmission and Anaesthetics and another on the Anaesthetic effects of organ pipes! He was deeply involved in 1985 in setting up the Monica Britton Museum of Anaesthesia which was based at Frenchay Hospital for the next twenty years, and Tony was its honorary Curator for several years. In 1979 he was appointed the Royal Society Leverhulme Visiting Professor in Anaesthesia at the University of Khartoum which

also included working at Makerere University in Uganda and in Kenya and Malawi. Tony was particularly fond of these associations with East Africa.

He was a member of the British Institute of Organ Studies, and an accomplished musician, and took an active voluntary role in moving and rebuilding the organ in his local parish church at Tytherington in Gloucestershire where he is buried. He was also a bell ringer, a Surgeon Lieutenant-Commander in the Royal Naval Reserve Severn Division for several years and a keen bee-keeper.

He was also a very experienced and committed Freemason with twenty eight years service to his credit, having been initiated in St Vincent Lodge No. 1404 in Bristol in 1981. He joined the Old Cliftonian Lodge in 1982 and became Worshipful Master first of St Vincent in 1993 and then of the Old Cliftonians in 1995. He subsequently served as Secretary and also as Organist of both Lodges for several years. Sadly he died two weeks before the OC Lodge celebrated its Centenary in Bristol in February this year – an occasion to which he had been looking forward. He was a Past Provincial Junior Grand Warden in Bristol, a holder of Senior London Grand Rank and in 2007 was Third Provincial Grand Principal for Bristol in the Holy Royal Arch of Jerusalem.

In 2001 Tony was President of the Bristol Masonic Society, and delivered as his Presidential address a lecture based on his research into "the Influence of Freemasons on the Musical Life of Sir Edward Elgar". During his year in office he also organised a special musical evening and lecture recital in Bristol Cathedral dealing with the life and music of Hubert Hunt, Musician and Mason and Worshipful Master in 1919 of Tony's mother Lodge, St Vincent. He also conducted research, partly at Massachusetts Grand Lodge USA, into 'Anaesthesia and Connections with Freemasonry', and he lectured on this topic.

Tony was responsible for several technical advances in anaesthetic practice during his professional career, and he was never happier than when tinkering with a recalcitrant piece of equipment, whether a pipe organ, or a piece of operating theatre equipment.

He was renowned for carrying a small screwdriver which would appear from nowhere when something needed adjusting or fixing, sometimes to the horror of his medical colleagues in the middle of an operation!

In short, Tony was a much respected Freemason, a committed Christian and an eminent doctor, who enjoyed life and gave much to it. As was said at his funeral, the Masonic principles of Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth sat easily on his shoulders. He was a kind, gentle, generous and dedicated man with a wonderful sense of fun.

James King ■

ANTHONY BOYLE

2871 Boyle, David Anthony Verelst; b.14.11.37; s. 9001, br. 11521, gr. 3796, s. 8380, gr. 4111; III; 42—43; Born (Schol.); 1999; Univ., Oxf.; and Cl. Fin. Hon. Sch. Juris.; Barrister, Green Inn; c/o Col. R. F. Boyle, Hermsington Barn, Badgwick, Sarum. [Gt]

David Anthony Verelst Boyle died on 8 January 2009. Anthony spent the early years of the war in Canada, returning to England in 1943. In September 1949 he followed his brother to Clifton, continuing a family tradition. His time in Brown's House was interrupted for a term to allow him to receive pioneering surgery for the heart condition with which he had been born. Although successful, this meant that he was unable to participate in sports at school and Anthony's memories of Clifton were somewhat coloured by this fact. Nevertheless he was successful academically and achieved a State Scholarship which took him to University College, Oxford to read Law. He was relatively young on entering Univ, his medical history having precluded him from the National Service experienced by many of his contemporaries. At Oxford, he met and subsequently married his wife Sheila, with whom he had four children during a fifty year marriage.

Oxford was followed by call to the Bar and a spell teaching at Gibson and Weldon, the law tutors in Chancery Lane, where the writer had the unique experience

of being taught Criminal Procedure by Anthony who had been three years his junior at school not long before! Later he took up a career as a business lawyer, for which he trained as a solicitor, including senior positions with both BP Chemicals and Phillips Petroleum. He also served as company secretary at Lazard Brothers.

Anthony's intellect and quirky sense of humour were probably not at ease in the corporate environment – treasured memories of him include postcards sent from trips abroad couched in a language which tempted one to think he was visiting

some unique 'other' world. He read widely, with a good knowledge of French, German, Russian and Latin. He had many ideas for entrepreneurial ventures, but academia called and in later years he helped set up and teach the MBA with a legal emphasis at Exeter University.

Life with his growing family in Dulwich and the country cottage in East Sussex with its access to the South Downs was Anthony's pleasure and made him the relaxed man remembered by his friends with affection.

JPC ■

BERNARD BRAITHWAITE

1903: Braithwaite, Bernard Richard; b. 20.8.19; d. 1990, 19033, DH; 1/2-91; 2000, 7111; C1936; Peterhouse, Camb.; B.A. (Hons.); Barrister-at-Law, I.C.; 1919 War, Maj., Parachute Regt., w.; Called to Bar, 1948; Barrister-at-Law; 21 Compton St., N.Z.

Bernard Braithwaite (DH 1932-36) has recently died and has also left a generous charitable legacy in his will to Clifton for which the School is most grateful. ■



GEOFFREY AND MARY BURTON

Geoffrey Burton died in August 2008, aged 89. Appointed by Desmond Lee in 1950 he served Clifton College until his retirement in 1979. He became Head of what was then called the Modern Side, teaching economics, economic history and politics. From 1952 to 1974 he was the first ever Senior Master.

Such a bald recital conveys nothing of the depth of Geoffrey's background and character. Having won academic and musical honours at King William's College, Isle of Man, he went up to Oxford in 1938 but after his first year he enlisted and was commissioned in the Royal Artillery. He had the misfortune to be on the last troopship to reach Singapore just before its surrender to the Japanese.

For 3½ years Geoffrey endured the horrific hardships of existence as a prisoner of war in Siam/Thailand, but the physical and mental abuse he suffered did not undermine his cultural and spiritual resources. He became the camp librarian, the careful custodian

and repairer of precious books; he organised play readings and the saying of Compline. Later, he was mentioned in dispatches for "gallant and distinguished services while a Prisoner of War".

Geoffrey never joined the clamour for reprisal, apology and compensation raised by some survivors of the prison camps. In 1982, in a letter printed in *The Times*, he wrote with amazing magnanimity: "I do not hate the Japanese . . . on the contrary, many PoWs are grateful for a range of experience which shows us human nature, on both sides, at its worst and at its most sublime".

In 1945 he returned to austerity Oxford and, having graduated, he enjoyed a year's study at luxuriant Harvard which gave him a lifelong interest in the American Constitution and American politics. He met his wife Ursula, another British student in Boston, but she died in 1963, leaving Rosemary aged 11 and Christopher (Pre and ST 1964-1974) then aged 6. In 1965 there was general rejoicing in the Clifton world when Mary Hall, Headmaster's Secretary to

Desmond Lee and Stephen McWatters, became Geoffrey's second wife and, in his words "more than disproved the notion of the wicked stepmother".

Sadly this obituary commemorates them both for Mary outlived Geoffrey by only two months. Their funeral services, well attended by Clifton friends, were held in the parish church of North Wootton near Wells, the village where they had lived for 22 years.

It is difficult to paint a true picture of this wonderful couple's devoted dedication to Clifton College. Mary was the friendly, calm and reliable Secretary. In the classroom Geoffrey was enthusiastic, exact and patient. As Careers Master he took infinite pains with prospective leavers (and their parents) to guide their business, professional and academic futures. And his clear mind and care for detail made him the ideal choice when Stuart Andrews created the post of Senior Master.

They both loved singing, in the school Choral Society and in the choirs in Bristol and Wells. They had a deep knowledge of English Literature. They solved crosswords and played Scrabble. Geoffrey had a sharp eye for the emergence of new words and phrases, or the mangling of the meaning of old ones. Astonishingly, month by month he wrote a poem for the North Wootton magazine on many topics including local and national news, the hazard of growing old and the calendar of the Church's year. A selection was published in 1998; it is remarkable for its variety, precision and wit and no doubt his more recent poems, which he continued until the month before he died, reached the same high standard.

Generations of Old Cliftonians, staff and boys, will remember Geoffrey and Mary Burton with gratitude and thanksgiving.

David Goodland ■

ARW EVE 1934-2009

HONORARY TREASURER, CLIFTON COLLEGE 1978-1994

Tony Eve won a scholarship to Radley School at the age of thirteen. He used to say that his major claim to fame was that he played in the same Colts cricket XI as Ted Dexter.

On leaving school he was commissioned into the Royal Artillery after which he rejoined his family in Carlisle and took articles with a small local firm of Chartered Accountants. He passed all exams at the first attempt as well as qualifying as a cost and works accountant. He then moved to London to join Cooper Brothers & Co., one of the countries largest firms of Chartered Accountants. After some four years he accepted a position to the relatively new office in Tehran where he became partner in charge. In April 1966 he arrived at the Bristol office to look after Coopers' West Country clients.

For the next twenty six years he played a full part in local business life as well as well as becoming chairman of the



Gloucestershire Society and Grateful Society. He was appointed Honorary Treasurer of Clifton College in 1978. During his period of office the county laboured under high rates of inflation. This made the management of all public schools somewhat difficult but in his quiet and efficient manner he saw the school through

to calmer times. He was more than able to match the intellectual capability of school teaching staff and this enabled him to gain and keep their respect - a necessary prerequisite for all non-executives serving in an academic establishment.

He retired from Coopers & Lybrand in 1992 having moved to Gloucestershire to tend his large garden, play golf and see as much of the world as possible, all of which he carried out with great enthusiasm.

He died in February 2009 having suffered a stroke during an operation for a brain tumour. He had been in hospital for some four months and happily never lost his sense of humour though his dry wit was often lost on the hospital staff.

He is survived by his wife Sarah and their three daughters, one of whom is an Old Cliftonian.

Pat Howe ■

JORDAN FERGUSON

Jordan Mather Ferguson, who died in Ireland on 24 June 2008, aged 35, was in Dakyns' from 1986-1991. Jordan was diagnosed with terminal cancer and poignantly left "Letters to Sebastian" containing fatherly advice to his nine-year old son to be opened at various stages of life.

Rob MacAlister writes:

After leaving Clifton in 1991, Jordan studied at Bristol University before moving to Toronto where he set up an internet company during the dotcom boom. He also lived in Singapore where he worked for some time as a Trader in a large investment bank. Back in the UK, he had a successful career as European



MD for BetFair.com. He was fluent in Thai and spent several holidays there with his young son Sebastian. He was remarkably well-travelled, both in leisure and, in later years, business. One week it could be Costa Rica and the following, Ukraine.

He was great company to all who knew him; over the years he kept in contact with many OCs in London

and abroad. We will all sadly miss him. In the last few months, when his cancer was diagnosed, he went to live with his family in Kinsale, Southern Ireland. It was here that he died. ■

THE REVEREND K.J. (JACK) FRAMPTON

The Reverend K.J. (Jack) Frampton, who died in his 83rd year in Toronto on September 5th, 2008, was one of three Frampton brothers who all were in Wiseman's. Jack arrived in Hartnell's in September 1935. He transferred from Watson's to Wiseman's in January 1940. He left Bude in April 1944 and served as an acting captain in the Gloucesters and the Sappers. Frampton won an Exhibition in Maths with Physics at Peterhouse, Cambridge. He gained seconds in Mechanical Sciences and Economics.

Frampton arrived in Canada in 1954 as an engineer with Massey Ferguson and was ordained an Anglican priest in 1956. With his first wife, Ellenor, he brought his progressive ministry to several parishes:

Orillia, Bowmanville, Riverdale, Don Mills, St Clements (North Toronto), Maple and Parkdale in Toronto. Ellenor died in 1999 and Jack was married again in 2002 to Theresa Scott-Frampton, who cared for him during his latter years. He leaves Theresa and his children, Mary, Ellen, Finlay and Peter. ■

1114: Frampton, Rev. Kenneth John S. (Jack); b. 11143, (M) 3511, 12007, a. 6747, 6866; 1111, W.111, 18711; 11-111, F. 1111; Capt. Coln Corps, School, British, and Minor Colls. in Maths with Physics, Peterhouse, Camb.; 1935; 1935 War, A/Capt. Gen. Regt. and B.C. and I.A. from 1935; Royal Signals; and Cl. Mech. Sc. Trip. B. 1., and Cl. Econ. Trip. Pt. II, M.A.; Trained at Univ. Massey Ferris Corp. Toronto; Revue Fellow, Ontario Rev. Foundation; Wycliffe Coll. Toronto, 1956-57; B.Th., 1957; Ass. Curran, Church of Redeemer, Toronto, 1957-58; one incumbent, Parishes of Orillia South, St. David's and St. Adamasia Churches, Anglican Church of Canada; 1 A. 171 High St., Orillia, Ontario, Canada; 1711 Old, Orillia Branch (Chairman) (191)



NORMAN HARDYMAN

Norman Hardyman was born the son of missionary parents in Fianarantosa, Madagascar. He entered Brown's in September 1943 from Montpelier School in Paingnton, Devon, with the top open scholarship. The fourth of five children, he was later joined at Clifton by his younger brother Geoffrey (OH 1945-50).

Norman thrived academically at Clifton, securing so many armfuls of prizes that others stopped entering for prize competitions in which he was taking part. He was Head of House, editor of the *Cliftonian* and Deputy Head Boy; and went on to win a scholarship in classics to Christ Church, Oxford. At Clifton he fell under the spell of Headmaster Bertrand Hallward for whom he wrote a warm and effusive tribute in the *Cliftonian* when the latter moved to Nottingham in 1948.

After Oxford, he joined the Department of Education and Science, serving as Principal Private Secretary to three Secretaries of State in the 1960s and became a firm admirer of Margaret Thatcher during her years in the DES in the 1970s. From 1981-89 he was Secretary of the University Grants Committee. In 1984 Norman became a Companion of the Order of the Bath (CB). In retirement he served as Treasurer of the University of Exeter (following in the footsteps of his father-in-law) and on the UGC of the University of the South Pacific, involving some 18 visits to Fiji (and other South Sea islands). In 2001 Exeter honoured him with an honorary D.Litt.

In 1961 Norman married Carol Turner, younger sister of RV Turner (BH 1945-50) and MR Turner (BH 1945-53), and together they had two children, Julian (BH 1977-81) and Diana. They lived for 30 years in Maidenhead in Berkshire, moving back to the West Country to Dawlish in retirement and then latterly to Worcester to be near their daughter and her family there.

In his quiet way he was a firm Christian and loyal member of his local Congregational and URC churches, serving as Church Secretary and an elder for many years. His one publication was a history of the URC church in Maidenhead, *West Street Story*, which was described by a specialist academic historian as a classic of its kind. It is a loss that his projected history of the UGC never got beyond the drawing board.

One of Norman's characteristics was a deep loyalty to people, places and institutions, which included Clifton. He looked back on his Clifton days in Bude and Bristol with fondness and would always endeavour to attend OC occasions and to spot OC related news in the national press. He stayed in close touch with Bertrand Hallward (as well as a number of other Clifton masters and former pupils) until his death in 2003 and delivered a fine tribute to him at the memorial service in Clifton Chapel in 2004. Listeners were captivated by an account of BLH and Norman reconstructing some lines from Homer from memory. Together they did it.

As well as his commitments to work, church and family, Norman was always an inveterate walker, never happier than when striding off across the country, always at half a mile an hour faster than his companions. He surprised colleagues by walking home to Maidenhead (26 miles) from the UGC offices on his retirement in 1991 and to Dawlish from Exeter when he gave up the Treasurership of the University in 2001.

A man of considerable physical and intellectual vigour, he bore the Parkinson's Disease which was diagnosed in 1997 with great fortitude. The congregation at his funeral included OCs – as well as Norman's brother, son and brothers-in-law – JW Charley (OH 1943-49), MB Foyle (SH 1943-51), Brian Dicker (OH 1948-53) and NB Pinnington (BH 1944-48).

Julian Hardyman ■

PATRICK HAWORTH



Patrick David Haworth (he appears in the registers as 'Peter'), who died aged 64 of pancreatic cancer on November 4th, 2008, entered North Town in the Pre in January, 1953 and left East Town in July, 1962. After Clifton Patrick studied law at King's College, London.



He completed his training as a solicitor in Salisbury, and after working briefly in Oxford, he joined Wilkins and Son in Aylesbury and became a popular figure in the magistrates court in Aylesbury for over thirty years. A colleague described him as 'a first-class criminal lawyer who was always committed to serving his clients'. Although taking on the odd prosecution, he was primarily a defence lawyer – dealing with cases ranging from minor traffic offences to murders.

In his spare time he was involved with the Church of England as a Churchwarden and as a member of his local Parochial Church Council and the Diocesan Deanery Synod. His great passion was music and, with his wife, Pene, he helped raise substantial sums for the Hospice of St Francis in Berkhamsted, although already battling with ill health. He leaves Pene, a son and two daughters. ■

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL RICHARD HEAVEN

Richard John Gyde Heaven, who died on January 10th aged 89, entered the Pre at the age of seven in 1926 and left Oakeley's in December, 1937. His father was a Bristol solicitor whose family had owned Lundy from 1836 to 1917. He was captain of the XV in 1937 and also played for the XI. He was a senior Rover Scout under Martin Hardcastle and remembered having tea with Lord Baden-Powell in 1937, on the 25th anniversary of the founding of the school's troop. Richard was the last officer-cadet to be awarded the Sword of Honour before the Royal Military Academy Woolwich closed in 1939. He captained the 1st XI and excelled at boxing and rugby before being commissioned into the Royal Artillery. He was on a course at Larkhill when war was declared in September, 1939 and the news was greeted with cheers in the Mess.

Heaven landed at Naples in November 1943 with 479 Light Battery whose guns, split into eight pieces, were transported by mules described in his memoirs as 'beautiful, placid, broad-backed beasts'. Although the battery trailed behind the front-line troops, it amazed the infantry battalions by its average speed of five miles per hour and the way the animals held

their heads down with their ears flopping backwards and forwards in a way that suggested a happy acceptance of their lot. He was involved in several skirmishes with stragglers from the retreating German army before he earned his MC supporting some Gurkhas near Bologna on August 24th 1944.

The action took place on a hill where the Gurkhas had their headquarters. As German machine guns drew closer, Heaven agreed to start continuous firing, but finally had to turn to the Gurkha colonel saying he could do no more to hold off the enemy. Heaven described the encounter as follows:

At that moment we heard whoops and cries and shouts of joy, and up the hill came these two Gurkha companies with their kukris out. I have never seen such alarm and dismay in the German faces before or since, and there were very few of them left alive.

As a tiny Gurkha ran towards him, waving a kukri streaming with blood, the colonel said:

Don't worry, Richard, he is just telling you he has killed three German soldiers. He has been bloodied, it is the first time he has done it, and he is going to carve three notches on his kukri.

And what a splendid warrior he is.

His MC citation described Heaven as having

performed services with his battery in intimate support of infantry of the very highest order. He has himself been constantly under shellfire at observation posts and in forward positions; and has continued to direct the work of his observation posts and his guns to the best possible effect.

Earlier in the war Richard had gained rapid promotion to major in Tunisia and after an eight months' battle landed on the southern tip of Sicily, where he had a successful rendezvous in front of a lighthouse. After three sleepless nights, he overslept and missed an appointment with his superior, who told him: 'My dear Heaven, you can't go to sleep in the middle of a battle!'

After the war Heaven had several postings in east Africa. He was on the staff at Sandhurst and served in Germany for six years before retiring from Larkhill in 1971. He then started a successful trout farming enterprise with his three sons and son-in-law. In 1942 he married Peggy Loring, who survives him with their five children. John, Nicholas and Mark all followed their father and grandfather into Oakeley's. ■

Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Heaven

Artilleryman awarded the Sword of Honour as a cadet and an MC during the Italian campaign

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL RICHARD HEAVEN, who has died aged 89, was the last officer cadet to be awarded the Sword of Honour before the Royal Military Academy Woolwich closed in 1939.

In November 1943 Heaven landed at Naples with 479 Light Battery, which had a five gun 25 pound anti-aircraft battery in its composition. The terrain was very hilly and the battery was ordered to prepare for action by standing in a circle facing outwards with a machine gun made of the turret. The unit worked nearly six days a week between dawn and sunset firing, killing enemy tanks and a few German troops. The terrain was very hilly and the battery was ordered to prepare for action by standing in a circle facing outwards with a machine gun made of the turret. The unit worked nearly six days a week between dawn and sunset firing, killing enemy tanks and a few German troops.

Through the battery trailed well behind the front-line troops as it moved inland, it was that it proved by its average speed of five miles an hour and the way the animals held their heads down with their ears flopping backwards and forwards in a way that suggested a happy acceptance of their lot.

Heaven gained an officer's commission in 1937 and was awarded the Sword of Honour as a cadet and an MC during the Italian campaign. He was on a course at Larkhill when war was declared in September, 1939 and the news was greeted with cheers in the Mess.

Heaven landed at Naples in November 1943 with 479 Light Battery whose guns, split into eight pieces, were transported by mules described in his memoirs as 'beautiful, placid, broad-backed beasts'.



Heaven with Sandhurst cadets in the early 1930s. His anti-aircraft battery achieved crucial fire during the war

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After his father's early death he was educated at Okeley, where he captained the 1st XV and played in the 1st XI at cricket. The war was a

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LYNDON IRVING

Lyndon Irving, who died in December 2008 aged 92, entered the Junior School in January 1929 and left Wiseman's in 1933. After studying law at Nottingham, he joined Alan Sitdown to set up a firm of solicitors in Derby. Over the years, he was an actor, author, journalist, TV scriptwriter, politician, hypnotist, war crimes lawyer, talented cartoonist, a renowned public speaker and raconteur.

During the Second World War he was commissioned into the Royal Artillery and he travelled widely mainly in the Middle East, where he held official roles, often administering civil affairs.

When the war ended he was sent to Norway, briefly taking charge of a prisoner-of-war camp before being asked to take over the defence of a group of Germans, on capital charges at a war crimes trial in Oslo – even though he had not yet qualified as a solicitor. He later explained he got the job because the barristers who had been working there wanted to return to England where they could make more money.

In the 1960s Lyndon began writing and sending humorous contributions to legal magazines, eventually becoming a regular contributor to the BBC satirical

programme, *That was the Week That Was*. Finding he could not quite compete with the likes of David Frost and John Mortimore's *Rumpole*, he did manage to get himself on to 'the box' through another channel – the 1950s quiz show *Criss Cross Quiz*, reaching the finals and netting nearly £300, quite a sum in those days. He later wrote a hilarious pseudo autobiography entitled *Jumping off the Donkey*, under the nom de plume of John Barnsley. Acting was clearly in his blood and he knew the history of all of Derby's theatres and cinemas. He claimed that he had seen the very first film ever shown

at the newly-opened Popular Cinema, in Mill Street in 1928. Years later, when the Popular had closed, Lyndon played a part in buying it.

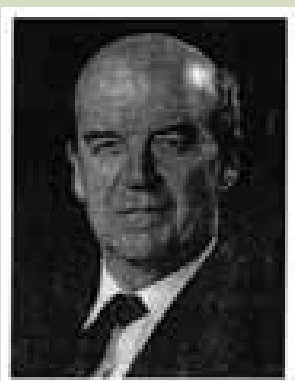
Politics then played a major part in his life. In 1950 he stood as a Liberal in Derby South, but lost his deposit, but he almost unseated Labour in Derby North twelve years later and beat the Conservatives into second place.

Lyndon was married for 55 years to his wife, Stella. They had a son and a daughter. ■



RICHARD 'JIMMY' JAMES

Richard Austin 'Jimmy' James, who died on September 10th, 2008 aged 88, entered Watson's in September, 1933 and left in 1938. His father (T.M. James) was an Old Cliftonian and Headmaster of Sutton Valence. Jimmy had a most distinguished career as a soldier and civil servant. His initial traineeship with British-American Tobacco was interrupted by war and James joined



a TA unit of the Royal Engineers. He was mobilised on 1st September and was in Northern France the following month. Evacuated from Dunkirk in a small boat, James passed through one of the Kent

railways stations near his father's school where, with hundreds of other women, his mother was passing out tea and sandwiches to the exhausted soldiers. They missed each other and his parents only learned of his safe return through the regulation card allowed to rescued soldiers.

He was commissioned into the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment in May 1941. For the next two years James served in Malta and experienced intense privation and bombardment (enduring more than 2,000 air-raids) and he was twice mentioned in despatches for actions in the Grand Harbour and Luqa airfield.

After the siege of Malta had been lifted he trained with the Second Battalion of the Royal West Kents in Egypt, Palestine and the Lebanon in preparation for Churchill's blow at the underbelly of Europe, the Dodecanese campaign. Initial victories were reversed and the Germans launched an attack on Leros in November 1943. An effort to deny the Germans a landing beach went badly wrong and, with every other British officer wounded or killed, James with one private eliminated German snipers or forced their surrender. For his



gallantry James was awarded the Military Cross. Allied forces on Leros surrendered and James endured life as a PoW in Greece and Yugoslavia before ending up in Oflag 79 in Brunswick, northern Germany. He was harshly treated in interrogations as it was supposed that he had valuable information (probably about his liaison work with partisans on Samos). At Brunswick James and his companions were appalled at the extreme brutality endured by the Russians prisoners. On his return to England at the end of April 1945 he only weighed six stone. One of the fruits of enforced captivity at Brunswick was that prisoners had conceived the plan to establish a youth club in London to mark their own survival and to commemorate fallen comrades. The prisoners had raised

the considerable sum of £13,000 and the Brunswick Club in Fulham was opened by the Duke Edinburgh in July 1949.

After Emmanuel, Cambridge Jimmy secured a top place in the Civil Service Examinations and he chose to go to the Home Office. With dwindling funds he anxiously awaited a summons to begin and on making a timid enquiry he was told, somewhat tetchily, 'Oh all right. Start next Monday.'

The begrudging welcome could not have been more at odds with a career and an office he came to love. By 1960



CHARLES KINNERSLEY

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Henry Kinnersley, who died aged 99 on 19 April 2009, entered North Town in January, 1924. Rowing was his main sport and he was a member of the IV. On leaving, he went up to Corpus Christi, Cambridge, to read Law.

Charles was awarded the DSO in 1945 in the battle to cross the Rhine. He led a company of the 43rd Reconnaissance Regiment and the citation for his award records his 'example and contempt for danger as an inspiration to his regiment' and refers to him 'leading his squadrons with unflinching drive, skill and personal bravery'. His orders were to harry the retreating Germans to prevent an orderly retreat and Charles, invariably right up with his forward scout troupes, led his men so closely on the heels of the Germans, often under fire, that they were unable to carry out their full demolition plan.

At the outbreak of war, Charles enlisted in the 5th Gloucestershire Regiment and was sent to France in 1940. He was amongst the last to be evacuated at Dunkirk. On his way to rejoin his regiment on the beaches, he arrived by motorcycle at an abandoned supply dump where he took on food, whisky and a fresh uniform. The latter was to prove immediately useful as he stopped

he was private secretary to Iain McLeod at the Duchy of Lancaster. Progressing up the ranks, ten years later he moved across to become Deputy Receiver of the Metropolitan Police, an experience that served him well when he returned to the Police Department of the Home Office. In 1977 he went to Scotland Yard as Receiver of the Metropolitan Police, serving with Sir David McNee, who later recalled his colleague's thoughtfulness to the more junior ranks.

James retired in 1980 with the rank of Deputy Under Secretary and was awarded the CB. In retirement he

at a crossroads to pick up a naked soldier who had been sleeping with a local girl and had had his clothes stolen while he slept. He arrived on the beaches and handed over his food and drink to his Colonel. Some weeks later, the Colonel was overheard to comment that a soldier who could provide him with supplies during the evacuation deserved a company, and Charles was promoted to Captain soon after.

He trained as a solicitor and became a partner in Osborne Ward Vassall Abbot and Co. in 1938. After the war, he returned to the firm and built up a very successful practice advising prominent West Country families, particularly in inheritance planning. He became senior partner in 1959 until his retirement ten years later, the day prior to the firm becoming, on its merger, Osborne Clarke. He was Clerk to the Society of Merchant Venturers from 1947 until his retirement.

Throughout his life, Charles loved food, fine wine and cigars. He had an extensive cellar consisting largely of Premier Cru Clarets and Grand Cru Burgundies, and entertained lavishly. He became an expert photographer and a noted amateur golfer. He was president of Gloucestershire in 1954 and a member of Clifton's Halford Hewitt team for many years. On his retirement, he spent time in Cornwall and subsequently went to live in France, initially as the paying guest of the widow of an admiral in Toulon. His first act in France was to demolish and rebuild her gate posts as they were insufficiently wide to accommodate his Bristol car. He took up wind-surfing in France and continued into his late seventies. Latterly, he settled in Budleigh Salterton where he swam every day in all weathers until he was almost 90.

Charles Kinnersley died on 19 April 2009. He never married. He was proud of his nephews and nieces and collected many godchildren. ■

became Chief Executive Officer of the Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association and in addition he supported the cause of sheltered housing and similar bodies. In Sussex and Oxfordshire Jimmy participated in community, charity and church affairs. A devoted Anglican, he drew much strength from his beliefs, which, in the best traditions of the Church, were tolerant, deeply held and rarely spoken of.

Joan, his wife of more than sixty years, survives him with their children, Sally, Tom and Andrew. ■

PETER LAKE

Peter Ivan Lake, who died on June 26th, must be the most remarkable of Old Cliftonians. He won an MC and the Croix de Guerre while serving with the Special Operations Executive (SOE) in enemy occupied France. Lake, field name 'Jean Pierre', was given the job of helping Captain Jacques Poirier, a Frenchman with a British commission. The main tasks of his mission in France were to organise supply drops, gauge the potential of the the Resistance units, estimate their arms requirements and their ability, given proper support, to make good use of them. This involved covering wide stretches of the Corrèze, Lot and Dordogne.

On one occasion he was bicycling towards Brive-la-Gaillarde with radio messages in a bag concealed beneath some vegetables when he came across a German patrol.

LAKE—Peter Ivan, O.B.E., M.C. Cross de Guerre Legion D'Honneur. Passed away peacefully on Friday 26th June 2009 at Brinsford Court, Weston. He will be sadly missed by his wife Kay and family. Private Cremations. No flowers please. Donations, if desired, to R.N.L.I. and Air Ambulance. Cards may be sent to: Willingham Funeral Service, Barnstaple, Willingham, Cumbria, CB24 4TE.

Online ref: 22222

His French was good enough to fool them, but not the Vichy *milice* accompanying them. In the course of producing his identity papers and chatting to the Germans, he dropped his bicycle and the vegetables tumbled out. The *miliciens* busied themselves with picking them up and omitted to question him.

Lake instructed the maquis in the use of arms and explosives. Some of them, being Republican veterans of the Spanish Civil War, thought they had nothing to learn, and said as much among themselves in their native Catalan. Lake spoke the language and reproved them for their carelessness in openly using their own

tongue. Then, questioning their vaunted knowledge of explosives, he picked up a slab of plastic explosive, and put it to the flame. The maquisards ducked smartly out of the way, and were somewhat mortified when he stood his ground. Lake then added a fuse and a detonator and threw it into a pond; there was a large explosion.

In the nearby village of Siorac-en-Périgord, where they sought storage, lived two pro-Vichy families. Worried about the danger that this posed, Lake recruited a local 'heavy', the commander of maquis known only to the group as 'Soleil'. A man of villainous aspect, he made a late-night visit, shone his torch in the faces of the heads of the families and warned them that if the Gestapo arrested any of his friends he would return and kill them.

Lake played a notable part in negotiating the surrender of the German garrison of Brive-la-Gaillarde. A British uniform for him was dropped by parachute for



the occasion. The grip of the maquis on the region had grown ever tighter and it was the first city in occupied France to be liberated solely by the Resistance. Freedom prompted an explosion of popular joy and the liberating force led by Lake entered the city standing in the back of an open car to great acclaim.

Others were not so welcoming. Passing through Marennes, General de Gaulle, having been introduced to Lake, told him he had no business there. 'Go away!' de Gaulle said and turned his back on him. Lake was deeply wounded by the snub, but, some years later, when he was Consul in Brazil, the French ambassador there invited him to a reception in Rio de Janeiro in honour of the General. This time de Gaulle greeted Lake in a charming manner and the earlier slight was forgiven.

After the war he joined the Foreign Office and served as Consul in, among other postings, Mozambique, France, Iceland, Syria, Indonesia, Italy, Belgium and Brazil.

He married Kathleen (Kay) Sheffield. She survives him with their son and daughter. ■

ROBERT MACALISTER

Robert Gowan MacAlister, (OH 1952-56), died on 3 October 2008. He is survived by Anthea his wife, and three children Katherine (Macky) (OH 1988-90), Lucy (OH 1988-93), Hamish (SH 1991-96) and his six grandchildren.

Gowan had a degree in mechanical engineering and was a member of the Royal Institute of Naval Architecture. His career started building power stations in the UK and then he moved to America to develop jet engines for General Motors, living in Illinois and then Boston Massachusetts.

On returning to the UK, the MacAlisters moved to Lymington and Gowan began building concrete boats before starting his own company MacAlister, Elliott and

Partners. Thirty years later it is one of the world's leading fisheries consultancies which earned them a Queen's Award for Export.

In Lymington, Gowan was able to walk to his office in the town and home again for lunch and calculated that when he retired he had walked over 4,000 miles to and fro.

His hobbies included sailing and he shared a yacht with his brother Duncan (OH 1948-52). All the children were brought up to sail and now enjoy the sport. He also loved cooking, socialising with his friends and family, and skiing.

Gowan is remembered with love by all who knew him.

Duncan MacAlister ■

MARTIN MEADE-KING

Martin Meade-King was born in Clifton in 1913, and joined North Town in 1926. He was a keen sportsman, and played rugby and cricket for the school. He left Clifton in 1932 having won a scholarship to study history at Exeter College, Oxford. After university he became a teacher, but this career was cut short by the outbreak of the Second World War. He became a sergeant in the Intelligence Corps and played a part in the battle of El Alamein. After the war he spent ten years at Mill Hill School as a Housemaster and head of the history department, before becoming Headmaster

of Plymouth College in 1955. He remained there for 18 years, retiring in 1973. During this time he worked tirelessly to transform the school into a modern progressive institution.

After his retirement, golf and growing vegetables became two of his main hobbies, and although in his later years he deteriorated physically, his mind remained sharp until the end, and he was always ready for a debate about England's cricket and rugby performances. He died in April 2008 leaving his wife, Mary, one son, Edward (O.C.), a daughter, Maggy, and four grandchildren. ■

THE REVEREND CANON GEOFFREY MOWAT

The Reverend Canon Geoffrey Scott Mowat, who entered South Town in September 1928, died on May 21st, 2008. At Clifton Geoffrey was a praepostor, scholar and a member of the Running VIII. Born in 1917 in Oxford, his father was a history don at Corpus Christi and later became Professor of History at Bristol University. He gained his scholarship to

Clifton from the Dragon School. Geoffrey went up to Corpus Christi where he gained a second in Modern History.

In July, 1940 he married Louise Ethel Homewood and set out for Malaya with her to begin his service with the Malayan Civil Service; it was unusual for MCS cadets to marry before their first home leave! Mowat's first appointment was as a district officer at Alor Gajah. On arrival he enlisted in the 4th (Malacca) Battalion



Strait Volunteers, a mixed-race unit of civilian volunteers; he was soon promoted lance-corporal.

When Singapore fell to the Japanese on February 15th, 1942, he was marched to Changi PoW camp. He escaped with a fellow Straits Settlement Volunteer, R.A. Elliott. While on the run, he and Elliott were badly beaten up by local Malays and handed over to the Japanese, who took them to Pudu Jail, Kuala Lumpur.

During this period Louise, who had been a stenographer at GHQ Singapore, was working on General MacArthur's US Army staff in Java and later in Sydney.

In October 1942 Mowat was returned to Singapore to be used with other PoWs as extras in a propaganda film made for the fall of Malaya, but in May 1943 he was sent with the notorious H force to Thailand to complete the building of the Burma Railway. Many died including Elliott in another escape attempt. Meanwhile Mowat worked as a medical orderly at Hintock River Camp where many of his patients died through lack of basic drugs and medicines. He returned with other survivors to Singapore and he was liberated in 1945.

On returning to the Malay Civil Service after the war, he became district officer at Butterworth, then senior lands officer at Negri Sembilan. He left Malaya in 1957 just before independence, and took orders as an Anglican clergyman. His first curacy was at Christ Church, Clifton from 1959–1961.

His terrible experiences as a PoW had reinforced, not undermined his faith. In the course of his work in the MCS Secretariat, he had to deal with a query about Japanese war graves. Evidently he took a deep breath before speaking to the Japanese official in a normal manner. In his own words, 'I had taken the first step along the road towards forgiveness, which is the baseline of the Christian faith'.

His Christian Ministry lasted 40 years. Ten years were spent as a mission partner with the Church Mission Society. He was priest in Singapore, Penang and Kuala Lumpur from 1976–1985, and a canon of St Mary's Cathedral, Kuala Lumpur. There followed six months as a priest in Cairo as well as shorter locums in France and duties as priest-in-charge at St Mary Magdalene, Combe Down, Bath.

Geoffrey was an accomplished cellist and on retirement to Fairford in Gloucestershire in the mid-1990s wrote his memoirs, which were published as *Rainbow Through the Rain*. His wife predeceased him, and he survived by two sons (Tim and Michael) and two daughters. ■

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MRM NEWALL OBE

1932 – 2009

Mike Newall was born in Farnham and came to Wiseman's in 1946. His father was a coffee farmer in Kenya, where the family spent the war years, beside Lake Naivasha.

In 1951 he entered The Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst and was commissioned into The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, his father's old regiment, in 1953. He was posted to 1st Battalion of the regiment in Malaya where he was Mentioned in Dispatches for gallantry at the age of 21. The Battalion returned home to Maidstone before moving to Luneburg in Germany in 1956. Mike was always courteous to everybody, popular amongst his brother officers and adored by his soldiers. All his life he retained a military bearing albeit with a characteristic loose-limbed gait and an air of modest self-confidence.

Mike was fearless and courageous on the battlefield and in speaking up for what he believed in. He preferred devoting his spare time to the rugby field and squash courts and to tennis in the summer than to the fleshpots of Hamburg or Berlin. He was always lively and entertaining company and a daredevil, a role model for young officers.

He was a natural leader and in 1956 was seconded to the 2nd Battalion The Parachute Regiment. With them he parachuted into Egypt to seize the Al Gamil airfield at Suez in 1956, the only battalion since World War 2 to have undertaken an opposed parachute landing. Mike was Mentioned in Dispatches again for gallantry in that operation and then a third time for



the part he played in Cyprus in the fight against EOKA. He attended the Staff College in 1964, and enjoyed an immensely varied and distinguished career thereafter including time in Brunei, Northern Ireland, Thailand with SEATO, in Germany both in Berlin and Rheindahlen, as a Staff Instructor with the army on Salisbury Plain and in command of the force troops of the British base in Belize at the time of the Falklands War, for which he was awarded an OBE; and he even found time to assist as a professional advisor for Richard Attenborough's *A Bridge Too Far* about the Battle of Arnhem! He was married in 1968 to his wife Sue who survives him with their son Robin who followed him into the regiment, daughters Bex and Lucie, and ten grandchildren.

Mike was a useful player of most ball games, but faster more daring sports such as motor cycling and skiing attracted him more. Wherever he was in the world and whatever he did he gave a hundred percent of his time and effort to it and his enthusiasm was infectious. He was through and through a professional soldier who loved soldiering and his soldiers, and they loved him. He would never pass by soldiers without stopping to speak to them. He was a superb CO of his battalion in Northern Ireland when the troubles were at their highest – calm and impervious to personal risk, his wealth of experience on active service standing him and his battalion in good stead. In fact throughout his career, wherever he was stationed, his first concern was the encouragement and welfare of the soldiers under his command, providing opportunities for their personal and professional development and taking thought for their families.

In retirement from 1998 in deepest Suffolk he retained a wide range of interests. He was treasurer of the local branch of the Army Benevolent Fund, a helper with Care in the Community and the West Suffolk Voluntary Association for the Blind. He took up art and was also a devoted churchwarden for ten years during which time he masterminded the redecoration of the lovely Thorpe Morieux church. He was naturally delighted when his nephew Stephen Spurr became Headmaster of Clifton in 2000 and continued to follow developments at the School with a close and affectionate eye. He was a true Christian in every sense of the word throughout his life, combining high moral standards with an infectious joie de vivre. He was a great family man, gave generously of his time and support to the needy and was unfailingly kind to others. Mike Newall was indeed a very parfait knight. ■

DAVID NORRIS-JONES

David Norris-Jones, who died on 20 February aged 52, entered Dakyns' with an exhibition in 1960 and left in 1964, the son and brother of OC's.



After leaving school he joined the insurance world, working for Bland, Payne and AG Wrightson before joining Sedgwick in 1970. He rose to become Managing Director of Sedgwick Power and Nuclear Services and then in 1988, Chairman and Chief Executive of Sedgwick's professional Indemnity and financial institution company. In 1989 he became Deputy Chairman of Sedgwick Non Marine Ltd and in 1993 Chairman of Sedgwick Special Risks Ltd. From there, he became Chairman and Chief Executive of the Sedgwick UK and Credit group and also Chairman of Sedgwick UK Risk Services Ltd. In 1997 he became the Group IT and Change Director. He left Sedgwick in 1998, when the company was taken over by the American company Marsh.

After leaving Sedgwick he set up his own company, Successful Change Strategies, advising on change and insurance issues. He also became heavily involved in the charity world, advising the War Graves Commission, Great Ormond St, Children with Leukemia, Trinity Hospice and Jeans for Genes, among others. He became a trustee of Jeans for Genes and Surrey Wildlife Trust. His latter years were perhaps his happiest when he found his niche as part of the Fundraising Team at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, raising funds for the new infirmary.

David revelled in his family and enjoyed reading, walking and above all horseracing. David died in Princess Alice Hospice, Esher on 20th February 2009 after a long and bravely fought battle against cancer. He leaves a wife, son and daughter. ■

JAMES PERT

Jim Pert's son, Julian, has kindly informed us of the recent death of his father (DH 1945-50) in March after a short illness. Julian writes that his father particularly enjoyed the various OC Dinners in the North West, meeting up with Tom Gover and some of his contemporaries. ■

DAVID PECK

David Peck (OH 1934-39) died on 15 September 2008. He left a generous legacy to the College in his will for which Clifton is very grateful. ■

SIR EDWARD PECK

Edward Heywood Peck was in South Town from 1929 to 1934. As a House Sixth he is said to have refused to administer beatings, instead sentencing offenders to dig up weeds in the tennis court. At Queen's College, Oxford, he took a First in Modern

Languages, and joined the Consular Service in 1938. A long and distinguished career in Intelligence and the Diplomatic Service took him to many countries, including Turkey, Greece, Germany, Spain, India, Singapore, and from 1966 to 1968 to Kenya, where he was British High Commissioner. He was appointed KCMG in 1965, and GCMG in 1974 during his final posting to Brussels as Permanent Representative to NATO, 1970 to 1975.

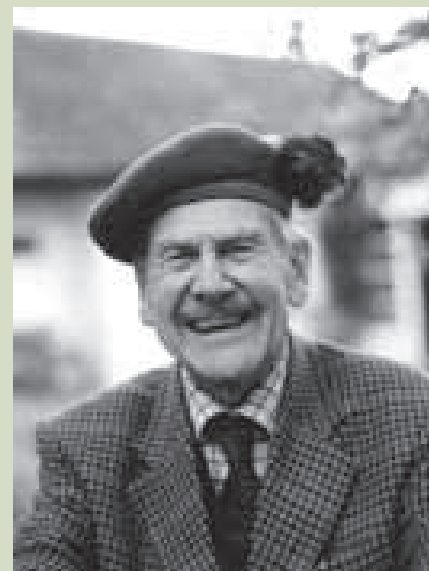
Family holidays in Switzerland in the 1920s gave Edward Peck a life-long love of climbing; he took every opportunity to climb and to go hill-walking. In retirement he made his home in the Highlands of Scotland, near Tomintoul in Banffshire. He died on July 24th at the age of 93. ■

GRAHAM PILCHER

Graham Hope Pilcher, who died on March 27th at the age of 92, entered Oakeley's in September, 1930. His son Robin (OH 1964-67) tells me that the emblems on his father's funeral service sheet were the Pilcher crest, the family of the Black Watch and the Clifton crest since they were the most important things in his life. He excelled at sport at Clifton where he was in the XI and won the Challenge Cup. He played a set of tennis with his grandchildren on his 80th birthday and on his 90th Graham played a needle golf match at Royal Dornoch partnered by Robin against two other members of the family.

In December 1946 Graham married the novelist Rosamunde Pilcher, née Scott, on a blowy winter's day at St Uny's Church in Lelant, which is on a small branch line in Cornwall (miraculously saved from Dr Beeching's axe) which links the town of St Ives with the main Great Western line at St Erth. Lelant, apart from being the place where Rosamunde was brought up, is also the home of the West Cornwall Golf Club, where Graham and his father from Talland House enjoyed hotly contested games of golf. This happy marriage was celebrated in a poem by Robin entitled 'The Galloping Major and the Wondrous Wren' which we do not think we should print!

Graham was awarded his M.C. on October 25th 1944. The 5th Battalion of the Black Watch crossed the River Dommel near the village of Esch, south of Hertogenbosch. Pilcher's company came under heavy mortar fire and Spandau fire at close range and was pinned down in flat open country. Any



movement out of the cover of ditches drew fire and men were being picked off by snipers. Realising that the situation was critical, Pilcher ran across open ground to his forward units. Despite coming under intense fire, he organised and led a determined assault on the enemy, who were dug in on the main road 200 yards away. Two enemy machine-gun posts were wiped out while Pilcher crossed and recrossed the bullet-swept ground consolidating his defensive positions. He was awarded an immediate MC and was decorated by Field Marshal Montgomery. Evidently during the worst moments he took comfort in reciting Kipling's *If* and singing to himself *Mairzy Doats* ('Mares eat oats and does eat oats'). Two weeks before

V-E Day he was severely wounded south of Bremen. The surgeon who operated on him in the field claimed that he had never given anyone as much blood in his whole professional life.

After the war Graham returned to Dundee where he resumed his work at Jute Industries Ltd, and over the next 34 years he became an increasingly important figure in the textile industry in Dundee. Jute Industries was renamed Sidlaw Industries in the early seventies when Pilcher became chairman of the hardware division and chairman of the British Jute Federal Council before retiring in 1979.

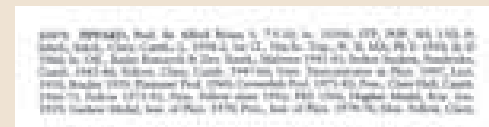
He remained a Black Watch man all his life, becoming chairman of the 51st Highland Division Veterans Association. Evidently at Graham's funeral the moving story was told of his talking to a classroom of young teenagers in Gennep, Holland, at the time when a group of veterans of the 51st Highland Division went over for the 55th anniversary of D-Day.

The funeral service reached its climax when Duncan MacGillivray, one time world champion piper, slow-marched to the front of the church and then breaking from a slow piobroch into the 'Atholl Highlanders', at which point feet started to tap out the rhythm on the bare floorboards, much to the consternation of the church warden! Graham is survived by his wife Rosamunde and by two sons and two daughters.

Tom Gover ■



PROFESSOR SIR BRIAN PIPPARD



Professor Sir Brian Pippard (Pre and School House 1930–1938, Member of Council 1977–1993, President, Old Cliftonian Society 1977–1979) died on 21st September, 2008 aged 88.

Brian Pippard, with Sir Neville Mott and Sir John Kendrew, makes up a formidable triumvirate of recent Cliftonian scientists. Brian arrived into the Pre in 1930 and left School House in 1939 with a scholarship to Clare College, Cambridge to read Natural Sciences. At Clifton he was not only outstanding in science and classics, but he even considered a career as a professional musician. As Brian recalled: 'David Willcocks was my contemporary at Clifton and was so extraordinarily good that I knew that I was not in that class.' Thus Pippard embarked on a career which culminated in his becoming Cavendish Professor of Physics at Cambridge University in succession to Nevill Mott (OC) from 1966–1973. In 1979 he was knighted.

At Clifton his scientific interests lay more towards chemistry than physics, but at Cambridge after sampling both in Part I, he finally chose physics in Part II in which he gained a first in 1941. His studies were interrupted by the war and his training in physics led him to radar work at Great Malvern, where he became proficient in microwave techniques. One of his projects included the design of an aerial for equipment to follow the trajectory of mortar shells, equipment which was first used in the 6th Airborne Division in the Rhine crossing.

On returning to Cambridge, he joined the Low Temperature Group at the Royal Society Mond Laboratory and chose a problem in super-conductivity which enabled him to exploit his wartime expertise in microwave techniques. Superconductivity - the loss of all electrical resistance by some metals at low temperatures - was then still very much a mystery. An important by-product of this early work was the study of how metals at low temperatures react to microwaves in the 'normal' rather than the superconducting, state, and Pippard produced an elegant new way of understanding the so-called anomalous skin effect which occurs in these conditions. He rapidly became a leading figure in this field and his characteristic style of looking in a simple physical way at the heart of a problem, without being distracted by inessential complications which camouflaged the real issue, made him a brilliant expositor as well as a pioneer in research. The natural manual dexterity of the pianist was a great asset in



building apparatus as competently as a professional mechanic and to get the most out of it by the delicacy of his touch.

Pippard's administrative skills came into play when Eric Ashby, the Master of Clare, gave him an invitation from the Fellows Designate of Clare Hall for him to be its first President. Clare Hall was founded as a centre for advanced study with special emphasis on visiting fellows, for whom family accommodation would be provided in the college buildings. In 1969 Brian moved into Clare Hall with Charlotte and his three daughters and in the nick of time was able to get the architect, Ralph Erskine, to modify his drawings so that the President's House could accommodate his grand piano! Under Brian, Clare Hall became a lively academic community with a delightfully informal, cosmopolitan and scholarly atmosphere. Characteristically, the families share in many of the activities and privileges of Clare Hall, and on social occasions the guests were made to feel that they had joined a happy family group, with Brian and Charlotte as the genial hosts.

Brian kept in touch with Clifton in recent years not only as member of Council, but in the delightful way he maintained his interest in the Science School. ■



ROBERT POOLE

1937 – 2008

12510 Poole, Robert John Wincent; b.8.8.37; Hall, Wilt; ab-vi; car, row, run; 1955; Emmanuel, Camb.; Mod. Lang. Trips, Pt. I and Pt. II; B.A.; with Wiggins, Teape & Coy.; Westmore, Alexandra Rd., Penzance, Cornwall. (2)

Bob Poole and his twin sister Susan were born in Colombo, Ceylon in 1937. In 1941, their father decided that the war situation was too risky and arranged for them to be repatriated to the family home in Penzance. In 1946 Bob began boarding at the Pre in Butcombe House and in 1951 moved to Wiseman's, where he studied mainly French and German. He was always fast on his feet, won the 100 yards with ease and played rugby for the school on the wing. He was no good at cricket so took up rowing and won his seat in the Eight.

Bob began reading modern languages at Emmanuel, Cambridge in 1958. He was never exactly a scholar's idea of a scholar but everyone liked him. He played rugby for the college and went on the annual tours. He rowed number seven in the rugger boat which won its oars in 1961 and in the Lent four which was manned entirely from the rugger boat.

Bob's first job after leaving Cambridge was with Wiggins Teape, the famous paper makers, which took him all over Europe. His base was in London, where he met Helen, a nurse, and they were married in 1965. The company sent them to Vienna for a year to sort out a problem and next year they went to Wiesbaden for the same reason. This time it was for four years. They returned to live in Buckinghamshire and Bob took responsibility for marketing one of Wiggins Teape's products worldwide.

Disaster struck in the form of Hodgkin's disease – cancer of the lymph glands – but radiotherapy and Bob's and Helen's combined determination vanquished it. It changed their lives. Their Christian faith and respect for all life increased. Bob went through a rapid series of job changes while developing a distributorship for a market-leading adhesive tape used in the photographic industry.

Bob had always had 'Cornishman' written in his DNA and aged fifty he and Helen bought a former holiday home in St Levan, near Land's End, and he conducted his business with his customers all over Europe from a converted pigsty.

Those twenty years in Cornwall were wonderful. Work could often be done before breakfast leaving the rest of the day for swimming in the freezing sea, fishing, gardening, walking the dog along the cliff paths, enjoying productions at the Minack Theatre and indulging his passion for the Newlyn School painters. Helen was called to the Anglican ministry and Bob became a trustee of the Leonard Cheshire Home, a warden of the neighbouring parish church of St Levan and secretary of St Buryan male voice choir. Despite his protestations to the contrary, he became the *de facto* 'squire' of St Levan – his annual parties were eagerly anticipated and much appreciated by his wide circle of friends in the area.

Bob will be missed greatly and remembered fondly by his family, friends and community. ■



NICK SANDERSON

Nick Sanderson came to Clifton following in the footsteps of his father Henry, his uncle, and his three brothers. He was in Wiseman's for three years from 1975-78, where he was pleasant company and made some good friends, but his abiding interest lay outside the regular school routine, and when he left, he never seriously considered any career beyond music.

LOUIS SHERWOOD

Louis Sherwood, who had been a member of Council since 1992 and Chairman of the Audit and Finance Committee since 1996, died on 26 March. He was 67. Louis was not himself an OC, having been educated at Westminster and New College, Oxford, but his three children, Anne, Christopher and Isabelle are all OCs.

Louis distinguished himself in many fields. He had an outstanding career in retailing, both in North America and in this country. He was a highly successful Chairman of HTV, Chairman of Clerical and Medical, Master of the Merchant Venturers, a founder of the Bristol Initiative which was launched to address inequality in the city, a director of the Bristol Cultural

Development Partnership and a major force in establishing the Merchants' Academy at Withywood. In view of these and many other directorships, appointments and offices, it is astonishing that he devoted so much time and energy to the affairs of the College.

Louis arrived on Council at a crucial moment. The College's finances were not in the best of health in the early 1990s. Since then there can be no doubt that Louis' clear-sighted vision, independence of mind, logical analysis of complex problems and robust defence of principled positions has been of incalculable value in re-invigorating an institution that had lost its bearings. Overlaying this his considerable diplomatic skills and good humour belied the Rottweiler epithet he enjoyed so much.

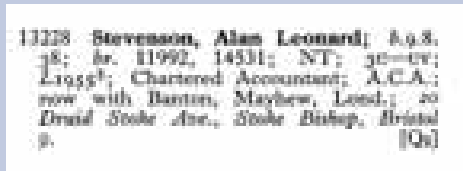


Starting as a drummer, first in Bristol with the Crazy Dads, then with the Sheffield group Clock DVA, in 1987 he joined the American rock band, the Gun Club, with whom he made three albums. Later he became a singer and lyricist, and in 1992 he formed the remarkable Earl Brutus, which, said *The Independent*, 'addressed the wonder and idiocy of our celebrity-obsessed, consumption-fixated society'. A tribute to Nick in the magazine *Mojo* said: 'Off-stage he was the warmest and most entertaining of men, with a self-effacing wit and an interest in military history, bird-watching and trains'. In 2004, in fact, he took up a more secure career, becoming an engine driver on the London to Brighton line. After a year-long illness, in which he was wonderfully supported by his family and many friends, Nick died in June 2008, at the age of 47. He is survived by his Japanese wife Romi and their young son.

GVH ■

From a personal point of view, I enjoyed immensely watching Louis engage these great talents in the service of the College. I think he, like any good athlete, took pleasure in the chase and the intellectual exercise involved in meeting a challenge. He brought the same energy to major strategic decisions and their implementation – the new Music School, the development of the Science School, the new Wiseman's House, the Dance Studio, negotiations with our bankers are just some examples – as to a misplaced comma on page 26 of a 40-page report or to the arcane legislative structures surrounding the non-teaching staff pension scheme. For Louis getting it right in every detail was a serious matter, not because he was a pedant – although it amused him to be reckoned one – but because he was acutely aware that the decisions we made as Council members could have and often did have profound effects on the lives of others. If the detail was wrong, the decision was probably wrong. He also employed his fertile imagination in solving problems. One small example is the inter-house competition he set up at a time when energy prices were rising steeply. A prize was awarded to the house that saved the most energy. It was typical that Louis himself provided the prize.

Louis held an honorary doctorate in Business Administration from the University of the West of England. In February this year, in spite of



ALAN STEVENSON

1938 - 2009

Alan Leonard Stevenson entered North Town in 1952 and left in 1955. He qualified as a chartered accountant and commenced work with the firm of Barton, Mayhew & Co of London, which is now part of the Ernst & Whinney group. He then followed his father L K (Leonard) Stevenson into C J King & Sons, Stevedores, in Avonmouth. He subsequently became the Bursar of the Cathedral School and then Clerk to the Lord Lieutenant of Bristol. He was a member of the Dolphin Society, St Stephen's Ringers and the Savages.

Alan was the middle of three brothers, spread over 13 years, all of whom were at Clifton: Roger, the eldest, was in the Pre and went on to Kelly College. He lived in Druid Road, Stoke Bishop, and has died. Ian, the youngest, is a stockbroker. He also has one son and one daughter. The former, John, was also at Clifton.

Alan's mother lodge was Royal Sussex no. 187, the second oldest lodge in the Province of Bristol, and a lodge with strong OC connections. He was Master in 1986/87, and was awarded the rank of Past Provincial Junior Grand Warden in 2002. He became a joining member of the Old Cliftonian Lodge in 1988, but never went through the OC Chair.

Alan is survived by his widow, Vanessa, née Hill, and his son Matthew (ST 1978-90) and a daughter, Tamsin.

David Mander ■

deteriorating health, he was able to attend the ceremony at the University of Bristol at which he became an honorary Doctor of Laws in recognition of his outstanding personal achievements and his contribution to the advancement of the cultural, educational and business interests of Bristol and the region. Of this, he was immensely and justifiably proud. If the College were able to dispense similar awards, it would surely have done so for Louis and the citation would have been almost identical. We owe him an enormous debt and his legacy to the College will live on for many years to come.

John Cottrell ■

MALCOLM TOSH

SH 1948-1951

Malcolm Tosh was born in 1934 in India where his father had business interests in Cawnpore. He was educated in



his early years at a small British School to which he travelled by pony! In 1945, the family returned to Scotland and Malcolm attended a local preparatory school in St Andrews before following in the family tradition by going to Clifton, entering School House in April 1948.

As those who knew him well will attest, as well as those who had the pleasure and privilege of meeting this avuncular character at OC Dinners, Malcolm retained very fond memories of his time at Clifton. It was during these years that he developed his lifelong interest in, and passion for, Cricket and Rugby. He played fearlessly for the 1st XV in 1951 and no doubt made a significant contribution to School House's achievement of being Cock House both in 1950 and 1951. Malcolm's two sons attended School House some 30 years later and Malcolm loyally came down from the City to watch David and School House be Cock House again in 1980 and 1981.

After he left Clifton, he continued to be a great supporter of the College both as a Governor and as Chairman of the London Branch of the OC Society.

In 1957, he qualified in Scotland as a Chartered Accountant then joined, after the rigours of National Service, the London firm of Chalmers Wade in 1959. He continued to work for this firm for the rest of his career, rising inexorably through its ranks and being involved in several mergers from which he finally emerged as Senior Partner in Hodgson Impey. His working life was characterised by his ability to be innovative, his exemplary work ethic and his genuine concern for others. In 1981, he joined the Glaziers Company, becoming Master in 1996. Ably supported, as in all things, by his wife Janie, his year in office is remembered by fellow Glaziers with fondness and gratitude.

In retirement, he characteristically used his time for the benefit of others. He was Honorary Secretary of the Burden Trust and his efforts on behalf of this charity have benefited the Neuroscience departments of both the University of Bristol and Frenchay Hospital. He was also Honorary Treasurer of the Institute of Advanced Motorists, his ten-year stint being recognised by the Institute when he was invited to become one of its Fellows. Faith, too, played an important part in his life. He was a member of the Clanton PCC for some thirty years and served as Churchwarden on several occasions.

Malcolm was inordinately proud of his family and they, in turn, of him. Well

known in OC circles, loved and respected by all with whom he came into contact, he will be much missed. The last word is perhaps best left to one of the many who paid tribute to this delightful human being and which was quoted at his Thanksgiving Service:

“...a true gentleman, gracious, the first to help anyone in need, a heart that you warmed to whenever you met, tolerant, patient, thought of others ahead of himself, a great man, a role model, one in a million, truly did he follow in the paths of righteousness.” ■

IAN WILSON

12058 Wilson, Robert Arnold; 1914-87; s. M.286; MIP, DHI; 07-07; own. col.; 1933; Civil Engineering; now with Duncan & Harmer, Victoria St, Lond.; 29 Beaufort Park, Stratham Common, S.B.18. [Qd]

Ian Robert Wilson, who entered Butcombe in September 1947 and left Watson's in 1955 as second Head of School, died following a game of squash on 8th April. Ian was a devoted and tenacious Old Cliftonian, who demonstrated his loyalty by sending his daughters Lulu and Victoria to Oakeley's. In recent years he has kept a sharp eye on the Old Cliftonian Society and served as a trustee of the Endowment Fund; until a few years ago he was a Vice President. Old Cliftonian finances benefited considerably when he introduced us to Newtons in the City.

30 Old Cliftonians were present at St Andrew's Church, Oxshott for Ian's funeral which included Victoria's reading of Newbolt's *Vitai Lampada*. An Old Rossallian friend of Ian's, George Ayres, gave the address. George emphasised Ian's gift of friendship and his commitment to the stepping stones on his journey through life. His early years at Clifton represented a significant milestone as was his posting from Eaton Hall to the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, then based

in Jamaica, which gave Ian a lifelong love of the West Indies where he and Margaret and the family have spent so many happy times. Jeremy Cramond, a Lancastrian now living in Australia, became a great friend of Ian's and writes:

When Ian migrated to Manchester in 1960, it was only natural as a Mancunian that I should welcome a Yorkshireman to the better side of the Pennines. We immediately struck several common chords, but our friendship was truly forged in the summer of 1961 when my Ford Popular was loaded on board the Lydd to Le Touquet flight, and we proceeded at a very sedate speed from Le Touquet to Menton. Holidays can be a testing time for friendships, but Ian and I returned to Menton a couple of years later, and then in 1965 journeyed out to Istanbul on the earlier Orient Express.

Ian's career in the City was highly successful as a stockbroker and Deputy Chairman of Savory Miller Ltd. He became a liveryman of the Glaziers' Company. Cramond's verdict on Ian was as follows: 'Ian was wise beyond his years. He had experienced so much more of life from his time in the army. He had a very tough exterior, and a very soft and sensitive interior.' ■

PATRICK WOODWARD

1919 – 2008

10075 Woodward, Patrick Hamilton; b. 1919; s. 10075; 1942, b. 12094; Wall; 11-11; 1947; King's Coll, Newcastle; Durham Univ.; B.Sc. (Elec. Eng.); 1948 War. Cap.; R.E.; Lt-Col., R.E. (T.A.); Col., Corps Eng. Regt. (T.A.) till 1959; T.D.; A.M.I.E.E., 1948; Ass. Eng. N.E. Electricity Board; now Gen. Ass. Eng. The Electricity Council, Trafalgar Buildings, S.W.1; 14, 24; 27 Broadwater Rd., Clifton, Bant. [Qd]

Patrick Woodward was at Clifton in Watson's House from 1932 to 1936. His father Edward, brother Arthur and son Paul have also all been Cliftonians. On leaving school, Pat obtained a BSc in Electrical Engineering at Durham University before the Second World War in which he served in the Royal Engineers with the rank of Captain. After the war he continued his military service in the Territorial Army, reaching the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He commanded the Corps Engineering Regiment until 1959 and was awarded the Territorial Decoration. For all his civilian life he worked in the electricity supply industry, starting as Assistant Engineer to the North East Electricity Board, and finally becoming Commercial Director of the London Electricity Board until retiring in 1979.

On retirement he and his wife Margaret moved to Christchurch in Dorset where his father had previously settled on his retirement. They built a house on a plot owned by his father on the shores of Christchurch harbour, where he was able to enjoy his hobby of sailing in his 25ft sailing cruiser which was moored at the bottom of the garden. During this time Pat served for three years as Commodore of the Christchurch Sailing Club, and was also a member of the local Borough Council. Meanwhile Margaret learned more about sailing so that she could participate actively in their various cruises along the South Coast.

Pat was initiated into Freemasonry in 1951 in the Reserve Forces Northumberland Lodge No. 2666 and in due course became Master of that Lodge and a Provincial Warden in the Province of Northumberland. He joined the Old Cliftonian Lodge in 1961, but never went through the OC Chair, serving as Assistant Director of Ceremonies and in various other offices. He is remembered in the Lodge for his great distinction as a ritualist, and as a man with a quiet and unassuming charm. He is survived by his widow, Margaret and his son and two daughters.

James King ■

Mark Lowe wrote to the Editor just before Robin Guthrie's death to submit an article as a friend and man whom he greatly admired. Robin died before the article was complete so Mark has submitted this in its place as both a tribute to a distinguished OC and as an obituary.



ROBIN GUTHRIE

1937-2009

Robin Guthrie (OH 1950-56), who died on Easter Sunday this year, was a distinguished and very unusual public servant. Not only was he outstandingly able, a first-rate and thoughtful administrator, and an excellent writer and speaker: he was also a deeply caring and compassionate man, always seeking ways to alleviate suffering and enrich people's lives – and he was an expert and sensitive musician. There can be few lives so rich in achievement, so varied, and so beneficial to so many people as Robin's. He was a great man.

The achievements started at Clifton. He was Head of School in 1956. That year the Commemoration prizes were given away by his father, WKC Guthrie, Professor of Ancient Philosophy and Master of Downing College, Cambridge. Robin led the cheers for his father, and then went on to perform a Scottish sword dance and play the horn in the festivities that followed. It was a proud day for father and son, and a curtain raiser for all that was to follow.

Within ten days of leaving Clifton as Head Boy, Robin took the train to Inverness as a soldier. He joined the Cameron Highlanders because the regiment was fighting in Malaya, and Robin wanted to experience active service. However, the regiment was diverted to Aden during the Suez Crisis. When Robin was eventually commissioned, he was sent to the barracks at Inverness, where he led a lonely existence for the next eighteen months, enlivened at weekends by trips around the Highlands in an old banger that he had bought for £32. In later life, Robin always regretted that he had not seen active service.

In 1958, Robin went to Trinity College, Cambridge. He played the horn in the CU Musical Society under the baton of Sir David Willcocks. He read Classics, following his father, mother and sister, all of whom got First Class degrees. When Robin got a 2.1 they

kindly said, "Oh well, but you play the horn...." After Cambridge, Robin went to Liverpool University to train as a teacher. "Liverpool was a wonderful change after Cambridge", he said.

In 1963, Robin was wondering what career to follow. Tossing up between the prison service and teaching in an inner-city comprehensive, he was approached by Canon Eric James to become Warden of Cambridge House, the University settlement in South London. He stayed there until 1969. As he put it later, "I learned so much there – about slums, about disruption caused by redevelopment, children, young people, employment and unemployment, illiteracy, the elderly, and much more." He wrote about his experiences in *New Society*. In "The New Blitz", published in 1968, he describes how a young couple were first promised a new home after two years; this was later changed to twenty years. Their lives were completely disrupted and all their plans negated. A corner shop was left standing in an area of demolished houses. The elderly couple who ran the shop lost their market and their livelihood, with no compensation offered. They became destitute and were separated. These are just two examples of thousands that could have been cited – of lives disrupted by insensitive bureaucracy and uncaring planners remote from the people they were supposed to serve. This experience coloured Robin's entire career. He spent his life helping the kind of people who had suffered in South London.

While at Cambridge House, Robin initiated various projects to assist the people he worked with. Particularly successful was a Literacy Scheme which tackled the problem of adult illiteracy in South London at that time. He also taught in a Brixton Comprehensive, and studied for an MSc (Econ) at LSE. He was already displaying the capacity for sustained, focused hard work and intellectual discipline that characterised his entire career.

In 1969 Robin moved to the Peterborough New Town Development Corporation as Social Development Officer. While at Peterborough, he established basic services in Health, Education, Churches, Sport, the Arts, Social Services and Voluntary Organisations. Talking with Robin many years later, I had a strong impression that Peterborough was the place where Robin felt most fulfilled and happy, helping his fellow human beings in direct, practical ways – and this was where he met his wife, Sally, and started his very happy family life.

Following Peterborough, Robin moved to the Department of Health and Social Security, where he worked in the office of the Chief Scientist as Assistant Director in charge of Social Work Services. He led negotiations between Central and Local Government on the funding of the Social Services. He also directed research into social services based on the so-called Rothschild "customer contracts" principle. However, although Robin carried out this work with his customary skill and dedication, I had the impression, when we talked, that he was not altogether happy at the DHSS. He was not by nature a bureaucrat; he was a man of action who liked to implement as well as formulate policy – he liked to roll up his sleeves.

In 1979, Robin moved to York as Director of the Joseph Rowntree Memorial Trust. He was responsible for a £5 million programme of research and development "work" and its relation to important unpaid activities such as caring. While at York, Robin also became involved with the Arts Council, becoming Chairman of the Yorkshire Regional Committee and subsequently a member of the Governing Body of the Arts Council of Great Britain. He also took on many other local responsibilities, including Member of the Council of the University of York and Chairman of the Yorkshire Arts Association. He bought a spacious Victorian house and garden set on a hill, which was to be his warm and much-loved family home for the rest of his life. Robin was very much at home in York.

In 1988 Robin was head-hunted to become the Chief Charity Commissioner for England and Wales. He was now responsible for the good governance, legal status and finance of all English and Welsh charities, reporting to the Home Secretary and the Public Accounts Committee. He steered a new Charities Act through Parliament, computerised the Register of Charities and modernised the work of the Commission. While at this post, Robin

gave a number of public lectures. *Charity and the Nation*, the fifth Arnold Goodman Charity Lecture, reveals, a lot about Robin's professional style and approach. The text is beautifully clear and logical (the training of Classics shines through). He has done his homework: every relevant document is referred to. He follows the rules of the game: there are elegant tributes to Lord Goodman and other Charity worthies. He has thought deeply about the issues confronting British charities at that time. He calls for efficient governance and sound finance long before these were generally seen as essential to effective charity work. Robin also shows that he has what Denis Healey used to call "hinterland" – he was well read and uses appropriate quotations from diverse sources. The lecture is clearly the work of a cultivated person with wide interests far beyond his professional sphere. The lecture has charm and authority.

After four years at the Charity Commission, Robin took on a new and even greater challenge. He moved to the Council of Europe as Director of Economic and Social Affairs. He was now responsible for co-ordinating a vast range of Europe-wide policy. Fields included population and demography, immigration, drugs control, social security and social services, health, employment legislation, and food standards. Robin initiated major projects in Human Dignity and Social Exclusion (these projects deeply influenced the British Labour Government's social policies, as well as those of other European governments). He also set up and managed a population census in Macedonia. Robin dealt with this monumental range of responsibilities by organising conferences in the major fields, each conference providing a set of guidelines for governments to work on. Robin visited all the countries of the Council of Europe (27 when he started in 1992, 40 by the time he retired in 1998). He became a greatly respected international figure.

Robin never really retired. Instead, on reaching the age of 60, he took on a variety of new responsibilities, many unpaid. They included Consultant to the York University team contracted to the PHARE Consensus Programme for the Development of Social Protection in Central and Eastern Europe, consultant to the GHK International Project on local government in Slovakia, Chair of the York Early Music Foundation, the Yorkshire Regional Arts Board, the English Regional

Arts Board, York St John University, and York Museums and Galleries Trust, and was also a Trustee for the Thalidomide Trust.

What made Robin tick? Where did that idealism, devotion to duty and self-discipline come from? He owed much to his family background. His father was an eminent scholar, a man of great courtesy and gentleness, an effective administrator and leader at Cambridge University. Anybody who reads his classic *The Greeks and their Gods* will notice the exquisite style of writing, the lightly-worn but vast erudition, and the author's deep love for his subject. Robin's mother and sister were also academically distinguished. He was the product of a high-powered, loving home.

Robin also owed much to Clifton. I think there were four key influences. First, responsibility. As Head Boy, Robin gained early experience of leadership. He enjoyed responsibility and he was very good at organisation. Early responsibility coloured all his later life. Second, Sir Desmond Lee and the Cambridge/Clifton Classical tradition. Robin was a star Desmond Lee pupil. From the Headmaster, Robin acquired those habits of clear and logical thinking, and the elegant writing style, that characterised all his later work. At Lee's feet, Robin also developed the love of classical authors that he never lost and which so influenced his thinking and his writing style; Demosthenes, Cicero, Aristotle, Plato, and Lee's beloved Zeno and Juvenal. Third, the Reverend Mervyn Stockwood and the Christian faith. Robin was brought up a Presbyterian, listening to 40-minute sermons every Sunday. While he was at Clifton, his faith was given added focus and a social dimension by Stockwood. That great priest was then vicar of a slum parish in Bristol. There were many stories about him. One day the bailiffs came to turf a parishioner's family out of their home because the father was unemployed and unable to pay the rent. Stockwood stood in the door and prevented the bailiffs from entering the house. He later found the money from rich parishioners to pay his rent. Stockwood was a compelling public speaker, too; those of who heard his sermons at Clifton will never forget them. Robin worked with Stockwood in the Bristol slums. When he went to Cambridge, Stockwood had moved there as Vicar of the University Church of St Mary's, and when Robin went to South London, there was Stockwood again, now

Bishop of Southwark. Robin described Mervyn Stockwood as "a man of huge generosity, commitment and godliness, with whom I was closely associated over at least two decades." Of all the influences that helped mould Robin at Clifton, Stockwood's was perhaps the most profound. Finally, Captain Palmer, Douglas Fox and Clifton music. Captain Palmer was the bandmaster. He taught all the wind instruments. Robin liked to tell the story of how he took up the horn. "Captain Palmer seized me one Sunday afternoon. "Horn", he said, and I did. A demanding but blessed instrument. I played it at Clifton and even in Inverness, where there was a unique performance of the Hunting Chorus from Weber's *Der Freischütz* for horn and bagpipe..."

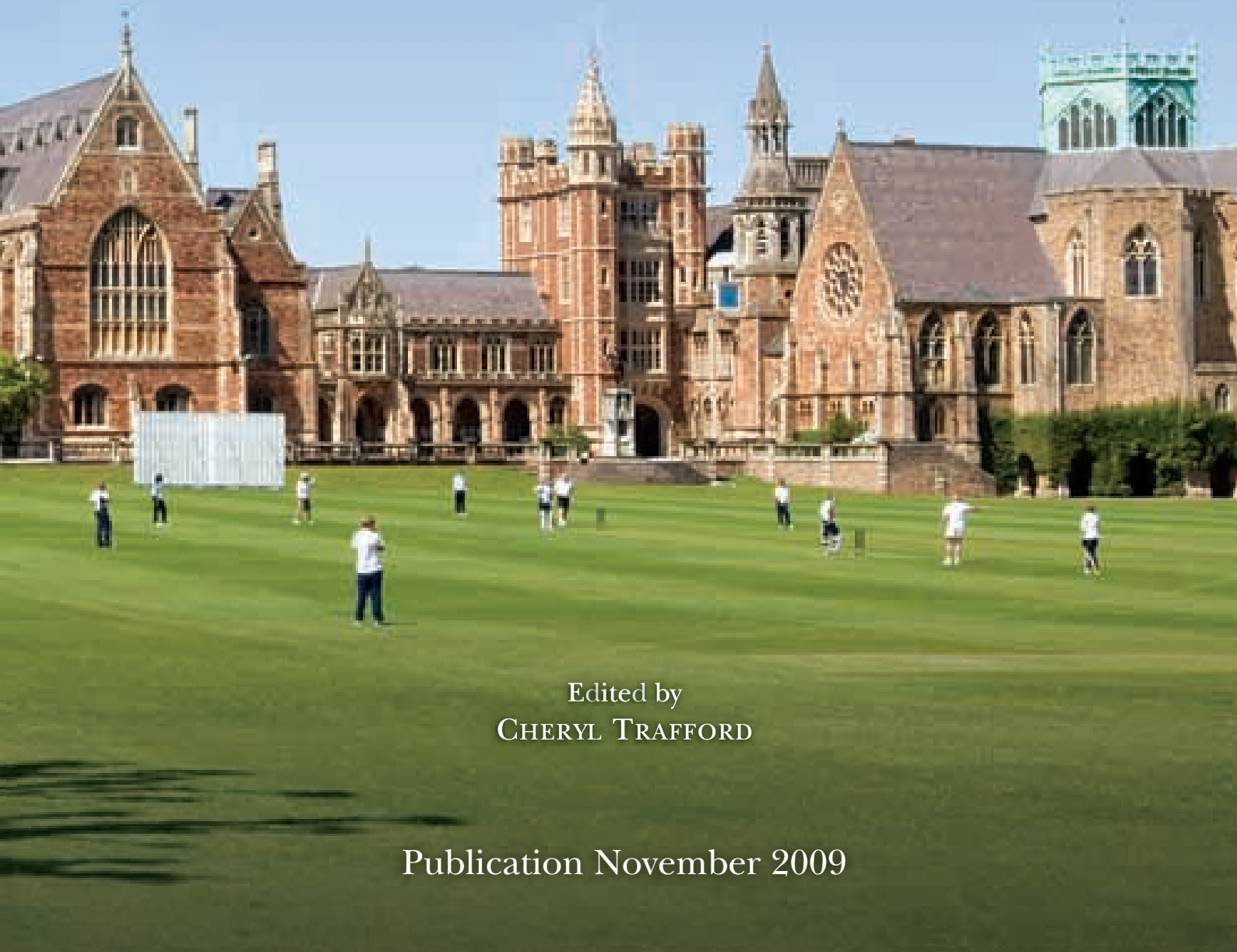
I first got to know Robin through music. I was a second year Cambridge undergraduate, passionately keen on the music of Janacek. A group of us wanted to study and perform that composer's Wind Sextet, *Mladi (Youth)*, but we lacked a horn player. I happened to go down to Clifton before Christmas, and heard the School Orchestra playing Borodin's *Prince Igor Suite*. The horn solo was immaculately played, and I asked Captain Palmer who the hornplayer was. "Guthrie, Head Boy", he answered. I knew Robin a little already (we shared a Cambridge background). When we got talking I asked him if he would like to join our Cambridge team during the school holidays. He said "Yes", and we soon started rehearsing, assisted by the young Colin Davis, then Chamber Music coach to the university. Robin played the technically demanding music flawlessly, and with great sensitivity. He quickly entered into the unfamiliar sound-world of Janacek. He understood that Janacek's melodies are influenced by the speech rhythms of the Czech language and played those melodies with rare feeling. We gave some of the first performances of that magical work in Britain. Robin's playing of the horn part was a highlight. I sense that Robin's musicianship was a vital part of him. He took the trouble to master a very difficult instrument, as he mastered everything else that he tackled. He empathised with the spirit and emotions of music, playing with deep feeling, as he empathised with people too.

Robin, this great and unique man, was not only the scion of a distinguished family, but also the product of a great school – Clifton.

Mark Lowe (OH 1947-1952) ■

'The Best School of All'

150 years of Clifton College



Edited by
CHERYL TRAFFORD

Publication November 2009

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One of the joys of editing a publication such as this is the “serendipitous” discovery whilst rummaging around for archive material to support an article or a feature. The menu below was discovered in a box of odds and ends in the OC Office. The idea of OCs belting out *Auld Lang Syne* and the *School Song* in the middle of the Raj is somehow appealing and a reminder of the role schools like Clifton

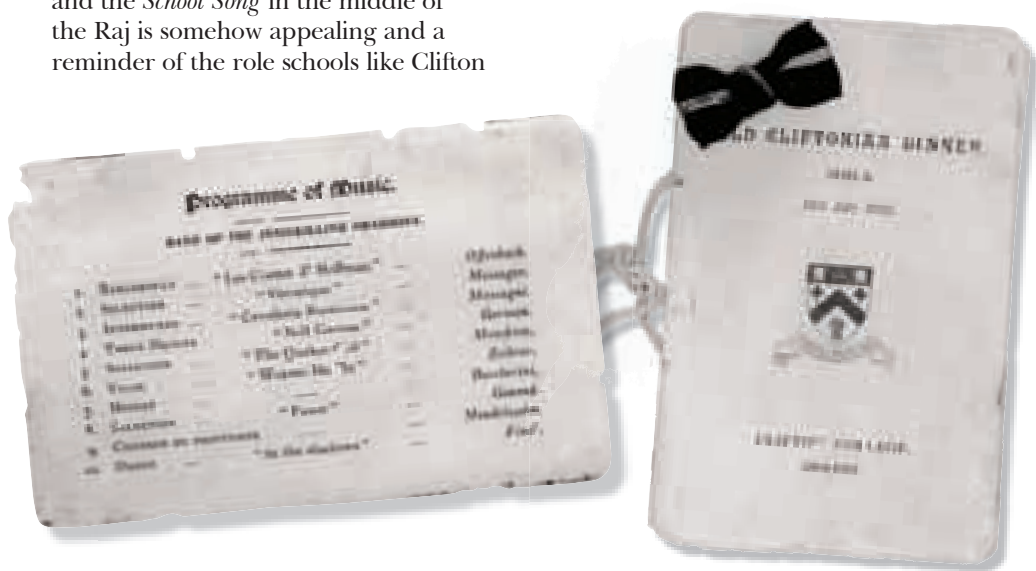
played in supplying the men needed to run an empire. They certainly didn’t stint themselves when it came to dining – it would be nice to know of what *Tomates Moderne* consisted! A letter from Henry Lodge in Western

Australia accompanied this find, along with a table plan for an OC Dinner held just before the outbreak of the First World War. Mr Lodge writes:

In reorganising some old family papers I came across the enclosed records of two Old Cliftonian Dinners, one held in Simla in 1912 and the other at the Hotel Cecil in 1914.

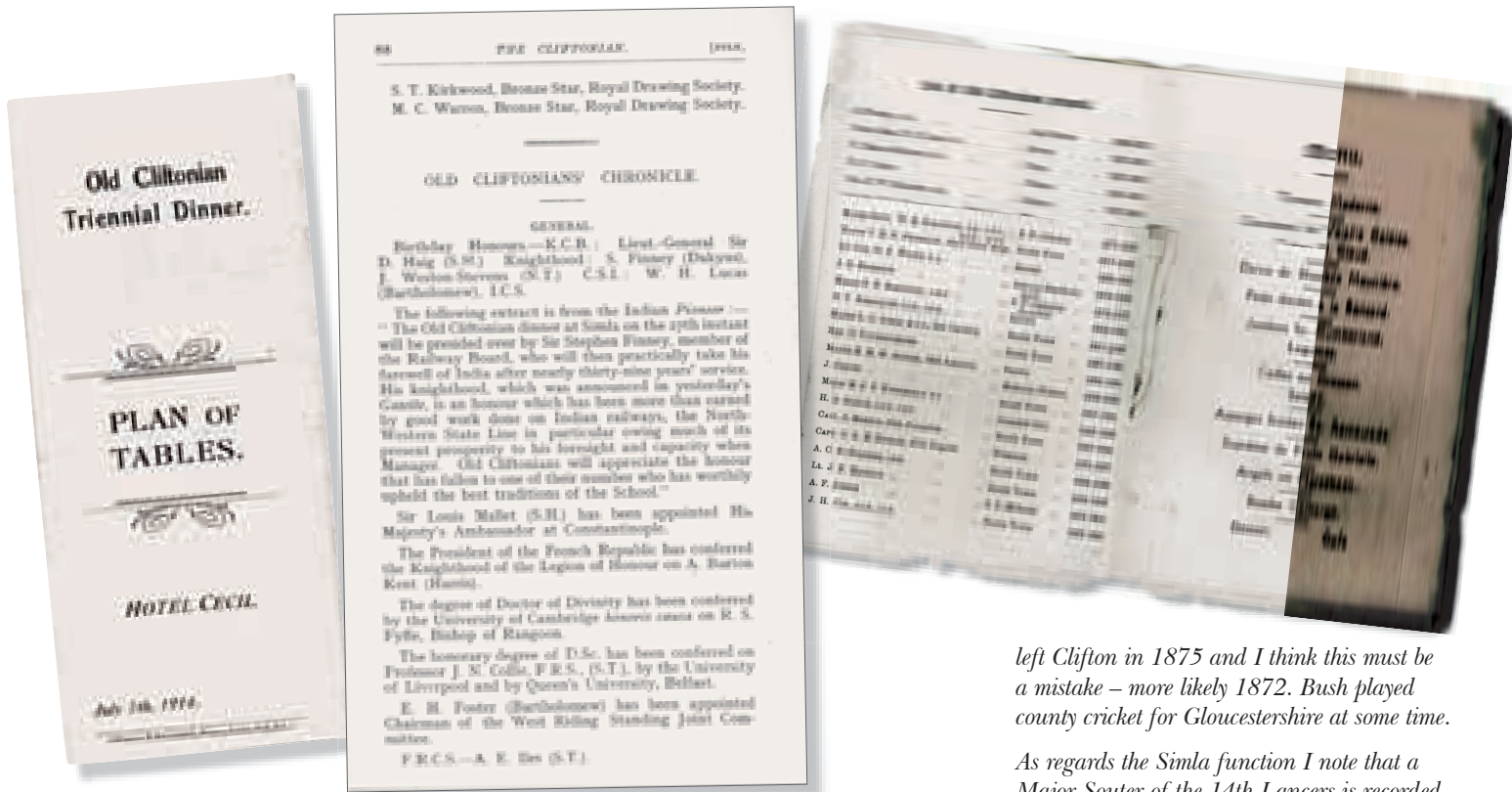
My grandfather, Thomas Soutter Lodge, attended Clifton College and I can only presume these records were in his possession when he died in 1938 and have simply been kept by his family since that date. However, I can conjecture as to how these records came to be in his possession as he was not present at either of the functions.

TS Lodge was born in 1852 at 7, The Grove, Highgate, London. He was the youngest of the 14 children born to Robert John Lodge (1809-1893 – a Marine Insurance Broker) and Mary Ann Lodge (nee Soutter; 1810-1894). I do not know the dates TSL attended Clifton but it must have been during the 1860s and possibly into the early 1870s.



| Old Cliftonian Triennial Dinner. | | | | Plan of Tables. | | | |
|----------------------------------|---------|---------|---------|-----------------|---------|---------|---------|
| Table 1 | Table 2 | Table 3 | Table 4 | Table 5 | Table 6 | Table 7 | Table 8 |
| Table 1 | Table 2 | Table 3 | Table 4 | Table 5 | Table 6 | Table 7 | Table 8 |
| Table 1 | Table 2 | Table 3 | Table 4 | Table 5 | Table 6 | Table 7 | Table 8 |
| Table 1 | Table 2 | Table 3 | Table 4 | Table 5 | Table 6 | Table 7 | Table 8 |

The table is a plan of tables for a dinner, showing eight tables arranged in two rows of four. Each table contains a list of names, likely the guests seated at each table. The text is somewhat faded but the layout is clear.



TSL and his friend from Clifton College days, Robert Edwin Bush, together came to the Swan River Colony (now Western Australia) in 1875 on the ship "Lady Elizabeth". TSL married and remained in Western Australia with his family until his death in 1938. He made one trip back to the UK in 1893. RE Bush returned to the UK in 1914 (he was at the Hotel Cecil Dinner in that year) and

then he lived in Bristol until his death. While living in Bristol he regularly visited Western Australia in his capacity as a director of Dalgety Ltd.

I can only guess that the "Plan of Tables" of the Hotel Cecil function was sent or given to TSL by RE Bush who had attended this Dinner. Incidentally, Bush is shown as having

left Clifton in 1875 and I think this must be a mistake – more likely 1872. Bush played county cricket for Gloucestershire at some time.

As regards the Simla function I note that a Major Souter of the 14th Lancers is recorded as having attended and perhaps he was a relative of TSL on his mother's side. I have no information of any such relationship.

We are grateful to Henry Lodge for writing in and sending us the originals which will now be placed in the College Archives. Mr Lodge attended Hale School in Western Australia which was set up by Bishop Hale in 1858. ■

THE MONKEY PUZZLE

One of the many stories that have passed into Clifton folklore is the mystery of the College's possible involvement in monkeys escaping from the Zoo just after the war. After extensive investigative journalism on this Magazine's part, we can now reveal what really happened in 1946 – in other words, CM Brown has written, coming clean with a full account of the escapade! His account, entitled GOLDEN YEARS, 1945-1948, for which the editor is extremely grateful, is printed below.

We were a lucky group of boys, too young to be involved in WW2, but able to experience, when evacuated, the wild setting and freedom of Bude, where we had learned how to be self-sufficient and adaptable, before moving back in May 1945 to the structured College setting of Clifton with its fine teaching and sports facilities, grand buildings and a House-based culture. The war in

Europe was over and, although there was severe austerity, the very feeling of the permanence of the College instilled within us a feeling of confidence and optimism for our futures.

A prolonged period of success at games during this period helped to create a huge House spirit within Dakyns'. Seven of the 1945 XI and eight of the 1947 XV were Dakyns' boys and there was considerable rowing, swimming and boxing talent as well. Rodney Exton was already playing cricket for Hampshire, Peter Young went on to captain England at Rugby Football and Tom Penny became Head of School and captain of just about everything. There were good brains as well to provide all-round stimulation.

It was a golden period with carefree conditions for the forming of lasting and valued friendships particularly with others in the same House. Many parents had been in the Services or based abroad

so home ties were not demanding and family visits were mostly rare. We planned various adventures for any spare time at school – we had little money and there was nothing to buy anyway – and enjoyed much of our school holidays together climbing, caving, camping and canoeing and, ultimately, sailing, which continued long after Clifton. The form of transport was usually hitch-hiking, frequently an adventure in itself.

One escapade we were involved in was the escape in June 1946 of 20 Rhesus monkeys from Bristol Zoo. There has been some speculation over the years as to the identity of the culprits but it has never been accurate. There were, in fact, just the six, including myself. We were high-spirited, without a care and not yet restrained by positions of responsibility in either the House or the School. We had become tied down preparing for the School Certificate exams the following month, felt frustrated

and a need to be unshackled and though it would be befitting if, at the same time, we could provide some freedom for the monkeys in the monkey temple within Bristol Zoo. The temple is situated just over the Zoo's perimeter wall behind the College's Fives Courts.

The planning was simple because all that was required were three ladders, including one of 20ft, all of which we located amongst maintenance equipment kept near the Rackets Court, and a team of six, with flashlights, to carry them little more than two hundred yards. Looking back, I do not think it had occurred to us that if six youths were spotted in the middle of the night in a public area carrying ladders, they would, at the very least, have been stopped and questioned.

After midnight, suitably clad, we broke out of Dakyns', collected the ladders and,

in pitch-darkness and not seeing a soul, carried them in complete silence to the Fives Courts. One was to scale the 10ft wall topped with broken glass, the second to get down into the Zoo the other side and the third, the long one, to put down into the bottom of the circular-walled pit in which the concrete temple stood.

We thought that the sound of putting the ladder into the pit would cause the monkeys to slip out through the flip-flop temple doors to investigate but they remained completely undisturbed. So, Mike Adams descended the ladder to the bottom of the pit to wake them up. Meanwhile, many of the birds and animals in the Zoo were starting to react noisily and, in order to avoid risk of discovery, we decided to leave the ladder in the pit, remove and leave the other two ladders and retreat rapidly

back to Dakyns' believing that our objective had failed.

However, most of the monkeys had climbed the ladder and escaped into the trees in the Zoo gardens. One of them resisted capture for over three weeks.

The escape was reported in both the local and national press, thankfully, in an amusing way. We did not tell anyone about our involvement and, although there were suspicions within the House, we were never questioned about it.

CM Brown sent this account to Charlie Colquhoun who would have been much amused by it and hence we now share it with a wider audience. The author in his letter refers to "extremely happy times" – indeed, they were! ■

Discovered Album



Mrs Diana Eberle, widow of John (NT 1928-1936) who died last year and, amongst many of his achievements, scored 106* in the Clifton v Tonbridge match at Lord's in July 1936, has kindly donated an album she discovered whilst going through his things. It contains some fascinating photographs of North Town sport in the late 1890s and features, of course, one of the many members of the Eberle family who came to Clifton. In the album are pictures of GSJF Eberle who

left the school in 1900. Two of these are reproduced here – the more fascinating being a photograph of the Clifton v Marlborough match on The Close in 1898 – note the touch-judge and his stick, presumably to help the referee ensure that the throw at the line-out is straight! We are very grateful to Mrs Eberle for donating this album and it has come at an apposite time since, at last, the College is in the process of sorting out the archives and locating a permanent site for them in the school.



One is led to wonder how many photographs and memorabilia concerning the College are lying in cupboards and drawers all round the country! If any OC has any records or archive material with which they are willing to part, we would be very happy to receive it and can certainly now assure all concerned that they will be properly catalogued and looked after. ■

RJA

FRONTIER ANNOUNCES IMPORTANCE OF GAP YEAR VOLUNTEERS TO VITAL CONSERVATION WORK

Frontier is one of the UK's leading conservation and adventure travel providers. They offer projects specialising in conservation, education and exploration, in over 50 countries and across 5 continents. These projects are aimed at gap year students and career breakers with a conscience and a budget.

01 June 2009...New research carried out by ex-Frontier staff has shown the importance of ongoing volunteer work, undertaken largely by gap year students, in conserving one of the world's most threatened areas. Due to Madagascar's considerable financial, labour and training constraints, help from volunteers in field work is often one of the only viable options for countries in these situations.

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Work published by Neil D'Cruze, David Henson, Annette Olsson and David Emmett, all of whom worked on the *Frontier-Madagascar* research programme, has highlighted gaps in existing research on reptiles and amphibians in Madagascar. These animals are an important group to study as their abundance can often serve as a health indicator of other species in the area. The investigation, published in the journal *Herpetological Review*, stresses the need for more research to be carried out.

"Frontier has been at the forefront of volunteer-based conservation research for twenty years," says Dr Mark Steer, Frontier's Research and Development Manager. "It is very satisfying to know that the hard work our field staff and volunteers put into the projects is appreciated by the scientific community at large, and continues to have a vital role in conserving the world's most endangered habitats."

"Many of the areas in which we have worked in Madagascar, for example, have subsequently received government protection. We will continue to highlight the importance of the island's unprotected areas to conserve its unique biodiversity."

Madagascar is home to an incredible array of wildlife, 80% of which are endemic to the island. However, Madagascar is also suffering high levels of habitat destruction and species extinction which make it a great conservation concern.

New species continue to be discovered in Madagascar each year but the increased rate of habitat loss could greatly impact understanding of the diversity in Madagascan habitats. Volunteers are urgently needed to help with the collection of vital data that can help save threatened habitats through the implementation of government protection.

Frontier offers 250 projects located in 50 countries spanning 5 continents. Other conservation projects include Costa Rica, Big Cats, Turtles and Climate Change, China Panda Breeding Centre, Orangutan Conservation in Borneo, Tanzania African Wildlife Conservation Adventure and Fiji Marine Conservation & Diving among many others.

For further details about the expeditions and projects Frontier offer contact
0207 6132422 or visit **www.frontier.ac.uk**

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, Bristol. *Secretary:* John Acton, 17 Moored Glade, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham, Glos. GL53 9AT; tel: 01242 578557; email: jmacton@cheltnm.freemason.co.uk

Old Cliftonian golfing society

Robert C. Bennett, 69 Ridgeway Road, Long Ashton, Bristol BS41 9EZ. Tel: (01275) 392 529. E-mail: rcbgolfer70@aol.com. Bob would like to hear from any O.Cs 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. E-mail: andrewvenables@aol.com

Old Cliftonian real tennis club

P.J. Probyn, 21 Pembroke Road, Clifton, Bristol BS8 3BA. Tel: (0117) 973 8884(h) (0117) 923 2259(o)
E-mail: enquiries@artatbristol.co.uk

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. E-mail: kinwan@yahoo.com

Old Cliftonian cricket club

Cricket Week & Cricketer Cup Captain:

Robert Swetman, 12 Dublin Crescent, Henleaze, Bristol BS9 4NA
Tel: 07773 786004

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.
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Old Cliftonian cross country

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Old Cliftonian Society

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