



# East Barnet Old Grammarians

## December 2009 Newsletter

### IN MEMORIAM



Arthur Lysons (circa 1938-1944) succumbed to a heart attack on the 19th of July, 2009 while resting on his couch. In Arthur's eulogy his son, John, wrote, "The living room of his house was one of his favourite places. It is where he had his grand piano and pictures of his family. This is where he finally lay down and went to sleep."

### BRIAN'S RANDOM RAVINGS, RAMBLINGS AND RANTINGS

#### MIKE BRAZIER



At the EBOG's monthly

lunch last April, at which I joined them, 79 year old Mike Brazier was collecting sponsorships in aid of charity for his participation in a 10K run in the Tower of London moat.

He told me that he has competed in this event for the past few years. This fund raising began in 1985 when he ran the London Marathon in memory of his good friend and long time stalwart EBOG supporter, **Ken Jelley (circa 1941-1947)** who died in 1984 of leukemia. For this event he raised over £7,000. He has since run one marathon in Paris and two more in London, all to raise funds for charities. In addition to Ken's untimely passing, this charitable activity was inspired also by coronary problems that Mike had in 2000. Over the years, through his participation in these events he has raised over £25,000 for various good causes.

I hasten to add that Mike didn't submit this information voluntarily. On the contrary I had to coax it out of him and only with reluctance did he agree to let me publish it.

#### DEUTSCH OR ESPAÑOL?

At the beginning of our second year, those of us entering Form Two or 2A, or whatever they called the top form at that time, were given the choice of German or Spanish as an additional language to French.

Mr. Clayton sent a letter to our parents giving them guidelines which promoted German so heavily that almost all of them chose German for us. Most of us were the first generation of our families to attend grammar school and had monolingual parents who had to rely entirely on AC's advice

One of my contemporaries, **Peter Rawlings (1947-1953)**, recalls that he was put in the Spanish class because the German class was oversubscribed but, since there were only six of them in the class, they got

much more individual attention than we did in our German class of about 20. To quote Peter;

*I can remember the instructor. Mr. Fishlock was a charming man. He had a professorial style, walking up and down and making points with hand gestures, sitting on the desk in front, facing you and willing you to get the pronunciation and intonation precise. He loved the language and I think he was sorry that it was not recognised by more pupils. His class was very undemanding; he seemed to adopt both the language and the customs. Mañana. Do homework whenever!*

Times when I have been in Germany and Austria and tried to speak to people in the sparse smattering of German that I have retained from my school days, they have invariably smiled indulgently and replied in flawless, Oxford-accented English! By contrast, I have found Spanish, which I have studied since coming to the virtually bilingual state of California, to be much more useful.

#### MORE MEMORIES OF A.C.

One day at Assembly, when I was in my second or third year, a group of the boys in the year above me began swaying in time to the hymn. Mr. Clayton "advised" them to desist so, instead, the next day they sang the hymn one note behind the rest of us. Predictably he became apoplectic and read them the Riot Act! I think that after this they decided that any further provocation would be imprudent!

He sometimes substituted for our French teacher, Miss Thomas, when she was absent and we used to amuse ourselves by counting how many times he said *n'est-ce pas?* a phrase with which he ended almost every sentence. He averaged well over 100 per lesson!

Whilst on the subject of

former headmasters, if any of you attended EBGs during the regimes of Messrs. Johnston and Hurdman, for future publication I would appreciate accounts of any memories that you have of them.

#### ERNEST MERN LIVES!

Recent messages from my contemporaries reminded me of our idol, Ernest Mern, whom we later canonised as St. Ernest. One of our sacraments was to resolve to cough every time AC said the number "nine" at Assembly though, come to think of it, I don't recall this ever happening.

To my amazement and delight the cult still survives.

Brian Wolfe writes:



*This just to inform the adherents of the St. Ernie cult that the Imperial Day of Recognition will be upon us in six days on 09.09.09. As far as I am aware in the wilds of North West England there are no celebrations planned here and I have received no communications either from EBOG. (East Barnet Old Grammarians, for those members too young to have attended at the peak of St. Ernie's popularity), or the US based branch in Virginia Beach. I suppose it is just possible something is planned around Barnet or even Stevenage.*

*Probably just facing approximately in the direction of Greenwich (as in GMT) and intoning a Number 9 with a loud cough would be sufficient recognition of the day.*

*Yours with suitable bow (or Shochel for the orthodox amongst us).*

**Brian Wolfe (1947-1951)**

[brian.wolfe172@googlemail.com](mailto:brian.wolfe172@googlemail.com)

Brian, from the final paragraph of your letter, it appears that you are Jewish. Now I hate to be the one to break this to you but Ernest is an Episcopal saint (though

I did read in yesterday's Vatican Sun that the College of Cardinals is contemplating his beatification) so all your years of St. Ernie worship have been in vain. He was never listening to you!

Brian's brother, Terry Wolfe, writes:

*I thought you ought to be aware that in Stevenage and most parts of Hertfordshire, including Barnet, there is to be a 9-cough salute at 9 minutes past 9 on the morning of the 9th of the 9th. It has been in all the top papers, like the Sun and Reynolds News, and it was circulated on Twitter, so I am surprised you did not know.*

*I believe the flags are already out in Fish Street, Southend.*

**Terry Wolfe (1949-1954)**

[mterrywolfe@googlemail.com](mailto:mterrywolfe@googlemail.com)

Terry's daughter, Benita, a non-EBOG who resides in the USA, contributed:

*Well, on this side of the pond, they think we're all bloody loony but I insist it is they who are incompetent.*

*The local TV channel will be coming to document this never-before-seen event; indeed my alarm is already set for 4am (9am BST). Does it count if it isn't actually 9:09? Otherwise I fear I will have to celebrate alone. Are there official St. Ernie's Day flags? Should I look on flags.com?*

**Benita Watts**

Here's the bad news; I just googled "Ernest Mern" and got zero hits so it's time for us Mernians to start proselytising. What would it cost to book Wembley Stadium for a revival meeting?

#### AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT

My wife, who unfortunately lacks my subtle refined sense of humour, insisted that I pose in front of this sign at a local nursery as she considered it to be very appropriate. How rude!



**Brian Pritchard (1947-1952)**

Newsletter Editor

[brianp@roadrunner.com](mailto:brianp@roadrunner.com)

#### LETTERS

Hello Brian,

Malven Lumsden wrote to notify me that his father Robert ("Bob") Lumsden aka Holy Joe passed away on 31st October aged 95. He taught English and Divinity at EBGs and many boys will remember, no doubt, his attempts at telling them about the birds and the bees.

Regards

**Beryl Burbidge (1952-1957)**

[bburbidge@supanet.com](mailto:bburbidge@supanet.com)

*(Ed. note: Mr. Lumsden was a good man. A number of us in his class were sceptics and used to question his teachings but he always welcomed our dissenting opinions which led to some interesting debates. As for his classes about "the birds and the bees", one day Mr. Lumsden told us that AC had ordered him to desist and invited our comments of which we had plenty!)*

Dear All of You,

Thanks to all of you ex-pupils of East Barnet Grammar School who contacted my husband over the years. I thought it would be kind to let you know how things are here. We are in touch with various others of your vintage for whom we do not have e-mail addresses and others who visit us regularly and therefore do not need to be updated. Amongst the latter are Peter Smith and Roger Burbidge, also John Roach who, sadly, died this year.

We also hear from former EBGs teacher, Bob Lumsden, now and again. I believe he was known as "Holy Joe". He now lives in a rest home on the Isle of Wight.

Amongst our letter writers are teacher, Rudi Sheldon, (not heard from him for some time) Beryl Burbidge, and Ian Macdonald who was very ill and died a few weeks ago, Frances White, whom we sometimes used to spot on TV and Dennis and Barbara Bell who are in regular e-mail contact and have a

fund of chuckle-worthy tales with which they keep me amused.

Most of you will know that, in 1992, Bob found three lumps on his tongue which proved to have cancerous cells. Over the years he had several serious operations from which he recovered each time. In December 2007, on a regular visit to the dentist, the hygienist spotted "something nasty" in Bob's mouth. The cancer of the mouth had come back again, but this time, in the words of his consultant, the tumour was "aggressive and inoperable". Radiotherapy was tried, but was not successful. The consultant did not send him to hospital. He came home where I was able to care for and cherish him. Although eventually, he became very tired and had little energy, Bob was only completely confined to his bed for two or three days. He died on 7th January this year in his own home in his own bed and with me at his side. Thanks to the skill of the maxillofacial team at Gloucester Hospital, Bob had 16 extra years.

Over the years, Bob's attitude to the cancer was to ignore it and get on with life. He never made a fuss. He never complained. He lived a full life, continuing to develop his beautiful garden, playing golf, making exquisite objects in wood in his work-shop for our home or as gifts. For you, at school perhaps, Bob was probably just "the woodwork master". In fact his status was that of a Master Craftsman and he was acknowledged, by those who knew him well, as being outstandingly talented. He loved wood and made superb furniture, but never for financial gain. He used his talent to enrich other people.

He founded the Gloucester Arts and Crafts Group so that local people could afford to learn various craft skills without the expense of residential costs. G.A.C.G. has numerous activities, but the highlight is the week's Summer School in July each year with twenty-odd different courses and 200 or so students aged anything from 16 to 80+, attending. This was its 30th year.

Bob was very much involved. Until recently, as well as being Chairman of G.A.C.G. he ran a Country Chair Making course at the Summer School each year. Here

the students made and completed the frame of a chair during the week, using mainly ladder makers' tools along with machines. Later they seated the chair with sea grass, for many years, coming to our home to do it! Our two daughters and I (Bob's girls) were all students at the School this year. Stevie made a chair, Vicki several small and one huge willow log basket while I dabbled in painting and popped into all the courses to give a touch of Bob.

Now I have to come to terms with being alone. It is not easy. Both our daughters live at a distance - Yorkshire and Northamptonshire. Bob and I had been married for 57 years and were still in love with each other. Bob was a fine man. I feel privileged to have been able to share my life with him. Thank you all for keeping in touch with him, he appreciated and much enjoyed the contact and I know was enriched by it.

Please do keep in touch with me, if you would like to.

Sincerely and with affection.

Joy Henbest

[joyandbob@henbest.plus.com](mailto:joyandbob@henbest.plus.com)

*(Ed. note: I was sad to hear of Mr. Henbest's passing as he was one of my favourite teachers. He never punished or reprimanded any of us for the simple reason that there was never any reason to. He inspired in us sufficient interest in woodwork that we never misbehaved in his class.*

*Although I am singularly ungifted at any kind of manual art, he always did his best to encourage me. After my spending a couple of months trying unsuccessfully to make a blind dovetail joint he permitted me instead to make a box for my pet mice. Although it was a sadly crude construction he lavished praise on me and gave me a fairly high mark for it. There is a tribute to him at:*

<http://www.thisisgloucestershire.co.uk/news/Tributes-true-gentleman/article-626042-detail/article.html> )

Dear Brian,

We are just back from our honeymoon. My husband is Andrew Waddicor, a retired chartered

engineer, who worked at one time on research into the computerisation of jet engines at Rolls-Royce in Bristol. He was a widower, and joined our church choir last autumn. We got married on 5th September in our church, St John the Baptist, which is the parish church of Frenchay.

Because he is a chorister, and I am an assistant organist in the church, we had the choir there in force, plus a huge congregation not only from the church, and friends and relations, but also from all the organisations that we both belong to.



It was a magnificent occasion. The Wedding Breakfast was at Downend Folk House which is a community centre, where I am President. We used local people as far as possible: the church flower arrangers, the flower arranging society at Downend Folk House, and the photographers from the Camera Club at the Folk House. We had two wedding cakes, a two-tier standard cake, plus one that I had made which was vegan and wheat-free, as we had several people with dietary problems including myself. I made my wedding outfit, having bought the fabric in Keynsham.

Our honeymoon was in the Isles of Scilly and we had glorious weather and walked miles.

I shall not be changing my surname or address, so all my details will remain the same for the Newsletter.

Regards,

**Judith Langfield (1957-1964)**

[drjudith@btinternet.com](mailto:drjudith@btinternet.com)

*(Ed. note: Congratulations, Judith.*

*We wish you both many years of wedded bliss. We will make Andrew an Honorary EBOG!*

Dear Roy,

Once again many thanks for the Newsletter September 2009. Always so glad to secure news of any EBOGs especially my years 1942-48, such happy memories of golden years.

I do not agree with Brenda Carter's assessment of Mr. Clayton.



He was very fair in his judgement of all of us and we were caned when we deserved it (oh for discipline like that today!). Enclosed is my cheque for £50 please allocate it where it is most needed.

Best Wishes,

#### **Harry Wilkerson (1942-1948)**

*(Ed. note: Thanks for your generosity, Harry. So here we have another opinion of Mr. Clayton. One thing, on which I think we can all agree, is that he was a very complex, controversial and larger-than-life character who has given us plenty to talk about over the years!)*

Dear Roy,

Just a quick note to enclose a cheque to help the expenses for the EBOG Newsletter. I have been very lucky over the years to receive a copy free being an honorary member for my running exploits.

However, Jean, my wife, who lived in Brighton and I both really enjoy reading the Newsletter and feel guilty receiving it free.

I am a very pro-Allan

Clayton member of EBOG. Although I had the cane twice and a few detentions, he really knew his pupils and parents.

When I went for my interview regarding a future career, I said I wanted to have a career in "Farming". Mr. Clayton said, "No, you will be working for someone else all your life. What interests have you?" I said, "My parents, sister, and myself were all in the St John's". "Right" he said "Medicine for you"

I had a great career – Orthopaedics in the West Country and I have no regrets in performing this career – well done Allan!!

Keep up the good work with the Newsletter.

Yours sincerely,

#### **John Wrighton (1944-51)**

*(Ed. Note: Like Harry, John sent a cheque for £50 and gave us yet another opinion of AC. His reference to his "running exploits" is somewhat of an understatement. In the 1958 European Championships, held in Stockholm, he won gold medals in both the 400 meters and the 4 X 400 meter relay. In addition he was captain of the 1960 British Olympic Team. If you want to learn more about his accomplishments in athletics and medicine, they are mentioned in a number of websites. The singlet that he wore in Stockholm is on display at the EBOG Clubhouse at Ludgrove*

Dear Roy,

In response to your message about membership subs, I'm pleased to enclose my cheque for £35. I have enjoyed receiving old students' newsletters for many years now, and I hope the response is good enough to allow the PO mail distribution to continue. I think I only paid £5 for Life membership about 50 years ago, and would not expect to continue to receive newsletters as an old age favour. I should have contributed more to the cost before.

The effort put into producing the newsletters is much appreciated, and I always find them interesting.

After reading Sheila Warren's memories of the war it made

me think that there might be some of the principal things which affected me in School life during the war.

Sorry about my scrawl Roy, I never got marks for my writing and I've tried hard to write this so that you can read it.

I hope you are keeping well.

Very best wishes.

#### **Albert Farnley (1939-44)**

*(Ed. note: Albert's wartime memoirs are on p. 10)*

Hi Roy/Ros,

Greetings from down here in Brighton where I'm still surveying 9-5 and otherwise playing 5 a side footie when not singing for a Blues Band (Sweet Hove Chicago) or opera (Heber Opera) or playing cricket or golf (both badly) at East Brighton GC.

Andy and Sue Poolman have moved back to England from Switzerland to a Georgian country seat in Malmesbury Wilts. not too far from Chris and Anna Wheeler and Robert Hunt. Having just visited I know Andy is currently contemplating an invite to a shoot (hope he's more accurate than he was at football).

Cricket rather than football, seems to be the main excuse to get together with old school friends these days, with Dave Aumayer still organising R Hunt XI cricket tours from Barnet to Brighton and Slimbridge in the Cotswolds every year on top of a number of matches at Tudor Park mostly against Jeff Hammers XI.

Sorry to miss Dave Allen's gathering at Allan Drive which I hope went well.

Trust all is OK with you and thanks for your great work on the newsletter. I could do with another pair of your dodgy Green Flash trainers if possible.

*En avant* to all EBOGs, (especially those in Juniper House)

#### **Phil Manning (1964-1971)**

[philipmanning1@googlemail.com](mailto:philipmanning1@googlemail.com)



Before and after: Peter Rawlings, Trevor Luck, Brian Pritchard, Les Hubbard and Maurice Canter outside The Orange Tree in Totteridge 2004. I gave one of my teeth to Trevor and Maurice donated his hair to follically-challenged Les and Peter.

Dear Brian,

I am now having a try at recounting my life since I left school, as briefly as possible.

I first went abroad in 1955. For a year, 1955-56, I was an *au pair* girl in Paris. I had to work hard and only earned 6000 old francs a month (£6 - not much even in those days). But I did learn to speak French properly. (By the way, I kept in touch with Eirlys Thomas until she died.)

I was a secretary with the World Health Organisation for three years, two in Geneva and one in Brazzaville, but with a gap in between during which I worked in London again and ran a Girl Guide company in East Barnet.

For a few years in the 60s I worked for two Roman Catholic organisations in Brazzaville, Leopoldville, Brussels, Rome and Geneva.

I first came to South Africa in 1965 and married here in 1970. My husband was also from Britain (Birmingham) and had taken South African citizenship, so I have it too. George died in 1998.

I have two South African children. My son has been living in England for over 10 years and has married a British girl. My daughter was an *au pair* girl in Geneva on and off for 7 years, but is now back here and is a journalist with the Johannesburg Sunday Times. I have 1 grandchild.

I twice travelled round the world, westwards in 1969 and eastwards in 2000. It was not accidental or at anyone else's expense. I deliberately set out to circumnavigate the globe. I can't afford hotels, so stayed nearly everywhere with friends. I did stay at a few YWCA-type places, for instance in Australia and Montreal.

As for adventures, in 1965 on the border between the Congo and Zambia, my friend and I were almost arrested because the Customs people were suspicious of some pieces of malachite that we had bought on the street in Elisabethville. A few days later we had trouble again, this time on the border between Zambia and Rhodesia. We were prevented from getting on the train to Bulawayo and had to return to Livingstone and spend the night in a nun's cell. The next day a priest drove us over the border and took us to lunch at the Victoria Falls Hotel - what a pleasure! Afterwards we boarded a train at Victoria Falls station, no problem.

*(Ed. Note: We too had an interesting experience when visiting Victoria Falls in 1996, albeit not as traumatic as Stella's, crossing the Zambezi Bridge from Zimbabwe to Zambia. I have a British passport so the border guard let me cross but he demanded a US\$50 visa fee from Shirley who has an American passport. We decide that his was*

*too much so we turned back. He called out to us and offered to let her in for \$40. We began to negotiate and got the price down to an acceptable \$10 which he pocketed and then, with a big smile, let us enter, wishing us a nice day!)*

I have been living for 38 years in Dunnottar, a small town about 35 miles south-east of Johannesburg. I also have a small flat on the coast near Durban, where I go when I can. The climate there is different from here on the Highveld, where we are at 1600 metres above sea level. At the coast the weather is lovely in winter, May - August.

I would love to hear from any Grammarians. I said the same in 2002, but nobody wrote or came!

I am planning to be out of the country during the Football World Cup next year, so let me know if you would like to stay at my house (bungalow) or flat. The house sleeps 5 and the flat 3.

Regards,

**Stella Burbidge (1947-1953)**

[brelen@polka.co.za](mailto:brelen@polka.co.za)

Dear Roy

I have received copies of the EBOG Newsletter through several of my ex-schoolfriends.

I was at EBGs from 1949 until 1954. My name was then Iris Chapman.

One of my reasons for contacting you is to seek your help in my worthy project - hopefully you may be able to publicise this appeal in the next Newsletter.

You may have noticed that East Barnet War Memorial, in the village, contains the names of those killed in WW1 but the only name for that of WW2 is that of my Father, Stanley Frederick Chapman. I had his name inscribed 15 years ago. No one seems to know why our War Memorial failed to honour our dead.

I have launched an appeal to rectify this. My research to date finds another 40 names who deserve an inscription of the War Memorial.

The East Barnet British Legion are supportive as are the local churches and to date we have raised £1,000. We need another £1,500. Included with these 40 names are the 4 names on the Roll of Honour at East Barnet School, these are:

John A. W. GAUNT  
Brian W. KELLY  
Clifford G. KING  
Ronald C. ROBINSON

There may be people in your circulation who knew or who remember these wartime heroes and they may wish to make a donation.

Historically, War Memorials were financed and sponsored by public donation. I do hope you can help this worthy appeal.

Cheques should be made payable to: EBRBL Branch (East Barnet Royal British Legion) and on the reverse of the cheque the words inscribed should be 'Memorial Fund'.

Send them to my home address, 16 Lullington Garth, Woodside Park, N12 7AP

**Catherine (Iris) Loveday**  
**(née Chapman 1949-1954)**  
[cloveday\\_65@hotmail.com](mailto:cloveday_65@hotmail.com)



5th year group circa 1952 from Brian Stanley

Norman "Percy" Price and the late Brian Pearmain at back, Colin Jones, Roy Leverton, Dave Bunyan (hidden), and Dave Matthews at front.

Dear Brian

A large envelope of old school papers and photographs has recently come to light enabling me to write to you about my mother, **Joan Sims (1944-1950)** who passed away in 1999.

She never forgot her old school and attended both days of the Golden Jubilee celebrations in June 1987.

In May 1944, while the WWII was in progress and her father away serving in the RAF in Egypt, Joan sat

the entrance examination, including an oral test for the School. These must have been quite hard circumstances for a young child to sit such an important examination, but in 1944 everyone wanted to attend a Grammar School, and there were insufficient places for everyone. She then had to wait two weeks to hear if she was successful, which for an 11 year old this must have seemed an eternity.

On 11<sup>th</sup> September 1944, Joan started her secondary

education in Form 1a, which was in Room 3. Her father had to pay £6 6s for her education, quite a substantial sum in 1944. Mr. Clayton was Headmaster, assisted by Mrs. Wellens and Mr. Yates and "another 19 well qualified masters and mistresses".

The Uniform list sent to her mother is attached (*Ed. note: see page 7*) it seems quite strange now to think that even school uniform had to be purchased using clothing coupons.

The subjects for her first year there included English, French, algebra, geometry, needlework, music, art, physics, chemistry and biology. According to her reports from that time, Joan was a quiet studious girl, always on time and never sick.

During her time at the School, she took part in athletics meetings and played hockey for the school team. I am attaching a photo of the 1949-1950 Hockey Team for which she played. (Ed. note; see page 16)

Joan also went on two ski trips to Switzerland, in the winter of 1949 to Les Diablerets and in 1950 to Morgins; more information on the ski trip in a later edition!

In the summer of 1950 Joan left the school and went to work in London, firstly at the Furniture Record and then for Standard Life Insurance Company, also attending Pitmans college to improve her typing and shorthand skills.

Paula Hills  
[paula.hills2@ntlworld.com](mailto:paula.hills2@ntlworld.com)

*(Ed. note: Paula is not an EBOG but would be glad to hear from any of Joan's schoolfriends)*

Dear Brian,

I attach a photo from 1953 - we were in 4A (Ed. note: photo is on page 8)

Here is a potted history of my life!

Financial restrictions dictated that I left our beloved 'alma mater' after 'O' levels and did not have the opportunity to study in the sixth form. However, I did not give up my ambition to graduate.

After marrying and bringing up a son and a daughter, I enrolled with the Open University and graduated at 50 with a BA, then became addicted to study and obtained my BSc (Hons) upper second some 5 years later.

Most of my working life I have been in an educational, medical or scientific environment and became an educational advisor for science students for the Open University. My last full time occupation was in Finance management for Consultant Sur-

geons.

My second marriage was to George, 25 years ago which had the added bonus of another 3 sons! We now have a grandson in US and a baby granddaughter in New Barnet.

I still manage time to swim 2 or 3 times a week, all year round in an open air pool in London. However, my current project is taking up a lot of my 'spare' time.

Last week, the Barnet Press published an article to promote the venture to add WWII casualties to the East Barnet War memorial.

Go to:

<http://www.barnet-today.co.uk/tn/news.cfm?id=42952&headline=Appeal%20to%20relatives%20of%20WWII%20war%20dead%20to%20come%20forward>

We just need to obtain some more donations. Please! However small.

**Catherine (Iris) Loveday**  
**(née Chapman 1949-1954)**  
[cloveday\\_65@hotmail.com](mailto:cloveday_65@hotmail.com)

MRS Sims..... EAST BARNET COUNTY SCHOOL. GIRLS' UNIFORM.

The Board of Education and the Board of Trade are anxious that there should be the utmost economy in the provision of school uniform. If your daughter has a school uniform which is not worn out it would be best for her to wear that out and then to replace it by the East Barnet County School uniform. N.B. Once a girl has acquired school uniform it is compulsory for her to wear it at school and at any functions organised by the School.

Girls entering the School in September, 1944, may acquire the following:

- Maroon cloth gym. tunic. Not exceeding 36" length - 6 coupons.  
Over 36" length 8 coupons.
- Blue cotton blouse. Not exceeding 32" chest - 3 coupons.  
Exceeding 32" chest - 5 coupons.
- Gym. shoes. Not exceeding size 3 - 2 coupons; otherwise 4 coupons. (Any shop)
- Short-sleeved white gym. blouse. Not exceeding 32" chest - 3 coupons.  
otherwise - 5 coupons.
- Black sateen gym. short. (From Miss Burgoyne, Church Hill Road, East Barnet.  
Not exceeding 24" waist - 3 coupons. Otherwise 5 coupons.
- 1 white shoebag (From J.F. Baker, 94, East Barnet Road, New Barnet). Price 4/6d  
The shoebag may be made from any material as long as one is provided and marked with the owner's name.
- Maroon pullover (optional). From Miss Burgoyne, Church Hill Road, East Barnet.  
32" chest - 3 coupons; otherwise 5. This may be knitted at home in maroon or blue, or any available colour.
- Overall for covering clothes completely in laboratories, where acids may cause damage.
- If worn, hair-ribbons must match the gym. tunic. Stockings and socks are optional and may be of any colour. Shoes must be changed when pupils enter the School morning and afternoon. N.B. EVERY ARTICLE BROUGHT INTO THE SCHOOL MUST BE CLEARLY MARKED WITH THE OWNER'S NAME.

Ciao Brian!

Here's my response to your request for more:

### WILDLIFE ADVENTURE IN INDIA

No, it was not an Indian safari but a time spent in various convents of a Congregation of nuns involved in social work among the poor, teaching in schools and serving in medical centres.

It was my first visit to India but I was completely unaware of the wildlife reception that was lying in wait. I had agreed to coach some of the Roman Catholic Sisters-in-training in the English language, needed for their studies. In each convent I was given a small room all to myself, with a little bathroom. There was no bath or shower as Westerners are used to but a pail of cold water for washing. In one convent they graciously offered a metal heating device to heat the water in the pail, though I didn't actually use it. The nuns all washed in cold water so why shouldn't I? And the weather was so extremely hot that the cold water felt like a godsend (in fact it was). It was an honour to have a sit-down type of WC, not the hole-in-the-ground type. This WC seemed a luxury till one evening I found a little tree frog inside. I took a stick from nearby and gently urged him to jump out – and then sat down quickly on the seat before he could jump in again.

I actually had a 'pet' tree frog. He lived in the drawer of my table during the day. I sometimes opened it and looked at him. At night he was not there; obviously there was a hole at the back of the drawer and he had gone out and climbed up to the ceiling for his 'midnight feast' of mosquitoes, which really abounded in Andhra Pradesh. (When travelling between the international airport and the internal airport in Bombay [Mumbai], the inside of the airport bus was so thick with mosquitoes you could hardly see anything else – there must have been millions!). On another occasion there was a little tree frog sitting in my wash-basin when I went to clean my teeth in the evening. I looked slowly down at him and he looked slowly up at me, with his lovely large eyes with such captivating appeal that all thoughts of cleaning my teeth were forgotten and he was left sitting there.

Other 'midnight feasters' were the geckos, climbing in through the open vent (there was no glass) at the top of the outside wall. They rested on the walls of the room during the day and climbed to the ceiling at night. Unlike the tree frogs, they had the disconcerting habit of getting down by suddenly letting go of the ceiling and dropping to the floor, landing with noise which was quite penetrating in the dark. This happened at all hours of the night but it was comforting to know that one was not alone.



Group from 1953 4A sent by Iris Chapman: from left Valerie Dodd (now Kent) Carole Morgan, Julie Whillock (now Parry) Iris Chapman (now Catherine Loveday) and Sheila Cullinan (now Stojisavijevic).

And then the ants in the Novice Centre in Kerala on my second visit – hundreds and hundreds of tiny ants, attracted by the orange drink I was kindly given to drink at night, having had difficulty in drinking water. They were finally kept at bay by a sort of ‘magic’ chalk kindly provided by Sister Mary. Thwarted in their attempt to reach the drink, the ants migrated to the bed and at night I was kept awake by continual pin-pricks as the tiny creatures sampled my flesh. How to get rid of them? I didn’t want to bother the Sisters with all these minor problems so I looked around. The only weapon was a mosquito-repellent spray, not in active service at this centre as there were fewer mosquitoes (though still in abundance). I sprayed the sheets desperately on making my bed (which was just one sheet covering the other as it was so hot). That night it was a joy to discover that the ants had all disappeared from the bed and I could sleep in peace. As the supply of spray was limited, I later took the precious ‘magic’ chalk and made a line right round the bed, on the wall and on the floor. This secured protection against further attacks.

I only noticed two spiders during the stay

in Andhra Pradesh; they were both extremely big and unpleasant-looking – the never-to-be-forgotten type. The first was a huge, round, black spider, about the size of a saucer. I turned on the light of my very small bathroom one night and opened the door.... there he was right in front of me, on the wall opposite the door! I closed the door quickly and quietly and took time to think. I needed to go to the toilet; I hadn’t seen the spider in the daytime; if he was black and came out at night, perhaps he didn’t like the light. So I left the bathroom light on for a few minutes and waited. Then I very slowly opened the door again. He had gone! I slowly entered and looked around. Where was he? At last I spied a small hole in the lower corner of the bathroom, to the left of the door. From the hole there protruded two long (very long!) black legs – but there was no body in sight. Keeping careful watch on the corner, I succeeded in reaching the toilet seat. When my needs had been fulfilled, I slowly left the bathroom and turned out the light. (Actually the electric current had a habit of coming and going, so I really gave thanks that it was available that night).



Members of EBOG 1st XI circa 1960

From left: John Lance, Ken Jelley, Roy Gooch-Harris (all deceased), Trevor Pitman, Dick Thompson, Mike Brazier

The other spider was more elongated but still extremely large. It was mottled brown in colour and seemed more like an 'outside-living' spider than the black one. I awoke early one morning and saw it motionless on the side of the bedside table next to the bed and very close to me. I sprang up at once and threw a pillow hastily in its direction. On gingerly retrieving the pillow, I found the spider had disappeared. I prayed it would not return and indeed it was never seen again. Not being enthusiastic about spiders – and that's putting it mildly – I was very thankful they were the only two spiders that crossed my path.

Sitting outside the Novice Centre in a remote area of Kerala, I spent a most enjoyable hour watching the beautiful birds that were flying around in the garden. They were of all colours, shapes and sizes and came very close, seemingly unafraid of humans. There comes vividly to mind the Lyre Bird that alighted on a wire just above my head, before flying off across the garden. At this same centre I encountered a giant black cockroach – quite the biggest I've ever seen – while being kindly accompanied to my room on the first day by Sister Deepa. Fortunately the creature scuttled off into hiding, obviously more frightened of me

than I was of him.

At the Novice Centre in Andhra Pradesh (also in an isolated area), there was an enormous buffalo that provided the community with milk. On my arrival she began advancing menacingly towards me, until Sister Vandana took her lovingly by the horns and spoke reassuringly to her. She then stopped in her tracks, still eying me warily.

I could continue for a long time but will just say that, though this experience in India was immensely thrilling from a cultural point of view, some of the greatest joys and memories are connected with the 'wildlife' I encountered. As a teacher of Biology in London, I had seen tree frogs and geckos only in glass terraria in zoos, whereas in India they came to greet me in my own little room.

Travel in foreign lands causes us to reflect again on the immense richness and diversity of life in this world. Science and the Arts are continuing to make progress in leaps and bounds but the depth and wonders of Creation remain an unfathomable mystery.

Sheila Warren  
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## ALBERT FARNLEY REMEMBERS

After reading Sheila Warren's memories of the war it made me think that there might be some of the principal things which affected me in School life during the war.

Very shortly after starting in 2A, due to the war, my father was moved by the BBC from Alexandra Palace (TV) to Moorside Edge transmitter near Huddersfield, where I temporarily attended Huddersfield College. In Spring 1940 I came back to East Barnet to pick up the threads of the 2A curriculum.

Somehow the staff re-arranged timetables so that classes could pick up spades & forks to create an allotment type of kitchen garden. I remember Mr. Clayton giving us some instruction (hands-on) on how to cut out turfs, and that the layout was OK.

Air-raid shelters had been constructed as a series of concrete tunnels, accessed down steps at the end. When the sirens went, the classes moved down the field to the shelters in

an organised manner! We were expected to take some useful work or studies with us, but I remember an occasion in 1941 when Mr. Clayton came across an improvised jam session going on in a more excluded area of the dimly lit tunnel. The guilty lads were John Farnley (my brother), Bernard Fish, Frank Sargent, and Johnny Hoare on the mouth organ. My brother told me that Mr. Clayton picked him up by his jacket shoulders and shook some sense into him.

In the earlier times of the war, it was compulsory to carry one's gas mask everywhere at all times (never needed).

I think it was 1942 when a School flight of 1374 Squadron ATC was formed for those wishing to join. This was quite popular and well attended. Squadron parades were held on Sunday mornings at the headquarters & parade ground in Gloucester Road, New Barnet. We benefited from disciplined drill and training in air

navigation, parachutes, armaments, aircraft recognition etc. The squadron had a fine large band led by the conductor of Barnet Silver Band, Mr. Haskel. Periodic long weekends at various RAF airdromes were made, with flights in various aircraft. I was in the band with John Lance (Sax), Bernard Fish (Clarinet) & Bill Sapey (Bass).

In the Upper 5<sup>th</sup> we were old enough to be on a rota to stay at school overnight on fire watching, which included patrolling the school roof. On a summer's evening with John Deeprise we tried our hand at playing tennis before sunset, and then exploring the school kitchen cupboards to find something for supper. It was one of these evenings at dusk that a Doodle-bug (V1) went over and exploded in the East Barnet valley as seen from the back of the school.

I cycled to school each morning up Cat Hill, but on a morning early in 1944 I was faced with a deep hole where a V2 had fallen and where the road had been. Many houses on both sides were shattered. I managed to climb around the crater's edge to get to school. Today when travelling up Cat Hill you would never know they are the same houses.

In 1944 some of us were keen to form a band and obtained permission (because there was a war on) to rehearse in the school hall at lunchtimes. Miss Murgatroyd (German teacher) told us we needed a conductor! On piano was Tony Brinkloe (who later played with us in the Ace Dance Band), Peter Walsh on drums, and Billy Baxter on ukulele –banjo. John Lance and I played altosaxes. We soon put our playing to the test by holding dances in the gym after

school once a week, before breaking up for the summer. When peace was declared in Europe we set up the band that evening on the island outside the school gates (with piano) to celebrate. In the small hours of the morning I had to walk home to Totteridge and just past Oakleigh Park station was stopped by a police car. When the police discovered the contents of my case was a saxophone and not a machine gun they kindly gave me a lift home.

Shortly after leaving school in 1944 I got my first paid band job (about 5 shillings each – 25p in current money) for a party at Southgate Church House. My brother John played piano and Jeff Scott on altosax. I'm sure some old students remember Jeff (he is only a year or two younger than me).

During the following 10 years or so with Ace Dance Band I lost touch with Jeff, and another few years went by while I addressed the serious things in life, studying for an honours degree in chemistry. However, we met up when I took up the sax again in the 1970s. Jeff is a wizard on clarinet and a superb player of the tenor sax. He currently fronts the Mid-Herts Jazz Orchestra which rehearses every Monday evening in the Wheathampstead Social Club, where they hold a concert on the 2<sup>nd</sup> Monday of each month. Also playing with this excellent band for some years is Dave Baker, an old student who I believe left the school in about 1956. Dave is also a very good exponent of clarinet, alto, tenor and baritone sax. As for me, I am secretary to a big Swing Band in Dunstable and I see Jeff and Dave occasionally if they ask me to help out if someone is away.

## FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE PART 3 – OMSK REVISITED From Editor Brian

After my visit to Omsk in August 1991 I decided that, on my next trip, it would be interesting to experience the Siberian winter so I returned there in March of 1992.

I flew from Los Angeles to London where I spent a few days visiting family and friends before continuing to Moscow. There I was met by my friend Boris who took me on the *metro* and then the *elektrichka*, a fast and efficient overland electric train system, to his apartment

in the suburb of Selyatino where I spent a couple of days with him and his family.

After my almost surrealistic experiences on my previous two visits to Russia I thought that I had been inured to any further surprises but they began again shortly after I arrived at my friends' apartment. Their four year old daughter and the friend, with whom she was playing, began quarrelling and uttering the foulest English curses imaginable. Boris and his

wife, Svetlana, scolded them and explained to me that, one of the undesirable consequences of Russia's exposure to American and British movies and literature after *glasnost*, was the incursion of English profanity into their vocabulary, especially that of young people. I noticed in fact that, during my visit this time, it was common also to see English obscenities chalked on walls (fortunately, spray paint was unavailable!).

The next day they took me grocery shopping. Their stores were all government owned and the employees had no incentive either to run them efficiently or have any concern for the comfort and convenience of customers. There were four counters with long slow-moving lines at each one and all they had for sale was such basic merchandise as potatoes, bread, pickled vegetables (fresh vegetables were unavailable in the winter) and sausages. Each counter sold different items so we waited in line at each one and, when our turn came, told the employee what we wanted whereupon she (they were all female) gave us a bill. After we had done this at all four counters we waited in another long line while a cashier added our purchases on an abacus, took our money and marked our bills "paid". Then we went back to each counter, waited in line again, gave the employee our receipts and collected our purchases. This took over two hours and made me grateful for our western super-markets.

There were also *beriozhki*, stores that sold high quality imported goods, had no long lines and whose employees were polite and helpful, but they only accepted pounds, dollars and other hard currency. This made them accessible only to foreigners or to the few elite Russians who had access to such funds.

The following day they took me to Domodedovo Airport for my flight to Omsk. At one Aeroflot counter there was a long line of Russians waiting to buy tickets and a separate counter for foreigners where I was attended to immediately. Then I was directed to a waiting area with comfortable upholstered seats and a bar, whereas Russians, so I was told, had to sit on hard wooden chairs or on the floor. However, these privileges came at a price. Foreigners had to pay in hard currency and the fare was about a hundred and twenty dollars but Russians paid in rubles the equivalent of about ten dollars. (It was the same situation

when I stayed at the Hotel Omsk on my first visit. Russians paid about five dollars a night and foreigners paid about a hundred).

We boarded and I noticed a truck with a jet engine attached backing up to our plane. They turned on the engine, and to my consternation, the aircraft began to shudder violently as the blast was directed on us. Then the passenger next to me explained that this was the Russian method of de-icing!

As on my previous flight to Omsk, the Aeroflot Ilyushin had non-reclining scantily upholstered seats and malodorous toilets, and we were served paper-thin slices of sausage on hard black bread and lukewarm tea without sugar or milk.



*Me with Kostya and Dima, Assistant Directors of the Siberian Marathon*

Dima met me in Omsk where we collected my bags and walked out of the airport into the frigid Siberian winter. He stuck his hand out and almost immediately a car stopped. He explained to me that there were few taxis in the city because almost every privately owned car doubled as a taxi and provided a source of income for the owner. The driver took us to Dima's apartment about 10 miles away for a fare of four dollars.

I had brought with me some supplies for Siberian Giant, the company that managed the Siberian Marathon. They included a laptop computer (10MB hard drive 256KB RAM and a monochrome screen!), a dot matrix printer and a fax machine. On the computer I had installed WordPerfect 4.1 for DOS with a Russian module so that they could compose documents in both languages. I spent the next few days training the staff to use this program, and generally helping to bring their office into the 20<sup>th</sup> century.

My host took me to visit some friends.

Although we could easily have afforded to go by taxi, Dima, masochist that he is, wanted me to experience travelling by tram. Passengers had to buy tickets from the driver and then push them into a device at the back of the tram, which punched a hole in them. However, we involuntarily rode free of charge because the tram was so crowded that it was impossible to reach either the driver or the machine.

In the winter, snow is swept to the sides of the streets where it forms a steep bank, which compacts into solid ice. To board the tram we had to climb over this bank and then slide down the other side. Then, when we exited, with considerable difficulty I managed to keep my footing when we climbed over another bank of ice.

Another hazard that I encountered was, as frequently happens in Omsk at the end of winter, the thawing and re-freezing of snow that covers streets in ice. Russians, long accustomed to these hazards, have no difficulty in maintaining their equilibrium but until I mastered the Russian technique of sliding my feet as I walked, rather than lifting them, I took several tumbles.

The TV series, "Santa Barbara", dubbed in Russian, was extremely popular during this period. Though obtainable, video recorders were beyond the means of most people, so any time that I was in company when this program was on, everything stopped so that they could watch it. Once I was walking along the street when an elderly lady in front of me dropped her handbag. I picked it up and handed it to her with a few words.

"Oh you're not Russian", she said.  
"Where do you come from?"

"America", I replied.

"Oh I'd love to live in America. Can you help me?"

"That would be very difficult. Do you have any family in America? Do you speak English?"

"No, but that would not be a problem because I would live in Santa Barbara".

"I don't understand. If you don't know

anybody in America and don't speak English, how could you live anywhere in the country?"

"Young man (this was how she addressed me, using the familiar form of the second person "ti" even though I was in my mid-fifties), I know everybody who lives in Santa Barbara. They all live in beautiful big houses and are very rich so they could easily take care of me. Also, they all speak Russian!"

People in western countries, wishing to master English, can go to study or work in an anglophone country but few Russians had any such opportunity. Consequently, although many *omichi* (as Omsk residents are called) spoke English, most of them, even English language teachers, spoke with a heavy Russian accent and made mistakes. This resulted in my receiving invitations to schools and colleges where I gave English lessons and answered numerous questions about life in the U.S.A.

I also visited businesses where they requested my help with the translation and correction of documents.



*Me giving an English lesson to a 5th grade class*

As on my two previous visits to Russia I received more social invitations than I could accept and was overwhelmed by my hosts' hospitality, warmth and friendship. All too soon the time came for me to leave but I returned two months later.

*This was written for the Golden Jubilee Newsletter in 1988 by Doris Bennett, School Secretary from April 1937 to July 1949*

Mr. Clayton and I were appointed in January 1937 to prepare for the opening of the

School in April, when 64 pupils were due to arrive. It was rather eerie working in this huge

building with dozens of empty rooms. Our task was to order the necessary text books, stationery, chemistry apparatus, physics apparatus, art materials, and 101 other things. It was a slow business as catalogues had to be consulted and costs worked out, but gradually we progressed.

During this time furniture began to arrive, desks, chairs, tables etc, and decisions had to be made for placing these things. Mr. Clayton was most painstaking and very anxious for the School to have a good start. I caught his enthusiasm and together we worked very hard.

Finally, everything was ready and the first 64 pupils arrived, mostly transfers from other secondary schools. They were not in the same age group, but spread over four years, so that each Form was extremely small. Very few teachers were appointed at this stage. I can remember the names of Miss Oddie (Senior Mistress), Miss Ellis, Dr Bannister and Mr. Scanes. These people had to be very versatile and teach more subjects than those they had specialised in.

These 64 pupils rattled round in this vast building at break times and in lunch hours they huddled in small groups in the playground not doing anything, as there were too few of them to play games. How would we ever get any school teams, I wondered! I had been educated in a flourishing grammar school and I despaired of East Barnet ever becoming a viable school.

I need not have worried. In September 1937 we took in a Second Form entry and thereafter we added to the roll every September. Additional staff were appointed. Gradually the Forms became larger and various clubs and societies were started, and we were able to enjoy inter-school matches in foot ball, hockey, netball, tennis and cricket.

We were just getting going when the war came, spoiling everything. Several male members of staff departed for war service immediately and all the headaches of replacing

them began and persisted throughout the war years. There were the horrors of hurrying to the shelters when the air raid siren sounded in the daytime, and fire-watching for the staff at night. Although there was no official Government evacuation, a lot took place privately. When the air raids over London were frequent pupils would disappear to the country, only to reappear when things quietened down. The Admission Register had to be adjusted almost daily. During this period an Air Training Corps was formed for the boys, with Mr. Yates as the officer in charge, and for the girls the Women's Junior Air Corps under the leadership of Miss Dade. I am not sure if I have the names of these movements right, and I have no means of checking.

Finally the war was over, with no damage to the building, and the School prospered and achieved its final numbers. We had a good reputation in the district and had many transfers as well as the annual intake.

Mr. Clayton was still indefatigable in promoting the welfare of the School. As you can imagine he was not content to be Head master of East Barnet Modern School, and soon had it changed to East Barnet Grammar School. We were then able to establish a flourishing Sixth Form and send pupils on to universities. I can't remember the year when this change of name happened, but it was a most important event.

Mr. Clayton had an enduring interest in the Old Students of the School, being on the touch-line every Saturday afternoon and attending all the weddings that he knew about. Every letter he received was answered at length (I know, because I had to type them!) and I am glad to have this opportunity to pay tribute to him and his single-minded devotion to the School. His dedication rubbed off on me and I think I can say we had a real partnership in working for the welfare of the School.

## MISS BROOKS REMINISCES

from the Golden Jubilee 1987 Newsletter

When I joined East Barnet Grammar School in 1944, wartime austerities ruled our lives. In school, textbooks had to be cherished like

gold, to be handed on from year to year; only a completely filled and un-defaced exercise book could be exchanged for a new

one; we were still restricted to pens, nibs and inkwells; there was no paper for school magazines; meatless dinners were commonplace; uniform was achieved with difficulty, games kit often bizarre; the girls played hockey and netball without skirts over their navy blue knickers, and without stockings; we were grateful for the services of a lively Irish full-time engine driver as caretaker, and for a 72-year-old Woodwork master.



*MISS BROOKS, Senior Mistress 1944-1967*

But from 1946 rationing and shortages eased: the new scarcity was of space. After entry to the School was open, free, to all who reached the standard set by the '11-i-i examination, numbers soared, to 547 in 1947 — in premises built for 350 maximum. 1947, in fact, was a most uncomfortable year: the Sixth Form, by then sizeable, had to be taught wherever there happened to be, for the moment, an empty space: in the library, the hall, the Science lab, the girls' cloakroom, Domestic Science and Art rooms, corridors, Senior Mistress's room, its official occupant being consigned, along with her Sixth Form group, and the School's First Aid facilities, to a caretaker's store of the hallway.

We were disappointed by the non-arrival of two Nissen huts we thought essential.

In the Spring Term there was fog, snow and frost for weeks, so that coal lay immovable, frozen, in railway yards. Consequently, gas, electricity, even water, were frequently 'off'; school dinner could be bread and gravy — meat was strictly rationed and potatoes and other vegetables frozen like the coal. Games pitches were unusable. Moreover, the Headmaster, or two stones less of him, came back only at the end of term after a serious illness.

Nevertheless, our common hardships bred a grim camaraderie between staff and pupils and brought marvels of co-operation from sorely tried office, cleaning and kitchen staff.

But at the end of the year there was a record number of 14 Higher Certificates, 72 School Certificates and 10 County University awards; the Secretarial Sixth was launched (unheard of in a Grammar School); the Middle and Junior School Sections of the 'Grammar School Players' gave their first production and the first of many Winter Sports parties had been to Kandersteg in the Christmas holidays.

The next 10 years continued the pattern of increasing numbers and widening scope of activities. By the School's coming-of-age in 1958, additions to the Advanced Lab, built in 1948, new kitchens and some new classrooms had been built, extra sports grounds had been acquired and the heyday of School Athletics had arrived; there were 53 old students at university; 11 Open University Scholarships had been won, along with 26 State Scholarships and 56 County University awards; the School was offering choices from 23 subjects at 'O' Level and 14 at 'A' Level, together with a variety of 'business studies' in the Secretarial Sixth. By this time, the post-war boom in employment was over, competition for jobs was fiercer: more and more senior pupils wanted Sixth Form work. So, the Sixth Form consisted of 174 students doing

varying patterns of work in ‘Modern’, ‘Economics’, ‘Science and Mathematics’, ‘Secretarial’ and ‘General Studies’ groups: the constriction of the old Higher Certificate demands had been exchanged for freedom of choice of subject, in any desired number and combination of ‘O’ and ‘A’ Levels of the General Certificate of Education.

Consequently, the old problem of the late ‘forties was with us again but more acutely, for the School was the wrong shape, as well as too small, to meet changed demands: something had to be done. Mr. Clayton had time only to plan and lobby for what was needed, for in 1960 ill-health forced him into early retirement. Mr. Johnston, his successor, had to tackle the problems of

running the School for almost five years with bricks, mortar, trenches, sand, workmen, scaffolding and machinery everywhere, games fields, inaccessible, ragged holes where windows had once been, and with a background of the inescapable clatter of cement mixers.

Undistracted, Headmaster, Deputy Heads, Heads of Departments, Architect and Clerk-of-Works planned and ordered equipment for a re-constructed school. Only those in the School from 1961—65 could appreciate the sense of liberation, the possibilities for more civilised living, for future achievement, that lent excitement to 30 March 1965 when the new buildings were formally opened.



1949 -1950 Hockey Team from Paula Hills, daughter of the late Joan Sims.  
 Back row: Miss Thomas (Coach and French teacher), Myrna Dobner, Anne Huber, ?, ?, Brenda Prosser, Miss Eabry (Girls PT Mistress)  
 Front Row: Pat Harry, ?, Claire Palmer, Marion Littmoden, Joan Sims, Doreen Pedder

At last we had ‘the tools for the job’: an enlarged Science block, with six labs, lecture room and preparation rooms; a fine Library fashioned from the Assembly Hall; Domestic Science block with numbers of new cooking stoves and an attached fully-furnished flat; separate and adequate accommodation for the Music Department; a new Gymnasium and changing rooms; new administrative offices, additional space in the Art Department; modernised heating and lighting systems, exciting colours on the walls and paintwork and the Clayton Hall. All these have long been taken for granted, no doubt, as ‘the School buildings’ at the time were a new world.

Its opportunities were not missed: the Music Department began to give us splendid concerts and competitions; we could entertain large numbers of parents and friends in the new Hall and the spacious new Dining Room; we devised a new kind of Speech Day, affording interest and excitement to all from what would now be called an ‘Exposition’, the display of the School’s wares — its many activities and its classroom methods. The unsightly Nissen huts we had suffered for years disappeared; the Sixth Form before long had premises of their own for their out-of-class moments, the Clayton Hall housed all sorts of experiments for example ‘theatre in the round’, a music-drama, the School’s own opera, composed by Mr. Todd, Head of Music; the Gymnasium saw exercise patterns: badminton and basketball.

For the two remaining years of my stay at East Barnet, change was in the air. On 1 April 1965, East Barnet ceased to be a Hertfordshire school, to our great regret, for the County Council and its Chief Education Officers had always been innovative, co-operative and understanding of the School’s needs. After a welter of discussions, conferences, alternative plans, committees, all seeking the best reorganisation for

secondary schools in the newly-created Borough of Barnet, in which we were incorporated, the School, in 1967, was committed to becoming East Barnet School, not ‘Grammar’ but ‘Comprehensive’. It was the end of one era, the beginning of a new one, with marked shift of emphasis and many challenges.

What is to be remembered of the old era?

First, good fortune in having, from its earliest days, able and devoted Governors — Mr. Vialou, through whose good offices the School site was acquired and who was Chairman for 15 years; and Mr. Juniper at the beginning, and thereafter a succession of deservedly honoured names — Miss Hammond, Mrs. Jackson, Mr. Starr, Mr. Bell, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Snow.

Second, the quality and skills of the first two Headmasters, Mr. Clayton and Mr. Johnston. Both created a friendly environment in which pupils and staff could develop as much as they might; both were shrewd in appreciating changing attitudes and conditions in education and in devising right responses to them: both met successfully the very practical demands of rebuilding and reconstruction; both were skilled in appointing good staff; both had clear, though in some ways differing, ideals. Third, the constant state of ‘plenty going on’ — clubs and societies — 23 at once at one time; some, like the Debating and Dramatic Societies, were always part of the School scene; others faded away and were replaced by new ones; one of the new ones, the Music Society, promised to be long-lasting and to give as much pleasure as the activities of the Dramatic Society, whose record of productions is notable: *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, *Richard of Bordeaux*, *The Government Inspector*, *The Physicists*, *The Beaux Stratagem*, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, *Ring Round the Moon*, *A Man for all Seasons*, all plays of international renown which involved hordes of scene painters,



1st XI 1949-1950 from **Bernard Keen (1946-1951)**: [b\\_keen1@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:b_keen1@hotmail.co.uk)

Standing left to right: Mr. Clayton, Mike Pearson, Alan Laing, Tony Leverton, Bernard Keen, Cliff Marshall, Geoff Bradford, Ron Patton, "Tosh" Viney

Seated: Derek Cheverton, Derek Sewell, Denys Morrish, Dave Holbrook, Terry Mulligan

Bernard recalls: "The 1<sup>st</sup> X1 football team played the girls hockey team (photo on p.16) once in 49/ 50 and what a frightening experience that was, as I played in goal and nobody had told me that, what now appear to be slips of girls then, could hit a hockey ball so hard. I've no idea what the score was!"

builders and shifters, electricians, stage hands, make-up artists, wardrobe creators. From such activities tolerance and co-operation are bred. There was also 'plenty going on' in the more physical sense: badminton, tennis for boys, swimming (even without a school pool), table tennis, basketball supplemented the usual hockey, netball, football and cricket; athletics were nursed from birth by Mr. Viney to maturity at county and national level, and distinguished by the record-breaking of J. D. Wrighton and R. T. Jones at top level.

As both Headmasters constantly saw their school as part of the local and the wider community, there were numbers of party visits — to Switzerland, Austria, Germany, France, Belgium, Italy; to York, Cambridge, the Lake District, the Peak District, North Yorkshire, Scotland, the Isle of Wight; to museums, theatres, concerts, films, businesses, in London.

Ready interchanges between EBGs and local Secondary Modern Schools happily fitted many former 'square pegs' into 'round holes'. For 20 years there was a Christmas Party for old people, and a weekly Good Cause collection, benefiting over 20 charities; there was a School branch of Dr Barnardo's League; in the 1960s a School Personal Service Group unobtrusively helped to meet a variety of social needs; in 1966 a Sixth Form Committee organised car-parking and car-cleaning, tax collections, a sale of a thousand 'Biro' pens, a Parents' Dance, a Pupils' Dance, a car rally, a fête and a sponsored walk which, in three weeks, raised £530 for Oxfam.

In the last weeks of 1967 the 'East Barnet Grammar School Association' was formally constituted, 'open primarily to parents of past and present pupils' with governors and members of staff as honorary members; its stated aim was 'to provide help and support for the aims of the school'; this sounded like the ultimate in Parents' Associations, though it would soon have to delete 'Grammar' from its title.

Thank you, EBGs, for an arduous but close friends and good grounds for assuming happy 23 years, for good comradeship and the School's continuing prosperity.



1950/1951 1st XI from Tom Pratt:

Standing: Mr. Clayton, Dave Storey, Phil Edwards, Roger Postlethwaite, Tom Pratt, Freddie Sunderland, Mick Handford, Pete Thurman, Tosh Viney,  
Seated: Alan Walsh, Alan "Ben" Brown, Alan Laing, Denys Morrish, Kenny Bowler, Terry Hufford

THE CLAYTON DIARIES 12-5-1949  
TO 13-7-1949 TRANSCRIBED BY  
BRIAN WARREN

Mr. Clayton was at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, on the 19th -20th May in connection with military careers for boys. The second day was a conference to discuss the Sandhurst system of training and seeing lessons in French, Spanish and German.

Locally, Mr. Clayton attended three events, which were of some significance. The first was on

the 17th June, to mark the 21st anniversary of the Engineering School at De Havilland, Hatfield. Later there was a conference on the training of young engineers.

The second event was the opening of the South Herts. Further Education Centre, Church House, Barnet, on the 30th June, when the principal speaker was Sir Charles Tennyson, grandson of Lord Tennyson.

Lastly, Mr. Clayton attended the re-naming of Victoria Road

School, which became John Hampden School, from the 7th July.

The Eleventh Annual Sports took place in fine weather on the 14th May, when there was a record crowd, including Old Students and former Staff. The organisation was excellent, as was the behaviour. The cups were presented by Mrs. M. E. Hughes, of the Governing Body, while the Public Address System was provided by Powers of Potters Bar.

# WANTED

## CALLING ALL EX-STUDENTS!

As everyone is aware, our new school building is due for completion in 2010. The opening ceremony will be held some time in early 2011 and as part of the ceremony, our aim is to have an ex-student for every year of entry since the school opened in 1937. If you are an ex-student, or know of anyone who is, and would like to be considered in taking part in the opening ceremony, please e-mail me at the school, [ndavid@eastbarnet.barnet.sch.uk](mailto:ndavid@eastbarnet.barnet.sch.uk), with your name and the years that you attended the school.

**Miss N. David, Leadership Team Assistant**

*Ed. note: I spoke with Natalie David who advised me that invitations are limited to only one ex-student per year of entry. However, if they are unable to find an ex-student who entered in any given year, then they will accept anybody who was there during that year. For example, if they are unable to find someone who entered in 1952, they will accept somebody whose years were 1950 to 1956)*

**We wish all our readers a Merry Christmas or Chanukah or generic winter holiday and a Happy New Year.**