June 2009 Newsletter

BRIAN’S RANDOM RAVINGS, RANTINGS AND RAMBLINGS

Roy Bertauche, who distributes this newsletter, requests that you inform him if you change your e-mail address. Over 90 March newsletters came back as “undeliverable”. Also, to save time and expense, if you receive yours by snail-mail but have an e-mail address, please give it to Roy roybertauche@yahoo.co.uk

A couple of letters this month mention Mr. Clayton but from the writers’ comments they could be talking about two different people, which underscores the complexity of his character. The headmasters of the two elementary schools that I attended were very similar to him and were all typical of that era in that they were autocratic, intimidating and thought they could motivate wayward pupils with castigation, sarcasm and pain but were also very supportive of pupils who conformed. I suspect that their role models were Wackford Squeers, when they were pupils and teachers. I remember that the word “tradition” occurred frequently in his announcements at morning assembly. I can recall actions of his that were grossly unfair and that today would result in immediate dismissal, civil lawsuits and even prosecution. That said, under very difficult conditions, Mr. C. devoted most of his waking hours doing what he thought was best to ensure that we had a good education and were prepared for the post-school world. By contrast, it’s very easy for me to sit on my fat bum, with the luxury of 60 or so years of hindsight, and criticize him. Can anyone claim that they were never unfairly treated by their teachers?

Recently I did an Internet search for “Wood Green Jazz Club”, one of my favourite haunts in the mid 50’s and, even though it closed many years ago, I found it mentioned on several websites. It was hot, stuffy and crowded so the Fishmongers Arms next door did a brisk trade in beer, yet I never saw any drunkenness or fights. By contrast, such a place today would have security guards and a metal detector at the entrance and bouncers inside.

Peter Rawlings (1947-1953) recalls a hilarious incident during the taking of the 1952 School photo when one of our classmates managed to appear at both ends of it. Those from that era will recall that the annual photos were taken with a panoramic camera that panned slowly from one side to the other.

Peter with Joan (Morford) Rawlings (1947-1952) Joan is also in the Hadley House Athletics team photo on page.

As Peter recounts the event:
Graham Best (1947-1953) is depicted in the 1952 school photo which I have mislaid. He was in the back row and, as soon as the camera passed him, jumped down from his position on the table at the left hand end and scooted up to the other end. He then climbed up onto another table at that end – only his head was just sticking out but it was recognisable.

Since this Newsletter has been used to promote books written by two former EBOG’s I’m going to take the liberty of advertising my wife’s childhood autobiography, “An Anglo-Indian Childhood”, by Shirley Gifford-Pritchard. In it she recounts her memories of growing up of mixed parentage in British India. The link is [http://www.find-book.co.uk/1420886630.htm](http://www.find-book.co.uk/1420886630.htm) for updates on the construction of the new school building go to [http://www.eastbarnet.barnet.sch.uk/content/about/new_school_building.aspx](http://www.eastbarnet.barnet.sch.uk/content/about/new_school_building.aspx) and click on the most recent link.

Les Hubbard (AKA “Grubby Hubby”) (1947-1952) sends the following report on his career since leaving our paradise on Chestnut Grove:

This is me in 1948 (2nd year).

I began working life as a trainee Dispensing Optician with a firm in the West End, earning the princely sum of £2.10. per week.

I studied Ophthalmic Optics at Northampton Polytechnic (now City University) 4 years evening classes and a final year full-time.

My family moved to Luton in 1953 and I continued to commute to business and College until qualifying as an Ophthalmic Optician in 1957.

The move meant gradually losing contact with most of my school friends, but Dave (Harry Lime) Coke and I remained close. We decided in 1955 to holiday together at “Little Canada” a Holiday Camp near Ryde on the Isle of Wight, with the idea of picking up some nice ‘birds’. This proved to be fortunate as the girl/boy ratio was 4:1. We chose Barbara and her friend Pam, who became our lifetime partners.

In 1958 I was called up for National Service & married Barbara. I stayed in the RAF for 5 years and served 2½ years at Halton hospital in Buckinghamshire. Our first daughter, Julia, was born. Then 2½ years at Changi hospital in Singapore. Our son, Geoffrey, was born.

In 1963 Returned to UK and civilian life but continued to work part-time at RAF Hospital Uxbridge. I bought a house in High Wycombe and our second daughter, Carol, was born.

Two years later I began my own ophthalmic practice in High Wycombe.

About five years later I took on another practice in the market town of Wallingford, up river from Henley. In 1973 I took a course in Contact Lens Fitting and added this to my skills.

In 1980 Geoff’s girl friend gave birth to our first grandson, Christopher and daughter, Julia, was married wearing Barbara’s wedding dress.

In 1981, following a period of evening class study, I added German ‘O’ level to my Qualifications - a subject I had not learnt at school – I think Mr. Clayton would have been pleased with me!

In 1983, Grandson Michael was born on 9th of the 9th (“Ernest Mern’s Day” to students from 1949). Dr. Craig would be pleased to know that this boy is now teaching Physics.

From 1984 to 1988 three more Grandsons arrived, and I joined Rotary International.

In 1986 on my 50th birthday and first skiing trip I won a silver medal in a beginner’s Slalom race. In 1982 I was admitted to the Livery of the Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers. and joined the committee of their Social Wing. I chaired that committee for 4 years, then served 3 years as a Company Steward.

Optics kept me busy over the years, holding posts as Secretary and Chairman of the local Branch of the Association of Optometry – an Honorary Member since retirement. I chaired the Local Optical Committee, became a Founder Fellow of the British College of Optometry, and was active on the committee of the Association of Independent Optometrists.

Rotary has also played a big part in my life. My particular interest has been maintaining good relationships with Rotaract (18-30 year olds). I skied with a group of them for several years. I was Club Rotary-Rotaract Liaison Officer ‘93-’99, held the same office for the District and was given the affectionate title of “Uncle Les”. My ski friends preferred to call me “Uncle Letch”!

I served as Club President in 2002/3, and made a Paul Harris Fellow in 2005. I have been fortunate through Optics and Rotary to visit many interesting places in the world. I have outstanding memories of Contact Lens conferences in Kyoto, Prague and Bavaria. Optometry tours in Thailand, Israel, Kenya, Norway and India. The latter tour arranged to coincide with my 60th Birthday, celebrated with many friends in Delhi. A memorable trip with Rotary a couple of years ago was to the opening of a school in Sri Lanka, rebuilt with the aid of funds raised by our Club, following the Tsunami disaster.

I retired from Optometry 2 years ago but life remains very full. I organise, and take part in, Rotary “Pedal Push,” an annual sponsored cycle ride round the local Chiltern Hills.

In 2006 our 1st Grandson Chris arrived on our doorstep, wishing to see his Dad. We had not seen the lad since the first few months of his life 26 years before. Pleased to say he hit it off well with his father and is once again part of the family.
It was fantastic to meet up again and renew friendships after 50 years, at the Class reunion in 2002, organised by Mo Canter & Pete Rawlings.

Sadly Dave Coke suffered a fatal heart attack a couple of years before. He would have loved the occasion.

The Newsletters have made interesting reading. I learnt a lot more about T.O.M. Clayton, and I was particularly pleased to hear of Alan(Ben) Brown – Our Idol from the year above us, and also of Isobel Millikin whom Dave and I worshipped. I still remember more than 50 years later what a thrill it was when Isabel danced with me at an Old Boys Dance.

So pleased Brian has taken on the Editorship. Keep up the good work Clod. (Ed. note: Les is referring to my nickname, a corruption of my French name, Claude).

We recently became great-grandparents – another boy! Barbara and I very fortunately enjoy good health.

A further note from my life since school – through Rotary our local hospital pathologist and I became very good friends. John followed me into the Presidency of the High Wycombe club.

In conversation with his lovely wife Margaret we discovered a mutual connection, she also being an EBOG Margaret Young (1943-1945)

Unfortunately Margaret suffers from MS and is now confined to a wheelchair.

Ed. Note: Thanks for you fascinating bio, Hubby. I have met several other classmates who, like yourself, did not do particularly well at our school (and I’m sure you’ll be the first to agree that, like me, you were hardly a stellar pupil!) and yet had very successful careers after leaving. I’m not sure what conclusion we should draw from this.

Brian Pritchard
Newsletter Editor
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LETTERS

Ed. Note: When you write, if possible, send me a photo of yourself, either recent or from your school-days, for me to place with your missive. If your photo needs cropping or any kind of editing and you don’t have the necessary software, just send the picture as it is and I can make any necessary changes - even remove wrinkles, darken grey hair or put hair on bald pates!

Dear Brian,

Owen Jones sent me the March newsletter. You did a great job at a long distance.

I last visited the old school in April 2004 with my brother Fred who I am sure you will remember. It was a few days after his 70th birthday and we also spent a few hours with Ann Kirby, formerly Ann Makings. Sadly this was the last time Ann and I saw Fred as he died suddenly in June of the same year.

The “Tosh’s Car Incident” began as an upper sixth form prank and occurred the night before the last day of the school year in 1954. I recall that a fellow by the name of English was involved as well as possibly the legendary Ian Gilson.

Tosh often left his car overnight at the school and the perps managed to get it into the school hall where they painted the black Austin 7 with white and black checks and added bunting.

They also climbed the clock tower, painted the clock face and added female undergarments to the tower and lightning rods at the ends of the roof.

It all looked very festive but Mr. Clayton was not amused and was in fact outraged. "Imagine what people would think if they looked up at the school."

There was not a morning assembly that day and no classes, an air of apprehension hung over the place.

An assembly took place later in the day (after the decorated car had been removed) with the guilty ones on stage. Normally on the last assembly of the year we would bid a warm farewell to the leaving students and sing that special hymn. Not this time, instead there was condemnation and even a promise by Clayton to do all he could to stop any county scholarships being awarded to those involved.

The final chapter was that this was the most brilliant upper 6th in the history of the school and most of the guilty won State Scholarships, Mr. Clayton relented in his condemnation. Gilson returned for the next year. Not the most glorious school story, just thought you would like another recollection of the event.

We all felt sorry for the other leavers as they missed the traditional farewell.

I left in 1955 for Sheffield U, joining the Etter Bros. and returned to Canada in 1958. Fred returned in ’64 but did not stay long (English wife syndrome). He taught at St. Edwards School in Oxford until his retirement. He really enjoyed life and was enthusiastic about his many hobbies such as painting, singing, acting and Morris dancing. He was a great chap - wish he had stayed longer.

I have been in the US since 1968, retired in 2000 and live in the village of Vincentown in south NJ.

I hope you have had a good life, I do remember you. I am in touch with Ann Makings, Janet Lyons and of course my dear friend Owen. Would love to find others but people seem to be hard to find these days.

Best wishes,

John Pargeter 1949-1955

Dear Brian,

Many thanks for the Newsletter. What a task! I really enjoyed reading through it and having some very distant, faint memories brought to mind of people I knew at school.

As a result of your kindly including my request for any information about John Masters and Peter Baker, David Sharp contacted me about John and I have exchanged emails with David and written to John.

The team photos were incredible with the ‘then and now’ groups on the same page. So many people I knew were there and it is nice to know that they are still going strong.

All good wishes and thanks again.

Owen Jones (1948-1956)

Dear Brian,

Thank you for taking over as

Owen Jones
John Gowar

Ed. Note: Thanks for your letter, John. Yours was not the only name that Mr. Clayton mispronounced. Our German teacher’s name, Mr. Salamé had the stress on the final syllable but Mr. Clayton pronounced it “Salami” like the sausage. But then he had an accent all of his own, for example, pronouncing “boy” as “bie” and “watch” as “wutch”. His bio in the March Newsletter said that he came from Cheshire but I have never heard anybody from there speak in this manner.

Dear Brian

I too remember the incident involving ‘Tosh’ Viney’s car - I think a rather ancient Austin 7, late 1930’s vintage and probably worth a lot more today than it was at the time. The car was certainly pushed through the corridors and into the main assembly hall where all the school had been gathered to witness a very sombre dressing down from the Head. What I think really upset Allan Clayton was that entry into the school had been forced and also that the school clock on the roof had been decorated with a face for all to see outside the school.

I read Pam Coxen’s column on life in the Spanish sunshine, right now it sounds rather attractive. Now if my memory serves me correctly I was in the same class/year with – Best Wishes Pam.

Brian, keep up the good work.

Alan Burgin
(alanburgin@btopenworld.com)

Hi Brian,

I have just received a forwarded email from my brother in West Sussex who in turn received it from Frank someone in US. It was great to read. I was at THE school from 1951 to 1956 and had chosen to go there because Dennis Bell lived next door to me and he was my hero. I joined the school just as you were leaving.

The newsletter was great to read and brought back many memories. I am in a group of EBOGirls who meet every couple of months for lunch, also outings to interesting places. Last year we went to Bruges for a few days. We weren’t friends at school but since school are now great friends.

The people in the photo are Amanda, Jean Roffe, Julia Meadows, and Valerie Sessions.

All the best and good luck with your editorship.

Pauline Jarman (née Biddle)

Dear Brian,

Thank you so much for
posting the newsletters to me. Keep up the good work, its great to keep up with news past and present.

I was sorry to learn that the planned "big" reunion had been rescheduled, but I do meet up with quite a number of "old girls" from my year group on a yearly basis and in keep in touch with some of them on a more regular basis either by telephone or e-mail. It has been known for 3 of us to sit in John Lewis' restaurant for 4 hours or so enjoying their coffee, lunch and tea and exchanging news and views! Thank you for all your hard work.

Cynthia Vallance (née Hill) 1954-1960

Greetings.

Frank Brown in Frisco forwarded your recent newsletter. It is great and I loved the comment about "not buying green bananas". Hmmmm How true!

I was one of those involved in the School Jazz concert (fiasco) circa '57. When I later attended a job interview, my potential employers told me that Allan Clayton's reference had noted "he spends all of his time playing a guitar and skiffling". They still offered me articles. Well I still play on a regular basis and, with my new wife, sing in a big choir. Did a gig at the Lincoln Center, New York in January so I must have done something right! I'm sorry to say that my recollections of AC are not happy ones. I could go on but will refrain except for words like "patronising", "aloof", "undemocratic".

Have just ended my working life after 50 years of being a surveyor, well somebody had to do it.

Also continue with my love of sailing and have had my glider pilot's ticket revoked due to health problems. Still, I woke up this morning so things are not that bad.

My sister, Pauline Jarman, still lives in Whetstone and is in contact with an EBOG "ladies who lunch" group. I see Linda Thorburn (née Marchesi) when things permit and correspond with Frank Brown in Frisco.

Many thanks for your sterling efforts

Regards

Geoff Weston (né Biddle)

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Hello Brian

I have just downloaded and read the Newsletter and enjoyed it greatly.

It reminded me how fortunate we were to have have Clayton and the general high calibre of teaching.

Congratulations on what is always a hard and time consuming job I know very well

Even the fact that even in my dotage I recognise names did me the power of good! ............fingers crossed for reunion in 2012

Regards

Colin Brinkman (1946–1951)

Brian, congratulations and thanks for the newsletter. Some very interesting facts and photos. The incident with Tosh Viney's car seems to have changed rather dramatically.

The incident took place during the evening/night of the last Thursday of the school year ending in July 1954. During assembly the next day, the last day of the school year the culprits who by this time had proudly confessed their guilt were lined up on the stage and told by the Old Man that he would decide within the next few days whether to report the incident to the police. I do not believe the police were ever involved. Most, if not all of the guilty, left school that day anyway. Their crime was to pick up the car which was a very old Austin Seven and deposit it in the quadrangle next to the hall. They also placed a chamber pot on the lightning conductor above the clock on the school roof. (Ed. Note: we now have four versions of the incident with Tosh Viney’s car!

What's happened to your memories?

After all, this happened only 57 years ago)

Best wishes Terry Evans (1949-1954)

Dear Brian,

It's very nice to read the newsletter - even though I am finding it increasingly difficult to recognize people in the photographs - even when their names are printed underneath!

Maybe I should update you with a little of my news. We have been settled in Derbyshire for the past 22 years and we have some self catering holiday cottages at our property - nothing too luxurious but they are clean and functional - so if any EBOG's are ever in the area …

www.ashbourneparkcottages.co.uk

I have 4 children and the youngest 2 are both starting at medical school in September - James at Nottingham and Sara at Keele.

I have very little interest in football any more - I have always been an Arsenal supporter and still look at their results – but who wants to support a team of Frenchies???
Dear Brian,

I did not have the pleasure of attending your school. However I have many connections, which is why you send me your EBOG News letter.

Firstly, I had the good sense to marry an EB Grammar School girl. I met her whilst she was still at EBGS. Her name was Jean Pedder and she was at EBGS from 1940 until 1945. On April 23rd this year we will be celebrating our Diamond Wedding anniversary. Through this connection I was able to become a member of Ludgrove Lodge and was Worshipful Master in 1983/4. I was proposed by John Hipsey and seconded by Laurie Warren who is my wife's cousin by marriage; his wife also went to EBGS! (Ed. Note: Laurie's wife is Joyce Edwards who was also my classmate. Laurie's brother Brian transcribes the Clayton Diaries, extracts of which are regularly published in this Newsletter. There is an article from Laurie's sister, Sheila, on page 12)

Best Regards,
Les Blackwell (1960-1967)

Hi Roy

I was given your link by Steve Harris. Steve and I served time in the same form at EBGS all those years ago. My brother Ian and my sister Jan were also inmates. My brother was 5 years older than me and after leaving school and National Service he went up to Trinity College Cambridge to read modern languages. This e-mail is to let you know that Ian sadly died 2 weeks ago. I thought there might be some OAP EBOGs who would remember him and that you might give it a mention in the next newsletter.

Kind regards
Robin Macdonald (1953 – 1960) robinjmmacdonald@yahoo.co.uk

Brian – Hi.

Great to hear from a fellow Vialou member still alive. Yes POD indeed. There was always argument about whether my forename should have been Geoffrey or Sydney. Ed. Note: this is from Philip O’ Donoghue (1940-1948) and he is referring to POD, his nickname at EBGS, an acronym of his initials

I see few schoolmates these days – John K. Harris and his wife Kay (née Shere) and a couple of years his junior are the only regulars, but I did bump into Peter Burrage, and only just missed Pamela Offord, at a school do a few years back. I was looking forward to another such but as you know it has been so absurdly delayed that attendance may well have to be by planchette (a dear friend said she would know it was me trying to get through by the words I made her spell. Wonder what she meant?).

Recently I got in touch with Rita Schwint (née Brookes) but it was the very month of her Argentine husband’s death. She soon rallied and wrote me several newsy and entertaining letters but ceased to respond by mail or email, and I fear she has joined Romulo.

My wife, Veronica, and I have published “Georgian Cookery: recipes and remedies from 18th century Totteridge”. The price is £9.50 but I could knock a quid or so off that for orders of 3 or more at the same delivery address. Colonies excepted! But I have no ambition to turn you and Roy, or me come to that, into book salesmen. It will soon be published as an e-book – maybe already has – which offers a cost-free dip into it.

My working life has been spent among other biologists, pure, agricultural and medical, in research, teaching and admin. I moved back to Barnet when our elder daughter was facing senior school and EBGS seemed a better bet than that what was offered in Reading – girls-only and rolled-up in cloaks and amusing straw hats. Although our old school went through a bad patch some years ago our judgement was sound and in addition to our 2 daughters (some years ago) 1 of our 2 grandsons attends Danegrove and the other did too but has now risen to Chestnut Grove. Their ex-EBOG mother has now become a teacher in Danegrove while their mother taught in Barnet College from 1971 (I think) until she retired. She is now idle but cannot match her husband, who has been a practicing idler for many years.
Dear Brian

Many thanks for the EBOG newsletter which always has something of interest.

I was very interested to see the photo of the prefects on page 6; I have a copy of it somewhere in my memorabilia. I can add a few names to those mentioned.

Back row extreme left Roger Burbidge, 3rd left Peter Smith, 4th left Roger Trickett, 6th left Ian White (me), 7th left John Castro, 8th left Martin Laight, 7th left? Wellbourne (I think)

2nd back row 2nd left Antony (Bill) Bailey, 3rd left John Gotham, 6th left Terry Boyce? extreme right David Solender

3rd back row, extreme left Jean Bevis, extreme right David Henderson

Next row down, extreme left Brenda Keates, 6th left Pat Claydon

Front row, extreme left Jean Perry (or Parry), 10th left Antony Davis.

No doubt others can fill in most of the other names, but I hope this helps. (Ed. Note: those who want to match these names with faces will have to look at the March 2009 Newsletter)

For the record, I now live in Wool, Dorset but still have regular contact with a few EBOG’s namely Bob Pennell, Roger Connell, Eileen Walsh (nee Newton), Pauline Stephenson (nee Williamson). Beryl Burbidge (nee Hooper) also contacted me recently and some time ago I had some correspondence with Roger Burbidge.

When living in Cuffley up to a few years ago I also knew Brian Warren and Alan Ward well.

Hope this helps.

Best Regards

Ian White (1951-1958)
ian_white2007@btinternet.com

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All the best – Philip O'Donoghue
(1940-1948)

Ed. Note: If you wish to buy a copy of Philip’s book you can contact him at pn.odonoghue@greenbee.net

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Reunion of 5th Year 1947/1948 sent by Mike Brazier

From left to right - standing: Peter Mills, Barry Saunders, Jill Stapley (Adams), John Divall, Bill Wright, Neil Rowland, John Mackie, John Shadwell, Jean Lance (Roffe), Robin Mathews, John Scott. Central from left: Janet Ainsworth, Jean Mills (Sandys), Sheila Cockram. Front Row left to right: Pam Montague, Margaret Barrington (Coleman), Sheila Cockram, Peter Twyman, Alfie Braithwaite, Beryl Clark, Ann Ladbury (Kaufe)
Hazel Jarman (née Morris) sent this photo of a recent lunch at Chez Tonton in East Barnet. From left to right, standing: Eileen Newton, Maureen Hall, Sue Smith and Hazel Morris. Seated: left to right: Pauline William, Brenda Seed, Yvonne Stringer, Marie Francis and Bill (Henry) Hall.

Hazel says that they are all hoping to organise a reunion in the near future for the years 1956/57 and gives her e-mail address of Hazel@cedar51.freeserve.co.uk. She has no date or venue at present but just needs to see what response she gets.


On the 15th of November, Mr. Craig, Senior Physics Master and Mr. Legge, Senior Chemistry Master took a party of 41 pupils to visit the Ford Works, at Dagenham, accompanied by Mr. Clayton. Eight days later a very successful visit was made to I.C.I. Plastics, Welwyn Garden City. Several former pupils subsequently found employment there. On the 26th November a visit was made to a local Gasworks, I presume that it was in New Barnet (now closed). In the same month, Mr. Halliwell took 26 pupils from Form 3 to see the Old Vic Company in Twelfth Night. at the New Theatre. Perhaps the highlight of the visits was the School Trip of 53 pupils and five former students to Switzerland for a fortnight, at the end of the year.

On the 15th of November Mr. Barrett, the Visual Aids Organiser, brought a film strip projector to the School to be considered as an educational aid. Nearly a month later the Headmaster received a telephone call from Mr. Barrett on the possibility of a B.B.C. recording for a broadcast to India and the Far East on film strips and their use.

There were several further references to the acquisition of a War Memorial Tablet. This had been an ongoing item in the diaries for quite a while.

On the 10th of November the first Whist Drive was held in the School Hall, to pay off the deficit on the School Magazine. It was a very successful event with about 160 people attending.

Mr. Viney and Mr. O’Hare provided special dancing lessons for the 4th Year.

A lecture, “Electric trains and how they work” organised by Mr. Holmes was given by Mr. Prigmore to the Railway Club.

In November, the usual fog arrived, which affected the three-night production of “She Stoops to Conquer” A small number of pupils were housed by members of staff due to the inclement weather. Mr. Clayton recorded a better performance on the second night and though the Hall was only two-thirds full on the last night the performance was very good. Three days later due to the fog the School was closed at 2:40 PM.

On the 14th November Margaret Coleman, Jean Snadys and Isobel Milliken were selected for the Hertfordshire County Hockey squad.

Mr. Clayton recorded the inter-House Cross-Country event, of 3¾ miles, by name, position, form and House of the thirty-one participants. One person was disqualified for cutting the course! E. Jenkin won the event, D. J. Shott 6th and J. D. Wrighton 25th (He captained the British Olympic Team in 1960!)

On the 15th of November Mr.
L to R : Barry Luck; Peter Baker; Brenda Keates; 3 seated people are ?Lowry; Peter Kaupe; Mr Salame (German teacher) 4 standing behind these 3: John Ellis; Michael Forse; Roger Pratt; Roy Rolfe Seated centre stage: Don Perrin  Standing : Ian Bruce (deceased); John McCormick; Terry Boyce; Howard Peters  Seated Carol Bjorck; Frances White; Brenda Smith; Ian MacDonald

Peter Rawlings sent this photo of the 1950 or 1951 Hadley Athletics Team. The Team Captain, John Scott, in the centre of the middle row in a track suit, is also in the Reunion photo above this one. The only other that I can positively identify is Peter’s wife, Joan (Morford) Rawlings, on the far right of the front row  Others that I think I can recognise are Dave Storey  third from the right in the back row, Peggy Atkinson on the far left of the middle row and Iris Simpson second from right in the front row.
Lower V Science 1958 submitted by Frank Brown

Under 15 Football Team 1956/57 from Frank Brown

Back Row: Wilf Hume, Malcolm Griffiths, Geoff Smith, Jim Taylor, Frank Brown, ??? Derek Turner, David Hoare, Phillip Johnstone, Don Hufford

Front Row: ??? Dave Larcombe, Brian Ferry, ??? Ray Nottage
Frank, adds:

“Not sure if people know this, but Malcolm Griffiths became a famous Jazz Trombonist. Phillip Johnstone was sadly killed in a car accident after emigrating to Canada. As for me, I became an Analytical Chemist, moved into Sales & Marketing of X-ray and Nuclear Instruments. I moved to the USA in 1984 and ran several USA based business for Oxford Instruments. Later I started my own consulting business, helping small businesses with strategic and business planning as well as International Distribution.”

Frank, who lives in Foster City, about 20 miles south of San Francisco, on the so-called peninsula at the northern end of Silicon Valley, also comments that, “If California became a republic we would be the 7th richest nation in the world, but we would still be broke!"

Sheila Warren (1948-1955) submitted the following:

The sad passing-on of a former classmate, Ian Macdonald, has caused me to reflect again on life’s opportunities, past, present and future. Our past mistakes (at least mine) are many, but we can learn from them. Failure spurs us on to greater effort or to try something different.

In my case, I decided to leave England in 1964 and go to live in Italy. I’ve never regretted this, although the difficulties were many, at times almost insurmountable. Apart from having to learn Italian mainly by ear, I had to come to terms with the metric system, culture and mentality differences, a different kind of humour, decision changes at short notice and little planning in advance.

My Zoology degree was not then recognised in Italy (it was before the days of the EU). So I turned to teaching English and found that my former classmate, Ian Macdonald, who has helped me out on more than one occasion.

Sheila Warren (Bunny)

sheilawarren@libero.it

From Russia With Love

By Editor Brian

This account describes Moscow during a very difficult transitional period in the early 90’s. It is now a modern metropolis with hotels, restaurants and other tourist amenities equal to those of any western cities. Also, Russians now generally enjoy much higher living standards than those that I describe.

In 1990, at the beginning of perestroika and glasnost, my wife, Shirley and I decided to take a package tour of Moscow and Leningrad (now Saint Petersburg) that included participation in the Moscow Marathon. I had studied Russian on and off for a number of years and I looked forward to the opportunity of finally using it.

Upon arrival at Moscow’s Sheremetyevo Airport we were struck by the darkness and the eerie silence of the Arrivals Hall. We waited in a long slow-moving line and when our turn came we handed our passports to an unsmiling young man wearing a military uniform who peered suspiciously at us through a window in his cubicle, opened them, gave us a long hard stare, stamped them, glared at us again and, without a word, handed them back to us.

Each new day is still an adventure and we still find that ‘What you do comes back to you’ or, as the modern saying has it, ‘What goes around comes around’.

We collected our baggage, cleared customs, rejoined our group and were met by Svetlana, our Intourist guide, who was going back and forth to a phone booth making calls and looking very flustered. After about twenty minutes I became impatient and asked what the problem was. She told me that the bus could not take us to our hotel until she found our group number. I happened to have a receipt from our travel agent which showed this number so we were finally able to be taken to the Cosmos Hotel, claimed to be one of Moscow’s best. Otherwise we could still be waiting now! This was just the beginning of a vacation unlike any that we had taken before.

We entered the hotel, which smelt of boiled cabbage, registered, collected our key and went to our tiny room with a threadbare carpet and a 50’s vintage black and white TV with a rabbit ears antenna. I asked the porter who carried our bags up if the television set was for us to watch, or if it was there to watch us. Either my humor got lost in translation or else he decided that it was expedient not to understand me! Shirley went to take a shower, turned on the tap and .. nothing. I called down to the front desk and was told, “You’re on the 20th floor so the pressure is a little bit low. Try again in about an hour”.

However, it was now time for dinner so we went down to the dining room where sour-faced waiters and waitresses served us lukewarm flavorless soup, overcooked vegetables and meat that we could have soled our shoes with. In between serving courses they sat at their own table a few yards away and smoked. They also brought us warm
Pepsi so I went to their table and politely asked in Russian for ice. A waitress gave me a withering glare, took a puff of her cigarette, spat out “Nyet!” and went back to chatting with her colleagues. Later I learnt that this kind of treatment was a tradition, humorously known as “mutual humiliation” that grew out of the stress of living under the deprivations of communism. In other words, I will humiliate you at my workplace and, given the opportunity, you will humiliate me at yours!

We returned to our room by which time we were able to coax a thin trickle of rust-colored water out of the showerhead after which we retired for the night.

We had been warned that visiting Russia required a sense of humor and a lot of patience as the country was going through a painful transition from a planned to a market economy. There were long lines everywhere for such basic things as bread, milk and vegetables and such luxuries as meat and fish were virtually unobtainable for ordinary Russian citizens. Several Russian women even approached the female members of our group begging for tampons, which were unobtainable in their country.

On one excursion we saw a line about 400 meters long and four people deep and discovered that it was for a Macdonald's that had just opened!

For the next few days we were taken on tours of the incredibly beautiful city. On the first day, one of the men in our group inadvertently jaywalked whereupon a policeman demanded that he pay a fine of five rubles, which at that time was worth about 20p or 30 US cents. To the poor cop's consternation our whole group lined up to pay the same fine and offer to buy our shoes, jeans, sweat suits or our currency. However, the rubles that they offered us in exchange were virtually worthless as they would only buy shoddy Russian-made merchandise for which we had no use. Also, this was a period of hyperinflation and the ruble was losing its value almost by the minute. Anything of value to tourists, such as the artifacts sold by street vendors, imported goods or tickets to the Bolshoi Ballet had to be paid for in hard currency.

We saw a different side of Russian life when Marina, her husband Grisha and her mother Alla, with whom I had been corresponding, invited us to dinner at their apartment. There was a sumptuous spread of several different kinds of meat and fish, caviar, champagne, imported wines, brandy and vodka. When I told our guide about this, we were deeply touched when she explained that, in the tradition of Russian hospitality, our hosts had probably spent about a month's wages on entertaining us.

Although Marina and Grisha had, by Russian standards, well-paid jobs, their apartment had one bedroom in which the two of them slept. Alla slept on a convertible couch and their two sons slept on mattresses on their living room floor. However, they considered themselves fortunate to have their own kitchen and bathroom. In many apartment buildings these facilities had to be shared by several families.

When Marina and Grisha came to the Cosmos to pick us up, the security guards at the hotel entrance would not let them in, as they were not registered guests. This restriction apparently did not apply to the prostitutes who crowded the bars. On one occasion when my wife and I were having a drink one of the good ladies sat down beside me and offered me her favours in return for Shirley's Nike running shoes!

The Marathon was very well organised with groups of Russian musicians and dancers along the route to entertain us. I was not in shape to run 42 kilometres so instead I entered a 5 mile race that was held at the same time. I fell into conversation with some Russian runners and before I knew it we were crossing the finish line. Then there was a concert and banquet for all us participants.

Our programme also included a visit to the Moscow Circus. The clowns, acrobats and other human performers were very entertaining but the same cannot be said of the lions, tigers and bears. There was not enough meat even to feed the Russian people let alone these pathetically scruffy animals that appeared to be terrified of their trainers.

We had been really looking forward to visiting Leningrad but on the morning that we were supposed to leave, Svetlana told us that, for reasons unknown to her, the trip had been cancelled and there would be no refunds. Instead we would spend a few extra days in Moscow. The government-owned agency, Intourist, had a monopoly on all tourism so we had no redress.

Finally, it was time to fly home. I had no regrets about making the trip but seriously doubted that I would ever return to Russia. How wrong I was!

To be continued …