



Old Owenians Newsletter – July 2018

July 2018

Dear Old Owenians

It has been another exciting term as summer has dawned on us at Owen's!

One key event has been a visit in April from the Right Honourable Damian Hinds MP, the Secretary of State for Education. Mr Hinds was particularly impressed by the typically excellent performance from the Senior Strings and by our students' aptitude in Spanish; he agreed that translating under pressure was harder than it looked! I was very proud of all our students for their perceptive and mature discussions with Mr Hinds, which ranged from the role of technology in the classroom to social welfare to university fees. Mr Hinds informed us that he enjoyed his visit very much.

Building work on our new teaching block has well and truly started, and those of you who attended our recent Coffee and Tour morning will have seen the construction site at the heart of the school. The site was officially opened on 15th June 2018 when in hard hats and high-vis clothing, I was joined by Year 9 pupils, our chair of governors Mr Peter Martin, and Paul Wells, Master of the Worshipful Company of Brewers to break ground on the new site.

It has also been a particularly exciting term in our sports department! Most notable is the success of our Year 10 boys who defeated Parmiter's School 5-0 in the Wix Senior Shield competition. This is the first time we have been champions of this tournament since 2011. The effort, commitment and countless hours of training from the team makes this victory a very well-deserved one indeed. Year 8 golfers were very successful in the Arkley Junior Championship, and the wider PE department has also been busy with several successful fixtures in Athletics and Cross-Country.

Many of our students have been afforded the opportunity this term to widen their learning outside the classroom. Our Year 7s have been on the ever-popular trip to Rochester, where they learnt about Norman and Saxon castles and architecture. The enthusiasm and eagerness to learn was clearly expressed in their castle projects, some of which featured working drawbridges and juggling court jesters! Further to this, Year 10 Art students went to the Pitts River Museum in Oxford to be inspired by the archaeological and anthropological exhibits. They join countless other artists who have been drawn to this fabulous museum.

Our Year 9 students benefitted from time spent abroad with their French or German exchange partners. Many of them have also just returned from a trip visiting the cemeteries and trenches of Somme and Ypres, which was made all the more poignant in light of the 100 year anniversary of the end of World War 1. The students were very moved by the extent and gravity of what they saw.

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Students undertaking the Duke of Edinburgh Bronze Award picked a particularly sunny weekend for their expedition. Packed up with their camping gear, maps and many, many snacks to keep them going, they all had a wonderful weekend.

Our Youth Speaks teams were very successful this year. The Rotary Youth Speaks is a challenging competition in which students must work together to present an argument on a topic, speaking for up to ten minutes before facing questions from the audience. Both our Intermediate team and Senior team stood out in the regional finals. The Intermediate team (made up of Year 8s) questioned 'Is Rugby too violent?' and came an impressive second at this level whilst our Senior team (comprising of Year 12s) progressed to the national finals where they spoke about the realities of modern slavery in Britain. This is the first time that an Owen's public speaking team has made it so far in this competition! We are extraordinarily proud of their efforts; they achieved second place, showcasing their confidence and eloquence, as well as the intelligence with which they could construct their case.

The students at Owens have had the opportunity to support the Rwandan Sisterhood Association this term. This charity helps to support the health and wellbeing of women and children in developing countries. Students have widened their 'Window on the World' by supporting this charity which has helped them understand some of the realities other people face. We are looking to start a knitting club where we hope to knit 100 squares in order to make blankets to send out to brand new families in need in Rwanda. Our students also chose to raise money for Herts Young Homeless who support young people who are, or are at risk of becoming, homeless. Our Year 7 students have also been involved in charity this term, with many of them taking part in the Readathon sponsored read, which raised money on behalf of Read for Good. This charity helps to buy new books for children in hospital, providing them with a valuable escape.



Huge congratulations go to our Old Owenian, Patrick Elwood, who was on the winning team of this year's Boat Race. A member of the Cambridge University Boat Club squad from 2014, his team won the 164th Boat Race on 24th March 2018. What a fantastic achievement! We were very fortunate that Patrick joined us earlier in March for our annual careers week (more on this below).

Wishing you all a wonderful summer,

Mrs Nemko

Invitation: The Annual Harold Moore Luncheon

Please
note the
change of
venue

June 2018

Dear Old Owenian,

***Invitation: The Harold Moore Annual Reunion Luncheon – Wednesday
24th October 2018
1-4pm with pre-luncheon drinks from 11.30am***

This invitation is extended to all **Old Owenians** from the **Islington Girls' and Boys'** schools, and from the **Potters Bar** school. Also invited are previous Heads of School, past staff and honoured guests.

For the first time a drama group from the School will be performing at the luncheon and Linda Cooper nee Todd (1969-76), director of the Varanasi Welfare Foundation, India www.vwfoundation.com will be giving an update on the projects some attendees have sponsored.

The Luncheon will be held in the **Ground Floor Meeting Rooms** of the **Royal National Hotel**, 38-51 Bedford Way, Bloomsbury, London, WC1H 0DG.

Getting there is easy – the nearest tube is Russell Square on the Piccadilly Line or there is parking available from CC Parking – please see the hotel website for their tariffs: <http://www.imperialhotels.co.uk/>.

Lunch will be at 1pm, but we will gather from 11.30am onwards in the Ground Floor bar of the hotel. The price of **£38.00** covers a three-course meal, coffee, wine or mineral water, room hire, gratuities and administrative costs, but excludes pre-luncheon drinks. If you have special dietary requirements, please state these where indicated on your Acceptance Slip.

Kindly complete the Acceptance Slip below and post/e-mail it to Sandyann Cannon (details below). Early replies would be much appreciated, but in any event please reply by **Monday 9th October**.

Please contact your old school friends to encourage them to share in this splendidly informal occasion.

Yours sincerely

Sandyann Cannon (Luncheon organiser)

E-mail: sandyannc@annon.co.uk

1, Watersplash Cottages, Brookmans Park, Herts AL9 7SW
Tel: 07973 755 269

Acceptance Slip

Name:

School Years:

Telephone number (optional):

Payment method (i.e. by cheque enclosed – payable to ‘Harold Moore Luncheon - or by bank transfer, see below):

.....

Dietary requirements:

.....

.....

Preference for drinks at table (i.e. Red, White, Rose Wine or Mineral Water):

.....

Seating preference (near to whom would you like to be seated):

.....

E-mail address:

.....

(This helps cut the cost of postage).

You may pay by bank transfer to this
account: -

Account Name: **Harold Moore
Luncheon**

Sort Code: **20-76-92**

Account Number: **83984850**

Important (so that we identify your payment): For **‘Reference’**, please use your
surname and initials.

Additional donations towards the costs of the event are welcome but are entirely
voluntary.

Please return to Sandyann Canon either via email or post.

E-mail: sandyannc@annon.co.uk

1, Watersplash Cottages, Brookmans Park, Herts AL9 7SW

Old Owenians Careers Talks Week - March 2018



For the eighth year running, we hosted a week of Careers Talks at the beginning of March to celebrate National Careers Week.

15 members of our Alumni gave a talk on their working lives since leaving the school giving the students an overview of their careers to date and how to enter their profession with the relevant learning or training route.

The careers showcased this year were in Design, Animation and Creative jobs in TV, Accountancy, Biomedical Engineering, Astrophysics, Advertising, HR & Graduate Recruitment, Earth and Ocean Sciences, Structural Engineering, Radio Production, Investment Banking, Medical Biochemistry, Law (both Patent and Corporate), Social Work and General Engineering.

All the talks were really well attended – so much so that we may have to rethink the venues next year as many of the rooms were full to over-flowing. The students seemed to be genuinely interested and engaged and the speakers were delighted with how responsive they were, asking many pertinent questions.

The speakers themselves also enjoyed the experience and most had a tour of the school to see how it had changed since “their day”. All had happy memories of their time at Owen’s and all talked about long-standing friendships created whilst at Owen’s which are still ongoing.

A few of the speakers’ presentations have been uploaded to the new DAOS Careers site - access this via “The Hub” on the front page of the intranet or from the top of the Homepage of the school’s website.



Monday’s Speakers (pictured to the left)– Patrick Elwood, Rosie Skinner, Matthew Naime and Jess Prior

Old Owenians Careers Talks Week - March 2018



Tuesday's Speakers (pictured above) – Sarah Williams, Hayler Cooper, Dan Hellens and Valentin Loeffler



Friday's Speakers (pictured above)– Will Akman, Celia Knoppp and Anwar Sardiwalla



Wednesday's Speakers (pictured above) – Maureen Gisseleire, Derrick Edgerton, Tom Whiter and Nikki Zhao

I would like to thank everyone involved for their help and support – particularly our speakers – for what was a very enjoyable week.

Mrs C Whiter, Head of Careers

SHAUN FLOOK (CLASS OF 1989)

Old Owen's Cricket Club (established 1924)

The school's alumni cricket club, Old Owens, play at the picturesque sports ground in Coopers Lane and run 3 sides in the Hertfordshire cricket league, enabling players of varying standards to play competitive but fun cricket.

The club has been successful on and off the field in recent years, with the 1st XI now playing in the third tier of one of the biggest leagues in the country. Off the field, due in large part to the excellence of the facilities, from the well-stocked bar to a top class barbecue, the club is proud to be one of the most social around.

The club is on the look-out for new players, especially older current pupils, ex-pupils and their families. Our 3rd XI currently features several players who left the school more than 40 years ago and the Owenian spirit is strong throughout the club. You are also very welcome to come and watch the games, any Saturday afternoon until 1st September, from the sun-soaked terrace (the sunsets are spectacular!).

There are outdoor nets every Thursday evening from 6.30pm until 8.30pm at the Old Owens Sport Ground, Coopers Lane, throughout the summer. If you want to find out more about training please contact the 1st XI Captain, Bradley Lane via bradleylane9@gmail.com.

In 2019 the club would love to resurrect the youth section but this would need additional coaches. If you, or anyone you know, are interested in playing a part in this please use one of the contacts in this article.

The club is currently sponsored by an exciting new Physiotherapy company based in Hoddesdon, Carter and George (the Carter plays in our 1st XI) and Cosmur Construction Ltd but we are always open to new sponsors.



If you would like to know more about the cricket club, or discuss anything in this article, please contact our Club Secretary Shaun Flook (left 1989) via shaunflook@aol.com or go to our website at <http://oldowens.play-cricket.com//> or you can also follow the club through Twitter, Facebook

LES GIBBINGS – CLASS OF 1971

I was recently looking through an old photo album of my late former wife, Lynne Lloyd, that included 'snaps' from her schooldays at Owens.

One photograph in particular stood out for me as it contained the girls school Hockey Team that had participated in a Midland Bank Tournament back in 1971. And just as I had reproduced my 1st Year form photo last time for the entertainment of Old Owenians complete with names, I thought it might be fun to do the same with this veritable picture.

So here it is, with as complete a list of names as I could conjure up [Lynne had only entered forenames around the photo in her album]. However, a combination of my own memory and with the kind help of Jackie Jones [in the back row of the photo] I think it is as accurate a list as I was likely to get.



Back Row [Left to Right]: Sharon Garner, Anne Shelton, Jackie Jones, Janice Turner, Lynne Lloyd, Anne Adams, Anne Graham.

Front Row: Heather [Watson?], Sue Bragg, Bobbie Keen, Janice Jeffries

Jackie informed me that apart from her, Lynne, Janice Turner and Sue Bragg, the other team members had all been in the year below theirs, or, in the case of Janice Jeffries, the year below that.

A lot will have happened to those shown in the forty-six years since this photo was taken!!

For example, before the end of the decade, Lynne and I had both studied for and obtained professional qualifications, got engaged, married, and had moved out of London to Welwyn Garden City in Hertfordshire and had Amy, the first of our three daughters.

SYLVIA GAMBIN (NEE GODFREY) – CLASS OF 1964

Thanks to Sylvia for getting in contact again to update us on her Miss Lowe enquiry! In last June's issue, she sent in part of a school photo showing Miss Lowe and asked if anyone could put names to the faces, especially the teachers, as she remembered some but not all of them.

She is pleased to report that within days of the newsletter, she received lots of e-mails and that all but one of the teachers have been identified. Sylvia would like to thank everyone who kindly replied with information and lots of amusing stories and memories of their time at Owen's. The mystery is now almost entirely solved!



The teachers are (L to R): - Miss Foster - French, Miss Hudson - Mythology & Latin, Miss Burgess - PE, Miss Marks - Geography, Miss Roberts - Biology, Miss Maycock-Physics & Chemistry, Miss White (Deputy Head) - English Miss Ward - Head, Miss Welch - Domestic Science which consisted of Cookery & Needlework, Mrs Shipton - Maths, Miss Lowe - PE & RE, Miss England - History, Miss Jones - Music, Mrs Moon - PE, Miss ??? but possibly Miss Dedman - French, and half of Mrs Unger - German.

TIM CROOK-SYCAMORE – CLASS OF 2017

On 17th May, Tim Crook-Sycamore, together with a group from Dame Alice Owen's School, attended a presentation in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, where he received his Gold Duke of Edinburgh's Award from guest presenter, Chris Lloyd (British Parasnow Skier), after sharing his experiences with HRH The Earl of Wessex.

During the Gold Award Presentation, HRH congratulated the group on their successes and heard about their DofE journeys, which took each young person 12-18 months of hard work and dedication.

Those who achieve a Gold DofE Award will volunteer, learn a skill, get fit, take part in a week long residential and plan and undertake an expedition in Wild Country. Tim worked on his trumpet skills with the Hertfordshire Showband, volunteered to help a

Old Owenian Contributions



maths class at school and undertook a personal fitness programme for his physical section. He achieved a beach lifesaving qualification during his residential in Wales and trekked through Snowdonia on his expedition.

Tim, who left Dame Alice in 2017, would like to thank Miss Lord, Mrs English and Mr Lawlor for their help and support in completing his award.



DAVID SOULSBY – CLASS OF 1950

In response to the enquiry sent in by Clifford McKie, I will join what must have been a veritable flood of replies confirming that such oddities as soap money and white marks were something that I ran into whilst attending Owens School.

The first, soap money I met early in September 1944 when as a new boy I passed through the narrow entrance gate into the quad of Bedford Modern School where Owens was billeted as part of the evacuation process. I was immediately approached by an older youth who I guessed was probably about Remove age and asked whether I had my "soap" money. I replied that I was sorry that I knew nothing about it but that I would check with my brother John in the fourth year as to what I should do. Hearing I had an older brother seemed to cause my new acquaintance to lose interest. I soon discovered it was a scam carried out against new boys to supplement pocket money and I was lucky to have an older sibling I could turn to.

White marks on the other hand were entirely official and the method of obtaining consent to be absent from class to use the toilet facilities. The area of disagreement that I have with your correspondent was in attracting the teacher's attention by clicking one's fingers. I very much do not think so. A polite raised hand was the way to do it otherwise you might have incurred a black mark, waiting outside the headmaster's study expecting six of the best for insolent behaviour!

Leafing through past copies of the Newsletter I came across a glowing obituary lauding the name of Roy Vandermeer who apparently enjoyed a hugely successful legal career, one of the most renowned "silks" of his time.

Old Owenian Contributions

The name took me back nearly 70 years to a warm early summer evening in June 1950 as I was ambling home through Parliament Hill Fields where I had just spent a couple of hours at the running track training with my club Highgate Harriers when who should I run into but the aforesaid Roy who I knew vaguely and Tony Pearce, someone I knew very well, captain of my house, Colebrooke, cricket, football and most things one could think of. We had actually been in the same third year but he had somewhat left me behind and was now in the upper sixth whilst I was languishing in 5C taking General Schools a second time having failed amongst other notables Tim Dodds, Del Barclay, John Weston and Nev Stoll, too much time on the football field Flash Hardwick, a gorilla of a man but with a wicked sense of humour and our form tutor, is supposed to have said in condemnation which might have been justified in the case of the others for all appeared in the school first team whereas I never achieved anything better than the second eleven.

Anyway there they were these two, way off their patch apparently looking for pretty young ladies to attend the school dance on the following Saturday. I agreed to join them in their quest and we managed to sell half a dozen tickets. Roy then approached me on a different subject, the Senior Mile to be competed for at the school Sports Day in the next couple of days. He was apparently running for his house Middleton, which quite surprised me as I had never been aware of his having any athletic ability. What he was suggesting was that we should "fix" the race, with all eight competitors running the four laps at a funereal pace, finally crossing the line all together holding hands with a loud Hurrah much he thought to the amusement of the spectators.

I was not so sure as I thought I had a fair chance of winning the race as I had run in it the previous year with some success. I consulted with TP and he thought it possible that Roy a lean and wiry youth known to be a joker was not above "pulling a fast one" trotting round at the back of the field and unleashing a sprint with 50 yards to go, catching us all by surprise and running in to win the race. The day came when the event was to be run. We set off a solid pack of runners and ran two laps at a slow pace, me at the back watching and I thought that Roy had got everybody on board as it seemed to be going the way he planned. With 600 yards to go I thought I would test the mettle of the others and went to the front at a much increased rate whilst keeping a wary eye on the rest. From there on I ran the race at my pace and after a sprint dust up over the last 100 yards or so went on to win. Roy came home in mid pack 5th or 6th. We shook hands and that was the last I saw or heard of him for nearly 70 years.

The school dance, I believe the first for many years, was a huge success. I asked what I thought was the prettiest girl in the place to dance and slightly to my amazement she said yes, I was not the most self-assured of people. We spent the evening in each other's company, she was 16 yo and from Owens Girls School and we obviously liked each other. I walked her home to some where off the Essex Road and after a couple of hours spent furthering our relationship I skipped home to Tufnell Park convinced my future was sorted. She rang me a couple of days later asking me to a party which for some obscure reason I couldn't make and I never heard from her again.

Shortly afterward I was conscripted into the army for two years the second spent in Hong Kong. I believe she went on to become the Islington beauty queen of 1951, part of the Festival of Britain activities and married a Scottish international who played for the Arsenal. They could have been the Beckhams of the age but I lost sight of them. It's taken Roy Vandermeer to bring it all back to me!!

OWENS START CLASS 1957 REUNION by Derek Webb



On Tuesday 12 September 2017, Old Owenians from the Start Class of 1957 met at 1 p.m. over an informal and convivial lunch at the **'Pearl and Feather'** (Formerly 'The Empress of Russia Public House') in St. Johns Street, EC1, (adjacent to the former Owens School), to celebrate the 60th Anniversary from the date that they all started at Owens. We spent several hours eating, drinking and reminiscing and this was such a successful event that we all agreed to meet again in 60 years time! Special thanks to Derek Webb for organising the event.

In attendance from the Boys School were **John Corson, Lawrence Cooper, Richard Denman, Mick Hine, Eric Le Sueur, Keith Mann, Chris Meredith** (who lived in the Empress of Russia when he was a pupil at the School), **Alan Singer, Michael Stein** and **Derek Webb**. **Mike Daniels** lives in Toronto and was unable to attend but thanks to the sort of technology that was not around in 1957 we managed to Skype with him.

Also in attendance were some Boys from the years above and below, namely: **David Justice, Chris McHugh, Roger McHugh, Fred Munday, Alan Munday**.

Also in attendance were a good number of Old Owenians from the Girls School of a similar vintage and together with us they thoroughly enjoyed the occasion and came together with us for photos during the course of the afternoon.

In attendance from the Girls School were **Dot Ireland [Akers], Wendy Smith [Andrews], Patricia Percy [Bedford], Hilary Kelly [Brown], Patsy Whiteside [Donoghue], Pauline Robertson [Durrant], Drena Irish, Prunella Levis [John], Mary Long [Kelly], Jennie Rands [Landeryou], Lesley Christiansen [Lewis], Janice Hatcher [Ranson], Maureen Stevens, Irene Roper [Williams]**.

Old Owenian Contributions



Special thanks to Michael Stein for his report of the above.



Left (Front to Back): Mike Stein, Richard Denman, Eric LeSuer, Chris Meredith
 Back Right (Left to Right): Mike Hine, Derek Webb, John Corson
 Front Right (Left to Right): Lawrence Cooper, Alan Singer, Keith Mann

KEITH MILES

I recently had a second book published in Slovenia, in both English and Slovene. The first questions that many will ask is how and why in Slovenia, especially for an ordinary boy from a very modest London background

Well my wife is Slovene and we visit there often. Secondly I have written for the local Christian newspaper for the last 6 years on matters such as economics, freedom, and ethics, with a Christian angle. The newspaper decided to publish the articles in Slovene and English in a book. I have sent a copy to the school library if anyone is interested.

However, in many ways more important was my time at Owen's school. As a boy from a relatively low working class background the school opened my eyes to a wider world. The background of the Brewers' Livery Company and the wider range of pupils was part of this, as was the study of Latin and History.

I even met boys whose family had their own house whereas I lived in rented accommodation and later a council flat. I learned that equality was not the name of the game but equality of opportunity.

Let me illustrate the wider world. As our daughter now lives with her family in Geneva I met an old school friend, David Dallman, who worked for many years at the CERN nuclear research institute. David was always the scholarly type and a good athlete as well. Of course we reminisced and he has been better than me at keeping up with school friends. I was intrigued to hear that at one time he worked 'down the corridor' from the famous Tim Berners-Lee of World Wide Web and thus internet fame.

Also intriguing was that we both married women from Central Europe; me from Slovenia and David from Hungary. I cannot help wondering if there are other instances from our cohort with interesting international family connections. David speaks Hungarian, a notoriously difficult language. I further wonder how many languages are spoken by those of my year. Perhaps we should try to find out.

Although at the time I never saw the value of Latin, not least because I wanted to become a Chartered Accountant, I now realise that Mr Hutchinson did have deep effect.

Finally, it would also be interesting to know more about the diaspora of Owens pupils in the world.

At the end of my last chapter I described how “Gym” Chant had taken his flock onwards and upwards from the Third Form and into the Remove. Physically we moved downwards because we relocated from room 15 on the first floor to room 3, the first room on the left as you entered the “cloisters” beneath the school hall. Despite the passing of the years I still have some quite vivid recollections of my time in the Remove and Fourth Forms which may stir a few memories among some of my contemporaries.

One of the big advantages of reaching the third year was the chance to move into a wider range of sports. As I mentioned earlier, I was no budding footballer and even the lure of twenty pounds a week (the maximum wage for professional footballers then) was not enough to sharpen my appetite. The final straw came when Gymbo introduced hockey half way through the football season. I played once and retired early with what I thought was a compound fracture of my left leg (but in fact was just bad bruising). My visits to Chandos Avenue came to an end and I took up rowing. It was a bit of a slog to have a quick lunch and get from the school to Kew Bridge. Tube to Turnham Green and a 27 bus from there was my preferred route. However, before being allowed anywhere near the boathouse we all had to undertake a “swimming competence” test. Those wishing to row had to report to Messrs Strong and Hamilton at the Northampton Square baths. There we would demonstrate our prowess by being able to swim the length of the pool – about 30 yards. Quite how this would have equipped us to save ourselves had we gone into the fast flowing, tidal Thames with its various currents and undertows is not quite clear – a nonsense I would later discover for myself. Apart from the currents, the river must be about two hundred yards wide in that area. But we passed and so were let loose on the river. I really enjoyed rowing. For one thing it kept me well away from Chandos Avenue and DEAC for half a day. But the main thing was that, having been taught the rudiments, I was actually not too bad at it. Being a little on the light side and right-handed I rowed at Bow or Three. We were taught the basics in “Tub Fours” before progressing to the slimmer clinker and shell boats. Some went on to sculling though I could never master two oars.

I can still recall rowing gently between Kew Eyot and Brentford Gasworks to avoid the effects of the outgoing tide. This was a particularly grotty part of the river compared to the south bank of that stretch, which adjoined Kew Gardens, but it certainly made for an easier journey before we’d turn and give it our best on the way back. I only fell into the river once. I was disembarking from one of the eights when the tide was quite high. I can’t remember which but it was either a pleasure boat or one of the river tugs which occasionally plied that part of the river which had just passed the boathouse and had disappeared under the bridge on its way towards London. Its wash caught the eight broadside as I was standing up and about to step on to the floating jetty. Losing my balance, I instinctively reached out for one of my fellow matelots who had already made it ashore – John Gibson I think or it may have been Laurence Lacey.

Old Owenian Contributions

Whoever it was, in the true spirit of helping those imperilled on the waves he quickly brushed me away – not wishing to place himself in danger - and in I went. The tide was on the way out and I was quickly taken beyond the boat towards London, but I managed to swim and paddle to the shore and scrambled up the slipway and steps on the west side of the bridge. A quick shower and I was on my way home none the worse for wear. I imagine there would be a “multi agency enquiry” should such an unfortunate occurrence take place today! A couple of years ago I took a riverboat trip from Westminster to Hampton Court past the site of the old boathouse and my brief brush with death. Needless to say, along with almost every other half-vacant plot along that stretch, the site has been cleared of anything that might be of use on a river (such as a boathouse) and is now occupied by luxury flats. Although there is no commemorative plaque, the slipway and steps where I emerged from the waves following my near-death experience can be clearly seen just to the left of the bridge.



Occasionally two or three of us would be given a lift back to school in Mr Hamilton's mini. I'm sure even then it took far longer than the Tube (the same journey would probably take half a day now and be subject to the Congestion Charge). But we saved the fare which we were still allowed to claim from Gymbo during our weekly "Religious Education" period (which, to give him his due, he usually used to far greater benefit, treating it as a general period to catch up on domestics and form matters).

Another benefit of the Remove was being allowed to drop Latin in favour of German. I jumped at the chance, having had enough of "amo, amas, amat" and the "past perfect". I'd also grown a little tired of translating tales of Marcus Tullius Cicero and his slave, trying to determine whether one of them had done something by, with or from the other (and never being quite sure who had done what to whom).

Old Owenian Contributions

Having said that, I'm glad I had my "foundation course" in Latin. Most of my friends who attended other schools were not fortunate enough to learn a little of that language and consequently dismissed it as "useless". But it was far from that and I still find myself using my scant knowledge to determine the meanings of unfamiliar words. It also provided me with a good grounding in grammar. I quite enjoyed German although as we were taught by Fritz Banks I was careful to behave myself, not wishing to have my delicate complexion ruined as Ivor Levy had a couple of years earlier! Even my very basic knowledge of it stood me in good stead when visiting Germany in later life. Whilst "Zwei biers bitte" was not specifically included in our curriculum, I had the confidence to make such a request thanks to Herr Banks.

I read with fondness (!) the details of the mass slipperings. I was not on the receiving end of the episode in Chandos Avenue where 90 boys were larruped. However, my rump felt the business end of the Dunlop on at least two occasions in the gym where only 30 of us were present. I cannot recall why we had deserved the walloping (it didn't take much). But I do know that on one occasion only one boy had committed the crime and we were all threatened with the ultimate sanction should the culprit not own up. But there was honour amongst the boys of the Remove and in the absence of anyone admitting to whatever heinous offence was alleged, we were all lined up in the gym and out came the Green Flash. Much jockeying for position in the line-up followed with different schools of thought considering where in the order of whacking would be the least painful. But it made little difference; the applications were fairly uniform throughout as comparisons of welt marks made in the showers afterwards would confirm. Of course it would be most improper to mention who administered these harsh beatings so many years ago, so to maintain his anonymity I'll just refer to him as DEAC.

And so to the conscription mentioned by Peter Eldridge. There is no doubt that it was the brainwave of Captain Chant. Despite being officially the Adjutant of the school's Army Cadet Force he probably had more influence over its affairs than Major "Baldy" Butler – who was by then nearing retirement. Apart from the two methods to avoid the call-up mentioned by Peter, there was one further escape clause. If you were the serving member of any other cadet unit you were excused. At the time I was a proud member of my local Air Training Corps (ATC) squadron (296, Stoke Newington). I was already a corporal and was a leading member of the squadron band. I had my hands full enough with military matters of my own and had no wish to become involved with the "Pongos". This, of course, infuriated Gympo and I'm sure he believed I had joined the ATC deliberately to avoid his conscription (although I had been an ATC cadet for almost two years). Summer Camp was declared compulsory. It was suggested that boys who were members of other cadet groups would also be subject to that compulsion. Summer Camp organised by the ATC was spent on an RAF station and we were kept busy in all sorts of ways.

Old Owenian Contributions

The highlight was “Air Experience” flying, undertaken in a number of RAF aircraft (depending on what was operated from the base). I had no intention of forgoing that excitement only to crawl around on my hands and knees in Thetford forest, my face covered in burnt cork (especially when it was to be accompanied by constant threats from Captain Chant). So I declined the Good Captain’s kind offer of a week’s full board in Norfolk and this simply added to his general annoyance with me.

Despite all this, life through the Remove and Fourth Form seemed more pleasant. I had finally realised that it was far less stressful all round if I simply got to school on time. This was mainly facilitated by the fact that I had taken on a morning paper round. I had to begin this at 7am and finishing it at around 7:30 left me with ample time to get changed and into school by ten to nine. Although I didn’t realise it (and certainly did not appreciate it!) in 1963, even at the tender age of thirteen, I needed a bit of “knocking into shape” and Gymbo was just the man to do it. His earlier pledge to address my lateness and “see to” my shortcomings in History clearly bore fruit as my report of July 1964 reflects:

OWEN'S SCHOOL
TRUSTEES:
THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF BREWERS

Report for the Half-year ending July 1964
Name Chris J Age 13-10 Form REAG
Place in Form

Term	Exam	Final
<u>1</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>5</u>

 Number of Boys 30 Average Age 14-4

SUBJECT	Final Marks	Place in Form or School	REMARKS
RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE	60	10 th	Good
ENGLISH	40	18 th	2 1/2 hrs effort - B.
MATHEMATICS	66	3 rd	
SCIENCE	45	10 th	Fairly good progress. He is sometimes lacking in confidence. Study work and progress.
HISTORY	114	17	Much improvement - (well done!) - B.
GEOGRAPHY	23	26	An expected result! His work has much deteriorated. P.D.
LATIN	-	-	
FRENCH	14	14	A highly creditable result. B.C.
GERMAN	72	9	Has worked very well and made excellent improvement. B.
PHYSICS	45	18	He has not made much progress this term. He would benefit if he was prepared to accept his position in class.
CHEMISTRY	61	3	This shows a considerable improvement - I hope he will keep this up. J.H.
ART	-	-	
HANDCRAFT	-	-	
Biology	57	8	Very good paper. J.H.

Attendance: Absent 2 Days and Late 0 Times. First Day of Next Term 14th Sept
Conduct: Detention 1 Exclusion 0 Claim 0 Times. Last Day of Next Term 13 Oct
A good report. He works well.
FORM MASTER
HEADMASTER

Old Owenian Contributions

This left Gympo with just my shortcomings in the gym with which to beat me over the head. However, Pete Salisbury had arrived around this time (Reg Tricker having retired) and he seemed to be far more forgiving toward those of us not blessed with athletic prowess. Furthermore, Gympo had been promoted to Head of PE upon Reg Tricker's retirement and he had more on his plate to divert his attention away from my failings.

At some point Mr Copping arrived to take us for Maths. Apart from his strange teaching methods mentioned in earlier newsletters he had a peculiar gait: as he walked he would swing both arms forward and backwards at the same time. He also had, as I recall, an "apprentice" by the name of Mr Cooper. Very often he would announce, on our arrival, that "Mr Cooper will take the lesson. I [then a very long pause] will sit at the back". I seem to recall Algy Lines, a year above us, had been relegated a year for maths and joined us for Mr Copping's lessons. Somehow Algy found out Mr Copping's home telephone number (TIDeway 3664, if I remember) and seemed to take delight in making silent phone calls to him. What nice children we were!

Anyway, enough of my ramblings for the time being. In the early 1990s I worked for a couple of years in St John Street, opposite the old school. My office window was immediately opposite "Roy Gordon's" shop. The school buildings still remained but had taken on a new purpose.

One afternoon I managed to wangle admission to the old school and had a good look round. I also witnessed the demolition of the main school building which was somewhat sad. So next time I'll briefly round off my memories of the school in the 1960s then move on a quarter of a century or so and let you know what I found.

DAVID DALLMAN

In my schooldays, one of our 'star' runners was Jackie Bayliss, two years above me. I imagine he is the same person as the John Bayliss (Class of 1956) who is inscribed to the Old Owenians website?



I took the photo at Parliament Hill Fields on 9th March 1957. It shows Jackie at the National Youths cross-country championship where he finished 29th.

What, only 29th you might say? Well, not only were there about 450 runners, but among the 28 ahead of Jackie were several who were later to make names for themselves at senior level, like Maurice Herriott (Olympic silver medal at Tokyo in 1964 in the 3000 metres steeplechase), Mel Batty (world record for 10 miles in 1964) and Alan Simpson (who received the UK mile record of 3:55.7 back in 1965).

Old Owenian Contributions

Jackie was running for Highgate Harriers, who were 7th in the team classification. Finishing 309th for this team was a J C Maund. I suspect this was another Owenian J C Maund (1951-1957), perhaps someone could confirm this? To avoid any confusion there seems to have been another J C Maund at Owens a few years later (1959-1966).

DR ANTHONY MOORE – CLASS OF 1952

Thank you for reprinting in Newsletter21 the *Daily Telegraph*'s obituary of Roy Vandermeer who died in January this year ("Revered and feared planning QC who presided over the gruelling Heathrow Terminal 5 enquiry").

Roy and I were Sixth Formers in Islington and got on well together. We'd lost touch in recent years so the sad news would not have reached me here in Boston, U.S.A. without your good offices. The *Telegraph*'s glowing appreciation of his vast and varied achievements in Law sent my thoughts racing into the past. The article was a vivid reminder of the schoolboys' precocious unwavering focus on his future vocation. His steadfast purpose was the envy of many contemporaries, blithely uncertain, in contrast, about their future paths into the adult world. I was one who dallied and dithered through to my early twenties, toying with several careers, before I committed to marketing management. Roy, like me, was from a poor neighbourhood within walking distance of the Angel, and like me had an incentive to find paid vacation jobs.

We struck lucky one year with work as labourers to a crew repainting a Catholic girls' school off Marylebone High Street. To get signed on, we bluffed about our interior decorating skills; we must have convinced because I recall the project foreman's advice as he handed over our last wage packet: "next time, get a set of whites so you look the part and you'll earn full union rate."

I also have a clear recollection of Roy relishing the difficulties of T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*. We read it aloud together on several occasions and made a sort of performance piece out of it. I didn't understand it then, but I'd wager that my enduring interest in Twentieth-Century modernist poetry was sparked by Roy's enthusiastic embrace of the genre's complexities (no surprise, then, to learn from the *Telegraph* that "he mastered complex briefs rapidly") I still have, after all these years, a faded snapshot taken with a Kodak Box Brownie in 1950 which hints at our companionship in that era. As far as I can remember the pompous poses were meant to be a mock-serious comment on our ability as golfers.



Pictured are (l. to r.)
Gordon Croton,
Derek Williams, Tony
Moore, Roy
Vandermeer, Tony
Pearce.

DAVID SPURLING – CLASS OF 1956

I was amazed when I visited the Potters Bar building last year with my wife. The contrast between the school at the Angel Islington and the Potters Bar building could hardly have been greater.

I did meet someone of my age group Mr Bennet who I am aware had an identical twin although they were in different school years. I would like to get back in touch with him.

So far, I have written 26 textbooks and the joke book. As people of my era will appreciate I'm proudest of the joke book. I would be happy to have anyone help me with the books as an intern.

The aim of my organisation Learning through Cooperation Ltd. Is to provide affordable education.

I can provide distance learning through the University of London international degree for around £4000 with personal tuition. I am well aware that overseas students pay even more money for the privilege of coming here. I'm currently working with a Chinese PhD student from University College London who is helping me with the diagrams et cetera for my books. Whilst my oral memory is very good I never could understand diagrams.

Whilst I have been a Liberal councillor a LibDem councillor and a Liberal parliamentary candidate. I have recently teamed up with a Conservative councillor Samuel Koffie-Williams who is a Freeman of the city of London to form a distance learning college Sitti Business College. I'm still awaiting him sending his animals across London Bridge which I think is one of the privileges.

Whilst my knowledge of science is limited, I was for 2 years a UK delegate on dangerous goods for what is now the International Maritime Organisation.

I struggle to understand how people such as Donald Trump can deny climate change. My own household has fuel bills of £-1000 currently and I don't understand why people want to pay fuel bills. I am well aware of the horrendous problems which the large fuel firms have caused.

BARRY HYMAN – CLASS OF 1959

Jeff Owen [Dame Alice's g-g-g-g-g-g/son?] and his confessions bring on a need to do the same.

Late class was never a problem for me. On the odd occasion I was, the trick was to arrive after 9.30 when the prefect on duty to take your name has given up and

Old Owenian Contributions

gone. Conduct class however... well I was never a real villain, but inclined to run off at the mouth and was often kept in for talking. Once – and I rankle at the injustice to this day – when I turned round to tell another boy to shut up, Chant punished me. As I was a fat kid and hated gym, we were not good friends anyway!

My major goof was to come within an ace of the cane from Mr. Burrough, whom I really liked. He was young, modern and accessible, but... We were in the classroom along from the Head's study. The doors were fitted with windows at the top so you could see in.

I was sitting at the front in Mr. Kilpatrick's class and acting the fool, by thumbing my nose, with both hands, while Killer had his back to us at the blackboard. I looked up to see, to my horror, the Head peering through the window. Ten minutes later I did it again—and there he was at the window.

Five minutes before end of session Head walks in. Killer is surprised; I am not. 'Carry on, Mr. Kilpatrick,' says the Head. Bell rings... Head says 'Will the boy I wish to see, stay behind – he knows who is.' Class looks bemused. I stay put. 'My study,' Says Head.

'Hyman you are not a bad chap, but if you carry on like this I shall cane you.' The threat is a turning point – my religion is devout cowardice. I reform, he teaches me to say 'Ray-ull-way' and not 'Ra-oo-way.' Later he appoints me a sub-prefect. I organise the 6th form debating society, persuading the Head to invite MPs of major parties to talk to us.

The school play. I was lighting, in the props box. [Neither Health nor Safety had yet been invented]. You climbed a ladder to the left of two thin doors. The right hand one was open, the left locked. You grabbed the left door and swung yourself round to enter via the right. At one rehearsal I need to leave the box. Reversing the entry procedure, I grabbed the locked door...only it wasn't. It swung into space with me attached. Twelve feet off the ground I made a wild grab for the heavy stage curtain to lower myself. Remember the fat kid? The curtain ripped from its mooring and down I sailed. The play was 'Noah' with lots of animals in it. The lead boy playing Noah looked at me and said 'Welcome monkey.'

Other screw-up is out of school, but in school hours. Jewish boys used to get Kosher lunches at Woburn House in Euston, a 73 or 30 bus ride away. Returning, I saw a bus pull away and broke into a run. By now I was not such a fat kid. I reached forward grabbed the platform handle [they had open back buses in them days, kiddies!] and leapt. My foot missed the platform, I still held on to the handle. I was dragged along the road until I let go and rolled into the kerb away from oncoming traffic. My trouser knees were ripped to shreds, the result as I told my mother of a fall in the playground. I told her the truth at my parents Golden Wedding, 30 years later. Having celebrated our own last year, I'm wondering what secrets my children have yet to share.

Mr Hyman also wanted to pay further tribute to two Old Owenians whose obituaries featured in our last newsletter:

John (Jack) Levy

John (Jack)Levy OBE, Emeritus Professor of City, University of London died peacefully after a short illness on 27th October 2017, aged 91.

Professor Levy was a pupil at Dame Alice Owen's School in Islington from 1937-1943 and graduated from Imperial College in 1946. He achieved his Masters Degree in 1954 at the University of Illinois under a Fulbright scholarship and returned to London to complete his PhD.

From 1966 to 1983 he was Professor and Head of Mechanical and Manufacturing Engineering at City University, London. During this time, he was also a consultant to Shell International Marine on shipping structures.

From 1983 to 1990 he was Director Engineering Professions at the newly formed Engineering Council UK. After 2000 Professor Levy was managing director of Levytator Ltd, formed to exploit an advance in escalator design in which he developed a multi-curving escalator called 'The Levytator'.

David Bernstein

David Bernstein, the veteran ad industry commentator, former agency creative director and founder of The Creative Business, died aged 89.

David was pre-eminent in the Advertising Business, a playwright and author of 'Well Remembered Fields,' the recent history of Owens in evacuation at Bedford.

He was the author of seven books, two of which, Company Image & Reality and Advertising Outdoors – Watch This Space! are regarded as classics.

In 1998 Campaign named Company Image & Reality as one of the best marketing books ever written. Trevor Beattie, reviewing Advertising Outdoors in 1997, said of Bernstein: "He understands advertising. And he presents his case with consummate wit and precision".

DAVID BAKER

In continuing going through more of my father's papers I have found a couple of other things that may also be of interest. The first is his Geometry exercise book from September 1936 (when he started at Owen's) - I've attached a scan of the front cover, which includes some doodles added later, I think. The second is a letter from a friend from 1941. Rather than try to copy it (it's written in faded ink on both sides of thin paper) I've transcribed the parts that may be of interest, as follows:

Old Owenian Contributions

c/o Mrs Packe,

51 Bower St,

Bedford

Monday 6 Oct 1941

Dear Arthur,

... Well you know I went to see old Mitchell about a transfer. Old Mitchell was in a terrible temper and refused to grant it till he saw our parents.... My mother came down and Mitchell tried to talk her out of it but mum told him it was my career and I must decide. Was he mad! I wrote to the L.C.C. for a transfer the last year of my Junior County but they said no Junior County Scholars can get to Polytechnics, so that's that...

9 days ago on Saturday, I passed 34 Castle Rd. I saw your hostess was cleaning the steps. She started to speak to me and she said, 'Arthur was a nice boy. Never caused me a minute's trouble. But my husband was strict.' She still likes you a lot. I told her I saw you in London and you had an optician's job [my father worked for an optician before joining the RAF. After demob he continued qualifying as an optometrist at Northampton Poly, now City University, at night, while doing a teacher's training course by day]....

Saturday last week I played for the school 1st XI at inside-left against Lynton Works. We lost 4-2. 2 days ago I played for the 2nd XI against Tollington at Buckden. We won 5-1. I was centre-forward and scored 3. Here is the probable 1st XI. Waldman, Hooby, Bronkhorst, Caplan, Tebbut, Myall, Maurice, Draper, Pratt, Madden, Dimmock. Waldman is captain of the school. Here are the new prefects. Bailey (the fast bowler), Dowsett, Draper, Myall, Humphries, Ovis and Mills. Dipper looks funny in a gown.

Things are about the same at Owens. Buggy is as mad as ever. In the Chemistry lab we were heating some substances to see what colour they turned. Buggy killed a fly and heated that to see what colour it turned.

Maltz is still in VC. Taff and Fairbairn are in VA.

...

From your pal,

Wofs [?]

P.S. Everybody in VA got school cert and all got matric except Barrat, Fenn, Lionel, Setford and Perrin. It's a school record. Flash is pleased

Old Owenian Contributions

OLD OWEN'S ASSOCIATION

Honorary Secretary: F.A. Lara,
7 Martaban Road,
London, N.16

June, 1962

Dear Mr. Baker,

As you are no doubt aware, Owen's School will in 1963 be celebrating the 350th anniversary of its foundation, and advertisements have appeared recently in certain national and local newspapers asking Old Boys of the School to write in if they are interested in participating in the celebrations which will take place next year. I am pleased to say that the response has been most gratifying, and many Old Boys have been good enough to put forward the names of relatives or friends who also attended the School. Full details of the programme of events will be sent out later this year.

However, the purpose of this letter is to acquaint you with the existence of the Old Owen's Association which was formed in 1890 and which has functioned continuously since that time and is, we think, among the more virile of such organisations in London. Our membership at the moment stands at around 1300 which includes Old Boys in almost every corner of the world and a number of nationally known names in many professions of whom we are justly proud.

The Association owns a very well-appointed sports ground in Chandos Avenue, Whetstone, N.20 (close to the School Ground) with a modern Pavilion with full bar facilities, and caters for football, cricket and tennis and a number of social functions during the year. Other clubs affiliated to the Association provide scope for golf, motoring, rifle shooting and rowing, and there is also an Old Owen's Lodge. We hold a number of functions during the year, the principal events being the Annual Dinner in November, and Spring and Autumn Reunions held either at the School or in the Pavilion at the Ground. In addition the affiliated clubs hold their own domestic social functions which are usually open to all members of the Association.

We are able to keep everybody in touch through our annual magazine, 'The Mark' and our quarterly newsletter the 'Old Owenian' which are sent out free to all members, and these publications are greatly appreciated especially by those living far from London as they provide topical news of events and items of interest at the School and in the Association.

The membership subscription rates are as follows:-

ANNUAL : A minimum of Five Shillings (that is, a member may pay more if he so wishes)

LIFE : Five Guineas.

I enclose a membership application form in the hope that you will wish to join our Association and in so doing help us to gain strength and through the Association to further the interests of the School in which you obviously have a keen interest.

It is, of course, impossible to give a complete picture of the Association in a letter such as this, but I am at your disposal for any further information you may require.

Yours sincerely,

F.A. Lara
F.A. LARA
Honorary Secretary

Encl.

All Our Yesteryears

This article and the accompanying picture is the first of what I hope will be a series in forthcoming issues, taking a look at archival material in the possession of the school.

It is also an invitation to let the school have any Owens memorabilia tucked away, rather than binning it. Please send to the school c/o Sonja Winborn.

Barry Hyman,

Archive Research

ERNEST JOSEPH BATTERSBY

As we approach the 100th anniversary of the ending of the First World War, it seems appropriate to look at this tribute to an Owens boy who was one of the millions of casualties.

Second Lieutenant Ernest Joseph Battersby, or simply Ernie to his bereaved parent as his tombstone makes clear, served in the London Irish Rifles, but was attached to the Manchester Regiment. He was killed in June 1917.

The accompanying certificate, presumably donated to the school at some time by his bereaved parents or other relatives, is signed in tribute by the Chairman of the Brewers Company Mr. Babington and the Head Mr. Cholmeley, after whom the Cholmeley Reading Prize was named.



DAME BERYL GREY

You may like to know that my autobiography 'For the Love of Dance' was published in hardback last summer and is due out in paperback this summer. The publishers are Oberon and books are available from Waterstones and I believe also via the internet. This may be of interest to friends and colleagues of yesteryears!

ARNOLD EDWARD COX

Wendy Davies has been archiving her parent's memorabilia, and has sent in some interesting old photos, one containing her late father, Mr Arnold Edward Cox.



Wendy says: I have had great success with archiving my parent's memorabilia although it has taken over 10 years. They kept some very interesting things especially my mother who kept her school reports from 1911 – 1915 where the fundamental education for girls was art, cooking, deportment, singing etc. How my mother ended up becoming an accountant is a miracle or may be sheer determination on her part!



Obituaries

DR VIVIAN MOSES

Vivian died peacefully on 27th December 2017, aged 89. He was Professor of Microbiology at London's Queen Mary College for 22 years, during which time he started his involvement with the developing field of biotechnology. He jointly edited a major textbook *Biotechnology - The Science and the Business* (Harwood Academic Publishers, 1991) and co-authored some 190 original research papers, reviews, articles and books. Vivian went to Dame Alice Owen's School for Boys in Islington, north London and was evacuated during the Second World War to Bedford.

He studied at Peterhouse, Cambridge and graduated in 1949 with his BA in Biochemistry, completing a PhD at University College London in Microbiology in 1953. For three years Vivian remained at UCL as a junior lecturer and then secured a post-doctoral appointment with Melvin Calvin at the University of California in Berkeley, joining his group on photosynthesis research (for which Calvin was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1961). In 1955 he had married Sheila Shine, and they had a son, Kevin, and a daughter, Susan. He returned to the UK in 1958 and then in 1960 Calvin invited him to return to Berkeley as a research director.

He returned to Britain in 1971 permanently, co-founding the Archaeus Technology Group Ltd, a small biotechnology company researching the use of microbiology to recover crude oil from reservoirs. In 1991 he co-authored with his wife, Sheila, *Biotechnology in Industry, Healthcare and the Environment* (Economist Intelligence Unit, 1991). From 1999 he chaired CropGen, a consumer and media information initiative, boosting public understanding of biotechnology in agriculture and food. All who worked with or knew Vivian were always struck by his larger-than-life presence and his ability to explain complicated issues in simple language. He is survived by his wife Sheila, his son Kevin, daughter Susan and sister Naomi. The family is planning a memorial service in the UK.

The School is very grateful to Dr Moses for his very generous donation of a sum of money left to the School to further the scientific education of our students.

JOSEPH DAY (CLASS OF 1952)

Joseph James day died 9th November aged 81. Born on 31st January 1936, he was an only child and lived with his parents in a tiny upper floor flat above a shop at 2 Dewey Road, Islington, a short walking distance from the old Dame Alice Owen's School at The Angel, Islington. In those days the flat did not have electric lighting and was lit by gas lamps on brackets. Joe passed the 11 plus exam at that was his gateway into Owen's. Although fairly short in stature, Joe had a natural powerful build and he developed into a tremendous sprinter and long jumper; in the latter event he could exceed 6 metres despite the complete lack of formal coaching.

Obituaries

Joe left school in 1952 at the age of 16 and embarked on a career in metallurgy, which eventually led to the pharmaceutical industry (see attached article from The Seoul Times). He was awarded the MBE five years ago for services to the British Community and Sport in the Republic of Korea.

He started playing rugby some years after leaving school, and he fell in love with the game.

When his playing days were over he took up refereeing and eventually officiated at international level within Asian Rugby. He was a life member of Seoul Survivors RFC, who have stated that he made a contribution to the cause of rugby in Korea "that was nothing short of mighty", and he was also founder and inaugural President of the KERA League and GC.

In this photograph taken at a fairly recent Harold Moore Luncheon, Joe Day is on the left, alongside Bill Read (1947-52) and Brien Martin (1946-51), a former chairman of the Old Boys' Association.



PAUL CLIFFORD SMITH (CLASS OF 1943)

Mr Paul Clifford Smith was a member of Old Owen's School Association and attended the school from 1939 – 43. His date of birth was 1.7.26 and he died on 7.3.18. at Gloucester Royal Hospital after a short illness, at the age of 91 years. He was very keen to keep in touch with other past members of the group, subscribing to the Old Owenian magazine and he regularly attended any reunion events, including the Old Owenians Harold Moore Annual Luncheon in London.

Obituaries

PHIL WOOLWAY

Phil Woolway (30th October 1952 to 21st February 2018 - 1964 intake. Phil passed away on 21st February. For the last few years Phil had suffered greatly with his health, having to undergo dialysis and losing limbs through diabetes. Phil is survived by his son James and his lifelong partner and James' mother, Jane.

The funeral was held in Taunton and was attended, amongst other friends and family by old Owenians, Steve Bye, Rick Ower and Vince Sartori. Unfortunately, after having driven himself all the way down there, Bob Harness was too ill to attend.

Always a forward thinker and champion of the arts Phil left school and went to work as an accountant for Shell/ BP and later consulted and lectured at Bristol University following his move to Somerset. However, being a "true hippie", offering peace and love to his fellow man, Phil's artistic bent came back to the fore and his later years were spent, painting, sculpting and writing poetry at his home in Watchet.

Despite all the trials that Phil had to go through, he never complained and he never lost his sense of humour and ready wit. All of us who knew him will have our favourite Phil Woolway stories and fond memories of him.

JOHN HUBERT WICKING (CLASS OF 1953)

John Hubert Wicking 1937-12 May 2018 (Owens 1948-53) John played cricket for Owens and West Essex before moving down to Swindon to run the Swindon Building Society. He was very active in Rotary until his death after a long illness. He is survived by his wife Sonja.

JOHN EDMUND FERGUSON (CLASS OF 1955)

John Edmund Ferguson 1939-5 May 2018 (Owens 1950-55) lived in Hoddesdon Herts, with his wife Marion (who died 3 days earlier). He was a graphic artist. He is survived by his two sons Chris and Sion

BRIAN CHEETHAM

Brian Cheetham sadly passed away 27th March 2018.

He always talked most favourably about his time at school and the close friends he made. The 'long school photographs' have travelled with him and were a treasured item in his office. It was at school and living in North London that Brian developed his love of singing and music, something he passionately pursued all of his active life. His last 'post' was singing with the prestigious adult choir of the American Cathedral in Paris.

DAVID JOHN SPURLING

We have been informed that David passed away very suddenly in February of this year.

Music and Drama 2018

Summer Term

Wednesday 11th, Friday 13th and Saturday 14th
July at 7pm

Summer Play

Main Hall

*For tickets please contact Karen Acosta
acostak@damealiceowens.herts.sch.uk*

Thursday 12th July at 7.30pm

Summer Concert

Edward Guinness Hall

*For tickets please contact Natasha Meik
meikn@damealiceowens.herts.sch.uk*