Obituaries

Last Updated October 2026



2007

Abhsihek Banerjee-Shukla Died 14th January 2021



I am stunned and heartbroken beyond words at Abhishek's passing. What a rollicking, laughter-filled year we had together in Austin, Texas.

Abhishek was an absolute gem. He was, of course, extraordinarily gifted—and in every way that someone can be. But for all his towering gifts, not to mention his astute fashion sense, I remember most fondly Abhishek's unfailing kindness.

Abhishek was always unassuming and humble, sweet and generous, smiling and hysterical. He radiated joy and brought such infectious good cheer and laughter to the court. Everyone in Texas was hopelessly charmed by Abhishek's very proper British accent, which he happily auctioned for charity at the Court's annual holiday auction (agreeing to record a voicemail greeting for the winning bidder).

I am devastated at the passing of this brilliant, wondrous light. And I pray that his family's profound sorrow will, in time, be lightened knowing how universally beloved Abhishek was. He was a true treasure, and my life is far richer for having known and served alongside him. May Abhishek's memory be a blessing to his dear mother, whom he adored, and to all those who loved him.

Justice Don Willett, Supreme Court of Texas

2003

Adam Lenson Died 8th October 2026



When we were seventeen, my friends and I went on our first holiday without adult supervision and with girls. We were clearly not ready for either since the trip concluded with us escalating a feud by surreptitiously placing raw fish in various places in the females' Marbella hotel room.

On the plane home, I mentioned to my pals how excited I was to touch down in London and receive all the text messages that clearly couldn't come through in Spain. They pointed out that the problem was not my being abroad but the fact that they were pretty much my only friends. When we landed, they gleefully asked if any texts had come through and, if so, who from?

Thinking fast, I lied: "Adam Lenson".

Adam died last Thursday, and, with hindsight, my answer in 2002 feels prophetic. I had met Adam at summer camp a couple of years earlier and knew him primarily as the self-taught harmonica maestro. He went on to study natural sciences at Cambridge but had the soul of an artist, opting to pursue a career in theatre instead of medicine. Perhaps, on some level, he always knew there wasn't enough time.

In our early 20s, we reconnected. After that, Adam never missed a birthday, a book launch, a show opening or any opportunity to show support. When I wrote my first personal piece for a newspaper, he told me he wanted me to become "our generation's David Sedaris".

He existed largely outside of my friendship groups, and, perhaps as a result of this, our conversations were generally more sincere and earnest than I am used to. He was gentle and kind to the end, always willing to talk through a creative idea and invariably giving advice that would prove invaluable.

Adam collaborated with the likes of Jeff Goldblum, Stephen Daldry and Victoria Wood. When Lindsay Lohan made her West End debut and the knives were out, it was Adam who sat up all night running lines with her. When he introduced us to the Mean Girls star backstage, her first words were simply, "Oh, you're Adam's friends? I love him!" Everyone did.

Adam Lenson, the acclaimed theatre director who died aged 41. (Credit: LinkedIn)

At a friend's wedding, we were ushers tasked with holding up the chuppah. Adam's corner drooped noticeably at one point, though he maintained for years he had not fallen asleep. It now feels as though a corner of the rectangle will forever be lowered. At our own wedding, I opted for a jokey speech that concluded with sincerity. I told Adam I thought the final line was perhaps unnecessary and had made the sentiment too obvious. He told me it was exactly as it should be, and his was the validation I needed.

A decade or so back, we lost touch, and I sent him a lengthy email, as is my wont, asking what had happened and whether it could be rectified. It was one of my better decisions and meant I had the pleasure of Adam's company for the rest of his life. His lust for life and art was insatiable, and he was never happier than when talking about either. On one trip to the cinema in recent years, I was interrupted en route by one of the most intense phone conversations of my life. Adam, with me on Oxford Street, stood at a distance to respect my

privacy. When the call concluded, he made no mention of the fact that we had missed the film and just said, “Let’s get lunch.” Naturally, he spent the meal talking me through the crisis.

When Adam introduced us to Mean Girls star Lindsay Lohan, her first words were simply, “Oh, you’re Adam’s friends? I love him!” Everyone did

When I interviewed him in September 2024, he told me: “Most people go through life in a way that’s not mindful of the present. I try to have a good time today because later is an illusion. I enjoy being outdoors with the breeze on my face and getting a coffee with my friends. Life is made of those moments. Now is what we have.”

In August, Adam took a one-man show to Edinburgh for a full run. In October, during his final days, he was working on new music. Last Monday, a week ago, I saw Adam for the final time. He talked about The Simpsons and his five favourite films and asked us how we were doing and what we were working on, curious to the last. When it was time to leave, Adam told us he loved us and had loved being our friend and that his life had been “a hundred love stories”. It was a final act of generosity from a man who achieved more in his 41 years on earth than most manage in double that time.

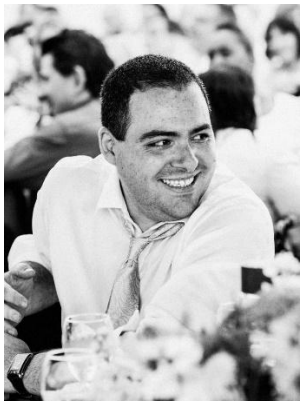
Anyone who ever disagreed with him will know he was a man of passions who habitually had the last word. It seems only right that that should be the case here. This is what Adam messaged me the day my grandfather died, words that are equally true of the man who wrote them:

“Rarely have I actually been so sure that someone’s memory will be a blessing.”

A person like Adam comes along once in a lifetime. I’m just glad it was my lifetime.

Thanks to Darren Richman, Jewish News

Dr Aaron Graham Died 23rd April 2023



Aaron joined University College London as Lecturer in Early Modern British Economic History in September 2021. After receiving his doctorate from the University of Oxford in

2012 he held several research and teaching posts, including a British Academy Postdoctoral Fellowship at the University of Oxford (2012-15) and a Leverhulme Early Career Fellowship at University College London (2016-19). He also was a Knowledge Exchange Fellow at The Oxford Research Centre for the Humanities at the University of Oxford (2020-1), and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society in 2015.

Aaron worked on the economic, social and political history of Britain and the British Empire between 1660 and 1850, with a focus on finance, politics, government, corruption, regulation and slavery. His work received the Parliamentary History Essay Prize in 2017, and the Emile Lousse Essay Prize in 2018 from the International Commission for the History of Representative and Parliamentary Institutions. He was the author of Corruption, party and government in Britain, 1702-13 (Oxford, 2015), a study of military finance, political partisanship, corruption and state formation, and Bills of Union: money, empire and ambitions in the mid-eighteenth century British Atlantic (London, 2021), an examination of paper money and imperial and colonial ambitions and monetary thought before 1775.

At the time of his death, he was writing two books, both under contract with the Oxford University Press. The first, entitled Tropical Leviathan: slavery, society and security in Jamaica, 1770-1840, examines the role of the colonial fiscal-military state in supporting and undermining the economic and social system of plantation slavery.

The second, entitled Infinite money: Britain and the European fiscal-military system, 1560-1870, examines the contribution of foreign resources of money, manpower and war materiel to the operation of the British fiscal-military state. He was also editing a new edition of A General History of the Pyrates for the Oxford World's Classics series at the Oxford University Press, to be published in 2024 for the tercentenary of its original publication in 1724. Aaron's colleagues are currently working out how to complete his projects.

His long-term research project was a study of banking regulation, imperial power, colonial politics and settler capitalism across the British Empire between 1815 and 1850.

Thanks to UCL for the Obituary

Please go to https://padlet.com/eleanorrobson/in-memory-of-dr-aaron-graham-k9vaw0ktzkfzz98c for some extremely moving tributes.

2002

Major James Grant died 16th March 2026

A spirit of exceptional distinction. James Grant was no blended compromise — he was a single malt of the highest order. Tall and lean in the bottle, with a clarity that told you exactly what you were getting before you'd even poured a dram.

On the nose, immediately complex: fresh mountain air, open moorland, and something quietly commanding — the kind of character that fills a room without trying. Notes of iron will, tempered by warmth. A hint of good humour, dry as a Highland winter.

On the palate, he delivered everything he promised. Bold enough to complete an Ironman before most of us have finished breakfast, yet smooth enough to make you feel entirely at ease in his company. A long, athletic finish — the kind that stayed with you for days, long after the glass was empty.

His finest notes, though, were always found outdoors. Best enjoyed on a mountainside, beside a fire, with dogs at his feet and the people he loved most close by. That is where his full character revealed itself — unhurried, undefeated, and completely at home.

A Major of impeccable quality. A husband, a father, a friend of the rarest kind.

Some bottles are simply irreplaceable.

Neil Weyman April 2026

2000

Simon Wayne Died 18th August 2020



A nine-year-old North-West London boy has raised close to £30,000 and counting for a charity that has helped him cope with the sudden loss of his father.

Alexander Wayne wanted to thank Grief Encounter, which has supported his family since his dad Simon died, aged 38, after suffering a heart attack during a Portuguese holiday last August.

Inspired by the efforts of the late Captain Sir Tom Moore — who raised almost £33 million for NHS charities by walking laps across his garden — Alexander will undertake a 5k run next month in his father's memory.

"We used to love running together," he said. "We ran three times a week during the first lockdown.

"I would like to raise money for Grief Encounter because they have been supporting me, my sister [Olivia] and my mum." Although he had thought that that he "wouldn't be too sad" after a few months, "I now realise that it's not that easy. Therefore, I want to raise money so they can continue to support children like me."

In an emotional interview with the *JC*, Mr Wayne's widow Natalie said her son's charitable efforts showed that "through utter devastation and sadness, there can be inspiration. Alexander is only nine and he set up something with a purpose. People can take a leaf out of his book."

Prior to her husband's death, the family had been spending more time together than ever before because of Covid restrictions. Mr Wayne, a senior lawyer, and Natalie, the head of product at a technology company, would balance work with home-schooling. Like many in lockdown, they also acquired a puppy.

"We had gorgeous summer months together with barbecues and having dinner as a family, which we never used to do."

In August, they decided to travel to Portugal for a two-week holiday with friends, booking a villa. They enjoyed meals, sport and watched the sunset on the beach. Mr Wayne booked a surprise boat trip in Faro, in the Algarve, and dinner to celebrate his wife's 39th birthday.

Two days later, he sat down to breakfast after a 10k run saying he felt light-headed and nauseous. The family assumed it was dehydration but called emergency services as a precaution.

Coronavirus protocols precluded Mrs Wayne from accompanying her husband in the ambulance so she followed by taxi. "I never saw him alive again.

"I got to the hospital and was waiting in the reception for a few hours. After three hours, I became worried. I didn't understand what was taking so long. I thought they would put him on a hydration drip and send him home.

"But then the doctor told me Simon had a severe heart attack and the next 24 hours were critical.

"It didn't make sense in the context of Simon," she added. "He was 38-years-old, a fit guy. He had no pre-existing conditions. He would play football and squash."

Her husband was transferred to a hospital in Lisbon and his parents, in-laws and Mrs Wayne's sister arrived. But he suffered another heart attack and died on August 18.

On the advice of the Grief Encounter, Mrs Wayne used "simple language" to tell the children what had happened.

"It was the most heart-breaking conversation I have ever had," she said. "I could not let that be the lasting memory of the holiday. On the last night, we went to the beach and toasted Simon."

Since returning to London, she and her children have moved in with her parents, the extra support helping them to cope during the pandemic.

In December, family and close friends released 39 balloons from Hampstead Heath to mark what would have been Mr Wayne's birthday.

The couple met as teenagers on a Reform Synagogue Youth Israel tour. "We were together for 23 years. We were married in 2009 over the Amalfi coast. Life is not the same."

She praised the support of Grief Encounter at such a difficult time. "We have all had counselling online over Zoom. The charity has been amazing, a safe space for us to talk.

"My kids are my 'why'. I can play and talk to them. I am a mum first and foremost. I make sure what they need is taken care of. In the evenings, I reflect. Simon was the most incredible person — I cannot lose sight of that."

Launching the campaign last week, she expected to raise around £1,000 and was shocked when donations exceeded £20,000 in two days. "The response has been unbelievable," she said. "I thought just my friends and the families of Alexander's friends would support it. Now so many people are sharing and talking about it, even people we don't know."

https://www.justgiving.com/fundraising/alexander-wayne

reproduced from The Jewish Chronicle 11th March 2021

1994

Mark Lindgren (died in 1999)



On 1st March 1999, during what was to be a wonderful holiday in Africa before starting work, Mark was killed in Uganda by armed Hutu rebels from Rwanda. He was twenty-three years old.

In a service of Thanksgiving that filled St. Albans Abbey, we were reminded of all that had made Mark a very special person. Mark's school friends, university friends, girlfriend and sister all remembered the love of life, love of people, love of Wolverhampton Wanderers and happy smile that we had seen in such abundance when he was a pupil here at

Haberdashers'.

Mark joined us in 1989 at the age of thirteen from Beechwood Park Preparatory School. From the start he set himself very high standards, both academically and in extra-curricular studies. He was a student with a host of talents; he represented the School in cricket and cross-country as well as playing rugby, tennis, squash, badminton, hockey and chess for Calverts.

Mark was especially proud of being one of the cricket team which won the U16 County Cup in 1992. Mark also played the clarinet in orchestral works. One of the first pieces he mastered was "The Entertainer", so it was nostalgic to hear Peter Edwards play the piece so wonderfully at the Thanksgiving Service.

Following splendid G.C.S.E. results, including seven grade As, he went on to achieve A grades in his 'A' level subjects - Latin, French and History. He especially enjoyed the quizzes, dinner and balloon debates of the Classics Society, but decided to concentrate on modern languages for his degree and secured a place at Nottingham University from which he obtained an upper second in French and Business Studies.

Despite all his achievements and his many skills Mark remained an unassuming and modest young man with a delightfully dry sense of humour. Gentleness was of his very essence and he was always generous in his praise of others whilst seeking no glory for himself. Mark remembered the little insignificant things about people that made them realise that they were important to him, and thus he raised their own self-esteem. Everyone who knew him enjoyed his company.

1993

Giles (Jolly) VAN COLLE (died in 2000)



It is sad to report that Giles was murdered on 22nd November 2000, outside his optometry practice in Mill Hill, London. The funeral was well attended by old friends from Haberdashers', with some even cutting short foreign trips to pay their respects and offer their condolences.

Giles was well liked at school; his willingness to volunteer and dedication to the cause made him an asset to anyone organising a house or school event. Similarly, his infectious laughter and permanent, if slightly inane grin quickly earned him the nickname “Jolly”. This was only varied during the course of the Gulf War when, as opposed to the rest of the year who continued with the business of playing football, “multiple buying” in the tuck shop queue and such like, Jolly spent six weeks with a radio glued to his ear, constantly broadcasting updates from Kuwait to those around him, and in the process briefly becoming known as “Kate Adie”.

One of the most important events in Jolly’s school career was the compulsory week’s work experience after G.C.S.Es. At the age of 15, he had already decided to make optometry his vocation, but it was the week he spent at a spectacle and lens manufacturer that truly reinforced this conviction. It was an inspired decision. Optometry was a career to which he was ideally suited as both a scientist and as the strongly community spirited person he is remembered as a loving son and brother, and a great, solid friend, Jolly’s absence is a loss to all who knew him. Jolly was unable to take a gap year before university, so whilst many of his close friends were abroad he became involved in the lay leadership of his local synagogue community, serving as the youngest member (by far) of the Synagogue Board of Management and as the Representative on the Council of United Synagogues. This development might have been, in fact, probably had been, predicted, as whilst serving as Chair of the Jewish Assemblies committee at School, Jolly had considerably raised the levels of dedication and organisation for what had previously been a somewhat ad hoc body.

Just two years after qualifying as an optometrist Jolly decided to invest in his own practice. This enterprise required a great deal of time and effort and it is fair to say that in the short term his social life was less active than it might otherwise have been. He still found the time to supervise pre-registration optometry students at an evening clinic at the Institute of Optometry, helping patients both young and old. He was a member of the Edgware Chapter of “Business Network International”.

It was outside and apparently in connection with his shop that Jolly was killed - a 32 year-old former employee has been charged with conspiracy to murder Giles, and will appear at the Old Bailey in due course.

It is so difficult to express in words the great tragedy that such a marvellous, mature and dedicated young man was taken from this world, so early in what was sure to be a successful life as a local businessman and a community leader.

As a response to this tragedy, and as a way of continuing the work that Giles had only just begun, Giles parents and friends have established The Giles Van Colle Memorial Foundation. The principal objects of the Foundation are twofold:

1. To support communal projects aimed at and initiated by 22 - 35 year-olds; and
2. To make an annual award for original research into paediatric optometry

1991

Philip W Davis (died in 1995)

1990

Lucien Nunes-Vaz. Died 11th June 2023



Lucien Nunes, a former member of this and other forums, died before his time on 11 June. Intellectually still in his prime, he had been fighting cancer for some years although you would not have known it from the characteristic vigour and extraordinary depth of expertise that flowed undiminished from him until the end. Among some top rank performers and within the organ building world he was known as one of the unsung heroes who were involved with painstaking restorations such as that of the fabulous twin-console Compton instrument at Southampton Guildhall about 15 years ago. Richard Hills recorded a CD of the organ around that time and paid tribute to him by name in the sleeve note.

An electrical and electronics engineer by training, Lucien always argued for the greatest care to be taken in preserving the structure and integrity of the instruments he was faced with, particularly their actions. At Southampton he was personally responsible for bringing the original electro-mechanical combination capture actions from the 1930s back to life, for example. Among many other features of this organ, the system illustrated the extraordinary capabilities of the Compton company in its heyday and it was therefore most gratifying that it was restored (and, indeed, that he deemed it restorable) to working order after so many years. Most other interventionists would have just ripped it out and replaced it with electronics. A similar story unfolded a few years later at Battersea Arts Centre, formerly the Town Hall, where the historic four manual concert organ built by Norman and Beard using the Hope-Jones system of electrical control was similarly being cosseted back to life by Lucien and a few others until the disastrous fire of 2015 put an end to much of their efforts.

At the time he was probably the only one who fully understood the labyrinthine complexity of Hope-Jones's electro-pneumatic combination action sitting behind the stop keys, an early precursor of the system which appeared many years later in Wurlitzer theatre organs.

I felt privileged at the time to have met and interacted with Lucien over many years, and certainly do so now that he is no longer with us. In recent times he worked tirelessly to promote his ideas for MEET, the Museum for Electrical and Electronic Technology, in which several Compton Electrone electronic organs will be showcased, together with examples of pipe organ control systems. It is to be hoped that it will continue to move towards fruition in the future as a tribute to his energy, enthusiasm and courage in the face of overwhelming adversity.

Thanks to Colin Pykett of Mander Organ Builders Forum

Stephen Zatman (1971-2002)



The members of the Department of Earth & Planetary Sciences mourn the loss of our friend and colleague, Prof. Stephen Zatman, who was killed in a automobile crash on July 9. He was 30.

"Stephen Zatman was one of the premier young geodynamicists in the country, who had tremendous potential to be an outstanding teacher and mentor," said Raymond E. Arvidson, Ph.D., James S. McDonnell Distinguished University Professor and chair of the Department of Earth and Planetary Sciences. "In spite of his brief time with us, he was very highly regarded and made an outstanding impact in our department. He will be greatly missed by his family, his colleagues, and the University at large."

Zatman joined the Department of Earth and Planetary Sciences July, 2001. He earned a bachelor's with honors from Cambridge University in 1993 and a master's in 1995 and PhD in 1997, both from Harvard University. Zatman conducted research on the Earth's magnetic field, using measured variations in the field from observatories and satellites to infer the workings of the dynamo at the center of the planet, and understand the deformation of the Earth's crust, in particular the slow crumpling or rifting of relatively stable regions in the middle of continents.

A funeral was held July 12, in Detroit, Mich. Zatman is survived by his wife Dana and his daughter Molly, both of University City, his father, Merton, and mother, Carol, of Great Britain, and one brother, Michael, who lives in the Boston area.

1988

Ian Laurie (died in 1989)

1987

Richard Bright died August 2020



My friend Richard Bright, who has taken his own life aged 51, was a director and executive producer of many acclaimed and illuminating arts documentaries. His recent credits as an executive included Angela Carter: Of Wolves & Women, the moving Werner Herzog film Nomad: In the Footsteps of Bruce Chatwin and the humorous Greg Davies: Looking for Kes.

Born in Eastcote, north-west London, Richard was the son of David, a teacher and Saracens rugby player, and Jennifer (nee Yeoman), a headteacher. I met him at Haberdashers' Aske's school in Elstree, Hertfordshire, where he devoted his energy to rugby, record shops and indie gigs. He went on to do a degree in German and politics at Cardiff University (1989-92)

and then a postgraduate diploma in documentary film production at the Cardiff Centre for Journalism Studies (1994-95)

Subsequently he developed a huge variety of TV shows for BBC Bristol and independent companies including RDF, IWC and Flashback, before landing a job at the BBC on The Culture Show in 2010. He was soon directing full-length documentaries, including Tom Waits: Tales from a Cracked Jukebox, Alan Cumming's The Real Cabaret and Dangerous Desires: The Scandalous Life of Egon Schiele. He also did much work with BBC Scotland, creating films for other directors.

Laser-focused at work, Richard was amiably disorganised at leisure, with a love of late-night drinks with his many friends and of unreliable vintage cars, Coronation Street and meandering journeys across eastern Europe.

In 2017, he married Livia Papp, whom he had met on the steps of the Hungarian State Opera House in Budapest. He asked her for directions and they hit it off so well that she ended up giving him a tour of the city. Richard and Livia made the perfect couple – entertainingly quirky, bohemian and devoted to each other.

Richard was a loving son and provided high-quality care and frequent visits for the four years his father suffered from Parkinson's. Balancing this and his subsequent grief with the extraordinarily high standards he set himself at work proved demanding, but, with Livia's help, he was able to cope.

Tragically, during the coronavirus lockdown Richard's coping mechanisms unwound and he suffered a breakdown. He had the strength to seek professional help, and those close to him did everything possible to provide support. But in the end Richard found that he could go on no longer.

He is survived by Livia, his sister, Kathryn, and five nieces and nephews.

Written by Richard Nash (87) and reproduced from The Guardian

1986

Matthew Hall (years at School 1975 - 1986)

It is with great sadness, but also with great pride, that I write this tribute to my brother and fellow Old Haberdasher Matthew Hall, who died peacefully after a stroke brought on by cancer, on 23 December 2011.

Matthew had many fond memories of his time at HABS, having joined the Prep school at the age of 7 in 1975. Whilst he left as House Captain of Hendersons and he was a keen sportsman it was his prowess on the stage that I and many others remember his school days most for with lead roles in Captain Stirrick, Albert's Bridge and The Pirates of Penzance to name a few.

After Nottingham University, Matthew started a very successful career in the city, which culminated in him heading up Deutsche Bank's International Sales Group from London.

Whilst he had an unbridled enthusiasm and love of work, Matthew managed to strike a superb balance. His family and friends never played second fiddle. Indeed when the severity of his cancer became clear his concern was more for how it impacted those closest to him than him himself.

For Matthew, his wife Lizzy, son Jack and daughter Josie were always his greatest achievement.

For me the greatest tribute to Matthew was the 100s, including many school friends, who came to his funeral and later on a thanksgiving for his life. He achieved more in 43 years than most achieve in a lifetime. He is sorely missed, but leaves memories of a man of great love, caring, enthusiasm and happiness.

Written by Matthew’s brother Michael Hall.

Jamie W.S. RUMBLE (1979-86)

Jamie Rumble died in the early hours of 14th February 1995 after a long and brave battle against cancer. He was only 26. However, in those short years Jamie achieved more than most do in seventy - gaining success in everything he tried. He also lived every moment to the full - touching all those who knew him with his friendliness, warmth and joy for life.

Jamie joined Haberdashers' Aske's School in 1979 and his talents soon became obvious both in the classroom and on the sports field. Jamie captained year teams at cricket and hockey and was to represent the School at first team level in hockey, cricket and rugby (with an impressive debut against Singapore Police on the School's 1986 tour to the Far East). However, Jamie's sporting love was golf, and having been junior captain at Moor Park, Jamie soon progressed to being Hertfordshire Junior Captain. He also led the School through to the finals of the Schools Golf Foundation Tournament for the first time in 1985. He also took an active role in many other aspects of school life. In addition to being a talented

artist Jamie was House Captain of Meadows, a School Prefect, C.S.M. of the Army C.C.F. Section and co-editor of the school magazine, Skylark.

Somehow in the middle of all this Jamie found the time to gain straight 'A's in the sciences and to gain a scholarship to Cambridge University. Most important of all to Jamie however, were the great friendships he forged in seven happy years at Haberdashers' - a point emphasised by the large number of contemporaries present at Jamie's funeral.

Jamie went up to St Catharine's College, Cambridge in 1986 and immediately took the new challenges of student life into his stride - making friends with everyone he met and having sufficient energy and enthusiasm to combine a hectic social life with successful academic and sporting careers. Again golf was the focus of Jamie's efforts. He won his first blue as a freshman in 1987, and went on to win a total of three blues - the second and third as Secretary and Captain of the Society. Cambridge beat Oxford in each of those three years, and Jamie himself won all six of his individual games. His crowning glory was undoubtedly to lead Cambridge to a surprise 11 1/2 - 3 1/2 win in the 100th Varsity Match at Rye in 1989 - with the whole team dressed in Jamie's favourite tartan Plus-Twos!

Despite the pressures of playing golf three days a week, Jamie was a keen student and graduated with a First in Natural Sciences in 1989. On top of all this Jamie was also President, and an extremely active member of the Kittens, the prestigious College Sporting Club.

After a brief period as a graduate trainee with Proctor and Gamble, Jamie decided to broaden his horizons and spent a happy summer in France working in Cognac, before being selected for an Operation Raleigh expedition to participate in conservation and community projects in Zimbabwe. The trip was to change Jamie's life - he not only discovered a way of life that was to provide the perfect outlet for his talents, but he was also to meet his future wife, Mary on the expedition!

On his return to England, Jamie however first spent 18 successful months in management consultancy before he realised that he wanted to work for something he believed in, and in which his tireless energy would do some good. Consequently, Jamie approached Operation Raleigh and, despite having been diagnosed with cancer, was appointed commercial manager in 1992. He was soon promoted to Commercial Director with responsibility for securing funds and expedition recruits from large commercial companies such as British Rail and Guinness.

Another match was completed when Jamie married Mary in April 1993. The wedding was at St James', Friern Barnet where both were active members, sitting on the social committee and taking part in amateur dramatics productions. Despite his worsening condition, Jamie continued to give his all to his job and to live life to the full. He faced up to his dreadful

disease with courage, humility and humour: typically Jamie never complained and spent more time thinking of others and looking forward. The only visible sign of illness was the reduction in Jamie's golfing commitments - he was to play his last game before Christmas against the Curtis Cup Captain. Otherwise, Jamie's passion for life shone through as clearly as ever, and he was obviously determined to make the most of his limited time - working until the day before his death.

Sadly, no miracle came. Jamie's battle finally ended in the London Bridge Hospital. No words can describe the hole he has left in many people's lives - a point borne out by the amazing turn out at Jamie's funeral. Jamie was one of a kind, a man who no-one ever had a bad word for and whose sheer wholehearted passion for fun and life will never be forgotten. A great friend has been lost, but so many happy memories. I pray they may be of some comfort to Mary and Jamie's parents.

The Rumble Fund has been established in Jamie's memory through Raleigh International to support the education of young people in Africa, particularly in Zimbabwe. Over £15,000 has been raised so far. Any donations can be sent to Raleigh International, Raleigh House, 27 Parsons Green Lane, London SW6 4HZ.

Keith Dawson

D William Preest (1968 - 2005) died 19th October 2005

Doug Yeabsley reported that "It is with great sadness that I inform you of the death of William (Bill) Preest. Many of you will remember him as an outstanding musician, 1st XI Hockey and 1st XI Cricket player. He was also very able and after studying languages at Durham was a high powered lawyer in the city. He leaves a widow and two young children - a girl and a boy."

His widow Helen has subsequently informed us that Bill died from Sudden Adult Death Syndrome. She added that Habs have just agreed in 2008 to accept a defibrillator to be placed into the school from money raised by her through SADS UK (Sudden Adult Death Syndrome) so that if any boy at the school should need urgent medical attention it will be there for use.

1985

Alex C.K. HSIEH (-1985)
aged 31 in 1998.

Alex went from Haberdashers to Queen’s College, Cambridge to read Mathematics. He was an excellent scholar and was ranked in the top five of the Part II Mathematical Tripos list. He was also a keen and natural bridge player, competing at national level for both school and university. He went on to take a masters degrees in theoretical physics and computer science at Stanford University, where he also became a committed Christian. While working for Oracle as a software engineer, he was diagnosed as having Hodgkin's Lymphoma which, sadly, led to his untimely death.

(Text edited from the Queen's College web site)

1984

Andrew Hewitt (died 2003)

1982

Robert C MARTIN (1980-82) was tragically killed, in July 1986, whilst climbing in the Cuillin Hills on the Isle of Skye. As with all who have ventured in to the mountains, Robert had not only a great love and appreciation of their grandeur, but also a deep regard for their dangers. It seems bitterly ironic that such a tragic accident should have happened to a gifted and safety conscious mountaineer as Robert undoubtedly was.

Robert attended the School for the two years of his sixth form education. In his short time, he achieved both academic and sporting success, becoming a prefect and representing the School at cross-country and athletics. At home, he was a member of the Harpenden Venture Scouts group, being its Chairman for a time. After leaving, Robert gained a degree from Goldsmith's College of London University, where he was president of the mountaineering club during his second year. Joining BP in Aberdeen, as a geologist, Robert was following in his father's footsteps, since the latter had been with the company over 30 years.

1982

Prof Tim Draycott Died 24th November 2025



It is with deep sadness that we are sharing the news of the death of Professor Tim Draycott, MD, BSc, MBBS, FRCOG. Tim died peacefully on Monday 24 November following a sudden illness.

He had been a Consultant Obstetrician at Southmead Hospital since 2002. Tim was the senior clinical advisor to NHS Resolution in the UK, and the immediate past Vice-President of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists.

Tim's development of the multi-professional maternity emergencies training package, PROMPT, has revolutionised maternity care across the world. He established the academic department of Obstetrics and Gynaecology at North Bristol, now recognised as a world leading intrapartum and safety research centre. The developments he led improved outcomes for mothers and babies in Bristol, and across the world.

Tim's work has been recognised by prizes from NHS Innovations, NICE, and the BMJ. Tim was also awarded Hospital Doctor of the Year for his intrapartum emergencies work; he has been recognised as an NHS Hero, and he was awarded the Queen's Anniversary Prize for Excellence in Education by Queen Elizabeth.

Tim's greatest skill was his ability to make everyone, whoever they were, feel special and important. He delivered hundreds of babies, touched so many lives, furthered countless careers and opened doors around the world. He championed the idea that good outcomes happen when teams – doctors, midwives, nurses, and support staff - work and train together. This is his profound and enduring legacy.

Thanks to North Bristol NHS Trust for the obituary

1981

Terry Downes Died 7th June 2024



Terry was a one-off….there was only one Terry Downes….well of course, there wasn't, there were 2. I think we all knew and still know, that being the first son of a world champion boxer gave him some unique challenges and goals in life….all of which Terry met, head on and with his guard up.

Terry was an exceptionally talented sportsman…Vice-Captain of cricket at school to Charlesy (the 'dream team'), represented Surrey Club & Ground and toured the West Indies with English public schools. He played rugby and cricket for OH and also cricket for Stanmore CC.

He definitely caught the eye of the ladies and had a swagger, style and poise about him that few could match in his younger days…and he was not backwards in coming forwards. Terry liked the odd flutter, in fact the family have been inundated with text messages from various bookies since mid-June and….we did think about asking Paddy Power if they'd be interested in sponsoring the service!

Underneath his vocal, larger than life image….was an incredibly sensitive soul. Terry always asked after you, your family, your luck…and we all know that he himself wasn't so lucky in recent years, with the cancer which he so bravely fought and coped with.

Now you could say that the cancer calmed Terry a little, but it certainly didn't tame his vivacious spirit and his burning passion for the things that mattered to him….as I intimated….Terry cared….

He cared for his family more than anything else….he loved and worshipped his Dad, we know that….but what perhaps many of you may not know, is how Terry cared for and looked after his Mum, Barbara….all his life and always…but especially after Terry senior passed away. In fact, Wendy very sensitively shared with me and the family when we met, that Terry's last words, no surprise, were "Look after Mum…" she also then went on to share that Terry's speech was so faint at that point, that when she leaned in to hear his words….to be sure of what he'd said….he gave a quick blast of grunts and growls, no doubt frustrated with being asked to say it again, …..just….so….Terry.

He loved his siblings Wendy, Paul, Rigo and Min, they had a deep love for each other and Terry was a central figure in the wider family…woe betide anyone who said or did anything against any of them. The 3 brothers were a formidable force on the sports field, but even more so in the bar and on the sidelines….with verbal jabs, hooks, upper cuts and knockouts always the order of the day….with Terry the natural ring leader. And these quips weren't only reserved for others too, as Rigo said recently about his big brother's infamous chat "to be honest, I couldn't understand him before the cancer…" such brotherly love, it must have run really deep!

Terry cared for his friends…no matter what their afflictions….and yes, I'm talking about you Charlesy, Barry and Cat, amongst hundreds of others…he was never short of a pithy poke at them, but he valued all the friendships and the good times, enormously.

He cared for those that looked up to him….and there were many, but one such example was when the landlady of The King Stag's young daughter was ill recently…Terry posted a get well note through the door and bought her a pink baseball cap to wear….he then made sure he spent time talking to her when she was recovering.

Yes, Terry cared about people, but we also cared about him….so here's just a couple of recollections and tributes from mates that are here…

Charlesy recalled when he had fallen asleep in The Swan after one too many beers. "Terry filled my hood with peanuts, beer mats and the RNLI charity boat! When I woke up, I made my way home and it caused great amusement for my sons Ben & Josh, as they emptied my hood of Terry's presents! Obviously I returned the charity boat and beer mats the following day, but I ate the peanuts…". Must have been a lot of peanuts, mate!

Barry posted a great picture of him and Terry on facebook, as 'models' years ago "Terry was not all about being a great sportsman....we were close mates and in the 1980s we both went through a Rockabilly phase & were spotted in the Kings Road by a fashion photographer called Marc Le Bon, who invited us to a photo-shoot. As you can see from the photo, one of us was a sultry, good-looking male model-type and the other one had a ludicrous haircut, which still makes my kids laugh today! I'll let you decide who is which! R.I.P."

And Cat ((the piss artist formerly known as Paul Foster), Cat simply said ‘no words’ and recalled all the good times and great memories….and that in itself is quite an achievement for both of them…

Terry cared for and supported everyone at Old Haberdashers RFC….especially our recent, long line of very short Presidents. In fact, he more than perhaps any other member of the Club, supported the Past Players’ Lunches like no-one else and frankly we would have had to cancel several without him and his endless invitees and special selection of dairy-based delicacies!

And let’s just reflect on things for a moment, many of us here are sportsmen….I use the term loosely where some of us are concerned….but for those of us lucky to have played with him and for a lot longer afterwards, we can only start to imagine how frustrating, annoying and tough it must have been for Terry, to watch his brothers, his best mates and his friends, continue to play their chosen sports for so long, when he succumbed to a back condition and surgery, relatively early in his sporting life.

Through his vociferous support from the sidelines and stands and his massive contributions to the life and soul of our magical clubhouse, he resolutely continued his love of sport, as much as he could and was a mine of information on many different sports. Wendy reckoned any pub quiz team couldn’t lose in the sports round, with Terry on their side…he just used to be able to produce facts about players, teams, results and tactics…and as a Man Utd fan and as you know, someone who liked the occasional bet, if he was ever asked if he’d put any money on Man Utd at the weekend, back in the glory days of the 90s, his stock reply was “yep, Scholes, 3-1”.

His love of sport also extended to his clothing and style. Probably the world’s no.1 customer of rugby brand Eden Park, a brand established after the 1987 Rugby World Cup by Franck Mesnel, the mercurial French centre and known for its pink bow tie logo. Terry was rarely, if ever seen in anything else. Literally from his socks to his underwear and top to bottom he was always dressed in this iconic brand….with pink remaining his favourite colour as a result. In fact, when I was talking to the family about his style and his long loyalty to the brand, Paul reckoned Eden Park should have paid for the f**king flowers today!

Terry tried to impart his love of rugby on his extended family. During his time living with Paul and Annie during the 2000s, he (heavily) encouraged his three nieces to get into the 2003 Rugby World Cup, purchasing them England shirts and flags to deck out the front of the house and developing his own English version of the Haka – lyrics focussed on the benefits of eating Cornish pasties and brown sauce – which he and Paul would bellow during each of England’s matches. After England’s victory, he tried to keep them engaged in the sport by taking them to the Middlesex 7s at Twickenham. Toward the end of the day, the girls’ waning

interest coincided with a number of drunken streakers tearing across the pitch, at which point Terry roared ‘Keep your bloody eyes on the RUGBY!’

And as I said earlier, Terry definitely had the ladies swooning after him at school….and no surprise really, as he had a great combination of his Dad’s ruggedness and his Mum’s good looks…and of course, he also deliberately hung around with Charlesy, who frankly the girls couldn’t really see, when they were looking up at Terry.

Now, I also have a confession to make about Terry….he and Andy and a few others, were among my sporting heroes at school….3 years older than me, stars of the rugby, cricket and hockey teams, charming my sister and her friends ‘over the wall’, with Terry’s good looks and Andy’s….relaxed gait (banana legs…)….so to end up playing rugby with them, was a real honour….and a bit of dream come true really!

I remember they took me along with them to Twickeham once, to see their mate Steve Knight play for the England rugby U16s, when I was not long into the school, maybe 13-14 years old…honestly, I was so happy to have the piss taken out of me all day, just to be out with the school’s finest sportsmen…I might have had a fizzy drink or 2 that day as well….but they looked out for me and made sure I made it home. I then remember bumping into Terry at a party shortly afterwards and he gave me my first unboxed, unbranded cigarette….well I think it was a cigarette…

And that’s the Terry many of you here from work, from the pubs, from Sarries matches and from the OHRFC & OHCC will be familiar with, the man who always looked out for you first and foremost and frankly would do anything for anyone.

Terry taught us a new vocabulary with innovative turns of phrase, alternative words and creative insults. I remember affectionately when he turned to one of the oppo on the rugby field and said ‘I’ll hit you so hard, I’ll kill your whole family….’ and I’m sure many of us feel privileged to have been called a ‘client’ in recent years. Another great story Paul shared, was when fellow centre at the time, Jerry Gibb, rattled on about his new girlfriend who was coming to the club at the weekend….apparently she was a stunner, a gorgeous model from Sheffield. When Terry was introduced to her, he wasn’t exactly impressed and said “What d’you model, knives and forks?!”

He loved a good yarn…and none more so than when I very unfortunately deposited a tray full of apple pie and custard, in his Dad’s lap, at a fund-raising dinner at school in the early 80s.

Terry Senior of course, took it in his stride and as he stood up to make his special guest speech, he firstly enquired as to the whereabouts of my Father….and then thanked the staff for all their hard work, for organizing the dinner, the food, the wine and especially the

pudding, saying “I’m wearing most of it”….Terry (Junior) loved that story and relished the anecdote, time and time again, so I’m happy to be have obliged with my drunken stupidity!….

Another one amongst many well-wishers from guys in the year below him at school, was from the appropriately-named Steve Pink, who now lives in Australia “As you may remember my Dad was a cop, based in Hendon, near where the Downes family lived at that time. TD Snr called the police about a possible break-in at their house. When my Dad arrived, he walked in and the place looked like it had been turned over. Their belongings were all over the place. My Dad’s first response was to say to TD Snr:

“I’m so sorry Terry, it looks like they’ve made a right mess of your place” to which TD Snr replied.

“What do you mean? It’s always like this. We’ve got 3 boys.”

At Andy and Meryl’s wedding….Terry was so, so nervous as Best Man, that he didn’t have a drink for….at least half an hour…he stood up to deliver the Best Man’s speech and said “Charlesy, compared to your speech, this is going to be a sprint”, he managed to call Meryl, Beryl….and then quickly moved on with the tried and tested formula of ‘firstly, secondly and finally’….quickly toasted the bridesmaids, then got absolutely battered and ripped the piss out of his mate with the bandy legs all night! Yep, nothing ever changed there Charlesy…

And yes, Terry was often quite loud…..whether that was shouting from the sidelines, leading Boom de leh leh in the bar, or acting as an unofficial bouncer at The Donkey Bar we stumbled on in Perpignan, whilst away on one of our legendary Heineken Cup trips….and yes, there was an actual live donkey in the bar….but, in the biggest pressure moments at the crease, in the slips, in the field, at full back, at centre, fly-half, scrum-half or in the back row….he was often ironically, quite calm and considered….focused on his sporting craft.

I think much like his Dad, Terry was always reading the game, the situation, the next exchange, the battle….as well as being….how shall we put it, quite outspoken!

I remember the 2nd Ireland Tour with OHRFC in 1986…we were at Kilkenny RFC, club of former Ireland greats such as Willie Duggan…and we were a score down, with 2 minutes to go….Terry was injured and on the touchline and somehow, Moonie, Bakes and I combined down the blindside and one of their players, deliberately knocked on, as we threatened their line.

Terry was absolutely incensed…..and shouted so bloody loud, the ref had no option but to award the penalty try and we sealed the win…the clubhouse after was a sea of black….as we set about out-drinking our hosts too….

Well for all these stories, we all know that Terry's bark was definitely much worse than his bite…now that might sound odd to some of you, who knew him as a larger and louder than life character…and yes he was the big dog in many situations….but he did once have to eat a bit of humble pie, when he missed his 100th consecutive cap for the OHRFC 1st XV, arriving late for kick off, having got 'distracted and relaxed' the night before….

His other great love affair, was with his locals, The Swan originally and latterly, The King Stag….now time may have taken its toll on the relationship with the Great White Bird….but if you were ever in The Swan, which I'm guessing a few of you here were and you heard Terry jousting with the landlords & bar staff, ordering a lager top back in the day, or serving his legendary Terry's Tapas of a Saturday afternoon….you'll know that he was part of the fabric of that esteemed public house….just as I'm sure he has become at The Stag, where we'll toast him later.

Terry was a very emotional guy, very aware of his circumstances and felt deeply for his family, looking after his Mum, after his hero Terry senior, had left us…and he was not averse to shedding a tear or two, late at night on Tour and always ready with a proper hug, every time I saw him….whether that was a week, a month or even a year apart….we will all miss his greetings (sometimes with an occasional growl) but usually accompanied with a quiet 'How are you son….or Love you son….'

Well, I know I speak for the family and all his mates here, when I say 'we love you Terry', we always did and always will….for many of us here, he was our Terry Downes and we sincerely hope that he can rest in peace, safe in the knowledge that did his Dad, his Mum, his brothers, his sisters, the family and his friends, incredibly proud.

Simon Greswell (1984)

James R. F. KENT (1976-1981) died on 7 September 1985, nine weeks before his 21st birthday.

James was the son of John (1947-55) and Muriel Kent.

In his five years in the Boarding House, James made a useful contribution to the life of the School. His sports were in particular swimming and javelin-throwing, but he was also a cricket-scorer and his special talent was revealed in his meticulous work for the stage-lighting team.

He showed a real interest and much skill from a very early age with anything mechanical and, having decided against pursuing A-level courses after leaving school he found congenial work as a storeman at a garage close to his home in Petersfield, Hampshire and

was able to devote much of his leisure time to working on cars and on his own and other people's motorbikes. He became known as something of a trouble-shooter who took extremely good care of his own machine and would take great pains to put to rights those of others, often working far into the night. He tuned and serviced the machines of two friends who raced at Brands Hatch and Snetterton and who were thus prepared to put their lives in his hands, a responsibility which he was well aware of and which he fully accepted. He was quite a well-known figure in Petersfield and had also recently become involved again with stage-lighting for amateur operatic and dramatic groups in the town.

His careful car-driving and riding were a by-word among his friends, but on the evening of 6 September 1985 he was returning home on his motorbike along a country road when, having already negotiated a right-hand bend, he rode onto the grass verge, where he began to lose control of the machine. He almost regained control but was unable to avoid hitting a wooden fence, which he demolished. He was flung off and tragically, his crash-helmet came off - it was found still correctly done up, 40 yards along the road - and he sustained such severe head injuries that he died in hospital three hours later. No other vehicle was involved and it appears most probable that he took action to avoid an animal or animals on the road, of which drivers are warned in that area.

James' popularity can be gauged from the fact that nearly 200 people, many of them of his own age, attended the Service of Thanksgiving for his life. Among those present were Nobbly Tanner and Mr David Davies representing the School, who gave the address. The Association extends sympathy to his parents, John and Muriel and his sister Catherine on their tragic loss.

1979



Clive Hyman died 10th August 2025

Clive was an Old Haberdasher to his core and he was still involved in the Rugby and Cricket clubs, where he played enthusiastically .

Clive’s academic and professional accomplishments were exceptional. He was an entrance examiner scholarship at Christ’s College, where he was involved rowing, rugby and also hockey whilst being part of the committee that organised the May Ball in 1982. He went on to achieve notable success in his career where became the youngest person to be made Partner at KPMG at the time, at the age of 34, and later continued his professional journey at Hyman Capital. Throughout his career, Clive earned the respect and admiration of peers and clients alike for his intelligence, professionalism, and integrity.

Those who knew Clive will also remember his generosity and kindness. He was known for his willingness to help others, his sense of humour, and his ability to form meaningful connections with people from all walks of life. Whether at work or in his personal life, Clive left a positive and lasting impression on those around him.

Beyond his career, Clive valued the simple things in life with his beloved wife Rachel who he married in 2021. Together they enjoyed spending time outdoors, especially walking in Regent’s Park, and found joy in everyday moments. His warmth, resilience, and openness were defining traits that enriched the lives of those closest to him.

1978



Laurence Jacobs. Died April 2024

Laurence Jacobs began his work experience in 1998 at Allen & Overy, where he held the role of Partner until 2004. In the same year, he joined Milbank LLP as a Partner and held the position until 2020.

He started Ginzi, an AI based business in 2021.

Laurence Jacobs attended Haberdashers' Boys' School from 1971 to 1978. Moving on, from 1979 to 1982, Laurence studied at the University of Cambridge, majoring in History.

Martin Baker



It is with the most painful regret that we have to announce the death of Martin Baker, OHA President and Secretary, and former Captain and President of OHRFC.

Martin had been diagnosed with prostate cancer in November 2012 and had been undergoing hormone control and chemotherapy since then. He died peacefully at The Sue Rider Hospice in Nettlebed on the evening of Tuesday 19th April, having transferred there from home just a couple of days previously. Our thoughts and love are with Martin's wife Connie, family and friends.

It is difficult to articulate just how stoic and matter-of-fact Martin was about his illness and how bravely he bore it. In May 2013, he summarised the situation as "One of those things and I will enjoy everything I can for as long as I can." He certainly did that, tirelessly continuing to work for the Association and rugby club until just a few weeks ago. His legacy is wide and deep and all OH offer Martin a debt of gratitude for his relentless hard work.

As Connie said, "The school association and rugby have been the biggest force in his life and he values the wonderful and often hilarious memories of all your rugby trips and the fun you had at home and abroad. I know that he cares dearly for you all."

Details of the funeral will be communicated as appropriate, as they become known.

We want to give the final words to the man himself, taken from an email he sent to the OHA Executive Committee and OHRFC at the end of March:

"At the present time I don’t want to see people, not because I am feeling particularly anti-social but mainly fatigued I think. Even spending 10 mins with people will wipe me out for the

day. I welcome all your emails but I would prefer to be remembered as someone active rather than someone confined to bed.

People are very kind. It's very humbling, but so uplifting to hear from my OH friends. I have had so much fun at Habs and I shall always be grateful for the day that I first crossed the OH portal. I can't possibly contact everyone individually so I'm hoping that the message gets round as widely as possible.

As you would expect, Connie has been my rock and is doing every single thing she possibly can to help give me the best quality of life. Without Connie I couldn't cope with all that is involved and which will no doubt worsen despite the best palliative care possible.

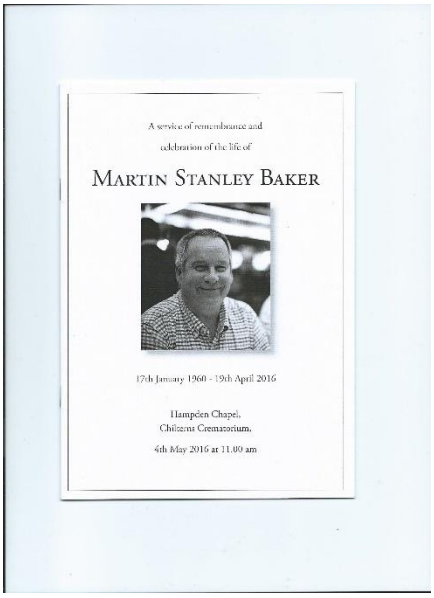
I feel relatively compos mentis today so we are taking the opportunity to send a short update and I hope this message will reach as many of the rugby, OHA and School groups as possible.

My latest results at the start of March 2016 show that the final chance of a new type of chemo treatment is not working, I am feeling very fatigued and drifting in and out of sleep. All days are different but I have had to take a decision to conclude all my OH related matters.

The Iain Rennie hospice and palliative care team are second to none, they have taken over my day to day treatment from the oncology team. The plan is to stay at home then to move on to the hospice if necessary.

So a brief message of thanks to all my OH friends and maybe we will meet again in the Clubhouse in the Sky."

Rest in peace, Martin, and a boundless thank you for your energy, hard work and enthusiasm, but most of all the pleasure of your friendship on the pitch, at the bar and around the meeting table. A true gentleman and consummate Old Haberdasher, never to be forgotten.



Eulogy for Martin Baker

We've all known today was coming. Ever since that ominous message three and a half years ago: The world-stopper, the sledgehammer in the face, when we realised that Martin, our great friend Martin, was going to die and there was nothing that he or we could do to stop it.

Yet when I met him a few weeks later and we talked about it, I was amazed how matter-of-fact he was. As usual, he'd done his homework, he'd listened to what he'd been told, he'd worked out what he could do and what he couldn't do and he was just getting on with it. There was no self-pity. On the contrary, he didn't want his illness to be our problem but that was just typical of the man. Whatever you threw at Martin, he sorted it out and got on with life without any fuss. That he could be like this with his cancer was quite astonishing and remarkably brave.

Connie recently said that it isn't a fight against cancer because you can win a fight but you can't win against cancer, and of course she was right. A lot of people would have fallen into a deep depression and gone home and waited to die but not Martin, that wasn't in his DNA. Martin didn't do lost causes. If we were losing 30-0 with five minutes to go, he'd still give everything he had.

Martin was Secretary of the Old Haberdashers Association for the last 15 years. When I last saw him, he said that it was this work that kept him going. In fact, the reverse is even more true: It was his work that kept the Old Haberdashers going.

Martin was a great administrator and networker and he found out that two of the country's top oncologists, Nigel Cowan and Nick James, were both Old Haberdashers. He got in touch, went to see them, got a second opinion, got a third opinion, he discussed the pros and cons of the various options and alternative treatments. He did try to fight it and of course he lost but not without trying and at least he put the game into extra time.

I first met Martin at school. He was a few years below me but stood out, not just because of his red hair, but because he was good at everything – rugby, hockey, cricket, work. Martin went on to King's College, London and got involved with college sport. He did however find time to start playing a few games for the Old Haberdashers and when he left King's to start his career with BT, he became a full-time Old Haberdasher, cementing his place in the first team. Fly Half in the winter, fast bowler in the summer.

When I became Captain of the rugby club, he was the obvious choice as Vice Captain. When I bought my flat in Ealing and then my house in Brentford, he was the obvious choice as lodger. They were great times. We had a lot of fun, at times perhaps too much fun, and it's always good to think back to all the stupid things we did together and to be honest carried on doing together.

When I left the UK, our lives remained entwined. He was usher at my wedding, I was Best Man at his wedding, he was godfather to my daughter and then six years ago, I was Witness on that wonderful day near here at Cliveden when he married Connie – a marriage that was to be cut short so tragically.

Martin wasn't a dynamic leader. He led by example. It was the things he did and little things he said that influenced us and moved us in the direction he wanted to go.

Similarly, he wasn't the loud guy down the pub. Having said that, there were a few occasions when he did get a bit over-excited, when the funmeter went onto red and a shout of "disgraceful" would boom out, often when the subject of French people or White Van drivers arose. It was of course all half-hearted because Martin was a very tolerant man. He never had a bad word for anyone. He was also one of the few people I know, who had no enemies. He was universally liked because what you saw, was what you got and what you got was a man who was decent, loyal, honest, a true gentleman. All perhaps old-fashioned values but all of them virtues.

Martin was never the centre of attraction but he was always there and he was always there because no matter whether you were picking a rugby team or working out who to go out with on a Friday night, his was always the first name down on the teamsheet. We wanted him there because we knew we could rely on him. Martin enjoyed life and we enjoyed being with him, which is why it is so sad that he has been taken from us.

They say that every cloud has a silver lining but, on days like this, it's difficult to find one. There is one though and the silver lining is that we were lucky enough to have known him: Martin Stanley Baker, the Duck, the guy with the loft insulation up his jumper. If we close our eyes, we can picture him now: probably in one of those jumpers, almost certainly clutching a pint glass to his chest, face slightly reddened, double chin and that trademark Baker grin, the one that would always turn into laughter as his whole body shook, shoulders going up and down. All of us have fond memories of him and we all have our own Martin Baker stories, which we will be telling later on, and no-one can take those memories from us. We truly were lucky to have known him.

Big men leave big holes and the biggest one of all is the one Connie now finds herself in. Martin recently referred to Connie as the rock he could rely on to keep going and whilst he was brave, she was equally so, and in the coming days and weeks and months, it is our duty, all of our duty, to help her back on her feet and, when she is ready, to get used to life after Martin. And Connie, genuinely we are all there for you.

And so, it is time to say farewell: Martin, you were, you are and you always will be our great friend and as you drift upwards to that great Clubhouse in the sky, you should know that part of you will remain here, in our hearts and in our memories. May you rest in peace.

Charlie Betteridge
4th May 2016

Final Eulogy for Martin by Past President OHA and OHRFC - Peter Vacher



This is certainly the first time I've been asked to give a eulogy in a pub but then again it may just be appropriate given Martin's companionable and gregarious nature and the amount of time he spent in rugby clubhouses, pint in hand!

Many of you knew Martin better than me so I can only say I was very touched and honoured to be asked by Martin himself to add my few words to what Charlie has already said so eloquently at the crematorium.

I think the first thing is to say how admirably Martin handled this awful illness, his reality in the face of the inevitable, his stoicism, his lack of self-pity, that phlegmatic quality that so many of us recognised and valued. His fortitude and determination to continue coming out to Elstree earlier in the season and his bravery when facing the certainty of the outcome were genuinely inspirational – obviously in the latter stages it was Connie who bore the brunt of this and we can only say a heartfelt thank you, Connie, for all that you did for Martin. As he said, "Connie has been my rock – without her I couldn't have coped."

Rather than just dwell on his illness and the last few months, what I'd like to do is to pay tribute to Martin's involvement with OH rugby and his willingness to take on a variety of administrative roles in both the rugby club and the wider Association. I was lucky enough to be Rugby club President for three years in the early 1980s at a time when Charlie and Martin were successively Captains and thus observed the team spirit and collective friendship that they both fostered at first hand. Patricia and I were delighted to have been part of Martin's wider circle at that time and to be caught up in the teams' heady slipstream. We toured with the club to France where I discovered the beneficial qualities of constant supplies of Armagnac and we defeated a top French side but were denied a final game when the pitch froze. Then there was Holland and in later years many more great touchline moments. It was Martin's idea to give Patricia a gift to mark her ready and continuous support of the team – after all she did sew on the numbers on the back of the 1st XV shirts each year! A typically thoughtful gesture.

Martin had first played for the OH 1st XV way back in the 1977-78 season, making eleven appearances under the captaincy of Doug Yeabsley while still a schoolboy. He was on the wing in that famous game in September 1978 when OHRFC defeated the visiting team from Akron, Ohio. And so the process continued, Martin usually playing at fly-half, although in the early years there were appearances at full-back and on the wing, those long raking kicks to the bottom corner his trademark, nothing fancy, getting the line going and winning games. By the year of the Dutch tour he was Captain and that season we had 23 wins from 32

matches. Of course he continued to play and was a 200 Club member by April 1986. I don't know how many games he played for the club after that – we'd need Nobbly or Martin himself to tell us that but what was absolutely clear was his commitment to the club, his unquestioning loyalty and those enduring friendships.

As he said himself, "I have had so much fun at Old Habs and I shall always be grateful for the day when I crossed the OH portal."

He was President of OHRFC for three years from 1998 and amazingly found time to play cricket for OHCC from 1978 making 75 1st XI appearances and 91 for the club's 2nd XI and was a keen tourist going on the OHCC tours from 1979 – 1996 and working on the OHCC tour committee with Mike Filer. All in all, it seems there was nothing that Martin wouldn't do for the OH in all its forms. I don't know whether he shot or played golf for the OH but I'm sure he would have had anyone asked him. Then again there was his involvement with CLOB where in later years he looked after fixtures and also sat on the Middlesex Committee as our representative. Martin was well known and hugely respected right across the rugby spectrum and indeed, we have received many messages and condolences from rugby people. How did he ever find time to go to work?

Away from the sports field, we asked a lot more of him. He was on the OHA Executive for years representing the rugby club, and then became our first professional administrator, having retired from BT, and what a marvellous job he did for us. He pioneered the widely praised Electronic newsletter, re-tuned the web-site, produced the minutes and generally did everything and more that might have been expected of him.

He was a mine of information on all things OH, knew everybody and responded to everything, while keeping a steely eye on the rugby club, acting as its Treasurer and Secretary while enjoying the jaunts to overseas international matches with his chums. Someone said to me last week that he had the habit of listening quietly at meetings to all the to and fro and then summing it all up with a short succinct phrase. As Alan Newman observed, he seemed to have no ego, just quietly, calmly, getting on with things, a smiling presence, not given to overmuch chat but just happy to be among like-minded friends. Invariably polite and gracious, Martin was a very special person, that's for sure.

As Connie said, "The school association and rugby have been the biggest force in his life and he valued the wonderful and often hilarious memories of all your rugby trips and the fun you had at home and abroad. I know that that he cared dearly for you all."

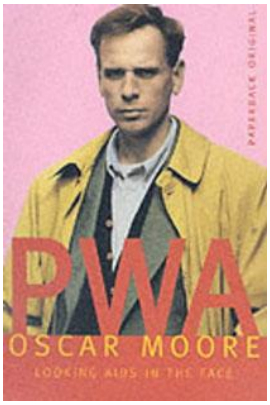
That feeling is reciprocated totally by everyone in this room, I know – we too cared dearly for Martin and we'll miss him terribly. We made him our President this year – but sadly he left us far too soon - all we have to do now it to carry things forward as he would have wanted us to do. RIP Martin.

Peter Vacher

4th May 2016

1978

Oscar M MOORE (-1978)
died in September 1996 at age 36.



Journalist for, among others, Time Out, Punch, I-D, The Times, The Mail on Sunday, The Evening Standard and Screen International (where he was appointed editor-in-chief).

He also published a novel entitled 'A Matter of Life and Sex'.

He wrote a weekly column in the Guardian between 1994 and 1996, which was a moving account of Moore's life with HIV and AIDS. It was later published as a book called "PWA" - Person With AIDS. PWA was adapted into a stage play and was performed in London's Drill Hall theatre in October 2001.

Lt. Col. DAVID M LIMB MBE PARA (1971-1978)
died unexpectedly on 11 Aug 2000 whilst on leave at his home in France.



He was just 39 years old. He had been in command of 3 PARA for a week, and he was looking forward to joining the Battalion at Colchester when it formed up after its Anns Plot move from Dover.

I first met David at Sandhurst in 1982. He was an Army Scholar and had been at Oxford University. We were on different courses and he had already been accepted by the Parachute Regiment. But even then, it was clear that David was something special. He was articulate, gregarious and athletic, despite only being just over five and a half feet tall. He was also well-read and intelligent. More importantly, he was clearly going to be an outstanding soldier and officer, and it was not surprising that he won the Queen's Medal when he passed out of Sandhurst, as the outstanding graduate of his course.

Prior to joining 3 PARA, he took part in a successful expedition to the Himalayas led by Jon Fleming. Six years later, we served together in 1 PARA in 1988-9 when he was the Adjutant and I was the Signals Officer. In the intervening period. David had continued his very successful military career. Initially with 3 PARA as a PI Comd, he then had served in Uganda with the British Military Training Team, after which he was awarded an MBE at the age of 24 for assisting in the evacuation of British nationals during a coup. There then followed 18 months as ADC to Gen Geoffrey Hewlett in Norway.

David was an outstanding Adjutant and it was then that he really made his mark. His enthusiasm, drive and positive attitude were hallmarks of his 2 years under John Keith and Dick Trigger. He involved himself in all aspects of Battalion life, not just limiting himself to GI matters. He knew virtually all of the Battalion by name. I particularly recall his fiercely competitive spirit which always came to the fore during inter-company sports, or even whilst playing a quick game of squash. In everything that he did, David gave his all.

After he left 1 PARA and before going to Staff College, David served with I RGJ as a Coy Comd in Germany. I was not at all surprised when I heard that he had managed to be deployed on Operation GRANBY in 1990/1, serving as a Liaison Officer between British and US Headquarters. He did extremely well in the Gulf and he was awarded the Bronze Star by the Americans. This was another significant achievement.

After completing Staff College, David returned to 1 PARA as a Coy Comd, serving in both Northern Ireland and Aldershot. He did his major's staff appointment also in Northern Ireland, serving at HQNI on the Operations/Policy staff. He worked extremely hard during this period, and it was of no surprise that he picked up his promotion to Lt Col at the earliest opportunity. Quite rightly, he was then posted to the Staff College as a member of the Directing Staff. His students thought the world of him there.

David was then chosen personally by SACEUR, Gen Wesley Clark, to be his British Military Assistant. This prestigious appointment suited David down to the ground. It was high profile, very important, dealt with big issues and was great fun. He enjoyed getting involved, and his role during the Kosovo operations in 1999 was significant.

I remember speaking with him in the middle of the bombing campaign, when things were a little tense between SHAPE and the MOD, where I was working. Despite the incredible pressure and high pace of life, David relished the excitement of the moment. He enjoyed the military networking and he excelled at the verbal jousts in which he actively engaged. David was always worth a good argument and, often much to my annoyance, he was very rarely wrong. His experience, intellect, original thought and boundless energy made for a powerful combination.

But for all the enjoyment of his staff appointments, it was as a leader that he excelled. He loved his soldiers and he relished commanding them. He could not wait to take over 3 PARA and it is much to the loss of the Battalion that he was not allowed to make his mark on them.

David Limb was a great friend. He was utterly loyal and great fun to be with. He had so many talents and was hugely gifted. He kept himself frantically busy with his various hobbies such as flying and freefall parachuting. Nobody else could have coped with his hectic lifestyle.

David leaves behind his widow, Amanda, whom he married in 1994. and their young daughter, Alice. He was a devoted husband and father, and our thoughts and prayers must go to them, and his parents, Roy and Olive, and his brothers Robert and Andrew, and his sister Helen.

David was one of the most able and gifted officers of his generation. His flair, sense of fun and bouncy approach to life will be greatly missed by everyone who knew him. We have all lost a great friend. The Army and the Regiment have lost an outstanding officer. JGL

Above article appeared in The Yearbook of the Parachute Regiment and Airborne Forces 2000

Simon Weston writes:

One detail I remember is that Dave won an Army Scholarship to Sandhurst whilst in the fifth form. These were very well sought after and valuable awards gained in fierce competition with candidates from across the country.

When one thinks of David, the mind conjures a full on guy, a 100 percenter. He never did anything without giving it his best shot and this was sometimes quite tiring for those trying to stay up with him. He was ambitious, but he never let this affect the way he behaved towards others. I will always remember his kindness and consideration; nothing was ever too much trouble. I stayed with him at weekends whilst a boarder at school, shared a plastic sheet to sleep under whilst on C.C.F. exercise and later collapsed in his rooms at Oxford, when the Pimms at the boathouses was too strong and the distance back to my own place too great. Dave was always willing to help and share and it was this that made him a true friend. A week or so before his death he called me at home. This was probably the first time I'd heard from him in five years. He was travelling up the M6 to a meeting prior to taking over his command and wondered, subject to his timetable, whether he could pop across to Shropshire to see Angela and me.

Having ascertained that he was due in Yorkshire that evening and Kent early the following morning and that the detour would add at least 100 miles to his trip, I suggested we should meet another time, but it didn't seem to matter to him.

Whilst at Oxford, he led a similarly full life. I vividly recall dinner parties held in his rooms, for which he did the catering. How he managed to cook three and five course menus on not much more then a camping stove I shall never know, but the thought still brings a smile to my face!

Martin Baker writes:

A real life action man who led a very active life - immersing himself in everything he decided was worth doing. A real enthusiast and an inspiration to those around him. He was fully involved in the full range of school activities and hard working and able enough to gain a place at Christ Church College, Oxford. He was keen enough to play any sport that was available, playing rugby in the year teams early in his time at the School and playing 1st. Xl hockey in 1977 and 1978 (winning full colours). He was more keen on active and challenging sports such as mountaineering and the activities of the Army section of the C.C.F. He was willing and personally motivated to take on responsibility which saw him in the full range of positions including School Sub-Prefect, Prefect, C.S.M. of the Army section and House Captain of Hendersons.

I met David on our first day at Haberdashers' in 1971 and will never forget his infectious grin, boundless enthusiasm, drive and ambition. He was an asset to everything he was involved in and his death is a huge loss to all who knew him. I attended his funeral at R.M.A. Sandhurst and the occasion was a fitting tribute to David and reflected his huge achievements and the impact of his personality on everyone who met him.

1977

Dr James Price. Died September 2024



Sadly, we lost our big brother James (aka Jim) Price last month, following a cancer diagnosis in September 2023.

He was at Habs from 1970 to 1977 – a time during which his multiple talents, curiosity and intelligence were encouraged and developed. And he paved the way for his younger brothers to enjoy their time at the school.

As well as achieving academically, whilst at school he was a keen and talented hockey player, golfer and cricketer – and his love of sport stayed with him throughout his life. Indeed, he was keeping up with the England v Sri Lanka test scores just a week or so before he died.

He also loved music and played trombone in the school orchestra, continuing to play in amateur bands up until this summer. He also regularly “entertained” family and friends on piano with a repertoire extending from Scott Joplin’s Maple Leaf Rag to Elton John’s Goodbye Yellow Brick Road.

After doing well at school he studied medicine at Queens Cambridge and St Thomas Medical School, then spent a few years as a medic serving in the Royal Navy. I remember him telling me he timed this well, joining just after the Falklands conflict and leaving a year before the first Gulf War!

Subsequently he worked as a GP in and around Chichester. And more latterly he developed a second career in medical education – passing on his skills and experience to younger generations as a lecturer and tutor at Brighton and Sussex Medical School.

Jim lived a full and active life. He was confident and sociable; he made lots of friends through all his interests and endeavours – with many of these friendships enduring through the decades.

Whether professional, academic, sporting, cultural, philosophical or political, Jim never lost his curiosity. He was animated by the pleasure of finding things out. In medicine his commitment to CPD (continued professional development) meant he kept adding to his qualifications after medical school. One of his friends pointed out that if he ever decided to have a business card, the letters after his name would have required one six inches long!

He always had a positive outlook, even through difficult times. This was evident following his cancer diagnosis and during his illness. He lived as full a life as possible during this time, brave and imperturbable in the way he responded to numerous setbacks and during our family whatsapp calls he never lost hope that things could turn around.

He spent his last days at St Wilfrid's Hospice, Bosham where he had worked in the past and where two of his children had volunteered. Jim was cared for by doctors whom he had trained himself during his career as a GP and medical educator. The family all feel this was a perfect full circle for his life, reflecting his legacy in healthcare, compassion and medical education.

Perhaps his greatest achievement (and the one of which he was the most proud) was of being father to his four children Katie, Sam, Liz and Jo.

His immediate and extended family and his many friends are mourning his loss, are missing him and will continue to do so. As his daughter so eloquently put it recently "To those he loved, to those he helped, those he cared for and treated, to those he taught and advised, to those who witnessed his air guitar/air piano solos, to those he played sport with, to those he made music with, to those he sang with, to those who were at the mercy of his competitive side (ha-ha), to those he spread his confidence to and gave them self belief - remember him and enjoy those memories with a big smile on your face."

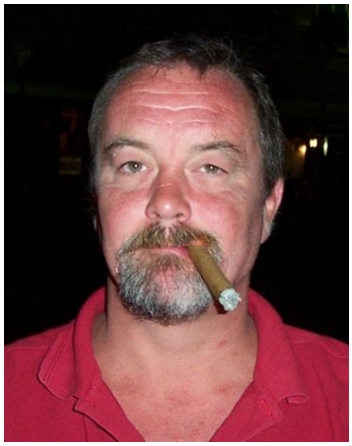
Jeremy Jeeves (1970 - 1977) Passed Away 15th May 2015

Jeremy was diagnosed with a stage 4 glioblastoma in November 2014 and sadly passed away on 15th May 2015. Jeremy worked as a Librarian in Harrow for many years and was

fund raising for research into the effective treatment of brain cancer until just a few days before he died.

1976

James "Jim" Betteridge Died 20th April 2024



Jim Betteridge joined the Prep School in 1967 and remained at Habs till the summer of 1976. His parents had moved up to Cheshire the previous summer, but Jim became a boarder and stayed on to complete his 'O' levels before moving north to King's School Chester to do 'A' levels and then returning south to study Ancient History at University College, London. In his last year, he worked as a full-time barman at a pub near the College yet was still able to gain a First Class honours degree and went on to get a Ph.D. in Ancient Roman History, spending a year at the British School in Rome.

Jim was also a very talented sportsman and played 1st XV rugby for the school and later on for OHRFC. He was also a very good triple jumper, competing for Stretford AC in National League Division One and becoming Northern Counties triple jump champion at the age of 18. His love of beer and cigarettes may have shortened his sporting career, but his love of Italy was to change his life and he moved to a small hill-top village in Tuscany, living in his parent's apartment, before meeting his future wife, Paola and getting married in September 1989. Jim worked in a language school teaching English before setting up on his own, teaching and doing translation work for various companies and local authorities. He was also very active in arranging the two legendary OHRFC tours to Piombino.

He will be remembered as a lively and fairly loud character, always up for some late-night philosophical discussion, and good fun to be with. He spent 35 years living in Campiglia and dropped dead of heart failure on the morning of 20th April 2024, walking down through the village to his car. He was 64 years old. Jim was cremated three days later at a typically Italian funeral – chaotic but very emotional with a large turn-out from the locals, who had adopted him as one of their own.

Jim is survived by his wife Paola and their two children, Freddie and Sofia.

1975

Ian Rutherford-McTurk Died 25th October 2021



Ian Rutherford McTurk, 64 years old, of Valdosta, Ga passed away suddenly at South Georgia Medical Center on Monday October, 25, 2021.

Ian was born in Belize on March 14, 1957 to the late John Rutherford McTurk and Ann Marie (Bosch) McTurk. Ian lived a charmed life, traveling the world as a child as his father opened international Hilton Hotels all over the globe. At age 11 he followed in his father's footsteps by entering the prestigious Haberdasher's Aske's Boy's School of London. He moved to Valdosta his senior year and graduated from Valwood. He went on to receive a business degree from Valdosta State College.

In the early 90's, Ian began the career that he is most noted for with St. Jude Medical. He soon became known as "The Pacemaker Guy". Ian assisted cardiologists all over the southeast with their patients who required pacemaker insertion and care. He continued the relationships gained during that period up until his death. More recently Ian 's business endeavors shifted toward toxicology. He was currently the CEO of Clarity Clinical Toxicology.

From a young age Ian had a love for the outdoors. He grew up competing in swimming, scuba diving, playing cricket and rugby; but his true loves were hunting and saltwater fishing. He spent countless days towing many friends and family around the waters of Long Pond, making generational memories for many.

Ian was a kind and caring person with a quirky sense of humor. He could show a ruff exterior at times, but he was always ready to help anyone in his or her time of need. Ian has been a mentor and wonderful friend to many.

Ian is survived by his wife, Anita Sinnott McTurk, of Valdosta. Sister: Sharon McTurk (Tom Przybojewski) of Ft. Lauderdale.

Colin Crouch, 1956-2015. Passed away 18th April 2015

Obituary provided by Colin's cousin, David Crouch

Chess lovers have lost a witty, passionate and prolific writer about the game, who nurtured some of its young talent.

Colin Crouch, who has died aged 58, won the British under-16 championship in 1972 with 10 wins and draw, soon after he started playing club chess in north London. He became an International Master two decades later and scored memorable wins against Grandmasters.

He wrote 15 books on chess and continued to blog daily until the end of his life. The title of his website summed up the modesty and humour that were central to his appeal: “Mainly on the evolution of top level chess, or at least to the limited extent that I am able to understand what is going on.”

“It is always a treat to read a book by Colin Crouch,” wrote Washington Post chess columnist Lubomir Kavalek, and his books attracted players at all levels. His final work on Norwegian chess wunderkind Magnus Carlsen was well received.

“Readers could relate to him because he was a very honest writer, critical of his own mistakes and willing to admit to them, he never lectured readers,” said John Emms, editor of Crouch’s last five books for Everyman Chess.

Aware of the temptation to embellish a dull game, Crouch poked fun at chess writing in the British Chess Monthly: “White threatens to thrust the flagship of his armada forward with the galloping move e5, leaving his discomforted steed on f6 feeling like Yasser Arafat at a barmitzvah.”

Born in Bushey, Hertfordshire, Colin was the son of John, a civil servant, and Audrey (nee Jackson). As a small boy he learned to play chess from his father at their family home in Harrow Weald, which remained his home until his death. He began to play competitively at Haberdashers’ Aske’s school in Elstree and then at Christ’s college, Cambridge, where he took geography, completing a doctorate at Durham University on unemployment in mining communities. Crouch was an active Fabian and Labour party member.

In 2004 a stroke severely damaged his health, leaving him in a condition where he could barely walk, had damaged arms and “only half of one eye working”. While others might have

given up the game, his instincts were to play chess seriously “to recover my thought processes”, he wrote.

In 2008 and 2012 he won silver medals at international chess Olympiads for the blind and visually impaired in Greece and India. “It meant a great deal to him that he’d actually been able to prove that he could still achieve at the top,” said Chris Ross of the Braille Chess Association.

Crouch’s burly, bearded form and distinctive chuckle were well known in chess circles. He had a passionate dedication to coaching younger players every week in Harrow Chess Club, among them future International Master Lorin D’Costa.

“Nothing would give him more pleasure than seeing one of his juniors doing well,” said Nevil Chan, the club’s president.

“He was a chess giant, but at the club there was no ego, it was all for the love of the game and helping other players.”

He is survived by a brother, Richard, and a sister, Elizabeth.

David Wray (Died 21st November 2014)

David Keith Wray (1975 leaver), passed away on 21st November 2014 aged 57.

David A Cahal (died 2003)

Steven M KITSON (-1975)
died on 12th November 1997 aged 41.

After the Sharpeville massacre in South Africa

1974

Peter Cull Died 18th April 2026



This is written by Peter's Downing friend and former work colleague and partner, David Osborne, with contributions from others.

Walking through Cambridge as an undergraduate with Peter Cull was not to be recommended if one was on any kind of schedule. The journey would be interrupted, sometimes more than once in the same street, by spontaneous and often lengthy meetings with his many school contemporaries scattered throughout other colleges. He had been Head of School at Haberdashers' Aske's, Elstree. These peripatetic and animated encounters were indicative of his ability never to lose touch, a quality which he maintained throughout his life.

Peter's capacity for friendship went into overdrive at Cambridge, encompassing not just his fellow law undergraduates but a catholic variety of many others, both at Downing and other colleges, including through his sporting connections. A promising College, and potentially University, rugby career was cut short by a knee injury in his first year. To the extent that in mid-1970s Cambridge there was any distinction between 'academics' and 'hearties', it meant nothing to Peter. He was just as at home in, and welcomed into, both communities. No-one who was there will have forgotten the well-attended 21st birthday dinner generously hosted by Peter and his parents at the Garden House Hotel.

Thanks not least to John Hopkins, Peter was one of five Downing lawyers from his year to begin articles at Linklaters in 1979. After Linklaters, an enquiring and versatile legal mind led him into a varied private practice career, first at Watson, Farley & Williams and then Wedlake Bell. His practice covered both finance and corporate work in a way which was unusual then and almost unheard of now. Early in his career he was described by a demanding senior partner as having an uncanny ability quickly to master his brief. After private practice he had a distinguished career in the Government Legal Service, with tours of duty at the Treasury, the Attorney General's office, the Ministry of Defence and, latterly, HMRC.

Peter met his wife Deirdre (Dee), to whom he was devoted, at the College of Law in Lancaster Gate. He was very proud of their two sons, Hugh and Charlie. Hugh, taking after his mother, is a talented linguist. Charlie has followed in his father's footstep into the law.

With his great personal warmth and charm, Peter always had a refreshing interest in life and in people. He was an engaging conversationalist, with often firm but always politely expressed opinions, and brought his wide general knowledge to any discussion.

Peter retired in December 2021 but two years later began to suffer from serious health problems, involving first his heart and then his back. This did not stop him from enjoying life to the full, including his beloved cricket and membership of the MCC. Nor did it affect his cheerful gregariousness. It looked as if his health problems might be behind him when he went on holiday to the south of France in April. But he was taken ill and, after two weeks, passed away from heart complications on 19 April in hospital in Nice. Dee, Hugh and Charlie were with him. The word of his admission into hospital had quickly passed around his friends and he had many messages of encouragement and support. By extraordinary chance, Richard Ufland and Derek McMenamin were each separately in France and were able to visit him in hospital. For one Downing friend to happen to be in that part of France when he was taken ill is a remarkable coincidence. For there to be two almost seems like …. well, something else. Throughout his life, Peter maintained a love of the College and the friends he made there, which was fully reciprocated.

This is written before Peter's memorial service, due to a copy deadline. There is every indication that it will be huge. Peter's untimely passing leaves his large circle(s) of friend numbed. For those who were privileged to know him, he was simply a one-off.

Jonathan Kingston Died 21st March 2023



After leaving Haberdashers, John gained a Degree in Geology at Nottingham University.

For most of his career John worked as a geophysicist carrying out seismic surveying for the oil industry, analysing the results to help locate potential oil fields both on land and below the seabed. He travelled very widely in connection with this job. Later he worked as a technical writer for specialist oil industry publications and conferences.

He met Gill whilst studying at Nottingham and they married in 1983. They had two sons, Rob and Mike, and they were later delighted to become grandparents to Rory and Martha.

John was an enthusiastic participant and organiser for local choirs and choral events, including gospel workshops with the Dartford Township Choir. His musical loves reflected a broad spectrum of taste from Frank Zappa to gentle English folk music.

He was also a keen gardener, particularly on his much loved allotment, and a devoted Spurs supporter and recent season ticket holder at White Hart Lane.

John was an ebullient and ever cheerful friend, whose presence brightened any occasion. He is deeply missed by all of his friends from Haberdashers, who have stayed in close touch for nearly 56 years and most recently spent a very happy week's holiday together with him and Gill at a villa in southern Spain. His sense of humour and love of life will be fondly remembered, and profoundly missed by both his family and friends.

Thanks to Gareth Williams

Ivor Benjamin died 4th July 2019



Ivor was not only a well-respected director of theatre, but a tireless campaigner for directors' rights, and was heavily involved in the work of both the Directors Guild of Great Britain and the Directors Charitable Foundation.

Below, Chair of the Directors Charitable Foundation Vladimir Mirodan writes in remembrance of Ivor, and his formidable life and works.

Theatre director and writer Ivor Benjamin, who died recently following a long illness, dedicated much of his professional life to helping directors as well as to celebrating the art of directing in all its forms. In her eulogy, given during a moving funeral ceremony attended by over two hundred mourners, his widow Amanda described him as a 'rescuer' – of people as well as causes. Nowhere was this more in evidence than in his long and dedicated support for the aims and struggles of directors.

Born in 1956 into a close-knit Jewish family in North London, Ivor was educated at Haberdashers Aske School and in the late 1970s read English at Trinity College Cambridge. A production he directed in his final year gained him a Best Director award at the National Student Drama Festival; this in turn led to his first professional appointments: first as Assistant Director at the Youth Theatre, then as Staff Director for the main company at the Belgrade Theatre, Coventry (1982-84). During the decade that ensued Ivor also directed at the Birmingham Rep., the Bolton Octagon, the Harrogate Theatre and the Contact Theatre in Manchester. Notable productions included an adaptation of Animal Farm, Willy

Russell's Stags and Hens and the UK cast premiere of Athol Fugard's My Children! My Africa! In all, Ivor directed throughout his career over 60 stage productions in Britain, Canada, Ireland and Israel as well as writing 14 plays and film scripts. His adaptation of Rashomon, based on the original Japanese stories, toured internationally to Ireland, the USA, Singapore and the Philippines.

Forever in search of the new, Ivor was an early adopter of the use of computers in the arts: this led him to gaining an MSc in Systems Analysis (City University, 1993) and as early as 1995 to lecturing enthusiastically on the possibilities of using virtual reality in the theatre. During the 2000s Ivor was actively involved in promoting Chinese film in Britain and chaired for several years the jury of the China Image Film Festival in London as well as being on the international jury of the Beijing Film Festival. Coming from a family of engineers, Ivor combined his professional interests with a life-long passion for dismantling, constructing and riding vintage motorbikes.

Ivor joined the Directors Guild of Great Britain soon after its formation in 1984 as the only organisation representing directors in all media. An enthusiastic promoter of directors' rights, Ivor was soon elected to the Guild's Council and eventually became one of its Vice-Chairs. In this role, he was at the heart of the various struggles and mutations the organisation underwent through the 1980s and 1990s and took an active part in planning and delivering the 'rights strike' which led to TV directors getting a much-improved deal from the broadcasters. When screen directors decided to form Directors UK, Ivor's steadfastness enabled the DGGB to continue as an organisation serving mainly theatre directors, who would otherwise have been left homeless. Through Ivor's vision (and occasionally his financial support), the DGGB was restructured as the executive arm of a charity, the Directors Guild Trust. Under Ivor's chairmanship, between 2005 and 2015 the DGGB offered its members a sustained programme of craft-related workshops and social events as well as organising the Peter Brook Lectures, which involved well-known directors such as Brook himself, Phyllida Lloyd or Mike Leigh and were open to the general public. In 2015, the Directors Guild Trust joined forces with Directors UK and the recently established Stage Directors UK to form a new charity, the Directors Charitable Foundation. Ivor was instrumental in the creation of the new charity and became one of its most valued Trustees, working tirelessly for it until his illness prevented him from doing any more.

Ivor will be remembered by all who knew him for his boundless energy, his gentle wit and above all for the warmth and generosity of his friendship. His was a truly gracious spirit: instinctively and effortlessly he saw nothing but the best in everyone and everything.

Ivor Benjamin died on 4 July 2019, not long after his sixty-third birthday. He is survived by his wife Amanda, his daughter Jilly and son Joe. He will be sorely missed.

Dr Rob Bailey died April 2019



Rob Bailey was at Haberdashers' Aske's School Elstree from the prep, until graduating from the 6th form in 1974. He was an enthusiastic participator in many school activities, including school plays, including 'Much Ado About Nothing', which toured Germany; choir and rugger. He made many friends at school, keeping up with some of them for the rest of his life.

Rob was a GP in Peterborough for the last 30 years. He qualified in 1980, having studied at Gonville & Caius College, Cambridge. Rob had both FRCS and was elected FRCGP, for services to the Royal College of General Practitioners. He gave superb service as a GP at the Minster Medical Practice. Many of his patients testified how he "went the extra mile". Visiting his patients when they were admitted to hospital was, for him, routine practice. In addition, he had sessions at the local hospice, and was a key contributor to end of life care in the Peterborough area. He was also a breast surgeon, with sessions at the local hospital.

Rob was a keen cyclist and walker with huge energy, despite living with type 1 diabetes for 40 years. He was also a keen choral singer.

Sadly, he died suddenly, shortly before retirement, whilst walking in the Alps. He is survived by his wife Ita, and children, George and Siobhan. He will be sorely missed by them, and his wider family.

Francis Edward CAREY "Fred" (1967-74 Dec) died September 1990

Fred came to the School as a Boarder in 1967 with his brother David. Fred was an immensely popular member of the Boarding House and an integral part of the School community. He was a staunch member of Hendersons. He participated keenly in his year's rugby and hockey teams. Fred was a prefect, an Aldenham House Senior, a member of the Royal Navy cadets and captain of the School Rugby Second XV in which he was a fierce and determined competitor in the position of Prop and a formidable member of the School Hockey 2nd XI in which he brought to bear his full range of Prop forward skills. He

concentrated on sciences at A-level and won an exhibition to Christ's College, Cambridge where he went up in October 1975.

Finding his progress barred by a plethora of good props (including two future Oxbridge Blues), Fred's 1972/73 season was in the 3rd XV, with a fixture list of only seven games. Accordingly, he was able to find an outlet for his competitiveness with games for the OHRFC, the first, of which was on 29th September 1972, when he assisted the 'C' to beat the School 3rd XV by 34-8 - evidently gaining him a place in that side, for the remainder of the autumn term. Fourteen other appearances for the OHRFC (mainly in the spring term) included two for the 'A'.

With a successful School 2nds, in 1973/74, Fred confined himself to School football, so that his final term saw him leading the side. Nevertheless, with a blank date, on 2nd November 1974, he played the first of another dozen games for the OHRFC 'A', with four other appearances including a Skylarks game on the 39th Easter tour, when he played in the back row against Paignton 2nd. Regretfully, from the OHRFC viewpoint, he was only to play three more times for the club, ending with another junior tour game, at Estoe, on 17th April 1976.

At college Fred continued his rugby activities and rose to be captain of the College First XV and a member of the Marguerites Sports Club. Fred concentrated on his engineering studies and after successfully graduating from Cambridge he spent by all accounts a very enjoyable and productive year at Heriott Watt University in Edinburgh.

Fred settled down in Scotland to build his successful career in the oil and petroleum industry. After Heriott Watt he worked for a number of employers (including BNOC, Enterprise Oil and Amerada Hess) and finally moved South to Reading which he used as a base whilst working in London and on secondment abroad. He was seconded to Norsk Hydro in Oslo during the year before he died.

Unbeknown to many of his close friends, Fred had skin cancer diagnosed in 1988 and underwent treatment, which he was told had been successful. Despite this, a malignant tumour re-appeared in 1990 and despite Fred's brave and noble struggle, he died in September 1990. His courage and fortitude during the period of his illness exemplified the enormous strength of his character and the firmness of his resolve.

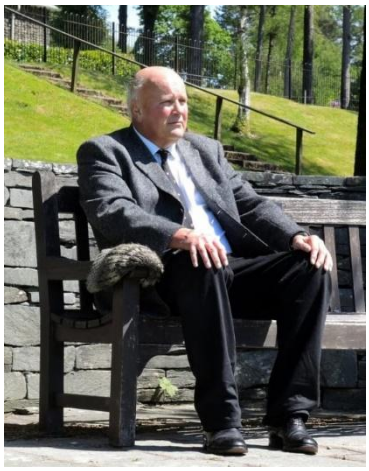
Fred will be remembered for his dogged determination, his utter integrity, his reserves of strength, calm, good humour, patience, tolerance and logic which he could bring to bear to smooth the way in any situation and solve any number of problems and crises.

Fred remained a committed rugby supporter and player and, as a born optimist, was always enthusiastic about the prospects for the recovery of the Welsh team.

His funeral in Reading was attended by Clive Aston (1963-74 Dec), Peter Cull (1965-74 Dec), Harry Hyman (1963-74 Dec), David Mushin (1967-74 Dec), David Woodruff (1965-74 Dec) and Otto Chan (1968-75 Dec). We extend our sympathy to his wife Jackie, his mother and brother, David.

1973

Michael "Mike" Raw. Died 27th May 2023



Sedbergh School is saddened to record the death of former teacher, Michael Raw, on 27th May. Educated at Haberdashers' School and Queens College, Cambridge, Michael was invited to join the Common Room of Sedbergh School in 1984 as Head of the History Department.

Michael was a generous colleague and a compelling teacher. His propensity for clear, erudite explanations of the subject matter combined with entertaining and often gruesome detail created an enviable level of engagement with his pupils.

Unashamed of his eccentricities Michael chuckled at the reputation he enjoyed. Pupils recall the windows of Room 13 open all year round, in sun, wind and even the odd Cumbrian snow storm. Michael was a willing judge for any school competition from house drama to academic challenge. His cutting, occasionally brutal critique of pupils' performance could certainly not be called pithy but was always entertaining, apt and often surprisingly edifying.

After writing in his early adulthood for amongst others the Cambridge footlights and 'Not The Nine O'clock News' Michael had to content himself with writing and performing in Sedbergh's own sketch show 'A kick in the stalls' and its various sequels. One particularly memorable scene featured Michael in Y fronts grunting as a monosyllabic caveman. Shocking for pupils and colleagues alike this hilarious performance typified Michael in that it was funny, unashamed and perfectly pitched When a spoof 'Micky Raw Sedbergh' twitter account

emerged in 2012 readers were fairly sure that it was a parody – but with Michael anything was possible.

Michael was unashamed of his determination to do things the old way and found that his genuine charm and warmth meant others wanted to accommodate him. His reluctance to use a computer was warmly indulged by the school secretary who typed his hand written pupil reports for many years after the Common Room embraced a computerised report system.

Michael was a generous, entertaining and warm host who welcomed many colleagues and former pupils to his home. An evening at one of his successive Sedbergh residences was a richly sought after prize, particularly as it came with viewing rights to Michael's extensive collection of historic artefacts, modern art and an enviable library. Conversation was lively as Michael brought together friends from different aspects of his life, regailing them with stories of his work on radio and television comedy, and name dropping with ease.

During a stint playing for the Harlequins Michael gained what he described as his 'cauliflower ears' as well as a keen sense of sportsmanship. At Sedbergh he coached the First XV from 1987-1991 and later moved to the B1 team with whom he stuck for much of his career.

Sedbergh has benefitted from Michael's writing and attention to literary detail over many decades, first during his time as editor of the Sedberghian and latterly as Michael was appointed to chronicle various aspects of the school's history. Prior to retiring from teaching Michael was invited to write 'Thread of gold', a history of Sedbergh School Football Club. He approached this with his trademark thoroughness reading every historic issue of the Sedberghian magazine, Captains' minute book, Governors' minute book and personal memoir available.

In recent years Michael undertook the substantial role of school historian, seeking to research and write a new history of the school in time for the 500th anniversary. Michael's diligence and integrity made him the perfect person for this role. He sought to accurately represent the community he served while ensuring that the individuals involved were portrayed compassionately. Michael's portrayal weaves the events of school life into the context of national and international history in a manner that elevates the book beyond the ambitions of many coffee table school histories. Michael died whilst writing the final chapter. The completist in him would have been slightly frustrated with the premature ending to his career as a writer but the comedian in him would have chuckled at the off beat timing.

Michael travelled to the Baltic states in mid May for a much anticipated holiday. Unsurprisingly he travelled with a suitcase full of history books about the region, keen as always to expand his knowledge and engage deeply with his subject matter. Michael died in his sleep on holiday.

Michael's death is a great loss to his many friends in the Sedbergh community and further afield. He was a special man who will be sadly missed.

Thanks to Katy de la Riviere

Simon Gelber



A tribute by Colin Blessley - 4th January 2020

Ladies and gentlemen, guests.

I wanted to say a few words before we proceed. I think that most of you will have heard by now that Simon Gelber passed away on New Year's Day.

With his passing, we have lost a true OH stalwart – he was involved in many aspects of the OHA's activities, not just those of the Cricket Club, of which he was a very effective defender of the faith within the overall Association universe. Simon steadfastly conserved good relations with the School, when, on other fronts, there had been major breakdowns in the relationships.

Without him, the OHCC Annual Dinner at Lord's would not exist. Indeed, he was risking the cricket equivalent of doing a Nobbly, still playing until the end of the last season.

He was often on the touchline at our home rugby matches – one of a dedicated group of supporters who attended regularly over the years. He was also quite a fair referee.

Being well- read, for many years, he was the Editor & Correspondent for OH Notes – a pretty thankless task, as a number of his successors will bear witness. Getting publishable material from contributors was like getting blood from a stone. However, this did not diminish his great sense of humour.

In view of the fact that his professional career was in the catering industry, it is hardly surprising that, together with David Heasman, he founded the black tie “Gourmet Dinner” programme held here at the clubhouse, with Simon doing all the cooking and plating up – maybe we should hold one in his memory.

He was also historically involved in the clubhouse bar management, a role which, at my request, he re-assumed last summer. Most of the improvements in the bar product offering are down to Simon’s hard work – ably supported by Pauline – so please, by your custom henceforth, ensure that his efforts are recognised.

Simon was the man to call when an item of kitchen equipment needed some TLC. His business, Court Catering, performed wonders on emergency call-out and many potential disasters were averted. He master-minded the installation of the new appliances, which are proving so valuable on occasions such as today.

Although not an accountant, he had a fine eye in financial analysis and (as I know to my occasional cost) actually read accounts from cover to cover. He was the only member of ExCo to pull me up because a footnote cross-reference was incorrect.

We shall sorely miss all of his contributions – indeed, I ask myself who and how can we replace him. The answer is we cannot – his unassuming but always constructive presence was just him. It will not be the same without him.

Go with God and Rest in Peace, Simon.

Philip P. LEHAIN **(1968-73)**
Died on 30th September 1998 at the age of 43 after a brave fight against cancer, which had been discovered about 12 months earlier.

The funeral was attended by a very large number of friends from the Haberdashers' community, with many making long journeys to pay their respects. The wide age range, from those who had been senior officers of the O.H.R.F.C. when Phil started playing to those who had been starting to play when he retired, showed the appeal and the impact of the man.

Philip enjoyed his schooldays, particularly excelling as a singer and on the choral trips to Europe. This was reflected in his enthusiasm to take part in Alan Taylor's final school concert in the company of many old friends and particularly Richard Jenkins. He was a member of Joblings and a sub-prefect. He was always part of the lighting and effects team

for school plays and was enthusiastic about canoeing and pottery. He was a member of the Navy section of the C.C.F. which he saw as one long Outward Bound course.

Philip went to University in London where he studied law and realised a great ambition when he was called by Inner Temple in 1978. He found a place in chambers in London and began his very successful career as a barrister. By the time he died Philip was a senior member of his chambers and among the leading people in his specialist field of medical negligence and personal injury. His head of chambers gave an extremely eloquent and moving eulogy at Philip's funeral, which made it clear that Philip was a popular and highly respected member of his profession.

Philip made his debut for the O.H.R.F.C. 1st XV on 29th November 1975 as a hooker and soon became the first choice for that position. He was greatly respected in Old Boys' rugby as a first class technical hooker, always winning his own ball, a fair share on the opposition's put in and was an accurate line out thrower. He played his 200th 1st XV game on 18th January 1986 to become a member of the O.H.R.F.C. 200 club, a fact of which he was conspicuously proud. He continued to play for the 1st XV until 1989 by which time his number of 1st XV appearance had reached a very creditable 285. He played in the very successful teams in 1984-85 and 1987-88, which established new records for the number of 1st XV matches won in a season.

He was an extremely loyal and committed member of the Club ensuring consistent availability despite his demanding legal career. There were a number of times when he had to appear in court on a Monday morning sporting black eyes or other battle scars, a fact invariably remarked upon by the presiding magistrate or judge! Philip enjoyed the post-match entertainment, and "held court" with his front row and legal colleague, John Beagley and fellow academic and intellectual, Mark Archer in the bar. Their brow beating of fellow players, officers and their partners was hugely enjoyable and all done in the best possible taste.

Philip did not always come on the annual rugby tours but when he did he ensured that an impact was made. A trip to Guernsey is particularly memorable as Philip managed to fall asleep hidden in a luggage rack, defeating all the efforts of a ship wide search at St. Peter Port and only waking up on the onward leg to Jersey. A very unimpressed crew safely returned him on the way back a few hours later.

Philip subsequently became a very promising rugby referee until he found the demands of career and family life too great to allow him to continue. Philip also played cricket for the O.H.C.C. and was an enthusiastic if slightly unorthodox spin bowler.

Outside of school, work and the O.H., Philip was at great pains to ensure that he enjoyed a wide range of activities and interests. He went fly-fishing with his family from an early age

and continued to do so whenever able. He enjoyed walking and the countryside in general. He was enthusiastic and competent at D.I.Y., although he often had to be talked through each stage of a project by a rather anxious father on the other end of a phone line!

Philip enjoyed life to the full, he had his Porsche, was taking flying lessons, he skied most years and was generally enjoying the fruits of his labours. Philip was devoted to his family and they to him, he was an extremely proud father (sending James to Haberdashers' and ensuring that Harriet would join the Girls' School this September) and enjoyed a loving relationship and real friendship with his wife, Claire, whom he met at University.

It is, quite simply, a tragedy that he died at such an early age at the peak of his powers. A great friend, father, husband, son and brother has been lost and the sadness is beyond words. But there are a great deal of happy memories which are the consolation and I hope some comfort to Claire, James and Harriet and to Philip's mother Joan and to his sister and brother, Clare and Julian who have all been great supporters of Philip and of the O.H.R.FC.

Martin Baker (with the assistance of Joan Lehain)

1972

Keron Smith died 6th June 2025



After leaving school Keron joined the BBC, for a short while working alongside fellow OH, Graham Fry. His career then took him to Gestetner followed by Kodak where he excelled in sales roles. At school he was an excellent first X1 cricketer and hockey player and was famous, in a house rugby match, for dribbling a rugby ball soccer style from the halfway line, nutmegging at least two opponents on his way to score. Sadly Keron spent many recent years in a care home and died on 6/6/2025 at Forest Care Home from bowel cancer with a secondary cause being dementia. He was buried with his Watford FC scarf, having been a committed Hornet’s fan all his life.

Paul Stuart-Kregor Died 7th March 2024



Paul Stuart-Kregor was born in Mill Hill on 30th September 1954 and was the son of an Old Haberdasher, Ian Stuart-Kregor who died in 2001.

Paul was highly successful at Haberdashers, where he played rugby and athletics together with being an active member of the Naval Section of the CCF.

His sister Carol is married to Christopher Harris (OH 1971)

After leaving school Paul obtained a Master's degree in Natural Sciences at St. Johns College, Cambridge following which he completed a PhD at Bangor University, North Wales.

He also spent time working in the wine business in Australia.

Back in the UK, Paul had a highly successful career for over 35 years in the healthcare marketing industry, working for Sterling Health and Milupa before founding the MSI Consultancy in 1994.

This was sold to Cello Health Consultancy, a global healthcare consultancy, in 2015. Paul was Vice President there until 2021.

Since 2018, he was also a Non-Executive Director of OGG's - Alternative Foods.

Following his recent retirement Paul continued to pursue his passions for ocean sailing, motor sports, watching rugby and fine wine.

Paul passed away in March after a short illness and is survived by his wife Alice, son Alexander and daughter Lydia.

Christopher Harris (OH 1971)

Nick Britton (Died December 2020)



My husband, Nicholas Britton, who has died aged 67 of bone cancer, was a pioneering mathematical biologist whose research covered a huge range of subjects, from how malaria is transmitted to the growth of tree rings, and dialects in bird song.

His teaching and work on modelling techniques made an important contribution to inspiring and training the generation of researchers who are currently applying these skills and knowhow to solving the problems of the Covid-19 pandemic.

Nick was born in London, to Barbara Ferris, a teacher, and Geoffrey Britton, a university lecturer in medieval English. Sunday lunch was punctuated by debates about seemingly obscure facts. At Haberdashers' Aske's school, Nick developed his mathematical talent and also enjoyed Russian and learning to play the clarinet. With a scholarship, he studied mathematics at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he played bridge and rowed, graduating in 1975. Completing a DPhil in two years, he won the university's prize for the best DPhil in 1978.

After a couple of years as a lecturer at Oxford and then Liverpool universities, in 1980 he accepted a lecturing post at the University of Bath, which became his academic home for 40 years. There he founded the international Centre for Mathematical Biology, which opened in 1994. Working at the confluence of two disciplines, in his case maths and biology, demands patience, respect and teamwork, and Nick honed these skills. He wrote a guide to the subject, Essential Mathematical Biology, published in 2003.

His varied research included: how human tumours grow, the growth of tree rings, validating the "gate control" theory of pain, bird-song dialects, social exclusion dynamics, and disease transmission in malaria, influenza and dengue fever. With Nigel Franks, he unravelled complex ant colony behaviours such as decision-making. His final publication shows how damage to honey bee populations is caused by the deformed-wing virus in varroa mites.

Nick's students and colleagues recall an enthusiastic teacher, generous with inspiring and life-changing ideas. As head of mathematical sciences (2006-09) at Bath, he nurtured significant expansion in the field. Through chairing a committee of the International Society

for Mathematical Biology (2008-15), he initiated modelling workshops, realising a commitment to support low- and middle-income countries.

After retiring in 2016, he put his lifelong concern about disadvantage into practice, becoming a financial adviser for Citizen's Advice in Bath.

We met at a concert at Bath festival in 1983, and married in 1987. We shared a love of jazz, opera and ballroom dancing. Private, gentle, wry and modest, Nick was a devoted father to our daughter, Rachel. They loved exploring rock pools and hunting for fossils, and countryside walks. A confirmed internationalist and insatiable traveller, he visited 67 countries in his lifetime.

Nick is survived by Rachel and me, and by three sisters, Alison, Hattie and Edwina, and his mother.

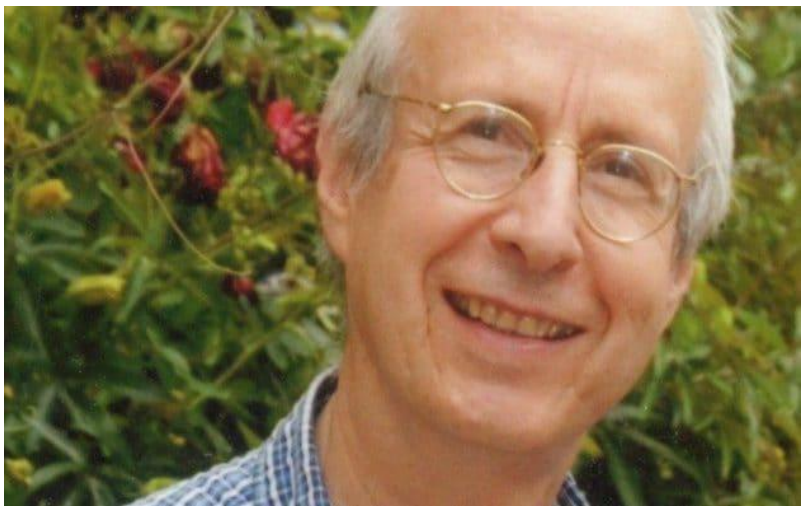
Written by Suzanne Skevington and reproduced with thanks to The Guardian

Nigel Purcell (died 4th July 2013)

Nigel died suddenly on 4th July 2013.

1971

Professor Robert Goodman Died 18th December 2025



Professor Robert Goodman, who has died aged 72, was one of the world's leading child and adolescent psychiatrists; his user-friendly, one-page Strengths and Difficulties Questionnaire (SDQ) has been translated into 89 languages, was used by the Office of National Statistics to screen for mental disorders in children, and remains a statutory requirement for British councils in assessing young people in the care system.

Goodman, who was professor of brain and behavioural medicine at King's College London Institute of Psychiatry and a longstanding child psychiatrist at the Maudsley, spent what he described as an "unglamorous" year from 1996 to 1997 honing a standard assessment that would give children everywhere the help they needed, regardless of post code.

At the same time, he was wary of medicalising the ordinary rough and tumble of childhood, and in 1997, anticipating the modern debate about overdiagnosis, made the eye-catching suggestion in the British Medical Journal that "children with conduct disorder are naughty, awkward, disruptive, aggressive and anti-social. I find it hard to see why this constellation is any more deserving of recognition as a psychiatric syndrome than lovesickness or miserliness."

Later he told the Daily Mail: "The child may be disruptive or upset because they have learning difficulties, or problems at home. Sometimes it's what we used to call a moral problem. In the old days, it would have been dealt with by police and vicars."

His views evolved, however, after conducting national surveys of the state of child mental health in Britain on behalf of the Office of National Statistics. In 2000, after the most comprehensive survey of adolescent mental health ever undertaken, involving more than 10,000 face-to-face interviews with parents of children aged five to 15 years and 4,500 with young people aged 11 to 15, as well as a questionnaire to their teachers, Goodman concluded that one in 10 British children did have a mental disorder – subdivided into conduct, emotional or hyperkinetic disorders – even after imposing the strictest criteria for such a diagnosis. "It's a very serious problem; you can't find physical disorders that are that common," he said.

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Strikingly tall at 6ft 6in, but profoundly shy, caring and gentle, Goodman had a gift for communicating with children, but would often ask his wife to pretend he was "on a research trip in Brazil" to avoid going to parties.

On the other hand, he was prepared to attract attention when it mattered. On being made professor of brain and behavioural medicine at King's, he delivered an inaugural lecture

entitled “Cultivating doubt (or how to lose friends and irritate people)” with half his hair dyed pink and the other half blue, to encourage the audience to question his authority.

The elder of two children, Robert Nicholas Goodman was born in north London on November 15 1953. His father, Jack Goodman, had been raised in a large East End Jewish family by Yiddish-speaking parents who had met on the ship from Odessa to London. Lacking the money to study law, he had found success in the “rag trade”. Immensely sociable, he and his wife Barbara, née Goldberg, founded the Kendal Hall Country Club for Jewish members in Edgware, but their shy son Robert was happier gathering newts.

From Haberdashers’ Aske’s School in Elstree, Robert won a scholarship to read medicine at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, where his close friend was the future Nobel Laureate Sir Peter Ratcliffe, who remembers Robert Goodman as “by far the brighter”. Although one hearty Cambridge surgeon submitted the report that “Robert should read fewer books and play more rubgy”, Goodman graduated with the top First in physiology from the university.

He undertook his clinical training at Oxford, again coming top of his year, then returned to Cambridge for a two-year Bye-Fellowship. This clarified for him that his calling was not in academia but in children’s medicine. He initially specialised in hemiplegia, and was involved in founding the charity HemiHelp.

In 1997, with his colleague and friend (Sir) Stephen Scott, he published what became the standard textbook on child psychiatry – and persuaded the publishers to let it be downloaded for free all over the world.

In 2022 Goodman was awarded the Michael Rutter Medal for Lifetime Achievement from the Association for Child and Adolescent Mental Health.

His interests included Buddhism, environmentalism, gardening and classical music. On seeing the SDQ so widely translated, he taught himself 10 European languages, as well as Anglo-Saxon, with the help of the Harry Potter books.

In 1981 he married Susan Lightbody, a psychotherapist, whom he had met at Oxford. She survives him with their son and two daughters.

Thanks to the Daily Telegraph

Richard Humphreys Died 27th October 2025



Richard Humphreys, who has died aged 72, spent almost his entire professional career at the Tate, where he rose to be an outstanding Head of Education.

His talks, devoid of any hint of self-promotion or self-importance, and delivered with a sparkling – sometimes subversive – wit as well as a profound knowledge of the history of art, were greatly appreciated by the public.

Humphreys also made contact with university departments throughout the country, and was not deterred by more conservative forces in the Tate from inviting speakers who were embracing the disciplines of critical theory, social history and post-modernism. As a close friend recalled, “Dick made Tate the place to go for anyone interested in hearing new ideas and engaging with every kind of artist, ranging from the older generation to young turks like Damien Hirst.” His speakers included film-makers, psycho-geographers, literary historians, sociologists, psychoanalysts – anyone who could make “discussions about art richer and more interesting”.

The breadth of Humphreys’s interests was unusual. Although his first love was British painting, he was equally at home in the more disconcerting art movements of continental Europe, such as Dada and Surrealism, as he was in 18th-century British portraiture, Constable’s landscapes or Bloomsbury. He curated an exhibition on Ezra Pound and the visual arts, and contributed to an exhibition of the work of the Dada artist Kurt Schwitters (both in 1985).

He was also significant in the process of conceiving Tate Modern and Tate Britain and how the two museums might sit side by side. Nicholas Serota, the director, asked him to arrange a series of round-table discussions bringing together senior Tate curators with curators from other museums, as well as academics, to discuss what a future Tate might look like. When Tate Britain launched, Humphreys was the author of its accompanying The Tate Companion to British Art: The Handbook (2001).

Richard Stephen Humphreys was born on September 2 1953 in Cambridge, where his father worked for the electronics company Pye. Both his parents, John and Mary, came from near Danbury in North Essex, a part of the country to which Dick remained very attached. He had an older sister, Sue.

In the 1960s, the family moved to “leafy” Radlett in Hertfordshire, “a respectable small commuter town 20 minutes north of St Pancras on the line from Bedford, which makes me what has become known as ‘Bedpan Man’,” Humphreys later wrote. He was educated at Haberdashers’ Aske’s in Elstree, where his enduring interests in modern art and Chelsea FC were already evident. (He later invited the Chelsea team to visit the Tate’s collection.)

In 1975 he graduated in English from Sidney Sussex, Cambridge; he would later publish a history of the college, who elected him a Fellow. After an MA in art history at the Courtauld, he embarked on a PhD on his hero Wyndham Lewis.

In 1981 Alan Bowness, the Tate’s new director, appointed Humphreys as junior assistant and lecturer in the gallery’s education department under the legendary, black-clad Simon Wilson. As a teenage member of the public, Dick had been inspired to study history of art at A-level after one of Wilson’s “wonderfully urbane and mind-expanding lectures in a seductively semi-dark room” at the Tate. In 1991 Humphreys eventually succeeded Wilson as Head of Education.

Among his innovations was a new system for working with schools, training teachers so that they could bring their own groups and act as guides themselves.

In 1993 he was instrumental in founding the London Consortium, a partnership between the Tate, British Film Institute, Institute of Contemporary Arts, Architectural Association and Birkbeck College, and later became its deputy chairman.

He retired from the Tate in 2010, aged 57, to devote his time to writing – publishing in 2018, for example, a book on Constable’s The Leaping Horse – and independent curating.

In 1977 he married Catharine (Cat) Waley, daughter of the medieval historian Daniel Waley and great-niece of the Chinese scholar Arthur Waley. She died of cancer in 2001, leaving Dick in sole charge of their teenage daughter Olivia.

In 2011 he married Joanna (Jo) Banham, a former colleague at Tate Britain who went on to occupy senior educational positions at the National Portrait Gallery and the V&A. They lived in a charming late-medieval house in the village of Lavenham, where they were generous hosts. In 2020 they also bought a flat in Venice. Humphreys's final project was researching British artists, writers and travellers in Venice from the 15th century to the present.

Apart from his cats, Humphreys's other passion was music. He was chair of the trustees of the early music group Alamire.

Dick Humphreys is survived by his wife Jo and his daughter Olivia.

Thanks to The Daily Telegraph for the obituary

Ed RAW (1964-1971)

E.P. (Ed) Raw (Calverts 1964-71) died peacefully in the Bristol Royal Infirmary on 22nd May 2018 after several months of failing health and vitality. He was unmarried. His funeral took place at the South Bristol Crematorium on 12th June 2018. As was his express wish, Ed's coffin was conveyed by a specially adapted Volkswagen hearse. Tributes were read by his brother, Michael (Calverts 1966-73 Dec.) and by nine of his Bristolian friends, most of whom Ed had known for well over forty years. These readings were punctuated by tracks chosen by him from the wide selection of rhythm and blues numbers which Ed played regularly at pubs and parties on his Honeydripper sound system.

Ed was a loyal member of Calverts House, a quietly enthusiastic member of a number of school societies and a keen sportsman of the Corinthian type. In the sixth form he became a committed student of Geology and Geography, going on in 1971 to read the latter at Bristol University where Peter Haggett was beginning to establish his department at the forefront of the development of Human Geography.

After graduating in 1974 Ed became increasingly involved in the alternative cultures which thrived within Bristol's vibrant and open-minded environment. He retrained as a carpenter-joiner, a trade to which his meticulous and painstaking attention to detail was well-suited. He joined Cyclebag (now Sustrans) and was an early campaigner for cycle-lanes and other aspects of road safety for cyclists. He worked for a time for PlayBus, converting obsolete vehicles into recreational areas for children and ran Health and Safety courses, giving training to those working, for example, at great heights or in extreme temperatures. He was a regular volunteer-helper at Bristol's Crisis at Christmas shelter where his unflappable temperament was ideal for the varied and sometimes taxing demands of the job.

Ed was a great traveller, particularly in the Middle and Far East. He spent several months in Australia after graduating, exploring the "Red Centre" and driving, amongst other routes, from Alice Springs to the Queensland coast.

Ed was an unassuming, gentle person who believed in the principle of "live and let live". He was also acutely observant and very little escaped his attention, either in local, personal matters or on a wider, political stage. He will be greatly missed by his many friends, particularly those in Bristol who supported him faithfully in his final illness, and by his brother, Michael

John L CAMPBELL (1964 - 71)

John Laurie Campbell died unexpectedly of pneumonia on December 19th 1987 in Oban, Scotland aged 34.

Since leaving college John had worked as an accountant in the oil service industry which necessitated lengthy periods living overseas in Saudi Arabia, Libya (including a stay at the pleasure of Col. Gadaffi), Texas and Nigeria.

Whilst his pastimes tended to be of a cerebral nature, he did turn out for the ‘C’ XV and the 2nd XI on occasions and supported, in a non-playing capacity OHRFC tours to the West Country and Paris. He was an excellent bridge player; who played competitive bridge against players of international standard and, only shortly before he died, had won a tournament in Scotland. His wit and generosity will be missed by those who knew him. JAH

1970

Peter Cook. Died 15th February 2021

Peter was born on 20th January 1952.

Having left Haberdashers in 1970, Peter went up to Leeds University, where he studied Geography. After graduation, he returned to London and studied to become a Chartered Accountant. On receiving his Articles, rather than working as an accountant, Peter worked for a number of companies, mainly in project and crisis management, putting them back on the straight and narrow and often referring to himself as the company‘s doctor. His last major project, running over a number of years, had been setting up one of the first closed loop recycling plants turning plastic waste back into food grade plastic for re-use.

Peter was a keen rugby player and made his debut for OHRFC in 1970, amassing 325 appearances for the club, including two for the 1st XV, as a wing forward. He will, however for many people, be remembered as Captain of the A XV for a number of years in the early 80s, introducing many a young schoolboy to the joys of Old Boys rugby and making Cookie‘s

‘A‘ XV a team to be played for. Remembering Peter so many of these people have commented on how he went out of his way to make them feel welcome and to ensure they really enjoyed themselves both during and after the match.

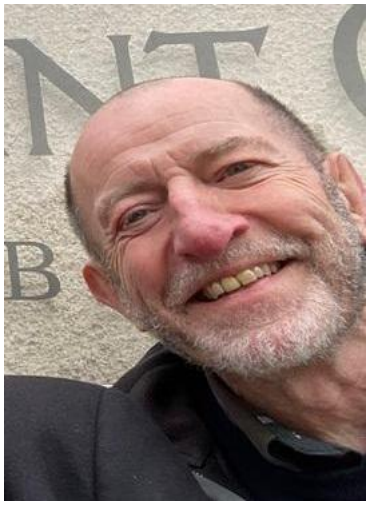
Peter sadly suffered a severe stroke in October 2014 and spent his final years in a care home. He received his first Covid vaccination in early January, but unfortunately succumbed to an outbreak of Covid in the care home in the days thereafter and died a few weeks later.

Our thoughts are with his widow, Karen, and daughters Harriet and Katherine.

Written by Charlie Betteridge

1969

Brett “Bertie” Rolfe died 13th June 2022



I’m very pleased to say that I knew Bertie for 60 years I even used to know him when he was called Brett!! I don’t even know where the name Bertie came from??

Over the years I have shared my bed with a number of Old Habs....on various rugby , cricket and walking tours. This was inevitably the result of my lack of skill at spoof a game that Bertie loved to play but also wasn’t very good at (or maybe we were just unlucky). Surprisingly I think we only ended up in a bed a couple of times and on each occasion I can report that (unlike many other losers) he accepted this uncomfortable situation with grace and good humour and obvious fatalism just as he did with nearly everything in life including his devastating diagnosis just before Christmas.

As you know Habs in our days was a rugby school but most mornings before school and during mid morning & lunch breaks we all played football in the playground. It was highly competitive and very combative and this was enough to spawn the birth of our very own

football club...Elstree Hurricanes. It was also, possibly, the start of Brett's love of sport and especially team sport . Brett immediately claimed the left back position for himself with his robust tackling & a "you will not pass" attitude which soon earned him the nickname of Chopper Rolfe at least I think that's why he got that name.

We were to football what Eddie the Eagle was to Ski jumping. Playing in this team provided a great introduction on how to deal defeat... heavy defeat... with and still come back for more it was a great precursor for playing for OH rugby club in the 70's and early 80's where victories were often hard to find.

It was even the beginning of a life long habit of leading with his nose . . .a part of the body which over the years suffered a disproportionate number of injuries. I can't imagine why.

Brett was a scholarship boy at Habs which by definition means he was brighter than the average. That's why I always found it strange that he ended up in the same form as me (one of the certified thickos) once the classes were streamed . On reflection it's blindingly obvious why he just loved having fun and that tended to get in the way of school work, and homework. There was only ever going to be one winner. Any opportunity to put a smile on his face and those around him & he was up for it. A trait that was to stay with him throughout his life. I don't really know very much about his career at work with firstly the Admiralty but mainly with Cable & Wireless who he was with for over 40 years???) but I have no doubt his manner, his approach, his man management skills, his good humour and sense of fun were always on display there too.

I can honestly say that I have never seen him lose his temper with anyone and he invariably had that wry grin on his face.

Bertie & Maggie (in comparison with the rest of us) were relatively young when they got married. Brett was always very keen on his creature comforts and I think that the thought of sharing a flat with a bunch of hairy arsed blokes, doing his own cooking and washing wasn't on his agenda.!!

Fortunately living at home until marriage enabled him to save money and buy himself some relatively flash sports cars of the day....

Triumph spitfires & MG's His love of stylish cars remained throughout his life. But the arrival of Ollie & Guy put a stop to this passion for a while It was a small price to pay for the pride, the enjoyment and the fun that he discovered through family life he loved spending time with the boys and really enjoyed their close company Never was this more appreciated than at the end where their support and presence was fantastic for him.

Luckily a group of us shared a number of family holidays with the Rolfes when our children were young. These were always fantastic fun for both the younger and older members of the party the human pyramids, the Dad's dancing, crabbing on the quayside, body painting quad bike riding, digging for lugworms and of course heavy drinking & the farting that was just the children!!! By the way, a little known fact which was revealed recently by Ian MacCarthy is that it was Bertie & Maggie who first discovered The Swan in Bushey and put it on the map among our group that in itself is a notable life achievement as will attest many of the people here today.

He was a family man at home & also an integral part of the OH Family. Much as he loved his fun he also cared deeply about others and their families when they experienced their own misfortunes & tragedies. Being part of a family and community is obviously a two way street so ..... When his own illness was diagnosed I know for sure how much it meant to him to be part of that Community and to receive all the good wishes, the videos, the jokes and in particular the Christmas video messages. Just a look at the Yo Bertie WhatsApp feed will show the fun, the laughter and the love.

We are here today to both pay our respects to a fantastic friend, a true gentlemen and to celebrate his life. I have never heard anyone have a bad word to say about him and would suggest that the number of people here today is testament to that.

He would not want a lot of glum faces, but loads of banter, reminiscing and encouragement to live for the moment DJ passed me a phrase that he found on a condolence card which says it all "Although Bertie can't continue to travel with you, the memories of the shared fun times will always be your companions" Michael Brett Bertie Rolfe....may you rest in peace. We loved every minute of your company.

OHRC has been at the centre of his social life both as a player and as supporter and administrator. His administrative duties included being on the ground committee for many years and also being A15 captain in his early years with the club. He just quietly went about these duties in his quiet unassuming but very efficient manner even the organisation of the infamous and legendary A15 dinners which usually descended into mayhem and with a distinct possibility of arrest was accomplished with the minimum of fuss and NO arrests!! I don't really know very much about his life at work with firstly the Admiralty but mainly with Cable & Wireless who he was with for over 40 years) but I have no doubt his manner, his approach, his man management skills, his good humour and sense of fun were always on display.

Peter MacKie (1969)

Thomas Jessell (1969)



Thomas Jessell, renowned neuroscientist and former director of and key contributor to the founding of Columbia's Mortimer B. Zuckerman Mind Brain Behavior Institute, has died. He was 67.

In a statement to MBBI affiliates, Institute co-directors Rui Costa, Eric Kandel, and Richard Axel attributed Jessell's death to a rapidly-progressing neurodegenerative disorder.

Jessell was endowed under the Claire Tow Professorship in Motor Neuron Disorders in the neuroscience and biochemistry and molecular biophysics departments. He was well known for his research on chemical signals and neurological circuits. Originally an assistant professor in the department of neurobiology at Harvard Medical School, Jessell moved to Columbia in 1985 to work as an investigator for the Howard Hughes Medical Institute, a philanthropic organization that provides funding for biological and medical research as well as scientific education.

Thanks to the Columbia Spectator for this Obituary

Miss Joan Pridmore (died 1995)

Clive H AMSTEIN (1963-68)
died in hospital in Leicester on 4th June 1991 aged 41.

The son of Charlie Amstein (President OHA 1971-72), Clive became seriously ill after a business trip to America in April 1991. Clive underwent a series of heart operations whilst also suffering from serious infections. His fighting spirit amazed both medical and nursing staff, although those who have seen Clive in action in any of the many sports in which he took part would realise that this typified the person he was.

Whilst at school Clive played rugby, water polo and captained the swimming team.

In 1968 Clive went to Bristol University to read zoology where he gained a 2.1. After 2 years research at Liverpool University he went on to undertake a further 2 years for an MBA. During the last 2 years there he became a hall tutor.

Clive joined Beecham Pharmaceuticals as a rep in Liverpool but quickly moved up the management tree becoming a brand manager and having the responsibility for launching important new products into the British and European markets. His success helped him to be promoted to the European Headquarters of Beechams in Brussels where he was involved in international marketing. After 3 years in Belgium he went to work for Fisons in the international marketing of pharmaceuticals; based in Loughborough and living near Oakham much of his time was spent travelling the world.

It was considered that the school never realised Clive's full potential at rugby. Clive started playing for the Old Boys as a schoolboy in 1966 playing 14 games, mainly for the 'C'; that year he actually played in 2 games with his father. The following year he played for the school 1st team as well as 10 games for the Old Boys (4 for the 'A'). It was not until he went to Bristol University in 1969 that he made his first appearance for the OH 1st team (against UCS on 4th January 1969). Clive played 151 games for the Old Boys including 50 for the first team.

Clive will probably be best remembered for his great achievements in the international shooting world. Whilst at school in 1968 he went to Canada as a member of the UK CCF team. He shot in the Queens final 5 times and achieved 17th position on one occasion, a remarkable achievement. He went to the West Indies with the British team and also won the Scottish and Welsh Open competitions in one year. As well as being selected into the British team at Bisley, Clive was also Vice Captain of the Hertfordshire team.

Clive met Lyn whilst at Beechams and they were married on 19th May 1979. They have 2 girls Chloe and Laura aged 9 and 7.

The funeral was held at Exton Parish Church near Oakham on 12th June 1991. Amongst over 150 people at the funeral were Robert Crabb, Jeremy Herbert, Malcolm Tappin, David Vanstone, Michael Caldwell, Richard Winney, John Hassan, Tony Cairns and W R Tanner.

Clive was a popular person with a tremendous sense of humour. He has left many happy memories with the numerous friends he made in all his different pursuits.

To Lyn, the children, his parents, Charlie and Rosemary, we offer condolence for their tragic loss.

1968

Alan Phipps Former OHA President (Died 18th January 2022)



Alan Phipps was born on 17 October 1949 in Edmonton, North London to parents Bert and Joan and was the eldest of three children with a brother, Neil, and a sister, Susan. The family later moved to Stanmore where Alan attended Stanburn primary and junior school. From an early age he was talented at maths and was top of his class. He was a bright boy and he later won a scholarship to Haberdashers' Aske's Boys School at Elstree where he showed his sporting acumen and played cricket and some rugby.

Sport has always featured large in Alan's life. From an early age he played cricket with his father and brother on Sundays at Hampton Court and subsequently he played for Cheshunt and then for Old Haberdashers.

Going back to his childhood, Alan, being five and a half years older than his brother, Neil, had him bowling at him in the back garden for hours on end until Neil managed to get him out and Susan, being seven years younger than Alan, was used as the ball girl when tennis was being played and had to go to all the neighbours to retrieve any stray balls.

Neil described his brother as calm, considerate, loving, always free with good advice and he felt he was fortunate to have Alan as a brother. He thought all big brothers were good at cricket but he came to realise that Alan really was very good, especially when it took so long to bowl him out.

As for sister Susan she paid this tribute to her brother. Alan was always greatly supportive of me throughout my life. He always encouraged me, even if I was not very good. I could always rely on Alan and Jane for their heartfelt support and advice for which I am truly grateful.

In the past few years it has been difficult for Alan as his Parkinson's got worse but he always had a twinkle in his eye when he did something unpredictable.

Alan and Jane, his wife, celebrated her last birthday at Pizza Express. The service was not very fast and Alan told the waiter in a lovely way with a bright smile that it really shouldn't be called Pizza Express. It was the old Alan which was wonderful to see. It is a memory that will remain with us forever.

Jane has been amazing at looking after Alan. Her dedication was boundless and we are so grateful to you Jane for making the last few years of his life as enjoyable as possible. Alan was taken from us far too soon. He was such a lovely, kind, understanding, beautiful brother and a friend as well as a husband but he is now at peace.

But going back to Alan the man himself, when he left Haberdasher's he went to Sussex University where he studied biochemistry. Interestingly this had nothing to do with his subsequent life.

His sport would take centre stage ahead of his studies but nevertheless he did gain his degree and he took the decision to go into a career of accountancy. He became articled initially to the well known firm of chartered accountants Coopers & Lybrand and qualified in 1974. He would remain with the firm until 1979 when he subsequently joined IBM.

During his time at Coopers Alan worked in the audit department and he specialised in banking and financial services. He lectured on the banking course, which was run by Jane's boss. Alan's subject was loan evaluation. He must have made the topic very interesting because he always had top marks when the speakers were evaluated by the students attending the course. That said, he had one small weakness: he was always the last one to hand in his slides and course notes so had to be chased by Jane, which is how they met. Each year the firm had a dinner and dance at the Grosvenor House Hotel in Park Lane around Christmas time and Alan asked Jane for a dance. They subsequently arranged a first date on New Year's Eve and Jane arranged to stay with a work colleague so that she was in London that evening. She was rather surprised when Alan picked her up with his friend, Dave Collins and even more surprised when later in the evening when the clock struck midnight, the first kiss went to Dave! Well that obviously didn't deter them – romance will have its way – and Alan and Jane went on to marry on 12 May 1979 at Watford Register Office with their reception at St Michael's Manor in St Albans. Having honeymooned in Malta, they settled down to a long and happy marriage of forty two years living in Radlett and they celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary in 2019.

Jane described Alan as not only the man who had made her a better person but importantly as her best friend and her sole mate. Together they enjoyed a wonderfully full and varied life with so many shared interests, holidays, watching sport together, yoga and socialising with many of you here today.

Alan and Jane enjoyed holidays all over the world. India, South Africa, Zimbabwe and France were just a few of the places they visited. Alan loved to video when they were on holiday and was always found lagging behind filming. It was whilst on the Old Hab's cricket tour of Zimbabwe that they were not only pursued by an elephant but participated in white water rafting down the Zambezi. Alan laughed when they were asked to sign a waiver that if they were injured or killed, the company running the activity were not to be held responsible but it was exciting and really very dangerous. Alan drew the line at bungee jumping.

Alan played table tennis to a high standard and ran the Radlett Table Tennis Club for several years.

He was diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease in 2006. He was a proud man and really did not want anybody to know he was ill. He just wanted to soldier on. He never complained and he led a positive life, in no small part due to the love and support of Jane and of course the rest of his family and friends. He would gradually have to give up his sport but towards the end of last year he and Jane were still managing to have little table tennis knocks across the living room which they enjoyed.

Going back over the years Alan was very much involved in the community in general. He was a governor of Manor Lodge School for several years eventually becoming the Chairman of Governors and he really did love his association with the school. The Headmistress paid this tribute to him. "Alan played such a large part in shaping Manor Lodge and helping it to

become the school it is today. I shall always be grateful for his dedication and obvious devotion to the staff and to the children."

As well as his significant contribution to the OHCC in his younger years, he was also heavily involved with the Old Haberdashers' Association, being it's President in 2001-2, a member of the Executive Committee and responsible for the ground at Croxdale Road before handing over to David Heasman.

But there were so many facets to this gentleman's personality. He was a very kind man who never had a bad word to say about anyone. He always talked a lot, was very witty, amusing and very well liked. He has been described in the many cards of condolence that have been received by Jane as a lovely man, a dear and special friend, a kind and gentle man with a great sense of humour, intelligent and so much fun to be around, an all round good character, quite simply a man of many talents.

Alan was lost to us on 18 January 2022 at The Peace Hospice at the age of 72 and will be sadly missed.

Professor Richard Roberts (Died 16th December 2017)

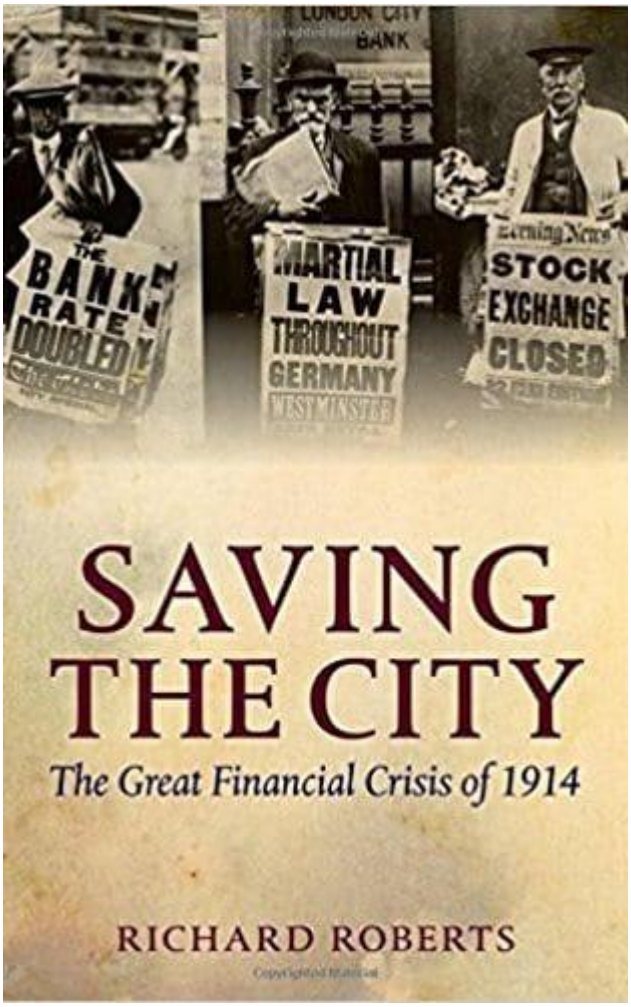
From the Daily Telegraph 9th January 2018



Professor Richard Roberts, who has died aged 67, was a financial historian who made it his mission to encourage the City of London to learn from its own past.

From his base at King's College London, Dick Roberts nurtured a wide network of senior contacts in the financial world – not least at the Bank of England, where he spent time as a research fellow, and the Treasury.

He was as comfortable delving into 19th century archives as in analysing and commenting upon modern market upheavals, and capable of elucidating not only the great historical tides of international finance but also the nuts and bolts of balance sheets.

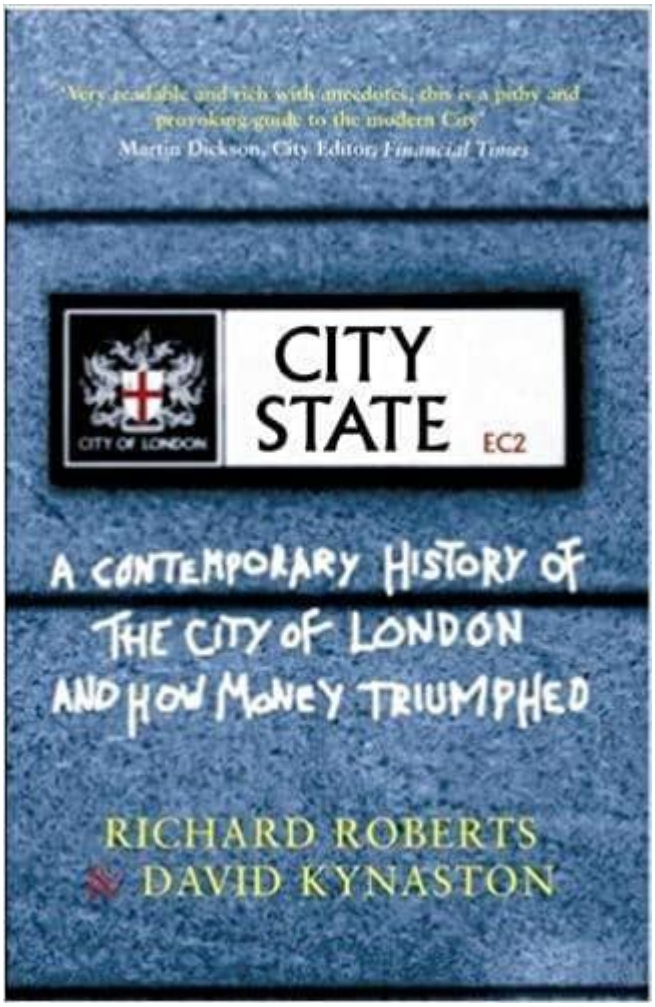


Roberts's best and most original work, Saving the City

As author or co-author of a dozen books, Roberts combined meticulous detail with accessibility for the non-specialist reader. Perhaps his best and most original work was Saving the City: The Great Financial Crisis of 1914 (2013), which revealed the full story – previously untold in such depth – of the closure of the London Stock Exchange on the eve of the First World War and the global market panic that ensued.

In the 1990s Roberts developed a harmonious working partnership with the social and financial historian David Kynaston. Both had the gift of bringing coherent structure to complex research projects, but Roberts's mastery of financial technicalities complemented Kynaston's skill in weaving anecdotal material from multiple sources. Their first joint effort was a project to mark the tercentenary of the Bank of England in 1994.

They went on to co-author City State: How the markets came to rule our world (2001), which warned against "triumphalism" in an increasingly rampant financial sector, and to collaborate on The Lion Wakes: a modern history of HSBC (2015).



City State was co-authored with David Kynaston

Roberts's last major piece of work, co-authored with William Keegan and David March, was Six Days in September: Black Wednesday, Brexit and the making of Europe. Its publication in September 2017 marked the 25th anniversary of Britain's turbulent exit from the European exchange rate mechanism; Lord (Norman) Lamont, Chancellor of the Exchequer during the episode, called it "required reading", commending the authors for unearthing details "some of which even I had forgotten".

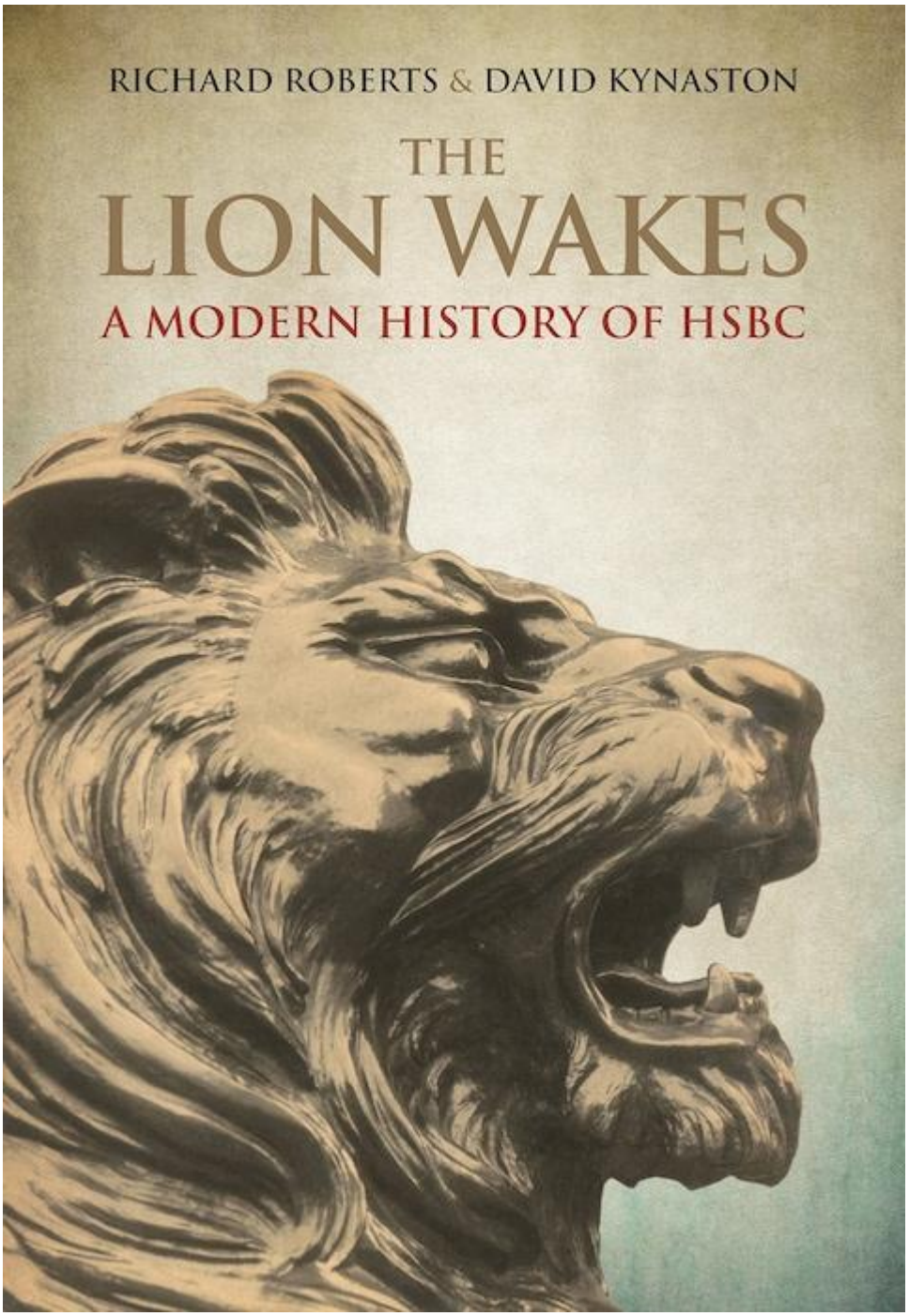
Richard Whitfield Roberts, known to everyone as Dick, was born in London on November 25 1950. His paternal grandfather was a Leeds grocer; his father Ben, having left school at 14, won a TUC essay competition which gave him the opportunity to study at the LSE and Oxford. Later, as the LSE's first professor of industrial relations, Ben Roberts was a leading academic voice in national debates on the responsibilities of trade unions and the limits of strike action.

Dick was educated at Haberdashers' Aske's Boys School and University College London, where he took a First in History. His completed a doctorate at Downing College, Cambridge, in 1982, and went on to Princeton as a Proctor Fellow.

His first job was as an analyst with the oil giant BP, but he returned to academia in 1985 as a lecturer in Economic History at the University of Sussex, where he remained until 2006. His first book, in 1992, was an official history of the merchant banking house of Schroders –

where he negotiated the delicate challenge of reconciling the differing recollections of past and present directors and dynastic owners.

In 2001 he co-authored (with Christopher Arnander) Take Your Partners, the story of the pioneering 1970s consortium bank Orion. Later studies of modern financial mishaps included Did Anyone Learn Anything from the Equitable Life? (2012) and When Britain Went Bust: the 1976 IMF crisis (2016).



Roberts and Kynaston spent eight years working on The Lion Wakes: a modern history of HSBC

Roberts was twice winner of the British Archive Council's Wadsworth Prize for business history: in 2013 for Saving the City, and in 2015 jointly with Kynaston for The Lion Wakes. He brought formidable intellectual energy to his work, forever trying to find time for new projects of his own while continuing to supervise a diverse group of PhD students who held him in high esteem.

He was also co-organiser of a monetary history group under the umbrella of the Economic History Society, and in later years he found himself drawn into the complexities of university administration.

Having moved from Sussex to London in 2007 to become director of the Institute of Contemporary British History (then part of the School of Advanced Study, based in the Senate House) he negotiated the Institute's transfer in 2010 to King's, where he became professor of Contemporary History. But in 2016 his Institute was announced to have completed its work and was disbanded.

Roberts was always convivial company; he enjoyed the pleasures of the table and his wider interests encompassed cinema, music and modern dance. He made his family home in North Yorkshire, and kept a holiday house in south-west France as a summer writing retreat.

He married, in 2001, Sarah Robson, who survives him with their two daughters.

Professor Richard Roberts, born November 25 1950, died December 16 2017

Keith JM Sichel (died 2001)

Lt. NICHOLAS TAYLOR, 1950-1982. (written by Dr J Wigley 2012)

This year is the thirtieth anniversary of the tragic death of Nicholas Taylor, OH, killed in action on 4th May 1982 whilst flying a Sea Harrier from HMS Hermes in an attack on the Goose Green airstrip in the Falklands Islands.

Whist at Haberdashers' Nick played fives, swam in the school team, and was a member of the 2nd XV. After leaving school, he played for the Old Haberdashers' Rugby Football Club from 1967 to March 1976, and turned out for a Services soccer team until he was concussed during the following season.

He spent eighteen months training at RAF Cranwell, then switched to the Fleet Air Arm. His flying duties took him toNorthern Ireland, where he flew helicopters at 200 feet overBelfast, then to a course on Sea Harriers, before he was posted to the Royal Naval Task Force that was sent to theFalklands. A contemporary wrote

“Nick was a natural athlete and a tough competitor at a wide range of sports. He displayed a rare talent at almost everything he cared to turn his hand to, the sports already mentioned and in addition sailing, skiing, gliding and, of course, his greatest love, flying. As a pilot he achieved the highest accolade of being selected as a Test Pilot at theEmpireTestFlyingSchool, a position he sadly never filled.”

“Nick was a man’s man and the kindest person you could ever wish to meet. He has left so many happy memories he will not be forgotten by the numerous friends he made in so many facets of his life. Those of us who had the privilege of knowing Nick at school will be grateful for having met such a fine young man who, as the press described, died a national hero. No parents could be more proud of their son and no wife more proud of a husband.”

Until the end of the 1970’s Nick had flown Sea Kings, then he crossed into the fast-jet training cohort. In the Spring of 1982 he had just completed the Sea Harrier conversion course and joined 800 Squadron, with which he went to theFalklands. On Tuesday 4 May 1982 theU.K.forces mounted a three-ship attack on the Goose Green airstrip during which Nick’s plane was hit by anti-aircraft fire as he went in to the target. His plane exploded and hit the ground very close to the airstrip.

Nick was the first U.K. casualty of the Falklands War. His body, still in its ejector seat, was recovered by the residents of Goose Green and, with Argentine supervision, buried nearby with full military honours. The grave is now fenced off and marked with a proper headstone. Its inscription reads “In proud memory of a dearly beloved husband, son and brother, shot down while flying for the country he loved.” It is tended by the islanders, who hold an annual service on the anniversary of his death.

The Old Haberdashers’ Association held a commemorative rugby match 6 March 1983, when a crowd of several hundred OH and friends, including Nick’s parents, was present to honour the memory of their son. The OHRFC President hosted a lunch for them before the match. Afterwards a memorial plaque in Nick’s honour and a framed colour photograph of the two rugby teams (OHRFC and CLOB) were placed on the wall over the fireplace in the Clubhouse. The school placed a plaque in the Chapel in Aldenham House, appropriately not far from the First and Second War memorials.

1967

Malcolm Edwards died 3rd October 2026



A good editor is largely invisible. This suited Malcolm Edwards rather well. “Your job is to improve, if possible, the author’s work, and then step back,” he mused in his soft voice. “It’s a poor editor who tries to intrude their personality into the equation.”

A small man with owlish eyes and thick glasses, Edwards was a quiet presence. He could be socially awkward and moved silently through the office, materialising suddenly at a colleague’s elbow when they least expected it.

His outsized impact on the publishing world might rather be gleaned by his impressive roster of writers, including Harlan Coben, Julian Fellowes, Gillian Flynn, Anthony Horowitz, Kate Mosse, Ian Rankin, Michael Palin, Keith Richards and Malala Yousafzai. His great passion was science fiction. Edwards spent half a century choosing which sci-fi books ended up on British shelves, including William Gibson’s Neuromancer, published in 1984.

For all his diffidence, Edwards was shrewd and competitive. One of his rituals as head of Orion Books was that every six months he would gather his team in the corridor to unveil the “Big Posterboard of Bestsellers”, on which he had diligently counted up every Orion top ten bestseller: what titles, how many weeks in total and what genre.

It was Edwards’s idea during his tenure at HarperCollins to publish George RR Martin’s bestselling series Game of Thrones and later at Orion he released Stephen King’s The Green Mile as an episodic novel. He was quick and decisive when the occasion called. Over lunch at the Ivy he bought Kate Mosse’s bestselling novel Labyrinth for what seemed like an enormous sum — it turned out to be the bargain of the decade — and impulsively secured Tell No One by Coben for a similar fee, with similar results. When Orion’s fiction editor Jon Wood wandered idly into Edwards’s office with the idea of commissioning a new Sherlock Holmes title, Edwards thought immediately of Anthony Horowitz. Within the day he had persuaded Horowitz to write the bestselling Sherlock Holmes mystery novel The House of Silk.

Such quick-witted resolve could extend to his private life too. When Coben invited Edwards and a group of booksellers to a Bruce Springsteen gig, they were told afterwards that only two people could accompany Coben backstage. Edwards leapt at the chance. “I turned to the senior booksellers to choose two of their number,” Wood recalled, “then turned back to Malcolm — but by then he had already jumped the fence and was 100 yards away, moving with surprising speed to see Bruce. A man of definite priorities.”

Malcolm John Edwards was born in 1949 in Wembley to Joan (née Bowles), a school secretary, and Ted, a draughtsman. During the holidays Malcolm and his brother Mike stayed in Norfolk with their maternal grandparents, who had met in service — he was the butler and she the housekeeper. On the paternal side his grandfather was a lay Methodist preacher in Wales and his grandmother ran a sweet shop.

As a boy Edwards was bookish and quiet. He kept a pet lizard, read avidly, was bad at sports and absent-minded; he was constantly leaving things on trains.

He won a scholarship from The Haberdashers’ Aske’s Boys’ School to King’s College, Cambridge, initially to study economics though he switched halfway through to social anthropology. Graduating in 1971, he trained as a librarian and worked at the Pinner Library in Harrow, moonlighting as a science fiction fanatic.

His first job in publishing was at Gollancz, a science fiction publisher where he was editor and then publishing director. His list included JG Ballard — whom he recalled never read fiction and was “immovable if he disagreed with a suggestion” — Sir Arthur C Clarke, Frank Herbert (author of Dune) and Sir Terry Pratchett. Edwards produced a series of illustrated coffee-table books with Robert Holdstock including Alien Landscapes, Realms of Fantasy and Tour of the Universe, which had its theme-park rights sold resulting in a simulated interplanetary shuttle ride that ran in Toronto’s CN Tower from 1986 to 1990.

Edwards married his first wife, Christine Lane, on graduating from Cambridge and his second, Christine Atkinson, in 1979. His third wife, Jacks Thomas, was a publicist at Gollancz. They married in 1988 with Holdstock as best man and a “not very flattering description” of Thomas’s dress and the top table appeared in M John Harrison’s novel The Course of the Heart. She survives him along with their son Timothy and daughter Amelia-Rose, as well as a son from his second marriage, Thomas.

In 1989 Edwards moved to HarperCollins and later became fiction publishing director. He joined Orion close to a decade later as managing director then deputy chief executive. In 2015 he stepped down to become the chairman of Gollancz.

His favourite band was Steely Dan. Edwards loved cricket and football — he was a lifelong fan of Sunderland AFC — as well as puzzles and quizzes, both of which suited his obsessive, punctilious mind.

Though he could not operate a washing machine, Edwards had editorial principles: when a senior executive suggested quickly publishing a book after a tragedy — something that could capitalise on the wave of public emotion — Edwards quietly responded that they could, but that they would have to do it without his services from then on. During successful spells Edwards's publishing mandate was from Spinal Tap: "It's a fine line between clever and stupid."

Yet Edwards remained a taciturn presence. "Malcolm has always been quiet, and sometimes this internal crosstalk makes him even quieter," recalled one of his science fiction authors, Dave Langford. "At other times (separated from 'sometimes' by mere pints of lager) he loosens up to make deeply scabrous remarks: no sooner had I jotted down his tasteless one-liner about Robert Heinlein than Malcolm nervously asked me to cross it out again, because 'I've just remembered he's one of our authors'."

Malcolm Edwards, editor and publisher, was born on December 3, 1949. He died of the effects of Parkinson's disease on October 3, 2026, aged 76

Thanks to The Times

Commander Tony Higham died 24th November 2021



Tony Higham had a lifelong affiliation with water. If he wasn't sailing the seas with the navy or taking part in an ocean race, he was leading the campaign for flood defences in the Hampshire village of Hambledon.

Even being at the centre of a lifeboat operation in August 1970 did not deter him. On that occasion he was skipper of a crew of six naval cadets on the Temeraire, a 36ft Bermudian rigged sloop, which was reported missing. Penlee lifeboat was launched, other shipping stood by to assist and two helicopters began a search. The Temeraire was eventually sighted 30 miles south of the Lizard light, but Higham managed to rerig the yacht, which

sailed into Falmouth under its own steam. “When rounding the Scillies we began to encounter the most vicious storm I have ever been in,” he told The Times. “Off the Lizard the seas were reaching the top of the mast, about 35ft, certainly enough to overpower a small yacht.”

There were less choppy waters when he was sharing duties with Prince Charles, his fellow sub-lieutenant on HMS Norfolk in the early 1970s. For security reasons he once stood in as a body double for the prince and was driven down Main Street, Gibraltar, in the ship’s open-top Land Rover while his royal colleague slipped quietly on board via a back route.

Higham competed in many of the world’s great ocean races, including the first Whitbread round-the-world race in 1973-74, when he steered a Nicholson 55 yacht for 5,000 miles through the Southern Ocean with no rudder. He represented Britain in six Admiral’s Cups, which he won in 1977, came fifth overall in the 1980 Sydney-Hobart race and was involved in several Fastnet races. He was captain of the Royal Naval sailing team for seven years, skippering an 80ft Maxi yacht known as Broomstick in the 1994 Britannia Cup at Cowes.

In 2013 he received a bravery award from the Royal Humane Society after helping to pull three people from a blazing car on a country lane near Winchester. “We could hear the burning and I could feel my right buttock getting a bit hot,” he recalled. “But we were focused on getting this chap out.”

Anthony Higham was born in Hendon, north London, in 1948 to Maurice Higham, who on D-Day drove one of the landing craft that delivered troops on to the beach in northern France, and his wife Winifred (née Child); he had a brother, Mike, a retired headmaster. By the age of 11 Tony had recovered from tuberculosis, survived being knocked down by a car, fused the entire street’s electricity supply by sticking his finger in a plug socket and escaped with packing chemicals into a mustard tin as a homemade rocket

He won a scholarship to Haberdashers’ School in Cricklewood and then Elstree, where he was a member of the combined cadet force. From school he joined Britannia Royal Naval College in Dartmouth, where he acquired the nickname “Yachts”. It was the start of a 37-year career in which he served in six Royal Naval vessels

In 1973 he took part in the Cape Town-Rio race. To get there he secured a first-class passage on a cruise ship, the Edinburgh Castle. On the voyage he met Lindy Andrews, who was on her way to become a medical secretary with Christiaan Barnard, the heart-transplant pioneer. They were married in 1975 and she survives him with their children: Duncan, a former Royal Marines officer who now runs an American medical company; Nick, a partner at McKinsey; Alex, a property developer; and Charlotte, a solicitor. He was not always practical around them or his 12 grandchildren and once inadvertently made a cup of tea for the builder using expressed breast milk from the fridge.

Higham’s naval career featured a fair share of diplomatic work; at Nato he was involved in integrating the Czech Republic, Hungary and Poland into the alliance. He helped with planning the Queen’s golden jubilee celebrations in 2002 and his final appointment concerned the commemorations in HMS Victory in 2005 to mark the 200th anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar.

Untroubled by self-doubt, Higham wrote letters on a range of subjects to national newspapers. In Hambledon, the birthplace of cricket, he led a campaign that led to a £3.9 million investment in the local flood defences, keeping villagers updated by firing off email bulletins. “We have a large number of hungry workers and volunteers round the clock,” read one. “Ladies of Hambledon (and gentlemen), I have sampled your delicious cakes and sandwiches. Any chance of some more please?”

Over the past decade he worked with the organisers of Strictly Come Dancing, his favourite television programme, to provide tickets for the show to 30 veterans around the time of Remembrance Sunday. On other occasions he organised concerts in Hambledon village church that together raised more than £165,000 for Royal Marines charities.

Higham was never happier than when on his yacht Windsong with a glass of champagne. He was a regular participant at Cowes Week, eventually becoming flight director for the air display. In 2018 he arranged for the Red Arrows to fly over the Solent during a rare parade of Cunard’s “three queens”, the Queen Mary 2, Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria. Immediately after the flypast a titled lady leant across to him and said: “My good man, would you mind terribly asking them to fly round again so I could get some more photos?” It was perhaps the only time he was unable to get something done.

Commander Tony Higham, BEM, yachtsman, was born on October 12, 1948. He died from a brain tumour on November 24, 2021, aged 73

From The Times 21st December 2021

John PEARSON (1956-67)
died 15th April 1997

Address in St Alban's Abbey on April 24th 1997 by Sir Richard O'Brien

"I first met John Pearson in 1983. He was then in the full flight of his career as a civil servant in the Department of the Environment. On this occasion he was on the short list of people being interviewed for the temporary post of Secretary to the Commission on Urban Priority Areas then being set up by Archbishop Robert Runcie. For the next two and a half years or so I worked closely, very closely indeed, with John on the preparation of a report which was to be entitled 'FAITH IN THE CITY'. I came to know him well and shared the growing

admiration which he inspired in the commissioners. I can see him now, at one of our residential weekends at ease with himself and others, good humourdly chatting but always underneath serious and purposeful. The job may have been a temporary one but the impact he made on all of us both personally and through the report was permanent and lasting.

"During recent days I have been asking myself what it was about John which made such an impact on myself and others? What qualities did he possess? How was it that people who had not known him for long felt comfortable with him? Such questions cannot be answered in a single all-embracing sentence. John was too varied and too wide ranging - he looked through too many windows for that simple approach to be adequate.

"Let me say first that he was a superb professional, with all that that implies to so many of you who have come here today to honour him and to mourn him. He understood the work which had to be done and the tasks which had to be undertaken; he tackled these in such a way that confidence was generated in him and in our ability to rise to the demands imposed by our remit. He saw the boundaries, as it were, and was determined to reach them. I am saying something about clarity of mind and a lot about discipline and I am suggesting that in his relaxed informal way he was setting standards of achievement for us all.

"Yet there was more. He had a remarkable capacity for grasping issues quickly and then elucidating them for the benefit of all of us. He possessed the skill to marshal the relevant statistics and information needed to provide a basis for the report's recommendations. He was a meticulous drafter, a word-spinner of real quality: we were often astonished, as one of us has said, at how quickly he could turn our incoherent speech into fluent prose.

"This is a sad, sad day. But it is not my last word. I feel overwhelmingly a sense of gratitude to John for who he was and what he did, for me and for many others. I shall not forget him."

Richard Michael Goldman (1947 - 2012)



Richard Michael Goldman was born in London on the 4th December, 1947. He grew up in Cricklewood with his parents and older brother, Gordon (also a Haberdasher's pupil). He attended Haberdashers school and gained A levels in science subjects. However, he was

not quite sure of his future path, so on Gordon's recommendation, their parents took Richard to a careers advisor. The advice given, after all sorts of tests and interviews was intriguing. The conclusion was that Richard would either make a very good accountant – or a religious leader! As it happened, Richard managed to shine in both of these areas.

From the start it was a very disciplined training as regards accountancy. The exams are not easy and Richard often rose early to study before his working day at Malvern & Co. inGreat Portland Street, where he eventually rose up the ranks to become a junior partner. In 1975 he met Jill, a secretary/PA, who also sang and wrote songs. They met on a blind date and were married a year or so later, setting up home in Wembley. Around six years later, Richard and another accountant started their own company and worked from an office in Queen's Park. Jill and Richard's son, David was born in 1983. Not long afterwards, Jill became a part time arts journalist and Richard was most supportive – a real hands-on father. David is now 28 and works in sales and marketing.

As regards Richard's abilities, he was (perhaps because of the scientific study he undertook at Haberdashers) excellent at predicting the weather! He also was looked upon by his many clients, as not just their accountant, but also, as their friend to whom they could speak freely – and not be judged. The amount of glowing letters Jill has received after his passing, are testimony to this fact. He was very quick to take new technology on board – even though this happened relatively late in life. He also remembered and used his French and Spanish from school. This ability was most helpful on European holidays!

In 1987, Richard followed Jill into the Buddhist faith; practising Nichiren Buddhism – based on the chanting of Nam Myoho Renge Kyo to bring out Buddhahood, or the most positive state of life – and was much loved by his friends in the lay organisation, Soka Gakkai (a non-Governmental organisation of the UN). He was also active in the local community and played a leading role in working for the welfare of residents in Wembley.

Richard died suddenly of heart failure on the 30th of May 2012. Jill and David have lost their best friend and supporter, whose sense of humour, common sense, and kind, cheerful personality kept them afloat through life's ups and downs. He is sadly missed.

Provided by Jill Goldman

1966

John Forrester (1966 leaver), historian, philosopher and writer, born 25 August 1949; died 24 November 2015 (Guardian 5thDecember 2015)



The historian and philosopher John Forrester, who has died aged 66 after suffering from cancer, advanced the study of psychoanalysis, its history, key figures, clinical practice and social significance, both in Britain and farther afield. Based in the department of history and philosophy of science (HPS) at Cambridge University, this brilliant, deft and warm-hearted man brought boundless curiosity, unsurpassed stores of information and tough questioning to bear on Sigmund Freud's talking cure and its place in the modern world.

From his PhD thesis, published as Language and the Origins of Psychoanalysis (1980) and immediately translated into French, to his magnum opus, Freud in Cambridge, completed but yet to be published, John was passionately engaged with his subject, though, being at heart a follower of the French Enlightenment, never a zealot. He continually enjoyed the conundrum that psychoanalysis – which he recognised had aspects of a faith or even a cult – presented to a sceptic of his rationalist temper. His life's ambition, he explained to his daughter, Katrina, was to reconcile Freud, the doctor of the soul, with Michel Foucault, the critic of medical regimes of all kinds.

He brought a historian's empirical mind to the task while practising the analytic method of watching out for inconsistencies and contradictions, through which the deepest meanings would emerge. His 1996 paper If p, Then What? Thinking in Cases examined, against a background of logic and classification that had developed since Aristotle, how "psychoanalytic discourse combines two unlikely features: it promises a new way of telling a life in the 20th century, a new form for the specific and unique facts that make that person's life their life; and at the same time, it attempts to render that way of telling a life public, of making it scientific". A collection of 20 years' worth of further explorations along these lines, Thinking in Cases, is also due to appear.

John was also a highly effective catalyst: over the decades, he organised crucial interactions, seminars and reading groups, including a notable series in the 1970s when French practitioners came to England to meet and talk to luminaries in the humanities, such as the literary scholar Frank Kermode and the scholar of French literature and studies Malcolm Bowie.

Attracted to sensitive, difficult subjects: in 1986 he wrote a provocative essay on Rape, Seduction, and Psychoanalysis, and followed that with Truth Games: Lies, Money and Psychoanalysis (1997), a fascinating, slippery book about different ways of lying – to oneself and others. At the time of his death he was involved in research funded by the Wellcome Trust into a range of subjects including reproduction, IVF, surrogacy, genetic modification and gender assignment.

From 2007 to 2013, at a time of strain on academic values, he ran HPS adroitly and resiliently. In lectures as well as books, he was filled with a playful appetite for experience and knowledge, and was a gifted storyteller: an essay on the wary, prickly interactions of Freud and Einstein shows his acute insight into human character, while Freud's Women (1992), written with his partner, the writer Lisa Appignanesi, displayed the couple's exciting archival archaeology and flair for dramatic portraits, as they showed how a great man is sustained by family and friends, and unfolded the crucial role that female analysands, patrons, and Freud's daughter and successor, Anna, played in his life and thought.

An imposing figure, even when he was young, John could appear scary, as it was clear he knew so much and thought so clearly. He had a domed head that made him, especially after chemotherapy, somewhat resemble a venerable oriental sage. He could be tenacious in argument, but his voice was unexpectedly gentle and confiding. Some political issues, among them the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, used to spark tense disagreements between him and some friends.

In a quiet, rather feline way, John could also be mischievous. At his inaugural lecture as professor at Cambridge, his 2002 account of Freud in Cambridge, he told us that Michael Ramsey (the future archbishop of Canterbury), aged six or so, announced "I am going to marry Mummy". To which Ramsey's elder brother, Frank, the future mathematician and logician, replied: "How can you be so silly, Michael? Don't you know that you can't marry your mother until she is a widow?"

Born and brought up in north London, John was the son of Reginald and his wife, Minnie (nee Chaytow), who had marched together to protest against Oswald Mosley and his British Union of Fascists. A graduate of the LSE, after the Second World War Reginald worked on the Marshall plan and became a senior international civil servant in the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation (now the OECD). Later, he set up as an independent consultant. He died when John was 21. After taking a degree as a mature student at the Open University, Minnie became a social worker.

John went to Haberdashers' Aske's school in Elstree, Hertfordshire, and then on to King's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in natural sciences (1970). A Fulbright scholarship took him to Princeton University and work with Thomas Kuhn, whose ideas spurred his approach to case studies.

He returned to King's as a research fellow (1976-84), and then joined HPS as a lecturer. He was made a professor in 2000, since when his research students have spread around the world: they include Alison Winter, who wrote a seminal study of Mesmerism as her PhD thesis, and the psychoanalyst Darian Leader. Abroad, John held visiting posts in the US, Brazil, France, Italy and Germany, and spent a particularly productive and happy year in Paris in 1993-94. But his home was in north London with Lisa, whom he met in 1984 when, as deputy director of the Institute of Contemporary Arts, she invited him, presciently, to take part in a series about Desire. They married in 2013.

Later in life, he became marvellously affable and unequivocally life-loving: "John could draw the finest thread of silver from the most leaden of clouds," said one friend. He was always full of shrewd observations and zest for a whole range of pleasures, from growing splendid dahlias and roses to competing at chess to a high level on his computer.

John bridged the distinction between the hedgehog and the fox explored by Isaiah Berlin, since there was nothing he did not know about his subject, but he was also curious about – and good at – almost everything else. His work changed the contours of a discipline and fertilised the thought of a scholarly and clinical community worldwide.

He is survived by Lisa, Katrina and his stepson, Josh.

1965

Prof Jack Land. Died 23rd April 2024



We're saddened by the death of Jack Lang, an enthusiastic supporter of the next generation of computer scientists and company founders who had a long association with this Department. Jack died on 23rd April, aged 76.

He graduated with a Diploma in Computer Science in 1969 from the University of Cambridge after completing a degree in Mechanical Sciences also here at Cambridge (1965-1968).

In 1980, he founded this Department's Supporters' Club to strengthen links with industry. He became an Affiliated Lecturer in the Computer Laboratory (as this Department was then

known) and the Cambridge Judge Business School, teaching courses in business studies and entrepreneurship.

Alongside his teaching he joined Emmanuel College as Director of Studies in Computer Science and Management Studies, becoming a Bye-Fellow in 2003.

He was a serial-entrepreneur and business angel, starting numerous companies and supporting many more as a member of the Cambridge Angels.

His first company, TopExpress, founded with Professor Shôn Ffowcs Williams, was responsible for designing software for the BBC Micro. He authored 'The High Tech Entrepreneur's Handbook', which provided a practical guide to starting a company.

In 2008, Jack was one of the co-founders of the Raspberry Pi Foundation, alongside other members of the Department, and acted as the Foundation's Chair. The project's original goals were modest: to build and distribute low-cost computers for prospective applicants to our Computer Science degree. Initially the project was a "success disaster", as Jack would say, as demand far outstripped the low-scale manufacturing plans.

Ultimately the Raspberry Pi became the UK's most successful computer with more than 60 million sold to date. Jack was drawn to the educational possibilities of the Raspberry Pi, its potential uses in emerging economies and the way it could support self-directed learning. Jack also made contributions to the Computing at School project and its work on curriculum development.

Alongside Jack's achievements and ventures, he will perhaps be best remembered as a champion of the leadership role that Computer Scientists can play in society.

He'll also be fondly remembered by friends and colleagues, especially as autumn comes for those who remember helping him pick apples in his orchard, being treated to freshly baked pizzas, and then being treated to a fireworks show. And yes, he built his own pizza ovens and made his own fireworks displays – he was a Category 4 firework professional and architected the annual Cambridge Firework display for many years.

We'll remember Jack every time we pass Midsummer Common in the centre of Cambridge, not just for the fireworks but because he also started the fine dining restaurant Midsummer House, commenting at the time that "there are no good restaurants in Cambridge".

He lived a life where he pursued his passions and took action where he saw the need. By doing so not only improved the world around him and inspired others to do the same.

Thanks to Cambridge University for the Obituary

Dennis Marks, born July 2 1948, died April 2 2015

Obituary taken from the Daily Telegraph 4th April 2015



Dennis Marks, who has died aged 66, was a producer and director who became head of music at BBC Television, working on programmes such as Omnibus and Arena and acquiring a formidable reputation as one of the great television documentary makers of our time; later he was general director of English National Opera, attempting to steer the company through the financial and artistic minefield of the mid-1990s, often with one hand tied behind his back.

Marks was one of the best-known faces in the arts , turning up at performances, openings and press conferences full of knowledge but wearing his learning lightly. Passionate and irrepressibly enthusiastic, he had a remarkable ability to see the potential in people, whether musicians, actors or administrators, and his gentle – and sometimes not so gentle – words of encouragement enabled many to realise their ambitions.

At the BBC he brought the cameras into Glyndebourne and commissioned new operas for the small screen, such as Mark-Anthony Turnage's Greek. Yet his broad tastes and curious intellect led to programmes on all aspects of the arts, ranging from African rock to the roots of jazz. Even after leaving the corporation Marks was the go-to man when Radio 3 dedicated entire days of programming to composers such as Berlioz, Walton and Janácek, curating an ideal blend of informed commentary and carefully chosen repertoire.

Later he reinvented himself as an urbane, informed and entertaining writer, broadcaster and traveller, with programmes such as Little Moscow in Israel for Radio 4 in June 2013, exploring the effect of immigration from the former Soviet Union on the culture of the Jewish state.

Dennis Michael Marks was born on July 2 1948, the son of Samuel and Kitty. After Haberdashers' Aske's School in Elstree, he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took a first in English. He joined the BBC in 1969 and was soon making a name for his lively and informative programmes on the arts – particularly on music.

By the age of 24 he had commissioned Michael Frayn for a series called Writers' Houses, in which living writers talked about dead ones in the environment of their homes – in this case in Laurence Sterne's house. It was just one of many friendships that Marks cultivated and nurtured over his career. The Witnesses, made with Melvyn Bragg in 1976 for the 2nd House series, was a 75-minute documentary on writers and the Spanish civil war, while The Promised Land (1980) was a richly impressionistic film that looked at how Whitechapel had long been a cultural melting pot for immigrant communities arriving in Britain .

Arriving at ENO in 1993 Marks inherited a deficit of £2.2 million and rising; even with the anticipated dawn of New Labour, funding remained uncertain. In 1997, frustrated by his board's lack of direction and embroiled in a debate over whether to move the company out of the London Coliseum to what Rodney Milnes described as "deepest, darkest Southwark", Marks resigned.

Marks had a strong sense of loyalty to those around him, becoming known at the BBC for his support of both his colleagues and the trade unions. It was a trait that he brought to ENO, resisting the board's calls for redundancies and opposing greater use of freelance workers, arguing that "the team spirit of the company would fracture".

After leaving the Coliseum Marks threw his immense energies into an even wider variety of artistic projects, often with a travel-related theme. He had contributed to the popular Great Railway Journeys of the World in 1981; 30 years later came Wandering Jew: the Search for Joseph Roth, about the writer who vividly depicted the fall of the Austro-Hungarian empire.

Meanwhile, his books on music included Janácek's Gypsy Love, the story of how the Czech composer's work was reinvigorated after he fell in love with a woman some 38 years his junior. Latterly he was working on a biography of Michael Tippett, a composer whom he felt had been unjustly neglected .

Marks sported a beard that varied in length over the years – Frayn once described him as looking "like an Old Testament prophet". When not travelling he described himself as an "eclectic cook", a description to which his many friends could attest.

He married Deborah Cranston in 1972. That marriage was dissolved and in 1992 he married Sally Groves, a music publisher. She survives him, with a son and a daughter from his first marriage.

Michael Palmer (died 1998)

1964

Peter Seaman Died 15th March 2023



Peter Seaman died unexpectedly on 15 March 2023 whilst at home. He is survived by his wife, two children and three grandchildren.

Peter grew up in Hendon and then Mill Hill, one of five children - four brothers and one sister. All four boys went to Haberdashers, with Peter's years covering both the Hampstead and Elstree sites. His older brother David passed away in 2018.

On leaving school Peter trained to become a Chartered Accountant, working for various firms before taking up a post with Coopers & Lybrand in Johannesburg, South Africa. It was there that Peter met his wife Jakki. When it was time to return to the UK they ignored the conventional route of a flight home and instead made an adventure of it by driving overland. The trip was planned with a couple of good friends, they bought two sturdy Land Rovers and then the four of them embarked on the long trip home. They travelled for many months across Africa, skirting various trouble spots, fixing breakdowns to the vehicles and generally having the time of their lives, followed by a quick dash through Europe before arriving back in England.

Peter and Jakki married when they returned to the UK and spent their first few years in Dunstable before moving to Sandbach in Cheshire. Peter was made Partner with Wright, Stevens and Lloyd when they merged with Grundy Middleton in Manchester. The firm went through various changes and mergers to become Binder Hamlyn. Eventually, Peter branched out on his own in 1992 and set up as a very successful sole practitioner. He was still working to the day that he died.

Peter loved to travel and enjoyed many extended trips to Europe (particularly to Portugal, where his in-laws had retired to enjoy the sunshine), America, New Zealand and to Australia with two of his brothers to watch an Ashes series in 1998. In more recent years he was a frequent visitor to Thailand after his son settled there, married and had Peter's first grandchild.

Coming from a large family Peter revelled in his own extended family and worked his whole life to ensure that they were financially secure and wanted for nothing. Peter was quiet,

thoughtful and always looking out for those close to him. He was very proud of his family and they of him and he will be greatly missed by all who knew him.

Robin Seaman April 2023

Raymond Edler died 24th January 2015

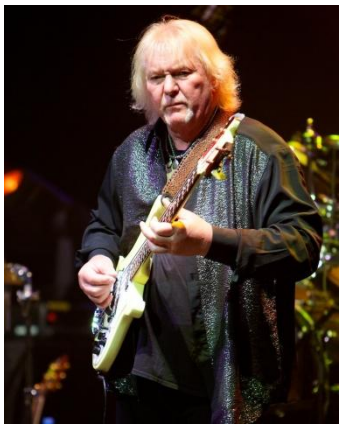
Raymond Edler was born on 18th September 1946 and grew up in the St. John's Wood area of North London. He attended Haberdashers School and completed his undergraduate training at the Royal Dental Hospital in Leicester Square, where extramurally he showed an aptitude for competitive rowing. He graduated in January 1969, and after house jobs at the Royal decided to broaden his experience by taking a Senior House Officer post in Newcastle. He returned to the Royal Dental Hospital (RDH) to undertake his orthodontic training in October 1972 and after gaining the Diploma in Orthodontics in 1973, he worked in Richard Marx's practice in Watford. He then became registrar in the Dental Unit at Great Ormond Street (1973-1976) where under the tutelage of ''Jock'' Plint, he was exposed to a huge spectrum of facial deformity. It was certainly a seminal influence in shaping his later interest in this aspect of our speciality. Wishing to expand his general orthodontic experience he successfully applied for the linked Senior Registrar appointment between the RDH and Tunbridge Wells working with Denis Arduin. Begg was the pre-eminent fixed appliance method at the time and Ray was already contributing to the very successful annual Begg course held at the RDH, together with Richard Marx and Philip Ellisdon. # 2015 British Orthodontic Society

In 1979 he became a Consultant and joined Glyn Wreakes at Queen Mary's Hospital, Roehampton, which became his main clinical base. At that time Queen Mary's was home to the South West Thames Regional Plastic and Maxillo Facial Centre and it was the perfect springboard from which to develop his specialised interests. He remained here until 2003 when due to hospital reorganisation the Unit closed and the sessions were transferred to Kingston Hospital. His post also included links to Ashford Hospital and the Royal Dental Hospital which on the closure of the latter transferred to Guys in 1985. These teaching hospital links led to his very successful and respected role as a postgraduate teacher and mentor. From 2003 until his retirement he was the lead Orthodontist for the Cleft Palate Service for South Thames at Guy's Hospital. Despite his busy NHS commitments he still established a successful part time practice in his home near Kew Gardens. In 1985 when the RDH closed, Ray transferred to Guy's Hospital and continued to teach in the postgraduate unit established as a consequence of the closure of the RDH. He became Honorary Editor of what was then the British Journal of Orthodontics from 1991 until the end of 1995. He was also active in the European Orthodontic Society and was Honorary Treasurer from 1992-2001. Ray was involved in the unification talks between the various orthodontic groups that culminated in the formation of the British Orthodontic Society. He served on the Council of the BOS and was Chair of the Consultant Orthodontic Group of the BOS from 2003-2006.

He was always diligent and supportive of his colleagues and was awarded the Ballard Medal in 2009. Ray received the Special Service Award, for services to the British Orthodontic Society in1995 and Life membership of the British Orthodontic Society in 2006, subsequently serving as President in 2011. It was a measure of his intellectual ability that he published no fewer than 15 papers to the literature. One of them is, to this day, one of the most downloaded and cited articles published in the orthodontic literature. Amongst the many things that Ray accomplished in his life, he was an inspirational teacher, encouraging all his students to aspire to excellence for their patients. Excellence was the minimum standard, from treatment planning to meticulous execution of that plan. Ambidextrous use of the Coon pliers was ‘de rigueur’ and poor wire bending skills would be reprimanded by the worst punishment that he would apportion: a raised eyebrow, much feared amongst his trainees. However, conservative on the one hand, as a trainer Ray would not hesitate to let pupils try the ‘latest’ orthodontic techniques, often followed by a quip: ‘don’t ever feel that the techniques you use go out of fashion, just wait for long enough and you get rediscovered’. He was also an Examiner for the Membership in Orthodontics for the English Royal College of Surgeons from 1995– 2002, and Royal College Intercollegiate Specialty Fellowship Exam for Higher Training in Orthodontics from 2001-2005. These are the bald facts of a successful orthodontist but there was much more to Ray than that. He was interested in the arts and music. He played the tenor Saxophone in a local ‘Big Band’, which gave him a lot of personal satisfaction. He also expressed his artistic talents at this time by his interest in sculpture, creating a wonderful bronze head sculpture of his surgical colleague and mentor Norman Rowe. Ray had an acerbic wit and dry sense of humour. He was a life-long fan of the Marx’s Brothers and Woody Allen and would quote lines from their films with a glint in his eye and a gentle laugh. He had a knack of appearing to be bewildered by some event or petty bureaucracy, although this was far from the truth, and his analysis of any problem was incisive, smart, and often very funny. Those who knew him were charmed by his polite good manners and friendly demeanour, and Ray liked nothing better than to sit around a table, and over a coffee ‘chew the fat’ about orthodontics, or politics, or theatre or music or art, or his children, or any current topic. Ray was married to Sharon for 40 years and they were a perfect couple. She was quite extravert, which allowed Ray to take a step back and ‘‘play it deadpan’’. They just seemed to thrive on each other’s company. Tragically Sharon died in 2013, just a few weeks after they had moved into their retirement flat in Twickenham. They were both undergoing chemotherapy and Ray used to jest that ‘they were having a day out and visiting their oncologist’. His admiration of Sharon at her funeral led Ray to sum up their time together by saying ‘I have lost my best friend’ and perhaps those who knew him would say that ‘we have lost a very special friend and colleague’. Ray’s lasting legacy to orthodontics rests not just in the high standard of treatment, which benefited his own patients, but also in those patients who will continue to benefit, thanks to the quality of this teaching of generations of postgraduate students and junior staff.

Chris Squire (1964 leaver) born March 4 1948, died June 28 2015

(obituary from Daily Telegraph 30th June 2015)



Chris Squire, who has died aged 67, was the bass player and co-founder of the British prog rock group Yes and the only constant name on its complicated family tree.

Founded by Squire with lead singer Jon Anderson in 1968, Yes rose to fame in the 1970s as part of a movement (with bands such as King Crimson, Genesis, Emerson Lake & Palmer and Jethro Tull) to produce a more sophisticated rock sound, characterised by songs with complex structures that often drew on classical or jazz influences, using suite forms, multiple tempo changes, unusual time signatures and poetic lyrics.

After opening for Janis Joplin and being signed to Atlantic Records, the band gained a large and devoted following with albums such as The Yes Album and Fragile (both 1971), Close to the Edge (1972), Tales from Topographic Oceans (1973), Relayer (1974) and Going for the One (1977).

Critics tended to dismiss prog rock as pretentious and overwrought, yet Yes inspired almost cultlike devotion among teenagers with intellectual leanings who found an atmospheric, almost mystical, depth to their music lacking in other rock bands. Yes in its various incarnations continued to fill stadiums for more than 40 years.

Squire, described by one critic as “perhaps the most nimble bassist this side of the late John Entwistle” (whom Squire much admired), was the only band member to feature in all of Yes’s studio albums and also wrote many of its songs. He remained its one constant through some 20-odd changes in the line-up, only retiring earlier this year when he was diagnosed with leukaemia.

The son of a taxi driver, Christopher Russell Edward Squire was born in north-west London on March 4 1948. He was educated at Haberdashers’ Aske’s Boys’ School, where he sang in the choir, but which he left aged 16 after being suspended for wearing his hair too long.

He got a job selling guitars at Boosey & Hawkes in Regent Street, buying his first Rickenbacker 4001 bass using a staff discount.

Squire recalled that as a teenager he had been “into Paul McCartney and Jack Bruce”, but that most of his inspiration came from John Entwistle of The Who. “I got a Rickenbacker and Rotosound strings and I played with a pick, because that’s what John was doing at the time,” he recalled. “Musically, I learnt a lot of his and The Who’s licks and tried to emulate their energy and attitude.”

By his account he developed his own contoured tone and spidery playing style (integral to such sprawling tracks as Long Distance Runaround (1971) and Roundabout (1972)) while recovering in 1967 from a bad acid trip which landed him in hospital for a couple of days: “I’d had lots of good acid trips prior to that. But I made the mistake of trying some acid some friends of mine had homemade. That knocked me back, and I did sort of hibernate in an apartment in Kensington and spent quite a few months — maybe as much as a year — just playing bass.”

Yes weathered the late 1970s when the advent of punk made prog rock seem absurdly over-the-top. During the 1980s, the group was nearly torn apart when the mass of solo projects and personnel splits led to a legal battle over the rights to the name, between a breakaway group led by high-voiced lead singer Jon Anderson and another featuring Squires.

The row ended in reunion, however, and Anderson continued to front the group until he was forced to bow out in 2005 after developing a serious respiratory condition.

In addition to his work in Yes, Squire, known to his band-mates as “Fish”, also released a solo album Fish Out of Water in 1975 and was a member of the supergroup XYZ, alongside Jimmy Page of Led Zeppelin and Yes drummer Alan White.

He is survived by his third wife, Scotty, by their daughter and by four children from his previous marriages.

Robert Gerald (Rob) Matthewman - passed away May 2015

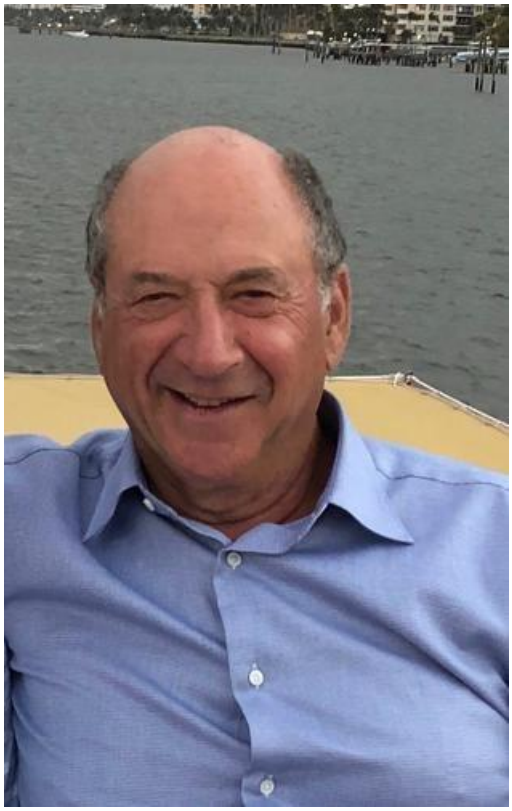


John Matthewman (1965 leaver) has written to advise that his brother, Rob Matthewman (1964 Leaver), died at the end of May 2015. He died very quickly. He had 6 daughters. John writes : "We played rugby for the Old Haberdashers together, he loved his time with Julian Littlewood as captain."

Roger Walters writes - "I have vivid memories of playing with Rob under Julian's leadership. They were indeed happy days. I remember Rob's forthright approach to playing as a quick, open-side flanker. A no-nonsense type of player, direct and uncomplicated Always enthusiastic and always going forward."

1963

Paul Holt. Died 18th June 2024



Paul grew up in Belsize Park and Kenton. Harrow, beginning at Habs in Cricklewood in 1957. Always keen on sports, he captained the Colts cricket team and, after the move to Elstree, played in the 1st XI for three years, one season opening the batting with (Sir) Martin Sorrell. Paul also played in the rugby 1st XV for two years, in the second row with (Sir) Nicholas Serota (noting that both he and Sir Nicholas were tall but skinny at that time.)

Encouraged by the green fields and modern classrooms at Elstree, Paul took six A-levels and became School Captain in 1963. Having already obtained a place at Christ’s College, Cambridge, he left Habs that Christmas to work as an interviewer with National Opinion Polls

and to travel around Greece. Back at Cambridge, Paul read history, supervised, inter alia, by Jack Plumb and Quentin Skinner, earning BA and MA degrees.

Following university, Paul embarked on a 40-plus year career in finance. Ultimately, in 1988, he founded and led, for more than 20 years, Cambridge International Partners, a New York-based investment banking firm specialising in mergers, acquisitions and strategic advice to the financial services sector and, in particular, the investment management industry.

Prior to founding that firm, Paul was a partner of Greenwich Associates, a leading research-based strategic consulting firm to the wholesale financial services industry. Previously, Paul spent an 18-year career in the banking industry with Citibank and Marine Midland Bank (HSBC) in New York and London. Specialising in corporate financing, Paul ultimately served as Executive Vice President and Head of the World Corporate Banking Division at Marine Midland.

Having retired in 2011, Paul lived with his wife Linda, in Old Lyme, Connecticut, and New York City. They shared three adult children in London and New York and three grandchildren.

Paul and Linda last visited Habs in September 2021 for the 60th Anniversary Celebrations of the move from Westbere Road to Elstree. They thoroughly enjoyed the visit and have remained regularly in touch with the School since then.

Roger Llewellyn

Andrew Nicholas. Died 28th November 2021



Few of the newbies to Westbere Road in 1956 were blessed with a Greek Cypriot waiter for a father, a half-Italian seamstress for a mother, and lived in a one-bedroom flat on Great Portland Street. Andrew benefited from the now-defunct Direct Grant system: the London County Council paid the fees of six scholarship boys each year for the duration of their schooling. Every class register suffixed your name with an L, so that all should know that you were a scholarship boy, but Andrew wore this mark of Cain lightly. He was a popular boy; respected for his catholic curiosity and his prodigious memory, liked for his sociability and his infectious giggle. Being a sports-lover also helped; when the lunchtime football crowd played on the school field, Darwinian selection ruled. Andrew ranked alongside the likes of Tony Everitt and Dave Kearton, and would be picked early, whereas your correspondent would be picked last-but-one; only saved from complete humiliation by Simon Schama, now known to the world as a popular historian, but remembered by a few as a truly terrible goalie.

Andrew was also one of that small group of trainspotting fanatics, who hung round on windy platforms hoping to record a new locomotive. The love of trains never left him; his last outing a few weeks before his death was to York and the National Railway Museum. The last photo is of him and his wife in front of BR Standard Class 9F 2-10-0, number 92220 Evening Star, the last steam locomotive built by British Railways. Eat your heart out, Rog. Putnam!

When the time came to enlist in the CCF, Andrew was one of the very few not to join. Ironic, given his lifelong interest in military history, but Andrew's father had heard stories of the British Army in Cyprus and would not countenance the idea. So, Andrew joined the SSU. While others paraded up and down in their khaki, the Special Service Unit did gardening.

Another lifelong interest was kindled when a motley crew of Habs boys signed up for dance lessons at Camden School for Girls. The attraction was not the dancing. At that time Andrew's stated ambition was to meet a Swedish nymphomaniac whose father owned a pub. A trifle unrealistic, but the ambition fuelled many doomed years of searching.

When Haberdashers moved to Elstree in Summer 1961, Andrew was one of the student volunteers who laboured to help it happen. The so-called 'removal men' have reunions still, though a diminishing band; most recently losing 'Beet' Alexander.

Leaving school with A Levels, Andrew went to work in the Civil Service. But his interest had been pricked by a random encounter with a book on sociology, and this proved the key to focussing his disparate talents. After a year at work, he returned to education at (the then) Enfield College of Technology, taking an External London University degree in Sociology; did extremely well, and went on to gain a B. Phil. at York University, then a Masters at Manchester. He began his academic working career at Hatfield Polytechnic as a Lecturer in Sociology, and went on to spend most of his working life there. Hatfield Poly transitioned into the University of Hertfordshire, and Andrew eventually retired as Director of Studies and Chair of the Board of Examiners, Social Science.

In retirement Andrew continued his lifelong passion for military history, and in spite of indifferent health, was still giving occasional presentations to the Letchworth military history society until his death.

Andrew suffered from poor health throughout his retirement. He had serious heart problems, advancing Parkinson's Disease, and leukaemia. Typical of Andrew, he used to joke that he couldn't wait to see which condition got him first! Ironically, he was felled by Covid-19.

Andrew is survived by his widow, the lovely Judith, whom he married over twenty years ago and who belatedly brought him the happiness and contentment that he craved and deserved. Thank you, Judith.

Chris Frew L, Habs 1956-63

Sir Thomas Harris. Died 12th October 2021



Thomas Harris was enjoying a quiet retirement when he found himself back in the public eye in 2019, having been inadvertently caught up in the dispute about the Duke of York's alleged sexual encounter with 17-year-old Virginia Roberts at Jeffrey Epstein's New York home in April 2001.

In his interview with Newsnight Prince Andrew claimed that on the night in question he was staying at Harris's official residence as consul-general. Harris responded in a newspaper interview that he had "no recollection" of the prince staying and that, given there was no mention of the stay in the Court Circular, "it doesn't sound like he stayed with me".

It was not the first time that Harris had been thrown into the epicentre of events. The duke's purported visit was in the same year as the 9/11 terrorist attacks on the US and Harris's role meant that he was a key figure in the British response. Most immediately he kept the British government informed about what was actually happening on that bewildering and traumatic day as hijacked jets crashed into the two towers of the World Trade Center in Manhattan. Later he hosted top-level visitors from London to New York in the aftermath of

the attack, including members of the royal family, one of whom was the Duke of York, and the prime minister, Tony Blair.

Meanwhile, his office and home also became the focal point for a great humanitarian challenge, co-ordinating the search for British victims of the attacks, and assisting and consoling their families as they desperately sought information. He and his staff helped to organise memorial services while protecting individuals from intrusive media attention. He was knighted in 2002 in recognition of his role in the crisis.

Harris was always proud of his ability to mix easily with people of all backgrounds, something he attributed partly to his own upbringing in a world distant from that of many in the diplomatic elite. Thomas George Harris was born into a working-class household in north London in 1945, the son of Kenneth, a skilled tool-maker, and Doris (née Phillips), whose parents had been immigrants to Britain from southern Italy. They had lived after their marriage in a small rented flat above a shop.

He showed early academic ability and with the aid of local authority scholarships and inspirational teachers at Haberdashers' Aske's school he won a place to study history at Cambridge aged 16. Rather than going straight to university he took an extended gap year to travel abroad for the first time, working as a construction worker in West Germany and then hitchhiking with a friend around the Middle East, north Africa and the Mediterranean.

During his university studies he won a travel scholarship to embark on another journey which, he believed, was the turning point in his life. In 1963 he took the Trans-Siberian railway en route to Japan to study a collection of English labour history documents held at a Tokyo university. On his first evening there he met Mei-Ling Hwang, daughter of a Taiwanese pearl dealer, who was studying in the US and spoke four languages. After maintaining a long-distance relationship they married in 1967 in London and had an unconventional honeymoon, accompanied by Harris's new mother-in-law because of a problem with return flights to Japan.

They were married for 54 years, with Mei-Ling building a successful floristry business based in London while supporting her husband in his diplomatic life. They had three sons, Ian, Simon, and Paul, all of whom had careers in finance.

Harris had come top in the 1966 civil service entrance exam and began his Whitehall career as a high flyer working for the Board of Trade. He was private secretary to ministers including Michael Heseltine and John Nott. His international interests and linguistic ability secured him postings to the British embassy in Japan to promote UK exports and as a commercial and trade specialist in Washington, after which he moved permanently to the Diplomatic Service. Initially he worked in Nigeria and on a range of crises in Somalia, Rwanda and Sierra Leone as head of the Foreign Office's Equatorial Africa Department.

In 1992 he was appointed British ambassador to the Republic of Korea in Seoul. It was an auspicious time, with the country in the midst of what he called “unrelenting economic growth and prosperity” as it embraced global trade and finally emerged from the long shadow of the Korean war. Memories of his first travels in east Asia as a student back in the 1960s had given Harris a strong sense of how dramatic this change had been. Years of double-digit economic growth, he recalled later, had “replaced the refugee squatter camps I recall from my first visits to Seoul”.

As well as fostering much closer trading relationships between South Korea and Britain, Harris also helped to encourage cultural links, including a quadrupling in the number of Korean students studying in the UK. John Major visited the country as prime minister during Harris’s final year there.

Although trade and commercial relations may have been most prominent in his work, Harris was also closely involved in monitoring the nuclear threat posed by the paranoid communist dictatorship in North Korea. Much later, in 2010, he visited there when working as a banker and was deeply shocked by “a country which combines a nuclear technology capability with an economic system which cannot feed its people”. He saw great poverty, with the masses unable to afford basic transport, buildings unheated and in darkness owing to lack of power, and intense repression by the authorities. Although he normally relished any kind of travel, visiting 166 countries, in this case he left “with no wish ever to return”.

After his time as ambassador in Seoul, Harris had a brief spell back in Whitehall as director-general of the UK’s trade and investment organisation. However, he found managing change in such a large Whitehall entity less appealing than diplomatic work abroad so was pleased to take up his post as UK’s director-general for trade and investment and consul-general in New York in 1999.

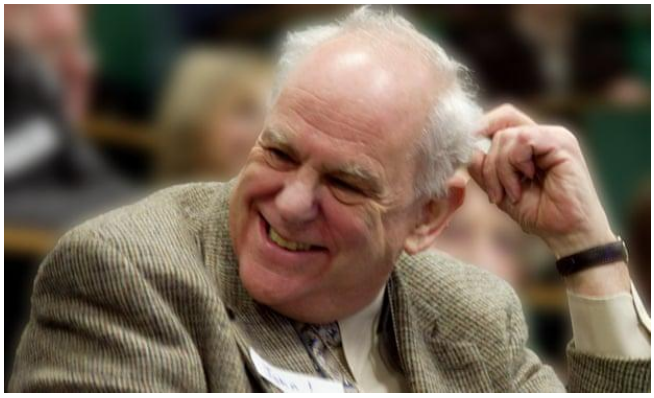
In 2004, after retiring from the Diplomatic Service, he became vice-chairman of Standard Chartered Bank, using his Asian contacts and expertise in particular, with frequent visits back to South Korea. He was also a trustee of the Imperial War Museum.

His awkward moment regarding Prince Andrew apart, Harris enjoyed his retirement from public life by lecturing on history to local groups in north London, supporting his beloved Tottenham Hotspur, and spending time with his sons and grandchildren. He always encouraged in them a love of travel, whether to far-flung places or simply a new part of London, searching for the kind of new experiences and encounters which had so transformed his own life in the 1960s.

Sir Thomas Harris, diplomat, was born on February 6, 1945. He died of undisclosed causes on October 12, 2021, aged 76.

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John Mitchell. Died November 2020



My father, John Mitchell, who has died aged 75, was the founder of Carbohydrate Polymers, a scientific journal which grew from humble roots to become one of the publisher Elsevier's lead journals. John recognised the need for this much-needed outlet for research into polysaccharide science – the branch of food technology focused on the carbohydrates found most often in plants, algae and micro-organisms

Born in north London, the son of Albert Mitchell, who was in charge of general election campaigns for the Conservative party, and Marjorie (nee Woodcock), a homemaker, John attended the Haberdasher's Aske's school for boys, followed by Newcastle University, where he read physics. He married a fellow student, Susan Simpson, in 1967 and they raised three children. They divorced in 1988.

John's first job was at Unilever, where he played a key role in developing the formula for Quavers crisps. At Unilever, he discovered a deep interest in food technology and left to study for his PhD at Nottingham University in 1970.

At Nottingham, John was appointed a lecturer, reader and in 1993 professor of food technology, latterly emeritus. Described by his colleague Christopher Gregson as "the Patrick Moore of the food materials science world", John was an engaging teacher. Undergraduates relished lectures as John walked across the dais with, say, one foot stuck in a wastepaper bin, or trying in vain to put his hands in the pockets of his inside-out lab-coat. Before his inaugural lecture, colleagues had to attach multiple safety pins to stop his academic gown from falling off.

In 2005 he was a founding member of the European Polysaccharide Network of Excellence (EPNOE), a platform for sharing research and expertise. In 2008 John was awarded the Food Hydrocolloids Trust Medal, a recognition of influential knowledge leaders in the food material science area. In setting up global research networks, John was grateful to be able to travel widely and valued the strong friendships he built with colleagues around the world.

In 2003, he set up his own company, Biopolymer Solutions, to provide scientific consultancy services to manufacturers across the pharmaceutical, biomaterials and ingredients sectors. John enjoyed helping both small and large companies. He used his knowledge to create products ranging from novel breakfast cereals to gelled pet foods.

A true polymath, John played chess for London and Hertfordshire and later for Leicestershire. He was an active member of Loughborough Chess Club for 50 years and was committed to helping the development of junior chess players. He loved music, playing the piano and clarinet, and travelling widely with his second wife, Margaret (nee Hill), whom he married in 1993. He knew everything about politics and economics. A kind and generous man, with a strong social conscience, he always went out of his way to help people.

He is survived by Margaret, his children, Hugh, Rose and me, and his granddaughters, Tess and Juliette.

Written by Johanna Mitchell in The Guardian

Roger Skinner (Died 6th April 2019)





"He was Wasps through and through and the whole family have lived, slept and breathed the Club since he joined from school."

Roger joined Haberdashers' from Mercers' School in the fourth form after it had closed down. Upon leaving Elstree in 1963 he played one full season for OHRFC before joining Wasps where he was a regular 1st team player from the 60s and 70s (even turning out for Wasps on his honeymoon!), the Club's Keeper of records (with a keen eye for accuracy, often keeping Wasps' AGM on the right track), a Middlesex CRFU rep & much, much more besides.

During his time at Wasps he would play the odd game for OHRFC including tour attendance if time allowed it.

Off the field, Roger was in the management department at St George's Hospital on Hyde Park Corner and he and his wife, Margaret, have been key members of Wasps Society of Devoted Supporters fundraiser for many years - Roger as Master of Ceremonies and Margaret organising an ever expanding raffle.

Rob Newton, Wasps Former Players' Admin, added, "For me personally, Wellies was a good mate and we played rugby for many years. He was a great Nomad and Easter tourist and was renowned for his reverse pass which didn't actually go to anyone in particular but went far enough for one of us to actually latch onto it. He was a fairly good hooker with his feet but a much better one using his head!

We are all going to miss the opportunity to dunk his tie in his beer glass. Over the years he was never quick enough to stop us. Wellies, we will all miss you mate."

Bryan Heiser

Bryan Heiser, who has died of polio aged 67, spent most of his adult life fighting for the rights of the disadvantaged and, through the poetry he wrote, highlighting life's subtle twists and turns. He was perhaps best known as the pioneer of Dial-a-Ride, a free door-to-door scheme for people with disabilities who cannot use public transport, which was launched in London in 1980 and now operates throughout Britain.

Born in Rugeley, Staffordshire, Bryan was brought up in Finchley, north London. He won a scholarship to Haberdashers' Aske's school in Elstree, Hertfordshire, then went on to read philosophy, politics and economics at Durham University and, on a Fulbright scholarship, at Harvard.

Bryan contracted polio at the age of 27 on a hedonistic trip to Morocco. He found himself paralysed and in an iron lung and from that point on always used a wheelchair. But, as Bryan put it: "It isn't what you've got, it's how you use it: if you define the race you needn't lose it!"

For 17 years from 1980, he worked for Camden borough council in London – latterly as an internal ombudsman, helping to solve the problems of local residents. Bryan also undertook a research project on the lot of under-fives in the borough. He launched the first Dial-a-Ride in Camden, with funding from the Manpower Services Commission and later a grant from Camden council to buy the special vehicles required. Within a few years, with support from the Greater London Council, the scheme had expanded throughout London, and then, with government funding, around the UK.

As an independent consultant, Bryan was appointed by Hillingdon council to investigate the disputed ownership of Stockley Park, a large piece of land to be developed within the west London borough. Then, in 2001, the health minister, John Hutton, appointed him to the National Care Standards Commission, describing Bryan as "a leading player in the development of disabled and older people's rights and services".

In 2000, Bryan had been appointed special adviser on disability to the board of Transport for London and he continued in this role through Ken Livingstone's two terms as mayor. Bryan played a role in making TfL buses wheelchair-accessible, and this was one of his proudest achievements. He was an ardent supporter of bendy buses, which provoked lively debate with some of his more entrenched London friends.

With a passionate interest in the arts, Bryan was chair of Drake Music, a technology and music charity providing disabled musicians of all ages with routes into music. He was an

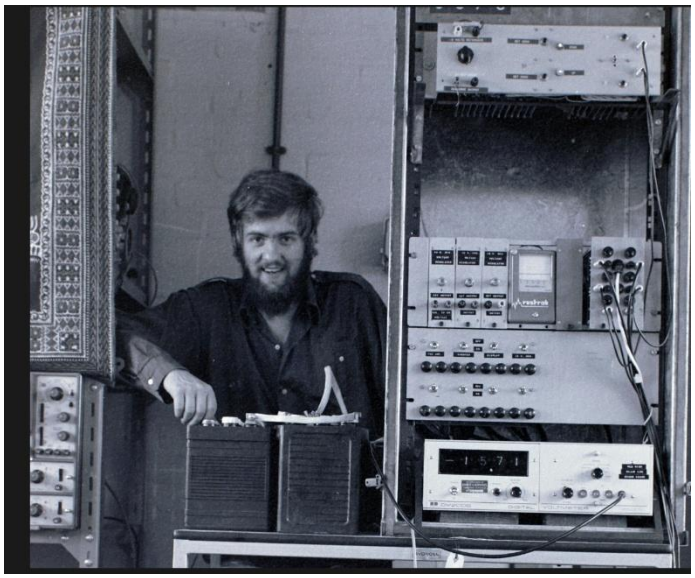
active member of the Poetry Society, running a weekly poetry group in his house in Camden until, in 2005, we moved to Norfolk, where he embarked on a master's degree in creative writing at the University of East Anglia.

We met in 1997 and married in 2005. I survive him, along with Thomas and Olivia, the children of his first marriage, to Sue.

David John (died 1998)

1962

Geoffrey King died July 2026



My father, Geoffrey King, who has died aged 82, was a prolific research scientist whose papers on geophysics have been cited more than 30,000 times. His most influential contribution was a 1994 paper, published in the Bulletin of the Seismological Society of America, that revolutionised earthquake forecasting.

After early work at Cambridge University, he moved to the US in 1987 to work at the US Geological Survey in Colorado and then in 1990 to France, where he spent 20 happy years as a research professor at the Institut de Physique du Globe in Paris. He became a naturalised Frenchman and greatly enjoyed telling me how much better France was than the UK.

Born in Kampala, Uganda, Geoffrey was one of the four children of Peggy (nee Wells) and Basil King, both British geologists. Basil was working with the Uganda Geological Survey mapping the Rift Valley. When Basil was appointed to the staff of Glasgow University, the family returned to the UK. Geoffrey went to school in Glasgow, a city he adored, and then Haberdashers' boys' school in Elstree, Hertfordshire. There his final school report ominously said, "[Geoffrey] must appreciate that the future is shaped in the present: it would be a great pity if his ambitions were not realised through a want of determined application."

But at Durham University, my father found himself, albeit by way of all the exciting new freedoms the 1960s offered. He loved ideas and exploring the new; asking questions was exciting, questioning orthodoxy essential. He went on to gain a first in applied physics and

then a Cambridge PhD spent in a disused railway tunnel in Yorkshire designing better instruments to record earthquakes.

Geoffrey and his father may remain the only people to have had a (terrible, but scientifically accurate) poem published in the scientific journal Nature. About plate tectonics, it appeared in 1971 – the opening lines read “They put a girdle around the Earth/And named it the Worldwide Rift/It helps explain the ocean floor/And Continental Drift”.

The work possibly closest to his heart came later, when he explored how seismically active landscapes gave early humans a survival advantage – the cliffs and rocky features provide natural places to hide, hunt and farm.

When he left the UK in the 1980s, in part, this was disgust at the Thatcher government’s policies on tertiary education. I also suspect he annoyed his stuffier academic colleagues, who tried to get him to stick to orthodoxy or – even worse - do some administration.

As a personality, he was mischievous. As a father, he was a whirlwind - fun and always a little rebellious. He adored socialising – being among like-minded people from a range of disciplines was a joy. From his flat in Paris on the right bank of the Seine, he hosted large dinner parties full of wine, cheese and rabbit stews made in an enormous slow cooker. Last year, he told me with conviction: “I’ve had an amazing life.”

Geoffrey and my mother, Anna, separated when I was young. He is survived by me, three grandchildren, Esmé, Juno and Benedict, and his younger twin siblings, Peter and Diana.

Thanks to Sophie Willetts-King in The Guardian

Gavin Weightman

The documentary film-maker, journalist and author Gavin Weightman, who has died aged 77 after a long-term illness, was one of a number of talented young programme-makers who were recruited in the late 1970s and early 80s to work in the current affairs and features departments of London Weekend Television. As producer and director, Weightman’s outstanding contribution was The Making of Modern London (1983-85), a long-running series that documented the social history of the capital from 1815 to the then present day. What made it stand out was its extensive use of living memory to drive the narrative. Since then, testimony or oral history has become a common feature in documentary TV film-making.

The first series, Heart of the Empire, covered the London of Dickens, Queen Victoria and the Edwardians. In one episode, a 90-year-old Lady Charlotte Bonham Carter recalled the terrible mess horse-drawn traffic made in London’s streets, and how she suffered the indignity of wading through rain-soaked manure to attend a lunch at St James’s Palace. By contrast, Eastender Ted Harrison remembered family “holidays” spent hop-picking in Kent, leaving home at midnight to be there on time. The programmes used extensive archive film, often unearthing unseen footage, innovative rostrum camera work and specially written music to bring each individual memory to life.

Born in Gosforth, Northumberland, Gavin was the son of Doreen (nee Wade), a teacher and translator, and John Weightman, a broadcaster and later professor of French. During the war, John had been the only non-French newsreader for the BBC French Service. The bulletins he delivered sometimes carried coded messages and he often transmitted from the same studios as Charles de Gaulle. Gavin’s love of French food, wine and culture was

passed on through his parents. The family lived in West Hampstead, London, but, spending summers near the Northumberland hills, Gavin also learned to love the outdoors and appreciate wildlife.

At primary school Gavin was captain of football and cricket. His secondary education began with a scholarship to Haberdashers' boys school, Hertfordshire. By all accounts he did not thrive there and left aged 17 to begin a career as a journalist on local papers – first a stint on the Brighton and Evening Argus and then the Richmond and Twickenham Times (or the "Ricky-Twicky Times" as he fondly called it). Half a dozen reporters and editors would be crammed together in a tiny newsroom, all hammering away on 30s-era typewriters amid a dense fug of cigarette smoke. Standing out was Gavin, a tall and decidedly crumpled figure. His old friend the Canadian Broadcasting journalist Brian Stewart recalled Gavin "pouring out copy with ease, offering advice to everyone else on their writing and generally keeping everyone in stitches with gossip".

After five years on local papers, in 1967 he began a degree course in sociology as a mature student at Bedford College, London University, where he developed a keen interest in social and economic history, especially the Industrial Revolution.

On graduation he spent time working for a newspaper group, writing for local papers. In 1974 he joined the staff of New Society magazine, writing features on a huge range of subjects. He was simply interested in everything – from Industrial Revolution housing to nudist camps in the postwar era and even the history of poaching. The Industrial Revolutionaries, 2007, by Gavin Weightman.

While there, he happened to answer the phone to somebody from LWT current affairs calling to invite another journalist to apply for a job. Gavin took the message, then said, can I apply? He did and got the job, as reporter on The London Programme (1978-82), then, for a year, as its presenter. I was working there as a reporter at the time, and he and I became great friends. His voice was perfect for narration, but getting a man accustomed to a crumpled look to trade up to the suit and tie then required of presenters was always going to be an uphill struggle. What is more, by his own admission, Gavin never really mastered the technique of being able to walk and talk at the same time – another essential for being on screen.

After a brief spell on The Six O' Clock Show, he gradually devoted more of his time to producing and directing films for the features department. His interest in social history made him the ideal choice to produce, direct and narrate not only the first 12 films of the Making of Modern London series (1983-84) but subsequently two wildlife series – City Safari (1986) and Brave New Wilderness (1990) – and a series on the history of the River Thames (1990), all of which had accompanying books.

When Gavin left LWT in 1991 to set up his own production company, he made more social history programmes for Channel 4, but increasingly concentrated on writing. He wrote more than 20 books ranging from Signor Marconi's Magic Box (2003) to The Industrial Revolutionaries (2007). His most successful, The Frozen Water Trade (2003), told the history of exporting ice around the world from a frozen Massachusetts lake. It was serialised on Radio 4.

To his many friends Gavin was great company, loved for his ready wit and easy charm. Many a meal round his kitchen table ended with him playing a mean blues on his vintage Gibson guitar.

Gavin's first marriage, to Myra Wilkins, ended in divorce. He is survived by his second wife, Clare Beaton, a children's author & illustrator, whom he married in 2009 after a long-term partnership, their son, Tom, his children, Lucie and Ben, from his first marriage, two stepchildren, Jack and Kate, three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, and his sister, Jane.

Thanks to The Guardian

Anthony "Tony" Alexander Died 11th April 2020



Tony Alexander touched a lot of people's lives. His influence was felt in whatever he was involved. He was born in Birmingham, 11th January 1945 his mother and Father, Sheila and Terry and the family was completed with brother Nigel born Nov 1952

He was brought up in brought up in North West London and went to Haberdashers Askes School at Hampstead, and latterly Elstree, following his Father and subsequently his Brother

He left school in 1962 and worked for a company in Tottenham. He caught the bus every morning at 6.30am along the North Circular Road until he bought his first car – a Sunbeam Talbot, put on some weight, joined the TA Parachute regiment, did his jumps to get his wings and started playing Rugby for the Old Haberdashers

Married to Angela in 1966 and moved with his work to Newcastle under Lyme. He played rugby for his local club and played at county level for Staffordshire and daughter Jennifer born in 1969

His career in Distribution and Logistics developed and they moved to the North East of England, to Ryton outside Newcastle. Tim was born a Geordie in 1971. Tony grew his love of the place and people of that part of the country as well as an encyclopaedic knowledge of the best pubs in the area.

Work brought them back to London in 1976 and in due course he set up his own Warehousing and Distribution Company, which was to define his subsequent business career. Terry and Sheila died in 1978. As Nigel recalled, Angela gave love and support to them both at that very difficult time. Tony re-started playing Rugby for OH and became a regular member of the first XV alongside his brother. They really enjoyed playing together, Tony maintained, but Nigel disagrees, that their father never saw them in the same OH side. Someone needs to check the facts, something that never bothers the Alexanders!

Tony moved to Bushey and Maggie became the most significant part of his life. His business ventures ebbed and flowed but despite some major setbacks and challenges, he always managed to find a way through. It was that determination to succeed and never give up which has marked the last twenty five years of his life. Maggie has been a constant loving partner providing support advice and consistency to him during this time. Tony joined her in collecting for the RNLI, and she was always by his side at many official and social functions as Tony became deeply involved in all aspects of the Old Haberdashers Association and the Old Haberdashers Rugby Club. He also became the almoner of the Old Haberdashers Lodge and, through that organisation, he extended help and support to many families and to those who had fallen ill. Tony and Maggie regularly played Golf together and he enjoyed the Tennis Club socials that he was at with her. At the last occasion that Tony attended, a Rugby Club Past Players lunch, she was alongside him with her warmth and smile.

The delight which he had in his Children and Grandchildren and his own family, as well as Maggie's extended family was evident. He liked nothing better than having as many of the family together as possible for a summer party in the garden at Little Bushey Lane. Maggie and he travelled to the Caribbean and around the Mediterranean on holidays and lately developed a taste for cruising the great rivers of Europe. Wherever he was he would make sure that everybody knew and that he was having a great time with a glass of "Something Local" in a picture.

To his absolute delight the Old Haberdashers Rugby club have had ten years of outstanding success. He would be found on the touchline at most games, encouraging the players, advising the referee on technical aspects and admonishing opposition supporters. But after the game he could be found in the Clubhouse with a beer, talking with players and supporters of all sides, always interested and engaged. When you met him, be it the first time or had known him for many years, he was there alongside you as a significant presence.

As somebody has already said, the World will be a duller place without him. He lived for the moment and the moment lived in him.

Robert Pascall - Died June 2018



Robert Pascall, the musicologist and Brahms scholar, has died aged 74. His dedication to Brahms (and slight resemblance to him) was lifelong, from his DPhil at Oxford to the crowning glory of his career: new critical editions of the Brahms Symphonies for the complete edition of the composer's works published between 1996 and 2012.

Robert's excitement when he made new discoveries during this project was a wonderful thing to behold, his eyes sparkling with pleasure as he shared his latest finds. His prefaces

to these editions are definitive studies of the sources, and his final project was completing the book Brahms Symphonist.

Robert was also an outstanding analyst of music, relishing the chance to explain the intricacies of Schenkerian analysis to students. He derived particular pleasure from seeing the fruits of his scholarship put into practice and nowhere was this more apparent than in collaborations with conductors – Roger Norrington, John Eliot Gardiner, Marin Alsop and Charles Mackerras – who shared his interest in historically informed performance.

Mackerras conducted Brahms's First Symphony with the Nottingham University Orchestra at a gala concert launching the appeal for a new arts centre. This soon became a reality, the music department in 1994 moving to a handsome new building with the Djanogly recital hall as its centrepiece. Robert secured the funding and played a vital part in its construction and acoustic design.

Robert was the elder of two sons of Eleanor and Philip Pascall. His father was a civil servant, who, during the second world war, worked for the Department of Food and Agriculture in Wales, where Robert was born, in Colwyn Bay. Later the family returned to London, where Robert went to school at Haberdashers' Aske's in Hampstead. As a member of the Finchley Children's Music Group, he played for Benjamin Britten.

At Oxford University, where he was organ scholar of Keble College (1962-65), Robert studied music with John Caldwell, Egon Wellesz and Jack Westrup. He completed his DPhil in 1973 with the thesis Formal Principles in the Music of Brahms. He had joined Nottingham University as a lecturer in the music department in 1968, becoming professor in 1988.

After leaving Nottingham, in 1998 Robert took up the chair in music at Bangor University. On his retirement in 2005, he became emeritus professor at both Nottingham and Bangor, and in 2009 an honorary professor of music philology at Cambridge. In the same year he was made an honorary member of the Royal Musical Association.

He was devoted to his family and immensely proud of their achievements.

He met Jill Gregory in Oxford when they were both undergraduates, at a rehearsal of Bach's St John Passion, in which he was playing the harpsichord and she the cello; they married in 1969. Jill, who is now emeritus professor of social policy at Nottingham, survives him, as do their children, Sophie, Hugh and Clara and grandchildren, Esme and Otto.

The Guardian 25th June 2018

Peter WESCOTT (1955 - 1962)
died in June 1991

I remember Peter most from our days at school where he demonstrated a maturity and presence much beyond his years. Nonetheless he had a delightful sense of humour which would manifest itself in league with others of us, often intent on mirth at the expense of a master or someone in authority.

Peter was a good all-rounder, both academically and on the sporting field, where he was captain of the First XV. He became Head Boy and took a place at Gonville and Caius in

History, having shown his determination and ability to work hard, rather than rely solely on innate talent.

In later life, Peter was an ambitious and determined man who undertook a range of entrepreneurial ventures which many others would not have dared. He had business courage although finally it was his business misfortunes which led to his sad death in June last year. Peter will be well remembered as an exceptional Old Haberdasher who dared to succeed.

Peter Felix

It was during our last at school - the first at Elstree - that I became aware of the high standards which Peter set himself and for which I always admired him. A fearless flanker, he was always there in the midst of the fray - often to the white knuckled dismay of mother on the touchline! In the prefect's room he was a supportive and dependable deputy school captain before taking over the senior position himself. Subsequently Peter became a lifelong friend whose career and family life I knew from his Cambridge days, through the early accountancy stage to his eventual and established family and entrepreneurial years at Cookham Dean.

Peter will be remembered for his roguish sense of humour and love of pranks. This contrasted with a sometimes reserved and more serious self that was equally engaging to those who knew him well.

It is a great sadness for all his friends, his father Lionel, and particularly for Judy and their two teenage children that Peter is no longer amongst us. Let them and us remember the fun he was, his loyal friendship and his determination to succeed.

Bill Lewes

Having played for the Colts and B2 XV, while still at the school, Peter restarted his 0HRFC career in 1965-66, after coming down from Cambridge. Although not taking his football too seriously, during his four post-graduate seasons, he appeared in five of the remaining six sides in operation at the time, missing out the 1st XV. Accordingly, half of his sporadic appearances were with the W and 'C', in which there were quite a number of players of his own calibre, albeit of rather ancient vintage. His last game was on 25/1/69, when the 'C' drew with Alleynians - just before the onset of several weeks of ice and snow. His membership of the Association coincided with its formation in 1962/63.

1961

Richard Woolnough

Died 21st April 2024



Richard left Haberdashers at the same time as Haberdashers left Westbere Road, in 1961. He joined Harrods as a trainee menswear buyer and was a contemporary of C Rodney B Jakeman at the London department store. Richard duly became a buyer in the menswear department at Harrods before having similar appointments at Woollands, Dickins & Jones and Harvey Nichols before joining Burberry in Haymarket as their chief menswear buyer. In 1982 he and his wife of 12 years, Rosemary moved to Bermuda where he had been appointed menswear buyer at Trimingham's, the island's largest department store.

Richard remained with Trimingham's for some 20 years during which time he set up the Bermuda Railway Co, an offshoot which sold clothes that appealed to a younger clientele. In the early 2000s, after leaving Trimingham's, he established his own business designing websites which he ran for about 15 years or so. He was 80 when he died and is survived by his wife.

Tony Weston

Died April 2020



Tony, who has died at the age of 78 was a remarkable man. During his time at Westbere Road many of us will remember him as an individualistic presence in the art room, where he was a protégé of art master Roy Keevil. Tony was also a member of the Boat Club, and rowed at No 4 in the school first eight in 1960, competing with some success in the Tideway and Reading 'Head of the River' races as well as in numerous tideway regattas.

Throughout his life Tony was creative in the true sense of the word. When he left school, he went to work at the (then) London County Council (LCC) as a draughtsman. But not for long - in between commuting he was restoring old houses to a professional level, including the Nuthampstead house (Bundle's Barn) that he, and his wife Bundle, eventually lived in. But that wasn't enough: in addition to being an accomplished potter, he also taught himself the skills of making stringed instruments. Not in any amateur fashion; 12 cellos, 15 violas, two double bass and a violin – all sold to professional musicians except for one quartet, which he kept. The Nuthampstead house even incorporated a small theatre – Tony was a keen and competent actor and excellent singer. But above all, he was also an accomplished poet – in the 1970s he telephoned me seeking guidance on obtaining a passport quickly. He had been nominated as the poet of the year by the United States Poetry Association and at short notice needed to go to New York to collect the award. He published numerous volumes of poetry; the last one 'That Cardboard Boy' was published by Winwaloe at the end of January 2020 as was the previous volume, 'Might Have Been Nice.'

In later years, Tony volunteered to organise the weekly Cambridge Craft Market on Trinity Street. He would demonstrate the art of throwing his beautiful pots in the market, as well as selling them to visitors from all over the world. And Bundle would sell her exquisite enamel brooches on the stall next door to him. They were always a close, affectionate team.

Tony Axon 24th April 2020

The picture used is a self portrait painted in the last few weeks of Tony's life

David Seaman

Died 19th May 2018



David Seaman died on the 19th May 2018 (OH informed Dec 2019) in Cardiff, which had been his home since the 1980s. Born in Hendon during the Second World War, his family moved to Mill Hill soon afterwards, where they lived for the next 20 years or so.

David played the piano from a very early age, rattled through his graded examinations and then attended the Royal Academy of Music in his early teens. He attended Haberdashers' Aske's School Hampstead before going to St Catharine's College, Cambridge to study Music, obtaining both Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Music degrees. Whilst at Cambridge, David won a prize for his arrangement of the Coventry Carol, which was then performed by the choir of King's College in the Chapel.

After Cambridge David studied conducting at the Guildhall School of Music in London. He trained as a repetiteur at the London Opera Centre and toured the UK with Opera for All.

Applying for positions in the UK he was told he was too inexperienced, so David applied for and was awarded a scholarship to study conducting in Hamburg. This set him up for the next 12 or so years, leading to positions as a repetiteur at Deutsche Oper Am Rhein in Düsseldorf, as 2nd Kapellmeister for Städtische Buhnen in Nürnberg and 1st Kapellmeister for Landestheatre in Coburg. In 1974, during his time in Nürnberg, he co-founded Pocket Opera Company (POC), Germany's oldest independent opera company, which presented alternative full-length productions of operas, initially using David's own reduced orchestrations and then branching out as it became established. David continued to work as Musical Director of POC until 2003, adding to his library of arrangements which were toured extensively, both in Europe and throughout the world. The company still prospers to this day.

David and his wife Christine, who met in Germany where she was a ballet dancer, decided to return to the UK when the eldest of their three children reached school age. With 12 years of work in Germany behind him, David now found he was too experienced for the positions he sought in the UK. However, he was offered a role at Welsh National Opera (WNO) as Conductor and Assistant Chorusmaster and the family moved to Cardiff in the mid-1980s.

Following from his success with POC, he conducted his version of Hansel and Gretel for WNO as the first of their circuit tours, which took opera to chamber theatres across

Wales and the South West of England. The huge success of the first tour led to WNO commissioning David to arrange and conduct three more operas - Don Pasquale, Macbeth and finally La Cenerentola. Amongst his credits were the preparation of musical editions and then conducting the Orchestra and Chorus of WNO in animated versions of operas including The Magic Flute, which you can still find on YouTube.

In all, David prepared reduced orchestration versions of over 20 operas, from the best loved repertoire pieces such as Carmen and La Traviata to less well-known operas like Der Vampyr (Marschner), which played all over the world, including the USA, Mexico, Japan and New Zealand as well as many European venues. He did not confine himself to mainstream operas either, working on a number of other arrangements such as John Eaton's Songplay, with music by Kurt Weill, which he conducted in Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. He continued to write and to arrange throughout his life, always exploring new ideas, such as his swing arrangement of Die Fledermaus (Swinging Fledermaus) and his own opera.

David's approach to arrangements was to build from scratch with what was indispensable to the music rather than stripping away instruments from the full score. His scores have been performed by a variety of companies across the world, to great international acclaim. His famous and world's first Der Ring an einem Abend (yes, Wagner's full Ring-cycle, condensed into one evening) has been particularly successful, with performances in Germany, the UK, all over North America and elsewhere. "The edition works so succinctly, one scarcely notices that about ten hours of music are missing" – Die Zeit

David was loved and respected by the singers at WNO, with whom he worked tirelessly and always enthusiastically, coaching and helping them prepare for their operatic performances.

As well as being a wonderful pianist he was also a consummate organist and played at various churches in the Cardiff area over the years. When not working on operas for WNO, coaching singers, accompanying them in recitals, or working with other instrumentalists, he loved to take music into the community. Through playing in small scale recitals with singers and players to founding a community-based opera company with family and friends to take small budget productions of operas like Hansel and Gretel to towns and villages that could not support large touring groups, he did all he could to spread the joy of his art.

Russ Hakes

Died 28th October 2018



It is with much sadness that the family of Russell Barrington Hakes announce his unexpected passing on Sunday, October 28th, 2018 at the age of 73 years. Russ is lovingly remembered by his wife, Joan; his sons, Andrew (Jacqui) and Ian (Julie); his grandchildren Ronan, Sara, Bailey, and Ben; and numerous other friends and colleagues. He was predeceased by his father, William, and his mother, Euphemia. Russ touched many lives in the Stony Plain, Spruce Grove, Edmonton, and Winnipeg areas.

Dr John Buckingham (passed away August 2015)

John left Haberdashers' with an enthusiasm for chemistry and won a First at the University of Southampton before gaining his D.Phil from the University of Sussex**,** which was followed by work in Switzerland and Sheffield before assuming a role as lecturer in Chemistry at Westfield College, part of London University. In 1978 he co-authored *The Atlas of Stereo Chemistry,* co-authored with the highly regarded Chemist, Professor William Klyne.

In the early 1980s John left academic life to become Editor of the *Dictionary of Organic Compounds*, a complex challenge as the Dictionary had not been brought up to date for a number of years. The Dictionary was finally republished in 1987 and John continued to remain an expert in the field of natural products, contributing to other books and journals.

John also wrote books for general readers. In 2006 he used his literary prowess and scientific knowledge to write *Chasing the Molecule* about the history of Chemistry as a science, acclaimed as “a very different book, verging on a novel in style with the discipline of a reference text”. In *Bitter Nemesis* (2007), he explored the history of strychnine, first as a medicine and then as a poison throughout Western Europe.

He was still working when he died. He was the co-author of the *Desk Companion of Natural Products*which is to be published posthumously in November, and will include a dedication.

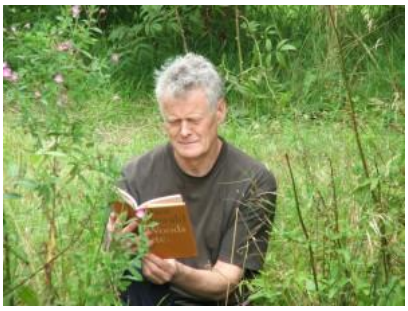
John loved playing Bridge, a valuable life skill that he gained at Habs' and founded a Bridge Club in the South West of France where he lived in his latter years. He also adored classic cars and sadly he was killed in a road accident in Austria in August of this year. He leaves behind two daughters, four grandchildren and one great grand daughter.

John SV Green (died in 1990)

Simon J. ENGLISH (1955-56)
died early 1999

As a member of Russell's house, Simon English's interests were towards cricket and cross country and was a keen member of the S.S.U. Leaving in 1961 he was an occasional visitor to Borehamwood for social events and was a member of the O.H. Rifle Club where he was a keen shooter in a number of disciplines. Simon shot regularly at veterans meetings as well as the L.M.R.A. league.961 he took up a career in mechanical engineering.

Roger Deakin (1943 - 1996)



Copy of Roger's Obituary from the Daily Telegraph dated 22 Aug 2006

Roger Deakin, who died on Saturday aged 63, was a writer, documentary-maker and environmentalist; he enjoyed a considerable following among those who care about the environment, particularly about the fields, rivers, waterways and trees of England.

Deakin wrote highly readable articles about these and other matters for newspapers and magazines, including The Daily Telegraph and BBC Wildlife. He was a co-founder and trustee of Common Ground, the group that promotes and celebrates the interdependence of nature and culture. One of its activities of which he was particularly fond was the promotion of "Apple Day", a celebration of the English apple and its trees.

What brought him international fame, however, was his book Waterlog (1999), which recounted his adventures during his self-appointed mission to swim across Britain from Cornwall to the east coast. He swam across bays, up and down rivers, along canals, through lakes and ponds and, on one occasion, a swimming pool.

The undertaking was inspired by John Cheever's short story about a young man who swims home across his neighbours' pools after a party on Long Island. Deakin believed not only in the right to roam but also in the right to swim.

Beyond all his learning, his ability to connect with other people and his gentleness, he had an unconventional streak. He believed in what he called "Wild Swimming", feeling that nature was there to be energetically enjoyed.

Waterlog was written in a style that was perceptive, learned, amused, and typically self-effacing, and its insights into the countryside as well as into the condition of England itself won it admirers as far afield as Australia, Japan and California.

As a sequel to that success, Deakin embarked on a journey which was to take him across the ancient woods of the world, covering hundreds of miles on foot, traversing the woodland and forests of more than a dozen countries including Portugal, Belarus, Ukraine, Poland, Lithuania, the Czech Republic, Kazakhstan, Kyrgystan and Australia. During this odyssey he was attacked by dogs, stalked by a wolf, shot at by a peasant who thought he was a bear, and confronted by a venomous King Brown snake as he crawled up a gully in Australia.

Happily, before he became ill he was able to complete his book Wildwood: A Journey through Trees, and he had a meeting with his editor from Hamish Hamilton several days before he died. Part memoir, part natural history, part travelogue, the book examines the mutually dependent relationship between human beings and trees.

Roger Stuart Deakin was born on February 11 1943 at Watford. His family was originally from the Midlands, and his father worked as a railway clerk. Roger was educated at Haberdashers' Aske's School, Hampstead, and Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he read English under the guidance of Kingsley Amis.

After Cambridge he went into advertising as a copywriter. His accounts included one for Royal Navy recruitment, and he would later recall how he spent days on an ageing destroyer sweeping for imaginary submarines off Portland; when the moment came to return to port, the captain put the ship almost on her side, full speed ahead against wind and tide, to make home in time for the crew's evening entertainments.

Advertising and London did not not suit Deakin, so he used his savings to buy a rundown but commodious moated farmhouse, Walnut Tree Farm, with about a dozen acres, near Mellis, in Suffolk. For three years he taught English at Diss High School, where he was an exuberant and effective teacher; he received visits from ex-pupils for the rest of his life.

Meanwhile he started to restore the house and dredge the moat; he acquired more fields, on which he grew hay and wild flowers; and he planted a wood. He then turned his hand to

producing and directing documentary films on subjects such as allotments, rock'n roll in Essex, stable lads in Newmarket and the East Anglian country and western singer Hank Wangford. It was at this time that his interest in the countryside, and in writing, began to blossom.

He wrote a number of programmes for Radio 4, including The House, a diary about the ecology and restoration of his home; another, Cigarette on The Waveney, charted a journey down his local river in his canoe, called Cigarette. Deakin was a man utterly without pomposity.

He was invariably courteous, and considered political correctness a discipline for the dull. At Walnut Tree Farm he was the picture of an involved, enthusiastic and informed countryman. Roger Deakin married, in 1973 (dissolved 1982), Jenny Hind. They had a son, who survives him, as does his partner, Alison Hastie.

Wikipedia Entry

Roger Stuart Deakin (born 11 February 1943 - 19 August 2006) was an English writer, documentary-maker and environmentalist.

Deakin was born in Watford, Hertfordshire. Educated at Haberdashers' Aske's and Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he read English, Deakin first worked in advertising as a copywriter and creative director. He was responsible for the National Coal Board slogan "Come home to a real fire". Following this, he taught English at Diss Grammar School for three years.

In 1968, he bought Walnut Tree Farm, a semi-ruined Elizabethan moated farmhouse on the edge of Mellis Common in Suffolk, near Diss, which he rebuilt and developed over many years and where he lived until his death from a brain tumour. This had first been diagnosed only four months previously. The house and its surroundings were the subject of two BBC Radio 4 documentaries, The House and The Garden, that he produced. A further documentary, Cigarette on the Waveney, covered the subject of a canoe trip down the nearby River Waveney. He also made several television documentary films covering subjects as diverse as rock music, Essex, Hank Wangford, allotments and the world of horse racing.

Deakin was a founder director of the arts and environmental charity Common Ground in 1982.

In 1999, Deakin's acclaimed book Waterlog was published in the United Kingdom by Chatto and Windus. Inspired in part by the short story The Swimmer by John Cheever, it describes his experiences of "wild swimming" in Britain's rivers and lakes and advocates open access to the countryside and waterways. Wildwood appeared posthumously in 2007 and describes a series of journeys across the globe Deakin made to meet people whose lives are intimately connected to trees and wood. In November 2008, Notes from Walnut Tree Farm, a collection of writing taken from his personal notebooks and largely focusing on the wildlife and ecology of the area around his farmhouse, was published to high critical appraisal.

Deakin appears in The Wild Places by Robert Macfarlane. The TV documentary The Wild Places Of Essex, also by Macfarlane, includes scenes shot at Walnut Tree Farm. Waterlog inspired a one-hour documentary, Wild Swimming, on BBC Four in August 2010 presented by Alice Roberts. It is stated in it that he was the source for the voice of the swimmer in Alice Oswald's 48-page poem; Dart, about the Devon River Dart.

Deakin married Jenny Hind in 1973 with whom he had a son, Rufus, before the marriage was dissolved in 1982. Deakin died in Mellis, Suffolk. He is survived by his partner Alison Hastie and his son.

Review of Wildwood: a Journey Through Trees - written by Will Self and published in the New Statesman 12th July 2007

Roger Deakin's *Waterlog* was the literary gem of 1999. The conceit was simple: the author set out from his moated farmhouse in Suffolk to swim across Britain in a succession of streams, rivers, ponds, fens, tarns, lochs, pools - natural and man-made - and, of course, the sea itself. Emulating the protagonist of John Cheever's classic short story, "The Swimmer", Deakin created a special kind of literary classic, at once a travelogue, a discourse on natural history and an investigation into the culture and mores of our island people.

I read a lot of books - but *Waterlog* was one of my favourite kind, not only because of its subject matter, but also because of its methodology: the pitting of the individual psyche against the tumult of being itself. I didn't know Deakin - who, as well as a writer, was a film-maker, broadcaster and environmentalist - but like many other fans of the book, I felt as if I did. His was a witty sensibility, as happily afloat on the whirlpools of mutable time as he was on the sinuous rills of his beloved water.

Few books make you change your habits; this one changed mine, and those of several of my friends who read it. We became, if not as accomplished wild-water swimmers as its author, certainly passionate converts, ever ready to plunge into the turbid brown Avon - even in icy May - or scull out into the choppy Channel. Deakin's basic message - that swimming in

wild water makes you happier and better adjusted, both to your habitat and its inhabitants - was confirmed with every scamper over the pebbles, each heart-stopping plunge into the elemental *bouleversement*.

Then, last year, the news came that Deakin had died, aged 63, of a brain tumour. All that vigorous, onrushing motion stilled by the scuttling crab - it didn't seem right. But he had managed to finish, in the last few days of his life, the manuscript of a second book: *Wildwood*.

It's inevitable that a book as keenly anticipated as this one should prove, if not exactly disappointing, somehow disorienting. I wanted the same experience as *Waterlog* - but Deakin provided a different form of immersion. Gone is the straightforward trajectory through water and in its place comes a path as convoluted and knotty as its subject matter. Gone, too, is the lightness of writing about the natural world that made it possible for a city dweller such as myself, who doesn't know his ash from his elder, to make believe that he's happily feral.

Despite growing up in Watford, Deakin became an enthusiastic naturalist when he was a schoolboy. On botanising trips to the New Forest organised by his teacher, the eminent entomologist Barry Goater, Deakin immersed himself in the close study of flora and fauna. In *Wildwood* he returns to Dorset, and in Goater's company walks the same paths, cataloguing sylvan diversity. Deakin quotes the 19th-century agriculturist William Cobbett approvingly: "What are these deer for?" He lauds Cobbett for his practicality and lack of cant, yet so many would-be modern Cobbetts are distinguished by their capacity for the self-righteous homily. Deakin never stoops to that. Although a committed environmentalist - he was a founding trustee of the arts and environmental pressure group Common Ground - he didn't build wooden tubs in order to thump them. His passion for the natural world and anger at its degradation are expressed through the praxis of conviction: he is the antithesis of a high-profile eco-warrior, hopping between jets on his way to the next earth summit.

Long time resident in Suffolk, where he took over a dilapidated, cruck-built farmhouse and reconstructed it himself, Deakin managed his own smallholding, swam in its moat, turned wooden bowls on his lathe and - in homage to his friend, the wood-sculptor David Nash - created an Aboriginal-style *wiltja* out of living ash trees. Some of the most moving passages in*Wildwood* concern this philosophy, woven out of the living wood of Deakin's copses and hedges. Sitting at his desk, sharpening a wooden pencil and observing the quotidian - yet special - place he had created, Deakin allows his mind to take flight through time and space, brachiating through a forest of fact and fancy. From the walnut burr veneers of which Jaguar dashboards are made (and in this section Deakin, a motorist himself, is notably deft) to the propellers of First World War aircraft, he locates wood as an ur-substance: building material, art object and artefact; a furniture of the world that, like the ridge pole of a tent, supports the canopy of effulgent life.

His obituarist in the *Guardian*, Ken Worpole, located the two poles of Deakin's life-work as the anarchism of Colin Ward and the Anglicanism of Ronald Blythe - both Suffolk neighbours. From childhood holidays in this neck of the woods, I feel I have some affinity with Deakin's milieu, the hippy proto-greens of Barsham Faire and "Coypu Comix" in the mid-1970s, who were, in their turn, the lineal descendants of the Woodcraft Folk and, before them, the Men of the Trees. This is a Janus-faced tradition, politically, with one visage set woodenly on the sacred groves of the past, the other on the more pliant saplings of futurity. It's a furrow perhaps best ploughed in Patrick Wright's masterful history of 20th-century English environmentalism, *The Village that Died for England*.

Of course, unlike Deakin, I've lived out my life cocooned by synthetics rather than minutely observing the creation of cocoons. Part of what makes *Wildwood* a bewildering read for the non-naturalist is Deakin's complete absorption in his chosen subject: he augurs his way into his material, following the narrative grain from the ethnology of ravens to the construction of writing desks. In truth, I found him weakest as an art critic; and although his writing on David Nash in Wales, Mary Newcomb in Suffolk and John Wolseley in northern New South Wales is undoubtedly impassioned, I'm not sure his exploration of the allusiveness of man-made artworks matches the precision with which he describes natural processes.

Deakin supplely weaves withies of observation together, covering journeys to the Spanish Pyrenees in search of the rare Albères cattle that browse the cork oaks; a wintry trek through the Bieszczady woods of the Polish-Ukrainian border; a study of the human diversity of the Pilliga forest of northern New South Wales; a stroll through the chestnut groves of the Hérault and the olive ones of Lesbos. The most spectacular of his travels is a trip through Kazakhstan and Kyrgyzstan, where he encounters local arboriculturists who harvest amazing wild walnut forests, and visits the ancestral home of the apple.

Yet, enthralling as these travels are, it's back home in England that Deakin's writing takes flight, especially in his descriptions of his own Suffolk homeland. His intimate accounts of hedging, coppicing, grafting, pruning, and eventually planning and turning his beloved wood, may have made me feel inferior, but I experienced atavistic stirrings and desired to go tree climbing once more.

Even now, sitting in stony Stockwell, south London, with his posthumous gift on my lap, I'm moved to consider what exactly is the benefit of Deakin's brand of raised, woody consciousness? Not all of us can live the life of praxis that he did, yet on finishing *Wildwood* I found myself thinking more concretely about the trees - and wood - in my life than heretofore. Even if it's only the carbonised briar in my tobacco pipe, the planed pine of my custom-carpentered desk, the cedarwood in my cigar humidor, *Wildwood* has provoked me. Perhaps this year, under Deakin's influence, I will finally learn to tell my ash from my elder.

1960

Michael Waldman Deid August 2025



Michael Waldman, who has died aged 83, was a palaeontologist and an inspiring teacher of geology. He discovered one of the most productive and important fossil sites in Scotland, and named several new species of extinct animals.

Mike discovered the fossil site in 1971, during a Duke of Edinburgh school trip that he was co-leading to Skye. There, near the village of Elgol, he found the first mammal fossil from the time of dinosaurs in Scotland, named Borealestes serendipitus, “the northern rogue found by serendipity”. On subsequent trips, he and colleagues discovered fossil skeletons of fish, salamanders, lizards, turtles and mammals from the Middle Jurassic, some of the most complete examples of their kind in the world.

With fellow palaeontologists he published several papers in the 1990s on the reptile and amphibian fossils. In 2009, one of the first vertebrate fossils to be named using Scottish Gallic, Eileanchelys waldmani, meaning “Waldman’s island turtle”, was given in his honour.

Mike was born in south-west London, to Rose (nee Pushkin), a secretary, and Max Waldman, who was in banking. Max died when Mike was eight years old.

After attending Haberdashers’ Aske’s school in north London, Mike studied geology and zoology at the University of Bristol, graduating in 1963. He married Hazel Mills, a primary school teacher, in 1965, the day before setting sail for Australia to do a PhD at Monash University, Melbourne. His dissertation was on Cretaceous fish fossils from Koonwarra, Victoria, and he named several new genera and species.

The couple then moved to Canada, where Mike studied fossils from the Canadian Badlands as a fellow at a museum in Ottawa.

In 1970 they returned to Britain, and Mike worked briefly as a research assistant at Bristol University before becoming a geology teacher at Stowe school in Buckinghamshire.

He was very popular there, renowned for his enormous rock collection and known affectionately as “Doc Pot”. His contagious enthusiasm led many to pursue careers in geology, and he continued to receive postcards of rock formations and volcanoes from former pupils for years.

He retired from teaching in 2002, but continued to support young academics. I met him in 2016 during my PhD at National Museums Scotland, when I was working on his mammal fossils from Skye. His Scottish discoveries sparked decades of research that continues to this day.

He is survived by Hazel, his children, Penny, Amanda and Ben, and grandchildren, Phoebe, Isaac, Henry and Gracie.

Thanks to The Guardian for the article

Robert Reiss Died 26th January 2023



The Reverend Canon Dr Robert Reiss, former Sub-Dean and Canon Treasurer of Westminster Abbey, has died aged 80.

Canon Reiss was educated at Trinity College Cambridge and Westcott House, Cambridge.

He served a curacy at St John's Wood, London from 1969 to 1973. He travelled to India and South East Asia in 1973 and worked in the Rajshahi Mission in Bangladesh, in the Diocese of Dacca for three months.

On his return he was Chaplain at Trinity College, Cambridge from 1973 to 1978.

From 1978 to 1985 he was Selection Secretary for the Advisory Council for the Churches Mission (ACCM) and was made Senior Selection Secretary in 1983. From 1986 to 1996 he was Team Rector of Grantham, Lincolnshire. From 1992 to 1996 he was also Rural Dean of Grantham, and then in 1996 became Archdeacon of Surrey and Honorary Canon of Guildford Cathedral. He was a trustee of the Churches Conservation Trust

He was appointed a Canon Treasurer of Westminster in 2005 and later became Sub-Dean.

He retired in 2013. In retirement he obtained a Lambeth degree (an academic degree conferred by the Archbishop of Canterbury) and published a book Sceptical Christianity: Exploring Credible Belief. An essay Death, Where is Your Sting? Dying and death examined was published last year.

Canon Reiss is mourned by his wife, Dixie, his daughter, the playwright Anya Reiss, an extensive array of friends, and the wider Abbey community.

Reproduced from Westminster Abbey Website with thanks

John Henry. Died May 2022

Born in London and the family was living near Marble Arch whilst he was at Haberdashers' in Westbere Road from 1952 to 1960. Went from school to the University of Bristol where he graduated as a pharmacist. Started working with Boots at their branch at Harrow Road and retired in 2011 as consulting pharmacist with a group of 15 privately owned pharmacies northwest of London. At that time he moved to Whitstable, Kent. Diagnosed with motor neuron disease in December 2019, he was quadriplegic by early this year.

He was in many ways a renaissance person. He loved music, particularly Jazz, at various times played the piano accordion, the trumpet, and always the piano. Did quite a lot of painting and travelled extensively. Also, after moving to Kent he took up birding. Dancing was one of his great pleasures particularly the tango. He met Yvonne at tango classes, and they even went to Argentina to gain expertise in the intricacies of the dance.

Following on his father he was an avid Freemason, and led many of their fundraising efforts in Kent. At various times was a volunteer leader in various positions in the Scout movement. Yvonne said that he lived life to the fullest.

He is survived by a brother, Roger, wife Yvonne, two sons, a daughter, and two stepchildren.

John Davis December 2022

David A Davidson

David died on 10th July 2017 and mourners attended a celebration of his life at West Herts Crematorium on 21st July.

Peter Hamilton, the school's headmaster, made a short address recording David's school days at Westebere Road. Roger Llewellyn and Keith Cheney organised refreshments and a reception at Aldenham House where David's eccentric and lovable ways were remembered at length.

It has been my privilege to know David since the mid 1960's when he took over the secretary's responsibilities at Edgware Rovers FC. He was always a charming anachronism who enjoyed his life at Turnham Green in Chiswick amongst his collection of ceramics and pottery that he purchased during his many visits to the French Country Districts.

Sadly David did not have any children and he lost contact with his brother, Keith. However, amongst the mourners was Vera, a lovely Brazilian lady. She had been spending the summer months with David for the last 5 or 6 years and I know that she bought enormous comfort and love into his life.

From Martin Easterbrook (OH):

I too am an OH, but got to know David particularly well after school through Edgware Rovers Football Club. travel abroad, correspondence, a similar liking for blues music, and generally socialising.

Prior to this, David spent many successful years abroad in the West Indies and Chicago. As well as football, David was an active and prolific batsman for Wembley Cricket Club.

Richard Dalby



Of the many tales that the ghost-story obsessive Richard Dalby enjoyed, *The Unsettled Dust* was among his favourites. Written by Robert Aickman, who characterised his own work as “strange”, it tells how a stately home, and those who look after it, are plagued by a dust that is continually falling.

Subtle, chilling and a little bit odd, it contains the hallmarks that Dalby, who devoted his life to supernatural fiction, relished. He was a bibliographer, bookseller and scholar who championed eerie writing that might otherwise have been overlooked.

He brought together many wellregarded anthologies, including the Virago volumes of women’s ghost stories and several books of supernatural stories set at Christmas, such

as *Mistletoe and Mayhem* (1993). Other volumes include *The Sorceress in Stained Glass* (1971) and *Tales of Witchcraft* (1991), which are much sought-after.

Among ghost-story enthusiasts he was revered for his knowledge and expertise. He earned that rare accolade for an editor: people sought out his name on an anthology rather than those of the writers.

In 1993 he founded the Ghost Story Press with David Tibet, which went on to publish 14 volumes. The pair shared an appetite for the macabre: one of their favourite stories was *The Tower of Moab* by LA Lewis (1934), in which a salesman is travelling in an industrial region dominated by a strange yellow tower. It has recently received acclaim as one of the most original supernatural tales of the 20th century.

Dalby's work was not limited to ghost stories. He also acted as an unofficial deputy editor of the journal *Book and Magazine Collector*, and contributed more than 200 articles. His clear prose was described by collaborators as a striking counterpoint to the otherworldly fiction he relished.

Readers would seek out Dalby's name as an editor on an anthology

Richard Lawrence Dalby was born in London in 1949, the only child of Tom, who worked in publishing as an editor, and his wife, Nancy, an amateur artist.

Richard won a scholarship to the Haberdashers' Aske's Boys' School in Elstree, Hertfordshire, when he was seven. His passion for ghost stories emerged at about the same age, something in them capturing his lively imagination. As a child he loved to act out plays, as well as writing comic strips and devising crosswords. At the age of 16 he was diagnosed with diabetes, a condition that affected his performance in O levels and sidetracked his promising academic career.

Nonetheless he indulged his passion for books, working in bookshops in London, including Foyles. He later became a bookseller and would issue catalogues from his home in Scarborough, Yorkshire.

He collected rare volumes, owning a copy of Bram Stoker's *Dracula* with the author's annotations and a set of H Rider Haggard first editions. He had so many books that he struggled to store them, at one point owning a lock-up for his collection.

Dalby championed contemporary and antiquarian writers. His scholarly zeal was, above all, generous: he wanted to disseminate the writing that he loved. He promoted HR Wakefield (1888-1964), whose short story *The Red Lodge* is now seen as a classic of the haunted house genre, telling the story of a man who moves into an old building with his family. He then learns that a previous owner had tried to scare his wife to death. She ran out of the house screaming one night and drowned in the river outside.

Dalby was a characterful man who remained close to his parents, moving with them to Scarborough from London. He never married. Family members described him as "wedded to his books". He was a reserved, modest individual, who appears to have saved the depths of passion for his work.

In his latter years he struggled to keep on top of all of his books and papers, living among his many rare volumes. Friends described him as a man who was not really of the modern age. He certainly failed to embrace the digital era, which in later years cut him off from his

community of small publishers, book dealers and fans of ghost stories. However, he remained an enthusiastic epistolarian, always willing to discuss a detail about a particular author or their ghost stories.

Richard Dalby, editor and literary researcher, was born on April 15, 1949. He died of diabetic ketoacidosis on May 4, 2017, aged 68

Christopher John Curry

Christopher John Curry died on 28th February 2012.Born on 5th September 1940, he started at Haberdashers' in 1951. He went from there to Northampton College, part of London University, but now the City University and graduated with a BSc in electrical engineering. He became a Chartered Engineer and Member of the Institution of Engineering and Technology. For most of his professional life he worked for Tampax Ltd starting as a project engineer in 1968 and rising to Vice-President International when the firm became Tambrands. He opened and became responsible for plants in Ukraine, Russia and China. After redundancy in 1994, Chris started his own business called Manufacturing Lead International working as a management consultant for various organisations. He specialised in businesses in Eastern Europe and he lived in Finland for a time crossing the border into Russia each day to supervise a paper mill. He retired in 2005. He was married to Delia for 45 years and leaves children James & Nicola and four grandchildren.

Barry ALBONE (1952-60 Dec)

Died suddenly on 11th February 1991.

All-round sporting ability was clearly evident in Barry's school career, which saw him awarded colours or half colours for rugby, cricket and basketball. Playing for the 1st XV in 1960 he took part in the last match staged against OHRFC 'A' at Chase Lodge. A school prefect, vice-captain of Joblings and a L/Sgt in the CCF (Army section), Barry passed his '0' levels in 1957 and 'A' levels in 1959-60.

In both the OHRFC and OHCC, Barry's story is one of outstanding achievement, confirmed by his membership of both of the sporting 200 clubs. In rugby he played 236 1st XV games (291 in all, plus appearances for the LXIV Club, etc.) beginning with the Old Cranleighans in October 1961 and ending with a win over Wellington during the 38th Easter tour in April 1974. Probably the best prop forward of the post-war era, he scored 7 tries for the senior side - positively care-free high scoring for a member of the front row fraternity! Acting captain in 1968/69, he was a vice-President during 1979-87.

Despite being heavily involved in a commercial career (he held a number of senior positions in a career of more than 25 years with Colgate-Palmolive) Barry was also able to dedicate his considerable talents to the cricket pitch. A genuine all-rounder, he made 212 1st XI appearances from July 1960 (as a schoolboy) until May 1976. Barry scored 2,103 runs as a

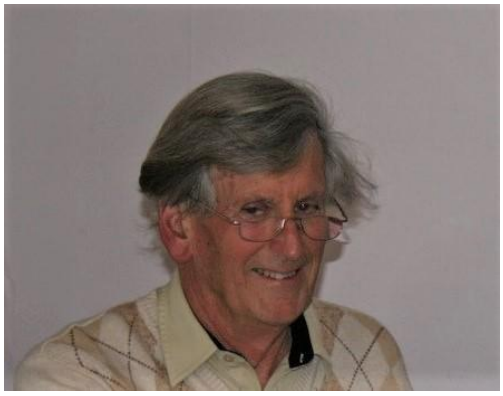
middle-order batsman and took 29 wickets as a change bowler -when not performing both acrobatically and effectively as a wicket-keeper. Behind the stumps, he made 28 stumpings and took 75 of his 115 catches for the 1st XI. He also made 17 2nd XI appearances and 27 for the Sunday XI, the last of which, in August 1976, was his final game for the OHCC. Barry was vice-captain 1st XI 1967-69 and a vice-President 1982-91.

Following his departure from Colgate-Palmolive, Barry set up his own business as a marketing consultant. Particularly sad to report, he was due to marry in April of this year.

Large numbers of OH and business acquaintances attended Barry's cremation service.

1959

David Gadbury



A second generation pupil at Haberdashers, David died aged 78 on 26th April 2020 as a result of extensive injuries in a road accident whilst cycling near his home. He pursued a career in finance in Local Government and later with Southern Water at the time of its privatisation and on its takeover by Scottish Power.

After retirement he advised Royal National Institute of the Blind. With his interests in languages, history, reading, gardening, tennis, football, cycling and a passion for American blues music he lived an active life up to his death.

He leaves his wife Brenda and daughter Helen.

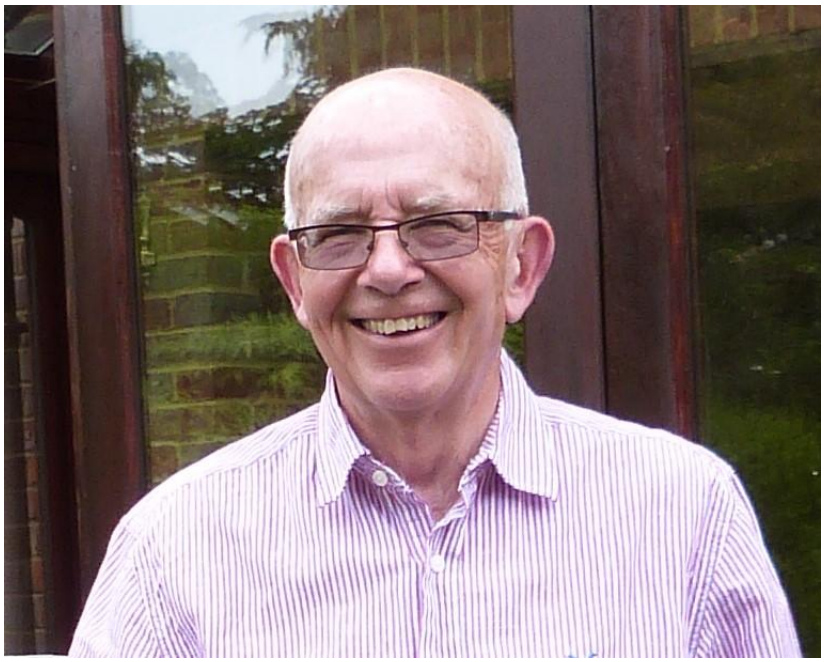
Rev Canon Beaumont L Brandie MBE BD AKC MSSC died 19th May 2020



A priest for over 50 years, Fr Beau gave his heart and soul in service to the Lord and his Church. He had a deep devotion to Our Lady of Walsingham and led many pilgrimages from his parishes in Brighton. He was a member of the Order of Our Lady of Walsingham and will perhaps be most remembered by pilgrims as Chief Steward of the National Pilgrimage, a role he undertook for some 36 years with extraordinary energy and dedication.

On completion of the Milner Wing in 2006, in recognition of his outstanding service to the Shrine, the Guardians named the arch leading into the Shrine Grounds in his honour. His remains will one day rest under the Brandie Gate.

Duncan McInnes (D.I.McI) 26th May 1941 – 27th February 2018



“Poacher turned game keeper”, the box business was his passion starting out with RCC through ReedPack and finally SCA before venturing into the world of consultancy with Spectra, DS Smith and then the Alternative Pallet Company.

He met his future wife Gwenda undertaking voluntary work for the civil trust planting trees….a good investment for his future career. Marrying in 1965 before starting a family, their 3 children and 2 grandchildren being the focus of his 2nd career in retirement

Family holidays stealthily tracked the voyages of the SCA fleet to Scandinavia or the mills of the south of France even managing to visit International Forest Products in Boston.

The nautical theme encompassed many a family holiday in North Devon, allowing for the development of his maritime skills on board the fleet of the ICC. He was honoured to have an ICC vessel named after him, capsizing a dingy in celebration!
Born in Bushey Hertfordshire, starting his education at the local school before attaining a scholarship to Haberdashers' Aske's not far from his childhood home in Mill Hill, he ventured to the other side of the pond on an English Speaking Union scholarship where the “limey” attended Taft School Watertown Connecticut.

His use of the English language in the board room or acting as tour guide was “legendary” often abbreviated to mask his ability to punctuate with expletives! Inevitably this was overshadowed by the fact he would arrive late and possibly in the wrong place.

However, he had the ability to be in the wrong place at the right time to provide support as mentor, friend and court jester. It is probably best for all that Dexit has taken place before Brexit as he will not be here monitoring every available news outlet to pass comment!

He was much loved by all who knew him. His passing will leave an enormous hole in the lives of his wife, children, grandchildren, his friends and those who had crossed paths with him in the industry or when he was out walking the dog!

From Adrian Marsh (1982) Group Finance Director DS Smith plc

On mentioning the name Duncan McInnes to a few of the older stagers at work I was amazed at the spontaneity of full face smiles and the comment from one “he was a bloody top bloke”. I didn’t know Duncan but from the stories that were recounted to me today I wish I had!!

Robin Cole (Haberdashers 1954 - 1959)

Robin died of inoperable cancer whilst he was a pupil at Haberdashers. He was born in Watford in 1943 and died in Hendon in 1959. He is buried in St Margarets churchyard, Edgware.

The Reverend Canon Roger Mason B.D., B.Sc. (Econ)., A.K.C. (Haberdashers 1952-59)

Roger attended the school when it was based at the Westbere Road campus. He would be the first to admit that his schooldays, particularly in his early years, were not to be the happiest days of his life. Nevertheless by the time he reached the sixth form he was to enjoy both extra-curricular and academic success. He was appointed Company Sergeant Major of the school cadet corps and at a combined schools cadet camp at Aldershot, he was awarded a tankard for being the best NCO in South East England. In fact he was so keen on things military that he seriously considered an army career but was let down by his eyesight. He obtained 5 “A” Levels, unusual for those days.

Roger enjoyed, on occasion, being that little bit different and promoted a resurgence of the straw boater as headgear for the summer term. He rowed for the school and was later to row for King’s College (London) at Henley. He also became a member of London Rowing Club, a membership he retained for the rest of his life.

On leaving school he entered the Inland Revenue. He studied at night school and gained a degree in Economics from London University. However he realised that he was being called to the Anglican Ministry and commenced his theological studies at King’s College.

During this period he met his wife Jean, sister of the former Middlesex and England fast bowler Alan Moss. Roger and Jean were to have a happy marriage with four children and six grandchildren.

After graduating, for the second time, Roger and Jean went off to Warminster for more practical training in the ways of the ministry. His career commenced and progressed. He was a curate in Enfield, a Rector to two rural parishes in Shropshire, where he gained mentions in the national press for using a pony and a trap to carry out parish visits.

He returned to London and served as vicar at St Mary’s Willesden for 10 years. He involved himself heavily in education, serving on various Brent Council Committees, it was a passion he held for the rest of his life.

He decided it was time to move on and was appointed to St Mary’s, Prittlewell (Southend on Sea) where he spent eighteen years, the bulk of his ministry. During this period he was appointed as a Non-Residentiary Canon of Chelmsford Cathedral.

At the age of 65, having overcome one brush with cancer he decided to retire. Roger and Jean moved to Melton Mowbray. Unfortunately he was diagnosed with further cancers and thus began his five year battle with that dreadful disease. He overcame a major operation and the lure of parish work proved too strong and he came out of retirement and took up his final challenge as a part time assistant priest to several parishes in Rutland. Unfortunately after several setbacks he eventually succumbed to his illness and died on 27th January 2012.

Written by Clive Bender February 2012

Peter B Woolstone (died in 2002)

Julian Littlewood (died in 1989)

Derek J Semlyen (1952 - 59)
died on 26th August 1987, at the age of 45.

After playing once, as a schoolboy, for the OHRFC, Derek returned to the club in the 1960/61 season and played spasmodically for the next five seasons, making the last of 30 appearances on 14/11/64. During this time he had worked for the family's photo finishing business, but then trained as a solicitor.

In 1973, he joined Henman, Ballard and Co (later Henmans) in Oxford, as an assistant, subsequently becoming a partner and helping to build up a successful personal injury litigation department. Derek was a founder-member of the Oxford and District Solicitors Association, which has instituted an annual prize for trainee solicitors, as a memorial to him.

For some years, in the 1970's, Derek was on the committee of the Oxfordshire Squash Racquets Association and organised the county's Open Squash Championship on a number of occasions. He was Chairman of the Governors of the Clifton Hampton Primary School and a member of the Parochial Church Council, organising fund-raising events for the school, the village hall and, in particular, an annual open air concert in aid of the Parish Church. On 28th November 1988, there was a performance of Mozart's Requiem in St Paul's Church, Culham, in his memory.

He leaves a widow, Jean, and their children, Charlotte, Katherine and Thomas.

1958

Keith Ernest George Coggins

24 May 1940 – 26 April 2015

Obituary provided by David Coggins.

Keith died suddenly on 26 April. He was born at the beginning of the Second World War in Bristol. The family moved to London in 1942 and he later followed John and I at the school in Westbere Road, leaving in 1958.

On leaving school he joined the National Coal Board as a management trainee and as was the custom in those days we all played rugby with the Old Boys at Boreham Wood. In 1964

he married Vivian and worked for several companies until he took up an appointment in Saudi Arabia in 1978. On his return from Saudi Arabia he continued his varied career running a number of businesses including The Downing Arms near Cambridge.

In 1990 a business took him to Johannesburg in South Africa where he was later joined by Vivian and they both continued to operate the business to the present day. My wife and I visited them a couple of times in South Africa when we enjoyed the company of their social group of all races and met a young ethnic South African girl who he has been sponsoring through school and who is now in her final year.

Keith leaves a son and daughter and three grandchildren.

1957

Norman F Barnes (died 22nd August 2020)



Norman passed away peacefully in Huntington, New York on August 22, 2020. Norman was President and CEO of his family specialty food importing business, B&R Classics. Previously he was President and CEO of Walkers Shortbread Inc., based in Hauppauge, New York, a subsidiary of Walkers Shortbread Ltd. of Aberlour, Scotland, where over twelve years he more than doubled its presence in the USA and expanded the business from specialty stores into many other trade channels. He served for five years as President and CEO of Swiss cookie company, Kambly, USA. For more than 30 years, Norman was a senior

marketing executive with Campbell Soup Company culminating his career with the company as President, Campbell World Trading Co., Inc. He had an extraordinary wealth of experience in both the mass market and specialty food industries and was always happy to share his wisdom and knowledge with others.

Born in London shortly before the start of WWII, Norman spent most of the first five years of his life being cared for by his mother, grandparents and aunts while his father served in the British army in Dunkirk, India and other locations. He was very proud to have attended The

Haberdashers' Aske's Boys' School from 1950-57. Norman spoke fondly of his time at the School, particularly as a member of the 1st Rowing VIII and the Army Section of the School's Combined Cadet Corps (in which he attained the rank of Sergeant).

It was Diana, his beloved wife of 58 years, who suggested Norman apply to a job opening at Campbell Soup Company in Norfolk, England in the early 1960s. They moved from London to the Norfolk countryside and so began Norman's lifelong career in the food industry that would take his family from England to Belgium, Canada, and finally the United States.

Norman was a bon viveur and loved entertaining, fine food, wine, travel and music. He leaves behind his wife, Diana, two daughters, Karen and her husband Christopher Riley, Julie Barnes and her partner Michael Coulson, and two grandchildren, Emma and Jonathan. He will be deeply missed.

Christopher Jenkins (died 21st November 2019)

Chris was 75 years old, the only son of Arthur George Jenkins (Jenks) who attended Haberdashers for a short time in the 50s.

Unfortunately the school did not suit him and for the rest of his education he attended a local Comprehensive. He joined Elliot's in Borehamwood and helped build an enormous computer hence his lifelong interest in that field.

Chris joined the OHRFC, his Brother in Law being John Hanson, past OH Captain, playing for the junior sides in the second row although he was like a pipe cleaner at that time! He married Margaret, Tony Alexander was their best man, then moved to Oxfordshire where he joined Cholsey rugby club and maintained his interest in Rugby throughout his life

Chris was also fascinated by the stars and gave several lectures in Oxford regarding that work. He built an observatory in his back garden which he was able to access from his study.
He cared for Margaret when she was too ill with her non Parkinson's lymphoma and they both laughed like drains when Chris tipped her out of the wheelchair going up a kerb!

Chris is survived by Charlotte and Hannah and three granddaughters. His cancer was a short lived disease and it was a shock to everyone when he died. He was in pain but had palliative care at the end.

Liz Hanson – Sister

Paul Birkby AKA Paul Darrow (died 3rd June 2019)



Paul Darrow, who played Kerr Avon in BBC sci-fi series Blake's 7, has died aged 78 following a short illness, a spokesperson for the actor has confirmed.

Darrow achieved cult status with his performance as the morally ambiguous computer expert Avon, who fought alongside outlaw Blake (Gareth Thomas) against the totalitarian Federation, not because Avon felt it was right, but because he believed it was the best way to stay alive and get rich enough to retire in exile.

The popular BBC One series, which ran from 1978 to 1981, was created by Terry Nation. Darrow took over as lead character for the final two series of the show after Thomas departed, and the character's sardonic wit and Darrow's deadpan delivery made him a favourite among fans.

As well as Blake's 7, Darrow had a scene-stealing guest role in 1985 Doctor Who story Timelash, and between 2009 and 2014 had a recurring role in Law & Order: UK as first Judge, then later Justice Prentice. He had also featured in long-running British soaps Emmerdale and Coronation Street, and played the role of the Sheriff of Nottingham in the 1975 BBC series The Legend of Robin Hood.

Born in 1941 in Surrey, Darrow studied at RADA and while there shared a flat with John Hurt and Ian McShane. He married Janet Lees-Price in the 1960s after meeting her on the set of ITV's medical soap opera Emergency – Ward 10, which they had both featured in. Lees-Price died in 2012.

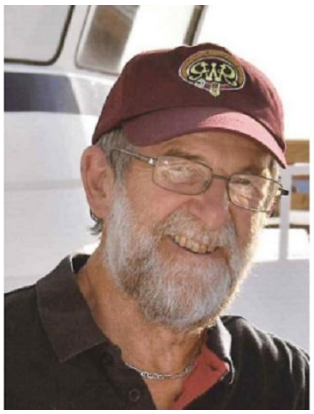
Darrow had suffered health issues in recent years that led to the amputation of one leg and the partial amputation of another. In 2018 he appeared on an edition of Pointless Celebrities in a wheelchair alongside fellow Blake's 7 cast member Michael Keating.

He had enjoyed a long career in theatre, including playing Samuel Vimes in a touring production based on Terry Pratchett's Discworld novels, but he will remain best known for Blake's 7. His name had often been connected with attempts to reboot the show for television, and he had reprised the role of Avon multiple times in audio plays.

Speaking to the BBC, Darrow's friend and PA Maureen Marrs, said: "Over three decades I have been Paul's confidante and have had the immense privilege of being part of his life. A star has gone out today; the world will be a darker place without him."

The Guardian 3rd June 2019

David A Sutcliffe (died 1st March 2019)



David was born in the United Kingdom April 20, 1940; died in Wildwood, FL March 1, 2019. He proudly became a US citizen 1975. David was a member of the Honda Goldwing Club. He was a wonderful father and husband. He is survived by his beloved wife of 54 years Patricia of The Villages, FL: sons Robert, and Gavin Sutcliffe; grandsons Ryan, and David H. Sutcliffe.

David was in the RAF Section at school and left to become an apprentice at de Havillands, playing rugby for 4 years for OHRFC, before moving to Centrax in Newton Abbot in 1966. Here he was 1st XV Hooker for Newton Abbot RFC.

He then moved on to Bell Aircraft Corporation in Buffalo, New York where his designe skills were utilised to help build the Lunar Module used in Apollo missions.

He eventually retired to Wildwood, Florida

Jon Vogler (died 2nd February 2017)



Obituary written by his daughters SImone Doctors and published in The Guardian 23rd April 2017.

My father, Jon Vogler, who has died aged 77, used his skills as an engineer to set up the UK's first large-scale recycling system. In 1974, when recycling at home was virtually unknown in Britain, Jon designed a household scheme in West Yorkshire for Oxfam called Wastesaver.

His innovative "dumpy" device, made of metal tubing, held four different coloured bags into which households sorted their waste. With the co-operation of Kirklees council, the sorted material was collected from 20,000 homes and taken to a disused mill in Huddersfield for recycling. The project revealed for the first time the public's appetite for such schemes. When the collection of waste became unviable due to fluctuations in commodity prices, Wastesaver changed tack to deal with clothes and textiles.

Wastesaver still operates today, from a huge warehouse in Batley, West Yorkshire, where many of the clothes donated to Oxfam shops and clothing banks are sorted and recycled.

Jon's publications sold all over the world, serving as handbooks to community organisations and governments on how to reclaim waste. In the 1980s, with funding from the Commonwealth and the United Nations, he undertook research into the reuse of waste materials. His consultancy, Interwaste, aimed to help people in developing countries.

He was born in Hackney, north-east London, son of Sidney Vogler, a public health inspector, and his wife, Thérèse (nee Jinks). Their Jewish-Catholic marriage was unusual for the time. After attending Haberdashers' Aske's school in Hampstead on a state scholarship, Jon gained a degree in aeronautical engineering from Bristol University.

He was among the first Voluntary Service Overseas (VSO) volunteers and helped to finish building and then taught at the multiracial Bernard Mizeki school in Southern Rhodesia (Zimbabwe). Back in the UK, he took up an industrial fellowship with English Electric and married Jill Hughes, a doctor, in 1962.

In 1966, they moved to Nigeria, where Jon was resident engineer on the Kainji dam on the River Niger. The family returned to the UK the following year, and in 1971 settled in Leeds. From the mid-80s Jon's focus shifted to computing, then cyber-security, when that concept was in its infancy. He became a prolific technology journalist and an expert witness testifying in industrial disputes and criminal cases.

In later life he gained a BA in fine art at Leeds Metropolitan University and an MA in contemporary art practice at Leeds College of Art, specialising in letter-cutting and sculpting in wood and stone. Jon and Jill's sculpture-filled garden hosted many charity events, often in

support of refugees. For almost two decades, too, Jon led volunteer working parties of the Friends of Roundhay Park, and for this he was awarded a British Empire Medal in 2014.

Although his energy gradually decreased, his curiosity remained undimmed after he was diagnosed with mesothelioma, a consequence of his early career in industrial engineering.

He is survived by Jill, their three daughters, Miranda, Pen and me, and son, Justin, five grandchildren and a great-grandchild.

Michael D Kustow (1950 - 57) - died 29 August 2014

Michael David Kustow, producer and writer, born 18 November 1939; died 29 August 2014 (obituary taken from The Guardian, 1st September 2014)

Michael Kustow at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, central London, in 1968, where he successfully rode the alternative wave. Photograph: Chris Morris/Rex

Not many people in the arts over the past half-century in Britain had as big an influence behind the scenes – writing, producing, proselytising – as Michael Kustow, who has died aged 74 following a heart attack. For someone who never really felt he belonged, Kustow was nonetheless involved in many of the greatest artistic enterprises of our day. This activity was always pursued under the aegis of some outstanding figure he admired as a creative father figure: Arnold Wesker at Centre 42 at the Roundhouse in London, Peter Hall at the Royal Shakespeare Company (and later the National Theatre), Jeremy Isaacs at Channel 4 and Peter Brook at the RSC and in Paris.

Kustow was always a cardinal, never a pope – except for the period from 1967 to 1970 when he successfully ran the Institute of Contemporary Arts, which moved into its magnificent new home on the Mall, within hailing distance of Buckingham Palace. Even then he was uneasy with his status, worried that he might not catch the new surge of the alternative culture in so palatial a setting. But he did, masterminding, for instance, a fantastic series of plays, events and exhibitions dedicated to the surrealist poet Guillaume Apollinaire, and signing out with a memorable fiesta celebrating comic books, entitled AAARGH!

Kustow's complicated view of himself – part vanity, part insecurity – was best expressed in his autobiographical memoir, Tank (1975), in which he adopted a third person, K, to describe his youth, his background, his sex life and his cultural enthusiasm. It's one of the best books of the decade, and a fine example of the sort of radical, intellectual energy that defined the movements of the era.

A brilliant writer and critic, Kustow positioned himself at the heart of cultural politics at home and abroad, a true internationalist with an incredible contacts book. He was equally at home

with underground poets, high-ranking television executives, troubadours, actors and alternative comedians. His cultural appetite was voracious. He was the only person I ever encountered jogging on Hampstead Heath who owned up to listening to Harrison Birtwistle on his earphones.

Born and brought up in Golders Green, north-west London, Michael was the son of Mark and Sarah. Mark came from a Russian immigrant family, and sold children's clothes in a shop in Bermondsey, in the south-east of the city. Sarah came from a Polish immigrant family, worked as a secretary and was very interested in literature. Thus Michael was a second-generation English Jew, and identified from an early age with Kafka, James Joyce and Brecht. He was educated at Haberdashers' Aske's school, then in Hampstead, and Wadham College, Oxford, where he read English and was a contemporary of Melvyn Bragg, whom he regarded as a smoother version of himself.

His leftism was at once natural, heartfelt and fashionable: after Oxford, where he was enthralled by the New Left and worked in undergraduate theatre alongside John McGrath, Ken Loach and Michael Billington, he joined the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and went to Israel to work on a kibbutz.

He took a boat from Haifa to Marseilles and joined Roger Planchon's Théâtre de la Cité in Lyon, one of the great Brecht-influenced postwar companies, which performed classics in the suburbs. Planchon was Kustow's first professional father figure. As well as teaching English and translating with the company, he appeared in minor roles in important Planchon productions such as The Three Musketeers, touring in Germany.

Back in Britain, he became a postgraduate in the Bristol University drama department, finding a sympathetic nexus of activity with Harold Pinter's first play produced there, Charles Wood and Peter Nichols writing in the city and Tom Stoppard working on the local paper. But in 1962 he was drawn to London by Wesker's Centre 42 project at the Roundhouse, and then the following year by Hall's RSC. Wesker was Kustow's ideal of "a messianic Jew", while Hall was a role model in applying the standards of the literary critic FR Leavis to Shakespeare in developing a militant classicism; against which Brook was busy reacting and churning up controversy.

Some RSC directors disliked Kustow's intellectual flamboyance, dismissing his influence and that of the American director Charles Marowitz, Brook's associate on the Theatre of Cruelty season, as pretentious. But Kustow and Marowitz widened the company's range and, in the RSC magazine Flourish, which Kustow edited, created an invaluable outpost of criticism and debate.

Kustow's first book, The Book of US (1968), was an account of Brook's anti-Vietnam war protest play US, which he scripted alongside the poet Adrian Mitchell and the playwright

Denis Cannan. After four turbulent years he was ready for the even more volatile world of the visual arts at the ICA, leading his troops into the Mall in April 1968, shortly before Parisian students occupied the Odéon theatre during the May riots; the coincidence was not entirely inappropriate.

When Kustow rejoined Hall as an associate director at the National Theatre in 1973, he took charge of visiting foreign companies, in-house exhibitions and what became known as platform performances, highlighting the work of Brecht, Philip Larkin, Groucho Marx and Robert Lowell. In 1980 he directed Simon Callow in a performance of all Shakespeare's sonnets; Callow was also involved in performances of Kustow's new translation of Stravinsky's The Soldier's Tale.

And then, ever in search of the new departure, he joined the new Channel 4 in 1981 as commissioning editor for arts programmes, calling in contacts and favours with a dizzying frenzy and, as recounted in his book One in Four (1987), a journal of his penultimate year at the channel, unbounding elation.

Kustow's programmes tended to shadow the establishment arts world, even record specific events, notably Brook's Mahabharata epic (the film was completed in 1989), rather than break new ground. But his default setting was the shock of the new and the cutting edge, so he never really invaded Bragg's South Bank Show territory.

Kustow left Channel 4 and formed his own production company in 1990, working with his former RSC associate John Barton, as well as Hall, on programmes about Shakespeare workshops and the elephantine genesis of Barton's theatrical epic about the Trojan war, finally filmed as Tantalus: Behind the Mask (2001). Two further books, theatre@risk (2000) and Peter Brook (2005), remain eloquent testimony to a sustained engagement with the performing arts, the first in particular containing astute and vivid critical writing on figures as various as Ariane Mnouchkine, Mark Ravenhill, Ken Campbell, Alan Ayckbourn, Robert Lepage and the brilliant South African satirist Pieter-Dirk Uys.

Kustow's first marriage, to his Oxford contemporary Liz Leigh, ended in divorce. In 1973 he married Orna Spector, and they divorced in 1998. He later lived with Jane Shallice for more than 10 years, and is survived by his sister, Alexandra, and brother, Lionel.

Michael R Hunt (1950-57) – died 14th July 2014

‘Competitive but Modest’

The following obituary was compiled by John Jeffers and Robert (Bob) Adams and with grateful thanks to Michael’s wife Catherine for her many contributions.

Michael was born in Harrow on 8th January 1939, brought up in Kingsbury, but interrupted by wartime evacuation to Halifax. He joined Habs in 1950, but we (JJ & RA) were privileged to have shared earlier school years with him. One of us (JJ) attended the same primary school, Fryent in Kingsbury, where Michael was captain of his school football team, also being selected to play for the Wembley schools side. RA, at another Wembley primary school, on 3 or 4 occasions found himself and Michael on opposing sides. The result of these encounters was, not surprisingly, nearly always a victory for Fryent. But Michaels's academic abilities were also already well to the fore. As the son of a local businessman he was exceptional in all aspects of school life, being also the school captain at Fryent in the year prior to obtaining admission via the 11+ and school entrance examinations to Westbere Road.

At Haberdashers he soon made his mark in a variety of sports, ultimately becoming a member of the Rugby 1st XV, the Cricket 1stX1, and the athletics team. He was also a competent boxer – RA well remembers his demolition of an opponent in an inter-house match resulting in the referee, Mr Hewson, stopping the fight after about 30 seconds of the 1st round. As a cricketer 'The Skylark' of Autumn 1956 described him as 'a bowler very difficult to hit and who often removed settled batsmen' and 'His action is well worthy of imitation. His batting has been disappointing, but he has taken several good catches.' In 1957 he was reported as being 'one of the best fielders in the side'. In an inter-school athletics match Michael won the long jump, an achievement repeated at the school sports day winning this event for his house (Meadows). Earlier, he had been runner-up as Junior Champion at the school annual sports day, only being pipped by Barry Shaw, who as well as being the Junior Southern 3 A's title holder, subsequently took all the school sprinting and high jump records.

Michael's success in both sporting and academic activities continued unabated, not least his being an integral part of the initially somewhat controversial Edgware Rovers XI that won the Wembley Youth football League in 1954. That year also saw the team, composed of Haberdashers pupils, (including JJ) winning the Wembley Rotary Cup at Edgware Town's ground in front of over 1000 spectators. A very proud moment for all involved because they had beaten many teams of boys from soccer playing schools - which of course at that time Habs, was not.

Having spent 3 years in the 6th form to take S-level, Michael's years at Westbere Road enabled him to blossom as a very high achiever and a State Scholarship to Bristol University was his due reward. This was a highly significant event in Michaels's life as it was there that he met wife-to-be, Catherine, just before their graduation. The pair had been part of a group of 8 students on a camping holiday, armed with small tents, 2 primus stoves and a VW van. There were just 2 girls and Catherine did most of the cooking. One day a certain awkward soul would not eat Catherine's ravioli, so she then prepared him an omelette only to be told it had not been properly cooked. Being just about to hurl the whole pan at the

ungrateful fellow, Sir Galahad Michael intervened and calmed things down, thus demonstrating his inherent management skills. This impressed Catherine sufficiently that they started going out, eased by the fact that they lived on the same underground line – obviously quite a long journey as they have kept up travelling together for no less than 52 happy years. They married while Michael was studying for his PhD, much to his father's dismay as he thought he should wait until he could support his wife. But somehow Catherine overcame father's opposition, to the extent that for a couple of years she had Michael as dependent relative on her tax return!

After his PhD Michael joined CEGB as a research chemist where he stayed for five years, but he decided this job was not for him. Now with two young sons Stephen and Graham, he was looking for greater opportunities. Catherine's father, always immensely proud of his son-in law, was on a train to London telling his fellow passengers that Michael was looking for a job. One of these turned out to be PA to the MD of Akzo Chemicals UK, who said she would ask her boss if there were any vacancies. Accordingly Michael was asked to send in his CV to the HQ in the Netherlands and as result he started work with them. As a huge multi-national this gave him the chance to do many different jobs and he rose steadily through the company, ending his career as Chief Executive of the UK operation.

Michael was a devoted family man; there was nothing he would not do for his boys. Whenever he returned from a business trip, there was always excitement to see what present he had brought back, whether the first Walkman from Japan, a baseball glove from America or a cool 1977 T Shirt from Hawaii, his gifts were always well thought out. Of course, having their dad back to play football with them was even better than the presents. Later in life this devotion was carried on to his daughters-in-law and grand children. He was so proud of his family.

As a sportsman Michael was always super-fit so it was a shock to be told, aged 50, that he had a brain tumour which needed major surgery. Characteristically he never gave up and was back at work in 3 months, at first part time, gradually increasing to full time. He lost the hearing in one ear, which as an accomplished pianist he loved music, and, he was sad that he could hear nothing in stereo. His company gave him great help and everyone respected him for his bravery and loyalty and the support he gave to all his employees. Not surprisingly after this episode his attitude to life changed with a tendency to live for today, a wise course. Unfortunately the tumour recurred 10 years later but luckily could be treated with radiotherapy, although he was told that 'time was not of the essence' so he and Catherine set off on a 3 month round the world trip. As he could not rush around so much, they invested in a motor home called HUMPHREY, and had 12 years of fabulous trips all over Europe.

Michael continued to indulge in many activities at his home in Sidmouth, including among many others bridge and golf and being a member with Catherine of the East Devon

Luncheon Club. Chance meetings between JJ and Michael on the golf course, and RA at the luncheon club, we re-met after a gap of 40 years.

Michael died at home in Sidmouth on the 14th July 2014, aged 75 years. His funeral was attended by a large gathering of his friends and relations from many parts of his life, including JJ and RA, two of his OH friends. We and many others recognise Michael as a fine man in every respect and consider it an enormous privilege to have shared a small part in his life.

Anthony P HUGHES (1952-57)

died on 27th February 1997, after a long and brave fight against cancer.



Anthony was a pupil at the School under the headmastership of Dr. Taylor and was in Calverts House. He had many fond memories of his school days including a special one for a certain T. E. Carrington whose name still evokes memories for two generations of Old Boys!

Anthony maintained his links with the School by sending his only son Patrick (1977-84) to follow in his footsteps. After leaving school at 17, Anthony qualified as an engineer at Hendon Technical College and joined de-Havilland in Hatfield. After a period of National Service he joined the Ministry of Defence where he had a number of notable achievements in the field of aero engines. In the late '80s he was promoted to Assistant Director Helicopter Projects.

Anthony lived a full life with a selfless devotion to his family and the church. He was a keen angler and lover of music. He has supported the School and the Girl's School in a number of choral concerts. His swansong was due to be Alan Taylor's farewell concert in 1996 however ill health finally forced him to the audience were he at least had the pleasure of watching his son perform in his place.

Anthony will be greatly missed by all who had the pleasure of knowing him, and our thoughts are with his wife Ann, son Patrick and two daughters, Katharine and Joanna. His funeral took place on the 5th of March at St Edmund The King, Northwood Hills. Old Boys present were P G. Hughes (1977-84), P J. S. Vacher (1945-55), A. R. T. Marsh (1977-82).

Adrian Marsh

1956

John “Jake” Sholl Died May 2026

John Keith Sholl was born at home in Edgware on 5 April 1938, the youngest of three boys born to John and Mabel Sholl.

During the early years of the Second World War, Mabel had planned to take the three boys to Canada to stay with her brother. However, when Keith became ill, the plans were abandoned and the family remained together in Edgware.

All three boys attended Haberdashers’ Boys’ School. Keith often recalled his first day there, when the Master read out the family name on the register and exclaimed, “Sholl? Not another one of them!” Keith remained at the school until the age of 18, travelling there each day on a single bus journey.

Keith attended the Edgware Methodist Youth Club, and it was through a Methodist Circuit sports day that he first met a lovely young woman named Viv, who worked in Cricklewood. Viv travelled there each day by LMS steam train, and Keith, knowing this, deliberately altered his own journey to school — taking two buses and the same train — simply for the chance to “accidentally” meet her. His plan succeeded, and they began courting in 1956.

At the age of 19, Keith undertook his National Service in the Royal Navy, an experience he thoroughly enjoyed. It seemed that wherever in the world was mentioned, Keith would smile and say, “Oh yes, I went there while I was in the Navy!”

After completing his service, Keith and Viv became engaged and were married in 1960 at Edgware Methodist Church. Their daughter Heather was born in 1965.

Throughout his childhood, Keith had spent many happy times visiting his grandparents near Portreath, and from an early age he longed to live in Cornwall. Working as a salesman, he applied in 1966 for a position with the Jeyes Fluid Company, which also sold toilet paper. He was successful, and the family happily relocated to Looe!!!!! Richard was born there in 1967.

Keith’s Christian faith became deeply personal when friends challenged him about his relationship with God and the need for personal salvation. In his own words, he described that life-changing moment:

> “I asked for forgiveness… and suddenly I knew my sins were forgiven, as the burdens of my heart rolled away.”

From then onwards, Keith and Viv pursued a deeper walk with Jesus Christ, growing in fellowship with other believers and seeking to place Him first in every area of their lives.

In 1970, Keith accepted a position with the Castrol Oil Company, which brought the family to Camborne. This move delighted him, as his great-great-grandfather had been a Cornish tin miner there. His great grandfather, John Henry Sholl, became a Methodist Minister, which moved the family up county.

When Castrol later asked Keith to relocate to London’s East End, the decision was difficult. Nevertheless, believing they had clear guidance from the Holy Spirit, the family moved to Old Harlow in Essex in 1971. Yet Cornwall remained close to their hearts, and after four

years — during which Viv often dreamt of returning — they decided to move back once more.

Through an advertisement in the *Methodist Recorder*, Keith and Viv applied to become caretakers of Roche Chapel, a role that included a cottage and opportunities to serve in worship and ministry. Keith became involved in local preaching and helped lead the youth Shell Club.

After three years at Roche, the family moved to Carne Cottage near St Dennis, where they later joined the local chapel.

In the early 1980s, Keith joined the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, one of the world's largest networks of Christian laymen and business professionals. Over the years he served faithfully in many roles, including President of the St Austell Chapter and National Director for the South West Region. He became a trusted leader, advisor and encourager to many, supporting countless men in their Christian walk.

During retirement, Keith and Viv settled in Porthleven, where they made many cherished memories and dear friendships. Keith was especially delighted when both of his granddaughters, Morwenna and Kerensa, moved to Porthleven with their husbands, Steve and Ben. It brought him great joy to know and love his great-granddaughter, Senara

Steven Rose. Died 9th July 2025



Science and politics can make awkward bedfellows, with the very question of whether it is possible to make purely objective observations about the world drawing forth highly politicised positions. The neurobiologist Steven Rose, who has died aged 87, took a broadly reductionist approach to his research into biochemical mechanisms of memory, while at the same time adopting a high-profile political stance against the idea that human behaviour is determined by our genes.

Less publicly but equally influentially, as the first biology professor to be appointed at the Open University – the distance-learning institution founded through a Labour government initiative in 1969 – Rose helped to pioneer a democratic and distributed approach to teaching practical science. He developed experiments that students could complete at home, pooling their results and prefiguring many of the "citizen science" projects that have become popular in recent years.

Impassioned, combative and articulate, Rose gave no quarter in his debates with fellow scientists. In the 1970s he challenged the idea that IQ tests – then being widely adopted in education and employment – measured some genetically determined “general intelligence”. This and subsequent debates played out in a wider cultural arena than is typical of most scientific debates, fuelled by a series of popular books.

His principal targets were the entomologist Edward O Wilson, author of Sociobiology, and the evolutionary theorist Richard Dawkins, author of The Selfish Gene, later joined by the cognitive neuroscientist Steven Pinker.

To Rose, the idea that the roots of human social behaviour had been planted through the process of natural selection in the service of perpetuating our genes was anathema. While he did not question Darwinian evolution as a driving force in biology, he argued from a Marxist perspective that history and society were at least as important as determinants of human actions.

In 1984 Rose co-authored Not in Our Genes: Biology, Ideology and Human Nature, together with the American geneticist Richard Lewontin and psychologist Leon Kamin. The book was a trenchant critique of sociobiology and genetic determinism, and went further in blaming such views for the failure to create a fairer society based on socialist principles. It met with mixed reviews, including the suggestion that he and his co-authors had misrepresented the views of their opponents, but Rose never retreated from his position.

More than a decade later, in Lifelines (1997), he restated his arguments, highlighting the developmental and environmental events that take place across a lifetime that are not predetermined but through which an organism “self-organises” to become a unique individual. He wrote: “It is in the nature of living systems to be radically indeterminate, to continually construct their – our – own futures, albeit in circumstances not of our own choosing.”

On first becoming a neurobiologist, Rose consciously chose an important problem to investigate. What is it that changes, biologically, when we learn? Trained as a biochemist, he pursued the hypothesis that some change in the biochemistry of individual brain cells must underlie the enduring traces of memory. He devoted his research career to looking for those traces, in the form of new protein molecules, in the brains of newly hatched chicks.

While he acknowledged that human memory raises far larger questions, he and his colleagues worked on this problem because it was “what we know how to study”. By the time of his retirement he and Radmila Mileusnic had identified protein molecules that could counteract the amnesic effects of antibiotics on learning in chicks, and were hoping to develop them as treatments for Alzheimer’s disease. Like others, however, they ran up against the problem that the brain puts up barriers to such large molecules, so that they cannot be given as pills or injections.

Rose was a compulsive writer, words flowing as easily in print as they did in person, weaving science, society and politics into a single whole. While still in his 20s he published The Chemistry of Life (1966), a hugely successful Penguin paperback explaining the basics of biochemistry to the general reader. His book The Making of Memory: From Molecules to Mind (1992) received the Royal Society science book prize.

One of his later works, The 21st Century Brain, succinctly summarised the achievements of neuroscientists in recent decades, but also warned that science could not always provide the best answers to questions about the mind, consciousness and mental illness. While Rose championed science as an approach to understanding the natural world, he devoted at least

as much of his considerable energy to critiques of the relationship between science and the state.

Steven was born into an Orthodox Jewish community in north London, the elder son of Lionel Rose (formerly Rosenberg), a chemistry teacher who became an intelligence officer during the second world war. Lionel subsequently worked full-time as an organiser for the Association of Jewish Ex-Servicemen and Women before founding an advertising agency. Steven's mother, Ruth (nee Waxman), gave up her own career aspirations to care for her home and family, but later became co-director of her husband's agency and ran it single-handed after he died in 1959.

Steven won a scholarship to Haberdashers' Aske's boys' school, then in Cricklewood, north London. Another scholarship took him to study natural sciences at King's College, Cambridge, where he initially intended to specialise in chemistry. But he found himself in an environment buzzing with new discoveries in biochemistry, including the DNA double helix proposed by James Watson and Francis Crick at the Medical Research Council Unit for Molecular Biology.

With a double first in biochemistry, Rose decided to use his new tools to tackle one of the hardest problems in biology – how the brain works. Cambridge "exiled" him to the Institute of Psychiatry in London to study the biochemistry of slices of cow brain for his PhD. Rose spoke of his frustration at this, saying: "We might as well have been studying big toes or livers or kidneys for all it told me about function."

He met Hilary Chantler (nee Channell), a recently widowed mature student reading sociology at London School of Economics, at a New Left Review meeting in 1960, and they married the following year.

Political action and protest had been part of his life since childhood – his community came under attack from fascist stone-throwers in the late 40s, and as an undergraduate he had joined in running battles with the police while demonstrating against the invasion of Suez. Steven and Hilary formed a close partnership, both personal and professional: Hilary co-authored several of his books, they were founder members of the British Society for Social Responsibility in Science, and they jointly held the honorary lectureship post of Gresham professor of physic from 1999 until 2002.

Hilary became professor of social policy at the University of Bradford, with a particular interest in the sociology of science, and they were united in their (broadly Marxist, but not pro-Soviet) political activism on issues such as the Vietnam war, the control of chemical and biological weapons and a boycott of Israeli academic institutions.

After a false start as a postdoctoral researcher at Oxford University, which he found stiflingly reactionary, Rose spent five years (1964-69) at Imperial College London. There he developed the technique of looking for biochemical changes in single neurons in the brains of chicks after they learned a new behaviour, the basis of his subsequent research work. In 1969 he joined the Open University, building the department of life sciences from scratch, and working out from first principles how one might teach science through a combination of home study and experiment, television programmes and summer schools.

He retired in 1999, but retained his laboratory and continued to conduct research for more than a decade. Reflecting on the values that underpinned his work for the OU, he told an oral history interviewer: "In a democratic society if you want to share power, you have to share knowledge and you have to share the knowledge of science."

He is survived by Hilary, their two sons, Simon (from Hilary's first marriage) and Ben, and six grandchildren, Sara, Chloe, Woody, Cosmo, Saul and Mali, and by his brother, Nikolas.

Thanks to The Guardian for the obituary

James "Bill" Felton Died 13th February 2023



Our Dad, James William Felton, known affectionately to his friends as Bill had a rich and varied life. There were so many facets to his life that trying to summarise it all for you in this short eulogy is nigh on impossible, so please forgive for anything I omit.

Dad was born 8th Feb 1940 in Edgware during the 2nd World War. I really can't start to comprehend all the massive changes that he witnessed in his life as technology has evolved so rapidly and yet in good, old Bill style he adapted to all of it.

Dad was the eldest of two sons born to Jack and Margaret and I'm delighted his younger brother Douglas and his son Robert are here with us today. Dad went to school at Broadfields in Edgware and even at that age his long-time friend Bob Cattle described him as "effervescent and self-confident" standing at the school gate to greet all his friends every day. He then moved to Haberdashers Prep and then the main school. It was at Haberdashers that he wrote an essay about "Billy Button" and that is how he got the nickname Bill, which is how many of you dearly refer to him today, however, his brother and business colleagues still call him James.

He left school at 16 and started a training programme in the City where he studied to be a Ship Broker, passing his Institute of Chartered Stockbroker exams in 1959, aged 19. He was sent to India in 1961 and spent time developing his skills in both Calcutta and Delhi before returning to the UK at the end of 1962 when he was elected a member of the Baltic Exchange.

Dad made some great friends during his time in India and often travelled back there on both business and pleasure right up until the last few years of his life.

Dad was always diligent and hardworking and I fondly remember going into the office with him on Saturday mornings to help with the telex machines! Oh, how technology has changed!!

Dad met Mum in the summer of 1955, aged 15 when she was driven to watch him play cricket at Haberdashers with his friends John & Ken. They all hung out together over those

summers at the Mill Hill swimming baths and also the Elms Tennis Club with Dad and Mum having their first date in 1957 when they went to watch a Grace Kelly film.

Always the matchmaker Dad was responsible for introducing two of his friends, John Babey and John Churchland to two of Mum's friends Janeen and Brenda. Now he must have been a good judge of character even then as both pairs got married and are still together today.

Mum and Dad married in September 1965 and after a short honeymoon in the Channel Islands set up home in Ware, where I was born two years later and then Clive 18 months after that.

They moved to Broxbourne in 1970 where I remember our house was always a party venue with Mum and Dad regularly hosting guests from around the world, as well as travelling to many exotic locations.

Mum and Dad joined the Broxbourne tennis club and were soon regular players in the league with Dad eventually becoming Club President from 1984 – 87. Clive and I spent many a weekend at the tennis club playing there with the children of many of their friends who are here today.

In 1978 we moved to a large house in Nazeing where a bar was already in situ in the lounge. This was another great entertaining house and Bill's bar was always open. That same year our parents decided to send Clive and me to boarding school (in part because they were travelling so much). Clive went to Felstead where he soon displayed a real aptitude for all sports but in particular, hockey, where he played for the Junior England teams. Dad and Mum ever the supportive parents used to travel to virtually all his matches, as well as shuttle him to training sessions at Lilleshall.

That is when Dad's passion for hockey started. He became an Umpire, refereeing over 500 matches and then a match delegate. In 1992 he took over as Director of the Centenary Club (basically a hockey supporters club) which he ran until it was disbanded in 1998. Alongside Kate Billson, Dad arranged for the parents of boys playing in the Junior England hockey teams to travel to the tournaments coordinating travel and hotel arrangements. Judging by the photos they always seemed to have a great time with plenty of food and wine at the centre of the events.

He was Transport Manager for the Junior World Cup in 1997, and the Women's Olympic Qualifying Tournament in 2000. Both roles involved him organising logistics for 12 different teams that managed to get up to all sorts of trouble. For example, the Russian manager continually smoking in his room and setting off the fire alarm, as well as having to intervene when both the Russian & Chinese hockey teams turned up on the pitch in red shirts & refused to change.

Dad was also actively involved in the East of England Hockey Association becoming President in 2007 and Chairman of England's Hockey Youth Trust. In 2007, at the grand old age of 68, he was also awarded the Sydney Friskin Memorial Silver Goblet for outstanding service to the sport by the Hockey Writers' Club

However, I think he was most proud of the role he played in the London 2012 Olympics when based at Loughton welcoming all the different teams and coordinating their logistics to get to their various matches on time.

Whilst Dad's passion was hockey, Mums' was golf and Dad was always super supportive of her as she took on the roles of lady captain at Brickendon Grange and the Herts Lady

captain. He became an active social member of Brickendon Golf Club – his golf wasn't great and I'm sure there are many of his friends here today that could testify to that. I know how much he valued his Tuesday lunchtime sessions with the boys at the club, especially after Mum died.

When not devoting his time to hockey Mum and Dad loved to travel. I still have a massive collection of over 40 dolls in different national dress that he brought back for me from every business trip.

When Clive and I were younger we both recall memorable holidays to the Seychelles, Australia and US, where we drove from LA to the Grand Canyon. I also remember some holidays to Wales where on one occasion I managed to get Dad on a horse, but only as far as the local pub!!!

When not exploring new locations – such as South Africa and the Galapagos Islands – Mum and Dad were always visiting friends whether in the UK or abroad. Just last year Dad managed to take trips to Australia, New York twice to see his brother and the West country to catch up with old friends.

In late 2012 after returning from a trip to Australia Mum was diagnosed with cancer. Dad became a constant support for her and scaled back his hockey activities. I remember being worried at how he would keep himself busy as hockey had been such a large part of his life, but as always he found new interests.

He became a social member of Hoddesdon Bowls Club along with Mum when she gave up golf and much to my amazement joined the Hoddesdon Walking Club, clocking up between 15-20 miles per week. Dad's last walk with them was the day before his 83rd birthday where he wore the obligatory Birthday Hat.

Mum and Dad had moved to Hoddesdon in 1988 and as usual, became a vital part of the local community. Clive and I are indebted to his neighbours, particularly after Mum's death for keeping an eye on him. They have all told me what a great neighbour he was always cheery, friendly and welcoming. Maybe there is something we can all learn from him about the importance of community & building real relationships with others.

Much in part due to his neighbour's and other friend's support, Dad proved us all wrong after Mum's death by coping remarkably well. I know Mum battled on for so long because she was concerned about what would happen to Dad after she died, but she needn't have worried. He continued to throw himself into life and was out at least four days a week for lunch or dinner - his diary was definitely more full than mine.

Despite his jovial outward appearance, I know Dad really missed Mum and he kept a memorial to her in his bedroom making sure he said good night to her every day. Well, Dad you are now reunited with Mum and what great timing just before Valentine's day.

Written by Julia, Bill's daughter

John Whittenbury Died 25th August 2020



Many of you have known John much longer than I have. It would be his custom at this point in any speech for him to say that he won't keep you for more than an hour and forty- five minutes and judging by the length of this, I would get comfy if I were you.

John Rowsell Whittenbury was born on the 14th April 1939 to Grace and Jack Whittenbury into a very traditional Family. They had been led to believe they couldn't have children and when grandma finally realised that they were expecting Dad she was six and a half months gone. They had initially mistaken dad for the early onset menopause.

Being born at the beginning of the war he was subsequently evacuated to Berkley, just up the road from here. His Aunt and Uncle were tenant farmers at the Dower House to Berkley Castle, Peddington Manor, and Dad was moved down here to spend some very happy formative years. He was fond of telling the story of his uncle going out with the shotgun to collect the German fighter pilot who had crash landed in the back field. Although the pilot wouldn't accept a cup of tea in case it was poisoned, he was apparently quite happy to have been caught.

A keen Scout in his youth who, being located not a million miles from Wembley Stadium, was a steward there. He was selling programs for FA cup finals, challenge cup finals and other events. One of which being the Stanley Matthews cup final. Never a huge football fan though, he would always keep an eye on the Pompey score, which was his fathers favourite team.

Sport and competition were always very important throughout his life, he loved to watch sport and his memory for figures and statistics was sharp as a tack right up until he passed. Even a week or two before the end, he could recite test match figures, knowing who played, did what and the year it happened. A few weeks ago, Mum switched the TV on for him and he dozing in bed, but just by hearing the commentary he suddenly told mum it was the first test between England and the West Indies and the year of the match.

As a child, his father used to take him to cricket, and his love of the game carried through to old age. As you will know, if you know the family well, he managed to indoctrinate most of us with a love of sport. It was the competition he loved the most though. He hated losing

with a passion. Never saw the point of coming second but when he didn't come first he was always very gracious, whist already working out how to win the next time. He played sport only for as long as he was competitive, with cricket he gave up and became an umpire when he felt he was no longer good enough. After that he would play only if it meant playing with David, or on 1 occasion myself.

After passing his Common Entrance he went to Haberdashers School. A move that began a connection that remained for the rest of his life. He would be the first to admit that he had lots of potential, but also happy to admit that he was bone idle when it came to his studies. Sport was a major contributing factor throughout his time here and his great sporting loves cricket, rugby and of course rugby fives. He would always say that if his talent had matched his enthusiasm, he would have gone places. He had no real ability in all but fives but loved to compete (I Know the feeling).

He left School at 17 years old after battling through Glandular fever pass his O-levels, but taking the decision not to complete his A Levels, he went straight into accountancy school to train towards becoming a chartered accountant. His association with Haberdashers would continue for the next 65 years including stints as president of the old boys cricket club, fives club and finally his one-year presidency of the Old Haberdashers Association, which was one the proudest moments of his life.

After school he loved his training for business and accountancy because numbers were really his thing. His social life was sport, he learned to play bridge and would step in to play bridge if his mother and father needed an extra player. Although he didn't properly meet Mum until 1967, they had had an encounter through a fellow Old Haberdasher, John Rotheroe, who was married to Mums sister Jackie, about 2 years earlier when mum had gone to watch John play fives. When I asked mum about this a few days ago she said she thought he was distinctly odd. (Always a good judge of character my Mum)

They next met two years later in 1967 over dinner at Jackie's. The rest, shall we say, is history. They were engaged in 1967 and married in 68. Fifty-two and a half years of Marital Bliss.

Life proceeded at pace for mum and dad, with first David and then Anna. They moved into Stoke Meadow and were blessed with many ,many happy years. The highlight obviously being my arrival in 1982!!

I don't remember a quiet Christmas at Stoke Meadow. In fact, I don't think I remember a Christmas with less than 20 people, until I was well into my teens. Mum would cook, Dad would carve. Granny and Grandpa would wash up. David would get up late with a hangover and be in the doghouse and Jackie would come over with Dom and Abigail. There would be Grandma and other stragglers who would intrigue me and scare me in equal measure. Dinner around that dining table was always special and of course no dinner was complete without dad booming out his Family toast. Welcome to our festive table!!!

Always memorable and always something friends would talk about for a long time after. Many of my close friends used to love coming over for the food, the fun and of course the family toast. Dad was such a good host, just ask Debbie, who would have a large glass of

wine in her hand within 2 minutes of walking through the door. Mum and he made such a great team even if at times they could have strung each other up.

By the time I came along dad was well into his bridge. Playing competitively and to a county standard. Such was his mind he could recall a hand of cards he had played weeks before or even 10 years before and would tell stories about how he had played them with such pleasure and gusto. Still to this day, I have no idea what 6 no trumps means but I would always raise a smile when he told a story again.

Dad found pleasure in competing with his bridge, slowly but surely, he worked his way up through the EBUs points system. I will not pretend I understand these things, but he was proud of his achievements. In later years and since he moved to Stroud, he had his regular Bridge partners Sian and Carol and when he could he had Mum as well. He would always love to play with other partners, but they had to be of a certain calibre. As a director he was a natural with a reputation that proceeded him. His loud booming voice helped, never one for the oldies who wanted to plod along. He liked things to move along at a pace. When they ran the bridge club in Cookham where they met Sian many years back, I remember being party to a conversation where he told Sian he was a financial advisor she replied 'Really love, I thought you were a Sargent Major!'

I have this image in my mind of Dad wherever he might be now, talking bridge with his dear friends who have been saving a place at the bridge table, awaiting his arrival. We put a pack of cards in his coffin that Tom and Ollie gave him along with umpires counters that Anna made for him 30 years ago. I think he would have liked the thought that he could take a pack of cards on this journey, and he always loved the counters Anna gave him and was never without them when umpiring.

When I was young there was a rugby season where he and I went to every home and away game with Wasps. Early on a Saturday morning we would be up on a train going here there and everywhere he would always have a pack of cards with him we would play Whist or Rummy for hours. I will never forget the look on his face as I slowly finished dealing and he realised he had already won. He knew the % chance of each hand and usually had a fair idea what I had. I would win occasionally, but he was always far too good for me.

He loved going to watch rugby home and away both Wasps and England, he enjoyed watching us play even more. He would go all over the country to watch David and I as children. He always told the story of driving up to watch David's first game as Captain of Denstone Cricket. First ball 6, second ball out, 300 miles driven. One game of rugby I played as an adult, I came on with about 5 minutes to play and was put on the wing. I ended up with the ball in my hand on the opponents 22 with dad about in line with me on the touch line. Dad took off with me, 'Go Steven Go'! As he ran with me on the touch line – Go Steven Go – which soon became – Come on Steven as in his excitement he had overtaken me and was 5 yards ahead. He loved to take part and loved seeing us do well even more.

Of all the sports Dad played, fives was the one he really excelled at. I have never played a game or seen one live. he would travel all over the country for this and was very good at it I am told. David said dad was probably in the top 20 players in the country. His last game of fives was against a 16 year old David. David came from behind to beat Dad, and at that

point he decided it was a good day to retire. Knowing Dad, I would think that made him very proud to call it a day then.

By the late 80's and early 90's he had stopped playing sport but still umpired cricket. Both David and I have memories of him at the other end. David as he scored runs and kept wicket very well, and me with him shaking his head as I missed a straight one. Always impartial! fair to the very end. 'You can't score runs if you're back in the shed Steven!'

I never learnt!!!

Both Anna and I have many memories of our younger years sat in the car or wandering aimlessly around the boundary whilst dad umpired, and David played cricket. In later days, once we moved to Stroud he would still be umpiring, I would be playing, Mum would be scoring and Anna if she was really lucky would get roped doing the teas! So many people have fond memories of Dad hopping around on one leg trying to get mums attention whilst she was having a coughing fit, Dad shouting "SCORER". Usually followed up by mum telling him to go away in not such elegant language. These scenes are legendary around Stroud Cricket Club. As is dads Battle cry which he inadvertently gave the lads one day as they went out to field. 'give them hell boys' the lads loved this and still use this today.

In 2001 and the decision was made to move to Gloucestershire with mum and Dads. A house was found, and many happy memories were made. Stroud on initial inspection was an interesting place with some very quirky folk. The Whittenbury's fitted in well!

Shortly after arriving, Mum and Dad found Stroud Cricket club, a move that would affect all of our lives forever. We found lifelong friends, some of whom have been able to come today.

For myself, David and Anna there was one common theme. Any and all of our friends were welcome. A close friend of mine emailed me a few days ago to say how much and his wife would miss him. If they rang up, he would always answer the phone in his big booming voice 'WOODVILLE', always welcome us to his festive table and would invariably have a turn of phrase to adequately describe something such as 'You might find Steven in his pit.' Not too far from the truth in those days.

In 2003 David and his wife Debbie welcomed the arrival of Tom quickly followed exactly one month later with Anna and Nick welcoming Catherine to the family. Then along came Ollie, a couple of years later. Dad took immense pleasure from each of his grandchildren and their achievements. Dad loved hearing the scores from each of the boys various sporting achievements and Catherine who in so many ways shares her grandad's ability with numbers. Catherine and Dad would tease each other on end. He recognised in Catherine a shyness he felt as a child and in recognising this he suggested sending her to Drama for a few years to help with her confidence. Now you try and stop her talking.

He also loved to take her riding, although I think this had more to do with the bacon butties sold there than the riding itself.

He was ever so pleased when Oliver became a Scout. He found all his old scouting badges out from who knows where and gave them to Ollie. Things like that gave him lots of pleasure, and knowing Oliver was in the Scouts made him very proud.

During Lockdown he and Mum loved their daily phone calls from Tom. A check in to make sure they were ok. Tom and Dad would talk about sport on end. To put this into perspective, if David or I got 3 or 4 minutes before he found someone to hand the phone off to, we would count ourselves truly lucky, Tom got 30 or 40 minutes at a time. A true achievement.

I couldn't talk about dad without bringing up his love of his Madeira holidays. During these trips, Anna and Dad would play hundreds and hundreds of games of Backgammon. Anna claims he stopped playing her once she began to win consistently. Many happy Holidays were spent there and only the lure of a Lions tour to New Zealand in 2005 would encourage him away from his Madeira holiday. That isn't to say that the odd weekend city trip with Mum wasn't out of the question. They loved a weekend trip away to places such as Paris, Venice, Athens and Vienna.

In business dad was a natural born salesman. He was honest until the end and made sure he got the very best for his clients at every step. The number of letters from clients and their children Mum has had saying just this has been a real pleasure. Over the years of Whittenbury and Co and JWFS he met some lifelong friends and was grateful he could pass JWFS on. So many people would come for a meeting, Mum would cook an amazing meal and Dad would do what he was good at. Entertaining, helping people and of course selling. He would provide an ear if there were problems, and he would always say he was available 24 hours a day to his clients, but it would cost a little bit more at 3am.

Dad was able to see his children married and settled before he went. Sam and I were so happy we could have him at our wedding. During his last days and weeks mum and Anna gave him all they had. They helped him move around and live the best life he could have. Sian nicknamed Anna the Duracell bunny in relation to her never stopping. Her care and love for him in the end was amazing. Dad made sure at every turn that his children were cared for. Anna and Catherine living with mum and dad gave dad great pleasure. How he lived in a house with 3 women I don't know.

I would like to finish with two things both instrumental in Dads life. The first one is his faith. Dad had a faith in which carried him throughout his life. A faith that helped him, and one that gave him great comfort. I would like to take this time to say thanks to Dr Richardson. Dads friend and mentor throughout his illness providing dad with spiritual counselling to get to the end with bravery and the firm belief in his faith. He gave him the inner peace in what was to come, and will always envy Dad's steadfast belief in his faith, and will be forever grateful that it gave him so much hope.

Finally, I would like to talk about the most important person in Dads world. The person who above all else everything was done for. Our wonderful Mother. Although for nearly 53 years Mum and Dad would argue and bicker on end. Dads first, second and third thought was for Mum. All disagreements were settled with the poking out of the tongue after possibly a slammed door or two or a storming exit but that is what made them Mum and Dad.

Recently, as we started to look through his things, I found some old mementos including his speech from their wedding in January 1968. If I could read his handwriting, I would have given you some gems, but it was just as unreadable 53 years ago as it was 3 days ago. Alongside these were the letters they wrote to each other before they were married and other precious but private keepsakes. In many he was he was a very private and sentimental man, and it has been a great consolation to know he had kept these little treasures.

Throughout his illness, he was at every step the brave and stoic man you all knew. He never complained and on a bad day if asked he would tell you he was 'Middling'. He never called it cancer it was just an ailment; it was just a challenge to be beaten. This turned out to be his biggest challenge and he beat if for 13 and a half years, fighting hard until the end. Positive throughout.

He set goals to be achieved and like everything else in his life he worked hard to achieve them. My wedding, his 80th and their 50th wedding anniversary. All were targets to be achieved and they were.

Dad we will forever miss you and always be grateful for what you gave us.

Eulogy Given by Son Steven 7th September 2020

Geoffrey Ogden Died 25th January 2020

Geoff was raised in Kenton, Middlesex, and attended Priestmead Primary School from where, at the age of 10 years, he passed the entry exam to Haberdashers' Aske's Boys' School, then at Hampstead. He was a very bright lad and more than held his own with others a year older. He represented the school at cross country running, his stamina having been developed by cycling some 25/30 miles each day to school with John Parker and me. He was involved in school theatrical productions and became the warrant officer in charge of the Combined Cadet Force.

After A levels he attended the London School of Economics where he was involved in the rather tricky area then described as logic and scientific method, without doubt the fore runner of the world of computers and modem management systems. He also represented the LSE in long distance running.

He left the LSE with a very good degree and later qualified as an accountant eventually moving into financial management in large organisations developing alongside that experience, his knowledge and expertise in the use and application of computer systems in various settings.

After initially working in the UK he had several postings overseas and lived for many years in South Africa. His returns to the UK would always be marked by very fluid meetings with John Parker and myself in various London hostelries and with his LSE colleagues, notably Frank Stoner, who is here today and other friends such as Peter Denny.

Geoff eventually returned to the UK where he undertook commissioned work with

local authorities and NHS boards throughout England and Wales. He became involved in politics and did a great deal of work in support of the Conservative Party locally. With John Slade, who is here today, he organised fund raising functions and political meetings. He also canvassed extensively at election times. This and his professional career afforded him direct access to many prominent people which he would often put to use to assist others. He would spend much of his leisure times canal walking.

He was always proud of being an Old Haberdasher and supported both the school and the Old Haberdashers' Association. He played a bit of rugby for the old boys in his younger days but whilst he may have been powerful in the business world he was pretty hopeless in the line outs. He was however good in post match matters. He attended many social functions both formal and informal in support of the Association.

Geoff never married. Sadly, when in his thirties, his intended fiancé was killed in a car crash.

The last few years of his life were not good to Geoff. He suffered a stroke some seven years ago which curtailed his ability to walk. This gradually worsened leaving him bed ridden for the past three years. He also had had a kidney removed when he was in his thirties and this with his weakening condition left him prone to infections. He bore all his inflictions with inspirational cheerfulness and resolve, maintaining his passion for white wine. During one of his many stays in hospital a consultant described him as the most resilient person he had ever met.

Geoff was a good and loyal friend, (for over 70 years to John Parker and me, over 60 years to Frank Stoner, nearly 60 years to Peter Denny and over 30 years to John Slade) A kind and a caring person with an impish sense of humour and a brilliant mimic.

He will be greatly missed. RIP dear friend.

Ken Davies (1956).

Peter Mitchell Died 19th August 2019

Peter Mitchell died on 19 August 2019 at the age of 80. Many OH will remember Pete from school. At the age of 8 Pete had polio which left him with a withered left arm. In spite of this Pete achieved much with his life.

He left school for the LSE where he graduated in 1959. He then moved to Truro where he joined the planning department of Cornwall County Council where he was to spend the rest of his working life. Though he was born in London he came from a Cornish family, and this was to be his home for 60 years.

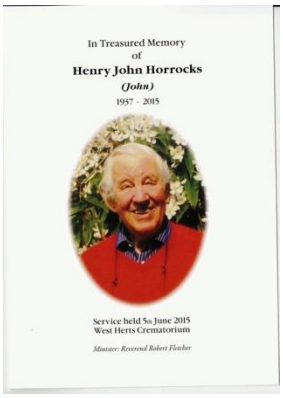
Pete was very active in the life of Cornwall. He was a Crusader leader, Secretary of Truro Baptist Church, active politically with the Liberal Democrats amongst many things.

I only really got to know Pete well on my frequent visits to Cornwall. He loved and knew Cornwall and her people well. He was always interested in old school contacts, which included TEC in his retirement in Cornwall. Quite a number of OH were spontaneously contacted by him.

Our sympathies go to Pete’s son Andrew and his sister Jane.

John Kirkby (1957)

John Horrocks - died 18th May 2015


In Treasured Memory
of
Henry John Horrocks
(John)
1957 - 2015

Service held 5th June 2015
West Herts Crematorium

Minister: Reverend Robert Flesher

His brother Peter writes -

I am sorry to let you my brother John died this morning. He had not been well since Christmas and they found he had cancer which had spread. He had a very enjoyable and successful life.

Peter Vacher writes -

Tony Alexander, John Hanson and I plus John's brother Peter were the OH contingent at John's funeral yesterday which was otherwise very well attended. There was no eulogy as such or speeches, just a very brief overview of his life from the Minister. John and Peter both played for OHRFC.

Lord Brittan of Spennithorne, born September 25 1939, died January 21 2015



The following obituary was published in the Daily Telegraph on 23rd January 2015.

Lord Brittan of Spennithorne, who has died aged 75, overcame a humiliating end to his ministerial career during the Westland crisis to become the longest-serving and most effective of Britain's European commissioners.

Widely respected for his intellect and capacity for hard work, Leon Brittan made his reputation in the early 1980s as a formidable administrator with an unrivalled grasp of the details of his brief, a talent that had previously made him a successful QC.

Suddenly brought into Margaret Thatcher's Cabinet in 1981 — promoted over the head of Nigel Lawson to chief secretary to the Treasury — he proved highly effective in imposing detailed control on public spending, an intellectually demanding task that his predecessor, John Biffen, had found too unpleasant (or too difficult).

As home secretary after the 1983 election, Brittan imported a raft of ideas for updating criminal justice, including stiffer sentences, and easing restrictions on using tape-recorded witness statements and on independent prosecutions. He produced many reforming Bills and tried to streamline Home Office bureaucracy; senior officials reckoned him the only post-war home secretary to realise what was wrong with the department and try to remedy it.

Brittan was one of the few Cabinet members who could privately persuade Mrs Thatcher that her initial reaction on a particular issue was wrong, and his willingness to argue with No 10 contradicted the popular caricature of him as a placeman.

Yet though he was one of the most gifted of her ministers, he was short on political judgment and sensitivity. Myopic-looking and unashamedly intellectual, Brittan's manner was widely interpreted, especially by press commentators, as patronising, even contemptuous. In her memoirs Mrs Thatcher recorded: "Everybody complained about his manner on television, which was aloof and uncomfortable."

Where the public saw arrogance and coldness, Brittan's friends noted precisely the opposite: a shy, humorous and exceptionally kind man and, improbable as it might have seemed to outsiders, the object of real affection. Even in a wider circle he was notable for being completely free of malice or spite. Yet the criticism that he was too clever for his own good and short on common sense dogged his career.

These failings came to the fore in 1985 when, in response to rising Tory anger at "Left-wing bias" in the BBC, Brittan tried to pressure the corporation's governors to prevent the screening of a Real Lives documentary on Northern Ireland, an effort which, since he did not succeed, left him looking simultaneously authoritarian and ineffective. This episode prompted Mrs Thatcher to move him, against his wishes, to the Department of Trade and Industry in September 1985. She was also influenced by backbench Tory complaints that

Home Office questions, in which Brittan was pitted against Labour's Gerald Kaufman, who shared his Baltic Jewish origins, was "like being in a foreign country".

The DTI should have been an easier billet, well suited to Brittan's backroom talents, and his speech at the party conference soon after brought him an unexpected standing ovation. But then came Westland.

The Westland company of Yeovil, Britain's only helicopter manufacturer, was in financial trouble and sought to be bailed out by Sikorsky, its American counterpart. The Sikorsky bid ran into immediate opposition from the defence secretary, Michael Heseltine, who claimed that the Americans would turn Westland into a "metal-bashing operation" and suggested the company look for a European buyer.

When Heseltine convened a meeting of the national armaments directors of France, Italy and Germany, as well as Britain, to agree a policy whereby they would only buy helicopters designed and built in Europe, he put himself at loggerheads not only with the Westland board but with the prime minister and her trade and industry secretary, who felt it was wrong for the government to prevent any particular solution to Westland's problems.

This disagreement erupted into a political crisis, with the arguments played out in Parliament and the press, mostly to the advantage of Heseltine, lobbying frantically behind the scenes. Then extracts were leaked from a confidential letter in which the solicitor-general, Sir Patrick Mayhew, accused the defence secretary of "material inaccuracies" in the presentation of his case.

Following Heseltine's dramatic resignation in mid-Cabinet on January 9 1986, it emerged that Brittan had authorised the leak, albeit with what he thought was No 10's consent. On January 24 he offered his own resignation.

Brittan's departure at the height of the worst internal crisis of Mrs Thatcher's premiership was the direct result of his loyalty to a prime minister he regarded as a friend. Inevitably, he was seen as the fall guy, a necessary sacrifice to save Mrs Thatcher herself. "He meekly accepted the role of scapegoat," Lawson recalled. "Had he made public all he knew, she could not possibly have survived." Perhaps in acknowledgment of this, Mrs Thatcher broke with tradition in expressing a clear desire in her reply to Brittan's letter of resignation to have him back in Cabinet as soon as possible. But he was never rehabilitated, and in 1989 left for Brussels.

Leon Brittan was born on September 25 1939, the younger son of Lithuanian Jews who arrived in the country as refugees in 1927 and settled in Cricklewood, where his father was a doctor. Leon's elder brother, Sam, would become a respected columnist on the Financial Times.

From Haberdashers' Aske's School, Leon won a scholarship to Trinity College, Cambridge. His ambition to succeed in both law and politics was clear: he gained double Firsts in English and Law and became both president of the Union and chairman of the university Conservative association. After a scholarship year at Yale, he was called to the Bar by Inner Temple in 1962 and became a leading libel lawyer, taking silk in 1978.

Two years before, Brittan secured a change in the law of contempt of court in a case that involved The Daily Telegraph. Its reporter Nicholas Comfort had named a ward of court in the paper, and the Official Solicitor brought prosecutions for contempt against the Telegraph and the Slough Evening Mail, which had repeated the story.

After a three-day trial in the High Court both papers were found guilty. The Telegraph's counsel advised the paper to accept the conviction, but Brittan, representing the Slough Evening Mail, insisted on appealing and so both papers had to contest it. He won, convincing Lord Denning that it was ridiculous there was no permitted defence against a charge of contempt. In the interval he told Comfort, whom as a young barrister he had taught at Trinity, "I don't think we got this far in the syllabus, did we?"

After being rejected for 14 safe Conservative seats, Brittan was elected MP for Cleveland and Whitby in February 1974. The seat disappeared in boundary changes and in 1979 he won the far-flung Yorkshire farming constituency of Richmond, representing it until he resigned to join the Commission in 1989; the future Conservative leader William Hague took his place.

Brittan's initial reluctance to go to Brussels owed much to his affection for his constituency. He may have been an improbable countryman but he became an enthusiastic one, with a passion for cricket. Whatever his defects as a national politician, he was a popular local MP.

Within two years of entering the Commons, Brittan became Opposition spokesman on devolution, then on industrial relations, and played an important part in framing Conservative trade union reforms. In Mrs Thatcher's first government of 1979, he became minister of state at the Home Office under Willie Whitelaw who, with Sir Geoffrey Howe, became his main political supporter and mentor.

It was Whitelaw who recommended him to Mrs Thatcher as a suitable replacement for Biffen in 1981. His promotion as the youngest member of her Cabinet was announced at a party given by Sir Geoffrey in No 11 Downing Street to mark Brittan's marriage to Diana Peterson, a divorcee with two teenage daughters. Lady Brittan would go on to chair the National Lottery Charities Board and be appointed DBE.

Although Brittan's appointment as a commissioner was reckoned by some of his friends a poor and belated consolation for his loyalty to Mrs Thatcher, Brussels gave full rein to his

talents. Serving first as competition commissioner, he demonstrated not only a lawyer's mastery of detail but also a steely determination to force through the principles of fair competition against entrenched national interests.

His ability to plough through and absorb mind-numbing detail won him the admiration of staff at the Commission, and his willingness to learn languages (he became fluent in French and German) earned admiration from colleagues and European politicians; the president of the Commission, Jacques Delors, rated him "one of the most brilliant men I have ever met".

In 1993 he was appointed vice-president of the Commission and given the crucial trade portfolio, a job that pitched him into the centre of the tortuous Uruguay round of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (Gatt). Brittan's mastery of detail proved crucial in reaching agreement with the Americans later that year, a personal triumph which saw his reputation as a high-powered if aloof intellectual transformed into that of a deal-maker on a grand scale.

Yet Brittan's successes won him few friends; his unshakeable faith in the power of reason left him little sympathy for emotionally tinged arguments in favour of French farming. The Gatt negotiations were notable for an explosive encounter with the French foreign minister Alain Juppé in which Brittan saw off French attempts to scupper the EC-US Blair House Accord limiting farm export subsidies.

Although this triumph kept the Uruguay round alive, the French never forgave him. "He was good," a German official at the showdown was quoted as saying, "but maybe he was too good."

French opposition effectively sank Brittan's hopes of succeeding Delors, and put paid to his hopes of the crucial eastern Europe portfolio after the installation of Jacques Santer. Santer had assured Brittan the job was his, but at the last moment voted for the Dutchman Hans van den Broek, a volte-face which caused Brittan to consider resignation.

Brittan also paid the price for growing Conservative Euroscepticism under Mrs Thatcher and her successor John Major. He sought to counter this in speeches and articles despite personal attacks in the British press, some of which bordered on the anti-Semitic, and a relationship with Major which was no better than cool. But his support for Britain's entry into the EMS and the Euro put him increasingly at odds with his own party and with sentiment in the country.

Brittan was among the commissioners who resigned en masse in 1999 following allegations of nepotism against their French colleague Edith Cresson. Within days of clearing his desk at the Berlaymont he was appointed vice-chairman of the merchant bank Warburg.

The last year of his life was overshadowed by rumours, including the allegation that as home secretary he had failed to act on a “dossier” prepared by the Conservative MP Geoffrey Dickens detailing alleged child abusers within the British establishment.

Brittan published two books on Britain’s role in Europe, The Europe We Need (1994) and A Diet of Brussels (2000), arguing for the nation to become more fully engaged.

Leon Brittan was sworn of the Privy Council in 1981, knighted in 1989 and created a life peer in 1999.

He is survived by his wife and his stepdaughters.

Laurence A Usiskin (1950-1956)
died April 1997

He was eminent in Orthodontics as Senior Lecturer,Examiner and Sub-Dean at Guys and St Thomas' Hospital Dental School.He was a very fine clinician in his chosen field,as well as an exemplary member of community and family, but he tragically died suddenly from natural causes. His loss has left a huge gap in our family life,and he is remembered with a lot of love especially by his wife Susan, and children Helen and Michael.

Alan Usiskin

David Saville (1956)

David died on 25th January 2012 after a distinguished ministry in the Church of England.

He was at one time Vicar of Christ Church Chorleywood and a Rural Dean. In 1991 he joined the staff of the London diocese as an adviser for evangelism and finally was Rector of Hackney. In 1997 he was made a Prebendary of St Pauls Cathedral

James Wigzell (1956)

James died peacefully at home on 26th February 2012.

1955

Michael Lipton Died 1st April 2023



The development economist Michael Lipton, who has died aged 86, credited an important part of his education to the people of the village of Kavathe in Maharashtra state, India. His research there in 1965-66 anchored a lifetime devoted to understanding, explaining and advocating for poor rural people around the world.

Rather than being backward and conservative as some supposed, such communities acted rationally and managed resources efficiently. In his paper The Theory of the Optimising Peasant (1968), Michael explained that poor, small farmers were often reluctant to adopt new varieties of wheat and rice such as those rolled out in the green revolution of the mid-20th century, despite the average yield being higher than that of traditional varieties. This was because when the new varieties failed, because of drought or disease, they did so more spectacularly than traditional varieties, and thus increased the risk of hunger and destitution. When later generations of the green revolution crops reduced the risk, poor farmers adopted them with enthusiasm.

Michael also showed that in land-scarce situations, poor farmers managed the land more intensively and more efficiently than richer ones; and he debunked the idea that poor farmers were wasteful, showing that grain losses on farms were often minimal.

These ideas helped overturn the idea that national development could only come via industrialisation, at the expense, usually via high taxation, of rural areas. Michael's big book, Why Poor People Stay Poor: Urban Bias and World Development (1977), set out to map in detail the ways in which urban-focused elites and policymakers discriminated against the rural poor.

In other work, Michael crossed the boundaries of disciplines to explore the linkages between agriculture, health and nutrition. In a short book for the World Health Organisation with Emanuel de Kadt, Agriculture-Health Linkages (1988), the authors demonstrated how the health and nutrition of rural people were shaped by agricultural policy: what was grown, at what price, and where. They showed how to make agricultural policymaking and institutions more responsive to the health needs of poor people, especially women, in rural areas.

Michael's interest in development economics was sparked by Paul Streeten at Oxford, and by research for Gunnar Myrdal, author of what eventually became Asian Drama: An Inquiry Into the Poverty of Nations (1968). In 1966 he married Merle Babrow, a historian and political analyst from South Africa, and they shared a long-term interest in rural development and social change there.

The countries he advised included India and Bangladesh, Ethiopia and Sudan, Botswana and South Africa. He worked with banks, aid agencies and foundations, and in 2001 was the main author of the first Rural Poverty report for the International Fund for Agricultural Development. Characteristic of his initiatives were market-based approaches to land reform in southern Africa, seeking to overturn the historic inequity of land appropriation by colonial interests while avoiding violent conflict.

Born in London, Michael was the son of Helen and Leslie Lipton, émigrés from Hamburg. From Haberdashers' school, then in Hampstead, he went on to Balliol College, Oxford, where he gained a first in philosophy, politics and economics (1960), and to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

He was an elected fellow of All Souls, Oxford (1961-68 and 1983-84), and held professorial posts at both the Institute of Development Studies in Brighton and at the University of Sussex. He was founding director of the university's Poverty Research Unit (1994-97), now the Centre for Poverty and Inequality Research. He also had attachments with the World Bank and the International Food Policy Research Institute in Washington, where he was director of the consumption and nutrition division (1987-89).

In 2003 Michael was appointed CMG; in 2006 he was elected a fellow of the British Academy; and in 2012 he won the Leontief prize, for contributions to economic theory that address contemporary realities and support just and sustainable societies.

He was devoted to his family, and to classical music, running and chess. On the last of these, he published a number of books, including the co-authored The Two-Move Chess Problem (1966), and Collected Chess Problems of Michael Lipton (2016). From 2000 to 2002 he was president of the British Chess Problem Society.

In his professional relationships Michael was rigorous and uncompromising, but he was also hospitable, generous and sympathetic.

Merle died in 2022. Michael is survived by his son, Emanuel, and his grandson, Joshua.

Thanks to The Guardian for the Obituary

Professor Chris Bryant. Died 15th August 2021



Professor Chris Bryant, a member of the ANU for almost 60 years, was born in 1936 at Hampstead, North London. He attended schools at Buckingham College, Harrow, and Haberdashers' Aske's, Hampstead and in 1955 gained a County Award to Kings College London where he graduated BSc with honours in zoology in 1958.

After completing an MSc at University College London, he moved to King's College Hospital to work for his PhD on the effects of anti-inflammatory drugs on subcellular metabolism in animal tissues, supervised by Mervyn Smith.

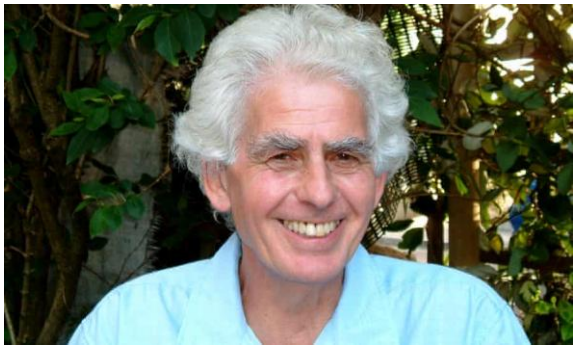
While working for his PhD, Chris married Anne Roberts, an Australian nurse and upon graduation he applied for academic positions in Australia. Chris had several offers from which he chose to accept a lectureship in zoology at ANU.

The zoology department at ANU had been established in 1959 under the headship of the noted parasitologist, Desmond Smyth, and Chris was quickly impressed with the quality of both staff and students.

Desmond, Warwick Nicholas, John Clegg, Mike Howell, and Chris soon established the ANU as a highly regarded centre for parasitological research in Australia.

With generous funding from the Commonwealth government, Chris established a research laboratory studying the adaptive biochemistry of parasitic cestodes, trematodes and nematodes.

Julian Leff (1955). Died February 2021



My friend Julian Leff, who has died aged 82, was a psychiatrist who broke new ground in the treatment of schizophrenia, including through an approach that involved intensive group and individual work with families instead of just the patient alone. He also invented avatar therapy, in which patients create computer avatars of the voices they hear and thus find a way to talk back to their hallucinations. It has proved so effective that it is now being pursued in four centres across Britain.

Julian was born in Kentish Town, north London, to Vera (nee Levy), a writer, and Sam, a doctor. He left Haberdashers' Aske's school at the age of 16 and went to University College London medical school, where he qualified as a doctor. He worked as a house officer at University College hospital and the Whittington hospital before turning to psychiatry.

The main part of his career, from 1972 to 2002, was spent at the Institute of Psychiatry at the Maudsley hospital in south London, where he became professor of social and cultural psychiatry and director of the Medical Research Council's unit. It was during these years that he pioneered his group and individual sessions with schizophrenia patients. The work led him to visit many other institutions around the world that were keen to have him talk about, and run workshops on, his approach.

During the era when large, old-fashioned mental hospitals began to be closed in favour of care in the community, Julian was director of the team for assessment of psychiatric services at the Maudsley, and from 1985 to 2005 conducted a study of the emotional and social effects of the deinstitutionalisation on 1,500 former patients who had lived in various hospitals. Creative even in retirement, it was after he had finished at the Maudsley that he came up with avatar therapy.

Julian wrote more than 200 papers and nine books on psychiatry, with much of his attention focused on family work with patients in the community. He won the Royal College of Health's Starkey prize in 1976, the Burgholzli award from the University of Zurich in 1999, the Marsh award for mental health work in 2010, and the Pelicier lifetime achievement award from the World Association of Psychiatry in 2017.

He was a popular personality whose remarkable sense of fun stood him in good stead in the last few years of his life, when he faced a degenerative disease with calmness and humour.

He is survived by his second wife, Joan (nee Raphael), a psychoanalyst who is my first cousin, their three children, Jessa, Jonty and Adriel, a son, Alex, from his first marriage, which ended in divorce, Joan's son Michael from a previous relationship and nine grandchildren.

Kindly reproduced from The Guardian and written by Matthew Lewin

John Munday (1955) died 9th March 2019



John Lindon Munday, invariably known to his family as JLM, was a Westbere Road OH and 1955 leaver, who followed his participation in the RAF section of the school's Combined Cadet Force with a 3-year stint in the Royal Air Force itself. He then spent the major part of his business life with the National Cash Register company, joining them at the outset of the computer age and becoming a considerable expert in all IT-related matters.

In a parallel career, John was an active musician who played the piano well and then took up drums, first playing with the Apex Stompers, a traditional jazz group founded at the school, while also leading his own bands [often including bassist John Millman, also a '55 leaver and Apex Stomper] and eventually playing in support of jazz stars like Acker Bilk and Humphrey Lyttelton. Always ardent about jazz, his musical background and initial studies were both prompted and encouraged by the example of his father, for many years the principal clarinetist with the Metropolitan Police Central Band, and in retirement a dance band pianist.

John re-entered the OH environment a few years ago after a spell living abroad, and began to attend the celebrated Old Lags lunches where he was reunited with others of us of the '55 generation. He remained hugely enthusiastic about jazz, continued to play and spoke about helping his local amateur dramatic society up in Riseley with both musical and practical support, and above all enjoying friends and the company of his extended family.

John's marital affairs were complex; he was married first to Toni, with whom he had two daughters, Jane and Sally, and they and their families survive him as does Toni. He then married Angellike and there was a third marriage before he was again reunited with Angellike, content to share his time between her home in Germany and his in Bedfordshire. She also survives him.

John had successfully combated cancer some years ago but it returned and he died quite suddenly on 9 March this year. Fellow band-members and 1955 leavers, Ian Powell and Peter Vacher, attended the funeral at Bedford Crematorium, as did Adrian Chubbe, a 1976 OH and family friend. The post- funeral party hosted by his daughter Jane Steel and her

husband at their rural Bedfordshire home was thronged with friends and family in celebratory mode, and lasted well into the early hours

Peter Vacher April 2019

Neville Mark Cooper (1955) - died 2nd January 2019

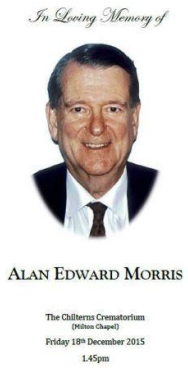


It was pure chance that I met up with Neville again in the 1960's. Coincidence had it that we had both bought a house in Berkhamsted within 100 yards of each other without either of us knowing it. Since then we have enjoyed each other's company at home and at the theatre in Northampton. Neville and his wife, Linda have followed the fortunes and misfortunes of Charlton Athletic. I was allowed to sit with them when Bournemouth were the visitors provided that I did not shout too loudly when "The Cherries" came within striking distance of the Charlton goal. Neville's other interest was horse racing. He owned part of a horse that participated but failed to win more than infrequently. He was a qualified electrician by trade and took over his father's business in the early 1970's.

Neville was a kind and thoughtful man who epitomised the term, "gentleman" and was admired and loved by his many friends. He died on January 2nd. after a battle with cancer and was interred at Edgwarebury on January 6th. He is mourned by his wife, Linda, sons Jonathan and Anthony, daughter in law, Maria and grand children, Joseph, Eli, Ella and Zoe.

John Jeffers (OH 1954)

Alan Morris (1955) - died Tuesday 8th December 2015



Alan was born in Harrow on 14th December 1936 and grew up in Kenton, Middlesex.

He attended Uxendon Manor Primary School. During the 2nd WW his father was in the Army in India and Burma. In 1943 Alan was evacuated, as were so many children, from the Home Counties, first to Birmingham, where his mother joined him, and then to Cardigan Bay, which he enjoyed.

His father finally returned home in March 1946. As for many others it was a deeply affecting episode in his family's life.

At the age of 11 he gained a scholarship to Haberdashers' Aske's Hampstead School.

He was a member of the Methodist Church in Kenton and was a keen member of the local Scouting movement throughout his teenage years. At 17yrs he joined the Rovers, and he has celebrated annual reunions with his Rover friends until this year.

From 1955-59 he trained at University College Hospital – a friend remembers they dissected a cadaver together in Anatomy class, and he qualified as a Doctor in 1960, having gained the Ericksen Prize in Surgery in 1959.

He then went on to gain experience in different areas of medicine, including working in 1965 at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children in the paediatric surgical unit.

He then moved into General Practice and from 1969 to 1973 worked in Warsash (Southampton), Edinburgh and Witney. He was offered a partnership in a group practice in Chesham in 1973 where he remained a GP for 32 years.

He became a single handed GP in 1994 in a 2-up 2-down rented accommodation, and then bought Aureole House in 1994, a former public house, then offices, then transformed into a general practice. He retired in 2005.

In 1984 he met Sylvia, whom he married in 1986, and settled down to a happy family with his wife, stepson Alex, and then Christopher who was born in 1988. Alan continued to develop his professional knowledge and attended many courses, with a special interest in ENT, and was an active member of the Royal Society of Medicine.

In 1999 he was awarded the Fellowship of the Royal College of General Practitioners. In a letter to his mother he noted that as well as recognition of good work it meant paying a raised membership fee!

Outside of his professional life he was actively involved in the local Rotary club, of which he was president in 2007, the Leyhill Golf Club and enjoyed staying in touch with old friends

from Haberdashers' through the Old Habs Assoc., including the Old Habs Golfing Society. He was also a founder member of the Old Habs Target Rifle Club, shooting at Bisley, which was also a sport that his wife enjoyed. In later years he changed to match rifle shooting.

He had been a member of the Berkhamsted Choral Society in the 1970s, and in the last few years he and Sylvia sang with a local choir. He was also learning Spanish.

He enjoyed travelling and recent holidays have included South America, Pakistan, NZ, Canada, the Caribbean, and most recently, earlier this year, Burma/Myanmar, to visit the country that his father had been in during the war. He also enjoyed trips to Spain.

Since 2007 he has been the president of the Amersham Hard of Hearing Club, because of his interest in ENT, and he was on the committee of the Chesham Sick Poor Fund.

He enjoyed life, his family, and was interested in people!

Eulogy given by Alan's son, Chris Morris :

Before I begin I would like to thank all of you here on behalf of my mother, my brother, my aunt, myself and everyone else in the family, for all of your efforts to be here today, to help us mark my fathers' passing. We appreciate you all taking the time to be here, but I would like to make a special mention to the Rotary Society who cancelled their Christmas lunch so that they could join us. I would also like to thank the Singing for Pleasure group which Mum and Dad were both a part of who kindly asked if they could sing today in Dad's memory.

One thing which we always knew but became so much more apparent in the time since his passing is the amount of people Dad knew and how many friends he had. Each of you here had your own relationship with my Dad, each of you has your own set of memories and your own individual way that you would describe him. I hope that, in this eulogy that I offer, you will recognise some part of the man that we all knew, and a man who will not be forgotten.

Getting to speak to some of you since Dad's passing has highlighted some of the fantastic qualities he had which were seen by so many people. A way that Dad has been described many times over is as a true English gentleman and I could not agree more with that.

Dad would take an interest in all those around him. One thing which would never cease to amaze me was that he could take almost any of you here today and he would be able to tell me about everyone who was in your family, how he first met you and an unbelievably detailed description of exactly what you had been doing for the last few years. This summed up Dad because he loved being around people and you knew that when he was finding out about you, he truly cared.

Getting to speak with you all meant that we were also able to hear about all the good that Dad did. He was not a boastful man and growing up with him, my brother and I were lucky enough to be around an intelligent, kind hearted man. No matter what he was doing, he would be able to make time for you with a wonderful smile on his face.

Another quality of Dad's which will be well known is how he would never be found to do things half heartedly. His passion for the medical profession was second to none. I don't think he ever saw it as just a job; Dad wanted to help people and would go above and beyond to make sure his patients were well cared for. His house visits would often go late into the night for this purpose, but he would never complain or expect special thanks, that was just what he did.

As well as everything I have mentioned, Dad cared most about his family, and there were lessons from him that he never had to actively teach me but I was able to learn by just being lucky enough to be around him. The relationship between him and my mother was one of true mutual love and respect, their dynamic to watch was always fantastic and they had thirty years of wonderfully happy marriage together. For myself and everyone else going to visit, you would always be greeted by a house full of laughter and stories of all the great thing they had been doing and people they'd been seeing. Especially in the time since retirement, they visited some amazing places together in the last few years like Pakistan, Peru, New Zealand and most recently Burma, which he visited as his father was there during the war.

My brother Alex always had the most lovely relationship with Dad, always joking together and Dad was so impressed with everything that Alex did. From him and his family were a huge source of pride for my father. From my brother, Dad gained a wonderful daughter-in law and three grandchildren who he could not be prouder of. Having been able to see Dad together with his grandchildren was a real gift and I want them to know that he could think more of you than he did, he knew you were very surely that you would each go to do great things and would want you to all be happy in what you did.

Dad's sister Susan and her family, which includes a brother-in-law, nephews, nieces –in-law and lovely great nieces were also a huge part of his life.

One of my favourite things about Dad was the cheekiness he had, which was epitomised by his obsession keenness of keeping and not discarding of things; not quite hoarding but it did take up a whole room. When this all got a bit much, then mum would mention he should move of it, she would then be very happy to see that this had happened, only to walk into the shed and see everything had migrated to there. Dad did point out, with a wonderfully cheeky smile, that as requested, it had been moved.

Outside of work, Dad was a keen golfer and shooter and would organise and attend many events for both of these. After asking him how he had done that day, I was sometimes less

convinced that it was about the sport when he would take more time describing how wonderful the meal and dessert had been. He mainly though enjoyed the company of those he got to play with, I know many of you are here today and he had a lot of respect for you.

Being part of the Rotary club was a huge passion of Dad's and I know that he would wear his Rotary pin with pride. The work that all of the Rotary do is something which we greatly respect and some of the projects were just amazing. I remember the most extravagant project which I heard about most recently was building a Zambian Roundhouse which is a real sized thatched hut in the grounds of a school. It was by all accounts a very impressive structure and Dad was very proud to see it finished.

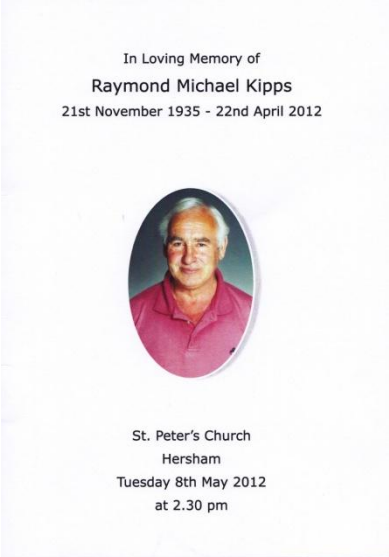
Where Dad had many passions, what he cared most about was family. Mum and Dad enjoyed thirty years of wonderfully happy marriage and my brother and I were lucky enough to grow up in a house full of smiles and laughter.

He had a loving sister and brother-in-law who he cared greatly for, a wonderful daughter in law and three amazing grandchildren who loved him dearly and called him 'Pops'. He also had three nephews and a niece. Alan's nephews, Matthew and Andrew, shared his love of sport, enjoyed accompanying him on interesting trips to the Royal Society of Medicine and thought no Christmas was complete without his quiz boards which was a general knowledge game he would create every year.

Dad will be remembered as a kind man and a good man. He had a wonderfully cheeky smile which could brighten up any room. He will be missed by many in the community but we must remember that he lived a good life and that should be celebrated.

All of us were lucky to know an intelligent, kind hearted man who will be greatly missed but not forgotten. A truly special gentleman.

Ray Kipps (1955) – died Sunday 22nd April 2012



Ray made a valuable contribution to OHRFC as both player and President and of course, also to the OHA as its President in 1995-96.

Ray was diagnosed with cancer in 2009 and only given four months to live, but he showed his resilience by surviving this long. He spent his last months in Clare House Nursing Home, Hersham and during this time he received excellent care. The Home requires more exercise equipment for their patients and the family decided that, taking account of Ray's many sporting interests, it would be a good memorial to him if some equipment could be donated. Discussions with the Home have revealed that a set of parallel bars costing about £500 would be a great help. The parallel bars were officially presented to the Nursing Home in early October 2012 and **here is a photo of the plaque**.

Transcript of the Tribute to Ray given by Dr David Brown

Ray was born in November 1935, as the only child of Steve and Ruby Kipps. Steve and Ruby had a wonderfully long, harmonious and caring relationship, and a relaxed, convivial and optimistic attitude to life. These attributes were transmitted in full to Ray, and to his relationship with Gill, and now to Chris with Emma. Perhaps there is a "Kipps gene" for life enjoyment and enhancement – there certainly is physically in that friendly contented Kipps smile which, in Ray's case, even the trauma of fighting an overwhelming cancerous invasion could not suppress. That lovely smile is seen also in Chris, was so evident in their other son Lawrie and is now obvious in Chris and Emma's daughter Evie. Let's hope it spreads further as a lasting tribute.

I first met Ray in 1947 when we were 11-year old "freshers" in form 2S at Haberdashers school in Cricklewood. I can't now remember exactly how and why we developed a friendship – we weren't in the same houses (Ray was in Meadows, I was in Russells); we didn't have any specific school interests in common – Ray was much the more sporting, and

excelled in Rugby, whereas my limited sports activities (mainly running and athletics) were more solo affairs; and we weren't in the same subject groups except for chemistry and physics.

Perhaps it was just the fact that we didn't live far away from each other – I lived in Hendon and Ray lived in Cricklewood Broadway, in a flat above the Victoria Wine company, where his father Steve was the "licensed victualler". Hence Ray acquired an intimate knowledge of the drinks trade, which stood him in good stead in later life, as many will appreciate. Certainly our proximity allowed us to spend the weekends avoiding doing too much homework. Some things we did together were cultural, like going to the Royal Festival Hall to listen to a series of concerts illustrating the history of music. Some were less cultural, like sampling London's pubs on a Saturday evening (and walking home to his flat along the Edgware Road when the evening ran too late and the last bus had gone). We also found an excellent way of countering Sunday boredom, through the fortunate circumstance that my parents had their main meal at lunchtime whereas Ray's had adopted the more continental habit of eating in the evening, so we could enjoy two lunches – a post-pub lunch in Hendon, then later to Cricklewood for dinner – the perfect arrangement for two growing lads.

Our friendship became further cemented by joining Pop Oliver's School harvest camps in North Cadbury where we learnt to drink scrumpy. This was forced in us by the fact that Pop proscribed us from drinking beer – notwithstanding the fact that scrumpy was much the stronger, as we soon found out.

Then we started going on long summer cycling holidays together, in England and abroad. For example one summer we cycled through Devon & Cornwall for several weeks on the princely sum of £15. This we did by staying in barns and working on farms doing such jobs as cleaning out pig-sties – I still have an image of Ray chasing a brood of piglets around the farmyard which he had inadvertently let out from their pen – they're incredibly slippery squirmy little things to get hold of – and the smell of pig shit followed us for several days.

On another occasion we spent a month in Norway and Sweden – part of the time with John Davies, another OH who unfortunately drowned a while later. In this trip we ended up in Skjolden, at the head of the Sognefjord, about 150 miles north of Bergen from where we had to get our boat back to England. We had been told we could get a boat from Skjolden to Bergen so asked when it was due. We were thinking in terms of hours, but got the answer "on Tuesday" – that was on the preceding Friday! So we stayed above the only cafe for 3 days, living on a diet of cornflakes and fresh salmon. Then when we eventually got to Bergen, we were accosted late at night on Bergen dockyard by 3 drunken sailors, one of whom was brandishing a knife and shouting out something in Norwegian. We thought our end had come. However, when we explained that we were English, the knife-wielder broke into broad Scots. It turned out that he had been in the British navy in the war and was trying

to sell his knife to get money to get back to his ship. We couldn't help, of course, having none ourselves.

On these and other cycling holidays Ray was a wonderful travelling companion. His relaxed attitude to life came into its own. For instance, when it was hot and we had to stop at a convenient pub to quench our thirst, he was quite happy to spend the afternoon in the sun in a convenient meadow, rather than pushing on. Only once do I remember his feathers being a little bit ruffled, when his bike chain came off going down a hill outside Oslo past a flock of girls – Ray let out a strong (and in those days forbidden) expletive, only to hear the girls giggling –they were English! That's one of the few times I've seen Ray blush.

Life moved on, but Ray and I remained close friends through the years. Ray was my Best Man and I was his. We both accepted the honour of being Godfathers to each other's first born child and our two families have spent many happy times together over the years. We also enjoyed many more holidays with Ray and Gill, and made new friends with them, and these holidays too were always enhanced by Ray's sunny temperament.

After leaving school Ray entered Kenchington Little and partners for a period, then in 1960 enrolled in the Royal Engineers for his National Service. He was stationed mainly in Cyprus at the time of the Greek-Turkish dispute, where (among other things) he became a cricketer and rugby player on Her Majesty's service for the RE and met another great friend, David Pearce. After returning to Blighty in 1961 on account of his mother Ruby's illness, he re-joined Kenchington Little and partners for a life-long career in civil engineering.

Throughout his life, Ray's over-riding passion has been the Old Haberdashers Association (of which he was President in 1995-6) and especially of the OH Rugby Football Club as both player and past-President. It was in such activities that his laissez-faire approach to life became supplanted by dynamism, particularly on the rugby field. And it was through the Rugby Club that he first met Gill. In later life this dynamism also showed through in his work as Branch Meetings Secretary for NADFAS (the National Association of Decorative and Fine Arts Societies), for which he organized many events.

Life for Ray and Gill has not always been easy. They lost their second son Lawrie at age 21from Non-Hodgkin's Lymphoma and their daughter Julia has had a longstanding illness. And now Ray's own life has been prematurely cut short by an invasive kidney tumour. Even here Ray proved an exceptional patient – although first diagnosed 4 years ago, with a prognosis of 4 months, he outlived that prediction many-fold (so much for statistics) but eventually and inevitably succumbed to the enemy within. Throughout Gill has proved an even more exceptional wife, nurturing and caring for him through ever-increasing degrees of infirmity, at home, in hospital and in his final abode at Clare House nursing home, borne up by her continuing strong religious faith.

Ray will be sorely missed by all of us here today. All our sympathies now go out to Gill and to their son Chris and family. And finally some small, but vital compensation: although Ray himself is no longer with us, his genes go marching on. Not everyone is blessed with that sort of immortality.

OH at Ray's funeral were : Mr & Mrs David Maconachie (David was Ray's brother-in-law); Phil & Tessa Alterman; Donald Wells; Rodney Jakeman; John & Caroline Egan; Mike & Joan Bovington; David Heasman; Tony Alexander; John & Liz Hanson; Peter & Christine Shiells; Malcolm and Jane Tappin; Robin Mathew; Duncan McLaren; Melvyn Steele; Brett Rolfe; John Parker;Alan Woolford; Ian Powell; David Yeadon; Mrs Pat Cook;Peter & Patricia Vacher.

A tribute to Ray written by Peter Shiells

Ray was not a large man, but his courage on a rugby field merited him a place in OH rugby folklore. His height remained constant but in later years his girth increased due becoming a gourmand. He played more than 200 games for the OH 1ST XV over a period of 19 years from 1955. He started as a wing forward and later reverted to centre at a time when OH probably had the two smallest centres in Old Boy rugby. His pal in the centre was John Boon and they together with Phil Alterman competed for the shortest player. In one photo John and Ray were sitting on the ground and to Ray's continued chagrin it turned out that JB had taken a brick with him to elevate him above Ray!

I well remember when Ray was doing National Service inAldershot(55-56)he managed to get (ex Secretary, and ex Colonel(?)) Arthur Jenkins to request his release on Saturdays to play for the OH. I picked him up at Guildford on a number of occasions and delivered him to the ground, played alongside him but never found out how he got back to Aldershot. He was probably enjoying his freedom at a party somewhere. After demob the après rugby activities continued in bachelorhood, but he did manage to turn out for the Skylarks on many Sunday matches. He was one of the limited number of owners of aSkylarks tie marketed so well (but not necessarily supplied) by Tony Pettet.

He was an avid tourist from his first tour based in Monmouth in 1956 as a teenager (where he surprised Ellis Cinnamon by asking for a whisky mac on a last orders round) through a period where he enjoyed many of the bar games and post match drinking, to the time when he supported the team as president. At Wiveliscombe one year, he played in the rain at scrum half and came off the field so coated in the red mud he was indistinguishable from a piccaninny.

Ray played for the army when stationed in Cyprus after his Aldershot days but I think that he really enjoyed the ambience of the London Old Boy club scene. We enjoyed the early CLOB dinners arranged by Alan Cooper and Chris Robinson and he and I dropped in to the Old

Paulines where we were always made welcome after internationals at Twickenham. He put a lot back into the game as president of the OHRFC in 1987-88 and was an organiser of the Past Player lunches at the club for a long period.

He was president of the OHA in 1995-96 and represented the club together with John Egan on AROPS for a number of years.

Details of Ray's Rugby career

Ray played at blind side wing forward whilst at School and played in the 1953 1st XV captained by Harold Couch which won all but one match.

At the Old Boys he played both wing forward and centre three-quarter.

Club debut Axv .v. Old Albanians 29/1/55 as a Schoolboy – drew 3-3

1st XV debut 10/12/55 .v. Old Paulines Won 8-5 – Ray was later a frequent visitor to Old Paulines due to its proximity to his home.

100th 1st XV appearance 10/10/64 v Old Askeans Lost 0-3

150th 1st XV appearance 8/4/66 .v. Cross Keys on Easter Tour. Lost 3-26. OH played Cross Keys, Tredegar and Lydney on that tour – must have been tough!

200th 1st XV appearance 12/10/68 .v. OMT. Lost 0-14

Final appearance for 1st XV .v. Taunton 16/3/74. Lost 0-19

Ray was 1st XV vice-captain under the captaincy of Philip Alterman.

Ray was OHRFC President 1987-89.

Nigel A. FULLER (1947-55)
died 7th December 1998

Nigel was the outstanding schoolboy of his time - academically he was always near the top of the best sets and eventually went onto read chemistry at University College, London.

He was School Captain, captain of rugby and cricket and house-captain of Hendersons. Additionally he represented the School at athletics and basketball, was a member of the choir, the science society, the sociological society, the geographical society and the music society. He was the holder of the Haswell Charteris Black memorial prize for sport and

played rugby for both the Middlesex and Mill Hill Public Schools' XVs and cricket for the Hornsey Public Schools XI.

Nigel was the third of four brothers, his father working for the Bank of Australia and becoming a financial adviser to the Australian government. His occupation took him and the rest of the family to Australia during the 1939-45 conflict and this is where Nigel spent his early years. On their return they settled in Kenton and Nigel won a much sought after Foundation Scholarship to Haberdashers'. His younger brother Adrian followed him to the School and also excelled as a scholar and sportsman.

After his graduation from University College, Nigel worked for the Medical Research Council at Mill Hill and at that time met and married Ann. He moved to Scotland Yard in the forensic science laboratory where he became a principal scientific officer and was considered to be one of their very best brains. He was a member of the Blenner Hasset committee which considered the suitability of 'breath tests' to control drink driving and he subsequently played a leading role in the development of the breathaliser.

Additionally he was something of an expert in drugs and toxicology and was a master in the investigation of fires, shoemarks and toolmarks to name but a few. His involvement with the Old Boys began while at school when he started playing rugby. Indeed he was a regular member of the 1st XV during the Easter term of his final year. This was in a time when schoolboys were allowed to play senior rugby and when the Club fielded seven sides a week on a regular basis. He was a certainty to play second row with his size and height but one can only wonder with his surprising speed (he sprinted for the School) and fine ball handling skills what impact he may have made at centre or at full back. In total he played 421 times for the 1st XV and was club captain in the 1967/68 season.

Nigel was great company but in truth a very private person who appeared to have few concerns other than where his next pair of outsize boots or shoes would be found! He and Adrian were proficient at cockney rhyming back slang - an extremely difficult and bewildering form of communication. They were often 'going for a kettle' an activity banned by John Stagg before 1st XV matches.

Nigel's uncles, Leslie and David Gooch (both O.H.) influenced him and his cousin Guy Dexter to play cricket for Pinner where he opened the batting and the bowling for many seasons and was captain of the Club when they won the Mayor of Harrow's knock out cup in 1963.

He was the perfect 'team player' always first choice in his position, reliable, skilled, training hard and constantly working for the side both on and off the field. Always good humoured, he was vastly popular with a fund of ready quips or pithy comments.

Life, however, was not quite so idyllic as it seemed. His father had a series of strokes which left him permanently disabled and his son, Peter, was diagnosed as having leukemia and after four years of treatment died aged six. Furthermore his much loved brother Adrian died tragically after collapsing on the rugby field whilst playing for the O.H. 1st XV at Borehamwood. Together with this his marriage to Ann became untenable and they separated.

In 1988 he was forced to take early retirement due to ill health, but fortunately by this time he had met his long term partner Jenny and they lived together for over twenty years.

Following retirement he was a regular visitor to the Club House, mostly to club functions, including the 200 Club for which he was doubly qualified. He remained good company and it was obvious that he took great pleasure and much pride in the activities and achievements of his two daughters-Ruth by his marriage to Ann and Joanna with Jenny.

It was after a surprise visit to see Ruth and Sam, his 11 month old grandson, that he collapsed and died in hospital two days later. Nigel's funeral was held at Pinner Parish Church and was extremely well attended including many Old Haberdashers.

Nigel was a gentle giant of a man, much loved by all who knew him. He will be greatly missed.

David W Bulstrode (1951 - 55)
died suddenly on 1st September 1988 in his 48th year.

Some years after starting as a junior clerk with Lloyds Bank, David accepted an offer from Slater Walker, Jersey, to set up a lending department. When the firm collapsed in the mid 1970s its Jersey Operation was taken over by Lazards, in which he became a director. By now David had concluded that his business life seemed permanently based on the island, so he and Sylvia (whom he had married in 1965) had moved to Jersey from Hindhead. Having also joined the board of Marlar Estates in 1978, he broke away from Lazards entirely in 1982, in order to concentrate on developing his property business. This necessitated business trips to London and, as these twice coincided with the 1950-59 Decade Dinner, his five attendances included two as the winner of the long Distance Tankard!

Latterly as the chairman of the company owning the Queens Park Rangers, Fulham and Chelsea grounds, he played an increasingly important role in the affairs of the Football League. After becoming Chairman of Queens Park Rangers, David was elected to the Management Committee and had come under pressure to stand for the office of League President. Some of his plans, in particular the proposed merger of Fulham and QPR were bitterly opposed, but, as a life-long fanatical football supporter, he considered this to be the true solution of financial survival. His openness and charm were recognised by many of his

opponents and went a long way to defuse animosity. Only time will tell whether his ideas were ahead of his era.

He leaves a widow, Sylvia, son Paul and daughter Katrina.

1954

David Mercer. Died 3rd March 2023

I knew David at Haberdashers and subsequently played football with him for Edgware Rovers in the Southern Olympian league. He was really quite a decent and talented "no. 10" in the mould of Geoff Hurst.

"Apres" football on a Saturday evening was a strong feature of our young lives in the late 1950s/60s. David would hold court with his easy charm and mimicry of others in "The George", Kingsbury, NW9. The earlier part of his life after leaving school included working for an advertising agency in central London but from there, he changed course completely to become a black cab owner/driver, which he continued with until he retired. After David finished playing football, because of the freedom cab drivers get as a result of choosing their own hours, he became a very good golfer, playing to a very low handicap. He only stopped playing when his health declined to the extent that he was unable to walk the 5-6 miles needed each time. He was also a very dedicated devotee of the licensed brewery trade and really enjoyed the serious discussions, usually political, held very regularly, if not daily, at his local in Bushey.

Sadly, he lost his wife, Maureen, in 2000, after many happy years together. Despite poor health in later years, he kept his wry sense of humour and continued to enjoy trips to the pub with friends. He died on 3rd March 2023 in Hammersmith Hospital and is survived by three nieces and a nephew, four great-nephews and three great-nieces.

John Jeffers (HABS 1948-1954), with Alison Pindar, David’s niece.

John Hanson Died 14th February 2022



As a cricket supporter and watching some of Shane Warne's team-mates expressing their sadness at his passing, made me think of my friends, made through cricket, rugby and golf who are no longer with us. It is amazing how sport brings us together and gives us such good memories.

John, or JJ, has now joined this select group – they form a formidable team and accolades are again due.

On the rugby field John was a feisty competitor. I think it was on his return after National Service that he took over from me as scrum half for OH on 16th November 1957 – that is 65 years gao this year! I had the pleasure of playing with him as his fly half and remember the accuracy of his pass – even in those days when the old leather ball was extremely slippery. I also spent most of my career as Full Back so was able to admire his strategic ability from behind.

He practiced diligently – even on his own – using the cricket site screens as a target. He played a number of games for the county p- but for some unaccountable reason not very often with his OH partner Marshall Lumsden. In those balmy days we had representatives playing county rugby for Hertfordshire, Middlesex, Surrey and Notts Lincs and Derby.

John was Club Captain in 1966 and 1967 and, as it was my 300th game for the Good Friday game at Cross Keys in Wales in 1966, John gave me the pleasure of being captain for the day. This game did not go well as two members of our front row – our hooker Roger Leverton asked his prop, Dick Owen (on his first appearance in the 1st XV) to exert some pressure on the opposition front row. Dick took the law into his own hands, a rare fight – unlikely to be won by ex-public schoolboy against 3 strong Welshmen took place. Roger received a black eye. Dick was sent off and we were down to 13 men – (no replacements in those days) with the inevitable result of a 26-3 drubbing. Thanks John!

In total John played 283 games for the 1st XV – and I think all at scrum half.

There are many other experiences that we shared, such as Easter tours with young families in attendance; the Celebration Dinner at the School in 1998 and I was looking at a picture showing Liz and John at my wedding to Christine in 1960 (62 years ago!) with both John and me sporting full heads of hair – those were the days!

It is lovely to see Liz and the family here today, and though a very sad time for them I hope the association of this place from the days of Liz's father (after whom the pavilion extension is quite rightly named) remains strong in the family for years to come.

One day last year John was here and we spent a happy hour watching the game together and chatting about our many experiences in the Blue White and Magenta – but as our memories became cloudier – as they say, what goes on tour, stays on tour!

Now I would like you to charge your glasses and remember a fine stalwart of the Club – to John!

Peter Shiells' Toast at Past Player's Lunch in Memory of John – March 2022

Harold Couch Died 23rd July 2020

Harold left the School in 1954, followed immediately by National Service from 1954-1956. He was commissioned in the Middlesex Regiment serving in Cyprus at the time of EOKA, followed by 14 years in the Territorial Army.

He studied to be a Chartered Surveyor whilst working in the Prudential estate department. Soon after qualifying he joined Hillier Parker May & Rowden and became a partner in 1969. Harold specialised in the retail sector and the planning, development and management of shopping centres.

He served as President of the British Council of Shopping Centres (BCSC) and in 1991 became a Trustee of the International Council of Shopping Centres (ICSC) and Chairman of the European board of ICSC. His work took him to over 20 countries in Asia, Europe and North America.

Following retirement, he was actively involved in a variety of voluntary organisations, ranging from The Glebe Committee of the Oxford Diocese, trustee of a gastrointestinal trust, governor of a pre-prep school, to managing a Regimental War memorial homes estate, and that is not yet having mentioned his involvement with The Old Haberdashers' Association.

Harold died on 23 July in St Mary's Hospital, having failed to recover from collapsing on the golf course two weeks prior. To his wife Dorothy, children Lizzie & David and grandchildren we offer our sincere condolences on their sad and sudden loss.

Peter Vacher writes:

As will be evident from the reminiscences and comments we have collated here, he was both a companionable friend and support to many in the school and OH communities, as well as someone who excelled in many different fields of human endeavour. With his fine school career as a springboard, he completed a distinguished period as a Territorial Army officer and was awarded the Territorial Decoration, attained high office in his chosen career

as a surveyor, captained his golf club and was a stalwart member of the Reform Club in London, while enjoying the many rewards of a happy family life.

Like many others, I remember Harold as a Prefect at HABS but from afar – he was a ’54 leaver and in Joblings while I was in Russells and a ’55 leaver. As Peter Shiells makes clear Harold’s OHRFC rugby was split between the 1st and A XVs teams. I remember him as a boisterous presence on Easter tour, one time leading the assembled post-match mob in songs of a robust nature doubtless learned from this TA days and also, more alarmingly recall him leading a group through our hotel room long after we’d attempted sleep and exiting through a window on to the roof for what he described as a ‘boarding party’. Don’t quite know how he ever got go down.

I was also fortunate to work with Harold on a group project to re-assess the future structure of the Association itself and to witness at first hand his willingness to listen but, above all, his clarity of vision. He knew that we needed to increase our range of services that we offered to members and saw to it that we began to embrace electronic communication and to build on our connection with the School. This clear-eyed approach continued to be evident in his year as President of the Association [2000-2001], where he chaired the Executive Committee in a manner that was both concise and to the point, while always showing a degree of personal warmth that made him a pleasure to be around. He knew that I had some knowledge of the UK jazz world and was always happy to talk about various musicians that he had enjoyed hearing at the monthly concerts at the Reform Club.

Undoubtedly his greatest contribution to the OH cause was in his exemplary leadership of the Relocation Committee where, for over a decade-and-a-half, he brought the full weight of his professional expertise to bear on what turned out to be an extremely complex – and, eventually, unresolvable set of planning problems. That aside, Harold turned out often for the OH Golfing Society and was an active presence at various Clubhouse and School events including the highly populated Pre-1966 luncheon at the OHA clubhouse in 2014 and the equally splendid 1950s Reunion Lunch held at the School a year earlier. – ***Peter Vacher* '55**

Here, in their own words are the reminiscences and memories of some of Harold’s OH contemporaries:

Peter Shiells remembers:

I am afraid my close association with Harold was restricted to rugby and occasional golf. He did not play many games at the top level in OH rugby - WRT records show probably max 20 games in the 1st XV - certainly many more in the A XV with brother-in-law Mike Bovington. My recollection is that TA interests took him away.

My story about Harold derives from an incident from 1960/61 Easter tour:

> *We [OHRFC 1st XV] had played at Chippenham on Good Friday and were staying at a hotel in Clifton. It was traditional to stay with one’s hosts after a game for a few beers and Harold with his car load did just that at Chippenham before driving on to the hotel in Clifton.*
> *Disaster! The bar in the hotel was closed when Harold and his car-mates arrived.*

This was not in the plan and using skills learned in the army Harold led a small force to deal with the problem by forcing locks and obtaining access to the bar and the necessary lubrication after a long journey.
Needless to say the landlord was not best pleased and the club president Poppy Brown and captain Alan Cooper (who was himself guilty of many misadventures connected to appropriation of odd articles after games of rugby) had to eat humble pie and take the consequences. I think we all had to contribute to the damage mitigation - it was probably worth it!

We did occasionally meet on the golf course but the one occasion when he invited Robin Mathew and myself to play at his course we were rained off and had to retire to the bar and just take lunch. A careful exodus was required a couple of bottles later. We occasionally met in the world of business - usually at Construction Industry related dinners or conferences when on our best behaviour. I remember his smile, his enthusiasm and I admired his knowledge/ability in his field – ***Peter Shiells, '52***

Some words from Richard Fisk

I much appreciate being included in this advice but don't think I can add anything to Peter's knowledge of and regard for Harold. It is a very long time since I enjoyed Harold's company - he was a far better sportsman than I - but he had time for everyone. And, of course, he gave so much of his time and professional skills as a surveyor to the OHA in connection with possibilities for the development of the site at Croxley Road. Peter, you will have great difficulty in doing justice to Harold – ***Richard Fisk, '54***

and from Peter Hedges

I am sorry to hear the sad news of Harold, who was in my form (3L) when I came to HABS. We were not particularly friendly, but in 1952 he and I, together with Willy Oeters [later School Captain], cycled to RAF Detling in Kent to obtain our A and B glider pilots licence. A considerable number of years later I read an article about him, not sure where (Readers Digest?), I think in a military context (Territorial Army?). Long time ago – ***Peter Hedges, '54***

John Jeffers writes

I didn't really know Harold very well but did enjoy one season of School 3rd XI cricket with him. He always seemed a very fatherly figure and was always keen to advise and help. David Yeadon was skipper of the 3rd's at that time and I know he does have the team photograph (1954). An all-round "good egg" – J***ohn Jeffers, '54***

A message from David Yeadon

I was very sorry to hear of the very sad news regarding Harold. Whilst not a personal friend and being a year behind him at school one particular story always springs to my mind

whenever his name is mentioned. He was captain of the schools team at the Middlesex public schools 7's in, I believe 1954, when we did particularly well. We lost I think in the final but could have been the semi-final. The headmaster Dr Taylor stated how very proud of the team he was and what they had achieved for the school. He then instructed Couch and his team onto the stage so the whole school could show their appreciation - ***David Yeadon, '55***

John Kent recalls

I am saddened to hear of Harold's passing. He and I were indeed for a few years contemporaries at school, though he was not a particularly close friend, so I cannot write too much about him. Harold Couch arrived at the school quite late, into about the Fifth Form, perhaps, but I don't know from where. He was a good and keen sportsman and I believe I'm right in remembering that he was a Prefect in his final year. When he left school, he did National Service with a commission in the Middlesex Regiment. I know this because my basic training was with the Middlesex Regt when I did National Service some years later, and he was remembered – ***John Kent, '55***

Fellow-player Malcolm Tappin

So sorry to hear that Harold Couch has died. Harold was one year ahead of me at school and I played for his A XV for the Old Boys. Always an enthusiast and at one time he was pushing Dick Cook for a 1st XV place in the back row. I remember he played a real stormer against Barnstable one Easter tour. He felt that problems were only hurdles to overcome. Hence when we were locked out of our hotel in Weston-super-Mere he shinned up a drain pipe got in a window and came down to let the rest of us in. Problem solved.

After his eye injury which curtailed his playing days he took on an important role as a contact with the school rugby. He would watch their games and got to know them and acted as a conduit to the OH. It was always a pleasure to meet up with him and he will be missed – ***Malcolm Tappin, '55***

Michael Bragg's school memories

Personal memory is of an exemplary player and captain on the rugby field. And I recall his kindness, sympathy and encouragement when Mr Barling gave him the job of telling me I had been dropped from the firsts! Unusual in an 18 year old! – ***Michael Bragg, '55***

Geoff Strange's recollections on the wing

Well Peter, that's a sad event. Harold was always a fairly reserved guy who played some excellent rugby mainly 1st XV. My only incident with Harold occurred during an A XV game at UCS Old Boys ground, Isleworth. Playing on the wing I was finding it difficult to run round my opposite number who had an excellent defence. After 'scorching the mud' on 5 or 6 occasions there was simply nobody with me to pass the ball on to. Harold (Captain for the day) had seen the situation and came over to me whispering, 'Geoff, next run I will be outside you and we should be able to get around this chap'. Next run came along with a superb pass as usual from Steven Glass, I was away, but the opposing wing was there again. And clamped tight by his excellent tackle I remembered Harold's words !! shifted the

ball out to Harold……..!!!!!!!!!!! Where was Harold? Nowhere to be seen, still trundling along in the centre of the pitch some 20 or so yards behind. Most embarrassing, of course, as I had made a pass on Harold's presumed instruction. Not a word or apology from Harold. Nothing more to be said as Harold to me at least was a man of few words.

In my absence from Old Boys activities Harold went on to several important functions within the Association, all of which I would miss. But he was an inspiring figure nevertheless…the classic deep thinker. His sister Joan was a lovely lady. Mike Bovington's wife of course. That's my only memory guys….he was after all some 5 years ahead of me at school ***- Geoff Strange, '57***

Some words from Graham Thompson

Harold Couch was a few years ahead of me at school and I remember him only as a Prefect (School Captain?). I never got into enough trouble to warrant his attention and keeping at a respectable distance always seemed the best policy. My sympathies of course go to his family and those who knew him better – ***Graham Thompson, '57***

Ian Smart notes Harold's TA decoration

Sad news, indeed. Harold left school in 1954, when I was in the 3rd form so our paths there crossed most infrequently. We were both members of OHRFC, albeit at vastly different levels, but he always came across as a perfect gentleman – never a cross word, always encouragement. I noted from the obituary notice in the Daily Telegraph that Harold had been awarded the Territorial Efficiency Decoration (TD) which was given for a minimum of 12 years' commissioned service in the Territorial Army. Given that my own father held the same decoration, I can vouch for the hard work and dedication which Harold would have given. He will be much missed - ***Ian Smart, '58***

John Egan's rugby memories

Harold was captain of the best XV and VII during my years at school and a number of his XV/VII made it into OHRFC, notably John Hanson, Nigel Fuller, Terry Robbins, Ray Kipps, Tony Pettet and Julian Farrand. Harold's playing days were cut short by a knee injury, if memory serves. As a wing forward he did not get many 1st XV opportunities with Dick Cook and Derek Kenward in possession but was, I believe, a fairly regular A Xv player, although he did have TA duties to perform at weekends. - **John Egan, '56**

Ian Powell recalls

So sorry to learn of the passing of Harold, a fellow member of Joblings a year or two senior to me. Condolences to his family and friends.
He was also the officer in charge of the training company when I joined the 1st Middlesex Regiment in Cyprus in 1956 after National Service basic training. I believe he subsequently organised a rugby match between TA members of the Middx and London Scottish Regts. - **Ian Powell, '53**

OHA work with Harold by Colin Blessley '65

As an adolescent regular at Croxdale Road, in tow to my parents Ken and Gwen, my first recollection of Harold was that he and my father seemed to have frequent discussions on professional matters, both of them being Fellows of the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors. On occasions, the subject matter would centre on issues related to the premises at Borehamwood.

When I started playing for the OHRFC while still at school, Harold would occasionally appear as a spectator on the touchline and then be at the bar for a few post-match beers.

As my professional career took me to Spain to live and work in May 1973, although continuing as an overseas member, this meant that my OH playing days were over and contact with fellow members became sporadic.

All this changed in 2012 when, a few years after returning to the UK, I was “persuaded” by one Rodney Jakeman to put myself forward as a candidate for the Presidency of the Association.

As a result my election, one of the more significant roles that befell me was to become a member of the Relocation Sub-Committee, which had been chaired by Harold for many years. My induction was akin to a non-swimmer being chucked into the deep end – all the other members of this Sub-Committee (and Harold, in particular) had been involved in the project for many years, so the learning curve was steep, to say the least. That I managed to get up to speed was largely due to Harold’s support and guidance.

Harold was an excellent Chairman and had the ability to maintain the focus of our discussions on the relevant issues at hand, a quality born of his considerable professional experience. He also displayed admirable patience, particularly when dealing with less intelligent executives of property development companies and, indeed, myself.

While the Relocation project itself was – and still is – immensely complex, our meetings were always enjoyable, despite the occasional reverses suffered.

I have very fond memories of Harold collecting me at Gerrards Cross station after a long haul from Dulwich and having the opportunity for a quick update during the car journey to his lovely house in Fulmer, before being greeted at the door by Dorothy and the dogs.

Our deliberations were suitably assisted by the production of some excellent white wine on ice from Harold’s cellar, to general appreciation in the dining room at the front of his house.

The last time that I saw Harold was at a lunch at the Club House a few weeks before lockdown. He was in fine form, displaying his usual mischievous sense of humour. That is how I wish to remember him – he will be sorely missed.

Kindly Compiled by Peter JS Vacher ‘55

Julian Farrand Died 17th July 2020



In September 2019, the eyes of the nation were on the Supreme Court where its president, Baroness Hale of Richmond, was delivering the justices' ruling on a challenge to the government's plan to prorogue parliament. Watching from the gallery was Julian Farrand, Hale's ever-supportive husband and a distinguished legal academic. "He never, ever tried to influence me," Hale said not only of that case, but also of the many others she heard. "But he would offer a commentary afterwards."

As a law commissioner in the 1980s Farrand had been involved in changes to the rules on making land contracts, to the ways in which land is co-owned and to the execution of deeds. Most significantly, he chaired the committee that examined the monopoly that solicitors held on conveyancing, leading to the establishment of the profession of licensed conveyancers.

Yet increasingly he was drawn to resolving financial complaints, especially for ordinary people. He spent five years as insurance ombudsman, at the time a voluntary industry body, before becoming the statutory pensions ombudsman, where he was known for his combative approach and acerbic commentaries, particularly when the courts took issue with his rulings.

Although he gave short shrift to consumers "trying it on", Farrand found an insurance industry doing everything possible to avoid paying out on policyholders' claims, including hiding behind 19th-century precedents. One case involved a holidaymaker whose leather jacket from Italy had been stolen in Spain. "The insurance company refused to pay out on the grounds that he had not paid duty on the jacket when he travelled from Italy to Spain," said Farrand. "Someone in the company had an instinct about the case. I say never mind that, look at the facts."

His work was as much about changing the attitudes of insurance and pension companies and being able to "resist their bluster" as it was about resolving individual complaints, important though they were. "I made the industries realise that their view was not the only one," he said when publishing his final report in 2001. Another job involved adjudicating complaints about premium-rate telephone calls, often adult chat lines. Faced with ribald comment from some colleagues, he was quick to point out that he was looking at call rates rather than call content.

Although much of his career involved inspecting financial contracts, Farrand was pessimistic about his personal dealings. Speaking to The Observer in 2001, he gloomily admitted: "I go into most transactions expecting to be done."

Julian Thomas Farrand was born in Doncaster in 1935, the elder of two sons of John Farrand, a tax inspector whose work involved moving around the country every five years or so, and Ena, a former teacher. His parents, staunch atheists, had met through the Young Communists; Julian inherited their atheism though not their political sympathies. During the Blitz the family lived in Southsea, near Portsmouth, and Julian was educated at Portsmouth Grammar School's prep school, which was evacuated to Bournemouth. After the war they moved to London and he attended Haberdashers' Aske's School, which was then in Hampstead, where he devoted his energies to rugby, cricket and chess, which he continued to play throughout his life.

In 1957 he married Winifred Charles, a secretary. He is survived by their children: Tom, who is a trademark agent with Marks and Clerk; Sarah, who was a legal executive with the Solicitors Regulation Authority and now runs a horsebox hire company; and Rachel, who leads a private life.

Farrand read law at University College London and qualified as a solicitor but almost from the outset pursued an academic career: at King's College London, the University of Sheffield and Queen Mary University of London, where he helped to set up the law school. Recalling his early days as an academic he described how making money had not been a priority. "We expected nuclear war and saw no future, so there was no reason to save," he said.

He was the author of Contract and Conveyance (1963; fourth edition 1983), the dry title of which belies the wit of his writing that had students and chancery judges alike laughing out loud. "The style is generally bright and breezy, and rather far removed from the sonorities of the more practical works," noted a review in Cambridge Law Review of the 1968 edition, adding that it included a reference to Alice in Wonderland. His other works included Emmet and Farrand on Title, a loose-leaf publication for which he often prepared new pages.

In 1968 Farrand was appointed professor of law at the University of Manchester, where one of his colleagues was Brenda Hoggett (née Hale). She recalled him encouraging younger academics, often sending opportunities their way. Although he was patient with students struggling to understand the mysteries of land law and tax, he was less so when queueing for a coffee. He was fond of France and French culture, but struggled with the language. On one occasion he signed up to take an O level in the subject, but news of his studies leaked out and he learnt to his horror that the students were watching intently to see how their professor fared: fortunately he got an A.

Farrand and Hale both became law commissioners in 1984 and in 1989 he was appointed insurance ombudsman before becoming pensions ombudsman five years later. He sat on various tribunals hearing national insurance, benefits and rent assessment cases. As a chairman he was informal yet orderly, acquiring a reputation for fairness and being even-handed.

His first marriage was dissolved in 1992 and ten days later he married Hale, who in 2004 became a law lord. She also survives him with a stepdaughter, Julia, who works in financial regulation. When not in London, home was a late-Georgian house near Richmond, North Yorkshire, with an annexe and a garden cottage that are occupied by his daughters and their families.

Farrand, who had white wavy hair and twinkling eyes, took great pride in Hale's achievements, even though these took him to places such as Westminster Abbey, Buckingham Palace and Gray's Inn chapel, which, as an atheist and a republican, were not his natural stomping grounds. Encouraged by his wife, he wrote a novel, Love at All Risks (2001), set in an ombudsman's office.

He was a theatregoer, with an eclectic range of tastes. Hale introduced him to opera, his first being Britten's Turn of the Screw, which became a favourite. They would spend a week each summer with friends at the Edinburgh festivals, renting student flats. Hale booked their shows at the international festival while Farrand selected their fringe choices. He also took his turn at treading the boards. When his wife was treasurer of Gray's Inn he took part in their Christmas shows, once as Oberon in a legal mash-up of Shakespeare, and on another occasion as Dionysius in a lawyers' take on Greek myths.

Hale once told Farrand that his driving style was "like Toad of Toad Hall". Soon afterwards he presented her with flowers in a pot that he thought resembled a toad, but it was actually closer to a frog. Thereafter frogs remained a theme in their lives, with various figurines lined up on her desk, all tributes to her husband. She began wearing brooches to liven up the sober suits that were a necessity in the family division. Her first was an antique spider and others soon followed — including the silver spider that achieved fame in the Supreme Court, a £12 purchase from Cards Galore, with Farrand watching its wearer supportively from the gallery.

His greatest interest outside work and his family was chess. Holidays were spent at whichever seaside resort was hosting that year's British championships. Occasionally in retirement he would disappear with a small group of friends for chess-playing breaks that Hale described as his "Last of the Summer Wine holidays".

Julian Farrand, legal academic and former ombudsman, was born on August 13, 1935. He died of a pulmonary embolism on July 17, 2020, aged 84.

Obituary from The Times

WARREN LEIGH 1936-2016

Peter Vacher writes

Born and brought up in North London, Warren joined the school at Westbere Road in 1948 and left after a year in the sixth form to commence articles, eventually qualifying as a solicitor five years later. After a short period in private practice, he moved on to the Civil Service to work for the Post Office in the Property Law Department which he helped to found, staying on under the aegis of British Telecommunications and rising to become Director of the department.

When the decision was made to outsource his department in 1992, Warren elected to leave work early and went on to enjoy a lengthy retirement in Stanmore which enabled him to

pursue his interests in cricket, opera and jazz, these happily supported and often instigated by his wife Irene, whom he married in 1969. Their daughter Susan was born two years later.

Warren survived two serious bouts with cancer and we resumed our friendship after a long hiatus when a mutual friend brought us back in touch just a few years ago. I had last seen him in 1987 at the OHA Centenary Ball held at the school when he and Irene were the guests of the Hyman family. As a member of the MCC Warren took me to Lords and in turn he joined my yearly jazz appreciation class as a very knowledgeable and enthusiastic contributor. We met up frequently at concerts and I was always happy to hear about their latest visit to New York and to share jazz experiences. Irene and Warren joined us at the Swanage jazz festival and it was always a pleasure to get together for a meal and to exchange views about the latest happenings on the jazz scene.

In more recent times, Warren joined the moveable feast that is the Old Lags lunching group and re-connected with a number of his contemporaries. His death on March 7 came as a terrible shock and our heartfelt condolences go out to Irene, Susan and her family, including his grandsons Joel and Nicholas. Patricia and I will miss him as a friend and as a veritable mine of information on all things cultural and musical.

Peter Vacher [1946-1955]

1954

Dan Tunstall Pedoe (1954), cardiologist and chief medical officer of the London Marathon, (December 30, 1939 - February 13 2015). Obituary taken from The Times 27th February 2015



Twins Dan and Hugh Tunstall Pedoe attended the School but left in 1954 and moved to Dulwich College.

Medical director of the London Marathon who helped to make the race safer for thousands of runners. When the London Marathon was first mooted in the late 1970s there were concerns that giving ordinary members of the public the opportunity to run more than 26 miles on the streets of the capital would put hundreds of lives at risk. The fear was that unfit runners would push themselves just as hard as highly trained elite athletes with potentially fatal consequences. The race founder Chris Brasher was determined that the event would be a people's marathon, open to anyone who completed the necessary training and Dr Dan Tunstall Pedoe was the man who assured him that this could safely be achieved.

Tunstall Pedoe, a distinguished cardiac consultant, was appointed founding medical director of the London Marathon in the build-up to the first event in 1981. Known to his marathon colleagues as "Dr Dan," he was to remain in the post for 27 years, becoming arguably the world's most experienced doctor in marathon medicine and leading the way in setting medical standards for marathons.

Nick Bitel, chief executive of the London Marathon, said it was hard to overstate Tunstall Pedoe's contribution to the race and to the health issues around long-distance running in general. "He really invented marathon medicine," said Bitel. "He was hugely respected not only among his peers in this country but around the world. He set up the whole system that provides medical aid to the runners and really the London Marathon would not be in the place it is today were it not for his contribution."

Tunstall Pedoe worked unpaid at every marathon in London for years. In the early days he did not allow his professional involvement to prevent him from taking part himself. He was a more than respectable distance runner and recorded a best time of 3hrs 8min This was all the more impressive given that he did not complete his first marathon until he was 40. In addition to London, he ran marathons abroad, including the New York race on several occasions.

His recipe for medical safety was simple and it still underpins the medical philosophy behind the marathon today — prevention. Tunstall Pedoe required that anyone with a known heart condition or who experienced shortness of breath or chest pain during light exercise should see a doctor before continuing with their training. He also required all competitors to complete a 15-mile run sometime before race day.

When he started, Tunstall Pedoe was the only doctor officially attached to the event and he was assisted by two physiotherapists, one podiatrist and a small number of personnel from St John's Ambulance. Twenty years into his tenure staffing levels had grown with nearly 40 doctors, 50 physiotherapists, 30 podiatrists and well over a thousand St John Ambulance personnel attending the race.

Tunstall Pedoe's confidence that marathon running was capable of being safely achieved by vast numbers of ordinary people was borne out by the statistics. In the first 20 years of his stewardship there were eight deaths at the event, all but one of which were heart-related. In that time 530,000 people had completed 2.5 million hours of competition, running nearly 14 million miles on London's streets. The death rates gave runners a one-in-66,250 chance of dying.

Peter Hamlyn, a consultant neurosurgeon and director of sports medicine at St Bartholomew's and the Royal London hospitals called Tunstall Pedoe "a remarkable man". He added: "Their record in cardiac resuscitation makes the London Marathon one of the safest places in Britain to have a heart condition."

In 2000 Tunstall Pedoe edited *Marathon Medicine* published by the Royal Society of Medicine, a collection of papers based on a symposium on best practice in medical standards at marathons that covered the history of endurance training, the social phenomenon of marathon running, marathon myths and medicine and the effects of ageing on marathon runners.

Dan Tunstall Pedoe was born in Southampton in December 1939, the eldest of identical twin boys. His brother Hugh, who survives him, is a research cardiologist. An elder sister died when they were young. The boys father was Daniel Pedoe, the son of an immigrant from Poland, who was a distinguished mathematician and geometer. Their mother, Mary Tunstall, was a geography lecturer who Daniel met when they both taught at Queen Mary College in Mile End, east London.

The twins had an interesting childhood. They were educated at Haberdashers' Aske's school and then Dulwich College, but spending some of their holidays in foreign locations such as Sudan, Singapore or the United States, depending on where their father was working. Both boys secured scholarships to read medicine at King's College, Cambridge. Tunstall Pedoe followed up with a Phd at Wolfson College, Oxford, which he completed in 1970. Its subject was "Velocity distribution of blood flow in major arteries of animals and man."

Hugh Tunstall-Pedoe is Emeritus Professor of Cardiovascular Epidemiology, based at Dundee University since 1981. Training in medicine and cardiology in London, he joined Jerry Morris's MRC Social Medicine Unit in 1969 to start a heart-attack register in East London. 'Volunteered' as Rapporteur by WHO coordinating the multicentre study, he remained Rapporteur to WHO studies for 34 years. Joining Geoffrey Rose as senior lecturer in epidemiology at St Mary's for seven years from 1974, he worked on the United Kingdom Heart Disease Prevention Project, and taught epidemiology.

Dan Tunstall Pedoe married Diana Robin Shankland in 1968, three years after returning from a spell working as a junior doctor in India. He had developed an abscess in his tooth in

India and was treated at Barts where his future wife — always known as Robin — nursed him. She predeceased him last year. They had three children; Nadine is a geography teacher, Simon a logistics manager and Ian a music entrepreneur.

After a spell living in Oxford and a year in San Francisco, Tunstall Pedoe moved to Hackney in east London in 1973 and worked as a consultant cardiologist and lecturer at Hackney Hospital and Barts. He loved teaching and continued well past retirement. At Hackney hospital he took a small department and built it up, specialising in non-invasive techniques using ultra-sound to measure blood velocity. He was chief of the commissioning team for the new Homerton Hospital when Hackney closed and he founded the London Sports Medicine Institute at Barts , which he ran for several years.

Tunstall Pedoe was passionately committed to the NHS and rarely took on private work. In later years he was dismayed by the continual crisis within the service. He saw marathon running and exercise in general as a great way for people to live the kind of healthy lives that the NHS was founded to support.

An energetic individual, Tunstall Pedoe had many pursuits outside his work. He enjoyed a lifelong passion for photography, specialising in micro-photography of insects. He was also a keen astronomer and chess player. He had suffered from Parkinson's disease for a number of years and died of a heart attack. In his running days, to keep his training on track, he would go out in all weathers, day or night, usually accompanied by the family's pet dog.

John Walker (1954 leaver) – 1936 - 11th October 2013



It is sad to record the passing of Johnny Walker.

Recollection of him at Westbere Road, Haberdashers', is of a young man interested in sport, the R.A.F. section of the C.C.F, and evidence of achievement in economics. He was part of the school first tennis team and was awarded colours. He left school in the academic year 1953-54

He, and many, were aggrieved by the death of his older brother, Michael, in a plane crash about the year 1954. For John, National Service in the R.A.F was spent in Germany.

During his active life in stockbroking, he also helped individuals to finance projects. Just lately it even included setting up a programme for MRI scanners.

His constant connection with Old Haberdashers' Golfing Society for over fifty years is noted. The records show that he was appointed captain for three spells, and was secretary for a period till 1975. In that era he won most of the society's trophies. He was a long term member at Ashridge Golf Club, his handicap in the teens.

Lately his health lessened, and he lived with a list of diagnoses. We would discuss these, out at lunch in Great Missenden. He was reliant on the staunch support of his wife Sylvia. When confined to a chair he was comfortable in Rayners Residential Care, nearby, a tribute to the Matthews family ,the owners.

In earlier years he was keen on stylish cars. At the completion of his funeral service on Friday 25 October, his coffin was borne out of the church fairly swiftly to the theme tune of F1, The Chain. The mourners followed a white E type Jaguar, in procession, through Little Missenden .

His supportive family, not least Sylvia, included sons Dominic, Luke, Guy and daughter Lisa, and their children, as well as his first wife Desiree, mother of the four. The sons spoke with humour , in the pulpit, of their father's life. Lisa read a tribute.

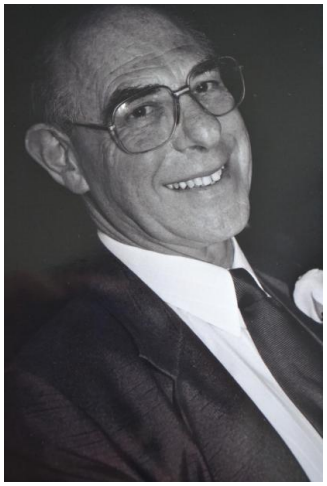
He would have been so joyful to see the picture of Charlie, his latest grandchild, and Charlie's mother, Lisa, included here.

1953

Ron Horne. Died 8th June 2025

Ron Horne died peacefully on 8th June 2025 after a long illness. He is survived by his wife of 62 years, Margaret, his 2 sons and 6 grandchilden by all of whom he was deeply loved, and sorely missed. After leaving Haberdashers school at 16, he joined a quantity surveyors firm in London, and worked there, with a 2 year break for national service based in Aden, until he retired at about 60. After retirement he continued with work for various charities and spent time indulging his passion for gardening, as well as enjoying time with his grandchildren.

Dr Martin Sarner. Died 3rd November 2024



Martin Sarner was born in 1935 and grew up in North London. He attended Haberdashers' Aske School, excelling in music and sport. Although awarded a Junior Exhibition at the Royal College of Music to study the piano, he chose to go to St Mary's Hospital Medical School, where he won the Cheadle Gold Medal. In the 1960s, after junior posts in London and Cambridge, he spent two years as a Harvard Training Fellow in gastroenterology at the Brigham Hospital in Boston, where he learned the new technique of fibreoptic gastroscopy and met his future wife, Nitza, when they played Mozart's Kegelstatt trio together.

On returning to the UK, Martin obtained a consultant physician post in Portsmouth, initially working at three different sites, and setting up a new gastroenterology and endoscopy service there. After 5 years in Portsmouth, he moved in 1974 to University College Hospital London to specialise further in gastroenterology.

Martin was an astute and tireless clinician: indeed, he was often referred to as 'the doctors' doctor'. While at UCLH, he and Professor Charles Clark introduced a joint medical/surgical gastroenterology ward, a seamless model of inpatient care from which both patients and staff benefited. For years he did three big gastroenterology clinics a week, one of them, reflecting his interest in patients as people, exclusively for those with irritable bowel syndrome.

Trainees learnt hugely from his approach, although the gloveless gastroscopy technique he taught in the 1970s is fortunately now obsolete. In turn, Martin was very supportive of trainees. He was warm-hearted and generous, taking the gastro team out for Friday lunch every few weeks. The annual summer barbecues he and Nitza gave for NHS staff were unforgettable.

Martin was Sub-Dean for Postgraduate Education at UCLH from 1978-83. As a result of his interest in education, he held several visiting professorships in the US, and was an MRCP examiner for many years. He chaired many committees at UCLH, and through his interest in patient care pathways was closely involved in the design of the new hospital there.

Having developed a special interest in pancreatic disease in Boston, he co-founded the International Association of Pancreatology, and the Pancreatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland. He played a major role in fund-raising for the latter and was instrumental in setting up the Amelie Waring Fellowship for Research into Pancreatic Disease. For some years, he was Secretary of the Digestive Disorders Foundation, the precursor of Guts UK, liaising closely with the BSG during this time.

Martin finally retired from the NHS in 2000. He continued to travel widely with Nitza, but his ability to play the piano and other musical instruments was hampered by steadily worsening Parkinson's disease. He is survived by Nitza and their four children. He will be greatly missed by the gastroenterology community, and innumerable people beyond it.

With thanks to the British Society of Gastroenterology

John Rotheroe. Died 5th January 2024



John Rotheroe, who has died aged 88, was the publisher of more than 1,000 books covering an extraordinarily recherché range of specialist subjects.

Rotheroe's imprint, Shire Publications, was launched in 1962 with Discovering East Suffolk, a hand-printed 24-page gazetteer funded by advertising and given away by coach operators and tourist information offices; after the first two printings lost money, a cover price was added to the third.

It was followed over more than 30 years by some 280 other Discovering guides to places, pastimes and curiosities: everything from topiary to "smoking antiques" and "old bicycles". Discovering Brasses (1967) was a breakthrough success; Discovering Timber-Framed Buildings (1993) sold more than 100,000 copies.

Other series of slim volumes embraced archaeology, Egyptology, garden history and old photographs – of wedding fashions, steam locomotives, hop picking and much else –

collected as History in Camera. “If the subject is sufficiently offbeat or obscure, we will consider it,” Rotheroe said in a rare interview in 1992.

He was genuinely interested and personally engaged in everything he published and a great encourager of first-time authors – among them the Antiques Roadshow broadcaster John Bly, whose Discovering Hallmarks on English Silver (1969) was much reprinted. If would-be writers with interests too esoteric even for Rotheroe had to be turned away, those who caught his eye were typically offered a £600 advance plus a five per cent royalty for a 5,000-word title which (unlike most mainstream publishers) Shire would keep in print for years.

As to sales, he cared naught for publicity – though “we did once achieve fame in a Guardian fourth leader that enthused about a book on ancient hill figures” – preferring to take to the road to visit his customers, many of whom became personal friends. Long-standing Shire stockists included museums, stately homes and parish churches, St Bartholemew’s at Orford in Suffolk being his oldest account.

Low prices were also part of the strategy. Shire started selling books “at the price of a gin and tonic”; later, the benchmark was the price of a pint of beer. Rotheroe also offered booksellers an unusually generous returns policy, buying back stock at the original sale price because “it does nobody any good having old tatty unsold paperbacks hanging around.”

“We should probably be a lot more profitable if we restricted the number of titles,” Rotheroe acknowledged, “but that would have taken away a lot of the fun.” Thimbles by Eleanor Johnson (1983), No 96 in the highly collectable Shire Album series, steadily sold more than 10,000 copies annually.

But Rotheroe was equally proud of Betel Chewing Equipment of East New Guinea by Harry Beran (1983) in his ethnography series (“To say they were loss-making would be a kind way of putting it”), which sold less than a hundred a year.

John William Rotheroe was born in Hendon on August 24 1935 to James Rotheroe, a toolmaker, and his wife Kathleen, née Alford.

Educated at Haberdashers’ Hampstead School, he went on to do National Service in the RAF and study medieval economic history at the London School of Economics, where he also worked on the college newspaper, The Beaver.

After graduating he joined a London advertising agency. He and a colleague, John Hinton, founded Shire as a sideline and it was not until 1966 that he left the ad business to concentrate on publishing.

In 1974 the expanding business moved to a twin-gabled 17th-century townhouse at Princes Risborough in Buckinghamshire in which Oliver Cromwell was said to have stayed. The

number of staff never exceeded seven, including Rotheroe and his wife Jacqueline, but nearly all the design work was done in-house, with printing subcontracted to a company in Wales.

Shire grew to sell some 750,000 books per year, the breadth of its range and enthusiasm of its customers providing some protection against the wider trade's recessionary troughs. But its business model was so eccentric that larger publishers rarely showed interest in acquiring the firm.

"Our low figures keep the big boys away," said Rotheroe, "But we manage to survive and enjoy ourselves with all the obscure topics we do. It would be flattering to be imitated, but no one would want to."

And that was the way he preferred it, remaining defiantly independent until 2007, when at 72 he retired and sold Shire to Osprey, an Oxford-based publisher of military history which is now part of the Bloomsbury publishing group.

Domestic Bygones, regarding obsolete domestic utensils, was one of several Shire books written by John Rotheroe's wife Jacqueline Fearn

He lived for 60 years in the same thatched house at Gubblecote in Hertfordshire; he sang with the Tring Choral Society and Vale Gilbert & Sullivan Society, and was a keen birdwatcher and gardener. He published 30 Years of Shire Publications: A Bibliography for Collectors in 1991.

John Rotheroe married, in 1963, Jacqueline Fearn, whose own works in the Shire catalogue included Discovering Heraldry, Domestic Bygones (about obsolete domestic utensils) and Thatch and Thatching. They were divorced in the 1980s, and he is survived by their son Dominic and daughter Abigail.

Thanks to the Daily Telegraph

Timothy Baxter died 15th May 2021



Timothy Baxter's childhood was a life in music with musical parents. He began with the piano and the cello whilst in school. His formative years were very much centered around the church, first as a choirboy and later as an organist, and so naturally his compositional work started early. The motet, O Most Merciful, was written when he was fifteen years old and heralded a promising career as a composer.

He began his musical studies at the Royal Academy of Music in London specialising in both piano and composition. His initial composition teacher, the South African Priaulx Rainier, was a pivotal and encouraging figure, who had the young student enter the Academy's yearly composition competition, which he won. This early success led to Baxter directing his attention primarily to composition, and so further competition success followed. In his younger days he won a number of prizes.

Amongst his later teachers in composition were Anthony Milner and Alan Bush, and his attendance at the Dartington Summer School of Music led to contact with a diverse and influential range of composition teachers such as Stefan Wolpe, the Polish composer Witold Lutoslawski, and the American composers Elliott Carter and Aaron Copland.

He also studied conducting with Peter Gellhorn (BBC and Glyndebourne). He had a B.Mus. degree from the University of London.

Baxter was also a freelance performer for a number of years, for example with the London Philharmonic Choir, Ballet Rambert, the London Ballet Company, and the Martha Graham Dancers. He has also been vice music director at The Old Vic Theatre and cantor and organist at St. Philip the Apostle, Finchley. As a freelance pianist he worked together with the cellist Jaqueline du Pré.

He was Professor of Composition at the Royal Academy of Music in London from 1965-1990 and Fellow of The Royal Academy of Music (FRAM). In addition, he was an international examiner for the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music from 1966-2005.

Since 1990, he has lived in Denmark and was a member of the Danish Composers' Association and of Komvest (Vesterbro Komponistforening) since 2009 and chairman for a number of years.

Baxter has continued to write works for the church, including choral pieces, cantatas, organ works and liturgical arrangements. Furthermore, he has written much chamber music, ballet music, orchestral music and educational pieces.

His musical 'The Birth of Jesus' has been produced three times at Queen Elizabeth Hall in London and has also been recorded. 3 CDs have been published.

His music can be heard in concerts in Denmark and abroad. His educational music is in much use all over the world.

Roger Easterbrook died 18th February 2019



Roger left the school in 1953. He like many of us from the same year joined OHRFC and was vice-captain of the 1st XV when Marshall Lumsden was Captain. He had a successful business career with Kodak where he became general manager of the Distribution Division and took early retirement to take care of his wife. He had been ill with dementia for many years.

Tony Skrimshire died 12th September 2014

Tony Skrimshire C.Chem, FRSC, FIFST, passed away suddenly at home on 12th September 2104. Retired Director of Heinz UK, Freeman of the City of London and Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Feltmakers. Beloved husband of Margaret, devoted father to Jane, Katharine and John and loving grandfather to Sebastian, Alice and Abigail.

Don Cooper died August 2013

written by Mike Ive

I first met Don when we both joined the entry class at Priestmead Primary School in Kenton in 1942. We did all the chidrens' parties together, but were not always in the same class, I was envious of him because he already had a girlfriend three months older than him. We both moved to Habs together although I don't think we were ever in the same form. I imagine that the thing people from our year will remember most about Don was the winter's morning when there was snow in the playground over ice and the more adventurous were sliding about all over the place and Don, determined to outdo everybody, set off from the edge of the playing field at Westbere Road down the slope towards the kitchens achieving a

really high speed but unfortunately forgot that under the heap of snow protecting the windows was a very large pile of coal or coke - I was one of those who part carried him to the sickbay from where he was rapidly transferred to the old Redhill Hospital at Edgeware they patched him up threw away virtually all his clothes, cut most of his hair off and released him after three days - his parents were not pleased!

I think Don left before the sixth form and I do recall, that as soon as he had completed National Service, having an invitation to his marriage to that same five year old, Adrienne, that he had known so many years before. I blotted my copybook because I was serving in Malaya and on the day sent a congratulatory telegram to the brides home, but forgot that the army regards any telegram as needing to be delivered immediately and Adeienne's family was not impressed at recieving a telegram before five in the morning. But the marriage was a resounding success and Don & Adrienne had two sons, moved into a fine house and bought a villa in Southern Spain and were excellent hosts. Don started working as a salesman for a stationery firm but soon moved on and set up his own company which did remarkably well and gained a very good reputation. Then tragedy struck, Adrienne died in her early fifties. Don was inconsolable and cut himself off from everyting, he refused to talk to his friends, tried to ignore his own sons, sold his company, sold his house and moved into a small flat and seemed to be waiting for his own end.

One of his sons virtually dragged him to the funeral of someone who we had both known at Priestmead , but Don was so confused and kept talking about Adrienne as though she was present, that his presence did not help. So it wasvery sad but no surprise to hear he had gone.

So there you have it - Don was an energetic teenager, a devoted husband and father, a successful businessman, a shattered widower and finally a very sad and sick old man

David Maconachie 1934 - 2012



David Maconachie passed away on Saturday 29th October 2012. This is particularly sad as David was the brother-in-law of Ray Kipps, who also died recently. Their wives, Gill and Anne, are sisters. David was school captain in 1952, a talented cricketer and played many games for the OH rugby club. He lived in Sussex and was an officer in the Sussex Society of Rugby Referees. He was a well respected referee in Sussex in the 70s and 80s and continued right up to the age of 75 when he was appointing referees at all levels through-out the week over the last 15 years and still covering for referees in mid-week doing 30 to 40 games a season. A great supporter of the Sussex Referees Society and could be seen supporting new referees on a Saturday or just enjoying Sussex rugby. The Sussex rugby clubs view of David was that he was “a true gentleman, a person who made a real difference to our game, a genuine loss”.

In 2009 David was presented with an International referees shirt donated and signed by Wayne Barnes plus a 'reward the volunteer' certificate and tie awarded by the English Rugby Football Union.

David has been refereeing for 38 seasons for Sussex and in the Middle East, the United States and various venues in Europe.
He worked on the principle of 'I have kit with me so I am available to referee wherever we are'. David was known to referee 3 games in a day rather than say that there was no-one available. On many occasions over the years the Sussex County and Schools Union have recognised his contribution.

Stanley Crossick 1935-2011

Stanley Crossick, the founding chairman of the European Policy Centre, one of the earliest Brussels think-tanks, died on Saturday (20 November) at the age of 74. Although he had been suffering from ill-health for the past ten years, his long interest in European and international affairs remained undiminished: he had just returned from China, where he took part in a conference on the EU-China strategic partnership.

Crossick was born into a Jewish family in 1935 and grew up in north-west London. He was educated at the Haberdashers' Aske's Boys' School and went on to study law at University College, London, qualifying as a solicitor in 1959. It was in the 1970s that he became

involved in international legal affairs, while working for Franks Charlesly and Company, and subsequently for the Council of Bars and Law Societies of the European Community – in which role he helped ease the path for UK solicitors to work in Brussels.

Ian Forrester, a partner of the law firm White & Case, said that Crossick's special talent showed itself in his recognition that lawyers needed to understand the political process in Brussels rather than concentrating merely on legal principles. Crossick built on this approach when he formed the Belmont European Community Law Office in 1979. According to Forrester: “What he was good at needed a vehicle.”

That developed into what would nowadays be described as a public- affairs consultancy, through which he developed a wide experience of the interaction between business and the EU institutions.

In 1996, together with Max Kohnstamm (Obituary, European Voice, 28 October), who had worked with Jean Monnet on setting up the European Coal and Steel Community, and John Palmer, the European editor of the Guardian, Crossick founded the European Policy Centre.

Their aim was to create a serious pro-European think-tank in a field that was dominated by the Centre for European Policy Studies. Hans Martens, the EPC's chief executive, said: “The EPC would not be what it is today without the vision and guidance of Stanley Crossick.”

Crossick will be remembered for his passionate commitment to European integration and his belief in the Community method of Monnet, where European integration is built through a series of gradual steps and strong EU institutions. He was a strong believer in Monnet's axiom: “Thought cannot be divorced from action.”

His admirers remember him as a good listener whose ability to find solutions lay in his ability to see all sides of an argument. He was made an officer of the Order of the British Empire and, in 2003, a member of the French Ordre Nationale du Mérite.

In recent years, Crossick had developed a strong interest in EU-China relations, becoming a senior researcher at the Brussels Institute of Contemporary Chinese Studies. Song Zhe, China's ambassador to the EU, paid tribute to him: “Stanley never hid what he thought. He gave relentless criticism to whatever policies or action he did not approve, whether they were from the Chinese or the European side.” Song said that while he disagreed with Crossick on many issues, he appreciated his “outspokenness and candidness”.

The Chinese also treated him with high esteem in line with traditional respect for the elderly. This, the ambassador wrote, was because they present their “wisdom and experience as a beacon that sheds light upon our path, warning us against bumps and hurdles”.

David Edward, formerly a judge at the European Court of Justice and a professor of law at Edinburgh University, who knew Crossick for almost 40 years, said: “No conversation with Stanley was ever dull. Ideas poured out of him for others to take up.” As technology developed, the ideas poured out in the form of prolific blogging: Crossick posted some 500 entries on subjects ranging from European politics to the Middle East peace process, Iran and China.

For several years, Crossick contributed comment pieces to the pages of European Voice. Tim King, the newspaper's current editor, said: “Stanley was a good friend to European Voice and, because he was an energetic enthusiast, to many other enterprises in Brussels. He was of a generation for whom the construction of the European Union was a noble cause – he and I grew up in the same part of London and he once recounted to me seeing the fascists march along streets that I know well. So he was serious about the EU, though ready to break into laughter about most things, given half a chance.”

He is survived by his wife Dahlia, daughter Elizabeth and son Jonty.

Victor Mathias (1953) 1938 - 2012

Born in Willesden Green on 14 January 1938, Victor Mathias said that his career was decided practically from birth by the fact that both sides of his family ran timber businesses.

He was one of the large post-war intake at Haberdashers’ in Westbere Road in 1948. He remarked that his story was that of so many “bright” kids in the neighbourhood. At primary school, he had been used to topping the class. At Haberdashers’ he soon found himself as a little fish in a big barrel. Of the thirty boys in the first form, three went on to earn entries in “Who’s Who”, two became world renowned professors of medicine, one became a Fellow of Christ Church, Oxford and a number of others entered teaching either as university dons or in secondary education. By contrast he described his career as very modest. In his own words, with typical wry humour “I worked quietly for 43 years in my father’s timber-yard, until he died and I retired in the 1990s. During all that time, I used to boast that our family firm employed only one person and we were grossly overstaffed”.

He left Haberdashers’ after ‘O’ levels in 1953, but his further education continued as an evening student at the City of London College, the London School of Economics and Birkbeck College. He summed up his situation during those 14 years thus - “until 5:30 in those days I was an office worker, from 6:00 onwards I was a student”.

Part of his philosophy for a happy and fulfilling life was to find what one is best at and specialise in that as a labour of love. He found that he had a talent for Italian, ending up with

an honours degree in the language and several impressive looking diplomas awarded in Viareggio for a series of summer courses that he attended there in the 1950s. Later he took up teaching Italian privately in London and had pupils whom he described as “seeming to enjoy paying for my lessons” over a period of many years.

No account of Victor’s life would be complete without an emphasis on the role played in it by chess. Having played no part in the thriving chess activity at the school, he “discovered” the game in 1972 when Bobby Fischer hit the world’s headlines. From that point he took every opportunity to develop his chess skills. Although he admitted to having never been more than a reasonably competent club player – being known as the Drawing Master because so many of his games ended in draws - he began to specialise in playing chess very slowly i.e. by post, where there is no adrenaline rush but each individual has time to play the best chess he is capable of. In 1990, after writing several successful articles for ordinary players, he took over a quarterly chess publication – “Popular Chess” - which he managed and edited as a one man operation for almost a quarter of a century. In 1994, he began to run a national Postal Chess Club for ordinary players which has thrived for almost 20 years and that was appreciated particularly by players living in remote parts of Britain where they cannot easily find an opponent against whom to pit their chess wits.

In 2009, BBC4 having decided to make an hour long programme about chess and wanting to cover the game in all its aspects enquired “Is there anyone left who still plays chess by correspondence?” They were directed to Victor, as his Popular Chess Postal Club was just what they were looking for. He was interviewed at some length and was allowed during the programme to make the case for playing chess as slowly as possible.

Another of his hobbies was participating in quiz nights and in organising quizzes. Opponents recognised that any team that he was in was formidable and that his teams had a record of winning. Indeed some team members believed that, even on his own, he would have won most contests. As a quiz organiser he didn’t bother to write down the questions. He only wrote down the answers, which list he gave to the markers, who themselves rarely knew the questions to which the answers applied.

Victor married Maureen, a dentist, in 1969 and he described her as “the finest wife anyone could wish for”. They lived in Northwood for most of their married lives and had two sons, Graham, who also went to Haberdashers (O.H.1981 – 1988) and Barry.

By his own admission Victor was a one man operation – whether in business, or in chess publication – and yet in this there was also a contradiction. To some he may appear to have been a loner and yet another of his personal characteristics was the remarkable way that he kept in touch with a wide circle of friends, remembering birthdays and sending annual greetings, and random notes, keeping in touch with school friends from his days at Haberdashers and before and since. Drawing on his encyclopaedic memory when others

would have depended on notebooks and diaries and lists he remembered everything that was important to him.

He arranged reunions of his classmates every few years – a close circle of those with whom he had been at school at Westbere Road and not only did he keep in touch with them but, indirectly, he encouraged them to keep in touch with each other. The “gregarious loner” or as he saw himself – “He was his own man”.

Victor Mathias died from leukaemia on 18 January 2012.

Michael Heppner

1.Feb.2012

1952

Brian Bennett died December 2024



Brian Bennett was born in September 1933 in Hendon, north London, the only son of William and Louisa Bennett.

He spent his formative years in London. He was a bright child and won a full scholarship to the prestigious Haberdashers’ Aske School which was based in Hampstead at that time. Brian was a keen scholar and also a very good tennis player, playing for the school team and earning his First Team Colours. He was secretary of the Abbott Club which was the school’s senior debating society. Brian shared a love of cricket with his father and, living in north London, was also a lifelong Arsenal fan.

Brian attended Haberdashers’ Aske from 1945 until 1952. He then studied Law at the London School of Economics and graduated in 1955. He did his articles at a London firm.

He met Margaret Giffard in Epsom around this time and they married in 1958. They spent their honeymoon in Cornwall and liked it so much that they decided to live there. They moved to Redruth in 1961 and were made to feel very welcome. Brian worked for a local firm of solicitors. Their children, Sally and Peter, were born in 1962 and 1964 respectively.

The family moved to St Agnes, spending many happy years there and becoming part of the community. Brian and Liz joined the Round Table and regularly took part in the St Agnes Carnival and many fundraising events.

They divorced in 1980 and Brian later married Shirley Morris in 1981. By this time Brian had set up his own legal practice, with an office in Perranporth. He later moved to premises in Lemon Street, Truro. Brian and Shirley moved to Newquay where they remained ever since. They were both keen gardeners and walkers, regularly taking walks along the coastal paths of the North Coast.

Brian was a kind and gentle person with a dry sense of humour. He had a great memory for jokes and anecdotes from his many years spent as a solicitor in Cornwall. Brian died peacefully at home on 18 December 2024 aged 91. He will be greatly missed by his family and friends. Brian leaves his second wife Shirley and first wife Liz, children Sally and Peter, stepson David, grandchildren Mollie and Hugo.

David Lang died 3rd March 2023



David was born at home in West Hampstead to Ruth Levi and Herbert Lang, who both held Phds in Science. David was the eldest son, and together with his two brothers Charles and Jack, they all attended Haberdashers when it was in Westbere Road in Cricklewood.

Unlike his academic parents and brothers, David preferred a more practical path and following the example of a school friend, left Haberdashers at 16 years old to start an apprenticeship at nearby Handley Page Limited as a Cost and Management Accountant. All apprentices had to spend their first year on the shop floor so David was involved in building the Victor bomber prototype.

David met Charlotte, a Holocaust refugee from Austria at a social dance and they were married on 1 April 1962. Michael, who is now a civil servant, was born on 28 February 1963, and Paul a professional wedding and portrait photographer came along on 7 May 1966.

David had passion for aviation. He did his national service in the RAF, serving in Cyprus and Iraq, and worked almost all his career in the aviation sector. He retired from The Royal Aeronautical Society as Chief Accountant in 1996.

David loved his family and was especially proud of his three grandsons, and one great grandson, with another on its way.

Pic is of David at the end of an experience flying the Concorde Flight Simulator at Brooklands.

Paul Lang (David's Son)

George Morrison died October 2018



It is a privilege to pay tribute to my father George Bryson Morrison. I realise there are some here today who may have only known dad a short while and others who knew him very well however a short history of his life may fill in some gaps.

Dad was the first born (3/11/32) of two children to George Morrison and Annie Goodfellow and grew up in a small village called Balfron near Falkirk. Woe betide anyone who suggested he was from England as his Scottish roots went deep - clearly visible when the lone piper played at the Scottish Tattoo and a mysterious accent would emerge if he met anyone from the highlands.

The family moved to Bristol and then back to Scotland to escape the blitz. Dad's father served in the RAF and life was tough for my grandmother and dad when he was away particularly with the addition of dad's sister Robina, seven years his junior.

Dad was an outstanding student. He won a scholarship to an exclusive public school in England, Haberdashers' Askes where he excelled on the sports field and in the classroom. He captained the school rugby team and was honoured to be appointed head boy. His achievements won him a scholarship to Oxford but sadly things did not work out for him. To his eternal regret he did not gain any tertiary qualifications hence his preoccupation and delight with any family success in this area. I feel he would have been a brilliant lawyer. His eye for detail, argumentative nature and command of the English language became a significant strength in his career and later became useful when solving Midsomer Murders!

Dad was called up for national service and narrowly avoided a spell in Korea by virtue of his rugby ability as he was needed to represent the intelligence corps in a far more important cause - the Middlesex Sevens. His proudest moment was making a try-saving tackle and cartwheeling his sergeant major off his bicycle and into the ditch next to the field.

Dad became a management trainee and worked with several companies including Crosse and Blackwell which we children enjoyed as he brought home rejects from the factory including deformed jelly babies which provided me with many life lessons. He was involved in one of the first computers to be built in the 1950's, and was responsible for the introduction of a computer system into the horse racing industry - how he did this remains a mystery to me as he struggled to read, never mind send a text or email in his later years. Another mystery was his success in the horse racing industry rising to be general manager of Weatherbys and then the Jockey Club of South Africa. His knowledge of thoroughbreds would have been limited to the back end of a pantomime horse however his management

skills were obvious and recognised to the extent that he was entrusted with leading one of the largest industries in the UK and South Africa.

Dad possessed exquisite timing - who else would move his family to a war zone! After his appointment as General Manager of the Jockey Club in June 1976 we set off for South Africa ten days after the Soweto Riots. Strangely enough it still seemed a better option than the UK at that time, with the IRA bombing campaign in England, strikes almost daily and the highest tax rates in the world. Dad revelled in his new job, the opportunities it provided he and the family and particularly a climate which meant he could swim for most of the year.

Dad loved swimming and board surfing. His favourite holiday place was the beautiful coastal resort of Polzeath in Cornwall which we went as a family and he continued to make the pilgrimage there for his summer surfing holiday when he went to Europe for the international racing conference. He was very considerate to mum on these trips who can be seen wearing a polo neck jumper under her wet suit during a nice summer's day there!

He and mum had a favourite bench at Bucklands Beach where they swam in recent years. We will be scattering their ashes there.

Dad retired at the tender age of 62 and probably never expected a retirement of almost 25 years as his parents had passed away before the age of 65. He and mum returned to the UK to be near his sister and my brother's family and then bravely set off to New Zealand for the last stage of their life's journey.

Dad loved to tell a story. The clothes peg is a reference to my threat to him to stick it on his ear when we travelled around the South Island together if he repeated a story. The phrase stuck to mum's delight who would scream "clothes peg" whenever a repeat loomed.

Strange to say that after threatening to shoot him if he told people his real name was "gorgeous" again, I will miss these and other stories including one of his favourites - three types of wine - Pinot Gris, Pinot noir and pee no more.

While the last few months have been tough for us seeing dad's rapid deterioration the last few days have been a great opportunity to recall a life full of happy memories. From surfing holidays in Cornwall, exotic trips to Majorca and Ibiza. Rum and Raisin ice creams, Old Jamaican chocolates, James Last and his orchestra. Tennis, table tennis and swimming at Bantry Road, boule on the beach, pink nines, bridge, family Sunday teas and dinner. Dad was not perfect - he had some infuriating habits like insisting on referring to politicians with their full title - Mr Nelson Mandela; his at times mind numbing courtesy - apologising to and thanking everyone he could see yet being a maniac on the road - driving up exhaust pipes and slamming on brakes which contributed to mum's neck problems. Yet he was harmless and meant no ill to anyone.

Mum and Dad was a story which lasted almost 60 years of devotion. It is fair to say that after Mum died, Dad also died. He was in a sense treading water and waiting to be reunited with his soul mate with whom he had shared so many challenging and wonderful moments.

Dad was a model of good values and virtue. He was kind and considerate. He was honest and acted with integrity. He tried to share a joke and make people smile at any opportunity. Nurses, shop assistants, bank tellers all loved dad as he brightened their day. I am proud to have been his son and trust I was able to do something to help fill the massive gap left in his life with mum's passing.

Mum has her soul mate back with her again. I wish her all the best as she tries to get him up before 11 o'clock in the morning for his All Brans. Many a carer has tried and failed. May your flat-whites be bottomless.

Hamba kahle, haere ra, farewell, see you later.

Eulogy given by Ian Morrison, George's Son

I really had very little to do with George until the sixth form, I was a Scientist and he in the Modern side. We played in the same 1st XV, but the eulogy is slightly wrong in that I have photo evidence to show that Marshall Lumsden is sitting in the centre of the front row.

I remember George delivering the lesson and notices in a strong Scottish accent and I think many of the younger students, particularly the 5th form of the day finding him a stern Head Boy. In the Prefects room his laughter was more in evidence.

We did however meet again post school and army service as we were both in RSA from 1975/6 and enjoyed meeting up at Tennis and Bridge parties at each others houses in Jo'burg with a group of like-minded people of British descent. Life was good out there then and our families, being of similar ages enjoyed the summer swimmimg at each others houses. This lasted for three years until I left RSA and we have kept in touch (mainly through George's wife Margaret) ever since and it is good to know that in Ian's words he has now joined his soulmate

Peter Shiells OBE

Alan Newton died November 2017

Alan was born in Finchley on the 29th November 1934 to Wena and Ernest Newton - ten minutes after his brother John! This was a huge surprise as twins were not expected!

The boys had a younger sister Phylis who was born three years later. They had a happy homelife but at the outbreak of War the Family evacuated to Port Madoc in Wales to live with their maternal grandmother, where they blossomed in the fresh Welsh air, playing around in relative safety and freedom on the beaches and scrambling up the lower mountain slopes. Welsh was spoken at home and at primary school.

At 8 years old the boys became boarders at Dulwich College Prep which had evacuated to Betys-y-Coed. John recalls with fondness how Alan was always on the 'go' and very protective of him even though he was the younger brother.

Both boys were bright and after the end of the War the family returned home to Finchley where they gained scholarships to Haberdasher Aske's in Cricklewood. Phyllis went onto South Hampstead High. All three children enjoyed academic success.

Alan participated in all sports, these were greatly encouraged. He was proud Captain of the First XV Rugby - a sport he pursued for years to come. He boxed competitively but by his own admission was short of a knockout punch. He appreciated his time at Haberdashers and the broad education it gave him.

At the age of 18 he went to University College London where he gained a degree in Economic Geography and became a lifetime member of National Geographical Society. Leaving University he received a National Service Commission in the Army.

In 1957 he went to Clare College Cambridge, where he was able to catch up with his brother John, who was studying at Downing College, and set out to prepare for a career in the Colonial Service. In 1959 on completion of his course at Cambridge Alan was posted to Tanga, a town in Tanganyika now Tanzania. He was a District Officer and was given remarkable responsibility for a 25 year old. He loved travelling to the outlying villages, meeting the Chiefs and Elders of the many communities, visiting tea plantations and going on safari. He was the acting officer when Tanzania relinquished British rule and was responsible for lowering the Union Jack as the country became Independent under President Nyerere.

With all these wonderful experiences behind him and his greatly developed interpersonal and communication

skills Alan returned to the UK in 1961 and with a new found confidence decided to look at a career in human resources and joined De La Rue in Leamington Spa.

A few years later he took a position with Massey Ferguson in Coventry where he became a Member of the Warwick Boat and Tennis Club. On one occasion in the Flower Power years of the Sixties encouraged by friends he went along to a party the Club was holding and it was here he met the love of his life...the lovely Pat. They both rather stood out as he was in his business suit and Pat, a Lincolnshire lass, in a mini dress, everyone else was in the groove in Fancy Dress imitating ‘ the Summer of Love’ ! However, love blossomed and on the 23rd August 1969 Pat Anne Paget said ‘I do’ to Alan Millard Newton at St. John’s Church Grantham Lincolnshire and they honeymooned in Ireland.

On return Pat continued to teach at a local senior school and Alan at Massey Ferguson until he was headhunted by Avon Overseas Ltd, this entailed a commute to their head office in Northampton for several years until they moved to the delightful village of Abthorpe, near Towcester.

In October 1975 they were thrilled at the arrival of David. At 13 months old he was whisked to New York where his father took up a new position as head of Human Resources Worldwide. Alan had a splendid office on the 36th floor of the Avon building - as he suffered from claustrophobia it was a daily challenge to get into the lift!

The family loved their time living in Connecticut in the States but after six years the lure of England (and possibly Wales!) was too strong.

Putting Family first Alan took a big gamble and requested a return to Europe based in the UK. He was even prepared to accept demotion but was delighted to be given further responsibility and made General Manager for Europe. Alan, Pat and the young David came back to the UK and moved into Dolphin Lodge in Loudwater, which has been their home ever since. Alan loved the fact that he could send David to his old school, and, continue with the Company he admired.

He greatly valued his secretary Gill Dhooghe (Dhoog). Pat also held her in high regard and affection referring to her as the ‘other significant woman in his life’ ! Alan thrived on the frequent contact with so many of the Avon Family whom he had met over his years with the Company.

Retiring aged 60 in 1995 and at such a relatively young age Alan was filled with renewed energy . He saw it as ‘a new beginning’, was very active and enjoyed much golf and tennis at Moor Park where he made so many friends, the companionship of whom he valued greatly throughout his ‘retired’ life.

Alan wrote two books on Management and Human Resources. He was President of the Old Haberdashers’ Association for a year. He became involved with the South Bucks Branch of the Motor Neurone Society eventually becoming Chairman. He was Co-opted onto the Board of Trustees at their Head Office in Northampton - something he greatly enjoyed for 11 years before he became ill at the age of 74 in 2009.

Alan was active, outgoing, young at heart, tactile, and charming - he had a great sense of humour and was a very good impressionist. He was calm, patient, competitive, liked to ‘win’ so would always put effort into everything he did. Mind you he was, in David’s words , ‘rubbish at anything practical ‘. - but as Pat said he ‘always knew a man who could !’

He was passionate about Welsh Rugby, an avid Chelsea Fan and much enjoyed vocally supporting the team with David.

Alan accepted his illness calmly and without frustration over the last seven years . He never complained but finally lost his fight on the 4th September with his beloved Pat at his side. David had been with him a short time before.

Pat and David want to add a special thank you to the wonderful carers who treated Alan as a dear relative rather than their patient. Their care was truly remarkable. Our appreciation also goes to those of you who have been constant friends visiting and offering such amazing support. Alan would have ‘hugged’ you all if he could because you meant so much to him.

When I asked Pat what she would miss most about him she said his ever positive nature, his generosity and knowing that he loved her so much.

That so many of you are here today is a testament to this lovely man and the warm memories he evokes in each of you.

A Perspective on My Father

My first memory of Dad was of him disappearing off into the waves of a rough Corsican sea. He was endeavouring to rescue my bright yellow plastic swimming float. He’d been teaching me to swim with it that day, but a strong current had whisked it several hundred feet out to sea.

He succeeded returning from the waves with my float held over-head, impressing the 4-year-old me greatly…as well as the Corsican sun-bathers on the beach who all applauded.

And so, from an early age, he established himself of something of a ‘super-dad’.

Although he was often away with work, he always found time for me. We mowed the lawn, washed the car and played rugby, badminton, cricket, tennis, football, table tennis, table football, croquet, Frisbee and any other game he could think of.

The gardens in the various houses we moved between were our private playgrounds. He was good at every sport with a ball and I remember him bringing silver trophies home from work of his sporting successes.

(Admittedly most of these cups were for winning the Northampton Avon tennis doubles it turned out, but silverware is silverware).

One of Dad’s great skills and joys was to entertain, finding the humour in any given situation.

He was an optimist and constant source of energy to me. I remember how he transformed our many mini-family Christmases in Grantham into days of laughter. If there was a post-lunch lull, Dad would ask - ‘Right who’s up for a game of Thumper?’.

For those who don’t know Thumper, is a pretty noisy, energetic game more suited to the pub than Gran’s dining room table. It’s also impossible to play without laughing and so the sort of thing Dad loved to do most with family and friends. He was never happier than getting everyone to enjoy a good game.

So it was on skiing holidays with our friends the Pilero’s, he’d orchestrate games of ‘Murder in the Dark’ after dinner.

Dinner out with friends would end with dad handing out 3 coins to everyone for a round of ‘Spoof’. And his gifts to me were invariably to enable mini-competitions. Chess, indoor mini-golf and a family favourite for several Christmas’s…Carpet Bowls.

He’d turn anything and everything into a game or challenge. And such was his enthusiasm there really wasn’t the option of not joining in.

But anyone who played sport with Dad will know that the warm smile would evaporate at the first sniff of real competition, and he’d become VERY focused.

Dad’s insistence on ABSOLUTE silence when it was his turn on the golf tee was legendary.

And whilst I remember him as a good sports coach, his patience would only last so long. Playing tennis at Rickmansworth tennis club, he’d go easy on me with his first serve for a game or two. But should I dare to win a couple of points, he’d revert to serving at me like it was the Avon Tennis finals.

And I respected this about dad. Easy-going and generous, but a true competitor.

Dad’s passion for sport was evident in his team support too. His patriotism for Welsh rugby in particular. Despite being half English, a Wales vs England Rugby International had him cursing at the English forwards like someone who’d never stepped foot outside of Wales…let alone been born in Finchley. It was a fixture we enjoyed winding each other up about every year.

And he came to see nearly every Rugby game I ever played. He sat in A&E when I needed bandaging up. And his vocal support for the team was unmissable on the touch line. So

unmissable that he was asked to sit in the car by the referee on more than one occasion. But being Dad managed to charm his way out of a touchline ban.

Despite his competitive nature, everything was wrapped with his own unique, warm humour. He loved doing impressions, was a master of different accents and would mock himself to entertain – be that one of his portfolio of silly walks, or singing ‘One Man and His Dog’ in Swahili which he’d learnt from his time in Tanzania and invariably had me and Mum in stitches.

He was spontaneous. A family drive through the Lincolnshire countryside one Boxing Day saw dad winding down the car windows, waving to complete strangers whilst shouting at the top of his voice ‘Alright there Fred? How’s the hip?’, ‘Hello Marjory, kids doing well?’.

We ducked our heads in embarrassment and laughter as the local villagers looked at him bemused.

And his character stayed true to the end. When his disease had really taken hold and he struggled to move or speak, he kept his warmth, his tactile nature and the glint in his eye. His favourite programs on the TV remained sport, quizzes and comedy. He loved the sound of laughter. He was always after a kiss from Mum. And he would reach out with his still mobile right hand to give a friendly ‘hello’ tap to visitors and helpers.

People here have sent some lovely notes of their memories of Dad over the last couple of weeks. So many talk of the fact that he was one of the most charming men they knew. Humorous, humble, a good listener. Someone who loved people and always saw the positives.

Mum did the most incredible job looking after Dad these last seven years. Along with the support of many people in this room, she made them as happy, peaceful and full of love as they could have been for him.

Mum and Dad were an incredible team throughout life. I remember being aware from an early age how well they complemented one another. Mum’s pragmatic realism the balance to dad’s eternal optimism. But both energetic, sporty, hard working and sharing the same values. And somewhat irritatingly, both usually ordering exactly the same starter and main from any given restaurant menu.

My dad was the positivity that lifted our little family. I remember him as a man of integrity, of good natured but unrelenting competitiveness, of intellect and incredible general knowledge. Of humour and warmth.

Alan Newton.

Ever charming, ever competitive, ever generous.

My Super-Dad.

Barry Neale Parker died 8th September 2012

Barry passed away peacefully in his sleep on Saturday September 8th 2012. He follows his much-loved wife, Gwen, and sorely missed son, Kevin. He is survived by son Giles and grandchildren Elena, Daniel, Katy and Jasmin. Barry was an officer in the Meteorological office at Bracknell, and was very involved in the Wokingham Society and later the Berkshire Local History Association.

Terence HE (Terry) Field (died 2002)

Keith R Chamberlain (died 1995)

David L Stern (1948-52 Prep)
died suddenly on 2nd July 1989 during an asthma attack. He was 49.

David received his secondary education at Dover College and played his first game for the OHRFC on 11th January 1958, in the C XV against Old Askeans. In the following season he made his 1st XV debut against RNC Greenwich. However, the club was already blessed with excellent hookers, in Philip Alterman and Roger Leverton, and David had to serve a long and happy apprenticeship in the "Ex A" and "A" XVs before becoming first choice senior hooker in 1970/1 and 1971/2. A serious eye injury caused his retirement on 25th March 1972, when he had played 359 times for the club, 69 for 1st XV, 153 for the A and 97 for the Ex A.

David enjoyed life to the full and thrived on pressure. Unless he was abroad on business, he would be at his office from 5am until 7pm every day. Yet he had time for everybody and always saw their best sides. He was a regular at the 1950-59 decade dinners, past player reunions and other social events and his friendly humour is remembered by all.

In May of this year, David and Rosemary celebrated their 25th Wedding anniversary with a surprise party arranged by their three children, Paul, Sarah and Sally, coinciding with Sarah's 18th birthday. Among the family and friends present were their wedding guests, Jan and Duncan McLaren ('55) and Pat and Roger Leverton ('56).

David's funeral took place at Hendon Cemetery on 7th July. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. Michael Lacy, who in his excellent address referred to David as being always at the centre of the action, be it the front row, family or business. Above all, he said, David would wish to be remembered with laughter, not tears. The funeral arrangements were conducted by Keith and Clive Leverton and amongst the mourners were his brother Colin, Tony Alexander ('62), Philip Alterman ('49), John Boon ('56), Michael Ewer ('56), Neil Forsyth ('45), David Leverton ('53), Duncan McLaren ('55) and Jan, John Parker ('56), Chris Robinson ('48), Melvyn Steele ('59), Peter Stevenson ('46), Nobbly Tanner ('35), Patricia, wife of Peter Vacher ('55) and Libby, wife of Paul Watson ('56).

Michael (Mike) John Keen (1935-1991).

Mike played on the Haberdashers' School rugby and athletics teams, leaving HAHS in 1952 with a state scholarship to Oxford University, continuing on to Cambridge University where he received his doctorate in geology. At Oxford he continued playing rugby and also competed in swimming and rowing. In 1961 he accepted a position in the Geology Department at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia, with a cross- appointment in the Geophysics and Oceanography Program in the Department of Physics and Atmospheric Science. In those early years he established the first Canadian university program in marine geophysics and the first marine geophysical expeditions undertaken from a Canadian government oceanographic research vessel.

Mike remained at Dalhousie University from 1961 – 77, serving for several years as Chairman of the Department of Geology, later as Assistant Dean of Science, during which years he trained a number of outstanding young scientists in the field of marine geosciences. His textbook ("An Introduction to Marine Geology", Pergamon Press 1986) made a major contribution to marine geoscience education.

Mike had a strong commitment to linking science to national issues, and he had the vision to recognize the importance to Canada of the newly negotiated UN Convention on the Law of the Sea (UNCLOS) which allows expansion of nations' offshore economic zones based upon submarine geological structures. Although international boundaries can be easily established on land, offshore boundaries are sometimes disputed, and this has proven to be more frequent now that exploitation of undersea oil, natural gas and mineral wealth is technologically and economically feasible. For Canada, the nation with the longest coastline of any country and with promising extensive offshore hydrocarbon deposits, national marine boundaries in the Arctic are open to challenge by several countries.

In 1977, Mike left Dalhousie University for the Geological Survey of Canada, where he was appointed Director of the Atlantic Geosciences Centre at the Bedford Institute of Oceanography in the greater Halifax area. Being appointed to a senior position in the federal government enabled Mike to assemble the key people and the required funding to undertake

needed research to address some of these submarine boundary disputes facing Canada, and working with the Canadian Department of External Affairs, he provided technical advice that Canada took to the World Court in The Hague and to discussions on these issues being held with other nations. Mike was the driving force behind the publication of a major synthesis of current knowledge of the offshore geology of Eastern Canada.

During his years with the federal government, Mike was one of a few who, at that time, supported women going to sea on research vessels, and he battled with a stubborn bureaucracy who felt otherwise about that particular issue. That was a battle he won; fittingly, Dalhousie University has established the Michael J. Keen Memorial Award, presented annually to the outstanding female student in the second-year of the Earth Sciences degree program.

In recognition of his scientific contributions, Mike was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada in 1974, and in 1986 he received the Logan Medal of the Geological Association of Canada. During the late 1970s and 1980s, Mike served successively as president of the Atlantic Geoscience Society, the Geological Association of Canada, the Canadian Geological Foundation, and the Canadian Geophysical Union, and also as Chair of the Canadian Geoscience Council. The Geological Association of Canada established the Michael J. Keen Medal, which is presented annually to a senior scientist who has made important contributions in the fields of marine or lacustrine geology. In 1994, a 50 km submarine trough at the edge of the continental shelf in the NW Atlantic Ocean, with depths greater than 3000 metres and a profile similar to that of the Grand Canyon, was named the Michael Keen Canyon.

In a four-page ‘note of appreciation’ regarding Mikes contributions to education and research, the Geological Association of Canada’s scientific periodical noted that Mike “had a superb high school and undergraduate education and a mind to retain most of it for the rest of his life. With that background, he could make leaps of faith and see connections in a scientific problem long before his colleagues wrote down the first equation… He was a person who made a difference in peoples’ lives, who looked for the best in others, and gave the best he had.”

1951

Alan Woolford Died 28th November 2022



Born 18th March 1932 in Welling Kent, an only child to Sydney and Doris Woolford.

He lived in Welling until one day with his father on the allotment he watched the German bombers flying up the Thames in 1939 - the first daylight raids on London. Shortly after this he was evacuated to Early near Reading where he lived with Uncle Jack and Auntie May and gained 2 older “brothers” who he often talked about fondly, Maurice and Raymond.

The war didn’t seem to start so he was sent back home to Welling. When the air raid sirens were heard they used to hide under the stairs, but his father Syd, built an Anderson shelter in the garden and just a few days of it being used, the house suffered a direct hit, demolishing it including the stairs. The house collapsed onto the shelter, and they had to be dug out. Many neighbours had been killed. Very little was saved from the house but ironically one of them was a little German toy car which Dad has always kept.

Alan was conscious that without his father’s air raid shelter we wouldn’t be here today and in retrospect was sorry that he had never thanked him.

Alan was a choir boy in his local church, St John’s and enjoyed music all of his life.

He went to Haberdashers’ Aske’s school where he sang in many productions including the Gondoliers which he spoke about often. He also enjoyed the sports, particularly rugby and was captain of athletics, later running for Haringey Harriers. He also played rugby for the BBC team until he was 35. He used to blame his arthritic ankles on his competitive sports.

During a holiday with his parents went to the Norfolk Broads as a youngster, they rented a dinghy for him. The first day he climbed into the boat and went happily downwind in a strong breeze to the far end of the broad. Then he had to work out how to get back! He said it took him hours with his anxious mother waiting, but it taught him a lot about sailing and he retained a keen interest for the rest of his life.

After school he was called up to do his National Service and went into the army to become a Sergeant in the Royal Signals.

He then joined the BBC where he worked in Radio. He always looked out for the radio towers when traveling round the country saying that he had climbed up most of them. The BBC sent him to college to do a sandwich course in electronic engineering in which he achieved a first-class degree. He had moved to television and became the youngest engineering manager in the corporation.

He worked in Outside Broadcasts with its huge variety of programs outside the studios. He somehow managed to wangle being involved with the programs he enjoyed: rugby at Twickenham, Opera at Glyndebourne, and the Royal Opera House, as well as covering the Boat Shows every year. He enjoyed his work, gradually training and doing more lighting until, after retiring from the Beeb, he started his own company - Alan Woolford Lighting. He continued working as a Lighting Director until his late 70s often for ABC News who once sent him to Kuwait to see preparations for the Gulf War, and he was involved in Princess Diana's funeral as well as in a number of European opera houses. In his working career he won an EMMY award as well as being nominated for a BAFTA. Quite the accomplishment!

When the Riverhouse Barn in Walton was being transformed from a threshing barn to a community arts centre he volunteered and designed and installed the theatre lighting and enjoyed many theatrical and musical events held there.

Alongside his career, he was also involved with sailing, coaching youth groups and developing courses for the RYA. Being an avid sailor himself he loved dinghy racing for which he has a collection of trophies, he also had a yacht which he sailed with his family on holidays around the Kent and South Coast and across to Europe. He was particularly interested that people with disabilities should be able to sail and worked with RYA Sailability to set up a group at Queen Mary Sailing Club which has now been running successfully for the past 25 years. He was awarded the RYA Award for Services to the World of Yachting in 2002 presented by Princess Anne and the Sport and Recreation Alliance Emeritus Award presented by Prince Edward in 2020 (by video in Covid times).

He was very proud to have been invited to take part in the Queen's Diamond Jubilee River Pageant and despite the rain, enjoyed every minute, and even sailed past the Queen!

He met Val, his wife, while coaching as a volunteer at Bisham Abbey in 1966, the year when colour television started in the UK. The first outside broadcast program in colour was Wimbledon tennis where he was the engineering manager and of course the grass was greener.

Val and Alan have been married for 55 years and have two children - Tim and Hannah. Val says he wasn't much of a cook, but he had a marvellous vegetable garden which he tended with great care, when they moved to the river, he then continued to grow them successfully in troughs and pots.

Living on the river, he bought a river cruiser and for the first time had an engine and not sails. He enjoyed being beside the river often remonstrating with speeding boats - very loudly!

During these last few years arthritis confined him to a wheelchair, Nevertheless, he had a hoist fitted in his car to take the wheelchair and drove himself or used public transport to get out and about to visit friends in London or his weekly visits to Sailability, even managing the AGM lunch only 2 weeks before he died.

He also spent a lot of time on his computer, managing to keep up with modern technology, if not for a few loud expletive frustrations. He was often checking up on the Beeb to see that standards were being maintained!!

Over lockdown he watched about 150 operas which were streamed from New York and London which kept him happily occupied.

He did not give up his life easily and was planning a fundraising venture that he would start work on when he was home again, and intended to get to Grange Opera in the summer as well as having a family party in the garden. He also spent hours researching a new electric day boat for trips to the pub.

It was a very full and worthwhile life.

Hannah Woolford (Alan's Daughter)

John Turner. Died 22nd August 2022



John William Turner was born in Acton, west London, to Molly and Cyril Turner. His schooling at Haberdashers' Aske's Hampstead School was interrupted three times with periods of evacuation because of the bombing of London in the second world war. He qualified from King's College Hospital Medical School in 1956 and did house jobs at Dulwich General Hospital and Belgrave Hospital for Children.

He then did military service in Germany. During that time he was able to spend useful periods at the Universitätskrankenhaus [university hospital] in Göttingen so that at the end of military service he took up the post of full time assistant surgeon at the hospital. By a most happy "life changing" circumstance, Francis John Gillingham visited Göttingen and lectured on stereotactic treatment of parkinsonism. John translated the lecture into German. He was captivated by the technique, and it went on to form a large part of his professional life.

He did his general surgical training at Edinburgh Royal Infirmary and gained his FRCS in 1962. He was impressed by the amazingly good theatre staff nurse, Audrey Gammie, and in his own words, “from that moment, started a life of love and oneness which has endured and flourished even until her dying moments.” He started his neurosurgical training in Edinburgh under Norman Dott and Gillingham, with a particular involvement in stereotactic surgery. He was awarded a year-long Wellcome travelling fellowship to the USA and spent six months at Barrow Neurosurgical Institute in Phoenix, Arizona, and further time in Seattle, Washington State, as visiting scientist. Finally, he was visiting professor at Columbia University, New York, for a period.

He was then appointed as consultant neurosurgeon at the developing Institute of Neurological Sciences, initially at Killearn and subsequently at the Southern General Hospital. He practised general neurosurgery and carried out over 2000 procedures, including 250 aneurysms and around 100 meningiomas and acoustic neuromas. He also developed the stereotactic surgical service, particularly for movement disorder and pain management. He undertook 250 procedures for trigeminal neuralgia, both percutaneous and microvascular dissection.

He worked collaboratively with Jay Rosenberg and T D M Roberts at Glasgow University’s Institute of Physiology in the neurophysiology of the cerebellum. In 1985, while operating on a particularly challenging aneurysm, he developed chest pain but completed the clipping of the aneurysm. After this he took enforced early retirement but continued to use his expertise in pain management at the Prince and Princess of Wales Hospice.

He enjoyed sailing, sailing extensively around the west coast of Scotland. His sailing was not just recreational, he sailed competitively, regularly racing in the Clyde and up the west coast.

When the winter weather prevented sailing, John and Audrey took to the ice and thoroughly enjoyed the challenge of curling. John was also creative with a deep interest and love of art. He went to art classes and joined a couple of clubs, including being president of Glasgow Southern Art Club. After retirement he gained his A level in art history. He also loved music and took his grandchildren down to the Proms to hear his favourite Mendelssohn violin concerto.

Despite his heart failure he remained determinedly active, still cycling into his late 80s. Predeceased by his beloved Audrey in 2009, he leaves two children (Simon and Susan) and was a devoted grandpa to five grandchildren (Emma, Jonny, Mark, Audrey, and Maxim).

Consultant neurosurgeon Institute of Neurological Sciences, Southern General Hospital, Glasgow b 30 May 1932;(King’s College Hospital Medical School, London, 1956; AKC, FRCS Edin, FRCS Glasgow), died from heart failure on 28 August 2022

Michael “Mike” Bovington died 17th January 2021



Our father, Michael (Mike) Bovington, died at the age of 88. Born in Golders Green he attended the school from 1943-1951. He married Joan in 1962, having proposed at the rugby club after a match. Luckily they shared a passion for rugby! He was a devoted family man and brought up three daughters and various boxer dogs in Croxley Green.

Sport was a passion. He played cricket and boxed, as well as playing rugby at school (1st XV, 1948-51; Colours, 1949-51. 1st XI, 1950-51. Then, for many years, he played rugby for the OHRFC.

After studying law at King's College London, Dad worked successfully as a solicitor for the Coal Board pension scheme for thirty years, travelling up to London. The opportunity for early retirement came and Dad embraced this, spending many happy years in retirement. Holidays were often walking holidays across Europe and he spent time developing the Croxley Tennis club. He continued to play until he was 80.

Dad was a generous man and took on roles as a governor of a secondary school and for many years delivered meals on wheels, with Mum, in their local area.

He will be deeply missed by all who knew him.

Memories of Mike Bovington by Peter Vacher

I was four years younger than Michael but recall him best as one of the senior sixth-formers at school, a Prefect resplendent in his colourful Prefect's blazer and tasseled Cap. Definitely a figure of authority. He left the school in 1951, having started at the Westbere Road site in 1943.

After school, Mike played for OHRFC for a number of years and was in the 1st XV in 1956-57, before moving down to the AXV where in the following season he played in 19 matches alongside his older brother and fellow OH Alan, who appeared in 22. Further stretching the family connection, Mike was in brother-in-law Harold Couch's AXV in 1959-60. In other words, Mike was a pretty constant member of the club throughout these classic years and played at a high level at a time when we regularly fielded six teams. He went on to captain the AXV, our seconds, for two seasons, from 1960 to '62, a role also fulfilled at one time by Alan, and succeeded Harold. In the 1961-2 season he made a remarkable 27 appearances.

We became friends once I had joined the rugby club [1955 onwards]and attained the dizzy heights of the Extra A XV, OHRFC's third team, during the time that Mike was that team's

Captain [1962-1964]. He led by example, always a competitive and quite feisty scrum-half and we seemed to get on pretty well. I took over from him for the following two years [1964-66] with Mike still in the team, and he very kindly organized a commemorative inscribed tankard to mark my time as skipper, a gesture that was both very touching and entirely consistent with his character. During those years, our families overlapped too: Mike and Joan's three daughters, plus Boxer dog, were often on the touchline watching the games as were Patricia and our three daughters. We didn't have a dog! Ironically when I gave up the captaincy [or was it re-possessed?], Mike took over again for a year.

As to Mike's non-rugby life, I believe he served in the London Scottish TA unit, as had his brother, and he qualified as a Solicitor in 1954, having studied at Kings. He worked first in in private practice and then was with the National Coal Board based at Hobart House in London. He and Joan [née Couch] lived very happily in Croxley where they were stalwarts of the local tennis club and Mike was Governor of a local school. Their house in Green Lane was a delight to visit and the garden was stunning.

In later years, Mike stayed involved with the Association and for many years oversaw the Benevolent Fund which exists to help those OH or their family members who need financial help. He became the Association's President in 1993-4 and most appropriately arranged for his Presidential Ladies Night to be held in the august premises of the Law Society. Mike was also a very regular supporter of the Retired Members or Old Lags lunches which had brightened the Association's year for the past two decades or more until brought to a juddering halt in 2020 by COVID-19. Deep-voiced, slow-speaking yet unfailingly cordial, and with a wry sense of humour, Mike was a pleasure to know and is a great loss to our Association.

Memories of Michael by Ron Partington

He was known to all his colleagues as Bov during his time at school and it was only later that he was called correctly as Michael. He did well academically, in the Schools Certificate, Matriculation and Advanced level. He achieved prize awards in four consecutive years, together with a Governor's leaving award.

Michael was involved in many sports and school activities. He was small of stature which was a challenge when playing rugby as scrum half. What he lacked in height he made up in speed of reaction. However, he did get flattened into the mud when caught by opponents. He was in the cricket first XI and the Boxing team. He was a prefect, became a senior N.C.O. (non commissioned officer) in the Cadet force and involved in the School Dramatic Society.

Michael was a loyal and kind friend. He would be supportive in whatever might be asked of him. He was always thoughtful and considered in his responses to questions, so you got a valued opinion.

After completing our National Service commitments as Lieutenants in the army, and a period playing for the Old Boys rugby teams, our ways parted and contact was maintained principally by telephone calls or the Christmas card. In 1958 Michael became my Best Man, when I was married in Bury (now Greater Manchester), and he was obliged to stay locally overnight. Because my in-laws were strict Methodists there was no alcohol at the wedding breakfast. It was an expensive and long way to travel for a lemonade cocktail! He and Joan attended my golden wedding celebration and I was pleased to say in my speech that it was a pleasure to give him a decent drink for duties performed 50 years previously!!

Michael was my oldest and most loyal friend. I shall always remember him for his kindness, modesty, sensitivity and sense of humour. I will miss him greatly.

John Weiss



A familiar figure in the art world, John Weiss, who has died aged 85, was instantly recognisable in his cream suit, matching fedora hat, pointy beard and affable, indulgent manner.

A talented contemporary jewellery designer and silversmith, he was also a proud advocate of the work of his wife Althea McNish, the international, award-winning textile designer. Althea's magnificent bursts of Caribbean colour proved a perfect foil for his own elegant, contemporary silver designs, both for men and women. The harmony of this immensely creative couple, both only children with no children of their own, was the perfect romantic bond in a marriage of nearly 50 years. "She brought to London a tropical framework of reference," he told a meeting of the Clothes, Cloth and Culture Group in April, 2015. In his own work he introduced concepts which were deceptively simple in their linear, masculine design, or elegantly ornate, with a contemporary feel.

John Weiss was totally immersed in Althea's history and her Trinidad background. She came to London, in the 1950s, and he appeared with her in a recent Channel 4 film on the Windrush generation.

John's parents, Pollie and Woolf Weiss were descended from East European Jews who had fled the pogroms in Russia and Poland in the early 1900s, and moved to London in the late 1930s. Educated at Broadfields primary school in Edgware, John wrote regularly to his father, who was called up during the Second World War, and these letters, rediscovered after Pollie's death in 2007, betray an insight into a six year old's maturity, as he tried to cheer up his father in the midst of war. John became very involved in his extended local family, particularly his cousins Sheila, Marilyn, Malcolm and Ian, and showed a talent for craftwork by making pipe racks for his father and uncles.

He went to Haberdashers'Aske's School, then in Elstree, and demonstrated a gift for piano, accompanying his father who played the violin in a local orchestra. Later he took up the French horn,developing a love for Mozart's Horn Concerto in E flat major. He often took his cousin Marilyn to concerts at St John's Smith Square, but he was also a keen photographer and in his youth converted the cupboard under the eaves in his bedroom into a darkroom. He made crystal set radios and experimented with Henry Moore-style sculptures out of wire and plaster of Paris, and multi-coloured blowpipe endpapers for books. Baking bread and chollah were other hobbies.

John was more interested in the community and historical side of Judaism, although his Barmitzvah brought him closer to an understanding of Jewish rituals. This intellectual fascination would eventually lead to a passion for historical research that uncovered not only a genealogical profile of his own East European Jewish roots, but also those of Althea.

He graduated in architecture and town planning at London University and worked in town planning with Camden Council. His brief marriage to the artist Edwina Leapman ended in divorce and in August, 1969 he married Althea. She said of their marriage: “I couldn’t have asked for a better partner. John was very supportive, loving and considerate. We joined together to make life better for our students.”

By 1971 John headed the Furnishing and Interior Design department at the London College of Furniture, retiring as the college acting vice principal in 1993. Retirement gave him more time for his own work as a silversmith, developing his unique style of modern jewellery. He told his family that he liked to “just bash silver with a hammer and imprints and see how it turns out.” Gradually that innovative flair was extended into other design areas, such as cutlery and religious artefacts. He was commissioned to create an ornate modern Torah crown cover by the Bristol and West Progressive Jewish congregation.

John exhibited his silverwork widely with the Designer Jewellers Group at the Barbican Centre, and set up an annual award for the most innovative use of colour, in memory of his mother, at the annual summer exhibition of the Society of Designer Craftsmen. The couple also exhibited together at shows at the Mall Galleries in London.

“John and Althea were great ambassadors for the UK Fashion and Textile Design Sector,” said Jake Leith, Past President and Fellow of the Chartered Society of Designers, of which John was also a Fellow. A colleague at the Society, Carmen Martinez-Lopez, described John as not only a “brilliant designer, but a kind and considerate person.”

John’s passion for research launched him into a comprehensive study of the shifting migratory patterns that established the McNishes and other families in Trinidad and Tobago and the USA. Following the publication of his history, Black Liberation on Cumberland Island, 1815, he and Althea gave several lecture tours abroad to generate an understanding of the complexity of this story.

The intellectual depths of this multi-layered personality may have been masked by his light and convivial manner. Both he and Althea were generous hosts, and guests at his birthday parties were invited to sample his unusual and imaginative cuisine, on which he always gave a running commentary. Colleagues at the London College of Furniture recalled his inspiration, his energy, his kindness and supportive qualities. He is survived by Althea, his cousins Sheila and Marilyn, her children, grandchildren, great granddaughter and extended family.

Gloria Tessler. Kindly reproduced from The Jewish Chronicle

Professor Raymond Cuninghame-Green (1933 - 2013)

Obituary provided by David Duke-Evans, as sent to the Queen's College Record

Raymond Cuninghame-Green, Professor Emeritus of Industrial Mathematics at the University of Birmingham, was, both individually and in collaboration with eminent colleagues, a pioneer in the field of mathematics-based operational research, his most outstanding achievement being his discovery of the new system which he named max-algebra, also known today as tropical mathematics. He died on 9 June 2013 some three months after suffering a severe stroke.

Raymond was born at Hendon in 1933, attended Haberdashers' Aske's School, and matriculated as a scholar of Queen's in 1952. His 1955 Oxford degree in Pure Mathematics was followed by a PhD from Leicester in 1960. The direction of his career was probably determined by his first occupation as a cyberneticist in, successively, the computer, steel and food industries and in the hospital service, after which he spent some years as Professor of Management Mathematics at Twente University, Enschede; there he volunteered the courtesy of delivering his inaugural address in Dutch after a short intensive study of the language and met the requirement of lecturing in Dutch after one year.

Raymond was appointed to the Chair of Industrial Mathematics at Birmingham in 1975, beginning a period when he laid the foundations of management mathematics. He was head of the university's School of Mathematics from 1994 to 1997, and retired in 1999 whilst remaining research-active. His first paper on max-algebra had been published as early as 1960 and altogether, in addition to a number of highly respected books on his subject, he wrote some 50 peer-reviewed research papers. 11 of these, co-authored with a principal specialist colleague and collaborator, Professor Peter Butkovic, can be downloaded from http://web.mat.bham.ac/P.Butkovic/max.html

Professor Butkovic, who worked intensively with him until 2009 and maintained their occasional working meetings until December 2012, summarises Raymond's authoritative academic status by identifying him as the first to realise that the maximum cycle mean is the principal max-algebraic eigenvalue of a matrix, and categorises some examples of his numerous other achievements as the analysis of max-algebraic linear systems, linear independence, rank, residuation, duality, maxpolynomials, the discovery of the characteristic maxpolynomial, rational functions, and the proofs of several results for irreducible or finite matrices that were later proved in full generality in the 1980s and 1990s by other authors, including the complete description of (max-algebraic) eigenspaces, the cyclicity theorem or spectral projector. Most of these demonstrations appeared in Raymond's lecture notes *Minimax Algebra, Lecture Notes in Economics and Math Systems 166*, Berlin: Springer 1979, since cited by over 600 other researchers in twenty countries and maintaining its significance for the continuation of the development of tropical linear algebra today; a scanned copy can be downloaded freely from Professor Butkovic's above-mentioned website. This work seminally influenced the widening of max-algebraic applications, which crossed the boundaries of mathematics and are now used in areas as

different as computer science, phylogenetics, modelling of cellular protein production and railway scheduling.

Non-mathematicians would doubtless feel more at home in Raymond's professional company to know that his typical lessons also encompassed such a topic as waste limitation by study of the 'milk tray problem', reflecting a strong interest in assisting industries, such as clothing and footwear manufacture, the carpeting and upholstery sectors, container construction, sheet glass cutting and many others, to deal economically with the tasks imposed by design.

Raymond twice served as a council member of the Operational Research Society, was an editor of the Operational Research Quarterly and a foundation co-editor of the IMA (Institute of Mathematics and its Applications) Journal of Maths in Management. He participated widely by invitation in international conferences and projects in Europe, China and USA, including for example the Mathematics Genealogy Project sponsored by North Dakota State University. He rated his visits to China as among the most professionally rewarding of his occupational travels.

A close friend from boyhood, Victor Tunkel, Secretary of the Selden Society, recalls Raymond as one of the most memorable of many colourful school contemporaries - original, with a mercurial wit, a mischievous sense of humour and a brilliant facility with words, adding that he was multi-talented, "indeed, I recall being surprised to learn that he had made his career in mathematics". They spent many hours together at the piano, both playing by ear, writing sketches for their own amusement, heckling at Speakers' Corner, and subjecting friends to harmless pranks. Other school contemporaries have also testified to Raymond's reputation for puckish jocularity; this certainly remained with him as an undergraduate, and was augmented by a ready wit and an ingrained kindliness towards others, all of which attributes underlined his natural sociability throughout his life. I myself recall a chess game, all in the mind, no chess set, between Raymond and a future Joint British Chess Champion, Leonard Barden (Balliol), during a slow train journey from Oxford to London, a game they resumed and completed on the return journey to one another's entire satisfaction.

Although never one to blow his own trumpet too loudly in public, Raymond left an indelible reputational mark on his profession. He lived a full and rich life, his warmth and friendship touching the lives of people in many countries. He is loved and missed by his family and friends.

Dr John Alan Mathews (died 24th April 2013)

John was born on the 19th June 1934 in Herne Hill, South East London, to Henry a wholesale confectioner and chess enthusiast and Dora, his much beloved mother. During

the second world war he was evacuated with Dulwich Hamlet School to Sussex, but then chose to join his sister Jean at the Jewish School for the Deaf.

At the age of 7, John and the family relocated to Caversham where he went to Reading School and he first met his future wife Wendy. Their school playing fields were adjoining and their parents had been acquainted before the war.

In 1944 when John was 10, the family moved to Wembley Park, North West London and John transferred to Haberdashers' Aske's School for Boys in Cricklewood. He felt the school prepared him well for his adult life and he remained intensely loyal to it. He was delighted every time he heard a reference to Haberdashers', particularly the humorous way it was referenced in Alan Bennett's play, 'The History Boys' in which the headmaster says: " We're low in the league. I want to see us up there with Manchester Grammar, Haberdasher Askes, Leighton Park... or is that an open prison?"

At the age of 17 John was offered a place at Jesus College , Cambridge to read medicine which despite his young age, he accepted. There John joined the Roosters, an esoteric fraternity, where an annual 'breakfast at lunchtime' was held on 'Hangover Sunday' and at which the noble tradition of processing backwards whilst singing the Welsh national anthem was perpetuated. A recent invitation to the forthcoming 'roost' was received by Wendy his 'esquire'.

John was a man with passions (some would say obsessions). He approached all the things which mattered to him with dedication and stubborn determination. Music was his central passion: the axis around which all other aspects of his life revolved.

He remembered being taken by his mother at the age of 7 to hear the Palm Court Orchestra in Heelas department store in Reading . At that time, each movement of a classical work was released on a separate record and Dora had only purchased the first three movements of what became one of his favourite symphonies. John found out much later at a live performance of this symphony that it had 4 movements. He narrowly escaped the embarrassment of premature applause.

John received immense enjoyment from playing the violin and over the years he was instrumental in organising events at which music would unite four generations of the family. He particularly delighted in playing trios with his Uncle Martin on the violin and Uncle Alan on the piano and encouraging his children and grandchildren in their musical interests.

In 1957, John finished his clinical training at Guy's Hospital, married Wendy and after a few years moved south of the river, living in Walton- on-Thames. After his appointment in 1970 as a consultant Rheumatologist at St Thomas' Hospital, he and the family moved to

Roehampton, South West London where they lived for 30 years and brought up their three children.

He approached his medical career with characteristic attention to detail. One of John's mantras was "always be an expert in something, no matter what or how small". He himself became an expert on medical conditions of the neck and went so far as to gain personal experience by breaking his own in a skiing accident in 1997. He survived and testament to his determination to 'continue as normal' he made frequent cycling trips wearing his stabilising halo vest, much to Wendy's consternation.

Besides being a dedicated clinician, John was held in high regard by his colleagues, students and patients alike. His trainees' fondness for him was evident at the reunion he organised for them in 2011. On one occasion Wendy overheard a conversation between medical students in a lift in which he was identified as 'the cuddly one'.

He connected his passion for music with his work by establishing a unique National Health Service clinic for musicians with musculoskeletal conditions. The clinic continues to thrive at St Thomas' Hospital.

In his retirement John had been writing a book, reflecting his life's interests. He explained that it could be read from either end. Musicians starting their reading from the front would find information relevant to their conditions, whereas specialists reading from the back could find medical details of how to treat those conditions. Throughout, the book is peppered with anecdotes which would be interesting and amusing to friends, colleagues and family alike.

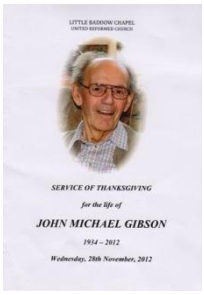
Recently John had become fascinated by the connection between music and the brain: its relevance to performers as well as the profound psychological effect music has on listeners. He was due to co-chair a meeting on the subject at the Royal College of Physicians in London next month

His meticulous attention to detail extended past music and work . Be it buying a stereo system a paracetemol or most importantly a KitKat, the same thorough research would be required to reach a decision. 'Which?' magazine never reviewed KitKats, but John would have been the authority had they done so. When travelling abroad he would often take a British KitKat so as to perform a blindfolded comparison with the local version. He had even been known to add his KitKat addiction to important medical documents.

Other passions must not go unmentioned. In no particular order, these included: Arsenal Football Club, buying last minute tickets for concerts and theatre, Marmite, kippers for breakfast, arguing parking fines, writing letters of complaint, asking awkward questions at medical meetings, wearing worn-out clothes, getting a good radio reception for radio 3, cricket and football coverage.

John was a well-loved son, brother, husband, father, grandfather, colleague and friend. He will be greatly missed by all that knew him.

John M Gibson (died 19th November 2012)



Information supplied by Richard Rowlinson.

John died aged 78 after a period of ill health. Born in Wimbledon in 1934, he was evacuated to the Lake District during the war years. He started school there but then moved to Kenton and finished his education at Westbere Road. He was a member of the rowing club and coxed the 1st eight.

After leaving school in 1951, John was called up for National Service and two years later he began a career with the Midland Bank.

John married in 1959 and set up home in Chesham,where his two children were born.

In the seventies he was appointed manager at the Leigh on Sea, Essex, branch and as a result the family moved house to Little Baddow, a village near Chelmsford.

John was heavily involved in local community work throughout his life. While living in Chesham he was appointed chairman of the local Parish Council and often found himself treasurer of various committees. He became a church Elder in Little Baddow.

With retirement from the Bank coming a little early for John's liking , he spent a few years working for M&G, the unit trust group, in Chelmsford.

In retirement John and his wife,Shirley, travelled extensively but still found time to play bridge regularly and to bowl throughout the year.

John is survived by his wife,a son and a daughter.

Terence HE (Terry) Field (died 2002)

Keith R Chamberlain (died 1995)

David L Stern (1948-52 Prep)

died suddenly on 2nd July 1989 during an asthma attack. He was 49.

David received his secondary education at Dover College and played his first game for the OHRFC on 11th January 1958, in the C XV against Old Askeans. In the following season he made his 1st XV debut against RNC Greenwich. However, the club was already blessed with excellent hookers, in Philip Alterman and Roger Leverton, and David had to serve a long and happy apprenticeship in the "Ex A" and "A" XVs before becoming first choice senior hooker in 1970/1 and 1971/2. A serious eye injury caused his retirement on 25th March 1972, when he had played 359 times for the club, 69 for 1st XV, 153 for the A and 97 for the Ex A.

David enjoyed life to the full and thrived on pressure. Unless he was abroad on business, he would be at his office from 5am until 7pm every day. Yet he had time for everybody and always saw their best sides. He was a regular at the 1950-59 decade dinners, past player reunions and other social events and his friendly humour is remembered by all.

In May of this year, David and Rosemary celebrated their 25th Wedding anniversary with a surprise party arranged by their three children, Paul, Sarah and Sally, coinciding with Sarah's 18th birthday. Among the family and friends present were their wedding guests, Jan and Duncan McLaren ('55) and Pat and Roger Leverton ('56).

David's funeral took place at Hendon Cemetery on 7th July. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. Michael Lacy, who in his excellent address referred to David as being always at the centre of the action, be it the front row, family or business. Above all, he said, David would wish to be remembered with laughter, not tears. The funeral arrangements were conducted by Keith and Clive Leverton and amongst the mourners were his brother Colin, Tony Alexander ('62), Philip Alterman ('49), John Boon ('56), Michael Ewer ('56), Neil Forsyth ('45), David Leverton ('53), Duncan McLaren ('55) and Jan, John Parker ('56), Chris Robinson ('48), Melvyn Steele ('59), Peter Stevenson ('46), Nobbly Tanner ('35), Patricia, wife of Peter Vacher ('55) and Libby, wife of Paul Watson ('56).

1950

Graham B Jones – died 5th May 2020



Graham joined Habs in 1943 – the start of a lifelong friendship with Alistair Dickson and Dan Lundie.

Sport played a large part in his school life where he boxed, played rugby and was an Army Cadet, but cricket – he was a quick bowler- was always his delight, both at school and in later life. He started the West Country Cricket Tours whilst he playing for OHCC.

Graham left school in 1950 to do National Service which took him to Korea and Germany then, upon returning, took up his place at St Catherine's College Cambridge to read Mathematics. He also met his wife Mary at Homerton College and they married in 1956.

Graham worked for ICI Paints in Slough for some years before he decided to teach Maths and, living in Beaconsfield, taught first at High Wycombe Technical College and then at Sir William Borlases's Grammar School in Marlow. Elstree cricket was a feature during these years!

In 1966 the family moved to Rousdon in Devon in order for Graham to work at Allhallows School where he was Head of maths and cricket. He became a Housemaster, ran Ten Tors Teams and was involved in the CCF. Upon "retirement" he taught for 5 years at Exeter School.

Whilst he was Head of School, he was "bound" apprentice to Haberdasher Colonel Bull, the Chair of Governors and, having served his apprenticeship, became a Liveryman of the Haberdashers Company.

Graham is survived by his wife Mary, his four children and eight much loved grandchildren.

Huntley John Norman – died 28th June 2019

Huntley John Norman was born on 26th December 1931 in Hull. At the start of the Second World War he was living in North London and so in 1939 he was evacuated to Wiltshire. By the end of the war he was back in North London attending Haberdasher's School until 1950.

Like many of his generation he did national service and was part of the Royal Artillery parade lining the route of the coronation of the Queen in 1952.

After national services he trained and qualified as a quantity surveyor. It was during this period and in the early and mid-1950's he played rugby and cricket for Old Haberdashers

before injury forced early retirement from both. However he continued to enjoy watching both for the rest of his life.

By the 1960's Huntley had moved to Horsham in Sussex and married his beloved wife Pamela in 1961. 1965 saw the birth of his first son Graham flowed by Andrew in 1967.

During this period and until his retirement in 1996 he worked as a quantity surveyor for various firms including a period of self-employment. He worked on a variety of projects from Heathrow Terminal 4 to the Farnborough Wind tunnel to the naval dockyards at Rosyth as well as large housing developments and school building at Trinity and Whitfgift in Croydon where he had moved in 1980.

His love of sport never left him and he encouraged his two sons supporting them through thick and thin, rain or shine in whichever sport they chose. He also served as a committee member for 3 years at the Old Whitgiftians Rugby club watching his son play for over 15 years including games against Old Haberdashers. He could also be relied on to solve practical issues such as cutting holes for windows in walls or to producing picture frames for his daughter in laws paintings.

In 2009 he moved down to Worthing to be closer to family. He passed away peacefully with his family at his bedside on 28th June. He is survived by his wife Pamela and sons Graham and Andrew.

Tom U Burgner (died 2001)

1949

Kenneth Pearce Died 22nd July 2022



Kenneth Walter Pearce died earlier this July at his home in Cumbria, aged 89 years. He left HAHS in 1949 to attend University College London for his BSc and PhD degrees in chemical engineering, graduating in 1955.

He had a distinguished career in his science, starting with rocketry research in lieu of National Service and then working for many years at Steetley Magnesite in Hartlepool, until its closure in ca 2000. Thereafter he was at Windscale, the Cumberland nuclear plant.

He lived alone, nearby in the Lake District, in a fine old rebuilt barn, elegantly renovated by himself. He was a great traveler, cycling over almost all of western Europe with his schoolfriend John Holmes in the 1950's and later joining him in many sailing adventures in the UK and Canada, and in retirement they made very long trips together by campervan in the Australian outback and in arctic Scandinavia.

He leaves his children Jonathan, Patrick and Anna, the latter with his four grandchildren in Brisbane.

John Holmes August 2022

Brian Sewell (OH 1949), art critic, author and columnist, born 15 July 1931; died 19 September 2015. (Obituary taken from the Guardian 19th September 2015)



Brian Sewell, who has died aged 84, was for many years the best-known, most outspoken and most widely read art critic in Britain. His column in the Evening Standard was loved by London’s strap-hangers, even when they knew nothing about the artists he was laying into. In recent times, he wrote with equal fury on a vast range of other subjects, particularly the postures of political leaders, which eventually won him the Orwell prize for political writing.

In and out of the art world, Sewell was a controversial figure, but he excited huge affection from those who knew him – including me, as his next-door neighbour for 10 years. However, he also incurred the wrath of museum curators and art dealers, many of whom thought him thoroughly disagreeable. On 5 January 1994 a group including Sir Eduardo Paolozzi, George Melly, Bridget Riley and Marina Warner wrote a letter of protest to the Evening Standard claiming that its art critic was “deeply hostile to and ignorant about

contemporary art" and that the capital deserved better than Sewell's "dire mix of sexual and class hypocrisy, intellectual posturing and artistic prejudice".

The fracas proved much to Sewell's advantage. The following day, he and his opponents traded insults on television and within weeks he was named the arts journalist of the year in the British Press Awards. He later posed naked on the cover of his unrepentant book, The Reviews That Caused the Rumpus (1994).

The sharpness and vitality of Sewell's pen were complemented by his ultra-posh voice. Even he would admit his speech had "some of the intonations of Vita Sackville-West". Much sought-after as a broadcaster, often for Any Questions and Question Time, he was affectionately and ferociously lampooned by French and Saunders on TV, and in Dead Ringers on Radio 4. Although Sewell could give as good as he got, memorably dressing up as the art-loving nun Sister Wendy for a TV Christmas special, he was always a reluctant "personality". He did not enjoy being mocked by Paul Merton on his second appearance on Have I Got News for You. Though his six-part Channel 5 series, The Naked Pilgrim: The Road to Santiago (2003), attracted millions of viewers, his broadcasting career ended with Brian Sewell's Grand Tour of Italy (2005), which he described as an "incompetent failure", and a one-off TV film, Dirty Dalí: A Private View (2007).

Brian was born in Market Bosworth, Leicestershire, and brought up by his mother, Jessica, and stepfather, Robert Sewell, in Kensington, London. Almost half a century later, he discovered that his real father was the composer Philip Heseltine – pen-name Peter Warlock – who had killed himself seven months before his son's birth. He described his mother as "an artist of sorts", and at the age of four he was taken to the National Gallery and found spellbound by Murillo's The Heavenly and Earthly Trinities and Dürer's The Madonna With the Iris.

At 11, he became a day boy at Haberdashers' Aske's, an independent school in Hampstead, at a good time to indulge his "rampant sexual nature". On leaving school, he toyed with the idea of becoming an artist – he received lessons from his mother's former lover,William Coldstream – or a violinist. On Desert Island Discs he would describe his national service (1952-54) as one of the happiest times of his life. There he learned how to get on with people and formed a deep non-sexual fondness for his fellow soldiers.

In 1955, Sewell became a star pupil at the Courtauld Institute of Art, London, and a particular protege of the newly knighted director, Sir Anthony Blunt. In later life, Sewell dismissed as "unthinkable" the idea that he and Blunt had been lovers, though in 1958, after he had gained his art history degree, it was partly through Blunt's influence that he sailed into a senior job at the auctioneers Christie's. Though his knowledge and eye were never disputed, many of his colleagues found him waspish and impossible to deal with.

To console himself, Sewell had secret lunches with the young Bruce Chatwin, later to write On the Black Hill, and who was suffering in his own way at Sotheby's. In 1966, Sewell resigned from the auction house and became a freelance art adviser or "errand boy", making long trips across Europe. The turning point in his life came in 1979 when his mentor, Blunt, was exposed as a Soviet spy. Mobbed outside his house, Sewell became a household name overnight – and indeed his face and voice created such a powerful impression that he seemed to have upstaged Blunt himself.

Alan Bennett's television play A Question of Attribution (1994, based on a one-act play first seen at the National Theatre in 1988), imagined an encounter between the Queen (Prunella Scales) and Blunt in his capacity as surveyor of the Queen's pictures. In order to represent Blunt, James Fox chose to play the role in Sewell's voice. Among those whose attention had already been caught by Sewell's remarkable persona was the new editor of Tatler, Tina Brown, who quickly conceived the idea that he should become her up-and-coming magazine's art critic.

His first Tatler column appeared in June 1980, focusing on the work of his friend Salvador Dalí. Four years later he was approached by the Evening Standard and invited to become the paper's art critic, a post that he seized upon.

Sewell took pleasure in his writing, using baroque language and long sentences, rich in sexual and scatological terminology, to attack those contemporary practitioners of art whom he saw as derivative. He complained that most contemporary art – with the notable exception of the Chapman Brothers – was of "scatterbrained triviality" and even at its best "merely a puzzle to be solved, of no aesthetic value". What was needed, he thundered, was a united opposition to all this rubbish.

He was equally dismissive of many of the 20th-century's most hallowed masters. Ben Nicholson was a "minor craftsman", Gwen John "an extreme example of the archetypal silly woman", LS Lowry "tedious, repetitive, lacklustre and stereotypical". He mocked Lucian Freud for "allowing his paintbrush to crawl into a woman's crotch with the insistence of a caterpillar into a cabbage heart".

In Sewell's view, Picasso produced in his dotage "some of the saddest, most degraded, humiliating, repetitive, tedious, uninspired, obsessive and crudely painted banalities that have ever masqueraded as art". He lashed out at Andy Warhol – "Few men have had a more destructive influence on art" – and showed no mercy for his old teacher Coldstream: "As a painterly influence, the harm he has done is extensive."

In the 1990s, Sewell began to write on a host of other subjects. His boyish interest in cars had already found expression in a regular feature in the Evening Standard. Now he claimed that vivisection had achieved nothing in terms of a cancer cure, lambasted viewers of Cilla

Black and readers of Jeffrey Archer, dismissed the Princess of Wales as “a silly young woman”, and complained that while travelling in Gascony and Aquitaine he was never once offered proper mayonnaise.

He continued to be sincerely outrageous. Political subjects excited him most. He believed the Iraq war was thoroughly immoral, and when Tony Blair asked people to trust his government, Sewell responded: “Trust them? I would sooner trust ferrets to feed a pet rabbit lettuce.”

As a neighbour, though, he was kind-hearted, offering advice on cars, leaking gutters and problematic cisterns. He loved animals devotedly and was particularly attached to the dogs he had picked up abroad or in a rescue centre, even those with disagreeable personalities. When I first met him, he owned a Jack Russell called Mrs Macbeth. “I dislike Mrs Macbeth intensely,” he confided. “She’s horrid. She’d been taken to the vet to be put down for generally unpleasant behaviour – she’d bitten a baby – and the vet asked if I could take her. Within minutes, she had bitten me.” When he moved house, he methodically dug up the remains of eight dogs and reburied them in his new garden. “I wanted them with me,” he explained. “If they’d been humans, I wouldn’t have cared a fig.”

In recent years a serious heart condition did not restrain Sewell from driving his gold Mercedes at high speed, drinking vast quantities of coffee, falling in love or expressing ever riskier views in print. But he grew increasingly wistful about the course his life had taken. “In emotional terms I’ve made a mess of my life,” he said. Being an art critic, he believed, had destroyed his private life. “I try to stand apart. Nothing matters more than intellectual probity. The critic must be prepared to sacrifice even his closest friends.”

Perhaps it was in this spirit that he eventually produced his bestselling two volumes of autobiography, Outsider and Outsider II (2011 and 2012), which began with his ramshackle childhood, unhappy time at school and the epic sex sprees he enjoyed as a young adult, and went on to present Christie’s in the 50s as “a den of amateurism and low-level corruption”. In Outsider II he retells the Blunt affair and ends by describing himself as “a Cassandra bewailing the end of the ancestral arts that have served mankind so well since his beginning”. The books are full of salacious material – or “pure filth” as one reviewer put it.

In 2013, he published Sleeping with Dogs, a book celebrating a lifetime of canine attachments. Here he confessed he often slept with four dogs at a time and revealed that the once hated Mrs Macbeth had eventually become a pillar of the community. His final book was The White Umbrella (2015), a tale about Mr B and his pet donkey, Pavlova, intended to impress on children the need to take responsibility for the environment.

Sewell claimed to hate his celebrity status and remained wry about his homosexuality, a condition he described as “an affliction”. Asked if his writing had done any good, he replied: “None whatever. I haven’t had the slightest effect on anything in politics or the arts.”

Despite these brave admissions, an ever-worsening heart condition and then cancer, Sewell was high-spirited to the end: passionate, cruel, kind, far-sighted, puffed up, self-hating – and, the author of many secret acts of kindness, always loyal to old friends and new.

Daily Telegraph Article - *An article by Angela Wintle taken from the Daily Telegraph magazine 7th March 2015*

John Foster - passed away 10th April 2015

John passed away peacefully on April 10th this year. He had suffered in his last few years from Alzheimer’s. As this progressed, his fleeting insights into his situation caused him much frustration which he handled with great dignity. This was matched throughout by Angela’s love, devotion and strength.

John, together with his brother Dee, joined Haberdashers at Hampstead in 1943. He represented the school in most sports, rugby, cricket, athletics and boxing, from where lifelong friendships were formed. He continued his rugby and occasional cricket with the Old Haberdashers for years, and became a regular on the touchline alongside Nobbly and Dick Cook when his sons were playing many years later.

As well as rugby and cricket, he was also a keen fisherman and golfer, but his greatest love was skiing. This started from a school trip to Wengen in 1947, run by John Dudderidge, and gave him his lifelong love of skiing and the Alps.

Sadly, tragedy struck John’s family in 1958 when his brother was killed in action as an RAF pilot in Aden and this affected him deeply.

He had met Angela while at school. Boat trips to Bisham Abbey, and the Norfolk Broads, gave way to National Service and training as an Architect, before they married and settled to life in Walton on Thames. They moved to Radlett in 1966, where their sons David and Paul attended Haberdashers at Elstree.

He spent his working life as a professional architect, working at John Laing and for much of his career at Kyle Stewart, where his notable achievements included designing the prestigious Southwark Crown Courts in London. Little known was his skill as a fine artist, which he would indulge from time to time. His perfect job could easily have been *The Boys’ Own* illustrator.

They eventually retired to South Devon in 1997, where John's natural gift of humour would delight his grandchildren on their many visits, during which he would ensure their continued education in the classics: Ben Hur, The Magnificent Seven and Last of the Mohicans.

His passing and release from Alzheimer's, allows us to look back clearly on a good life full of happy memories, on a man who was courteous, kind, devoted to his family, and overflowing with a natural generosity of spirit and dry humour that was always so easily given.

He is sadly missed by Angela, David and Paul and all his family and friends.

David Greenwood - passed away 22nd February 2015

Robin Matthew – passed away 27th September 2014

Robin had a long and distinguished OHRFC career. He made 225 appearances for the 1st XV, starting on 11th March 1950 against Sutton (8-8 draw) and ending on 16thMarch 1963 against Hull & East Riding (3-25 loss). He made his 200th appearance against Old Paulines on 18th November 1961 (3-6 Loss).

He was involved with a large number of significant projects to improve the ground and the clubhouse – notably the building of the stand, the clubhouse extension and the false ceiling in the main clubhouse.

Robin was also a stalwart of the OH Golf Society and managed the annual fixture at his club, Chorleywood, for a number of years.

He married Jackie in 1968 in Northwood Hills and their son, Angus, was born in December 1969.

Peter Shiells writes – "his career was in architecture working for a private practice involved in renovation of churches. His many appearances for the OH 1st XV are logged in Tanners records. A twinkling No8 with (speaking as a centre) a habit of clearing a lineout by spearing the ball (American football like) into the hands of our centres - at least it moved the point of attack! Robin, Dick Cook and I had a close friendship and we spent a lot of time after the games analyzing the beer and the tactics and smoking the odd cigarette - Robin usually appeared with only one left in a packet so we had to resort to Dick's woodbines. He remained a bachelor into his thirties and therefore was a stalwart of Easter tours and in due course the OH golf society. I started playing golf later but can remember some legendary weekend visits to Hunstanton which Robin had been involved in for some time. It seemed that this event became a sort of summer Easter tour as people like Gilbert Husband and Jumbo Jackman were on hand. Robin played his golf at Chorleywood and after the death of

Michael Cloote organised the team of OH to play there until 2013. I remember his infectious chuckle."

Mike Ive writes – "although I frequently travelled to and from Hampstead with Robin, I haven't seen him since leaving the old place and the only thing I might have been able to add to the proceedings might have been the fact that initially Robin was not the most punctual of arrivers until the day when he arrived nearly half an hour late for the first lesson in the morning which happened to be taken by the Mouse who commented that at that rate Robin would be late for his own funeral - not such a common phrase in those days - Robin was so taken aback by such temerity that I can't recall him being late again!"

Robin's funeral was attended by a large number of OHA members : Donald Wells and Scotty, Rodney Jakeman, David Heasman, John Egan, Peter Shiells, Peter Mackie, Mike & Olga Dichlian, Brett Rolfe, David Brown, Tony Alexander, John Parker, Malcolm Tappin, Ian Powell, Alan Morris, Harold Couch, John Lidington, John Hanson, Peter & Patricia Vacher.

The eulogies were given by Robin's son Angus and by Mark Robinson (Robin's stepson and son of the late Chris Robinson). Angus has kindly sent me a copy of the eulogy he gave at Robin's funeral which I reproduce below :

"I want to thank everyone here for taking the time out to come and give Robin a fair send off. Being the man he was, I know he would be more than a little embarrassed by all the fuss but delighted nonetheless. Robin, as I always called him, was to me a private man, polite, dignified, understated and respectful. Qualities that in today's world are in scarce supply, or somehow considered unfashionable.

Robin, here are my reflections on you.

Robin, the father - quite simply….you gave me space to be my own person, I now realise how lucky I was in this regard. You let me find my own way. I thank you for this.

Robin, the sportsman - Robin loved his sports and his sports clubs loved him. When our local tennis club needed an extension, it was Robin who built it, with his own fair hands.

When Haberdashers Old Boys, his beloved school and rugby club, needed a grandstand, it was Robin who stepped up to the mark. I recall with great pride and as an impressionable 5 year old, the improbably massive structure that was his creation. The Old Habs clubhouse seem to feed my imagination as a boy, the long ago faded team pictures of a handsome Dad with hair, the smell of liniment and stale beer, the warm cosy fire. Wonderful memories and I know he cherished greatly both the club and the game itself. I think it was with great sadness that I eventually took up playing hockey!

Robin, the architect - As a young boy and in my capacity as surveyor's assistant, it was my time spent on Robin's architectural ramblings that kick started my interest in buildings and especially my love of churches. I enjoyed being around him because he was unfailing patient and kind to me. Sometimes we would have a pub lunch together after a hard day's work, what a treat it was to be able to spend time one on one with my Dad in such surrounds.

Robin, the laughter - Finally I would like to pay homage to Robin's sense of humour, perhaps his greatest gift. I'm sure most of us have been fortunate enough to experience first-hand his contagious laugh and the sheer joy expressed through his contorted face. Family occasions with Robin and my late uncle Stan, were a blessing. These men were seriously funny and I will never forget, even as a young boy, the laughter and merriment that accompanied my parents entertaining, often late into the night. A private person perhaps but also a person so generous of spirit, that he could fill any room with his laughter and humour.

Robin, I thank you."

Here are some additional memories of Robin provided by Angus :

"OH was in Robin's blood. I was always rather fascinated by what it was that generated such affection for the OHA. He obviously loved his rugby and played for a great many years at OH. But he was always recalling with great fondness the personalities, Easter tours etc. It was almost as if I knew these people without ever having done so. He did in fact meet my mother there, Jackie Matthew who was social secretary for a while. She came on tours and met Robin that way.

On the subject of tours, Robin would always come alive when the subject of the West Country came up. As a child every holiday we had seemed to have a tour memory for him. To say he enjoyed them was an understatement. Robin didn't talk about the past much but he did clearly delight in talking about Old Haberdashers and his countless tours. I believe there is even footage on YouTube of a distant tour that he went on in the 60's. Actually makes for rather fascinating viewing…

So Robin was responsible for planning and helping to construct the old stand that has now gone. He also helped build the changing room extension that included that massive bath. As a child I have memories of the club house as being this fantastic place, the smell of liniment, the noise of studs on wooden floors as the first team jogged out onto the pitch and the steam from that bath. I will always carry those memories. The bar of course was also a place of fascination for me and again, I put my love of beer and its smell down to formative years at the OH club house. It Was always rather odd to see your Dad with hair in pictures of long ago 1st teams. He seemed to me quite dashing, Brylcream and all. Not like the middle aged Dad he would have been at the time. As you can see, the OH club house left rather an indelible mark on my 6 year old brain!

At his funeral I was totally blown away by the number of people who attended. It was fitting that the chapel was crammed with golf friend, tennis friends but above all OH friends. He would have been delighted but also embarrassed at the fuss. He was a genuinely humble man, unassuming but also possessing of a hilarious personality. He could light up a room with his laughter and you couldn't fit another laughter line on his face! Hope this helps….I really must visit the club house sometime."

Norman GM Stares (died 1990)

William R (Bill) Gibben (died 2002)

C Gordon SPIERS (1941-49)
died on 15th July, 1990.

Gordon was in the School 2nd XV and the Swimming VIII. On completion of National Service in the RAF he tried a variety of civilian jobs, but soon rejoined the Service, and was commissioned in the Equipment (later Supply) Branch. His postings included RAF Negombo, Hong Kong, Clark Field, in the Pacific, Abingdon (Twice), Rheindahlen, Thorney Island, Khormasksar (Aden), Gaydon and Upavon. He also served twice in the Ministry of Defence; but he was a practical man and had quickly displayed an aptitude for Air Supply Duties. He thus spent much of his career as a specialist organiser of Mobile Air Movements Teams, taking part in most of the campaigns and exercises involving swift transportation of service units and supplies around the world.

His final posting was for 9 years, based at Brize Norton, where as a squadron leader he took part in supporting activities for the Falkland Islands campaign. He retired from the RAF only 2 years before his untimely death at the age of 60.

In 1956 he married Ann Hutton, sister of Michael J Hutton (1948-1955).

Despite a busy service career Gordon enjoyed a very happy married life, and he possessed a variety of accomplishments. He was a natural raconteur, became a knowledgeable countryman, with considerable expertise in gardening, etymology, taxidermy and cooking. He was also a fine shot and talented artist with both pen and brush.

He leaves a widow, Ann, and his four children, Ben, Shaun, Kevin and Jane, and brothers George W (1931-36) and Reggie J (1940-47).

Alan R. BOVINGTON (1940-49)
passed away at Chard on August 1996 and was buried in Taunton on August 7th 1996 surrounded by immediate members of his family and some close friends.

Alan, was vice-captain of the School in 1948 and Editor of the Skylark. He was a regular member of the O.H.R.F.C. 'A' XV making his 1st XV debut on Boxing Day 1950 at Weston-Super-Mare. He continued, usually in the 'A' XV as pack leader, but captaining the side in 1954-55 and 1955-56, before hanging up his boots in December 1963, in the Ex 'B'. He also made 39 senior appearances in the O.H.C.C. 1st XI.

After school he went to the Imperial College and gained his B.A., B.Sc., A.R.C.S. C. Eng. and became a Barrister at Law.

He followed this with a distinguished 16 year career at the North Thames Gas Board culminating in being Assistant Secretary to the Board and manager of the Management Services Department After a three year stint at Dexion he became Departmental Planning and Programming Officer of the Greater London Council. He left London to become Director of Planning of Anglian Water Authority where he was responsible for forward planning, services, water resources and the computer specification and hardware selection. He took early retirement and went to grow mushrooms with his beloved wife, Cherry, at his side in Chard.

He and Cherry were blessed by the birth of twins and it was a major tragedy in both of their lives that one of them developed a tumour in the brain which led eventually to a loss to the family with considerable impact on everyone concerned.

A major influence in Alan's life was his military training where he was a Second Lieutenant in the National Service of the Royal Artillery and where he eventually became a Lieutenant Colonel of the London Scottish Territorial Service.

Alan was a man who gave complete loyalty and sincerity to everybody he was in contact with and in turn inspired a similar loyalty and affection from the people to whom he was close This degree of loyalty was unusual even in his era, and would be even more unusual in the present era and it heightens the sense of loss which everyone associated with him will feel.

Peter Freitag

John L BOUCHERAT (1944-49)
died on 8th August 1990.

Leaving the School with his matriculation, John studied as an accountant. After qualifying, he eventually joined Stofforths, in Chichester, but was forced to retire towards the end of 1989, when he was diagnosed to be suffering from motor neurone disease. Although he lost the power of speech, John remained mobile for the ten months of his illness, during which his strong faith (he had been head server at Chichester Cathedral for some time) and his sense of humour enabled him to cope. He died peacefully, at home.

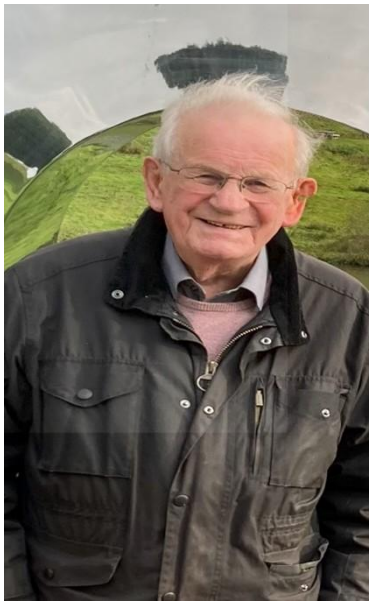
Having been a member of the 2nd VIII at the School, John maintained a strong interest in rowing, in particular, attending the Regatta at Henley, where he had entry to the Stewards' Enclosure.

After a contemporary had encouraged him to join the Association, in 1984, John attended both the biennial reunion dinners of his decade, in October 1985 and March 1987, as well as the Centenary dinner in March 1988. However, the remainder for the 1940-49 decade dinner, in April 1989 brought an apology - possibly because the lengthy night journeys back to Chichester were becoming rather too frequent.

He leaves a widow, Angela.

1948

David Coggins died 28th August 2025



David Edward Coggins, born on April 30, 1931, passed away on August 29, 2025. His educational journey began at Haberdashers' Aske's School, where he enrolled in the autumn term of 1942 and completed his school certificate in 1948. During his time at the school, he was part of a cohort that was evacuated from London due to the war, he often reminisced about his school experiences with great fondness. As an alumnus, David maintained a strong connection with the school community, regularly attending annual alumni gatherings in Elstree as a member of the Old Haberdashers Association.

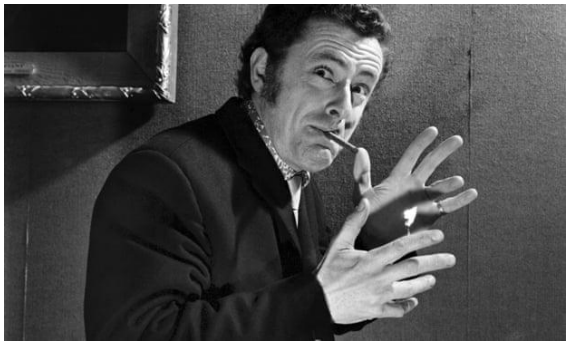
Following his schooling, David served in the Royal Engineers as part of his National Service, an experience that contributed to his disciplined outlook. Subsequently, he trained to become a Chartered Surveyor, embarking on a professional career that spanned several decades. His early employment was with BEA, the predecessor of

British Airways, where he met his wife, Norma Coggins. The majority of his professional life was spent working within the Civil Service, from which he retired in the early 1990s.

David was deeply proud of his family, including his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. His faith provided him with comfort and strength throughout his life. A passionate golfer, he enjoyed the game until recent health issues prevented him from playing. Even when unable to play golf, he would still visit the course, often sharing a glass of wine with friends at the golf club on Saturday mornings.

He is survived by his wife, Norma, and his children, Susan, Nancy, and Simon.

John Wade died May 2022



The key to my friend John Wade's consistent showbusiness career as a magician was his capacity to adapt to changing times. John, who has died aged 91, contrived to broadcast on radio more than 200 times, something of a record for a magician. He also "closed" the Windmill theatre, being the last act to appear on the Windmill's London stage in 1964, and he crossed the Atlantic 22 times, entertaining on the Queen Elizabeth II. In addition he was involved in television as a consultant, and made occasional appearances on screen in the 1970s, on the David Nixon show and as a co-host alongside Paul Daniels and others in the For My Next Trick series.

His card display was central to the closing credits of the sixth series of The Avengers in 1968. He performed his famed invisible pack of cards illusion on The Good Old Days in 1979, and footage from the show can be found on YouTube.

John was born in London, at Barts hospital, and was brought up in suburban Eastcote. He was the only child of George Wade, a civil servant, and Amy (nee Smith), a housewife. John attended, with scant affection, the King's preparatory school, Harrow, and the Haberdashers' Aske's school, Elstree.

His rather sober parents were not enthusiastic about John's early interest in trickery, but, after intermittent jobs and RAF national service, during which times he pursued his delight in magic, he made his full-time debut as a conjuror. This was on the variety bill of the Tonypandy Empire for a week and with a £12 salary in June 1953.

A smiling and resourceful wizard, John was a welcome addition to summer seaside concert parties, among them the Sunshine Follies at Torquay in 1955, and, later and more famously, seasons with Sandy Powell and Billy Cotton. He also figured in panto: for example, he was Abanazar in Aladdin at the Sunderland Empire in 1976.

He was stoutly recognised by his confrères: he was made an honorary life member and Gold Star of the Inner Circle of the Magic Circle and an honorary member of the Academy of Magic Arts and Sciences, Hollywood. At the time of his death he was the longest-serving member of his beloved Savage Club, which he joined in 1962 and chaired from 1991 until 1993. In 2002 I wrote his biography, As One Stage Door Closes … The Story of John Wade; Jobbing Conjuror.

John was married in 1955 to the singer and music teacher Elizabeth Gordon, who died in 2008; and secondly, in 2009, to the singer and harpist Blanche Birdsong, who died in 2021. He is survived by David and Lucy, the children of his first marriage, and by two grandchildren.

Thanks to Eric Midwinter The Guardian, 3rd June 2022

Donald W Wells died 13th January 2021



COMMEMORATION MATCH AT CHASE LODGE, 22nd MARCH 1961

Back Row: M. Brown ('46), D. W. King ('59), F. T. Last ('44), B. R. Alrone ('60), P. J. Stevenson ('45), N. A. Fuller ('54), M. M. Woolf ('44), D. F. Gainsborough ('50), R. T. Tragett ('44).

Middle Row: A. F. Cooper ('45), H. E. Couch ('53), A. H. S. Kerswell ('41), M. S. Lummden ('51), W. T. A. Cox ('43), M. O. Newton ('52), K. E. Maddocks ('43), P. J. Egan ('55), N. Forsyth ('44), C. I. Oehrenstein ('57), B. A. Goodman ('38).

Seated: J. G. Stagg ('44), B. S. Howard ('45), J. H. Feltham ('42), J. W. Coggins ('46), The Headmaster, L. F. Brown ('31), W. R. Tanner ('34), D. W. Wells ('47), J. C. Percy ('33), M. C. Golding ('49). J. Littlewood ('58), A. E. Fuller ('56).

Photo by Westwood & Nicks

Donald was born on the 6th of January 1930 at Muswell Hill. Christened Donald William, he was the youngest of 3 children of Reginald and Elsie Wells. He had two brothers Douglas and John.

Donald went to Haberdashers' Aske's school from 1940 to 1948. After that, he did his national service between 1949 and 1953 in the army with the 5th Regiment Royal Horse Artillery at Larkshill Barracks in Bulford Wiltshire.

Later that decade, on the 21st June 1958, Donald and Scottie were married at St James Church in Friern Barnet. We have a local newspaper cutting of the event which reported that several members of local rugby clubs were among the guests, that his brother John was Donald's best man, that Scottie looked splendid in a white lace dress and that after a reception at the red lion hotel in Barnet they left to honeymoon in Paignton. Donald and Scottie's marriage was a happy and long one…they were together for more than 62 years, living in this area, or 'parish' as Donald was apt to say, throughout their life together.

His working career was spent at Morgan Grenfell, where he was a Director in the bank's Corporate Finance Division. He had numerous responsibilities during his many years at MG, including the recruitment of staff and underwriting the bank's mergers and acquisitions – he was considered to be an expert by many in the City. He also had responsibility for the Division's administration team and was instrumental in setting up a scheme whereby the Bank's pensioners would receive a hamper at Christmas and be invited to an annual lunch.

Away from work, Donald had a number of passions and interests.

You will recall that he attended Haberdashers' school ….and in many ways he never really left. He was a member of the Old Haberdashers' Association, frequently attended their dinners and indeed was the Association's President in 1966/67…an altogether much more acceptable 'President Donald' than the one we have been used to in recent years! He also played rugby for the old Haberdashers, attended their dinners and made many lifelong friends. And finally, Donald belonged to the Old Haberdashers' Lodge where he was Master in 1979 having been Secretary from 1969 to 1978. Indeed, he was due to be recognised last March for 60 years' service, but the presentation was been delayed by the Covid Pandemic.

Another passion that Donald and Scottie shared was travel. Despite seemingly being wedded to the north London N20 postcode, they had an enormous appetite for seeing the rest of the world. It would probably be quicker to name the places they did not visit on holiday or on cruise ships, so long is the list of their expeditions. Thailand, Bali, Canada, Sri Lanka, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Alaska, Boston, China, the North Cape and Spitsbergen (to see the northern lights) to name just a few. Many of you will also know that they had apartments in Almeria Spain and used to go there very regularly. And many of these trips were undertaken with their good friends, Christine and Norman.

Donald had many other interests. He loved gardening. For years he grew dahlias in his garden that he had nurtured for 40 years or more. He was very particular in sourcing the correct shade of scarlet geraniums for the front garden every year and always put on a fantastic display, to match his 30-year-old standard roses. In years gone by he had a greenhouse, in which he grew wonderful tomatoes and nurtured a splendid grapevine. Donald's passion for gardening was shared by my father and has clearly passed along the

genetic line to both myself and my brother and indeed to my eldest son, Ben, who is currently landscaping his own garden at his new home in Folkestone.

And when all these passions were not keeping him occupied, he could be found in front of his television watching Formula 1 racing no matter what time it was taking place or chatting to friends at the Friern Barnet Club where he had been president for many years.

But what about the man himself? You only have to look at the tribute website to get a good idea of his many qualities. I will quote just a few of the words written about Donald. A man of huge integrity; always helpful, patient and kind; a man who was generous and caring; the kindest of men; a man of principle and compassion; a man of great integrity, humour and humanity; always supportive, offering guidance and held in the highest esteem.

All these words truly describe Donald but if I were pushed to single out one of them, I think it would be generous. He supported a large number of charities; indeed, you will know that people were invited to make a donation to one of Donald's favourite charities, the Queen Elizabeth Foundation for Disabled people, in place of flowers today. He and Scottie were also the most generous hosts. Whether you were simply popping round to Church Crescent for a coffee – my children, when young, were always impressed when Scottie would wheel in a tea trolley with biscuits and cakes and the boys even more so by Donald offering them a San Miguel beer instead - or whether they were hosting large numbers of friends and family at wonderful parties and lunches to celebrate key milestones in their lives. Often these grand events took place at one of their favourite places – the West Lodge Park hotel. Indeed, they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary there and Donald had expressed the wish that his ashes be scattered around the tree which was planted in the hotel's gardens to celebrate that event. He also wanted everyone attending his funeral service to enjoy refreshments, a characteristically Donald expression, at West Lodge Park Hotel as a reminder of the many happy hours they had enjoyed there. Clearly that can't happen today, but we will arrange such a gathering to celebrate Donald's life as soon as the pandemic allows.

Nick Wells, Donald's nephew

John Lidington died 12th December 2020



For most of you it will come as no surprise that our Dad, John was a very organized and meticulous person.....so much so that this funeral has been planned, and this eulogy written, for at least the last decade. Fortunately for all of us he lived longer than he had perhaps expected but not as long we would have liked. Before his passing I did get permission to go off script a little at times, so that I can bring my own flavour and perspective to what was a long, fun-filled and happy 89 years.

John was born in May 1931 - the year of the great depression, unemployment and strikes. It was the year that King George V persuaded Ramsay Macdonald to form a coalition government. It was the year that the Empire State Building was opened in New York, by President Hoover, as the tallest building in the world. It was the year when it was announced that following the successful trial of traffic lights in London, they would be introduced all over Britain. These were hard and difficult times for most people and families.

John was born in Edgware, Middlesex to his parents Grace and Norman, where he was brought up with his brother Roy, 3 years his senior. He attended Edgware Council School and at the start of the second world war at the age of 9 he was evacuated with Roy to Anglesey in North Wales for 2 years in the care of his grandmother, Rhoda. Despite being away from home these weren't unhappy times and it was while in Anglesey that my Dad developed two traits that would be lifelong characteristics. Firstly he created an unbreakable bond with his brother Roy. Roy recently told us that in their almost 90 years together they never fell out and rarely had a crossed word. Secondly, although being away from his parents was hard, he wrote to them religiously (all of the letters he still has) and he maintained a strong relationship with them despite the distance that separated them. For the rest of his life he was able to maintain strong ties with family and friends despite any time or distance that separated them.

In 1942 John and Roy returned to London and it was only by the determination and sacrifices of his parents that both he and Roy attended Haberdashers school, at that time located in Cricklewood, North London. His 6 years at Haberdashers were to prove an important and valuable part of his education not just in terms of academics but also to his future sporting interests and the formation of friendships that he maintained for the rest of his

life. Dad played both cricket and rugby for the school and captained the first 11 cricket team on many occasions. He graduated school in 1948 and started his working career with Higgs and Hill, the building and civil engineering contractors on a five-year Apprenticeship. During which time he obtained his qualifications as a building surveyor.

In 1953 he undertook 2 years national service in the Royal Army Service Corp and spent most of his time in Hong Kong with the rank of sergeant in a supply depot. More important to him at that time was the enjoyment he derived from playing cricket for the army, as their wicketkeeper, in many of their representative matches.

After national service the major part of John's career as surveyor and project manager was spent with John Laing's the International building and civil engineering contractors. He joined them at the time they were awarded the contract for the first 50 miles of the M1 motorway and he enjoyed working on a number of their major contracts at that time including the Barbican in London and the Milton Keynes shopping centre and he also was privileged to be introduced to the queen on 2 opening ceremony occasions.

It was a while on a touring holiday in 1959 that John and Shirley first met in Lugano Switzerland they were married at Shirley's hometown Stow Bardolph, near Downham Market, Norfolk in 1961. The birth of 3 sons Jonathan, myself and Michael followed fairly swiftly. We were all born in our parents first home in Radlett but moved to St Albans in 1970, where Mum and Dad have lived for 50 years and built many friendships.

He was a great Father and a traditional husband.....dinner on the table at 7:00, kids scrubbed and ready for bed, barely knew how to boil an egg. He'd stop by the Cat and Fiddle in Radlett for a swift half on his way home, bring us a bar of chocolate by way of a bribe, swing as around by our ankles to wind us up before bedtime but he was always there to tuck us in and read us a story that he would typically make up on the fly.

My Mum and Dad would have been married for 60 years in April, he probably already had a speech prepared! But on their 50th anniversary he said a few words that I know he would want me to repeat today. What he said, on that occasion was that nothing in his life exceeded the pleasure and satisfaction of having Shirley as his tolerant, understanding and loving partner and together enjoying the reward of three considerate and (somewhat) successful sons, 3 delightful and caring daughters-in-law and 7 priceless grandchildren. No one could ask for more.

Not to say that there were not other interests and other people I know he would wish to acknowledge and to express his sincere thanks for their help, love and much valued friendship. His brother Roy particularly with whom he's shared a close and an unbreakable bond. Roy's entire family with whom we've spent many special occasions particularly at this time of year. His cousins Michael, Wendy and Beryl. His friends from his school days

(particularly Mike Rideout for whom he was best-man and Don Lundie and Doug Gainsborough who have subsequently passed but I'm hoping Joan and Gill are online today). They were great friends.

I also want to say a special thank you to the many members of the Old Haberdashers Cricket Club where he played for over 25 years and was both captain and president and I'm told he amassed over 300 games for their first eleven. I know he would have been particularly proud of that stat.....I won't mention though his average run rate. He would have also been very proud of a quote from his good friend Geoff Wheal: "John was probably the best wicketkeeper the old Haberdashers ever had and if he'd been playing for a better team he could have played at a minor county level"

There were also members of the Hale tennis club that he remained in touch with since the 1950s and more recently members of Harpenden Golf Club where he spent many hours, not all of them on the course, but as the years passed an increasing number at the 19th hole.

Similarly there is just a chance there may be present the odd friend and drinking partner from the Six Bells, the Holly Bush, the Three Hammers....I think I'd better stop there. He also had friends at the arts club, here at St Michaels Church and at the choral society from the Abbey and many friendly neighbours within the street. He loved you all.

It may sound like an alcoholic lifestyle but he assured us in the family that it was all for the good of everyone!

In summary my Dad was a proud and loyal man, in the last 5 years he also showed his caring side and his culinary skills as he took on the role of caregiver to my Mother. This was a side if him we hadn't seen and one that he did with amazing patience and determination. He was a humble man that made friends easily and maintained friendships for life. He was incredibly sociable and he a loved a good laugh. When cleaning out his draws I found a folder full of old jokes and humorous clippings.....if any of them were in anyway clean I would have read one out today.

Dad, thank you for teaching Johnny, Mike and I to be good fathers. For teaching us to give people the benefit of the doubt, to be loyal to those who you love and to value friendships above everything except family.

I will miss our regular banter but promise to continue your work in encouraging "real cricketers" to reject twenty-twenty and for the board of England selectors to instigate a policy of picking only "specialist wicket keepers" in the future.

Martin Lidington

Rex Tasker died 24th July 2018



The National Film Board of Canada (NFB) is paying tribute to its Atlantic founder, Rex Tasker, who died on July 24 at his home in Musquodoboit Harbour, Nova Scotia.

Tasker headed the NFB's Halifax-based Atlantic production studio when it opened its doors in 1973, serving as executive producer of the centre until his retirement in 1992. He'd been a passionate advocate for Atlantic filmmaking within the NFB prior to the opening of the studio, which today lives on as the Quebec Atlantic Studio in Halifax, with a production office in St. John's.

"Rex was a wonderfully generous producer who, along with Shelagh Mackenzie, created the NFB's Atlantic studio and carved a space for telling stories from inside communities. He believed deeply in the art of documentary film and in enabling local filmmakers with creative tools and resources. We were blessed to have a passionate, provocative thinker build the foundation of our studio—we reap the benefits daily," said Annette Clarke, executive producer of the Quebec Atlantic Studio.

Born in England in 1933, Tasker studied film at the London Film School and was an advocate for the Free Cinema movement, which saw film as a stimulus for social change. An admirer of the works of the National Film Board, he moved to Canada in 1958 with a desire to work at the NFB.

Prior to opening the Atlantic studio, Tasker worked at the NFB in Montreal for 12 years as an editor, researcher, writer, director and producer. Even before coming to Halifax, he displayed an interest in Atlantic Canada with such works as his short doc Encounter at Kwacha House, a 1967 debate about racial discrimination that features Black Nova Scotian leaders Rocky Jones and Walter Borden, created as part of the NFB's Centennial project, Challenge for Change.

In 1973, he and his then-wife Shelagh Mackenzie came to Nova Scotia to set up the NFB's Atlantic production centre, the aim of which was to develop local filmmakers and filmmaking institutions. It was Tasker who brought New Brunswick-born cinematographer Kent Nason—who'd been working for the NFB in Montreal—back to the Maritimes, as part of the fledgling Halifax studio's small team.

Tasker produced and executive produced approximately 100 films during his tenure as head of the Atlantic studio, including such classics as Martin Duckworth's 1978 documentary 12,000 Men, on Cape Breton's labour struggle; Anne MacLeod's 1980 sand animation short Death in the Spring; Kent Martin's 1981 Miller Brittain; as well as Hugh Brody and Nigel Markham's award-winning 1991 co-production, Hunters and Bombers.

Tasker received the John Grierson Genie Award in 1980 for "contribution to Canadian Film in the spirit and tradition of John Grierson" and the Atlantic Festival CBC Pioneer award for "contribution to film in Atlantic Canada" in 1987.

Reproduced from The National Film Board of Canada's website

Anthony Peacock died 28th April 2018

When Tony's cousin Mike asked whether I would like to say a few words at this service, I, of course, agreed.

The first thought that came into my mind was that the underlying sentiment would be that Tony is my best friend.

Tony and John Gaskell are the two that have had a deep friendship with me, in Tony's case for 84 years and slightly less for John who died two years ago.

My Mother, my younger sister Sheila and I had moved to Edgware from the United States in 1933, where we had lived for over two years before moving back to the UK.

We lived in Park Grove and Tony was in Lake View initially and we met as pupils at Parkside Preparatory School in Green Lane. Tony came across as very shy and I think I probably did not mix too well with an American accent you could cut with a knife. I found Tony very easy to spend time with – and so it was for the rest of our lives. Tony never imposed his views on anyone and was a good listener at all times.

After Prep School, we two started at Haberdashers Aske's Hampstead School in September 1939, where we joined John Gaskell who had been there for a year and with whom I had joined the church choir at St Lawrence's Whitchurch. Although Tony and I were in the same

class to start with, we spent most of our time at Habs in different streams –I was in science and Tony with John in arts.

We kept in contact by travelling to school on the same trolleybus from outside the Leather Bottle and by regular telephone calls – updating each other on the perceived idiosyncrasies of our teachers and the quality of food in the dining room.

Tony had a deep love of music, literature and, especially films, mostly seen at the Ritz and he gathered over time an encyclopaedic knowledge of churches and architecture, especially in the City. My only clash with him at this time was that he adored Bette Davis and I could not stand her.

When we left school Tony wanted very much to become an architect, but this was not to be. He was recruited by Lloyds Bank City Branch and worked at that branch for the whole of his working life.

At this stage I was at college in Aldgate for four years and used to meet up regularly with Tony in the bank's dining room.

Over the next 42 years Tony worked at Lloyds Bank whilst I worked for de Havilland Engines, Atomic Power Constructions and IBM – but we never lost touch!

It was during my time with IBM that I was on assignment in Brussels and Tony was responsible for saving my life, and, as it happens, his.

When I had a weekend at home in Rickmansworth, it was my practice to fly back to Brussels on Sunday afternoon on BEA Flight 548 which departed Heathrow at 3.45pm. On this Sunday, June 18th 1972, Tony had decided he would like to visit me but could not make my usual flight. So we booked the next one. The flight I would normally have been on crashed at Staines shortly after take-off, killing all 118 people on board.

After retirement, it was our practice to keep in touch by phone and to meet up regularly for lunch in St Albans with John Gaskell.

On a personal note: Tony's mother died when he was still quite young. He was fortunate that his father married again to Dorothy, who matched Tony's love of architecture and city churches, He was thus well cared for after his father died.

To summarise, Tony was an exceptionally gifted person, who, I know, has given devoted service to St Margaret's over many years. I and many, many others will miss him dearly.

Michael Clark (Calverts 1939 to 1947) 14th May 2018

Philip Alterman (13 August 1931 – 23 October 2017)



Obituary Written by Simon Alterman

Philip led an astonishingly full and busy life, even during the final years as he became progressively more disabled by Parkinson's Disease. He threw himself whole-heartedly into everything he did and, once he'd made a commitment to a person, a cause, or an organisation, he never failed to fulfil it.

First and foremost came family: his late wife Tessa, of course, children Simon, David and Marion and their partners, and eight grandchildren. Beyond that, were five siblings, 24 nieces and nephews, and a host of more distant relatives, who gathered in various configurations with extraordinary regularity during just about every week or two of his life. While not a deeply religious man, he was intensely proud of his Jewish identity that formed a central part of family life.

Philip went to Haberdashers in Westbere Road, as did his brother David, and won his 1st XV colours, leaving school in 1948. He became a stalwart of the Old Haberdashers' Association and, in particular, its rugby club. He was twice president of the OHA, an unusual distinction as he was asked to assume the presidency a second time in the association's centenary year in 1987-88. He was a member of the OHA Executive for many years and brought his professional experience to bear in the tortuous process of the ground relocation project. He captained the OHRFC for two seasons from 1963-65 and, a few years ago, showed enormous tenacity in tracking down team mates to organise a well-attended 50-year reunion

at the Borehamwood clubhouse. He had two stints as president of the rugby club too and, along with Tessa, was a regular at all the many OH social activities.

Simon and David followed Philip to Habs (in Elstree, by that stage) and so, eventually, did Marion when the girls' school first moved out there too. The OH family was a big part of Philip's family: Easter Tours, afternoons at Croxdale Road, countless social gatherings. So it was fitting that the children and their spouses were all able to attend the October 2017 quiz night as planned just a few days after Philip's death. There could have been no better place than the clubhouse to celebrate his memory and his contribution.

Rugby was such a defining part of his life, and in many ways it exemplified the values we all admire in him – his quiet strong leadership, commitment, and loyalty. He was utterly reliable and, at times, even slightly scary. Rugby was a different game when he was in his prime. Now he would struggle to get a role as a team mascot, but then his burly 5ft 6 inch frame was enough to strike fear – or at least respect – into men a foot taller.

When you speak to people at the Old Haberdashers who reflect on his contribution as captain, president, committee man there is more than simply respect, but a real sense of love. Among the many lovely messages the family received, including from many OH colleagues and team mates, was this typical comment: *"I was privileged to know your lovely dad. Despite his height, a true giant of a man, his influence lives on."*

Having done national service in the RAF immediately after leaving school, he went straight into work and qualified as a Chartered Surveyor. Quite soon, he established his own business with a partner in Kentish Town before later merging it into the long-established firm of Salter Rex, where he spent the rest of his professional life. There he worked in partnership with, among others, David Heasman.

Philip also recently celebrated another 50th anniversary: half a century as a freemason. That was another organisation he was utterly committed too and he was immensely proud to have served as Master of his lodge.

But he still had time for other pastimes. He and Tessa loved good food and wine: Philip had never been much of a chef but, having done some wine appreciation courses, he and a friend then took some serious cooking lessons and mastered some very fancy dishes. His chocolate roulade is much-missed, a sentence many of those who knew him would never have expected to hear!

They loved travelling too, to Europe and the US in particular. And that was just as well, as their children scattered across the globe. So they went to weddings in Chile and New Zealand (and one in Burnt Oak) and always had bags packed to visit new grandchildren in foreign parts. And sometimes the travel was specifically to enjoy the good food and wine, and their other great love, bridge. The mixing all three was rarely a recipe for success, however.

Bridge was played at home, socially, and often the Acol Bridge Club, where they'd learned the game properly in the early 1970s. Simon and David had picked it up from the notes they brought home too, and the family often played together, most notably in recent years at the

MCC. Philip wasn't a cricketer, but he loved the game and he loved Lord's. So it was no surprise that he and Tessa chose to celebrate their Diamond wedding anniversary in the pavilion Long Room in 2014, a year before Tessa passed away.

They were an unbreakable pair – like gin and tonic, their pre-dinner drink of choice – so the family really did worry how Philip would manage without her as the Parkinson's exerted an ever tighter grip. We know she was always in his thoughts, not least because he had wedged her wedding ring on his finger, despite it being two sizes too small.

Indeed, the way he coped with the incapacity, inconveniences and indignities of his condition during his last years exemplified so many of his essential characteristics. A man fiercely proud of his autonomy and independence, he came to terms with the need to depend on others – his family, and some devoted carers – and made the best of it. He never complained about his lot: why moan about something you can't change? He just got on with it, with dignity, bravery and downright stubbornness, so that he could eke every last ounce out of a life well lived, still with a glint in his eye, loving company and a good party.

He was a very special man and we are all very lucky to have had him with us.

Philip Alterman

(Personal recollection from David Heasman OH)

I got to know Philip in 1966 when he was Captain of the 1st XV and I was playing in the Extra A, in the days when the OHRFC ran seven sides. At that time he was not playing due to injury. I was an out of work surveyor, having been made redundant. On one particular Saturday at Croxdale Road, I was getting changed before the match and Philip (as you would expect) was also in the changing room because that's where the Club Captain should be, even if injured. He was overheard to say that he was short of staff. So, after the game, I approached him at the bar, bought him a beer and let it be known that I was looking for a job! That pint was the best investment I ever made. By the end of the following Monday, I had a job. If ever there was a case of being in the right place at the right time, for me that was it.

I saw Philip almost every working day between 1966 and 2005, when he retired from Salter Rex. During those 39 years, I came to know him very well as both a business partner and a friend, and that knowledge was unique.

He belonged to a generation that was very careful with its money and was not comfortable with taking financial risk unless there was an almost guaranteed pay off. At the same time, he was extremely generous and was known to provide financial assistance to staff and personal friends who were in difficulty, out of his own pocket and without certainty of repayment.

In business, as in sport, he did not suffer fools – gladly or in any way - and relished a challenge. He believed that it was important to gain the high ground in both areas but, once respect had been established, his word was his bond. He was an honourable man and,

during our association, clients and colleagues commented to me on this. It was a rare quality.

Philip demanded loyalty, because that is what he gave in return. He had the knack of cutting to the chase and was invariably correct in his analysis.

He taught me a lot about many things and I shall be forever grateful.

Geoffrey M Scholl (11th January 1932 - 30th May 2015)

Keith Scholl writes - Geoff was always proud to be an Old Habs man often seen wearing his OH tie. After National Service in the RAF he became a salesman for several Oil Companies. This led to various moves around the country ending up in Lutterworth Leicestershire. He in later life specialised in carburation for fleet use with LPG His two younger brothers, both Old Habs were at his funeral wearing their OH ties too!

Reverend Canon John Knowles-Brown AKC (1941-48)

(Obituary written by Keith Dawson)

John Knowles-Brown died on 3 March 2014 at the age of 84, following a short illness. Although he was a good age, his death came as a shock to all who knew him because, until the last days of his life, John had been full of zest and youthful spirit. Our sympathy goes to his wife, Pamela, and daughter, Hilary, in their loss and we remember a friend who was a big man in every way.

John Henry Knowles-Brown was born in Whetstone on 10 February 1930. He was a pupil at Hampstead and a member of Russell's during and just after WW2 (1941-48). His family had many connections with Haberdashers and Russell's. His father, Frank Henry Knowles-Brown, attended the school from 1909, just a decade after the move from Hoxton to Cricklewood. Frank's brother Arthur, and John's uncle on his mother's side, were also HABS boys at that time. John's son, Matthew (1970-77), who was Vice-Captain of the School in 1976-77, died tragically young in 1983.

At school, John was a keen member of the CCF, enjoyed rugby and was an enthusiastic cross- country runner who represented the School and ran with the Highgate Harriers. With typical diffidence, he always claimed not to be in any serious way academic but he had a keen mind and a highly-tuned intuitive sense. He retained strong feelings of loyalty and affection for the School. When I came to know him in Sidmouth he often talked to me about HABS in his time, and in Matthew's. We went together to a number of OH West Country Dinners in the past 15 years and I had planned to take him and Pamela to the next Dinner on 14 October this year.

From a very young age John had felt a call to the ordained ministry. It is said that the family called him its black sheep because nobody else had ever before imagined doing anything so outlandish as becoming a clergyman. However that may be, he first acted on his sense of calling when he was 16 or 17 by going to a national conference under a schoolboy selection scheme. Young John was told to come back after he'd done his National Service.

So it was that John gained invaluable experience of life as a national serviceman in the RAF Police from 1948-50. At 6'4" he must have been a convincing sight! That experience at an end, John entered King's College, London, to read Theology. In 1954 he was ordained a Deacon of the Church of England, in the diocese of St. Albans. His first curacy was at St. Andrew's, Hertford, and it was while he was at Hertford that he married Pamela whom he had known since they were teenagers together in the local church youth club. Then in 1958 he and Pamela moved to the parish of St. James in Bushey where John was appointed to a second curacy.

After three years in Bushey John went back to the RAF, serving as a Chaplain from 1961 to 1965, including a happy two-year posting with his family to Famagusta in Cyprus during an unusually peaceful interlude in the island's civil war.

Returning to civilian life in 1965, John began his first incumbency at the church at Farley Hill, in Luton. The parish was on a large council estate and services were initially held in a multi-purpose hall-church. In his seven years in Luton John achieved two big changes. He pushed through and supervised the building of a new church. He then discovered that the land where it was built had belonged to a French Abbey dedicated to St. John the Baptist in the time of Henry II, and so the church of St Michael and St George became the Parish Church of St John the Baptist.

In 1972 the family moved to Totteridge where John became Vicar of St Andrew's, the church where he had gone to Sunday School and where his father had been a member of the Church Council. John served St. Andrew's for 23 years until his retirement in 1995. During that long ministry John Knowles-Brown gained the respect, the liking and the love of his parishioners because he was good to his core, open, direct, straight and fair-minded, utterly unpretentious and *there for them*. He was an acute listener, a man who understood human suffering at first hand and who could truly empathise with those who needed him.

John made his mark in the wider life of the diocese of St. Albans. He served as Rural Dean of Barnet from 1979-89 and was made an Honorary Canon of St. Albans Abbey in 1985. When he retired 10 years later he was made a Canon Emeritus. There was a strong thread of mission and service running through John's life, from his teenage years to the very end. In his almost 20 years of retirement in Sidmouth he, and Pamela, were fully engaged in the life of the parish helping with whatever seemed useful.

Throughout his life, John was a doer and a fixer. Had he not become a priest he could certainly have had a successful career as an architect, a project manager - or even as a craftsman [a missed vocation, perhaps?]. His mother's father had been an architect and his father was a clock collector, maker and repairer who ran the family business in Hampstead and London. John was a very practical man; it was embedded in his genes.

As a boy of 12 he took apart one of his father's medieval clocks just to see how it ticked - *and*, impressively, he put it back together again. He could never resist a creative challenge and the Knowles-Brown home in Sidmouth contains many examples of John's craftsmanship, including an 18th century sofa and chairs beautifully re-upholstered and re-covered. Late in life he taught himself to play the classical guitar rather well, but strictly for his own pleasure.

He put his practical skills to good use also in his work for the Church. Not only in Luton where he conceived and oversaw the building of the new church, but also recently in Sidmouth where he became site manager during the large-scale re-ordering of the parish church. He was in his element, keeping a close eye on the work in progress, getting to know the team of craftsmen and effectively becoming their chaplain. The results were stunningly good.

Above all, John was a good, sweet man who lived out his deeply held beliefs each day. He was unfailingly positive and cheerful and he made life better for those around him simply by being himself. He was also shrewd and acute; within his twinkling smile there was an appraising gleam. He will be missed by his many friends but long and happily remembered.

Colin Stuart Paterson CBE, (1948) Soldier and Shipping Company Managing Director. (1932 – 2013)



The following obituary has been written by Ronald Partington.

Colin died on the 14th April 2013 in his 81st year, just 13 months after the passing of his twin brother Michael.

Colin's early life in Finchley, where he grew up, has been covered by Brian Granger in his obituary for Michael.

Colin and I became friends in 1948 when we were in the same form and played in the first fifteen rugby team. He was a stalwart in the second row and went on to play for the O.H. for a number of years after leaving school. Visions of this 6ft. 2 man of 14 stone with a scrum cap controlling a mass of hair and giving his all on the pitch remain clear.

Colin joined the Royal Artillery at the commencement of his National Service, but after Officer training was commissioned into the Royal Leicestershire Regiment. He served in Korea and was in the front line against North Korean and Chinese forces. He was reluctant to talk about his experiences and the horrors of war.

On returning home on the completion of his full time service, he joined the London Scottish Regiment, to complete his Territorial Army commitment and during this time was promoted to Captain. This was the same Regiment served in by his Aberdonian father Lieut. Paterson, known affectionately as Long Pat.

Colin started his working career with Union Castle in the London docks and was involved in the handling and shipping of freight. After a number of years he joined North Sea Ferries, which was a new company involved in a Roll on and Roll off operation, between Hull and Rotterdam. In 1968 the company had two ships, one under the Dutch flag and the other under the British flag. Colin was in sole charge of operations for the latter vessel.

During his 14 years in Hull, he became a Governor of the Humberside College of Education and Chairman of the College's Maritime Advisory Committee. He was awarded an Honorary Fellowship by the College for the contribution he had made over a number of years.

In 1983 he became Managing Director of Caledonian MacBrayne, which was centred in Gourock on the Clyde. The Company provided ferries for the Hebridean islands off the west coast of Scotland and was subsidised by the Scottish Executive. The family made a new home in Helensburgh.

During the 14 years he was to remain Top Man at Cal Mac, until his retirement, he was involved in all aspects of the workings of the Company. He used his management and personnel skills to bring about the successful development of the company, often against a challenging financial environment. This was evident with the introduction of new ferries on various routes. He was well respected and regarded by his staff.

In the New Year's Honours list of 1994 Colin was awarded the CBE for 'Services to Scottish Shipping and Services to the Highlands and Islands.'

In retirement Colin realised there was a life after work. He spent 2/3 days a month with the Highlands and Islands Enterprise Trust for awhile and became a leading campaigner to

restore the ‘Maid of the Loch’ paddle steamer, to service on Loch Lomond. Golf became a good way to get some exercise and enjoy good company in most weather conditions.

His loving family always remained the centre of his life, together with his religious beliefs. He was an Elder at St.Columba’s Church in Helensburgh for many years.

During the early part of his career I lost contact with Colin and it was by chance that we got together again about 25 years ago. It was a pleasure to renew our friendship and get to know his supportive family. His last two years were not easy for him as the progressive advancement of Parkinsons took effect. He bore these difficulties with great fortitude.

He is sorely missed by his wife Marcella, children Stuart, Andrew, Fiona, Catriona and all who knew him.

The following obituary was published in The Scotsman 22nd April 2013.

Colin Paterson who has died after a long battle with Parkinson’s disease, was – from 1980 to 1997 – the politically astute, occasionally controversial managing director of Caledonian MacBrayne. He upgraded the company’s Highlands and Islands shipping fleet in the final decades of the 20th century and frequently stressed that efficient, economy-boosting ferries were dependent on improved rural roads and ports, including a new route from Oban to Mallaig.

Paterson was involved in controversy when the company introduced Sunday ferry services in some Hebridean island communities, where many people made it clear they didn’t want them.

In 1989, the company succeeded in its plans in North Uist, but failed two years later at Tarbert, Harris, when the local churches and the vast majority of residents fiercely opposed the introduction of Sunday sailings.

It took a threatened blockade of the pier by Scalpay fishermen opposed to the Sunday sailings and the realisation by then Scottish Secretary Malcolm Rifkind that the government would have to send in the Royal Navy if it was determined to break the protest. In February 1991, the company had to make undignified retreat – and it would be 20 more years before Tarbert had Sunday sailings.

Paterson was an intelligent, efficient executive who managed, after some years of lull, to secure a succession of bigger and better ships for Caledonian MacBrayne, starting with the Isle of Arran, launched late in 1983 and the first major new vessel in four years. He also saw the conversion of services generally to end-loading – there were still half-a-dozen archaic hoist-loading routes when he took over – and all the vessels built under him were drive-through, roll-on, roll-offs.

There was some irritation though with the names he personally chose for the big ships. Very few of them were traditional and the “Isle of…” formula was criticised by many for being boring, while also giving the impression that a number of vessels were operating wildly off-station. For example, the Isle of Arran put in a good few years at Islay.

Paterson is credited with fighting off attempts to privatise Caledonian MacBrayne and has been commended for his political guile. This came to the fore during the building of the Skye Bridge, which was contracted out to a large US company, which was empowered to charge hefty tolls, and assured that Caledonian MacBrayne would not be allowed to continue with the ferry service in competition.

When the Conservative government minister Lord James Douglas-Hamilton approached Paterson later asking him why CalMac was not continuing to run ferries between Kyle and Kyleakin the ferry company chief, in understandable irritation, is said to have told him: “It’s because you forbade it.” This happened on a special sailing of the car ferry Isle of Lewis at the end of July in 1995 – a few days before it came into service between Ullapool and Stornoway.

A member of Highlands and Islands Enterprise, Paterson was adamant that sea transport links to the islands were vital to the healthy growth of the communities they serve and he was circumspect about linking them to the mainland with road bridges.

He said the case for more road bridges should be carefully scrutinised because the economy of an island could actually be adversely affected by a bridge. He said: “When an island is no longer an island, its attractions alter in tourist terms – on the one hand, a road link may make it easier for the delivery of goods but on the other, the tourist, who would once stay for some days, may be content with a fast day-trip then straight home again.”

Paterson said that every time the CalMac fleet had been improved – and he conducted a programme of £66 million of capital investment in his first ten years with the company – there had been an immediate growth in traffic, which in turn saw more visitors heading for the islands.

This was a policy he believed in and followed with simple requirements such as well-thought out programmes whereby buses and trains arrived to meet the ferries, which was important to people.

He was decorated CBE for his services to shipping at the age of 61 after 11 years service with Gourock-based CalMac, having joined from North Sea Ferries, based in Hull, where he was UK manager. He was a governor of Humberside College and chairman of the Maritime Advisory Committee there. He received an honorary fellowship of the Hull-based college before he left the area to work in Scotland.

When he retired 15 years ago, Paterson took on the lead role in the voluntary campaign group fighting to save the Maid of the Loch on Loch Lomond. Two years ago, when illness forced him to resign as chairman, he volunteered to continue to serve in the Maid's souvenir shop and, although the old paddle steamer remained static and berthed at Balloch, it was at that time attracting 30,000 visitors a year to the Bonnie Banks.

He also oversaw much of the renovation of the Maid and the rebuilding of the Balloch Steam Slipway, which was officially opened by the Princess Royal.

Born in London in 1932, Paterson and his twin brother, Michael, were educated at Haberdashers' Aske's Hampstead School, where the boys, both tall, strong and handsome, played rugby before Colin joined the Royal Artillery in 1950. He served with distinction as a signals officer with various regiments in Hong Kong and with the Royal Leicestershire Regiment in Korea.

He first married Margaret Petrie and is survived by his second wife, Marcella, and four children, Fiona, Catriona, Stuart and Andrew. He was an active member of the community in Helensburgh, where he was a governor of Lomond School and an elder of St Andrew's Kirk, where his funeral service took place on 20 April.

BRIGADIER MICHAEL PATERSON CBE 1933- 2012



Taken from the Worshipful Company of Cooks Newsletter – summer 2012

The death of Brigadier MJ Paterson CBE was announced on 2 February 2012, aged 79.

Michael Paterson was commissioned into the ACC in 1952 as a National Service subaltern. He served in Cyprus, was promoted to Captain in 1960 and was appointed Adjutant. By then he was clearly earmarked for greater things. As a major he commanded a company, served as a senior caterer in Germany and completed a tour on the staff in the ACC Directorate. On promotion to lieutenant colonel in October 1974 he was appointed Commanding Officer of the Army Apprentices College (ACC). This was followed by another tour in the Directorate at SO1 level and technical appointments as Deputy Director in BAOR and Northern Ireland. On

promotion to colonel, in 1980, he returned to BAOR and became the senior catering officer in that theatre until he was appointed Director of the Corps in April 1985.

Brigadier Paterson was a shrewd and capable leader, a meticulous administrator and could be ruthless when defending his Corps. He was appointed CBE in 1988. On his retirement in 1988 to 1993 Michael Paterson was appointed Clerk to the Governors at the Royal Masonic School for Girls. He rose to the highest echelons of Free Masonry and accrued many Masonic decorations. He was a Freeman of the Worshipful Company of Cooks of London, a member for 26 years and past Vice-President of the Reuniondes Gastronomes, was made a Freeman of the City of London in 1994 and devoted an enormous amount of time as a trustee of his parish church in Crondall, raising funds and playing a part in the administration of the church.

He was an enthusiastic sportsman, playing Corps rugby, cricket, tennis, squash and golf. He was made Honorary Life President of the Army Rugby Union in recognition of his enthusiastic services to Army Rugby, especially at junior level. As a tennis player, whilst still Director, he was adept at selecting younger, more athletic playing partners and contesting every point fiercely. An enthusiastic golfer, Michael was a member at Hartley Wintney GC for 20 years and attended every ACC Golf Society major event including the Scottish tour for many years. He was a long term Vice-President of the Society, becoming President in 1993. He played a full part in Society affairs and his annual ‘President’s Day’ was always marked by his inviting guests to participate in what he considered to be the highlight of the calendar. A generous man, he was always willing to share his round, shot by shot if given the opportunity.

Michael Paterson was a major contributor, loved to speak with his chefs when serving and was always supported in what he did by his wife Diana. Their garden parties were the stuff of legend; his support for her in the local Conservative party was unstinting and anyone who did not attend the annual Party Hog Roast missed out on something memorable. An achiever in the true sense of the word, Michael Paterson was approachable, courteous and charming and accepted his end with great courage. He will be greatly missed not only by his family, but the hundreds who knew and respected him no matter where they met.

RONALD WATERS 1930-2012 – AN APPRECIATION (published on The Marlow Society website)

The death of Ronald “Ron” Waters in December 2012 has deprived Marlow of one of its most loyal residents. Ron was instrumental in leading change, preserving our heritage, providing an objective analysis of problems and providing solutions.

A true cockney born in Shoreditch within hearing distance of Bow bells, Ron was moved by his parents to the fresher, healthier air of Burnt Oak after he survived diphtheria when he was 3. He grew up in Tewksbury Gardens, attended Haberdashers Askes where he played cricket and rugby and made life-long friends. After leaving school, like all young men of his generation, he did his national service and it was while he was stationed at Woolwich that the young Lieutenant Waters met Mary Jean Jenkin (known to many as Jinks) on the platform of Woolwich Station. Mary waited whilst Ron served as a gunner in Egypt and they married on his return.

Despite loving the army and being a promising young officer, Ron preferred to return to civilian with Mary and they later had two daughters Lesley and Carolyn. In 1962 he became a civil servant working for London Transport and in ’68 moved to the Covent Garden Market Authority. Ron was responsible for relocating Covent Garden Market from its historic West End site to Nine Elms and spent many evening hours poring over plans and maps as he supervised the move. After Covent Garden Ron once again, put family first in his choices and joined the planning department in South Bucks District Council. This decision equipped him with the knowledge and skills that he would later put to such good use in his work with the Marlow Society and his service to the community of Marlow.

Ron was an Elder of the United Reformed Church. His long term determination saw Christchurch through not one but many different redevelopment schemes starting in the 1980s. Ron and fellow church members finally completed the revitalisation of this building in 2003 since when it has provided the whole community of Marlow with a valuable social location for a multiplicity of valuable activities. He was rightly very proud of this achievement.

As Chairman of the Marlow Society for eleven years Ron deployed his experience and personality to ensure that Marlow retained its historic character whilst evolving as a vibrant town. His skills channelled The Marlow Society’s desire to preserve this town and made it the effective voice it now is, much respected by the local planning bodies and councils. He worked closely with the District and Town Councils where his contribution was always valued. We all owe him a great debt of gratitude for quietly achieving so much. The appearance and vigour of the town today is a living testament to his works.

Whilst devoting much time to the town Ron always found time to enjoy the company of his many friends. He and Mary, who was always at his side, were active and popular members of the Marlow Folk Dance Club and the Budavar Society. A happy and convivial person, Ron was always a devoted family man whose pride in his daughters and grandchildren shone through. This very gentle Gentleman is greatly missed by all who knew him.

Michael JB Cloote (died 1993)

Christopher J. ROBINSON (1943-48)

Having battled courageously for some months in successfully overcoming a cancer in the colon, Chris sadly succumbed to a secondary cancer in the liver and passed away peacefully at home with his family on 3rd January 1995

Chris was born on 3rd December 1931 in Hendon and spent his early childhood in north west London with his parents and sister Audrey, joining Haberdashers' Aske's Hampstead School in Westbere Road, Cricklewood in 1943. During the war he was forced to move to south London, whereupon he spent a term or two at Whitgift.

Thereafter, perhaps his life and achievements are best reported with the following transcript of the eulogy delivered by John Parker (1949-56) at the Service of Thanksgiving held at Christ Church, Chorleywood on 13th January 1995 and attended by over 300 friends, relatives and colleagues.

'63 years and a month - too soon to be taken from us but, as we all know, the Grim Reaper knows no boundaries and plays his game with no rules - or laws.

'Too soon taken from us, to enjoy the parent's reward of seeing children fulfil ambitions.

'Too soon to achieve the status of Grandad and revel in hearing one's children complain of their children treating the home like a hotel.

'Too soon to indulge the fruits of years of labour in comfortable retirement - which he richly deserved and looked forward to immensely.

'Too soon, we have lost a dear friend whose loyalty and integrity in friendship, however difficult and brusque he may have appeared, were the hallmark of the man.

'But this is not to say that his life was without fulfilment, as we remember him as a determined achiever and an energetic contributor in any area of activity, be it at home, in the office or on the field of play.

'My friendship with Chris was forged many years ago through the common ground of the Old Haberdashers' Rugby Club and when our then young families joined with the Hansons in a series of summer holidays in Devon where he demonstrated the action man qualities he carried through life subsequently. The toddlers on holiday with us then, Mark and Allister, Kate and David and my own Andrew and Julie are all in their thirties now, the boys all having made some contribution over the years to the playing strength of the Rugby Club - as the girls would liked to have done!

'Previous to our meeting he had left Haberdashers' at 18 (2 years before I even joined) having been in Calverts, my house and better known for sport than academy, distinguishing himself at rugby, cricket and boxing in addition to his first sporting love of swimming.

'It was whilst still at school he joined the Hampstead Priory Club, a sort of Haberdasher/U.C.S. swimming club in which, I understand, he went on to get trials in water polo at county, regional and national levels as a goal-keeper. Easy in his case, as with his height he was never in the deep end! Typical of Chris, having joined Hampstead Priory in 1946 alongside Sidney Bean, he maintained his relationship with club members, subsequently, after 10 years active membership. Even after disbandment the hard core members would meet annually right up to last year, I know this because Roy Naisbitt, who played polo with Chris almost 30 years ago and still plays at the age of 65, told me the other day and is here today.

'Chris did his National Service as a lieutenant in the Royal Signals, joining Derek Kenward at Catterick before seeing some active service in Egypt during the Suez problems of '50/'51, whereupon he embarked on what was to be an illustrious career within the Old Haberdashers' Association.

'His achievements are manyfold and only Stagg, Cooper and Kenward might dispute that he was the most dedicated and committed contributor and achiever that the O.H.A. has had the good fortune to have had in its ranks, quietly and efficiently - "no, not quietly, he never did anything quietly in my experience" - loudly and efficiently getting on with any allotted or self-allotted task and carrying it through to its conclusion.

'He would have to be one of only three people in over 100 years history of the O.H.A. to have held the posts of President of the Association, President of the Rugby Club, and President of the Cricket Club, such was his dedication.

'He would have to be one of only a handful of players to have played over 200 games for the O.H. Cricket Club.

'He would have to be a member of that elite group within the Rugby Club to have played more than 200 games for the 1st XV and certainly the only one to have achieved them in the most diverse positions of wing and 2nd row forward.

'He still holds the post - war try scoring record for the Club of 26 tries in a season, all accomplished on the wing, and this despite being visually disadvantaged. Forseeably, in these days of more competitive rugby, his record will stand for some years to come and deservedly so.

'He would have to be a member of an even more elitist group within the Rugby Club to have played for the 1st XV over the age of 40 (there were only six of us, but we have our A.G.M. every year in Rickmansworth and those of us remaining will continue to do so).

'He would have to be the only player to have turned out for a game with two sons in the same side - against Watford 14 years ago this very weekend, joining Allister in the 2nd row, with Mark in the centre in what was his 594th, final and most contrived appearance in an O.H. shirt - but he lasted the 80 minutes.

'He would have to be the sort of person to spend a week every year yomping across uncharted tracts of open country on a pub - to - pub hike, be it in the Lake District, Exmoor, Yorkshire or the Peaks with the likes of Stephenson, Purcell and Buchanan - just for the fun of it and the company.

'In all this time he was achieving and contributing, in his way, to the progress of Chambers and Newman, that well-known firm of West End insurance brokers that he had joined in 1972. In only the following year, Malcolm Bennett, previously an assistant to Chris elsewhere, invited him to join the Board. In the ensuing years to the present time, he helped them through a tough development period, then, with his energy and indomitable spirit, helped the company through a devastating set-back, caused by one Roger Levitt, to re-group and recover to keep the company in the forefront of independent insurance brokers in the West End.

'Notwithstanding all these action-man accomplishments, he threw himself into an administrative role with the Association, being appointed Secretary in 1990. Flipping through the current O.H.A. magazine bears witness to his contribution as many items are endorsed "C.J.R.".

'As if this wasn't enough he teamed up with his great, and late friend, Alan Cooper, to further the aims and ambitions of the C.L.O.B. (Combined London Old Boys) and employed the same enthusiasm and energy typical of his playing days. To both the Association and C.L.O.B. he introduced many innovative ideas, emanating from years of experience and professional expertise, which now, like the rugby ball going through his hands, will have been passed on and carried through the gain line and on to the touch-down in the fullness of time for the benefit of all concerned. 'If I have given you an impression of a man for whom I have an enormous respect and affection I will have fulfilled my intention, and I am confident I echo the feelings of many others as demonstrated by your attendance here today.

'To Fern, Louise and Claire I offer my heartfelt condolences and sympathy in their loss of a husband and father, somebody regarded by us all as a lovely man and I hope we can assure them that they can count on our support in the future.

'Chris - you will be missed but your presence will continue to be felt by all of us who enjoyed the privilege of being your friend - a great companion to your peers and a source of inspiration and an example to the younger echelon following on. 'Chris - to you at opening time on the threshold of that ultimate and eternal Club house - 'Cheers and God Bless!'

John Parker

Philip M LEIGH (1942-48)
died after a short illness on 9th October 1987 at .the comparatively early age of 57.

He was a staunch Zionist, making his first visit to Israel the year he left School, where he had been a prefect, captain of Strouts, a member of the Chess Club, the Music Society and of the 2nd XV. That autumn, he entered St John's College, Cambridge, where he read law and was called to the Bar at Gray's Inn, the same year he came down from University, practising for a time in Chancery.

Some two years after marrying Jacqueline in 1955, with the assistance of his father-in-law, Philip took over a small building society and became its managing director, building up the assets of the Bolton to a sum approaching £100m. In 1962, he became a founder member of the National Association of Estate Agents and, with his legal background, soon found himself chairman of the legislative sub-committee, charged with counteracting propaganda, which was seeking to discredit unqualified estate agents. Philip was so successful in doing so, that the NAEA has now become firmly established as the flagship of the independent estate agency, outside the ambit of the old established firms. At the time of his death, he was a Vice-President of the Association and a Fellow of the Chartered Building Societies Institute.

In contrast to his business life, Philip had a flair for writing radio scripts, notably for Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels in their long running “Life with the Lyons”. He was also adept at designing jewellery and was a keen bridge player. A life member of the HOBC, he remained a keen supporter of the Association, donating at subscription rates and attending the 1940-49 decade dinners.

He leaves a widow, Jacqueline, and two sons.

Derek G. Kenward (1943 - 48)
died January 2001

Derek Kenward was born on 20th November 1929 in Cricklewood and first went to Mora Road Primary School from 1935 to 1939 but with the Second World War looming he was evacuated to Somerset where he attended the village school at Queen Camel and then went to Sexey’s School, Bruton as a weekly boarder in 1941.

With the threat of the blitz receding in September 1943 the family returned to London and Derek was accepted by Haberdashers’, then situated in Hampstead where he remained until 1948. During his time at the School he led a full and busy life being appointed a Prefect, made vice-captain of Russells; was in the Cricket XI from 1945-48, captaining in his final

year; was in the Rugby 1st XV in 1947 and 1948; was in the School boxing team in 1946 - 47 and in the athletics team in 1948 and additionally a sergeant in the J.T.C.

Upon leaving School his National Service was undertaken in the Royal Signals Section where he served as a 2nd Lieutenant Transport Section. On returning to civilian life in 1950 he joined his father's firm of solicitors, Robsons, on the Chiswick High Road as an articled clerk and in 1956 he became qualified and then in 1958 became a partner where he worked until his retirement in the 1990s.

As an Old Haberdasher he was one of the major figures in the Club's history. One of a select company of four to hold the three senior presidencies, the Association, the Rugby Club and the Cricket Club. Additionally Derek is a member of both 200 Clubs for those who have played 200 1st team games for either Club.

As a rugby wing forward Derek was a true loose forward preferring the attacking side of his duties to the defensive chores but was an important member of the !st XV and was vice-captain of the Club from 1954 to 1958 and thereafter President from 1968 to 1970.

But Derek's real sporting love was cricket and at Borehamwood he was both captain and President. However after leaving School he joined Brondesbury and did not become a full time member of the O.H.C.C. until 1953. He then made 317 first team appearances with his last match being in1976. During this time he amassed 4,660 runs as well as scoring the now legendary 154 against Old Merchant Taylors in July 1960. This remained the Club's highest individual score for thirty years, and he still remains the holder, with Chris Robinson, of the seventh wicket batting record of 110 also against O.M.T., in 1959.

Memories of Derek include being able to set your watch by his appearance at Borehamwood following his playing retirement. His arrival at the ground punctually at 6.10 p.m. on a Saturday, often in his wonderful candy striped blazer in the Club colours of magenta, white and blue, to watch the last hour and a half was an event in itself and conversations in the bar were always accompanied by much laughter and of course by a White Shield Worthington, a drink many of us were first introduced to by the 'Guv'nor'.

It is obviously sad for all who knew him that his final years were dogged by a long fight against cancer. However he never lost his optimism or his sense of fun. His funeral, well attended by Old Boys included the hymns 'All things bright and beautiful' and 'Jerusalem' and the congregation left to a rendition of 'In the Mood' by Joe Loss.

For Derek, good companionship was paramount and anybody who knew him will never forget his infectious laugh usually accompanied by a dramatic sweeping back of the forelock. His welcoming grasp of your hand meant that you were once again in the company of a man

who enjoyed life to its limit. With his passing life at Borehamwood and indeed Lord's Cricket Ground on test match Saturday will be both a little quieter and a little less joyous.

Brian HOPWOOD (1941-48)



Died tragically early (at the age of 66), only a few weeks after the diagnosis of his illness and only four years after his official retirement.

He had played for the School 1st XV, gaining his colours in his second season, 1947-48. having also been a member of the cricket 3rd XI, the school boxing team and the shooting VIII (with colours). He belied the theory that most scientists preferred being cooped up in laboratories!

Joining the O.H.R.F.C. in 1949-50, he played mainly as a prop in the 'A' XV, although he was able to adopt himself to hooking, when the specialists were unavailable. Always making himself available, he played his first senior game at Paignton, on 4th November 1950, followed by two other appearances later in the season. Two years later, his senior quota was doubled to six but it was not until 1956-57 that he became a fairly regular member of the 1st XV, with another dozen appearances. His 25th and only other game came on 20th September 1958 resulting in a satisfactory win over Streatham. It is thought that he was to have captained the 'B' XV, that season but his business commitments had decreed otherwise, so his football career finished, then and there! In the interim, he had played upwards of a hundred times for the 'A' team.

We are indebted to Angela (whom he married in 1963) for the following career details. Brian was an electrical engineer and he became a director of M.B.M. Technology in 1978. The move from G.E.C. to M.B.M. Technology in Sussex was attractive to both, as an escape from the London area for their growing daughters, Anna and Emma.

Until his retirement much of Brian's working life was within the defence and aeronautical industries. Lately he had taken up photography again and had become involved in local affairs and he toyed with the idea of joining O.H. Rifle Club and suddenly he was no longer with us!

Although a life member of the Association, Brian continued to pay the full dues and attended the earlier reunions of his 1940-49 decade dinners.

To Angela, Anna and Emma, we would wish to touch upon their sad loss.

Edward J. GRIEW (1943-48)

died during December 1996.

Apart from appearing as a wicket keeper for the O.H.C.C. 1st XI in 1954 and 1955 on a few occasions, Edward had little contact with the O.H.A.

He gained a degree at Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

Ivor Ronald Binney

Ivor passed away peacefully on 5th September 2010 at the age of 80

1947

Michael Clark Died 13th June 2023



Michael Clark was born on 1st November 1928 in Hendon. After spending a short time in America, the family returned to London, where he grew up. From 1939 to 1947 he attended Haberdasher' Aske's Hampstead School, as it was then known, making several lifelong friends there. He continued his education at Sir John Cass Technical Institute in London, gaining a BSc in Maths and Physics, and an MSc in Hydrodynamics and Elasticity.

From 1952 to 1957 he worked in the Rocket Division of the de Havilland Engine Company, where he carried out design calculations for the Spectre and Sprite engines, and was an early user of computing to aid in such repetitive mathematical tasks.

He then moved to Atomic Power Constructions as head of their Radiation Physics Group. During his six years in the role, he assembled a team of 26 graduates who were again ground-breaking in their extensive use of scientific computers, this time for performing radiation shielding calculations for the design of atomic power stations.

In 1963, Michael moved to IBM as a Scientific Computing Service Representative, and performed a number of roles in after-sales support and training, before becoming a freelance management consultant.

As a boy, he was a keen chorister at the local church, St Lawrence's, and it was as a member of the church youth group that he met his future wife, June, whom he married in 1961. They had one daughter, Fiona.

On retiring, Michael kept busy with various voluntary positions, such as church chorister and warden, chairman of school governors for a local secondary school, etc.

Peter Freitag Died 24th March 2023



Peter Freitag, one of the most colourful and most loquacious characters in North-East public life – and its most incorrigible name-dropper – has died. He was 93.

He had been a Liberal Democrat councillor and candidate for both Westminster and European elections, for many years chaired Darlington's Hebrew Congregation and the town's branch of the mental health charity MIND, was committed to improving inter-faith relationships, played in the Wimbledon veterans' tennis championship until his late 70s and at 70 had been airlifted from an Alpine slope after breaking two ribs in a skiing accident.

"I'm a bit dented at the edges but the worst thing is that it's affected my tennis" he said.

His entourage of big-name acquaintances ranged from Kevin Keegan to Henry Kissinger (“in the end we had to agree to disagree”) and from Eartha Kitt to the infamous call girl Christine Keeler (of whom more a little later.)

He’d also been an occasional tennis partner of legendary footballer Sir Stanley Matthews, had danced with Princess Margaret (”very sexy”) and knew subsequently disgraced Liberal leader Jeremy Thorpe. “He thought a lot about me. He was a dreadful judge of character” said Peter.

To the honours list might be added Prince William, who in 2015 at Buckingham Palace invested Peter with the MBE awarded for services to the community.

He was born in Czechoslovakia of German parents. His grandfather died at Auschwitz. After moving to London, he met his wife-to-be Valerie and proposed six days later. “What kept you?” asked Valerie.

“She was Audrey Hepburn, you know. Perfect,” Peter once said.

In 1965 the family moved to the North-East – “I needed to get away from my mother” – buying a house in Darlington that had been owned by another member of the Jewish community.

“I offered him two cheques – one for the sum he asked and the other if he wanted to keep my friendship” Peter recalled. The second offer was accepted.

He became sales director of the Ernest and Henry button factory at St Helen Auckland – “even in New York high society I would be seen admiring ladies’ buttons rather than their bosoms” – before opening an estate agency in Darlington in 1978.

When the business opened, the average house price was £13,800, though one had sold for just £3,000.

His Jaguar 3.8 also became familiar around the town and elsewhere – “Darlington to Baldock, 200 miles in two hours and there were roundabouts in those days” – though he also became the first person in County Durham to be charged with driving without a seat belt.

“It got about half a page in the paper, just because it was me” said Peter. “I was fined £10 and gained about £2,000 worth of free publicity.”

After six years on Darlington council in the 1970s, he was re-elected, aged 78, in 2008 – The Northern Echo thought it “sensational”.

Soon afterwards he was the only councillor to oppose house building on the former Feethams football ground.

“Homes have been built on sports grounds all over the place” said Peter, a Darlington FC vice-president.

“The town is full of youngsters looking for something to do on Saturdays and Sundays.”

He and Valerie had three children - Julie, Matthew and Wendy - and two grandchildren - Abby and Josh. Matthew is an airline pilot based in the USA, Wendy has Down’s Syndrome which drove his commitment to MIND and other mental health issues.

“Wendy once asked us what was wrong with her” said Peter. “We told her nothing, she was just different.”

In 2015, when 85, he caught the 5.18am train from Darlington – “I’d been up since half past two, I didn’t want to miss it” – in the ultimately successful hope of being called to speak in a mental health debate at the LibDems’ Spring conference in Liverpool. Speakers were allowed a maximum four minutes.

“There’s still a stigma but it’s a very difficult message to get across if you haven’t lived with it” said Peter.

The Echo’s columnist merely wondered how on earth the LibDems had managed to restrict him to four minutes.

His best story, recounted after the death of former Conservative minister John Profumo in 2006, concerned his days in a house near Marble Arch which overlooked one owned by Stephen Ward and used by Keeler, Mandy Rice-Davies and friends.

“I could look out the back window of my father’s property and see the girls washing up” he recalled.

“I didn’t realise there was anything unusual about them until one day I saw Ward put a collar and lead on Keeler and walk her round Bryanston Square. Now that did seem a bit bizarre.”

The top people’s call girl remained upright, no lamps posts were involved, and she may not even have been barking.

“I couldn’t really tell if she was enjoying it, but she didn’t seem to mind” said Peter.

The Echo's headline – "How to take a call girl for walkies" – may have been among its most memorable. Peter later tried, unsuccessfully, to buy the flat. "I was interested to see how the two-way mirrors worked" he said.

To mark his 90th birthday, he and Valerie, eight years his junior, enjoyed a six-week holiday in Japan and Hawaii – "The Japanese were wonderful, the Americans ghastly, and you can quote me"– and about the same time paid for a bench in South Park, Darlington, across the road from their long-term home.

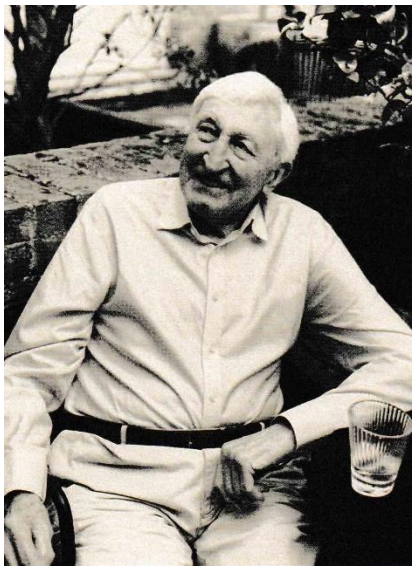
"Thank you for this piece of heaven on our doorstep" said the plaque, though Peter initially sent it back when the engraver omitted his MBE.

Though unwell for some time, he retained several presidencies in the community and beyond – "You get to be president when you're old" he said.

Peter's funeral service was held in the Jewish section of the West Cemetery in Darlington. Valerie, he supposed, had already decreed the engraving on his gravestone: "It was never dull."

Thanks to The Northern Echo for the Article

David Barker Died 6th October 2021



The Early Days

Our Dad was born in Stanmore in 1930 to Frederick and Violet and was the middle of three sons, Dennis being the eldest and Ken the youngest. The family home was a traditional and happy one – with Frederick busy running his own insurance company whilst Violet looked after the family, doting on her three boys. Perhaps it was Violet's motherly love which got

Dad so accustomed to being looked after – he couldn't believe all the jobs we used to make him do so often at home!

Attending Haberdashers' Boys School from the age of 11, Dad quickly immersed himself in sport - becoming an accomplished cricketer, batting for both his school and later, Hatch End Cricket Club. Much of Dad's education was disrupted by the outbreak of the war and he recalled having to dive down onto the ground during cricket matches after seeing bombers overhead. Arguably though, the more disruptive influence was his friendship with his best school mate, Tony Bell - the two of them known for getting up to all sorts of mischief in class. A friendship they'd enjoy for over 75 years.

Taking up tennis and The City

It was only aged 17 when Dad finished his schooling that he discovered his love and talent for tennis. Wandering across to Elms tennis club – his local club - inspired by what he saw, he decided it was a game to pursue. Totally self-taught, he thoroughly enjoyed playing every day that summer. Dad was disappointed when his father told him he had secured a job for him starting at 9am on Monday morning at the Guardian Royal Exchange - a large British insurance business. Little did he know this would signal the start of a blossoming career and tennis would soon become an integral part of his life, going on to play at both club and county level.

Dad's career had only just begun when it was halted at the age of 18 to undertake his mandatory National Service. Joining the RAF, he was assigned the responsibility of guiding young training pilots into land. He never quite knew how he managed it as it was pretty much a case of learning on the job, but Dad's methodical and calm approach probably equipped him well. Although he's never stopped reminding us about the cold showers and horrible meals he had to put up with!

Dad was delighted once he was finally back in his more natural environment in the City and he soon discovered that he was suited to a career in insurance. Working hard and rising through the ranks, his first big move came at the age of 35 – taking on a role at insurance firm, FE Wright. Dad has always dubiously claimed that it was his gruelling National Service that prepared him well for the world of work, but we all think that his progression was more down to his unrivalled ability to charm clients over long, boozy, City lunches!

However, there wasn't a hint of arrogance in Dad – he was far more aware of other peoples' talents, than his own. But he thrived in the company of others, and they loved working with him. With an innate ability to gently influence, he quietly led by example and brought out the best in people. He was eventually appointed Chief Executive at FE Wright and only left the company after 25 years to take on the Chief Executive role at Holman Insurance where he was tasked with turning the company around and leading them into the Lloyds' insurance

market within 18 months. He ended up being persuaded to stay for 7 successful years, finally retiring at the age of 67. Remarkably, he even managed to go his whole career without having to learn how to use a computer or send an email as his secretary loved doing everything for him!

Family life / Mum

Family life was always busy for Dad. Having had his first son, Andy, at the age of 30, he then embarked on new family life twenty years later, having Lucy and I after meeting our mum in 1977 and their marriage three years later. Their mutual love and unwavering dedication and loyalty to each other, coupled with their complementary strengths, made them the perfect team. The incredible times they've shared, and their achievements together is testament to that. As a family, we kept Dad young - but probably kept him poorer than he would have liked too!

Tennis and Cumberland

In the second half of his life, Dad could invariably be found at Cumberland Tennis Club - where he immersed himself in club affairs and spent countless hours on court – and thanks to many of you – even more time at the bar! It's no surprise it's where he cultivated some of his closest friendships, this was where he felt most at home, and these were some of the happiest years of his life. I'll never forget the many years spent up there as a family – me playing with Dad and desperately trying to copy his rock-solid volleys and trademark backhand slice. He inspired me to play the game. An overriding memory is Dad roaring with laughter at the bar surrounded by his friends.

Tennis took Dad all over the world, to the US as part of Lloyds of London tennis team, county week at Eastbourne and he even won a tennis tournament in Vale do Lobo at the age of 50 – and he was only there for a week's family holiday! In 2015, he and mum went to watch the Semi-finals of the Australian Open in Melbourne, finally completing his lifelong ambition to attend all 4 tennis majors.

Hampstead Golf Club

Dad turned his attentions to golf in his retirement and became a member of Hampstead Golf Club. Taking the game up late and insisting he didn't need many lessons, this game proved not to be as easy. It didn't start well, because at the end of the first hole of his playing-in round at Hampstead, he realised he had left his putter at home. But of course, even with a putter down, Dad managed to charm his way in. Hampstead soon represented a huge new part of his life to enjoy every week with his friends. Unsurprisingly I always saw him produce his best golf going up the last, in full view of the clubhouse. And we know he enjoyed being

able to order any cakes of his choice afterwards - food options that weren't routinely offered at home!

Some of my fondest memories are playing golf with Dad and the attempts alongside mum and I to take on some of the finest courses in Europe. Dad always hacked his way round and he lost more balls than I can remember. On one early holiday in the Algarve, leaving mum to look after me at 6 months old, Dad nipped off with Luce to grab some lunch and came back with a Quinta do Lago timeshare! What an investment that turned out to be, enjoying magical times with the family pretty much every year since – relaxing on the terrace in the sunshine and visiting his favourite restaurants – always enjoying a bottle or red and his favourite sardine pate!

Dad's legacy

I will deeply miss our Dad. His smile, his infectious laugh, and the funny stories he recounted – his huge presence. He was an amazing Dad, who had a huge influence on me in every area of my life, including my passion for sport and choosing a career of my own in the city.

He showed that – coupled with hard work - life is to be lived and the best way is alongside family and friends, to have a good laugh, doing what you love, often with a bloody good bottle of wine! To always appreciate the small moments of joy. Quite frankly, I have huge admiration for the times that Dad lived through and all that he achieved. And with the way our Dad conducted himself throughout his life, he deserved every bit of it.

Dad's life was certainly a life fulfilled. He very much leaves a legacy shown by his friends and family in this room. I think we can all agree that the elegance, balance, and touch of class that Dad showed on a tennis court was mirrored throughout his life.

Revd. Prebendary John Bernard Gaskell – passed away 28th October 2015

(Contributed by Michael Clark – 1947)

John died in Lewisham Hospital after a short illness on October 28th2015 aged 87.

John's distinguished career in the Church of England started in 1940, when he and I joined the choir at St Lawrence Whitchurch, Little Stanmore. This required a commitment to attend three evening practices at 6.00pm on Monday, Wednesday and Friday and singing at three services each Sunday – not a bad challenge for 12 year olds! Although we were in different forms at Haberdashers and had totally different career paths in front of us, cycling together,frequently in the pitch dark,during the blitz and beyond,cemented our close,lasting friendship.

On leaving Haberdashers in 1947, John served two years National Service in the Intelligence Corps., read Theology at Jesus College, Oxford and trained for the Anglican ministry at Chichester Theological College. He then served as Parish Priest at St James Elmers End, All Saints Margaret Street,The Grosvenor Chapel and St Alban the Martyr in Holborn.

John was a very perceptive priest, sensitive to the needs of others, creative in his thinking, a great reader, preacher and raconteur, with a great sense of humour and to top it all, was an excellent cook!

John was a founding activist of “Affirming Catholicism”, was a Prebendary of St Paul’s Cathedral and was awarded the Cross of St Augustine in 2005 by the then Archbishop of Canterbury,Dr.Rowan Williams. The award was given for outstanding service within the Church of England.The Commendation signed by the Archbishop reads as follows:-

Victor Stock, the Dean of Guildford, remembers as a young theological student hearing John Gaskell preach at All Saints’, Margaret Street, and saying to him afterwards, “that was the worst sermon I’ve ever heard”. He realises that it shows how arrogant and stupid students can be, for Sir John Betjeman, who heard him preach week after week, has said that he was the best preacher in the Church of England! In a forward to a book about Grosvenor Chapel, Mayfair, John Betjeman said, “The preaching tradition is fine. The best preacher I know is John Gaskell. I am very glad to say that I am a sermon taster, and I have never heard better sermons than his. He has the natural melody of language in his words. He is obviously a poet.” This is praise indeed from one of our greatest 20th century poets.

Today we are thanking John for his distinguished service as a priest in the Church of England.While many know of his preaching, his influence in the confessional and as a spiritual director, especially among the clergy, has been more hidden

In retirement Fr Gaskell is often asked to speak about the Ministry of Reconciliation and through his experience, humour and humanity, a neglected sacramental grace is being rediscovered. This ministry continues to bring fresh discernment, healing and hope to many within the confidentiality and silence of the confessional and many lives have been changed through his work as a spiritual director. The fruits of this ministry have been shared even more widely through his book “Making a Rule of Life”.

John is a man of immense courage. When he hosted the first meeting of Mainstream, which later became Affirming Catholicism at St Alban’s, Holborn, he was much criticised by fellow Anglo-Catholic clergy.Holding the first eucharistic meeting of Affirming Catholicism at the conservative St Alban’s was significant and symbolic for the movement’s future It helped many of the same tradition to exchange rigity and exclusiveness for an honest engagement with the demands of an open and exploring catholic faith. John has been a great exemplar

of the best catholic values in their fully, all-embracing sense, without aggression or narrow "sectarianism".

On a lighter note, John is also a great friend to many and is known as a generous host and appreciates his reputation as a bon viveur. His interests extend beyond the church; he is particularly knowledgeable on the subject of Wagner and maintains a regular progress around the art galleries of London

I have great pleasure in awarding John the Cross of St Augustine for, as one of his friends puts it, 'representing the finest and best of rounded Anglicanism'.

Glen D WARD (1940-47)
died suddenly on 18 June 1991, only a few months after retiring from Coutts and Co, the bank with which he had spent all his business life, from the age of 16.

Leaving the School after taking matriculation, Glen's sporting career was only beginning to blossom. Although (after a successful start) the 1st XI was having a poor season, he found that there was no place for a successful 2nd XI opening bat, since the senior side was composed virtually of the same personnel as in 1946. In the circumstances, Glen probably enjoyed his season in a side which won 8, drew 1 and lost only to Merchant Taylors, being awarded his XXII colours and materially assisting Hendersons to reach the final of the House Competition. Apart from being dragooned into running in the junior cross-country race and being promoted to Lance Corporal in the ATC, these appear to have been the unlikely beginnings for an athlete who was destined to play cricket and soccer (including several seasons as captain) for Coutts & Co., hockey for Harrow and rugby for Hastings and Bexhill - and between 1954 and 1961, four games for the OHR17C 'C' XV, during which he scored 4 tries and a dropped goal!

Although Coutts & Co. were a strong club side (three minor county players and another who had played occasionally for the Kent County XI), Glen skippered them on a number of occasions, when the appointed captain was absent. While his elder brother, Desmond, (Old Lyonians & Pinner), managed to avoid playing against Glen (who played some Sunday cricket for Bessborough, at that time, on the circuit), he feels that he may have seen him in action at the top of his bent. This was during Glen's National Service, when he played for the RAPC on the main square at Lords (not the Nursery where such games are now staged) and hit the Cross Arrows for 92, to all parts of the cricketers' Mecca.

Fortunately, the late Donald Blessley (mainly responsible for founding the OHCC, as a wandering side, in the latter part of the 1947 season), was already a senior member of Coutts, when Glen arrived. Accordingly, on Sunday 26 June 1949, the latter found himself

playing for his Old Boys' Club, against OMT at Durrants and being 34 not out when the game was won by 6 wickets. Glen also played against the School and Mill Hill Village, giving himself an average of 56, by being out for 12, in the latter game.

During the next four seasons, he made 17 more appearances for the OHCC, with a top score of 97 not out against Totteridge, when he declared, considering that 206 for 6 was enough for an afternoon game. His judgement was proved right - by 100 runs! By now he was a complete allrounder his right arm medium pace charge bowling earning him 5 for 7 against Pinner, in 1952. With the additional acreage which became available, members of the OHCC laid a square between rugger pitches and 1954 saw the first home game at Boreham Wood. While Glen found the home-made wicket too slow for his style of batting, during his last half-a-dozen seasons, he was persuaded to increase his annual appearances and played a further 59 games for the OHCC, with 14 of them at Borehamwood.

In spite of his dislike for the wicket, he still managed to score two of his ten fifties, during this period, on the home square - which would seem to be par for any course. Nevertheless, he saved his only OHCC century (the club's first) for North Mymms (the side he most wished to beat) in 1955, only for the game to be rained off, with the opposition on 54 for 3, chasing a declared total of 183 for 6! During 1957, when he made 15 appearances, Glen accumulated 483 runs, at an average of 37.15. Appropriately, his last serious game for the club was on 30 August 1959, when he made 58 towards a total of 153 for 5, to beat North Mymms!.

During his OHCC career (which included an appearance in a cricket week at the School in 1978!) Glen made 1,967 runs at an average of 32.78 and took 54 wickets at 16.61 apiece. Certainly, the best all-rounder to have played during the clubs 45 seasons and arguably, the best left-handed bat.

Some OHCC cricket contemporaries last saw Glen at the club dinner in October 1990, when he was his usual quiet self and appeared to be fit and well and looking considerably younger than his approaching three score years. He was already looking forward to his imminent retirement, then some six months ahead - particularly to the cessation of travelling from his home in Westfield, near Hastings, to the City.

These and all others who knew Glen would wish to extend their belated sympathy to Judith, in her grievous and unexpected loss, which has come while their youngest daughter, Jessamy, still at school and their son James, at college. Also to the two married daughters, Amy & Alexandra and to Desmond, who was good enough to save his sister-in-law further grief, by supplying details of Glen's non-OH sporting life.

George RICHARDSON (1937-47)
died in April 1999

He will be remembered for his time at the School where he taught Classics before moving to Wakefield in 1947.

He was born in Darlington in 1910 and at the age of thirteen won a scholarship to Christ's Hospital in Sussex. From there he won a senior scholarship to Lincoln College, Oxford, and after gaining his degree in 1933 he studied for a Diploma in Education where he met a fellow graduate - Ethel who shared each other's lives for the next 66 years, marrying in 1937.

From college George first taught at Kingston Grammar School before moving to Haberdashers' in 1937. During the War years his time was spent in the Royal Artillery on gun sites and in searchlight batteries in various parts of Britain. By 1945, now as a captain there was a transfer to the Army Education Corps before a return to Haberdashers' for a brief spell before the move to Wakefield to join the West Riding Education Department.

His interests away from teaching were in his playing days, football and cricket as well as the theatre, cinema and books and of course his family - his wife, children and grandchildren.

Richard W. M. COOK (1942-47)
died on 8th March 1997, declining rapidly after cancer was diagnosed only two months earlier.



The address below was given at a thanksgiving service for Dick on 17th March 1977.

"We are here today to remember a good friend. Dick has certainly been a good friend to me over many years and particularly in a time of need a few years ago. A number of us here today spent school days with him and many more enjoyed his company as Scouts, Venture Scouts or Rovers, squash, badminton and not least as rugby players (to which I will return).

"I think that his traits of honesty and conscientiousness were outstanding in the profession he chose. He was a public health inspector in Hampstead and subsequently Camden until his first retirement.

"It gave us all a sense of well being to know that some of the more seedy looking establishments in that borough had undergone the Cook inspection.

"It always amused me that when we were in foreign parts after a match against Plymouth, for instance, that Dick stuck to his favourite egg and chips while the rest of us explored the menu.

"Work in those days appeared to be easier and the afternoons were for report writing after putting the world to rights with his colleagues Pete Griffiths and Doug Malcolm in one of the local hostelries. He used his ability and knowledge to help many a builder out of a drainage problem and often had a drawing board on his knee at home.

"The period after the absorption of Hampstead into Camden was not a happy one and probably speeded up his decision to retire from Local Authority work some ten or so years ago. His experience was later put to good use when he was employed by various Housing Associations or Trusts as an advisor to check building quality. It kept his hand in and I have no doubt was really value for money.

"Whilst being gregarious Dick was never one to push himself forward. So how did this man represent the Old Haberdashers on the Middlesex County Rugby Committee for so many years alongside Tony White. He was in fact the O.H. representative from 1980 to 1991. Dick's view of some of the pompous self seeking guys on the committee was very close to that offered by Will Carling on the whole Rugby Union Committee last year. He did not suffer fools gladly but he deserved the post because of his dedication to the game he loved.

"He also worked unreservedly on the O.H. rugby committee where his knowledge alongside that of his schooltime friend Robin Matthew was instrumental in initially saving and then modernising the Clubhouse and its facilities which has extended its life by some thirty years!

"All this committee work was preceded by a glittering playing career in the era when O.H. rugby was at its zenith, 338 games for the 1st XV between 1953 and 1969 against such sides as Plymouth Albion, Pontypridd, Nuneaton, Saracens as well as all the top London Old Boys and Hospitals who at that stage boasted a number of current internationals. He was my mentor or minder on the pitch, whenever I ventured into the three quarter line from full back, Dick covered back. He never missed - Mr. Reliable.

He did not look after me so well off the pitch and it often bought a chortle to him to be reminded that the passenger door of his Morris 8 tourer gave way on one occasion and deposited me on the ground at Kingsbury roundabout. Robin Matthew suffered the same fate and the bolt was changed to a larger one.

Dick was also part of the renowned back row of Kenward, Matthew, Cook which remained together for six years and which incidentally was first formed in 1947 when they played for the School 1st XV One thing that Dick did insist upon was that his initials R.W.M. always appeared on the programme to make his name nearly as long as Robin's and Derek's if they

only had one initial. From blind side wing forward (none of your left and right) Dick was a real specialist. The laws on binding were the same then as they are now but I can visualise Dick now creeping forward along the side of the scrum to get to the most advantageous position. His dummy was renowned, a long sweep of the arms and holding on to the ball just as you thought you had caught it! He bamboozled opponents and colleagues alike. His competitive spirit and enthusiasm was infectious and his desire to talk about the game insatiable.

He scored 63 tries for the 1st XV still the record number tries for the Club by a forward and not far behind the highest aggregate of 100 by Chris Robinson. At his peak in 1969 he scored 13 tries. No wonder he was known as a goal hanger!

"Not content with his input into the top grade O.H. rugby he went on afterwards to play down the Club and be a pivotal member of the 'C' XV apart from scoring many times he helped many to improve their appreciation of the game. Nobbly Tanner tells me that Dick played a recorded total of 899 games for the Club which he admits may be one or two light.

"One day when one of our team swallowed his tongue, the medical training Dick received during National Service enabled him to save what could have been a tragedy.

"Inevitably the body decided that a less physical sport would take over and until mid-way through last year Dick continued to play squash. A weekly meeting with Dai Davies was anticipated with pleasure by both of them. I can imagine the game getting slower but still remaining competitive. Dick also played badminton at the same club as Pat and sometimes with her. His determination to ignore the effects of knees damaged during his long rugby career never ceased to amaze me.

"I have spoken to a number of people who have referred to Dick as a private person. Dick and Pat were a particularly close couple with a very close knit family. Caravanning was probably another vestige of this image as first with family, and later on their own Dick and Pat enjoyed this form of holiday.

"Christine and I with our children spent many happy hours with Pat, Dick, Carol and Janet and this perceived private person image covered a true family man with a good sense of fun and humour.

"Our sympathy goes out to his loving family which now includes Richard, Carol's husband. Dick has been taken away with unseeming haste by this voracious disease. We will all have different memories of him, but to us all he was first and foremost, an honourable man."

P.C.S.

1946

Anthony (Tony) T. White died 23rd December 2018



Tony White was a School Prefect, Captain of Calverts House and C.S.M. in the TTC. He was awarded 1st XV colours in 1945 and 1946. He attended the war-time harvest camps at Seal, Lambourn and Great Strefford.

He joined the OHRFC after completing his National service in the Royal Navy in 1949 playing for the 1st and A XVs. His playing days were cut short by injury but kept his interest by touch judging for the 1st XV. He was Hon. Secretary for 15 years and President in 1970-72. He was President of the OHA in 1981-2. He represented the OHRFC on the Middlesex County RFU Committee from 1972 and was Hon. Treasurer from 1976 to 1991 being elected a Life Vice President in 1989.

After retiring from HM Customs and Excise as a Surveyor in 1988 he moved to Bradford on Avon in 1993.

Tony leaves his wife, Valerie, with whom he celebrated their diamond wedding anniversary in June 2011, and two daughters and six grandchildren. His wife and daughters are Old Haberdashers from the Acton Girls School.

I played rugby for OH from 1968 to 1983 and Tony was a huge part of the club during many of those years both as Secretary and President. To some extent it is only in retrospect that I have appreciated how much he did and how important his contribution was. At the time, and as a young man myself, Tony was at Croxdale Road on a Saturday, gave the referee a well earned drink as he left the field, telephoned the result of the match and often looked worried! As the years have passed, and through my work as a teacher and my continuing attachment to the club, I can fully appreciate what he actually did and understand how crucial it was to the everyday running of the club. Others may have performed with skill on the field, but often fleetingly, whereas Tony was an ever present for so many years and I know that those who are still close to the club today will both remember Tony and appreciate what he did.

I should also praise his vast contribution to the success of the Middlesex Sevens and the Old Boys Tournaments. I first went to the Sevens at Twickenham when I was less than 10 and certainly did not appreciate anything about the behind the scenes involvement of people like Tony. I continued to attend the Sevens for the next 30 years and I would guess that he was involved throughout most of that time. Again it is often in retrospect that the full understanding and appreciation of what he did is evident.

One small incident on Easter Tour again shows the role and importance of men like Tony. I was not playing but watching a tight match against Bridgewater which OH could have won, which did not happen often, if ever, in my experience and I thought that the referee had made a number of decisions which altered the course and result of the match. As the final whistle blew I ventured on to the pitch and started to explain to the referee exactly what I thought about his performance. Very quickly, Tony intervened, led me quietly off the pitch and apologised o the referee.

Players come and go, but rugby clubs like Old Haberdashers simply would not exist without people like Tony White.

Roger Walters

John Coggins - 1928 - 17th May 2015



John had been suffering from lung trouble for some time and died on 17 May. He started his education at Bristol Grammar School and joined Haberdashers at Westbere Road, when the family moved to Hendon in 1942.

He went on to become totally involved in school activities and apart from doing well academically he became a prefect and was successful in the JTC. He played rugby for the first XV and as was the public service custom in those days went to harvest camp. Finally he passed the Higher School Inter BSc exam for London University.

On leaving the school in 1946 he took the Civil Service open examination for the Executive Grade where he was very highly placed. Before being conscripted into the army John spent

time in the Export Credits Guarantee Department of the Board of Trade. He had decided not to follow his success in the Inter BSc exam by completing his degree at University and went on to complete his conscription in the army to serve in the 14/20th King's Hussars.

On demobilisation he married Muriel and continued his career in the ECGD. Meanwhile he studied to complete his degree by correspondence. The department underwrites exports and during his career he visited several countries including Jugoslavia and South Korea. After his service he played rugby regularly for the Old Haberdashers' first XV and went on several Easter Tours.

In 1980 his office decentralised from the City of London to the City of Cardiff when John and his family moved to St Hilary, a small village outside the city. Here the family happily settled down enjoying the advantages of rural life and where he eventually retired. He is survived by Muriel, two daughters a grand daughter and two great grandchildren.

Peter J Stevenson (1939 - 46)



Peter died on Friday 5th October 2012 at 4.55am.

Peter made a huge contribution to the Old Haberdashers - especially to the Rugby Club, he made 406 appearances for the 1st XV, the fourth highest number achieved by any Old Haberdasher, behind Randal Whittaker, Nigel Fuller and his son Alun.

Peter was President of the OHA and of the Rugby Club, he also served the OHA in many roles and was a great supporter of our events and events at the School.

The following OH were at Peter's funeral -

Jon Corrall, Philip Alterman, David Heasman, John Lidington, John Egan, Rodney & Gill Jakeman, David & Pat James, Harold Couch, Mark Rawlinson, Ian McCarthy, Eric Escoffey, John Parker, David Brown, Ian Smart, Keith Smart, Dai Davies, Tony Alexander, Graham Macfarlane, Mike Subert, Peter & Patricia Vacher, Nick Cooper (Old Whitgiftians).

Peter Stevenson Eulogy – Rev Roger Dunlop

Peter was born on 26th April 1928 to Frederick & Edith Stevenson. He had an older brother, Ron, and their first home was 6, St. Leonards Street, in Westminster. Sadly his father died

whilst he was on military service. He was baptised on June 3rd 1928 in St John's Church in south west London.

In 1935 the family moved to Hendon and Peter's reports from Colindale Junior School show that he made *'steady improvement'* in maths and languages in particular – he became 1st in his class of 48 pupils. He moved on to Haberdashers' Aske's, in Hampstead where he was to become a School prefect, Rugby captain, and also enjoyed cricket and boxing.

He began his National Service in 1947 in the Middlesex Regiment but was transferred to the Royal Horseguards in Germany primarily to play for their rugby team!

He met Gwyneth at a rugby match at Twickenham and they married here in June 1952, Peter moving to Northwood. We give especial thanks today for their 4 children: Alun (1955), Hugh (1957), Jackie (1958) and Jane (1960) & for his 8 grandchildren: Gordon, Andrew, Helena; Rachel, William; Filippo, Daniella & Marco. He loved his family and was very proud of them all and what they achieved over the years. He was always interested in the grandchildren and how their lives were developing.

Following his sadness at Gwyneth's departure he subsequently met and fell in love with Janet who he met through this church and in December 1993 they were married here. With marriage to Janet his immediate family grew with her 2 sons, Paul & Gary and their 2 children (Ben & Madeleine). He found much love and happiness with Janet, and was able to continue his travels with a companion much to his delight.

Peter's first job was with Colemans as a heating representative travelling all around the country. He preferred to avoid heavy traffic and motorways and loved to explore country lanes. On family trips he would say:- *'All roads lead to Rome'*, and he delighted in taking the scenic route down lanes with grass growing in the middle of them. Sometimes he had an idea of where he would be, sometimes not. But it wasn't easy to tell. And 40 minutes later would proclaim, '*There you are'*, as if success had never been an issue. But it all knitted together and he had an amazing knowledge of roads and directions.

He studied to become a Company Secretary in a Chartered Company, and he gained his Chartered Institute status in 1957. By the early'80s he was working for GKN, based in Ealing, as an Export Manager.

Peter loved hymns and the Bible. Songs of Praise was a must every Sunday. He was tremendously involved in the life of this church, most recently including serving as Christian Aid rep. With his family Peter benefitted from many of the church activities and groups including Sunday school, Youth & Senior Fellowships, and Tennis. He was an integral part of many of these.

Then of course was the Scouts: always an important part of his life from his time with the 24th Hendon during the war, and including joining a German Scout group at the 1st opportunity during his National Service. He was an Asst Scout Master before coming to Northwood and on moving here he was a Senior Scout Leader, an Instructor, Asst Group Leader, Group Scout Leader, and an Executive Committee member for many years. He was awarded the Silver Acorn (for 25 years service) and the Long service bar.

There were jumble sales, gang shows, jamborees. The annual Scout jumble sale and the two yearly Scout gang show became firm favourites with the whole family despite the embarrassment of seeing Dad dressed as a Fairy or Jemima puddle duck! He was also the Genii of the lamp in a church drama group panto of Aladdin (the bath had a continuous green line around it for weeks!) & he was chosen to narrate the Church production of 'The Fall of Man' due to his clear voice. His performance of "Winkles" (an old East End lament) became a firm favourite around the campfire at summer camp – limited to one performance per annum to keep his blood pressure in check! He was known as "Pete Steve" to his Scouts. & 'Stodge' to some!

Peter obviously loved sports - all sports - and was good at many of them, he swam in scout swimming gala's and was great at butterfly. He took the children to the Haberdashers swimming pool at weekends and taught them to swim. He would go into the sea on holidays and enjoyed the waves as much as his children – one family memory is of almost being washed away by a massive wave in Cornwall on holiday one year even though Peter was holding onto them for dear life!

Peter of course loved rugby and passed that love onto Alun & Huw. We'll hear more about all that shortly.

There were good family holidays including an annual family to Southport for a national Methodist holiday. He thoroughly enjoyed walking holidays with his friends eg along the Pennine Way.

Peter threw himself into charitable work: he was devoted to generating aid and support to many charities around the world. The chosen charity for donations is Sudbury Neighbourhood Centre where Peter was a stalwart and driver. In September 1986 he was taking passengers home when flames leapt from the engine into the bus. Peter stopped and immediately jumped out to free his frail passengers – all confined by seatbelts or wheelchairs. He managed to free all 10 passengers and received several awards including The Royal Humane Society's Silver Medal and The Home Office Commendation for Brave Conduct.

He got involved with any charity that took his interest and found ways of raising money for them such as persuading pubs to run raffles for Easter Eggs that he had got from

manufacturers. Other methods included auctions, raffles, quiz's, jumble sales, and dressing as Father Christmas. All involved him going somewhere and making it work. Recently he had become very keen on 'The Kids for Kids' programme - the organisation created to help children struggling to survive in remote villages in Darfur, Sudan.

Despite his own failing health the wellbeing of others was usually uppermost in his mind with never any complaint about his own condition. Peter & Janet (& Jane) were very regular visitors to the Dunstable area (no short round trip from Eastcote) to care for his older brother Ron who was suffering with Alzheimer's.

Indeed throughout his life he had always made the effort to keep in touch with friends and relations and visited people all round the country – always dropping in for a cup of tea. Of course that was especially true of his children with visits to Jackie in Holland or Somerset and so forth. He made a point of taking time to go and watch whatever their activities were: Jackie playing handball, Alun & Huw's rugby etc etc

He was happy to help in whatever way he could, for example he once arrived at Huw's to wallpaper in Wimbledon Park just as Huw were heading to Marlow for Sunday lunch. The papering was all done by the time Huw returned! He never said no when he was asked for lifts, including a 3am trip to Heathrow for one of Jane's friends, and he frequently took Jane to work. He was so very proud of the fact that she was a nurse, and much to her embarrassment would often introduce her to everyone including doctors as, *'my daughter Jane, she's a nurse'*. He was always so polite to nurses and doctors, even though he often didn't hear or understand them and you knew things were bad if any negative comments were made about anyone.

Other family memories include of finding Peter asleep in the car outside the family home with the radio playing away at full volume, since he had returned from work and wanted to catch the end of the radio programme! Sometimes he appeared to be almost asleep when driving the children on holidays and so they used to sing camp songs and chat to him to keep him awake. On occasions they would even pour cold water on his head if they thought he was beginning to doze! On drives through the country, passing some part of the farming world with a rich pungent odour in the air, he would take a deep breath and say, '*Aaaah. Lovely fresh air.'*

He loved liquorice (cuttings and Pontefract cakes) and it became obligatory to give him some for birthdays and Christmas. He also loved to make Brawn and some of you will remember the horrible smell as he cooked a pig's head for hours on the stove!

He would be shy of being publicly remembered for anything - but his belief was that someone who contributes something, in any area, should be thanked and not taken for granted, and your presence today shows your love and gratitude for Peter. This gentle,

caring, polite man who displayed strength of mind, humility and consistency without arrogance or malice. With his jolly, bubbly personality, his wonderful smile and his deep interest in you and the friends and family you shared in common. A tremendous role model who will be very much missed by us all.

I rather like that image of Peter, when driving, enjoying taking the scenic route – down roads with grass growing in the middle of them – that for someone who managed to squeeze so much into his life. For someone with so many interests and activities and passions you might have expected him to be dashing from one thing to another via the shortest route or the most efficient way of accomplishing something. But no. He took time to take the scenic route. He took time for his family & friends. There wasn't the rush. He was simply lovely to be with.

Peter chose the Gospel reading we heard today to be read at his brother Ron's funeral earlier in the year. Jesus taking time just before his arrest to reassure his friends that the journey on which he was set would lead to the best for them. He would prepare a comfortable place where they could be secure. He would give them his peace – his wholeness – fulfilment in their lives.

So with deep thankfulness for Peter we entrust him today to that peace – that wholeness – that fulfilment.

Tribute to Peter Stevenson by Peter Vacher - transcript of the tribute given at Peter's funeral

I feel very honoured to have been asked to say a few words about Peter's life-long involvement with the Old Haberdashers and I do this on behalf of all OH friends, many of them here today. For those not in the know, we are the former pupils of Haberdashers' Aske's school, once located in Hampstead and now in Elstree. Peter attended the school when it was in Hampstead and left in 1946 after what must have been a pretty eventful period in the school's history. Having already proved his worth as a rugby player at school, it was only natural that he should make for the old boys rugby club soon after leaving, making his first XV debut in the second row against Weston Super Mare on the 1946 Easter tour. And they lost!

With National Service out of the way, Peter consolidated his place in the club first team in the 1948-49 season with 31 appearances, becoming a powerful presence in an excellent 1st XV, travelling the country and playing some of the best clubs around. He eventually made a breath-taking total of 406 appearances for the 1st XV over a 25-year period, his final call to the colours coming in March 1971. Only three other OH players have overtaken him, namely the late Nigel Fuller, the still-active Randal Whittaker and rather significantly, Peter's son Alun. In his final playing years, Peter turned out for lower sides too including our second

or A team when I was the acting captain. I should add that in the few games we played together, I was usually hooking (that for the uninitiated is the position in the middle of the front row of the scrum) and I can tell you that binding onto his substantial frame was quite a challenge in itself.

Peter was made President of the Rugby Club in 1985, having already served as President of our parent Association in 1979 and retained an unswerving devotion to the old boys to the end of his life, becoming a cheerful presence on the touchline, keen to follow his beloved OH rugby club's progress, and regularly fund-raising for us while participating in our many and varied activities including the regular lunches we hold for retired members.

Above all it was rugby at its free-flowing best that delighted him, whether at club or international level and he remained a rugby man through and through, enjoying the company of other rugby people, passing on the special rugby gene to his two sons, both of whom had distinguished playing careers themselves, Huw in gaining a rugby blue at Cambridge, a feat repeated by his son Andrew, and Alun with the OH and later as captain of CLOB, again much supported by his father. I gather the three of them even played in the same team on one very special occasion in 1971.

How to sum up Peter? Another OH contemporary Tony White, said of him, "There was nothing he wouldn't do for you. He was the kindest of men." And so he was but he was also one heck of rugby player, a gentle giant as the cliché has it, powerful but benign, a firm friend to many and a marvellous adornment to our club and Association. I count it a privilege to have known him.

Rest in Peace, Peter.

Peter Stevenson Tribute by David Diggens - transcript of the tribute given at Peter's funeral

When Alun asked if I would say something today about Peter, with an especial focus on his charitable work, I knew that I had a problem. The extent of Peter's charitable work is both legion and legendary. His commitment knew no bounds and I could only scratch the surface of a lifetime of helping others. That is what Peter stood for, believed in and committed to.

On the night of Sunday 23 November 1980 Southern Italy was rocked by an earthquake of 7.2 magnitude. The resultant damage was massive and widespread. Some 2735 people died and over 300,000 people in 679 towns and villages were left homeless.

The events of that Sunday gave Peter a perfect opportunity to exploit his talents. Peter wanted to help and he did!

Over the following weeks, whilst most people were focused on the festive season, Peter raised sufficient funds to purchase a four berth caravan from a member of the congregation here in Northwood and set about obtaining the necessary papers to enable it to be exported to Italy. He negotiated hugely preferential rates with the ferry company for the channel crossing and secured the most generous loan from a member of this congregation of a car equipped with all that was necessary to tow a caravan of that size to Southern Italy.

Peter was of course in his element. No task was too onerous and no obstacle too large and as Christmas drew near the only problem on the snow covered horizon was getting the caravan to the earthquake damaged hill town of Potenza 1300 miles away.

I was privileged to be asked by Peter to join with him and Malcolm Gaudie in making the long drive and on the evening of Tuesday 30 December 1980 we left for Dover but, I may say, not before Peter had relieved well heeled diners and the proprietor of the Martini Restaurant of a substantial contribution towards the relief fund along with a tray of assorted pizza for the journey!

On route, we gate crashed Old Haberdasher Roger Leverton's sumptuous New Years Eve party in Lyon, sleeping on the floor of his house and departing, somewhat the worse for wear, in thick snow in the early morning of New Years Day.

We slept in the caravan thereafter. It was bitterly cold. For the most part we ate in service stations and didn't wash! We managed an hour in snow covered Florence and enjoyed lunch and the warmth of a roaring wood fire in the trattoria of our choice.

Within 72 hours of leaving Northwood we were reporting to the operations centre in Rome and receiving instructions for the final leg of the journey beyond Naples. There had been problems with the hijacking of relief supplies and we were offered the opportunity to leave the caravan in Rome, from where it would be taken on to the disaster area by the military.

It was never Peter's nature to give up and after coming so far he wasn't going to be thwarted by the possibility of a confrontation with those who were seeking to hijack the relief operation. In no time at all we were on our way, heading south.

Naples in the early morning rush hour was safely negotiated and beyond Salerno it was simply a case of turning left and making the long slow climb up into the devastated mountain region. In the weeks that had passed since the earthquake almost no repair work appeared to have been undertaken and there was damage everywhere. Roads were closed and diversions were numerous.

Suffice it to say, we arrived in Potenza without mishap on Saturday 3 January 1981 to receive a rapturous welcome from the priest in charge of the relief operation and were

directed to the sports field below the town were a temporary camp had· been set up. After briefly looking around the ravaged town we began the somewhat easier return journey knowing Peter's commitment had ensured that one more family would have shelter through the bitterly cold winter months that were to follow.

I cherish the opportunity that Peter's commitment gave me to participate in taking that caravan to Italy. I was merely a bit player in his act of great charity and I thank him most sincerely for the chance it gave me and the memories I still retain.

lt is over 40 years since I first met Peter, here at Northwood Methodist Church. In that time he has been a true friend and a delightful, generous companion on so many occasions. I shall miss him greatly.

Alan D. SPORES (1939 - 46)
died peacefully at his home in Worplesdon on 4th May 2001, aged 73 after a long and painful fight against cancer.

His time at Haberdashers spanned the war years, whilst living in Colindale next door to Peter Stevenson. He was a School Prefect, House Captain of Joblings and Flight Sergeant in the A.T.C. On the sports field he won his Rugby 1st XV colours and played for the Cricket 2nd XI. Extra-curricular activities could be listed as ‘fire-watching’ and harvest camps in Kent and Berkshire.

On leaving school in 1946, Alan served his National Service in the Army Intelligence Corps and then went up to Selwyn College, Cambridge, where he read History and Law, obtaining a BA Honours Degree.

He joined O.H.R.F.C. but his playing days were cut short by a knee injury, which led him to take up refereeing with the London Society of R.F.U. Referees but his knee finally gave out and he had to become a spectator.

Whilst at Cambridge he met Marion (nee Taylor), who was a physiotherapist at Addenbrookes Hospital, and they were married in Streatham in February 1953. Their first home was a flat in Dulwich and they then moved to Hampton, Sunbury and finally Worplesdon.

Alan joined Borthwicks in the City for a brief period, leaving to join his father in a menswear wholesale business in a basement office in Whitehall. The business expanded into the retail side with the opening (and occasional closing) of a series of menswear shops in West London and Surrey from Hatch End in the north to Reigate in the south. In 1978 an old-fashioned store was acquired in Sidmouth, Devon, and a year later a similar one in

Axminster. With foresight and hard work by Alan the Sidmouth store has been modernised to become a miniature Harrods. The business is now managed by his son and son-in-law.

Whilst living in Sunbury, Alan was an active member of Sunbury Round Table, becoming Chairman in 1966/7. He served for many years as a J.P. and Chairman of the magistrates' bench at Hounslow. He was a former Chairman of the Menswear Association of Great Britain and a Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Fanmakers, and a Freeman of the City of London.

Alan is survived by his wife, his son Tim, daughters Penny and Kate and grandchildren Hannah and Christopher. The sympathy of all his O.H. friends is extended to them all. Alan loved his family, and they in turn loved and respected him. He was a true family man and a very good friend.

Eric Escoffey, Bernard Katz, Peter Stevenson and Tony White were present at an 'At Home' with his family and friends to commemorate Alan's life. He is sorely missed.

Professor Paul Freeling
was born on August 5, 1928. He died on September 13, 2002, aged 74.

"Professor of general practice who transformed medical training and did much to improve the treatment of depression

PAUL FREELING was one of a handful of doctors who revolutionised general practice in this country in the second half of the 20th century. They transformed it from a hands-on-stethoscope art, picked up on the job, into an academic discipline. Freeling was one of the first to be appointed to a chair in general practice at St George's Hospital Medical School, Tooting, and the pioneering courses he ran for the Royal College of General Practitioners in the mid-1970s have set standards that continue to this day.

Because of his concern for patients, Freeling remained a partner in a general practice in tandem with his academic and public work. Through his research, teaching and consulting-room work, he profoundly changed the profession's attitude to the treatment in the community of depressive illness. He doggedly fought for early recognition of depression by GPs and in the 1990s was a key member of the Defeat Depression campaign run jointly by the Royal Colleges of Psychiatrists and General Practitioners.

Freeling brought to all his work a sharp and searching intellect as well as great human warmth. He came from a cultured immigrant family in northwest London whose priority was education. He won a scholarship to Haberdashers' Aske's School and continued the prize-winning pattern he established there with an open entrance scholarship to St Mary's Hospital Medical School, and with later prizes in physiology and pharmacology.

Shortly after qualifying, he joined the RAF during the final years of National Service, He spent three years with the RAF, mostly in Egypt and Kenya.

Finding a junior partnership in a general practice on his return proved difficult. The team he finally joined had as its senior partner Max Clyne, who had strong links both with London University and with the Tavistock Clinic. Freeling attended university research seminars in the psychological aspects of general practice and joined an innovative group studying the training of GPs at the Tavistock Clinic.

The turning point for him, and for general practice, came with a book he wrote with Or Kevin Browne, a member of the group, The Doctor-Patient Relationship (1967). This was followed five years later by The Future General Practitioner, which was published by the Royal College of General Practioners and to which Freeling was one of six contributors. It attracted huge notice internationally as well as throughout the British medical establishment.

As a follow-up, the Royal College put Freeling in charge of its Nuffield GP training courses. Today these are recognised as having transformed not only the training but the entire culture of general practice in this country. Many who attended these courses described them as watershed experiences. "It soon became recognised that to take part in a training seminar led by Paul Freeling was to enter a bullring," recalled Professor Marshall Marinker. "Paul would soon let you know whether and when you were to be one of the banderilleros and when the bull. Paul was always the matador." The warmth of Freeling's personality shone through all the rigours of his training, and he became a lifelong mentor to many of his peers.

In academia he already was senior lecturer in general practice at King's College Hospital. In 1976 he transferred to St George's Hospital Medical School, where he became the Foundation Professor of General Practice in 1985.

One more challenge now faced him - to make general practice not only a teaching but a research subject. A stream of outstanding papers from him and his colleagues helped to establish general practice as a full academic subject. The fact that he kept a base in a Wandsworth consulting room led him to challenge old orthodoxies, especially on the treatment of depression.

In his attitude to peers and patients, he followed the advice he had given his daughter when he told her she could be "the sort of person whom nobody will dislike and nobody remember. Or you can be disliked by some and loved by others." Freeling was loved by many because he was a team player as well as his own man. It showed in his sports - he boxed for St Mary's Hospital, captained rugby teams in the RAF, and won a bridge cup for London University.

His skill as a team player showed also in the number of committees and task forces on which he was asked to serve. He was a visiting professor or lecturer in Leeds and Nottingham, in Brisbane in Australia, Tel Aviv and at several universities in the United States.

Freeling was appointed OBE in 1981, the Royal College of General Practitioners honoured him with its Foundation Council Award in 1992 and bestowed on him its President's Medal shortly before his death.

He married Shirley Stanley in 1953 and is survived by her, a son and daughter."

Taken from The Times 25th September 2002

1945

Geoff Hickman Died 7th July 2022. Please see Staff Obituaries

Neil Forsyth. Died 25th July 2021



Eulogy given by Neil Forsyth's three children

Wednesday 18th August 2021 at St John The Baptist Church, Chipping Barnet

Clare

Dad's first piece of advice for anyone who was standing up to speak was keep it short and include some long words like 'marmalade'. So, we have tried to follow his advice as we share some of our favourite memories of him today. The only requests he gave for his

funeral were that we should sing ‘Lead us Heavenly Father lead us’ and not talk about him. Sorry, Daddy, but we will sing your hymn.

As this hymn suggests, at Dad’s core was his belief in the Lord, it underpinned everything that he did and all he stood for. We were aware of his quiet, deep faith when we were young but it became more evident as he got older and, just a few weeks before he died, he assured three of his grandsons that “better things are to come”.

We’ve found comfort in all the stories that you’ve shared with us as they highlight his integrity, humour and friendship as well as the mischievous twinkle in his eye. His affection for family and friends was usually marked with a nick name such as the one given to his great friend David James (‘47) who suddenly became ‘Pendergast’ on a skiing holiday when Daddy was introducing him to a group of girls.

Helen

In the 50’s & early 60’s Neil was busy working hard at John I Jacobs the Shipbrokers, playing rugby for the Old Haberdashers, helping at Crusaders, a Christian organisation for boys and sharing a flat with his good friend, Prendergast. At work he met our lovely mother, Elizabeth. They tried to keep the romance quiet, but Dad’s colleague & friend, Bill Williams, realised something was a-foot when Daddy started slinking off early to take Elizabeth out. They married in 1964 and together created a loving, happy home for us all. They were a marvelous team. We feel so blessed and so grateful to have had such wonderfully loving, giving and good-humoured parents.

In the mid 80’s Dad retired and Dad was over the moon to become a grandfather. The grandchildren were especially precious, after the sadness of losing his dear wife and our mother, Elizabeth, when she was only 51.

In the last few years, things slowed down and visitors to Buckers will have met Faith who provided wonderful care for Dad. It didn’t take long for him to nickname Faith ‘Nanny’ and we are so grateful that, with her expert support, he was able to stay in his own home until the end. Faith has been a real blessing.

Although work, sport, his garden and Old Haberdashers were important to Dad, his family, friends and (his) faith were closest to his heart. He made us laugh, he was unflappable, a constant, steady and loving presence in our lives and of course he was our hero.

Stuart

Dad was born in Hendon, in 1927, a brother for Wolly. The family moved to Liverpool during the war so that Grandfather Joseph , a marine engineer, could assist with the vital Atlantic convoys.

Dad was quick to slot into scouse life and I loved hearing his stories from that time. One of my favourites was how he & some friends distracted a member of the home guard whilst other scallywags helped themselves to ammunition from a spitfire which had crashed on the banks of the Mersey. Dad then worked out how to get the rounds to fire without a gun. He

tied a piece of string to the bullet end of the shell and threw them in the air allowing the shell case to land hard on the ground each time and go off. This occupied them for hours. Not one to try at home!

He had further tales of mischief during the war. On returning to London Dad attended Haberdasher's. During his Latin School Certificate paper there were a total of 7 air raids. This enabled him to liaise with the Classics scholar in a dark corner of the air raid shelter which proved very fruitful and I think he got a credit in this exam!

On leaving school he trained in the Fleet Air Arm on the Swordfish torpedo bomber. Dad found that he suffered the most appalling motion sickness in a small plane, fortunately, this training course was cut short allowing him to transfer to the Navy where he trained as a Radar expert. Dad completed his training at the end of the war, and I think he was rather frustrated at not being able to do his bit for the effort.

After demob he declined a place at Oxford – presumably because he could not rely on the Classics scholar to assist with tricky exams! Instead he started working as a junior shipbroker at Jacobs in the city. He remained there for some 40 years and had worked his way up to main board by the time he retired. Dad and I had a mutual client in the shipping world who was sent to Jacobs to learn broking under Dad's wing. He now owns one of the world's largest shipping fleets. I will quote his words about Dad.

'(Neil's) calmness and quiet steeliness impressed me, particularly when combined with his perfect manners, kindness and generosity. It was a perfect example of how determined business can be conducted very effectively with charm and principles'.I think this sums him up beautifully.

As Helen has mentioned, the Old Haberdashers was very important to Dad and he relished supporting them from playing rugby to becoming Old Haberdashers Association President ('88/'89). When I played for the Old Haileyburians against the Old Habs, Dad would come and watch and when I asked Him where his loyalty lay, he tactfully responded with the line – Well, with the OHs, obviously!

It is impossible to distill the essence of the most significant parts of someone's life into a brief tribute – especially 94 well packed years. I hope we can all enjoy sharing further stories in Church House after the service.

For me, I will always remember my Dad being the kindest, most supportive and caring father.

Editor: P John Egan ('56), Paul Eisenegger ('58), J Bill Felton ('56), C Rodney B Jakeman ('61)attended.

Thank you too to the Family for allowing us to print the above extracts from their combined Eulogy.

Roy Lidington

Died 15th March 2021

Roy was born on St, George's Day, 23rd April 1928 at Finchley in N.W. London.

Soon after his birth, his parents, Norman and Grace, bought a 3 bedroom,

semi-detached house in Edgwarebury Gardens and it was there that he and his

brother, John, lived for the early part of their lives.

Roy attended Edgware Infants and Junior Schools and, in 1939, he won a

scholarship and free place to the haberdashers' Aske's School which at that time was situated at Hampstead. Towards the end of 1939, soon after the outbreak of the Second World war, both he and John were evacuated to Beaumaris in Anglesey to avoid the London blitz - they were away from home for just over a year, living with their widowed grandmother, at first in a mansion named Brynhyfred, where an uncle and aunt ran a strange religious community and, later, in a house of a former mayor of Beaumaris, Mr Roberts, whose lovely terrace house overlooked the Menai Straits with distant views of the Snowden mountain range and the Great Orme at Llandudno. Roy attended Beaumaris Secondary School for one term and then transferred to Friars Grammar School in Bangor which involved a journey of 6 miles, often by bike, alongside the Menai Straits and over the Menai Bridge.

Early in 1941, Roy and John returned to live in Edgware for the remainder of the war, sleeping in a Morrison shelter in the living room and, in the mornings, often picking-up shrapnel from anti-aircraft shells and, occasionally, listening with apprehension to the frightening sound of German 'doodle-bugs' and rockets which sometimes exploded within a mile or two of the house but , fortunately, never really close by.

Roy continued his education at Haberdashers' and, in 1943, was successful in the

Matriculation and School Certificate examinations and then, two years later, he passed the Higher Schools exam with Honours. His parents could not afford to send him to university and there were very few scholarships available at that time so, having been rejected for National Service, due to asthma and a suspect spine, he had to seek some form of useful employment. He had always had a fascination and interest in maps and building plans and, quite fortuitously, in 1945, his mother spotted an advertisement in 'The Times' by a firm of surveyors, auctioneers and estate agents who were seeking a school leaver to serve articles for a period of 3 years and to study for the professional examinations.

So it was that, on the 20th September 1945, Roy arrived at the offices of Messrs Britton, Poole and Brown on Wellington Road, St Johns Wood - right opposite Lord's Cricket Ground - to begin his apprenticeship. On that very same day, an attractive, slim, dark-haired girl of 15, by the name of Rosa Thorn, also started work in that office as a switchboard operator and filing clerk. It was far from love at first sight! Roy did not even ask her out for a date for nearly 12 months and it was not until Rosa left the St Johns Wood office to work at Hoare's Bank, in Fleet Street, that the relationship really blossomed. Roy eventually proposed to Rosa in St James' Park one glorious sunny evening, after a theatre outing, and they were married at St James Church, Edgware in March 1953.

Married life began in a top floor flat of a Victorian house in Christchurch Road, Streatham Hill but Roy was still having to spend a great deal of time studying for the professional examinations of the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors, the

Chartered Auctioneers and Estate Agents Institute and, in the 1960's, the Chartered Land Agents Society, eventually becoming a Fellow of all three professional organisations.

Roy and Rosa's first son, David, was born in 1956 and, two years later, just before

their second son, Peter, was due to be born, they bought a house in Northwood on the NW outskirts of London. Then, in 1961, their third son, Tony, was born.

Having finished his apprenticeship in 1948, Roy began working as a junior surveyor in the County Valuer's Department of the Middlesex County Council - he was to remain in local government service for the rest of his working life. Over the years, he progressed up the ranks in the Department and, by the time that the Middlesex County Council was abolished in 1965, he was the County's Deputy Estates Manager. On transferring to the newly created GLC in 1966, he became Principal Land Agent and , by the end of his professional career, in 1983, he enjoyed the grand title of Assistant Director of Recreation and the Arts with a supporting staff of over 500 officers.

Roy's experience and expertise were exceptional and far-reaching in terms of property management. His responsibilities extended from managing over 20,000 acres of Green Belt land around London (including 49 farms, 105 smallholdings, 14 golf courses, several mansions, extensive woodlands, lakes and sand and gravel pits); to the daily operation of all the landing piers on the River Thames from Tower Bridge to Richmond; to the South Bank Arts Complex and countless public open spaces in London. He loved his work, especially that involving agricultural estate management. He often related his most satisfying and rewarding achievements as being responsible for the first farm open days on land in public ownership and the establishment of a Farm Interpretation Centre at Park Lodge Farm, Harefield which included a rotary milking parlour, with viewing gallery and a herd of 150 Friesian cows, where schoolchildren from deprived inner city areas of London, such as

Poplar, Tower Hamlets and Whitechapel, were brought to see for themselves, often for the first time in their lives, real farm animals, farm machinery and the countryside.

The Centre continues to this day. Roy retired from public service in 1983 and his retirement party was attended by over 60 farmers and smallholders.

Roy was always interested and involved in sport. Encouraged by his father, he concentrated on cricket and, for 3 years, was in the Haberdashers' School 1st Xl as an opening batsman and occasional off-spinner. Soon after leaving school, he became an active member of OHCC and played regularly for over 25 years and, mostly in the 1st Xl. He made 179 appearances for the 1st team, scoring 1760 runs, taking 58 wickets and 41 catches, mainly in the slips. He became an active member of the cricket committee, was Fixture Secretary for a number of years and went on to become President between 1975 and 1977. He was particularly proud to be President in 1977 when Peter was captain of the School 1st Xl - a 'double-act' that had not been achieved before then nor since. He took up golf in 1966 as a member of Pinner Hill and, later, he joined Enfield and, for a short period, Lyme Regis Golf Clubs. He was also President of the GLC Golfing Society for 2 years.

After retirement, Roy and Rosa moved to Dorset, in 1986, and settled in Rectory Cottage in the village of Symondsbury. In 1993, having been forced to give up playing golf due to back problems, Roy decided to try his hand at bowls and, very quickly, he became a keen member of both the indoor and outdoor bowling clubs in Bridport. The highlight of his bowls career was in the millennium year, 2000 - he was men's captain and the club were winners of the Ist Division County League title as well as winners of the South Dorset President's Cup. In addition, he was one of the team which won the County Fours Competition, thereby qualifying to play in the National Championships at Worthing. Of special significance too, in that same year, was the fact that, at the age of 72, he won his first club competition, the Junior Cup, having been a losing finalist on 18 occasions in various competitions during the previous 7 years! After 2 years as men's captain, he became Bridport Bowling Club President in 2002 and he felt greatly honoured when elected a Life Member in 2014.

He also represented the Dorset Men's County bowls team on 46 occasions, the last time being in 2017 when he was 89 years old - which might be some sort of record in itself! Finally, in his later bowling years, he became a highly respected umpire in the West Dorset area.

Roy and Rosa were married for 66 years, celebrating their Diamond Wedding Anniversary in 2013 and Roy never ceased to be grateful for the love, help and support Rosa always gave him. He was especially indebted to Rosa for her part in bearing and raising 3 sons of whom they were immensely proud. On several occasions, Roy recounted that some of the most memorable events in his life were associated with his sons - listening to the maiden speech of his oldest son, David from the public gallery of the House of Commons; watching his

second son, Peter, scoring fifties and centuries for the Haberdashers' School 1st Xl and for OHCC; and being in the audience on the first night of theatrical performances by his youngest son, Tony, particularly the premiere of his one-man production of 'Grimaldi' at Richmond in Yorkshire.

Roy was a dedicated Christian. In his early years, he accompanied his parents to the City Temple Church and to Westminster Chapel in London. In Symondsbury, he regularly attended services in the church of St John the Baptist; for a short time, he served on the PCC and ,for 10 years, he undertook all the maintenance of the churchyard - a task he thoroughly enjoyed in addition to the endless care he gave to his own cottage garden which was always much admired.

Roy enjoyed life to the full, made many friends and will be remembered as a person of quiet determination and good humour; a man who hoped that by his example, he could demonstrate the practical and spiritual benefits of a Christian faith; a man immensely proud of his loving wife, Rosa, and his family - he was a wonderful father and grandfather. He will be greatly missed by all who knew him.

(adapted from the eulogy given at Roy's funeral on 8th April 2021 - largely written by Roy himself)

Died 24th August 2019



Rex Harris was born on 29 April 1927 in London and from Hampstead Garden Suburb Primary School obtained a scholarship to Haberdashers in 1938.

In 1940 he was evacuated to Dorset and attended Bridport Grammar School, where he stayed for two years until he matriculated. He returned to Haberdashers in 1942, where in his last year at School (1944-1945) he was School Captain at Chase Lodge, Mill Hill. He was also a member of "the fire-watching elite" at Westbere Road.

Rex was a keen sportsman and played Rugby for the 1st XV, captained the 2nd X1 Cricket team in an unbeaten run of two years, and represented the School at the Public Schools

Cross Country running event at Blackheath. He also attended the summer working camps at Seal and Lambourn during the last years of the war and was a Sergeant in the JTC.

His National Service was spent in the Army Intelligence Corps, where he learnt Russian. He went on to study Modern Languages and Economics at Caius College Cambridge and it was at a dance there attended by Old Haberdasher undergraduates that he met his future wife Lavinia (née Dalby). Rex and Lavinia married in Cambridge and recently celebrated their 69th year wedding anniversary.

On leaving Caius College, Rex joined J. Lyons & Co as a management trainee, working in various parts of the UK, before returning to London as Chief Executive of their Bread Bakery Division, which later merged with Spillers to form Spillers-French Baking Ltd. When Spillers closed down its Baking Company, Rex joined Grand Metropolitan's Contract Services Division as Executive Development Manager, running management programmes both in the UK and in the Middle East.

In 1985 he set up his own highly successful training and management development consultancy.

Following retirement in 1996, Rex greatly enjoyed reunions at The Clubhouse with fellow Old Haberdashers and with his three sons, Christopher (1971), Keith (1974) and Neil (1979), where they usually provided the largest family contingent of Old Haberdashers at the Fathers & Sons Dinners. Christopher is married to Carol, the daughter of another Old Haberdasher, Ian Stuart-Kregor whose son Paul (1972) is also an Old Haberdasher.

Ever since his latter years at school, Rex was very keen on jazz and swing music, giving talks to the School Music Society on the subject. This interest was taken up again in retirement, when Rex presented many illustrated talks and recitals to a number of Big Band Societies, going on to form The Woburn Sands Big Band Society when he was 80.

Rex passed away peacefully on 24th August after two years of ill health and is survived by his wife Lavinia who lives in Woburn Sands, Buckinghamshire and his three sons.

Sir Dennis Landau

Died 27th October 2018



Lancashire Cricket is deeply saddened to hear that former President, Honorary Treasurer and current Vice President, Sir Dennis Landau, has passed away.

Sir Dennis became Honorary Treasurer at the Club in 1998 and fulfilled the role for four years.

He was then named President in 2003, a position he held for three years, fulfilling the role with a friendly and astute manner, becoming a very popular figure around the Club.

Away from cricket, he was one of the leading North-West businessmen with an impressive track record with the Co-op in particular.

Lancashire's Chairman David Hodgkiss OBE, who was Treasurer when Sir Dennis was President, said: “He was a perfect gentleman, a true professional and I thoroughly enjoyed working him. He served the Club very well and will be missed.

"Everyone's thoughts at the Club are with his family and friends."

The flags at Emirates Old Trafford are at half-mast to honour him.

James Julius Saul Reynolds

25th February 1928 – 1st May 2015

James Reynolds known to his friends and as Jim sadly passed away on 1st May 2015.

Born February 25th 1928, James and his brother Michael attended Haberdashers’ Aske’s School and always had very fond memories of this time in their lives. He was very proud that both his sons, Mark and Paul also attended Haberdashers’.

One of his school reports read *“This boy is too fond of playing the Buffoon*”. Jim asked his father “what sort of musical instrument is a buffoon Dad?”

On leaving school, James went on to being articled in a firm of accountants before then joining the army for 2 years. He always had very fond memories of this time, especially when he was stationed in Egypt.

James then went onto have a very successful career as a Chartered Accountant. He was a member of the FCA and of the Guild of the Freeman of the city of London.

He married Jean in 1956 and they had 3 children, Lesley, Mark and Paul. Family was always incredibly important to James and he adored spending time his wife and children. In later years he doted on his 4 Grandchildren Kim, Alexandra, Sam and Mia.

Jim was passionate about Travel - he took his family on many wonderful holidays and after he retired Jim and Jean went on numerous amazing trips around the world. He loved sports and always regretted not going to the Olympics in 1948, he finally achieved one of his greatest wishes when they returned to London in 2012. He was interested in Politics and current affairs as well as having an avid interest in the stock market and matters of finance. Jim and Jean had an enormous circle of friends and he loved to spend time with them as well as meeting new people – he was a man who always had a story to tell!

Jim was always extremely proud of his association with Haberdashers' and attended as many of the old boy lunches as he could.

He was a wonderful man with a great sense of humour. He will be greatly missed by his friends and family.

William Leonard Denny (1938 - 1945)

William passed away after a short illness on 29th September 2012 aged 85 years.

David Pearce (died in 2001)

Derek E. ZUNDEL (1938-45)

died suddenly in hospital on 25th March 1996.

Derek will be remembered by Old Boys, who were contemporary war-time pupils, as a maker of humour in difficult circumstances.

Short time schooling, an unexploded bomb in the garden of his home and 'fire - watch' at Westbere Road were all treated with mischievous comments which lifted the spirits of lesser mortals. His rise to prefect and A.T.C. Sergeant in 1945 were well merited and led to him being commissioned in India. Palestine was suffering troubled times before the emergence of the State of Israel. Derek served with distinction during those times and was briefly re-united with his brother Peter (1938-43), also stationed in the Middle East.

Following demobilisation, Derek embarked, with typical determination, upon a successful entrepreneurial career. Unfortunately this allowed only infrequent attendances at O.H.

functions. His most treasured attendance was a 1940-49 Decade Dinner when three members of his 1938 Prep School 1st XI were present. The comment he made was 'Old friends are the best friends'.

'Old friends' join me in extending belated sympathy to his wife Rene, to his daughters Linda, Denise and Marie, and to his brother Peter.

E.T.P.

John G. STAGG (1937-45)
died on 16th April 1987, in his 60th year and a month before the Association Dinner, the most important function of his Presidential year.

Just before his own decade dinner, on 20th March, his illness caused paralysis from the chest downwards. Nevertheless, although it was generally known that he would not be able to attend, such was the regard for him that members of his decade (1940-49) produced a new record turn out of 72.

John was generally regarded as an O.H.R.F.C. man although he had gained his swimming colours at School and had won the half-mile in the sports. Awarded his football colours in 1944/5, he was a member of the best XV since the pre-war season of 1937/8.

He played the first of 212 1st XV games for the OHRFC against Old Blues on 22/12/45 and made his last, and 610th club appearance, on 2/12/76 against O.M.T. This, in fact, was a special gesture, since he had officially hung up his boots at the end of the 1973/4 season. This date in itself was a remarkable statistic, in that he had had the honour to be appointed President for the previous season, the Club's 50th. However, as he managed to take the field on 4 occasions during his Presidential year (twice when the 1st XV was not engaged), his sequence of 26 consecutive seasons (since returning from the Services) remained unbroken. In the interim, John amassed a club record total of points - 2158, with 232 tries, of which 406 points (31 tries) were gathered in the 1st XV.

Returning from the Services, he enjoyed regular 1st XV appearances in 1948/9 and 1949/50, but the latter was the first of a string of 7 poor seasons at the premier level and, thereafter, John spent more time in the "A" than in the 1st, his 200 odd points in 73 appearances helping them to continue their run of successful seasons.

However, his organising ability had become so obvious that, although in his 29th year, John was invited to captain the club in 1956/7. His three seasons saw the club back to the success of the immediate post-war years and from levelling off at 15 wins and 15 losses, he handed over a going concern, with a record of W19 L7 D3 - then only the second time that 19 victories had been achieved.

In an era when it was usual to train twice a week, every player in the club had his appearances noted and certainly any senior player needed a good reason for missing a session. Three seasons later, John took over as acting captain of the Ex 'A' and in the following three seasons led the 'B' XV to a remarkable 50 wins from 67 matches, scoring 558 points (53 tries) out of the side's total of 1171 points. And so to seven seasons in the 'C', his special appearance being made in his 50th year.

John also found an outlet for his love of athletics and on his return from National Service joined the O.H.A.C., which had been reformed in 1948. His active appearances (he had been track captain for three years) had to be curtailed in the summer of 1956, when his campaign to produce a fully fit 1st XV went into action. Nevertheless he took on various sedentary posts, such as fixture secretary, chairman and secretary and was duly elected President in 1961, when the club won the inter-Old Boys Championships for the second consecutive year. A less joyful occasion was his re-election in 1969, because a poorly supported season was continued in 1970, when it was decided to end the club's existence of 23 seasons, rather than fail to honour fixtures the following year.

By the mid-seventies, John had only one outlet for his organising ability, the catering for the Old Boys' Sevens tournament in September. However, the Association's financial affairs were going through a sticky period at this time so he volunteered to run a 200 Club, more or less on a biennial basis. Later on, this was to become a 500 Club and even if the Stagg family was inundated with shares between September and the draw at the annual dinner in mid-May, he always contrived a full house, with latterly £500 either helping to balance the books, or in the eighties, representing bonus income.

In line with usual American business methods, John was invited to retire from Heinz in 1982, when he had reached the position of Industrial Relations Manager. However, this was not before he had persuaded chief executive, Tony O'Reilly, to speak at an O.H.R.F.C. dinner. Those present will forever wish to thank John for this particular piece of organisation. For a few years John had a position with some old football enemies in their Office Cleaning Services, but by June 1986 he found it impossible to continue due to his health.

On the morning of 28th February 1953, John was due to play for the 1st XV against the Saracens, which he duly did. Upon his return, he was told Doris had already presented him with Robert and James was on the way. Those of modern vintage may feel that John ought to have been twiddling his thumbs in a hospital waiting room - his attitude and that of his era, was that he might be able to help on the field, while there was no way he could assist his wife. Since Bob played for the O.H. Veterans and Jim and his mother watched three days after the funeral, it would seem that they have a similar philosophy.

In recent years the original partnership had broken up and John had had a full-time relationship with Betty Greenwood, herself with grown-up children. On 9th December last,

Jane Greenwood (1967-75) and Robert Stagg (1964-72) were witnesses at Willesden Register Office to their marriage.

There had been many good times over the years, but as his health deteriorated rapidly, the last few months of John's life were extremely difficult for him. That over 50 with O.H. connections, including the Association's Vice-President, the O.H.R.F.C. President and 16 past Presidents were at the cremation service, gave some indication of the veneration earned by John during his 41 years' service to the Association and his two, particular, associated clubs. We are grateful for that service and, perhaps selfishly, sorry about its abrupt end.

To Doris and their two sons, Robert (1964-72) and James (1964-71) , and to Betty, we extend our heartfelt sorrow at their loss. R & J S

1944

Kenneth Maddocks Died 30th March 2022



Ken was the eldest of six children and was educated at Haberdashers Aske's Hampstead School leaving in 1944. After graduating from Cambridge with a law degree he joined Shell in the Trademark department, from which, not suiting his interest, he engineered a move to the oil side of the business and as a result saw his swift advancement through the ranks, being posted to Columbia in 1960 and Trinidad via Venezuela in 1965, returning to the UK in 1969 on the Queen Mary, to continue for a while his career on home territory.

Ken returned to the OHRFC after Cambridge and played regularly for 1st XV from 1951 with his last top side appearance being in 56/57 season. Over the next four seasons he continued played for the A XV on 92 occasions, and captained the C XV to round off a decade when the club overall enjoyed some of its most successful rugby.

On returning to the UK he was appointed a senior executive with Shell UK Oil, being instrumental in arranging the split between BP and Shell Mex.

In 1976 Ken was offered the chairmanship of Billiton International Metals which was a wholly owned subsidiary of Shell. He was based in The Hague where under his leadership he turned the Company round from a loss into a profit.

Leaving The Hague in 1983 he was appointed Chairman of Billiton UK which, being a promotion, he was invited to join the main board of Royal Dutch Shell. In 1984 due to his years of overseas service the company offered Ken early retirement.

Thirty seven good years of retirement followed which he enjoyed to the full. Indulging in his main interests of horse racing, rugby and cricket followed closely by eating and drinking well. He entertained his many friends and family at his London flat, enjoying taking them to watch cricket at Lord's and then on to one of his favourite restaurants. He was also a member of a small, exclusive group of veteran OH who enjoyed meeting for lunch or dinner in pleasant surroundings in town.

As the years drew on Ken moved in with his son, David and Vivvy, who looked after him extremely well. David, although an Old Shirburnian himself, was very keen to ensure Ken maintained his OH contacts, and over many years drove Ken from Sussex to The Clubhouse in Elstree to enjoy 'Old Lags' lunches and other such functions to ensure friendships were maintained in those later years of a memorable life well lived with style, generosity & wit, spanning 96 years.

A celebration of Kenneth Maddock's life was held on 22nd April 2022 at

St James The Less Church, Sussex and we express our thanks to

Richard Maddocks (Son) and Michael Milner ('48), who attended, for the their substantial contribution to the aforegoing.

Rodney Jakeman

Michael Jack Died 30th March 2022



Written by his son, Anson:

Where do I begin? Michael had so many things going on in his life that one hardly knows where to start, what to include and how to finish.

There are several themes I will develop and revolve around Family, Friends, Sport, Work and Military service, and voluntary work and other interests

And each of the themes has many legs, not surprising when you have led a full life for over 95 years.

I will start with the family

Family

Second son of Constance and Arnold Jack

Happy childhood on Chicken farm with cricket and (sailing boats and aircraft) model building with brother Laurie

Punctuated by father going bankrupt and moving to St Albans – Family included Aunt Ida Biggs, sister of Constance

Went to Haberdashers' Aske's school in Cricklewood where he captained the Cricket Team, and House (Joblings)

WW2 ruined the family with the loss of (Major) Arnold to a heart attack in October 1940 and (Lieutenant) Laurie to a German torpedo in November 1940 – went from third male and youngest son to the only male in the household at the age of 13. Not surprisingly, Constance never really recovered from these family tragedies and Michael was very reluctant to talk about these events for understandable reasons

Was engaged to another lady who broke off engagement and sadly committed suicide

Met Vivien (Bing) at the 134 Bus stop on Friern Barnet Lane while commuting into London for work.

Married Bing at St James Parish Church on 8th September 194X

Moved into 54 Church Crescent with support from Sydney 194X

Vivien born in January 1955

Anson born in October 1956

Anson followed Michael to Haberdashers and St Edmund Hall, Oxford

Anson Married Cath in 1982 and living in Northampton

Vivien Married Ian Bowles in 1984, initially living in Barnet and then Watford – where Zara (first grandchild) was born in 1986

Vivien had a career in Retail Sales, raised Zara and spent 20 odd years as the kingpin in a security company – most recently as Finance Director

Anson had a varied career in the railways 1979-2015 and more recently as a professor at the University of Birmingham (2015-2021)

Anson and Cath delivered grandchildren in 1989 (Robin), 1991 (Tom) and 1993 (Simon)

Bing (Vivien) died in 2012 Aged 83 having celebrated 60 years marriage to Michael with many friends and relations at West Lodge

His third great grandchild tragically passed just a day before her birth and eight days before Michael passed

Friends

Michael made friends with people he met in all walks of life – family, neighbours, business, sport, bridge, charity and other interests.

Sport

Love of sport started with playing cricket with his brother, and then captaining the Haberdashers School 1st Team.

As an adult he played cricket for Brondsbury and then Ashridge Cricket Clubs in North London.

He played Rugby Fives for Oxford University and many other sports for his college.

After University he played Badminton and Tennis, briefly playing at the Occasionals, before joining All Saints (Badminton) where he and Bing played for many years, introducing Vivien and Anson to the sport

Totteridge Tennis Club in 1952. He and Bing had a brief spell at Oakleigh Park LTC before rejoining Totteridge where he remained a member and senior statesman until his passing. In his time at Totteridge he was a member of the mens team, mens singles champion, mens captain, chairman, Life President and Trustee. All of his immediate family have held positions of responsibility there including Vivien who has been joint Chairman and is now a life Vice President

Golf – like all good North London tennis players, he continued playing well into his eighties, but also took up Golf – becoming a prominent member of North Middlesex Golf Club and captaining the club. He was also a prominent member of the London Captains and the Truants Golf Society – where he took Barry Green and son Anson around Woburn with him, Barry winning the visitors prize and Anson winning the number of lost balls prize

Work/Military Service

Joined up in the Navy as soon as able to before the end of the war

Trained and had brief command of a small naval vessel before the end of the war – did not see direct action but led the successful rescue of an allied crew in difficulties during a storm

Joined the Royal Naval Voluntary Reserve and participated for several years after the war

Went to Oxford as a sponsored ex military serviceman and studied English at St Edmund Hall

After the military service joined associated newspapers – initially working for the Daily Mail in all sorts of project jobs associated with the Ideal Home Exhibition

Subsequently Joined the London Evening News in the circulation department, which involved working Saturdays – the biggest sale of the week being for the classified football results

In 1964 Joined The Guardian as the national circulation manager, and in 1967 joined the Board as Circulation Director – a post he occupied until retirement on his 60th Birthday in 1987. During his time at the Guardian he managed several important changes in production and distribution of national papers, significantly increasing the circulation and taking on the Times as a serious competitor, he created Guardian Business Services, a business consultancy, created the Guardian Young Businessman of the Year Award, he project managed and delivered the 150 year celebration of The Guardian which was attended by the Chancellor of West Germany, Willy Brandt, Prime Minister Ted Heath and the Archbishop of Canterbury and many others at the Mansion House in 1971. Championed the Guardian Golf Society and Old Ben (The newspaper industry benevolent society) as well as being a prominent member of the Association of Circulation Executives (ACE)

Voluntary work and other interests

Bridge

National Trust

Organised many UK based coach trips for 50+ people to see far flung NT properties, and lots of tea shops

U3A

Shakespeare group

Holidays/HPB/Cruises

All over Europe, often by car, starting in 1968 driving the family to Yugoslavia

Investment in HPB (over 50 holidays)

Cruises around Britain, Iceland, Baltic, Danube, Transatlantic, Scandinavia

Long Haul Holidays off the back of industry conferences to California, South America, Singapore

Baxendale – Trustee for many years – negotiated with council over the development of Ever Ready House. Only his passing in March 2022 prevented him personally trying the care facilities of Baxendale during the first week of April

North Finchley Round Table

Icabods

John Patrick Died 22nd May 2020

John Patrick, who was at Haberdashers from 1939 to 1944, died last Friday (22 May) at the age of 93. He had been in a nursing home since August of last year, following a stroke and a fall.

Growing up in Harrow, as with so many of his fellows, John cycled to the School at Westbere Road. By the time he left School, London had become the target of the flying bomb, though John did not remember people being over-worried by them (even if one came over while he and his friends were cycling to and from School). In his last year at Habs, John took part in fire-watching from the roof of the building, although the time of incendiary bombs (to light up the area for further bombing) was mostly over.

On leaving school John served in the Royal Navy as a radio mechanic and became interested in the wider discipline of electronics. His training on board also provided the skills that formed the basis of a 43-year career at the General Electric Company at the Hirst Research Centre in North Wembley, where he rose to be an engineering manager.

In his early years at the GEC John studied part-time at Chelsea Polytechnic and obtained a BSc degree.

John enjoyed a wonderful 64 year marriage with his wife, Mary, who sadly predeceased him by five weeks. Our thoughts are with their son, daughter and their families.

David Newbury-Ecob Died 4th April 2020



David was born in Farnham Royal one of four sons and lived in Mill Hill. He was educated at Haberdashers School and after serving in the British Army Royal Engineers in the Middle East studied Engineering and Economics at Trinity College, Cambridge where he met his late wife Rae.

They married in 1952 and settled in Harpenden, Herts where he worked for General Motors Vauxhall and the National Children's Home. Following retirement he served as a Liberal Democrat County Councillor with an interest in health and education.

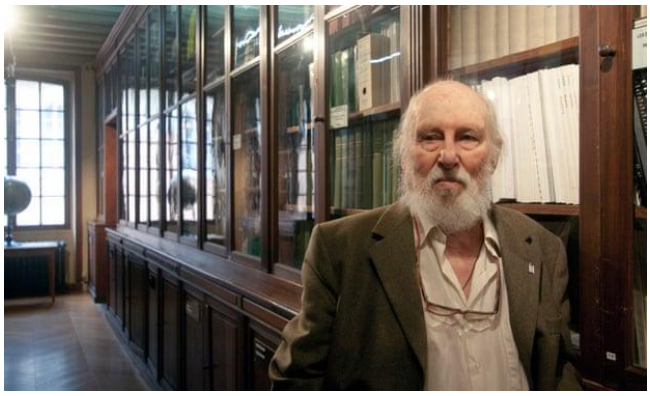
He was a passionate European and travelled widely. He spoke fluent French and German enabling him to participate in Harpenden twin town exchange visits to Alzey and Cosnes and until a few months before his death he attended French and German conversation evenings.

David served as Churchwarden and member of the St Albans Diocesan Synod. He had a great commitment to the local community and was an active participant in many local organisations.

A keen sportsman having played rugby at school, university and early career he continued to attend lunches and events at Harpenden rugby club. He played squash and enjoyed sailing with his elder brother.

David will be greatly missed by his extended family for whom he and Rae provided endless hospitality. He will be remembered for his intellect, charm and social conscience. He is survived by his 5 daughters, Clare, Helen, Ruth, Louise and Frances, 10 grandchildren and 2 great grandchildren.

Sidney Holt died 22nd December 2019



Sidney Holt, who has died aged 93, aimed to live long enough to save the great whale species from extinction – something he had been fighting for since being appointed to the International Whaling Commission (IWC) in 1961 to give scientific advice on annual catch limits for each hunted species.

He managed to curtail the slaughter but did not succeed in halting it until 26 December 2018, when Japan left the International Whaling Commission and announced it would no longer kill whales in Antarctica, at last guaranteeing the great whales a sanctuary where their seriously depleted numbers might continue to recover.

Holt's battle to save the whales began after he had established himself as a world-renowned scientist in the field of fisheries, having co-written a book published in 1957 on how to calculate fish stocks and therefore work out sustainable catches. The book, On the Dynamics of Exploited Fish Populations, was a collaboration with a fellow UK Ministry of Fisheries and Food (Maff) scientist, Ray JH Beverton. It became the must-have textbook for fisheries scientists.

Holt had worked out the equations that formed the core of the book while camping on Rannoch Moor in Scotland, waiting for wood ants to return to their nests. He had been sent out on a motorbike to scout for areas of Scotland that could be turned into nature reserves, and out of curiosity began weighing the ants when they set off to forage in the morning. He marked them with tiny spots of green paint so he could identify individuals when they returned and weigh them again.

He posted off the fishery equations to his co-author and four years later the ministry published the results, establishing the international reputations of both men.

Holt, who had an intense curiosity, believed in spreading his knowledge and had already represented the UK at various international conferences on fishing. Four years before the book was published he was asked by the UN's Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) to run a training course in Istanbul, after which he was recruited to work full time.

Holt and his wife, Nan (nee Meadmore), known as Judy, whom he married in 1947, went to live in Rome, and he spent the following 25 years working for the UN. His reputation continued to grow as he produced more than 400 scientific papers and articles. He served as director of the fisheries resources and operations division of the FAO in Rome, secretary of the Intergovernmental Oceanographic Commission and director of Unesco's marine sciences division in Paris.

In 1961, as a part-time additional job, he became one of the so-called "three wise men" – independent scientists advising the IWC, which was intent on devising sustainable limits to catches of great whales. Although he officially retired from the UN in 1979, he continued work to limit the slaughter of whales, first for the IWC until 2002, and then as a scientific adviser to various anti-whaling countries, including the Seychelles and France, as well as environment groups.

After retiring from the UN he became first director of the International Ocean Institute in Malta and helped draft the Convention on the Law of the Sea (1982).

He won many accolades for his work on protecting marine mammals, animal welfare and fisheries science, including the Global 500 award of the United Nations Environment Programme (UNEP) and the Blue Planet award of the International Fund for Animal Welfare (IFAW).

Sidney was born in the East End of London. His father, also Sidney Holt, was a briar-pipe maker, and his mother, Ethel (nee Fryatt), had worked in a confectionery factory. They moved to Colindale and Sidney won a scholarship to Haberdashers' Aske's boys' school before going to Reading University, where he got a first-class degree in biology. He wanted to continue studying but his parents could not afford to support him and he joined Maff, working in its Lowestoft laboratory.

Although he began his research life at sea, sewing buttons on plaice and releasing them to determine where they had migrated when they were caught again by fishermen, he was soon in demand elsewhere. He was keen to accept a job in the US at five times his Maff salary, but was refused a visa. He later discovered he had been labelled a communist for helping two visiting Russians translate their scientific paper into English.

Instead of America he worked at Nature Conservancy in Scotland before joining the UN in Rome.

Holt was proud to have worked for the UN, but it was saving the great whale species that became his passion. He used his scientific, communication and diplomatic skills to turn the IWC from pro-hunting to a conservation body, a process that took decades of dedication.

The first great milestone in saving the whales came when a moratorium was introduced in 1984. However, Japan immediately invented “scientific” whaling – killing whales to check their age and the state of the stock – a loophole that allowed it to continue to slaughter the mammals for meat, also exploited by Norway and Iceland.

The annual meetings of the IWC were a political battleground in which Holt was ever present, patiently explaining the science and revealing to journalists the “bribes” of fish plants and cash sums used by Japan to get small nations to vote alongside it.

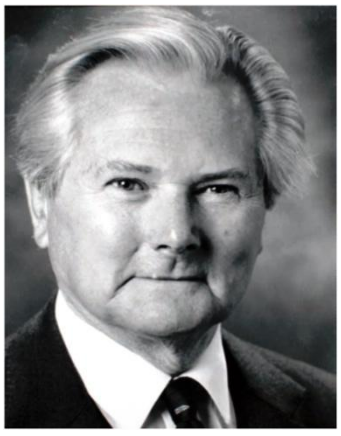
As he got older he grew more radical and became a Greenpeace representative, helping to found Greenpeace Italy, advising the IFAW, and finally endorsing the work of the Sea Shepherd organisation, directly confronting the Japanese whaling fleet as it hunted in the designated Antarctic sanctuary.

When Japan announced it had stopped “scientific” whaling in the Antarctic the news was hardly reported, but last September, when Holt was physically ailing, a group of prominent whale campaigners from around the world made a pilgrimage to his home in Umbria to celebrate and thank him for his immense contribution to their cause.

He met his partner, Leslie Busby, while they were working at Unesco. She survives him, along with his son, George, from his marriage to Judy, from whom he separated in the late 1970s.

Kindly reproduced from The Guardian 8th January 2020

Eric Thomas Purcell (1944 leaver) born 10th August 1927; died 8th January 2011



An Appreciation by Peter Vacher

Eric Purcell embodied the best of Old Haberdasher values. He gave willingly of his time for the Association’s various activities, initially as a player for the OHRFC and more occasionally as an OH cricketer, then as a committee man and clubhouse bar manager, and latterly, as

co-organiser of the popular Retired Members lunches held at the OHA's HQ. He was proud of his time at Haberdashers' (he was Captain of the Lower School) and of his family, and absolutely committed to the Association and all it represented. Moreover he was held in great affection by his peers and by all who came to know him.

Having done well at school with both rugby and cricket, it was probably inevitable that he would gravitate to the OH rugby club once the second war was safely over and he had been demobilised from the Royal Engineers. Eric's first season for which records survive was 1945-46 during which he played eight times for the AXV in the back row. Two years later he was still in the AXV but as a wing or full-back. In later years, as his career in civil engineering occupied him more and more, his rugby appearances dwindled and he played his final game for the CXV in 1954-55 as a fly-half when he scored two tries. It was continuing back trouble, sustained not on the rugby ground but rather surprisingly on the dance floor that effectively curtailed Eric's rugby career.

As to his participation in OH cricket, Nobbly Tanner's meticulous records showed that Eric first played for the 2nd eleven in 1950 and then for the 1st eleven in the following season, with three more appearances in 1952. He resumed after a 20-year hiatus, appearing for both the 1st and 2nd elevens until 1978. Rather gratifyingly he and his son Nigel, also an OH, played in the same side a number of times in the mid-1970s. Away from the rugby ground and the cricket pitch, Eric served the Association as an Executive Committee member and then as joint-Secretary from 1956-59 before continuing this important job for a further two years as its sole holder. A career move then required Eric and his family to relocate to Waterlooville (he was seconded to the Admiralty) for a number of years; once back, he took on the demanding role of OHA Dinner organiser and ran the clubhouse bar, this in the days when the rugby club regularly fielded half-a-dozen sides and the clubhouse was thronged every Saturday. The vital service he gave to all aspects of the OHA was recognised when he was honoured as our President in 1969.

Eric's professional life was as a Chartered Civil Engineer. In 1966, he joined HM Factory Inspectorate (later incorporated into the Health & Safety Executive). He had worked previously in the Ministry of Public Buildings and Works. He served in the Specialist Construction Branch of the H&SE where his role was as an internal consultant to general inspectors who carried out inspections and enforcement. Later he moved into construction policy work, eventually retiring in 1987. Highly regarded both professionally and personally, Eric was then retained by a demolition company as an engineering consultant and mentor for a number of years. He was Chairman of the Association of Former Inspectors in the mid-1990s.

I came to know Eric best when we devised the idea of holding lunches for retired Old Haberdashers at the clubhouse, calling on the culinary skills of our resident stewards Mel and Pauline Howard. These are now better known as Old Lags lunches and continue to

regularly attract 50 or more OH and former members of the school staff. Eric's role was to connect with old friends on the phone, take the money at the door and ensure that fellow OH of various vintages had a good time. This he accomplished with his customary good humour and gift for friendship; he was helpful, uncomplaining and wonderfully supportive, but without ever seeking praise or special attention. The respect and affection in which he was held was never more evident than at his funeral which was attended by 40 or more Old Haberdashers and their partners and many of his professional colleagues.

Our sympathy goes to his widow Pauline whom he had married in September 1950, and to their daughter Angela and son Nigel, and their extended family.

W Terry A Cox (died 1992)

John B WELLS (1936-44)
died on 22nd January 1991 - a welcome release from pain, bravely borne, but which could only be eased by sedation.

In his last year at the School, John was a Prefect and Captain of Russell's House and taking considerable pleasure in helping to win the house Rugger shield in the Spring of 1944. He had been in the School 3rd XV, in the previous term, and had also represented the School at cross-country. Having obtained both the London Matriculation and Higher Schools certificates, he proceeded to Manchester University on a war office short course (Royal Engineers) in Mechanical Engineering. After being commissioned John joined the Re and during the 1946-48 period, was with the BAOR, concerned with railway transportation.

Upon demobilisation, he attended a course in laundry and dry-cleaning technology and Business Studies in London, during the following two years and, in 1950, joined the National United Corporation, being appointed General Manager of Mayfield Laundry, a post he held for twelve years. During the earlier part of this of period, John played regularly for the OHRFC 'C' XV, starting in 1948-49 and captaining the side in 50/51. In the following two seasons, he was happy to hand over the reins to a former Captain of the Club, who had made over 300 appearances for the 1st XV! At this time, he was re-christened John "Laundry" Wells to distinguish him from another John of the ilk. Although the 53/54 'C' was led by a back, he continued to prop during that season, but could not resist an invitation to play for the Ex 'B' in what turned out to be his final game, on 10th April 1954 - especially as the game was at home, the captain was another former 1st XV forward and they won, 23-6! By then, he and Victoria (whom he had married in 1946) had two sons and a baby daughter.

Moving to the Tonbridge area in 1962, he was appointed Manager of Mill Crescent Laundry and was on the board of Crescent Cleaners Ltd. A year later, John changed course

completely and for the next seven years, became a farmer, as well as being agent and part-time secretary of the Weald Poultry Association. Probably deciding that self-employment was too time-consuming, he then spent four years as Distribution Manager of the Thames Valley Eggs Packing Station, followed by seven years, with Dom Holdings, for which he was Area Distribution Controller and the Tonbridge Depot Manager, with responsibility for London, South East England and the Channel Islands. Another change came in 1982, when he was appointed Commercial Manager for Wigs Ltd (Germany), under the UK director for general and sales administration, distribution and customer relations.

John's last venture (starting in 1984) was with Adult Education, lecturing on Business Studies, updating redundant Executives and coaching women returning to the workforce, youngsters leaving school with no job skills, people in detention centres and long-term prisoners in their final two years before release.

John had a life-long interest in Round Table International, having been Chairman of the Islington branch, before transferring to Tonbridge. He was also a Scout Leader and training Commissioner and a sincere churchman, being an altar server, a member of the Deanery Synod, a church youth leader and a member of the Canterbury Board of Finance.

As a life member of the HOBC, he had opted to make annual donations when the Association was formed in 1962. John attended two 1940/49 decade dinners from the wilds of Kent the last in 1980, when he was out-distanced for the long-distance Tankard, with the winner coming from Yorkshire! John's varied career was evidenced by the large congregation present at St Laurence Church, Hawkhurst, on 30th January, amongst them two of his former 'C' XV team-mates.

Toria was supported by their children Peter, Richard, Margaret, Geoffrey, Imogine and Andrew, together with nine grandchildren.

Brian H PUNCHARD (1937-44)
died suddenly on 30 April 1988 at his home in Boxford aged 61.

Following war service with the Royal Navy on the convoys to Russia, Brian became a Chartered Surveyor, starting his career with Drivers Jonas and then becoming a partner with Rogers Chapman & Thomas and subsequently with Donaldsons.

In 1973 he opened Donaldsons’ Brussels office, which he ran before returning to London in 1976, when he again regularly attended the1940-49 decade dinners run by the OHA, of which he was a life member. He was in the process of retiring from Donaldsons to become the Chairman of Citygate Estates when he died.

Throughout his professional career Brian was actively involved with the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors and served on its General Council in recent years.

For many years Brian was a keen member of the London Motor Club for whom he organised some of their major rallies. A trustee of Golders Green Methodist Churchy he also held office as Chairman of the Hampstead Wells and Camden Trust and as Chairman of his local Conservative Association at Boxford.

He leaves a widow, Gillie.

John E. DANGER (1939-44)
died on 15th June 1981 at the age of 54, after a long illness patiently borne.

Upon leaving the School, where he had been a member of the Shooting VIII John qualified as a surveyor, being with Cluttons in the early years and then joining Chestertons, with whom he

became a partner.

To his widow, Barbara, and their children Gillian, Susan and David (currently) at the School) we extend our sympathy in their tragic loss.

Dr. Alan J. CHARIG (1938 - 44)
died in Wexham Park Hospital on 15 July 1997 aged 70 following a stroke.



Outstanding academically even in his earliest days at Westbere Road, Alan went on to become an internationally respected expert in dinosaurs and vertebrate palaeontology. He was Researcher and Curator of Fossil, Mammals, Reptiles & Birds at the Natural History Museum in London, and wrote and presented the B.B.C. ten part television series, "Before The Ark", screened in 1974.

Alan was at the forefront of the modern popularity revival of dinosaurs and in 1979 wrote "A New Look At Dinosaurs", which had a great impact, and was translated into several foreign languages.

On leaving school in 1944, Alan went up to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, but his undergraduate education was interrupted by National Service, in which he served in the Royal Armoured Corps, was a member of the first Inter-Services Russian Course at Cambridge University, (where he met up with another Old Haberdasher and classmate Rex. C. Harris - 1938-45) and became a Russian interpreter with the Control Commission in Germany 1946 -1948.

He returned to Cambridge in 1948, graduated in zoology in 1951 and gained his Ph.D. in 1956. Following a year as lecturer in zoology in the Gold Coast (Ghana) Alan joined the National History Museum where he spent the rest of his working life. In 1964 he was appointed Principal Scientific Officer. Even after his retirement he continued to work on several scientific projects at the Museum and travel abroad, visiting fossil sites throughout Argentina and appearing on Spanish television in Barcelona.

In 1963 he led expeditions to Zambia and Tanzania, to Lesotho in 1966-67, during which the oldest articulated fossil mammal skeleton was discovered in rocks of early Jurassic age, and to Queensland in 1978 which turned up the fossilised form of one of the earliest herrings.

His trip to the Sichuan Province in China in 1982 proved to be the most fascinating of his many foreign experiences. 1983 however provided the most exciting research project of his career - the discovery in a brick-pit near Ockley, Surrey of a unique fish-eating dinosaur, Baryonyx walkeri, from the Early Cretaceous Period.

Alan was immensely proud of his School and attended every one of the O.H.A. dinners for his decade. His wife, Marianne, died in 1987. He is survived by a daughter, Nicola, two sons, Mark and Francis and six grandchildren, three of whom, Matthew, Richard and Charlie Norton are currently following in their grandfather's footsteps in Joblings at Haberdashers. The Association wishes them well - and looks forward to seeing them at O.H.A. functions in, due course. R.C.H.

1943

Trevor Hill. Died 29th October 2023



Trevor Hill, who died aged 98, was a pioneer broadcaster on both BBC Radio and Television, especially Children's Hour but also on the BFN (British Forces Network) linking Britain and Germany after the war.

He operated the sound effects for Tommy Handley and ITMA and was the first to record a V1 flying bomb by climbing on to the roof of 200 Oxford Street, where the BBC had emergency studios. He was the first person to hear the top-secret Eisenhower disc when, as duty engineer, it arrived late one night at the BBC announcing the D-Day Landings.

During his work in Hamburg after the war, he directed several aspiring actors who later became famous, one of whom he informed would never make the grade, to which, years later, Sir Roger Moore replied, 'Doing OK but still can't act!'

In 1948, he was the official BBC reporter hastily despatched to the German capital to report on the Berlin Airlift.

In Manchester, he became Head of BBC Radio Children's Hour, where many of his colleagues became close friends, including Wilfred and Mabel Pickles but especially Violet Carson, whom he partnered in 'Nursery Sing Song', long before she became Ena Sharples in Coronation Street, where Hill insisted she was joined by other former Children's Hour stalwarts, including Pat Phoenix (Elsie Tanner) and Doris Speed (Annie Walker).

When auditioning some children's music, Hill came across an unusual piece composed by a young Peter Maxwell Davies, whom he then mentored and who later became Master of the Queen's Music.

Other youngsters he afforded their first broadcasts included Julie Andrews, Billie Whitelaw, Ben Kingsley, Robert Powell, and both Judith and Sandra Chalmers. He was responsible for the long-running radio shows Round Britain Quiz, Trans-Atlantic Quiz and Round Europe Quiz and also worked closely with the musician Ray Martin and the NDO (BBC Northern Dance Orchestra). On the physical front, he designed, steered and oversaw the BBC move from Manchester Piccadilly studios to purpose-built premises adjacent to the nearby Oxford Road railway station.

Hill produced several outside broadcasts, and his weekly Children's Television Club from the North soon metamorphosed into Blue Peter nationwide. He also worked on Children's

Television at Lime Grove in London as well as producing both Pinky and Perky and Sooty. Once, when watching at home, he narrowly averted a national crisis. Realising the engineers had put on the wrong tape, he frantically rang the BBC and demanded the programme be stopped before Harry Corbett, another close friend, made a mistake and uttered a four-letter word at his gloved puppet. The correct tape was hurriedly inserted after a suitable apology for the ‘breakdown’ and everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

He gave the Liverpool folk group The Spinners their television debut, and in 1977 was awarded the Queen’s Silver Jubilee medal.

Whilst broadcasting Two Way Family Favourites in Germany, he introduced Cliff Michelmore to Jean Metcalfe and also met his wife, the BBC producer and author Margaret Potter. They married in 1952 and between them wrote and produced several thousand BBC programmes. His autobiography, Over the Airwaves, was published in 2005.

Thanks to the BBC website and Peter Worsley

Brian Binding died January 2021



My former teacher Brian Binding, who has died aged 85 from complications of Covid-19, was a lifelong student and teacher of literature; a musician of some prowess, playing both the viola and the harpsichord; and a man of great style and integrity.

Brian was born in Harrow, north-west London, to Evelyn (nee Martin), a hairdresser, and Edward Binding, a potman working in pubs; his parents later separated. He achieved scholarships to Haberdasher’s Aske’s school, in Elstree, Hertfordshire, and Downing College, Cambridge, where he studied English. FR Leavis was the guiding spirit at Downing, establishing literature as a cultural barometer, and it may have been Leavis’s crusading zeal that persuaded Brian to become an English teacher rather than follow his musical passions and pursue a career in the arts.

He took up his first post in 1958, at Latymer Upper school, in west London, where he taught for more than a decade: Alan Rickman, Robert Cushman, Mel Smith, Raphael Wallfisch and Christopher Guard were among those who benefited from his rigour and good humour. His own star quality could be gauged by his BMW motorbike, his cashmere overcoats and his ever-present pipe, used to emphasise a point or signal a pause. With these characteristics,

coupled with an incisive intellect, he made it cool to be clever, and improved the quality of life immensely – well beyond the confines of school – for those he taught.

In 1969 he moved to Bilborough grammar school in Nottingham, and then from 1972 to 1988 he was head of English at the Latymer school, in Edmonton, north London.

Brian loved fine food and wines, and relished conversation and companionship. He could play the fool with gusto, and featured in a number of school pantomimes and entertainments. The irresistible mixture of gravitas and mischief endeared him to generations of pupils. Who could forget his gently sardonic approach as a rowing coach to the less than Olympian efforts of the crews he nurtured?

After retiring from teaching in 1988, Brian studied European languages to a higher level and became a freelance translator. He shared his sense of adventure with friends and family; at the age of nine, his nephew Nick received a fully operational hot air balloon kit as a Christmas gift. On another festive occasion, he tobogganed down Richmond Hill in the snow, egged on by an ex-student and his girlfriend, the evening ending with a violin sonata, hot chocolate laced with brandy and bouts of sparkling laughter.

Brian needed support in the final three years of his life, suffering from microvascular disease, which limited his mobility, memory and joie de vivre. He is survived by his nephews Nick and Philip.

Reproduced from The Guardian

Major Frank Milton Partington died 14th May 2019

Born 8th September 1925 in Liverpool. Educated at Haberdashers Aske's Hampstead School. Joined Royal Signals in Spring of 1944 and trained as a technician. Served in British Liberation Army (BLA) 1945 until VE Day. Given emergency commission 1946 and served in Northern Italy and with Royal Artillery in Palestine and North Africa until 1950 during which time obtained regular commission. Service continued as instructor Army Apprentices' School Harrogate, TA Adjutant, instructor officer training, Staff Officer to Commander Royal Signals Malta, Squadron Commander 3rd Infantry Division Signals and Signals Staff Officer War Office/MOD. Awarded SQ (Staff qualified). Following appointment as 2nd -in-command 16 Signal Regiment, qualified in colloquial Arabic in Aden prior to secondment to the Federal Regular Army (FRA) as Signals Advisor until November 1967. Prior to retirement from the British Army April 1975 served as SO2 Engineering in NATO (HQ AFCENT) and GSO2 in MOD. Joined SAF Signals on contract May 1975 until December 1983 as SO2 Signals/2nd -in-command and also CO. Awarded WKhM (Distinguished Service Medal). On return to UK worked briefly (18 months) with the Internal Audit Section of the local council in Fleet, Hampshire, where he lives, as well as involvement with Citizens Advice, Royal British

Legion, Royal Signals Association, Aldershot branch (Welfare Member) and Church. For a number of years was also Treasurer of the local Hospice Support Group.

J Ian SM Stuart-Kregor (died in 2001)

John R. WELLS (1943)

died on 25th August, 2002, aged 77, three years after the death of his younger brother Douglas (1940-46). His youngest brother Donald (1940-48) however still remains active within the O.H.A.

John's death followed an illness whose origins can probably be traced back to December 1949 when he was involved in a motorcycle accident, ultimately necessitating the amputation of his left leg below the knee.

Joining the School in 1935 under an assisted place from the Haberdashers' Company, whose livery he was to join 30 years later, his education was naturally interrupted by the War.

He left the School in 1943, was commissioned into the Royal Artillery and served in Burma with the 8th Mahratta Anti-Tank Regiment of the Indian Army. Although tempted to stay in the Indian Army, John returned to England in 1948, took up Articles with Peat, Marwick Mitchell and joined both the O.H. Cricket and Rugby Clubs. His serious accident the following year sadly brought an end to his sporting ambitions but his determination enabled him to walk again unaided.

He remained with Peats for 22 years, being a partner for the final eight years. His work brought him into contact with large international clients in Switzerland and Spain, the latter involving a case at the International Court of Justice in the Hague.

Leaving the profession in 1970 he joined Nottingham Manufacturers, then one of the largest and most efficient manufacturers of woollen goods in the U.K., as Finance Director. Although he found the work stimulating, he missed the City and its wider international horizons and returned to London in 1975 to join the Costain Group as Finance Director. He became heavily involved in their world-wide operations, travelling extensively in spite of the difficulties occasioned by his damaged limb, and involving himself with the City institutions on acquisitions and financial planning.

On retirement from full-time employment in 1985, he took up a number of non-executive directorships with public companies.

His financial expertise was not, however, restricted to professional firms and big business: he strongly believed in giving back to the community, some of his time and talent. In 1962 he

had been, in his own words, the financial "midwife" at the birth of the United World College of Atlantic, a residential mixed sixth-form college with a world-wide student intake. He became a Governor in 1981 and continued his association with the college until 1992. He provided financial guidance and advice to The Royal Star and Garter Home for disabled ex-service men and women as a Governor from 1982 until 1995. He was chairman of the Finance and General Purposes Committee for some years, was the first vice-Chairman ever appointed by the Home and, at his death, was a vice President. From 1988 to 2001 he was a member of the executive committee and joint Treasurer for Queen Elizabeth's Foundation for Disabled People not far from his own home in Cobham. Another charity which benefited from his financial advice and general expertise was the Church of England Soldiers' Sailors' and Airmen's Clubs.

His interests were not confined to work and charity for in addition to his membership of the Haberdashers Company he was a Mason and a member of one of the Cobham Probus societies. Until recently he was a very active member of all of these but his worsening health, particularly over the last two years, made it more difficult for him to be fully involved.

A well attended Service of Thanksgiving for his life in St. Andrew's Church, Cobham on 4th September 2002 heard Margaret Erskine, a colleague for many years at both Costains and The Royal Star and Garter Home, deliver a moving address to his memory.

In addition to family members of the O.H.A. present at the Service, Colin Hogg and Neil Forsyth, contemporaries of John at the School, were also present.

Donald Wells

Edward J Van Der Heuvel (1940-43)
died suddenly on 16th September 1988.

He had emigrated to Australia about a decade ago.

Eddie, who propped for the School 2nd XV, earning his XXX colours after a number of 1st XV appearances and being awarded XXII colours for his bowling in the 2nd XI, left after obtaining his matriculation. Joining the Cameron Highlanders as an officer cadet in April 1944, he was at OCTU when the war ended.

Little is known of his early civilian career, although he worked in the office of the Comptroller of Income Tax, in Singapore, before returning to the UK in 1974, when he took up residence in Westerham, in Kent.

Upon his arrival at Ringwood North, near Melbourne, Eddie soon made a niche for himself in the local community. He had one or two administrative jobs before joining the Victoria Health Service, as the Administration/Finance Manager of Maroondah, a medium-sized public

hospital. From there, he became Administrator of a nursing home/hostel/day care centre, run by the Uniting Church, at Preston, a suburb of Melbourne. Career-wise, this was the happiest time of his all too short life, working and caring for the aged and he is fondly remembered for his sense of humour and sadly missed by the staff and residents.

In recent years, Eddie was pleased to have made contact, after a span of some forty years, with his near contemporary, Dr Tom O Penman (1936-42), after being informed of the existence of the British Public Schools Association, in Melbourne - some indication that his life membership of the HOBC was not entirely wasted, during his years overseas.

Eddie left a widow, Virginia, and a son and daughter.

Wing Commander David D. CHAMPION (1936-42)
died 27th June 1999

During his time at the School David Champion was a member of Calverts and was appointed a sub-prefect as well as playing for the rugby 3rd XV. He matriculated i n 1942.

During the War, David was a 2nd Lieutenant in the 2nd Battalion the Queens Royal Regiment and was transferred to India in August 1945 being stationed at the Indian Military Academy at Dehva Dun and receiving a commission in February 1946. After a spell in Poona he latterly moved to Australia and joined the Royal Australian Air Force.

JOHN SYDNEY HAWKES (1936 - 1943)

John S Hawkes died on 18th June 2012 at the age of 86 years.

He joined the School in January 1936 and left in June 1943. He then went on to Faraday House College to study electrical engineering, gaining his Diploma in 1945. The war was in its final year and he was sent to the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough where he worked in the laboratory on radar and bomb aiming equipment. After the war he joined Westinghouse Brake & Signal Co. where he studied for his degree whilst learning in their factory. He returned to their offices designing circuits and signalling schemes and eventually became Chief Railway Signal Engineer (Overseas). He was very well travelled and enjoyed his work.

After taking retirement, he enjoyed many years of his favourite hobbies—astronomy, bird-watching, model and main line railways and steam locomotives.
He leaves a wife, son and daughter.

1942

John Perkins Died 13th February 2025



My older brother John, 1942 died on 13th February 2025, aged 98.

He left Habs hoping to go into the Royal Navy via Dartmouth, but was called up just after the end of the war and served as a rating in the RN on a destroyer in the Mediterranean, engaged in trying to prevent illegal immigrants getting into Israel.

On demob he went into the City in marine insurance, married and fathered two daughters, living in Orpington.

He took early retirement and moved to a village in Somerset, Milborne Port, where he spent the rest of his life. His wife died in 2005.

John had a strong Christian faith and was licensed as a Reader in his local Church

Rev Colin Perkins (1954)

Tony Woolf Died 21st April 2021

Tony Woolf, who died recently aged 95, was born in London. He was an unexceptional pupil at Haberdashers Aske's School, who, when informed that Tony wanted to study medicine, advised his parents not to waste his time and their money. He nevertheless commenced his medical studies at St Mary's Hospital Medical School, London, in 1944, qualifying in 1948. In 1949 he was granted a National Service Commission as a Flying Officer and was appointed Command Gynaecologist for the Far East Branch of the Royal Air Force based in Singapore. By the time of his discharge from active service in 1950 he had been promoted to Acting Squadron Leader.

On his return to the UK, Tony worked as Resident Medical Officer at St Mary's, followed by the same post at Queen Charlotte's Hospital. In 1952 he married a fellow doctor, Hélène (Paddy) Goodman, DM, FRCS, whom he had met on the steps of the Royal College of Surgeons (RCS) and with whom he had two daughters. Paddy pre-deceased him in 2010.

In 1954 Tony became Senior House Officer in Obstetrics and Gynaecology at Hackney Hospital and two years later gained Membership of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists (MRCOG) subsequently becoming a Fellow in 1969. He returned to St Mary's as Casualty Officer in 1957. After gaining his RCS Fellowship in 1959, Tony was appointed to a series of posts, starting as Registrar at Fulham Hospital, then Senior Registrar in Obstetrics and Gynaecology at University College Hospital (UCH), before his appointment in 1964 as Consultant at Hackney Hospital, where he remained throughout his practising life.

He taught Obstetrics at UCH and served as an examiner for both the RCS and the MRCOG. Other appointments were as an Honorary Lecturer at St Bartholomew's Hospital, and Honorary Obstetrics and Gynaecology Consultant at St Andrew's Hospital, Dollis Hill. Tony was also an active member of the Royal Society of Medicine, attending meetings up until his final years.

Before making the decision to retire at 72, Tony had a very busy private practice in Harley Street and though his patients included royalty, aristocracy, and many well-known names, the same dedication, duty of care and commitment was accorded to all his patients, private or NHS, no matter how well-known or undistinguished they were.

As a student doctor, Tony played rugby for St Mary's and for the RAF in Singapore. He was a great cricket enthusiast, and he was proud of his membership of the MCC, which he held for over 50 years. While he was in practice he regularly played in a tennis "four" on weekends when his permanent "on-call" status allowed, and when he retired he took up golf, playing regularly into his nineties. He was extremely sociable and enjoyed good company, good food, and very good wines. Those who knew him well were also privileged to enjoy his dry and, at times, wicked sense of humour.

Tony was held in the highest esteem not simply by his patients by also by his colleagues and the junior doctors and students he taught. When, in his nineties, his health started to decline, many of his own consultants were doctors he had trained.

Above all, Tony was a "Man of Honour" setting himself high standards in his work and in the way he lived, and he challengingly expected the same of others. He served his fellow "men" generously and we shall greatly miss him, but never fail to remember him.

Professor Wallace Peters Died 26th December 2018



It is with great sadness that we learned of the passing of our former President and Manson Medallist, Professor Wallace Peters, who died in late December 2018, aged 94.

Wallace Peters (affectionately known as “Pete”) was born in 1924 and brought up in North London. He studied Medicine at St Bartholomew’s, graduating in 1947. He was a student during the war in Cambridge, where he first encountered malaria, describing it as “love at first sight”.

After he graduated, Professor Peters joined the Royal Army Medical Corps, which provided him with his first exposure to the tropics, when he was posted in Accra. It was during this time that he first joined the Royal Society of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene in 1950.

His experience in West Africa enabled his hobby as an entomologist (he was widely recognised as an authority on Lepidoptera) to blossom, which also made him well-suited to a post with WHO in Liberia, as entomologist to the malaria programme.

He then moved to a WHO post in Papua New Guinea in 1955. After this, he joined the Swiss Pharmaceutical Company Ciba-Geigy in 1961, where his interest in malaria chemotherapy was nurtured.

In 1966 he was appointed Professor of Parasitology at the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine (LSTM). He was a pioneer in malaria chemotherapy at a time when significant concerns about the emergence of chloroquine resistance, particularly during the period of the Vietnam War, were at the fore. His book on anti-malarial drugs remains a classic, as he was the first to recognise the need for combination therapy.

His interest into other parasitic diseases, led him to focus on leishmaniasis. He initiated work on the disease at LSTM during the 1970s, becoming the Dean in 1975.

Professor Peters developed many strong and lasting collaborations, exemplified by the classic studies on orang-utan malaria in Borneo with Professor Cyril Garnham and Bob Killick-Kendrick.

In 1979, he moved to the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine (LSHTM) to become Professor of Protozoology, maintaining his malaria chemotherapy and leishmaniasis interests particularly fruitful being his studies in Saudi Arabia. He worked at LSHTM until 1989, becoming Head of the Department of Medical Protozoology.

Professor Peters became a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in 1978 and donated a substantial part of his archive to them in 2017.

Wallace Peters was President of both the British Society for Parasitology (1974-1976) and the Royal Society of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene (1987-1989).

During his time as RSTMH President, many interesting events took place, including the establishment of the Robert Cochrane Fund for Leprosy with the closure of Leprosy Study Centre, Wimpole Street and events on issues we face today, including a meeting on "antibiotic resistance in the tropics".

The Society was in good health while he was President, financial surpluses were being made and there were new branches being established across the world. There was the same interest in early career researchers, notably a medical student elective prize and an undergraduate project prize.

As well as serving as our President, In 2004, he was awarded the RSTMH Sir Patrick Manson Medal, the Society's most prestigious award.

Professor Wallace Peters authored over 600 scientific papers and books, most notably the colour "Atlas of Tropical Medicine and Parasitology", the first editions of which were co-authored with his friend and colleague, the late Professor Herbert Gilles.

He then used the same format to publish "Arthropods in Clinical Medicine". His text on "Anti-Malarial Drugs", guided research on malarial chemotherapy and prevention for many years and represents a high level of meticulous scholarship.

He also edited a two-volume work on leishmania parasites with Bob Killick Kendrick, drawing together the best expertise of the time.

After his retirement and the death of his beloved wife Ruth, he summarised his life in a book entitled "Four Passions – Conversations With Myself", which serves as a fascinating insight into his life, relationships and extensive travels.

He was always a supporter and mentor of the younger generation, always on hand to give advice and support and deeply proud of the success of his many students. His work was recognised in an extensive list of awards, including Germany's Rudolf Leuckart Medal (1980), Saudi Arabia's King Faisal International Prize for Medicine (1983) and the Joseph Augustin LePrince Medal for his work in malariology (1994). He leaves a legacy of scientific achievement rarely matched.

Tamar Ghosh, RSTMH CEO, said of Professor Peters:

"Last year I had the privilege to visit Professor Peters three times at his house. We met because he couldn't attend a dinner we were hosting for long-serving members.

"He wasn't using emails due to a technical issue and we had been posting out the newsletter to him, so he could stay in touch with what was happening at the Society. On my trips to see him we would talk about recent activities and he would always help with advice I needed.

"Wallace and I talked at length about his collection of butterflies and other insects, which he had up with pride in his house. He remembered where each one came from and recounted many funny stories about them. They were simply stunning.

"We talked about his work in various countries and his thoughts for the future of tropical medicine. On my last visit in November 2018 we talked about the RSTMH Annual Meeting

we'd just held, and he mentioned the importance of us looking at the troublesome intersections of mental health, disability, conflict and others.

"I also asked him about the anatomy of a mosquito as we were needing to re-create an old logo for some work. He was always so keen to help and provide advice, in a kind and thoughtful way. It was easy to imagine how we must have nurtured the careers of his less senior colleagues when he was working.

"On that last visit, we shared shortbread biscuits and admired the beautiful gardens from his front room window. He talked about his beloved wife Ruth and his sister who passed away some years ago. He clearly adored them and highly respected the work they had done; his sister having worked for some years at the WHO.

"I'll never forget my time spent with Professor Peters, he was knowledgeable and kind, interesting and quick-witted. A true gentleman and a real genius in my mind.

"The Society has lost a great friend and supporter and he will be very missed."

Philip Thomas: born June 16 1926, died January 14 2014

Philip's obituary taken from the Daily Telegraph, 18 Feb.



Philip Thomas, who has died aged 87, was a leading fire scientist, publishing much of the key research which underpins scientific understanding of the behaviour of fire and has led to improvements in standards of fire safety.

Philip Humphrey Thomas was born in north London on 16 June 1926. He won a scholarship to Haberdashers' Aske's School, followed by another scholarship aged 16 to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he took a double First in Engineering and went on to do a PhD in the Physical Chemistry Department.

After a year as a special research trainee at Metropolitan Vickers in Manchester he joined the FRS. In 1962 he was awarded Special Merit Senior Principal Scientific Officer status. He retired in 1986.

In 1949 a new Fire Research Station (FRS) was established at Borehamwood in Hertfordshire. It soon established itself as a world centre of research into fire prevention and

control, and as a leader in the development of fire safety engineering. Thomas joined the FRS in 1951 and within four years had been appointed Principal Scientific Officer.

He started his work in a section concerned with the extinction of fires, and went on to publish more than 100 scientific papers which provided mathematical models for many different aspects of fire dynamics. His most important contributions, however, related to the behaviour of fire in buildings.

He was the first to introduce serious scientific discussion of the term “flashover” (the near-simultaneous ignition of combustible material in an enclosed area, as happened in the King’s Cross underground fire of 1987) and developed models for the behaviour of flames and “fire plumes”. These provided the scientific basis for the development of new roof venting systems designed to remove smoke and hot gases from single-storey buildings — and which are now widely used in such structures as shopping malls and airport terminals.

Thomas served as coordinator of the Fire Commission of the Conseil International du Bâtiment from 1974 to 1994, and as chairman of the International Organisation for Standardisation (ISO) Fire Safety Committee from 1976 to 1995. In the latter capacity he oversaw the development of international performance-based fire safety standards — a flexible approach which allows designers to maintain safety while using progressive designs that might otherwise have been restricted by building code requirements. In 1985 he was instrumental in founding the International Association

for Fire Safety Science (IAFSS), serving as its first chairman from 1985 to 1991. Thomas received many awards and prizes, including the Arthur B Guise Medal of the US Society for Fire Protection Engineering in 1991.

After the death of his wife in 1996 he married Joanna Haben — a family friend who had been widowed. She survives him with a son and daughter of his first marriage.

Dennis Cooper-Jones OBE (died 17th November 2013)



Dennis Cooper-Jones OBE passed away in Culm Valley Nursing Home on November 17th 2013, aged 89. This obituary has been provided by his son, Tim Cooper-Jones OBE.

He was born in 1924 at St Peter Port, Guernsey the eldest son of a dental surgeon. Educated at Haberdashers' Aske's School (as was his younger brother Maurice who died a few years ago) then in Hampstead. He went on to complete a BSc in Electrical Engineering at London University before seeing wartime service as Wireless Officer, Special Branch RNVR.

After the war he joined Standard Telephones and Cables as an Electronic Engineer, with whom he worked for 42 years, many as a senior manager. He travelled extensively in his various roles, yet found time to write two Business book, still in publication and many articles for technical publications and lectures. He was appointed an OBE in 1984 for services to the Defence Industry.

Apart from his family and fly fishing, his greatest passion was for his large garden, which he designed and planted over many years and enjoyed opening up to the village. He also served on many local committees, often as Chairman.

A highly intelligent man he was always friendly, helpful, interested and supportive to everyone he came across. He will be greatly missed by his family and his many friends.

John Feltham (died 24th October 2012)



John passed away on 24th October 2012,

John was a very active OH over the years and continued to attend functions until recent years. He was one of the founders of British Car Auctions and donated very generously to the OH sporting clubs and to Combined London Old Boys RFC.

Dr Tom O. PENMAN (1935 - 42)

died 3rd August 2000

Tom Penman left the Hampstead School in 1942 during a period when London was under constant air attack during the Second World War. In a letter to the then President of the Association, Alan Morris he has described life at the School during those early years of the War.

“An oil bomb landed on the premises early on, but did not go off. The oil of this unexploded bomb created a dreadful mess and the discoloration was still visible even when I left school two years later.

Two anti-aircraft shells landed on the School but fortunately neither exploded. One large (2,000 lb) bomb landed in the fields across the road. The worst hit the School had was when a large bomb (2,000 lb) landed on the Headmaster’s wing. It did not go off for some time later but when it did, it wrecked the administration area, demolished the caretaker’s flat and did enormous damage to the near-by science block.”

Upon leaving and after graduating, Tom worked for a while in the chemical industry in the U.K. before moving to Adelaide to take up a position as a lecturer in chemical engineering at the university there. After ten years he returned to industry briefly before setting up his own consultancy in 1970.

With degrees in Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Chemical Engineering and Chemistry he latterly became a Forensic Engineer in Melbourne which in his own words entailed” a lot of work as an expert witness.”

Whilst in Australia Tom, was able to keep in touch with much of what was going on in the U.K. via the British Public Schools’ Association which at one stage had eight Old Haberdasher members. In 1988 he was elected the President of this Association and thereafter in 1995 was to become the Honorary Secretary.

In the last couple of years Tom was much restricted in his activities after suffering a spinal stroke in mid-1999 that severely curtailed his mobility.

Bruce J Manning (1934-42)
died on 17th May 1988, after many years of coronary troubles and physical disability.

After leaving from the senior 6th form, Bruce joined the Royal Navy as a seaman, in February 1943, serving in HMS Cumberland on the Spitzbergen, Iceland and Northern patrol and then with HMS Wolsey on East Coast convoys. After being commissioned in 1944, he served as a Sub Lieutenant in HMS Barle in the Mediterranean and Red Seas and afterwards in the Indian and Pacific Oceans.

Bruce was a life member of the HOBC and, in 1971, attended one of the earlier decade dinners, before his health deteriorated, with a consequent move to Goonhaven, near Truro, in 1977.

In spite of his ill health, which he bore with the utmost courage, his sense of humour was retained to the last.

He left a widow, Kathleen.

WRT

Wing Commander David D. CHAMPION (1936-42)
died 27th June 1999

During his time at the School David Champion was a member of Calverts and was appointed a sub-prefect as well as playing for the rugby 3rd XV. He matriculated in 1942.

During the War, David was a 2nd Lieutenant in the 2nd Battalion the Queens Royal Regiment and was transferred to India in August 1945 being stationed at the Indian Military Academy at Dehva Dun and receiving a commission in February 1946. After a spell in Poona he latterly moved to Australia and joined the Royal Australian Air Force.

1941

Henry Edwards – died 16th May 2021



Henry was born on 9th July 1925 at 25 Queen's Court, Wembley, as the first of two children to Tommy and Betty Edwards. Mary followed a little later, and sadly passed herself earlier this year. Tommy and Betty originally hailed from Carmarthen to settle in Wembley once Tommy de-mobbed to join the Post Office having served in the Royal Signals in Belgium and France during WW1.

Henry attended the Haberdashers' School in West Hampstead, leaving in 1942 as a prefect, as captain of Hendersons house and as secretary of the chess club. And where he was an enthusiastic, but not very successful, rugby union and fives player. Henry became articled as a chartered accountant – which was interrupted from 1945 – 1948 when commissioned as a second lieutenant to serve in the Royal Signals. He saw no active service, though on being stationed in Armagh, Northern Ireland, his only comment was "it was incredibly cold!" On qualifying in 1949 Henry's working life was spent mainly in two companies:

Firstly, it was the Rank Organisation PLC, where he became Finance Director of the Consumer electronics Division

Secondly with Babcock International PLC, as Group Financial Controller, at the London head office, retiring in 1988.

The irony was that Henry didn't enjoy being an accountant. Yes, he worked hard, and was successful, an absolute top accountant, though in fact, his personal feeling was that big business was quite immoral, in fact! The only reason he ever worked in the profession was his very dominant father's drive; Tommy knew what was right! and pressured Henry into the role. Given his own choice, Henry would have chosen being a sportsman. Henry's own being compulsive meant he encouraged Pete's involvement in sport (who personally felt: not a natural) result: Henry's drive actually put Pete off. Every waking hour of weekends came with Henry being in a foul mood unless he was playing golf (that was, unless Pete managed to out-drive him on the fairways!) or tennis.

Home for Henry was Queen's Court before his first marriage, then it was Preston Road, near to Wembley Stadium where John and Peter joined the family in 1953 and 1954 respectively. In 1960, it was then Northwood, before Moor Park in 1966. Henry chose to keep the Moor Park house when the marriage was dissolved in 1984. Henry's interest in and passion for history, historic places, buildings, monuments, architecture, across the world, reared up to protect a house next door to him in Moor Park. The son of one his neighbours purchased a property to redevelop – demolish and replace for a quick profit – much to the neighbours' horror, Henry mounted a defence of the property and rallied his neighbours to halt the works. Those due to profit were not happy, they only looked at the money; as Peter says: when money talks, truth is seldom spoken. Henry's in-built integrity could not, and would not accept such. In his mind, even if destitute himself, and one of the world's richest men dropped a £2 coin without noticing, Henry would ensure he was given it back, regardless of his own needs. That was his level of integrity.

It was 1987 when Henry met Marit Sargint from Norway. The story goes: Marit was accepted to study architecture in Lyons, and with three months spare, she decided to improve her English working as an au pair in Cambridge for friends. However, it was through her Naval uncle's girlfriend – who lived in Albert Hall Mansions – that she was invited to a party where she met Dicky, her first husband of 20 years. As a widow, with a friend in Northwood, Marit was invited to a singles party, the same one Henry was drummed into attending (he thought the idea silly). Henry called Marit afterwards, and despite her Roman Catholic reservations due to his divorce, they hit it off, she met John and Peter, all went well, and they wed a year later in 1988.

Henry had a keen interest in travel with many holidays in and around Europe including France, Germany, and the former Soviet Union. With Marit, they would travel several times a year until the last few years; Henry liked obscure destinations and choices. When travel became too much, he would add guidebooks, and travel brochures to see the places, to wish he was there. His travel book collection included most countries of the world.

In retirement, Henry managed to build up extensive library built around his interests (in reality, he was a bit of a polymath in his interests). Topic themes include reference books about animals from insects to elephants and he became, like John, a fellow of The Zoological Society of London, choosing to visit as many major animal parks as possible. Architecture and historical houses were another huge part of the library, as were stories from his younger years – Biggles, Just William, and Reginald Crompton (grown up schoolboy books). And an exemplary music collection of classical CDs – Handel, Mozart, and Bach, in particular.

Henry remained a compulsive, but not very successful, games player throughout his life, he managed to play golf, tennis and squash into his seventies. And his rugby union passion continued with watching any England international match – absolutely, and compulsively – so much so, that nothing would stop him; it was five and six nations, and of course, the world cup. He also enjoyed a daily game of chess with his computer chess set. With Marit, came another irony in Henry's life (he was never keen on cold or snow) yet she was a skier from early life, and so holidays home to see family in and around Oslo and Bergen, came with skiing.

Henry was very particular in his views, choices, and his tastes – when it came to food, whilst not particularly fussy he was an Anglophile in what he ate (which meant, no rice, pasta or foreign foods). It was English breakfast everyday with an ideal meal of roast beef with Yorkshire pudding; redcurrant jelly with every meal; apple tart with evaporated milk, custard, or cream. If it was fish, smoked salmon.

Henry was a pedantic hater of smoking – he could never understand how everyone in the army smoked, for he thought it a disgusting habit. And he frowned on drinking alcohol, never approving of Marit's evening drink, though this never stopped her.

Alongside Henry's book and music libraries was his enjoyed vast DVD collection of crime and detective dramas that ranged through and included both TV series and film: Agatha Christie characters, especially Poirot; The Saint; Hawaii Five-O; Vandervalk; The Avengers, and Sherlock Holmes.

Kenneth Alfred Lowe - passed away 15th October 2015

The following eulogy was read on behalf of his three children Barbara, Judy and Robert at his funeral on 26th October 2015.

B.Sc (Eng), (Lond)

Chartered Engineer

Fellow of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers

Member of the Chartered Management Institute

Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Engineers

Freeman of the City of London

Dad was born in London on the 27th March 1923. His father was George Leander Lowe (known as Len) an Electrical Engineer, Contractor and Retailer, and his Mother was Edith Marie, nee Thorpe, known as Marie. (-pronounced Maari)

Dad was educated at a boy's prep school; and then at the Haberdashers' Aske's School for Boys in Hampstead.

As the 30's recession had severely affected his father's electrical business, a government Bursary was obtained and this enabled Dad to study mechanical engineering at Imperial College, London.

Having completed the degree course with most of his studying being done in an air raid shelter, his war service was spent mainly in the Far East, in the Fleet Air Arm as an Air Engineer Officer, both ashore and afloat.

On demob Dad secured a 4 year graduate apprenticeship with the English Steel Corporation in Sheffield, to learn about the manufacture and manipulation of steel. It was during this time that he married our Mum, Phyllis. They had met during the war when Mum was a qualified nurse at the Royal Free Hospital in London.

Dad's first professional appointment was with Esso Petroleum Company on their new refinery at Fawley on the west side of Southampton water.

During these years in Fawley, the three children were born. Barbara, followed by Judy some 18 months later and then Robert 15 months after Judy. A busy time for our Mum and growing up we all remember seeing the Fawley flare from our bedroom windows!

Over the next eight years Dad progressed to the position of Resident Engineer and Construction Manager.

As the construction phase neared its end Dad was appointed by the British General Electric Company to head up the construction of Japan's first nuclear power station at Tokai-Mura some 80 miles north east of Tokyo.

After four years Barbara and Judy came back to the UK to start school in Great Bookham, Surrey. The rest of the family followed about 18 months later at the completion of the Japanese power station.

Dad then took on the project and construction management of power stations, oil refineries and large scale pipeline installations in Australia, Bangladesh, Iran and here in the UK. The family went with Dad to Australia for two years within 18 months after his return from Japan, but we then had to settle in Great Bookham for schooling whilst Dad completed the other foreign assignments.

Dad's hobbies in the early years included rugby and squash and in later years golf and sailing – dinghy, coastal and cross channel. Even during his later years Dad kept himself fit and until only a few months ago he was swimming and going to the gym once a week!

In typical fashion Dad had written most of this Eulogy himself but one sentence struck us quite deeply.

Dad had written that irrespective of anything else, he considered his most significant achievement, with the help of our Mum, was to be able to educate his three children privately, thus giving us a head start in the "hurley burley of adult life".

Considering everything Dad achieved in his professional life we are so grateful for the sacrifices both he and Mum made which has helped us all in our careers and lives.

Barbara gave Dad two grandchildren, Antonia and Peter during the 1980's. They are both married and well established in good jobs and hopefully future careers and now Antonia is going to have a baby herself. Dad was shown the scan of little "Pip" –the name the baby is presently known by – whilst he was at Zetland during his last few days which made him smile.

Dad also enjoyed the company of grandchildren through Robert's marriage to Jenny and his own marriage to Jackie.

In 1994 our dear Mum passed away but Dad found happiness with Jackie whom he subsequently married in 1995.

Dad and Jackie had known one another since school days and after marrying they spent a few happy years together going on holidays and cruises from Southampton. Jackie sadly developed Parkinson's disease and Dad hardly left her side during the last few months of her life.

When Jackie passed away Dad decided the time had come to go in to a Masonic residential home and he initially went to Cadagon Court in Exeter. However his deepest wish was to be at Zetland Court, in Bournemouth and it was here that he spent the last two years of his life. Dad was so very happy at Zetland and became very involved in all of the activities and discovered a talent for painting and drawing. A pastime he thoroughly enjoyed.

For over 60 years he was a Freemason.

During Dad's final two and half weeks following on from his stroke, we all stayed at Zetland and got to know many of Dad's fellow residents, as well as the staff.

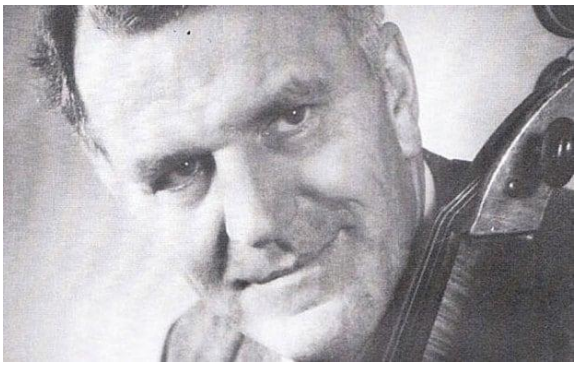
It became very obvious to us during this time why Dad had been so very happy here. He was looked after with lots of tender loving care and they even took us under their wing and offered us both practical and emotional support when we needed it most.

We cannot thank Debbie and her entire team enough for all that they have done.

So we say goodbye to Dad who lived his life to the full and his motivation and energy never ceased to amaze us.

So as Dad would always say "Cheers for now and keep smiling"

Alexander Kok, (1941 Leaver) born February 14 1926, died May 1 2015



Obituary taken from the Daily Telegraph 8th May 2015

Alexander Kok, the cellist, who has died aged 89, was a founder member of the Philharmonia Orchestra, a prominent chamber musician and a popular session player; he is

credited alongside Ringo Starr, Elton John and Eric Clapton on George Harrison's album Cloud Nine.

Kok lived a colourful life, with three marriages and a series of romantic liaisons. Two of his cellos were burnt beyond repair in a car accident and he was declared bankrupt after receiving poor advice when attempting to expand his music school in Cheltenham. None the less, he loved life in general and a hearty meal in particular, and was rarely downcast for long.

Kok's brother, Felix, a violinist, became leader of the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, and they occasionally performed together, including, while they were still students, in Brahms's Double Concerto under Sir Henry Wood. Later they formed the Beaufort Trio with the pianist Daphne Ibbott. After Kok's solo debut at the Wigmore Hall in 1960, one critic wrote that his "tone was of a very appealing, mellow quality, and his musicianship was sensitively sympathetic and sincere".

Alexander "Bobby" Kok was one of four brothers born at Brakpan, a mining town near Johannesburg, South Africa, on St Valentine's Day 1926. His father, a Boer farmer-turned-miner, had a lovely baritone voice; his mother was an accomplished violinist and pianist. Bobby, who was head chorister at St Mary's Cathedral, Johannesburg, was nine when a local carpenter presented him with his first cello, which was too big for him to play.

Felix had been encouraged to pursue his violin studies in London, so in 1938 their mother brought all her sons to Britain. Bobby joined his brother at Haberdashers' Aske's School, where he shone at rugby and boxing, but upset the headmaster by winning a scholarship to follow Felix to the Royal Academy of Music. He joined Ensa, performing for British troops, and played with the Boyd Neel Orchestra.

Walter Legge set up the Philharmonia in 1945 and Kok was a member from the very first concert (conducted by Thomas Beecham), sharing his love of classic cars with Dennis Brain, their horn player, and Herbert von Karajan, who conducted in 1948. During this time he took lessons with Pierre Fournier in Paris and Pablo Casals in Prades, developing a deep affection for France.

In 1957 he joined Dartington College of Arts, in Devon, lecturing in music history, and the following year set up the Dartington String Quartet with Colin Sauer, Peter Carter and Keith Lovell. Within three years he was back in London, as principal cellist with the BBC Symphony Orchestra, but by 1965, having found himself disagreeing with the BBC's music policy, he had moved into the commercial world. Groups such as the Beatles needed backing musicians, while film, television and advertising work provided a steady income.

Kok was a founder of the Cheltenham Music School in 1971, but when he tried to extend its facilities in the mid-1980s he was thwarted by planners and, in his view, deceived by his legal and financial advisers. To add to his woes, there was a dispute over liability for the cellos lost in his accident the year before.
Eventually he retired to France, where he developed a rehearsal space for young musicians; although he had a few pupils, many friends regretted that there were not more. He also wrote A Voice in the Dark: The Philharmonia Years (2003), an anecdotal autobiography which takes its name from the way Legge's voice emerged from behind a curtain during Kok's audition to join the orchestra.

Kok was thrice married: to Annette Ingold in 1954; to Ysobel Danks, the daughter of the viola player Harry Danks, in 1964; and to Marian Hardy in 1981. All the marriages ended in divorce. Latterly he was cared for in Normandy by his friend Margaret Cook. After her death in 2013 he returned to Britain. He is survived by three sons from his second marriage.

Arthur Kerswill : died 6th June 2014



Arthur's son, Paul, provided a copy of the eulogy used by the vicar at the funeral.

Arthur was a Londoner from Golders Green, born on 12th September 1924. He was the youngest of four, and to judge from the earliest family photos he was heavily into cricket and generally running around. He had a close relationship with his brother Fred, and in 1943 the pair started university in Edinburgh. After a few months they both left to join the Navy. Fred became a submariner, while Arthur served on motor torpedo boats. Arthur had what is euphemistically called a 'good' war, and he saw action on D-Day when his MTB was part of the decoy fleet.

The two young men wrote to each other, and we can read that they planned to return to Edinburgh after the war. That was not to be, because in November 1944 Fred's submarine struck a mine off the coast of Narvik and the vessel was lost without trace. After that, Arthur didn't feel motivated to return to university. Fred's death stuck in Arthur's mind for the rest of his life, and when dementia began to set in about three years ago, touchingly, he had a number of visions of his brother standing by his bedside in full naval uniform.

But let's go back to the 1950s. Rugby and cricket were Arthur's consuming passions, both as a player for the Old Haberdashers and as a spectator. The Navy continued to run as a theme through his life. On one occasion as a young officer in the Royal Naval Reserve on an official visit to Oslo, he decided to while away an afternoon on one of the tourist boats that still ply Oslo harbour. After a few minutes, blue skies turned to rain and thunder, and the gallant young man decided to help the tourist guide put up the awning to protect the passengers. That tourist guide was a young lady named Inger, and Arthur steeled himself to ask her out for a drink. Inger became Arthur's bride a couple of years later in 1955, and their son Paul was born the following year. Eleven years later, Inger and Arthur adopted two more children, Richard and Tanith, who became Paul's brother and sister.

Arthur's working life was a varied one, and it included running a printworks and a graphic design studio. In 1968 the family moved to the leafy outskirts of Hemel Hempstead, and Arthur moved his office to Berkhamsted. He tried various ventures, including importing Norwegian tableware and marketing a very expensive silver chess set marking the American bicentenary. Nothing much came of these, but around the same time he bought up Vacher's Parliamentary Companion. This was a good move, and meant that he and Inger could enjoy a comfortable retirement.

They both enjoyed good health for several years, and their relationship blossomed. They set off on some wonderful trips, mainly to places where the wine is renowned: Zimbabwe, Madeira, Hungary, Germany, France and Italy. Inger and Arthur had always been the ideal hosts, and their dinner parties were famous.

Inger's death in 2007 left Arthur rather rudderless. When he began to find day to day living difficult and sometimes confusing, he enlisted a number of people to provide care and help around the house. His three children kept in close contact with him until he died at 11.45 pm on D-Day 2014.

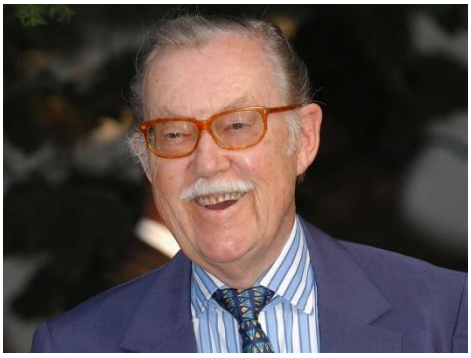
Everybody who has ever known Arthur comments on how good a friend he was, how honest and honourable, and he expected and received similar behaviour in others. His was a good, long life, well lived, and he will be sorely missed by many.

The following is a summary of Arthur's involvement with the OHRFC – provided by Martin Baker.

Arthur was a stalwart of the Old Haberdashers', particularly the rugby club. He played over 200 games for the 1st XV making him a member of the elite 200 club. He was a feisty back row forward and captained the club for four years from 1948 – 1952, at a time when the club regularly ran 7 sides and captaincy was a major administrative undertaking.

Season	Pres.	Capt.	P	W	D	L
1948/49	S.H. Bean	A.H.S. Kerswill	32	17	1	14
1949/50	S.H. Bean	A.H.S. Kerswill	30	11	3	16
1950/51	J.E.G. Moody	A.H.S Kerswill	28	8	3	17
1951/52	J.E.G. Moody	A.H.S. Kerswill	31	9	5	17

Alan Whicker CBE (1941 leaver) born August 2 1925, died July 12 2013



Obituary taken from the Daily Telegraph

Alan Whicker, the interviewer and documentary maker, who has died aged 87, made highly influential and popular television programmes over a period of more than five decades.

One of the medium's first celebrities, he was often described as a "travel journalist" on account of his many reports from exotic locations. But he preferred to call himself "a journalist who travels", considering that everyone had a story which it was his job to tell. To this end he traversed the globe "at least 97 times", and as early as 1982 presented the retrospective Whicker's World — The First Million Miles.

His programmes delighted in the colourful, the eccentric and the downright ludicrous. Charming and deferential in blazer or safari suit, Whicker allowed his subjects to speak for — and often condemn — themselves. His habit of keeping his back to the camera suggested

an air of neutrality and an absence of ego. His satirical asides, rich and subtle, influenced fly-on-the-wall documentary makers from Clive James to Louis Theroux; and his distinctive drawling, flat delivery was widely and affectionately mimicked in the nation's saloon bars.

Whicker was particularly fascinated by the hidden lives of the rich and famous, and he interviewed figures such as J Paul Getty, the Sultan of Brunei and the Haitian dictator "Papa Doc" Duvalier. He was never more content than when sipping champagne and gliding around the deck of a "superyacht" surrounded by scantily-clad women and self-made men, admitting that he was "happy enough to have the best". In a poll by the advertising agency J Walter Thompson he was once voted "the most envied man in Britain".

At the same time, Whicker was a consummate professional. He conceived, researched, wrote, produced and presented his programmes; this would often involve writing one while simultaneously filming, researching and planning others.

The son of a soldier who died young, Alan Donald Whicker was born in Cairo on August 2 1925, and was brought up by his mother in Hampstead. He was educated at Haberdasher's Aske's, where he would write to travel agents asking for brochures for "exotic locations such as Ostend".

On leaving school he joined the Army, and was serving as an officer with the Devonshire R

Derek A Vink (1939-1941)



He was awarded his School 1st XV colours towards the end of the autumn term, and some two months later, and had volunteered to join the South Staffs. Regiment being commissioned in 1943. In June 1944, he landed in Normandy but was wounded in Holland during that November! Thereafter, life become a little less hectic and he was posted to the North Staffs. Regiment, acting as the Army of Occupation in North Italy, during 1945-46.

After being a member of the Allied Mission, observing the Greek elections, he was demobilised in March 1946 and faced with the choice of a career, some five years later than would normally have been the case! Deciding to take up catering, he worked his way through all the departments of a large hotel, from the kitchens to management, before being qualified by the Hotel Catering Institute. He managed the Black Boy Hotel in Nottingham and several other large hotels around the country.

During his apprenticeship period, he had the opportunity to play, fairly regularly with the O.H.R.F.C., and had already joined the H.O.B.C. as a life member. He made his debut for the 1st XV on 28th February 1948 and during 1948-49 was a regular wing three quarter in the senior side. However, business commitments meant irregular availability and most of his football, during the next two seasons, was played in the 'A'. However, at the beginning of 1951-52 he added a further 7 senior appearances, his last being on 1st December 1951. Nevertheless, he was able to play mainly for the 'A' and made his final club appearance for the Ex 'A' on 11th April 1953.

Up to 1989, Derek continued to make the journeys down to Borehamwood for the biennial reunions of his decade.

Derek and Ann were married in 1952 and their son, Martin, later provided them with two grand daughters. In the interim, in 1979 Derek had the opportunity to purchase 'The Spread Eagle' at Oakley Hay, near Corby. During the following decade, his restaurant was noted in the Good Food Guide.

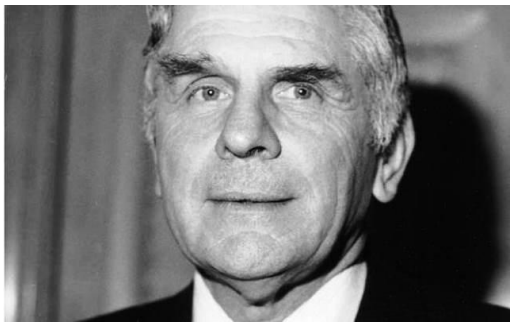
At around the age of 64 and with Martin and his family settled in Kent, Derek decided to take his version of retirement, which meant moving to a flat in Corby and becoming a lecturer on Catering and Hotel Management at the Treasham Institute!

To Ann we would wish to offer our deep regrets at the sudden termination of 44 years of married life of which only seven had elapsed into their retirement.

1940

Sir James Swaffield (1940 leaver), born February 16 1924, died July 4 2015

(Obituary taken from the Daily Telepgraph 8th July 2015)



Sir James Swaffield, who has died aged 91, held two of the most influential positions in English local government as secretary of the Association of Municipal Corporations and, from 1973, director-general of the Greater London Council.

But he became engulfed by controversy as Ken Livingstone seized control of the GLC Labour group after the 1981 elections to push through Left-wing policies, and Margaret Thatcher geared up to abolish the council – as well as the Inner London Education Authority, to which Swaffield was also clerk. Retiring in 1984 with “a mixture of relief and regret”, he became a successful chairman of the British Rail Property Board.

Swaffield saw the GLC as essential for looking after “the whole of London”, and trying to make it “the best of cities”. But, with the capital’s population having fallen to a little over six million and its economy vulnerable, Livingstone’s concentration on totemic issues for the Left brought sharp differences with Swaffield. When he left County Hall, however, Livingstone led the tributes.

Swaffield was renowned for his immersion in day-to-day administration. At County Hall he insisted on meeting his assistant directors at a round table rather than a rectangular one, feeling it made the team work better. He also encouraged professionalism among staff, helping to set up the Institute of Local Government Studies at Birmingham University.

James Chesebrough Swaffield was born at Cheltenham on February 16 1924. His father was a director of a soap company. He attended Cheltenham Grammar School and Haberdashers’ Aske’s, Hampstead. Swaffield saw war service from 1942 with the RNVR, staying on post-war to retire a lieutenant-commander. On demobilisation he trained to be a council solicitor in Wembley, taking a London University degree (and later an Oxford MA). Qualifying in 1949, he joined the town clerk’s department at Lincoln.

He moved on to Norwich, Cheltenham and Southend, and in 1956 was appointed deputy town clerk of Blackpool. Promoted to town clerk soon after, he became the youngest in any county borough.

In 1958 Swaffield was caught up in a dispute between members of the town’s watch committee and its autocratic chief constable, Harry Barnes. A strict Methodist, Barnes had devoted most of his 15 years running the force to trying to stop the bawdy stand-up comic Frank Randle performing in the borough.

Randle’s death the year before had left a void in Barnes’s life and he decided to retire. The Watch Committee baulked at giving him his pension two years early, and when Labour councillors told Swaffield they were ready to force a special council meeting Barnes handed Swaffield his resignation, without waiting for the pension.

Moving to the AMC in 1962, Swaffield was for 11 years the key figure representing the interests of provincial cities and large towns. He oversaw a campaign to give councils greater powers over taxis, recommended striking teachers be suspended without pay, and scorned as “totally inadequate” an offer from Whitehall of 60 per cent of the cost of strengthening tower blocks after the Ronan Point gas explosion. But he was most critical of a succession of tight rate support settlements, from Labour and Conservative governments.

Peter Walker’s reorganisation of local government in 1974 spelt the end for the AMC, so the previous year Swaffield moved to the GLC, becoming Britain’s highest paid council official at £16,404, soon increased to £22,000 per annum. In June 1975 he supervised the counting of

Greater London's 3.3 million votes in the referendum on continued membership of the EEC. He also oversaw the inquiry by Robin Auld QC into William Tyndale junior school in Islington, which a takeover by far Left teachers had reduced to anarchy. Six staff members had complained about the way Ilea's education officer Dr Eric Briault had handled matters; Swaffield rejected the charges.

Swaffield built up a solid relationship with Labour's GLC leader Reg Goodwin, but after the Conservatives regained control in 1977 he and the more flamboyant Horace Cutler took time to gel. After a year, however, Cutler claimed Swaffield had "got the message that the political power was in my hands and the administrative power in his".

Cutler had big ideas for halting London's economic decline. In 1979 Swaffield and Fred Pooley, controller of planning, proposed building an airport in the Thames estuary – a forerunner of "Boris Island" – for less than £200 million. Cutler and Swaffield visited Pittsburgh together to study American enterprise initiatives.

Swaffield found the Thatcher administration's approach to local government discouraging. Ministers, he said, believed councils "could not be left to get on with the things they were good at". When stories were leaked about Ilea's functions being "returned to the boroughs", he observed tartly that the boroughs had never been responsible for education.

In May 1981 Labour under Andrew McIntosh regained control, and within 48 hours Livingstone ousted him. McIntosh had instructed Swaffield to halt civil defence preparations against nuclear attack, and tell British Rail to re-route nuclear weapon and waste trains away from the capital. Livingstone went further.

Swaffield had to warn members of Ilea they could be surcharged if they gave teachers time off to join the People's March for Jobs. But when the council chose an advertising agency run by a former colleague of Livingstone's, Tory councillors said Swaffield should have stopped it. Aims of Industry demanded his resignation for obeying an instruction to find out what business companies supporting an Aims campaign did with the council.

After leaving County Hall in February 1984, the first job Swaffield took was observing El Salvador's presidential elections. He and the other UK observers had to be protected by hundreds of troops. Bureaucracy and guerrilla activity prevented 200,000 people from voting, but Swaffield reported that the authorities had done their best despite confusion at polling stations which made it "barely possible" to vote in secrecy.

Swaffield took the chair of the Property Board as British Rail under Sir Bob Reid was focusing more on its businesses. He handed over 10 sites to the Royal Society for Nature Conservation, but the thrust of the Board's activities was firmly commercial.

Its largest development – Broadgate, on the site of Broad Street station – showed, with Canary Wharf, that London was turning the corner. Also on the drawing board, though it would take 25 years to deliver, was the redevelopment of 125 acres behind King's Cross and St Pancras stations.

In 1986-87 major disposals helped Swaffield's board raise more than £130 million. The next year, income rose to £243 million. Swaffield stood down in 1991, just before rail privatisation became an issue.

Swaffield was a long-serving chairman of the London Marathon Charitable Trust and deputy lieutenant for Greater London. He was appointed CBE in 1971 and knighted in 1976.

James Swaffield married Elizabeth Maunder in 1950; they had two sons and two daughters.

Norman James (1st May 1924 - 8th June 2013)



The following text is the Tribute that David James gave at Norman's funeral on 27th June 2013

When Carol and Barbara asked me to talk about Norman today I was honoured as I must be the person who has known him the longest and he has always been part of my life. He was born in Cricklewood in 1924 and went to Haberdashers School, Hampstead. It was obvious then that he was highly intelligent matriculating at the age of 14. (He was the brains in the family!).

When the war came he was 15 and I was 11 and we were evacuated with the school to Wellingborough. We were billeted with complete strangers and as far as I was concerned he became head of the family whilst we were away from home. He was my brother Joe - a nickname from our childhood days. He went to London University a year early to study law and after a year was called up to serve in the Army.

His army career during the war was distinguished. He rose to the rank of Captain in the Royal Signals, working alongside Indian troops and served in India & Burma, finishing up at the end of the war in Jarva when the Japanese capitulated. It showed his character and how modest he was because he never spoke about the war and even the family did not know that he was mentioned in Dispatches, evidence of which Carol and Barbara have found in a file since he died.

After the war he came back to Cricklewood and returned to London University to complete his degree. On completing his studies he worked at Robsons, a firm of West End Solicitors, where he became a Partner. Norman worked at Robsons all his life until he retired, having his name on The Roll for over 50 years. He was, as expected, an excellent solicitor very meticulous and caring, acting for many friends and family who are here today.

To pick up normal life on his return from the war, Norman came out to Haberdashers School to watch me play in a rugby match one Saturday and this is where he met Brenda his first wife. They were happily married for more than 25years and had a devoted family life with their two children Ian and Carol. A great deal of their family life revolved around Norman's involvement with the Old Haberdashers Association.

He captained one of the Old Boys rugby teams for a time and then refereed in later years. The family supporting him on the touch line, with many Easters spent on 'rugger' tour in the West Country. He became President of the Old Boys Rugby Club and later of the Old Haberdashers Association. He performed all his duties in both clubs to the highest standard - even though he lived south of the river in Epsom.

He had a lifelong love of gardening and this is reflected in "The Glory of the Garden" by Rudyard Kipling. As the poem hangs in the hall in Rivey Close Emma suggested that an extract be included today, and Ian will read this shortly.

Norman and Brenda had their 25th Wedding anniversary celebration but sadly Brenda died at an early age not long afterwards. At this time he was supported by Carol and Ian together with family and friends, including Barbara - whose late husband Derek had been known to Norman during their working lives.

Norman and Barbara's friendship developed over time and it was a great joy to both families when he married Barbara and they led a very full and happy life - during those years they had the joy of sharing families including their grandchildren and he was able to see them all reach adulthood. As Adam said '"Grandpa was everything you strive to be" and "If I turn out half the person Grandpa was I'll be proud."

Norman and Barbara also enjoyed their Silver Wedding Anniversary and at that celebration he asked if they could both count their two 25years as Golden.

When Norman & Barbara moved to West Bytleet he became involved in this Church and many local organisations, including a Wine Circle, Music Group, Bowls Club Retired Men's Luncheon Club and the Woking Active Retired Club, of which he has been Chaiman. In all these activities he made more new friends - many of whom are here today.

They also established a home at Mudeford where numerous great times were had with family and friends alike.

His 80th Birthday cake was made in the shape of a wine bottle and Carol and Andy summed up his qualities on the bottle's label "This vintage wine has been carefully matured for eight decades. Of excellent character, it travels well and is a good accompaniment to all occasions. Reliable and intelligent it is always pleasing to the palate."

Many of us have our own special memories of Norman - to me he will always by my brother Joe. But to sum up Norman - he was modest, very capable, caring and a rock on which all the family could rely. As many of the tributes received have said "he was a true gentleman" and he will be sadly missed by all of us.

WAV (Tony) Odoni (died in 1992)

Douglas WS Birnie (died in 1995)

Turner Donovan Bridge (died in December 2002)

He was at Haberdashers from about 1936 to about 1940 (he did not take Higher School Certificate, joining the Army instead where he had a distinguished wartime career, leaving with the rank of major in 1946).

He subsequently followed a publishing career, going out to Kenya in 1958 where he founded a publishing company which wrote, published and printed books and handbooks for several governments in sub-Saharan Africa and the Arabian Gulf. He returned to England in 1970 and continued with publishing, specialising in the military sphere. From 1972 until 2000 he published the longest established military journal in the world, Army Quarterly & Defence Journal.

He was always interested to follow the fortunes of Haberdashers and even though he says that the school was not as distinguished academically when he was there as it is now, I am sure that his time there had a formative influence on his life and especially on his lifetime interest in history.

Maureen Bridge

1939

Dr Llewelyn Gwyn Chambers, (11/02/1924 -09/12/2014) attended the school between 1935 and 1939.

Dr Chambers became a reader in the mathematics at the University College of North Wales Bangor, and also served as treasurer of the Guild of Graduates of the University of Wales for 27 years. Prior to working at Bangor, he had worked as a scientific officer in the Admiralty, and lectured at the military college at Shrivenham.

Dr Chambers always attributed his later academic success to the rigid grounding in the sciences he had received at Haberdashers, in particular the mathematics teaching. Strangely enough, his school reports from the 1930s do not point to prodigal ability until his mid-teens, from which time his strengths came to the fore.

One of his most bizarre recollection was that of a teacher who kept a collection of canes and tubes for doling out punishments, all with a particular name. A pupil would be punished by an instrument of his own choosing!

In September 1939, about to enter the sixth-form, Dr Chambers was on holiday in Cricieth with his aunt and unf le when war broke out. He subsequently did not return to London, and studied for the next two years at Porthmadog County School.

He then continued his studies in North Wales, graduating in mathematics at Bangor in 1944. He spent the next ten years in military work at Rosyth, Hazelmere and Shrivenham. He was appointed as a lecturer at his old college in Bangor in 1954, and worked there until his retirement in 1991. He was awarded a doctorate in 1968. He published several books on the applications, of mathematics, but always saw his primary purpose as the teaching and mathematical nurturing of students. His ex-students invariably spoke extremely highly of him.

Dr Chambers had a wide range of academic interests, learning several languages, and his Welsh translation of Nicolai Gogol's play 'The Government Inspector' was published. He was amongst the founders of a Welsh-language scientific magazine in the early 60s - 'Y Gwyddonydd' (The Scientist). He was, perhaps, the leading authority on the Anglesey scientist William Jones, whose work was recently feted in’π Day'.

He married Mona Rees Owen in 1955, and his only son Huw is himself a mathematics teacher.

Richard (Dick) Seal - 16th April 2013

I'm very sad to advise that Richard ‘Dick’ Seal died on 16thApril 2013, aged 91. He died peacefully after a short illness and his family enjoyed some quality time with him in his final days.

He was at school during the 30's and was well known as the mainstay of the athletics club, as a sprinter, winning the 'Victor Ludorum' cup in his latter years and running at both the White City and Crystal Palace. He also played rugby for the school and Old Boys’ first XVs

and was a prolific scoring and hard tackling wing three-quarter whose contemporaries included, Nobbly Tanner, Ron Benge, ‘Jumbo’ Jackman, Kenneth Blessley and Charlie Amstein.

Shortly after the outbreak of war and after a short time working in the London insurance industry for the London and Lancashire, he joined the RAF where he was trained as a sergeant radio operator/navigator. There he met his wife Audrey, who survives him. After the war he returned to the City and worked all his career in the insurance industry, latterly as Head of Underwriting at the Royal Insurance in West London.

Dick’s sons, Gerry and Jon both attended Habs and were taught by some of Dick’s teachers; notably Messrs Paske, Dudderidge and Crossman.

On retirement Dick and Audrey retired to Milford-on-Sea where they spent many happy years together before, quite recently, illness sadly led to their move to specialist care homes. His brother John H. Seal, sons Gerald R. L. Seal and Jonathan M. G. Seal, together with his much-loved grandchildren, family, friends and carers attended his funeral on 29th April in Hedge End, Hampshire. Tributes and eulogies consistently referred to a ‘kind and caring, true gentleman’.

Dennis E Bailey (died in 1992)

EA Ray Chapman (died in 1992)

CG Eager (died in 2000)

Gordan P Pavey (died in 1997)

Brian D PARKER (1931-37)

died on August 24, 1990 in Kitchener, Ontario, after a short illness, aged 70.

His business life was, for the most part, spent in Canada where he emigrated soon after the Second World War following a brief period in South Africa. He retired in 1981 as sales manager of Syroco Canada. Before the war Brian joined the HAC and later saw commissioned service with the Royal Artillery and First Battalion Royal Scots in India and Burma, achieving the rank of Major.

He represented the School at rugby and boxing, winning his colours at both sports, and played scrum-half for the OHRFC 1st XV for two seasons after the war.

To his wife Peggy and their children, David, Janice, Alan, Sherry and Judy and their respective children we offer our condolences on their sad loss.

Alec J. PARKER (1932-39)
died on 3 August 1985.

After war service with the Royal Artillery in Normandy he joined the Westminster Bank in 1948 and was later. in 1981 seconded to the National Trust at Hughenden Manor. He took early retirement in 1983.

Alec played for the OH as a fullback immediately after the war; he was well-known as a designer and builder of model engines for which he won a Bronze Medal at the Model Railway Exhibition in 1980.

Derek MONNICKENDAM (1930-39)
passed away on the 8 November 1991, aged 70 years.

He was resident in Grimsby from about 1965, but died at Worcester, having gone there with his wife Sheila to stay with friends.

At school Derek was an above average scholar, sitting his School Certificate exams at 15 years of age. He told the writer that in the middle of his school years he (and another named Zinkin) was entered by the Headmaster, Reverend F J Kemp, for a scholarship exam arranged by the Haberdashers' Company. Derek won the scholarship, and this relieved his father from paying school fees for at least a year. However, the award was not announced in school, so Derek always felt a little embittered at getting no public glory, so to speak! He was awarded 6th form privileges at school.

In the war, Derek served from 1941 as an LAC Wireless Operator in the RAF, seeing service in Canada, Jamaica, and Labrador. After demob in 1946 he was in his father's highclass bakery business for a time, until he left to train and qualify as a dentist. Eventually he opened a practice in Grimsby.

Derek was always interested in sport. While living in the south, he sculled on the Thames as a member of the Mortlake Rowing Club. From Grimsby he sculled the River Anholme at Brigg. Every winter he went skiing on the continent, and took his children there on occasions for the experience. His main hobby was sailing; several years ago he took his wife, with their four children of school age, right across the Atlantic in his 30 foot sloop. His youngsters, two boys and two girls are all students, ranging from 20 years to 13 years of age.

AJT

Derek was a life member of the HOBC and for many years after the formation of the Association in 1962, donated at subscription rates. He was a regular attendee at the 1930-39 Decade dinners (being present at the first, in April 1965) and subsequent pre-1940 reunions, before moving to the North. Occasionally, he made the long journey from Grimsby,

the last time (in April 1988) inadvertently causing the Hon Registrar considerable embarrassment, since the latter overlooked him and advised the President that the long-distance tankard ought to be awarded to a member from the Stafford area - at least 25 miles nearer Boreham Wood, even by the road route! Typically, Derek quietly reminded the culprit, only after the presentation had been made.

To Sheila and their four children Claire, Richard, Giles and Louisa (only 13, at the time) we would wish to offer condolences for the loss of a loving man and a caring father, whose ashes were scattered in the Mediterranean, because of the long-planned world cruise, which never came to fruition. Also to his sister, Joan Cinnamon, on this further bereavement, some 18 months after losing her husband.

Frank E Howard (1933-39)
died suddenly on 6th May 1989

- the day following his attending a wedding in Cardiff (where he had enjoyed meeting some old BBC friends he had last seen some 20 years previously) and, very unfortunately, a week before his daughter, Rona, was to be married.

Upon leaving the School at the age of 16 (where he had played for the 1st XI and earned 1st XXII colours, with his 25 bowling victims) Frank went to the Woolwich Arsenal, as a chemist, and then joined the BBC in 1940 as a junior maintenance engineer in Radio. This was the start of a career in the BBC that was to last over 40 years. Based initially in Maida Vale, it was then that he first became acquainted with Aldenham House, whilst it was under BBC occupation and when, of course, the "BBC block" was constructed.

In 1942 he joined the Royal Navy, and as a telegraphist petty officer saw action in the Far East on the aircraft carrier HMS Indefatigable. His tasks were the maintenance and operation of radio and navigational equipment on board ship and on its compliment of Fairey Swordfish aircraft.

In 1946 he returned to the BBC in London, based at Alexandra Palace, where he became involved in the early days of BBC Television, in outside broadcasts, covering events all over the country. He took a leading role in planning the TV coverage of the Festival of Britain from the South Bank in 1951. In this period, he played for the OHCC as a change bowler, appearing in 7 of the 11 games in 1950 (their 4th season) and occasionally over the next two years.

In 1955, he married Margaret, who also worked at the BBC, and Ron A Benge (1932-38) was their best man. The same year they moved to Cardiff, where he helped to set up BBC Wales. These were busy and experimental times in television, and he was involved in outside broadcasts, almost always "live" in those days, of events all over Wales. These

ranged from rugby internationals at Cardiff Arms Park, religious broadcasts from Welsh chapels and cathedrals, to coverage of climbers on the heights of Snowdonia. Their three children were all born in Wales.

Following promotion, the family moved back to London in 1968 and settled in Radlett, principally to be close to the School for David and Jonathan. As Head of Engineering (Radio) Outside Broadcasts (London) he was responsible for covering all major national and international events, such as the investiture of the Prince of Wales in Caernafon in 1969, the Olympic Games in Munich, Montreal and Moscow and all the Commonwealth Games and World Cups up to his retirement in 1981. He had travelled widely in his job and his final project was helping to set up the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra tour to China and Japan.

In 1977, he was awarded the Queen's Silver Jubilee Medal for services to Broadcasting. He attended a number of Association functions, particularly the pre-1940 reunions and Fathers and Sons dinners, whilst he lived in the Home Counties. However in 1983, he and Margaret moved back to Wales, to enjoy retirement at the Old Rectory, Llansantffraed, near Brecon, on the banks of the Usk. "Retirement" consisted of keeping a few sheep, goats and chickens and, latterly, opening up the Old Rectory as a small B & B establishment!

He was also actively involved in the local community of Talybont-on-Usk and was President and Secretary of the Brecon and District Railway Society. As a keen gardener, he was now in his element with the fertile soil of the Usk valley and the friends he had made in his six, all too short years of retirement. The number of these was evidenced by the attendance at his funeral in Llansantffraed, which was also attended by his best man.

His elder son, David, summed up his father as a quiet and gentle man - an epitaph with which OH contemporaries and friends will be in full agreement. He left a widow, Margaret, and their family, Rona, David C (1986-77Dec), and Jonathan W (1969-78Dec)

DCH/WRT

John L. HOFFMAN (1934-39)
died in hospital on 19 July 1985 at the age of 61.

John commenced his war service as an Ordinary Seaman on the North Sea Patrol in July 1942. He was later commissioned Sub. Lieut. and was 2nd in command of Landing Craft Tanks at the Normandy Landing on D. Day in June 1944. He then commanded LCT in Eastern Waters. Upon his return to civilian life John entered a merchant bank and was approaching his retirement when he suffered a stroke.

To his widow, Doris (Mickie) and their daughters Louise and Teresa, we offer condolences on their sadly sudden loss.

Graham W. HARGREAVES (1935-39)
died on 9 September 1985.

Leaving the School at 16 after gaining his 2nd XI cricket colours Graham joined the National Provincial Bank as a temporary clerk in December 1939. Upon joining the 1st Battalion of the King's regiment in February 1942 he saw service in the Western Desert before going to Italy in October 1943 and then on to Greece in December of the following year.

Two years later Graham rejoined the Bank at their Barnet Branch. His potential was soon recognised and he was transferred to the Head office Staff department in March 1950 shortly before his 27th birthday. Thirteen years later he became a Chief Accountant's Assistant and prior to the formation of the NatWest group at the beginning of 1970 was appointed Financial Controller, South East Region responsible for the financial accounting methods of the Bank's Branch network. In January 1974 he was promoted Controller, Personnel Services, based at Draper's Gardens in the City. At 57 Graham received his final appointment as Personnel Manager based at Head Office 41 Lothbury having responsibility for staffing a number of specialist departments. He retired at the end of 1982, a few months short of 40 years' actual banking service.

Moving down to Donhead St Andrew in Dorset, Graham quickly adapted to village life, becoming Secretary and Treasurer of the Parochial Church Council and a bell-ringer at the church, as well as creating and editing the first village newsletter. He was always a keen gardener, maintained his interest in cricket as a member of the MCC and took his retirement exercise by playing badminton. We would express our condolences to his widow, Eleanor on the all-too-short period of that retirement and to their daughters, Janet and Susan.

1938

OH (Bill)Van Weede (died in 2002)

Paul Deneman (died in 2001)

1937

Dick Newman died 29th June 2022



Richard Harry Newman, more familiarly called Dick, was born on 8 January 1920 and lived with his parents at 79 Wembley Park Drive, Wembley Park. His father bought a laundry in Acton (Schoolbreds) and it was assumed that Dick would follow his father into this business.

Dick's earliest memory was of being taken in a pram by his mother to the 1924 British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. From 1927-1931, he attended The Gables Primary School in Wembley which was run by a Rev. J.H Kerridge. On 29 September 1930, his father registered him for a place at Haberdashers' Aske's Boys' School then situated a short walk from Cricklewood Station on Westbere Road. His first day at Habs was on 21 September 1931 (he was placed in Calverts House) and he then spent the next six years there before leaving on 31 July 1937 without many qualifications (he described himself as not a model pupil).

Dick enjoyed his time at Habs, particularly the co-curricular life of the school. He was in the School Shooting Team helping win tournaments at Chase Lodge (the School's Sports Ground) and also enjoyed archery. To get to school involved getting the 8.31 train from Wembley to Kilburn and then, with a number of other boys, walking for just under an hour to get to Westbere Road in time for Assembly and Prayers at 9.30am. At weekends, as there was Saturday school, to get to the Chase Lodge Sports Ground at Mill Hill for Saturday sport or shooting involved getting two buses from Wembley. The school day ran from 9.30am and stopped at 4pm, after which many stayed until 6.05pm when the school officially closed (in order to get their homework out of the way for the evening).

Dick was in the first cohort of the newly formed Cadet Corps at Habs, joining in 1935. Looking back he reflected that if he had his time again, he wouldn't have joined the Corps as they did too much drilling ad marching, and in hindsight Dick felt very uncomfortable with militarism. But not quite as much as those boys who wrote in paint in large letters on the School's front steps `The Corps means War' – which proved very difficult to remove. The Corps was run by a Sergeant Major from the Guards Regiment (who used choice language Dick had not heard before!) while the uniform they wore was from the Royal Signallers Corps from the Great War.

Dick's favourite teacher at Habs was Mr Knight who taught Chemistry. He was noted to be very patient, never gave the answers to questions, but coaxed and encouraged the boys to

get to the right solution on their own. He remembered Dr Henderson (who gave his name to one of the school's houses) dying during the time he was at Habs, and camping on the South Coast with Head of the Lower School , Rev. Blunt. Getting pocket money on these trips was referred to as `visiting Blunt's Bank'.

Dick asserted that there was never any bullying during his time at Habs, but on one occasion the school's boxing champion decided to `take him on' during a lunch break.. As a younger member of the school, his knocking to the floor of a larger, older and more practiced protagonist raised his profile and earned him the respect of the school community no end.

Dick left Habs on 31 July 1937, his father having agreed to pay for his ticket on a trade ship going through the Mediterranean (with the proviso that he then join the family laundry business on his return). Leaving England, on board he soon found the ship skirting Spain and the Spanish Civil War's naval blockades and also looking after the ship's accounts. (He couldn't believe how little the ship's apprentices were being paid.)

In November 1937, Dick returned to England and joined his father's laundry business as planned. However, the lure of the sea was too much and before war broke out in September 1939, Dick had trained as a ships' Radio Officer and joined the SS Voco as a paid employee. On his first voyage, the first port of call was Philadelphia and on the way there saw his first floating mine in the North Atlantic.

He spent one year on the SS Voco, still not officially called up, and then joined SS Glazedale where he was one of three radio operators on a vessel transporting cargoes of wheat from the US to UK.

He then joined the 'coaster' SS Adjutant (which had a lovely, friendly crew) initially transporting cargoes of beans. The SS Adjutant sailed to the Clyde and was loaded with naval ammunition, then went in convoy to Gibraltar. On the morning of the invasion of North Africa, Dick's ship was sent to Algiers, then travelling on to Tripoli and Malta in convoy with a tanker and two destroyers.

The SS Adjutant then went to Palestine and Egypt, - on the way Dick witnessed the British preventing Jewish refugees in their small vessels disembark at Haifa - before being sent out to the Pacific in a big tanker and completing three or four more trips across the ocean.

At the end of the War, Dick returned to England and his father once more wanted him to take over the laundry in Acton. This, however, did not work out, so Dick began his own business.

In 1951 he married 'a wonderful girl from Ealing', Audrey Venables, whom he had met at the Badminton Club. They had four daughters Jane, Sally, Mary and Vicky in the space of six years, of whom he remained very proud. He said he had 10 grandchildren and 'too many great grandchildren to count'.

At the age of 54, and then living in Southgate, Dick's wife spotted an advertisement for Blue Badge Guides required in and around London. This piqued Dick's interest and having completed the required training, Dick was a Blue Badge Guide for the next 17 ½ years, being employed by travel agents to take groups of tourists around London or beyond. He

was equally at home with small or large groups and when requested would take them by car (which he drove himself) or coach to the likes of Salisbury, Winchester, Oxford and Cambridge - where longstanding forged relationships with the porters allowed him and his groups special access to parts of the colleges closed to others.

Dick's relationship with his alma mater, Haberdashers, continued to the very end of his life. He was frequently in touch with the Director of the Habs Foundation, Roger Llewellyn, by email or phone, with whom he shared the biographical details stated above. Having had the new developments around the School explained to him, he admitted to being 'very impressed' by the direction in which the School was travelling. Having suffered a fall, it was much to Dick's regret that he was unable to drive and collect Roger from the local train station for his final visit in June 2022.

Completely attuned to modern technology, Dick not only emailed regularly from his iPad, but also played online chess with opponents around the world. When Dick sadly passed away on 29 June, on opening his iPad the chess board popped up – in the middle of a game with one of his older grandsons.

Norman David Hummerstone MBE died 1st May 2018



EH (Charlie) Amstien (died in 2001)

Frank E Beaven (died in 1995)

WR Drown (died in 1999)

Robert E Holgate (died in 1995)

John E Hughes (died in 1996)

George W Spiers (died in 2002)

Kenneth H Vere (died in 1992)

Ronald AF Adams (died in 1996)

Frederic C Davies (died in 1992)

Leo CG Green (died in 1999)

John Hibbert (died in 1997)

AL Keyes (died in 1998)

William F Menhinick (died in 1987)

Dennis S Rose - died 26th March 2017

My father joined the RAF at the outbreak of The 2nd World War and worked on Radar installations in Boston, Lincolnshire and on the South Coast.

He had studied at the Regents Street Polytechnic and at some point in his education, had spent a period at a school at Zug in Switzerland.

He joined his family's business The Wholesale Fittings Co Ltd after the War and guided its growth to a full listing on the London Stock Exchange in 1972. The business was a distributor of professional electrical products. The public offer was oversubscribed 13 times – something of which my father was justifiably proud (on the same day, Mothercare's offer was oversubscribed 6 times).

By the time that he retired, the Company had over 90 distribution outlets with a very profitable turnover in excess of £75 million. There were 800 employees. The Company became known as WF Electrical PLC and is now part of a Global electrical distribution Group – REXEL.

My father was a Councillor at Tower Hamlets Council and a Justice of the Peace at Horseferry Road Magistrates Court.

My mother Patricia (nee Kaye) died in 2005. My younger brother Douglas passed away in 2012.

Written by Stephen S Rose

Donald F YALE (1929-37)

died on 28th September 1991, after suffering a stroke. As this came after an illness lasting for some time, it was a merciful release.

Donald (who had been awarded his 6th form privileges) left the School after sitting General Schools and joined what is now the National Westminster Bank. Apart from the 1939-45 war period (when he served in the RAPC), he remained with the Bank until reaching the retiring age, in 1980.

When his late father, Frank H (1902-06) was elected as President of the HOBC in 1948-49, Donald took over as the Honorary Treasurer, a position which the former had filled since 1937-38. It is doubtful whether Donald really relished the idea, but considered it a filial duty. Accordingly, after continuing for the following financial year, he was happy to step down, when another "volunteer" was found for 1950-51.

A year or two later, he married Eileen and, thereafter, became engrossed with his family. While continuing his membership, when the Association was formed in 1962, Donald decided against bridging the gap of nearly three decades, when the first real opportunity to do so came, in 1965, with the first of the decade dinners. Nevertheless, he was always interested to hear, or read about, the fortunes of the OHRFC and OHCC and continued to follow the School's social activities the medium of the 'Skylark', which he read from cover to cover. Until his illness, Donald took his exercise on the tennis court.

To Eileen, and their daughter, Patricia and two sons, Richard and Peter, we extend condolences for their loss.

Norman F. ROSS (1933-37) died in England on 11th January 1987, after a comparatively short illness, at the age of 66. Although handicapped with a withered arm, Norman not only played cricket for the School 2nd XI, but gained his 1st XXX colours, as well as being one of the pair which won the Open fives championships. Since most of his working life was spent abroad, little was known of his career, except that he initially retired to Greenwich in Connecticut. However, we are indebted to J.B.Stollmeyer, from whose appreciation of Norman, in the April edition of "The Cricketer.", we quote the following:

"Full of fun and joie de vivre, Norman played a significant role in the development of umpiring in the West Indies. He was a founder member of the Trinidad Umpires Council, of which he was the first secretary and the success of his work was the lynchpin on which the West Indies Umpires Association was formed.

As an active umpire, he reached Test status, but his main field was in administration and it is in this area that he left his mark on the development of the game in the West Indies and particularly Trinidad and Tobago.

During his career with Texaco, he was stationed in Bogota, Columbia, where he was responsible for reviving the game, as indeed he did, when transferred to Caracas, Venezuela,-where through his efforts at the Caracas Sports Club, the flag of cricket was kept flying high for many years.

Finally retiring to Malaga, Spain, he was assisting Gregory Gomez, son of the former West Indies Test player, Gerry, to form the Costa del Sol Cricket Association, at the time of contracting his fatal illness.

His family and many friends will dearly miss the company of this delightful extrovert."

On behalf of the Association, of which he was a life member, we would wish to add our condolences, particularly to his brother, Danny.

Aubrey G. BURNETT (1932-37)

died on 3 September 1985, after being seriously ill for a year having contracted the disease known as Guillon-Barre-syndrome.

Although Aubrey left the School at an early age (but not before gaining the Life Saving Bronze Medallion) because of the family's move to Yorkshire, he became a Life Member of the HOBC. Furthermore, upon the formation of the OHA in 1962 he showed his continuing interest by donating subscriptions and making the long journey to attend the pre-1940 Reunion in 1980.

Following the family tradition he joined the textile trade and devoted all his working life to it. During the war, he was in the Royal Navy on patrols in the North Atlantic and the English Channel and his sea-going interests were continued for a number of years thereafter, as CO of the Huddersfield Sea Cadets. After becoming Sales Manager in 1957 Aubrey transferred to another company within the group in 1973 as Sales Director. After four mills had come together under the collective title of Huddersfield Fine Worsteds, he was appointed in 1982 as Sales Director of all four companies. The appointment involved extensive travelling to South America, Japan and Europe and he became fluent in French, German, Spanish and Italian. It was after a trip to Hong Kong and Japan. in October 1984 that his illness became manifest.

During the periods of travelling, Aubrey acquired a deep knowledge of the Bible and the Christian faith and he served Kirkburton church for twenty years as a Churchwarden, as Vice-Chairman of the Parochial Church Council and. all too briefly, as a lay reader. Aubrey was married in 1944 and to his widow. Barbara, who devotedly nursed him during his declining weakness and his final deafness. We offer our condolences on her tragic loss, with

the hope that the gap will be partially filled through their daughter, Josephine and grandsons Alastair and Richard.

Harvey H. BLOWFIELD (1923-37)

died early in June 1999 less than two years after his brother Basil.

He attended the School between 1932 and 1937 and during the Second World War served in the Royal Gloucester Hussars with the rank of Captain.

Following the War he married Pat and they settled in Bournemouth where they bought and ran a hotel which was always a welcoming place for guests to stay.

He was a member of Parkstone Golf Club and Parkstone Yacht Club where he kept his boat. An enthusiastic sailer Harvey was always keen to enter all races but never won as he was too good hearted and never took another yacht's wind during a race.

Readers may recall the annual 'needle' match between Harvey and brother Basil on the Norfolk Broads mentioned in last year's obituary of Basil.

Harvey's ashes were scattered from his boat in the sea following the funeral service at All Saints' Church, Brunksome Park on 8th June 1999. The members of the Parkstone Yacht Club sailed past and each yacht placed a rose on the water.

1936

Norman Charles Cockayne Died 4th April 2015

Norman was born in Peploe Road in North West London on 25th February 1919 to Victor and Agnes, joining an elder brother Eric

Norman went to Primary School in Kensal Rise and gained a scholarship to Haberdashers Aske's in Hampstead, leaving there in November 1936 as a Prefect and obtaining many scholastic achievements to the level of Inter BSC. During his teenage years, Norman spent many holidays with his Uncle and Family in Kersey; this gave him an early experience of Suffolk County Life, much more of which he would further enjoy for a lot of his life

He then joined the London County Council, continued further study, gaining qualifications with distinction in Book-keeping from the London Chamber of Commerce

In 1938 his Father died suddenly in his office as Chief Accountant of Whiteleys of Queensway, leaving Norman and Eric to support their Mother and Aunt

Norman was called up in 1939, joining the Royal Army Service Corps, serving in England and Scotland. During this time he had been promoted to Sergeant; then in 1941 he

embarked on a Troop Ship from Liverpool to Suez via Durban, where he enjoyed a day at the races and hospitality of a Host Family. Time on the Troop Ship, though somewhat under threat, passed peacefully with some amusing and lucrative activities, which included meeting up with his brother, a Corporal, who he had not seen for some time, and they, with others, managed and contrived to modify the ships plumbing to supply Gin at a profit, from the Sergeants Mess accommodation to the Corporals, situated a deck below

On arrival in Egypt, Norman was attached to GHQ in Cairo, where he spent nearly 3 years, supporting various officers and operations administratively, particularly SOE forays into Yugoslavia; the history of such operations would continue to interest him for the rest of his life. He always wondered where the ammunition boxes of Gold Sovereigns he helped load into a plane, actually fetched up.

Some light relief and entertainment in Cairo for the troops was provided by ENSA, one aspect of this was a Theatre Company which was called the New Vic Players which was the grounding for many post war performers and associated professions; Norman and his brother were involved with this company providing sound and lighting effects, which they would put to more good use later

In late 1944 Norman crossed over to Sicily and then to Italy, slowly following the action, at some distance behind the front line, with truckfulls of paperwork, all the way through Italy. This, though rather tedious, Norman found very pleasant, with the opportunity to see the ancient sights, sample the local food and wine and enjoy the hospitality of Italian people. At the end of the war, Norman found himself on the shores of Lake Como, where after an exhausting morning of shuffling paper, would borrow a Signals Corps Motorbike and go to a lakeside trattoria for a swim, sustenance and relaxation

Norman was repatriated at the end of 1945 by Troopship from Toulon to Chatham and demobbed on 16th April 1946 at Shornecliffe Barracks, which is where he met Joan, who was the clerk who processed his papers.

The Family house had been damaged during the Blitz and his Mother and Aunt had been relocated to Exeter, Norman re-joined the London County Council in the Education Department and along with his brother arranged the repair of the house.

Norman married Joan in 1947, set up home in a flat in Herbert Gardens. To help finances Norman taught Book-keeping at evening Classes, sold Encyclopaedias door to door, somewhat unsuccessfully around Kilburn, collected and collated information for the Electoral Roll, rather tediously along the Harrow Road.

Around this time, along with Joan, Eric and his wife, they set up the Pegasus Marionette Theatre, making many puppets, the stage and scenery out of anything they could lay their hands on and recording taped music which accompanied various scenes; all this equipment they cleverly just managed to fit into an old London Taxi and then toured to a variety of venues around London to give very professional performances for many years

Peter was born in 1952, and the family continued to live in North London, moving to Kings Langley Hertfordshire in 1958. Norman, ever resourceful, converted two not very new vans,

into Motor Caravans and the Family enjoyed holidays to France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Italy, also many parts of the UK, some not without mechanical or administrative incident.

Around 1960 Norman was introduced to sailing by his chum Eddie Thorpe, his first “Ocean” passage was across the Solent in a 17 foot Silhouette in the middle of the Cowes Torquay Powerboat Race, after all this excitement they retired to the Folly Inn on the Medina River for several stiff drinks

Norman continued to work for London County Council, which later became the Greater London Council in 1965, which involved the establishment of the Inner London Education Authority (ILEA). During this time Norman had various administrative positions, which included, Secretary of Paddington Technical College, overseeing all School-keepers (Caretakers), responsibility for all Playing Fields and subsequently the recruitment of Teaching Staff for Higher Education positions

In 1963 the family moved to Hatfield Peverel in Essex and Norman continued to work in London at County Hall, refurbished a rather unusual House; including removing thirteen layers of wallpaper to reveal and make a feature of wooden matchboard lined Dining Room. After all this hard work Norman decided he had enough of commuting and looked for a job to give him Quality of Life.

Norman was appointed Bursar at Woolverstone Hall School in September 1966, a Boys Boarding Grammar School in Suffolk, administered by the Greater London Council and ILEA. Norman’s previous experience with GLC and ILEA was most useful in him gaining this position out of a large field of applicants. His GLC and ILEA contacts and experience would also serve him well in this post, helping him to solve any problems and situations in what was a very complex and demanding job

This was his Shangri-La, it was in Suffolk, those childhood memories, close to the water, to enjoy sailing, own a few boats, decent Pub close-by, a nice house with the job a mile from work, so he could come home at lunchtime for a short nap, which he frequently did. This was a challenging job which he relished and was to carry out with much appreciated professionalism and apparent ease.

Norman was a great forward planner and had worked out that if one of the key staff groups had a significant Football Pools win, there could be severe disruption to follow, with the possibility that the Groundsmen, Gardeners, Cooks or Cleaners would quit their jobs; so Norman had a plan to face the chaos this could bring. He joined all the syndicates so that he would be able to quit too!! Finding replacements would then become someone else’s problem!

The 1978 Times newspaper strike and resulting lack of the crossword nearly caused Norman severe constipation, as he often completed the puzzle during his regular morning ablutions; however this crisis was averted, as Norman quickly switched to The Daily Telegraph

Norman retired in 1979 to Pin Mill and subsequently Chelmondiston, during this period he continued to Sail and Race, being involved with both the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, also Pin Mill Sailing Club, being among their intrepid members who subsequently made several memorable visits to Goes. With yachting, Norman made many friends and had many interesting, sometimes taxing and amusing voyages, culminating, when he was in his Eighties, with what was lovingly referred to as “the Last of the Summer Gin” Cruises

On 31st December 1998 Joan passed away very suddenly, this left Norman rather lonely, but always stoic though suffering from angina, He underwent a Triple Bypass at the age of 82, which was close to a record age for such an operation, recovered well and continued to be active, often seen wandering around the village enjoying stopping and meeting people for a chat

When he was about 88 he stopped driving and by 90 he was showing the increasing signs of Dementia, which frustrated him greatly, as he struggled with crosswords which he would have previously completed in record time. He continued to live at home with increasing support until September 2012 when he was admitted to Spring Lodge Care Home in Woolverstone, where he would live fully supported and content for a further two and a half years

Norman should be remembered as kind, generous and well-read man with a quick brain, sharp wit and a great sense of humour who enjoyed good food and wine and the company of many friends, made over his long life.

Remember him also as an accomplished Administrator, Soldier, Crossword Solver, Husband, Father, Yachtsman, Puppeteer, Arch Bodger and Raconteur

Norman Charles Cockayne passed away at Spring Lodge Care Home during the morning of Saturday 4th April 2015; His funeral took place at Ipswich Crematorium on Friday 8th May with about 80 friends and family present, most of whom would later repair to the Royal Harwich Yacht Club to raise a glass and remember their “Good Times” with Norman

Denis Aubrey STEED (1930-36)

died on 19th December 1986 at Guy's Hospital, while undergoing a 4 hour bypass operation, which had a 50/50 chance of considerably extending his life beyond the next few weeks. In view of his former occupation, Dennis had cheerfully accepted the odds, expecting to win.

Leaving School at 16, Dennis had not reached the sporting potential of which he was obviously capable. In addition to being the leading wicket taker in the 2nd XI, he had had a number of games with the 1st XI, while hooking in the 2nd XV at the age of 15 was later to establish him in the OHRFC "A" XV's of '37/38 and '38/39.

His business life started with Langley London Ltd (tile manufacturers), but, after a few years, he joined the family firm of bookmakers.

During the war he served in the Royal Artillery. While on leave from the Western Desert, he met his lifelong friend and contemporary, Harvey H Blowfield in Alexandria. Thereafter, Dennis saw service in Italy and was demobbed with the rank of gunner - as he had started!

While continuing with his elder brother in the book-making business, he was a regular attendee at the Association Dinner and at the reunions. However, when he and his brother closed down the firm, he bought a post office and stores in Biddenden, where he and his wife, Hazel, served the village, thus precluding visits to the London area for the dinners and reunions.

In 1979, he retired to Broadstairs, from whence the Blowfield brothers made arrangements so that he could attend the pre-1940 reunion in April last year. Accordingly his contemporaries and others saw him looking well, as they would wish to remember him.

To Hazel and their son, Glenn, our condolences upon their sad loss, so comparatively soon after retirement.

Alfred Edward KING (1929-36)

died on 12th May 1999.

Alfred attended the School in the inter-war years being a member of Meadows House matriculating in 1935 and then taking a full time course in quantity surveying at the Regent Street Polytechnic for the next three years.

During the War he first served with the East Surrey Regiment in March 1940 and then from 1942 to 1946 with the Royal Engineers Works Services. In 1944 having married Eswyn Marqueurite Dawson he was posted to India and Burma where he helped supervise the building of the Tamu/Kalewa Road. Alfred was discharged with the rank of W.O.2 Royal Engineers in February 1946.

Alfred had two daughters Gillian, born in 1948 and Barbara, born in 1952, to whom we are grateful for the notes on her father and to whom we send condolences for the sad loss.

1935

Captain N P Brown R.N. M.B.E.(1929 - 1935) - passed away peacefully at home on 24th July 2013

The following information has been provided by Peter's daughter, Sue Taylor.

Peter was born in Dollis Hill on 2nd September 1919, he was the eldest of 3 children. He was educated at Haberdashers and kept up his connections with the school through the Old Boys Association and the Haberdashers Lodge. His younger brother, Stuart, was also educated at Haberdashers.

After leaving school he started to train in a paper mill in Scotland prior to the outbreak of war. During the war, already a member of the Royal Naval Reserve, he served on a number of minesweepers along the east coast of England and at the Dunkirk evacuation. He was later appointed as Torpedo Officer on HMS Vestal. Peter was one of a very few survivors when Vestal was sunk off Phuket Beach in Thailand after being attacked by a Kamikaze Japanese pilot.

After the war, Peter returned to the paper industry. In November 1947 he married Eileen. He also continued with an active role in the Royal Naval Reserves until his retirement from the navy in April 1968. After this he continued his connection with the Navy through the Sea Cadets and in 1995 was presented with an MBE for his service to young people. Eileen and Peter retired to Poole in Dorset to live as near as possible to the sea and also to be near to family.

Peter passed away peacefully at home on the 24th July 2013. He is survived by his wife, Eileen and two daughters.

William R. (Nobbly) TANNER (1929-35) died after a short illness on 16th August 1997.



The following is the eulogy given by Tony Alexander at the funeral of Nobbly on Saturday 23rd August 1997 at Golders Green where in excess of 150 family, friends and Old Haberdashers' were present.

"Born 29th February 1916, died peacefully 16th August 1997.

"Dear Bill, or 'Nobbly', as we in the O.H. all knew him, had only celebrated 20 birthdays, when he died, not 81 as he would have us believe! Our thoughts go out to his family, here today, at their sad loss.

"A kind, humble person, some might even say, stubborn at times, with his heart only in one place - Haberdashers: Mr Haberdasher, the like of which we will never see again.

"A noble person in his own right, hence his nickname "NOBBLY"! Under pressure at school one day, reading a passage to the class, under the eagle eye of one Mr. Norton, he struggled to put emphasis on a particular passage. "He nobly strode forth resolutely", he tried. But instead, "He NOBBLY strode forth resolutely", came out. Ever since that eventful day, the legend was created, our own NOBBLY TANNER was born!

"I first remember Nobbly some 45 years ago, coming off the rugby pitch at Croxdale Road with my father, Terry. The Elstree mud was thick on everyone, the side had won against K.C.S. by a convincing margin, and all Nobbly wanted to do was get to the changing room, get out his pipe after first having a cigarette, and complain to Terry that, for the final try, instead of holding the ball in the back row and scoring himself the tactics should have been different, so as to allow Nobbly to score his hat-trick! This he complained, would have made his records easier to compile, without having to put Alexander on the score sheet

"HIS RECORDS! They will be remembered most of all! How many times when on rugby and cricket tours, have we dived into his record ledgers? Who was in the 'A' XV team, on 19th October 1957, the original selection and those who actually played? What was the score, who were the scorers, what was the weather like when the Extra 'B' played U.C.S. Old Boys on 5th November 1969? How many appearances did that make John Parker's playing total? It's all there, for every team, rugby and cricket - and of course his unstinting work as registrar for the O.H.A. The chasing up of members for their subscriptions, organising decade dinners, wine and cheese parties, amending addresses, knowing telephone numbers from memory and who attended the O.H.A. Dinner in 1974 - the Number and the Names! It's all there, and now alas no more. A chapter in history is closed, never to be emulated again.

"BUT WHAT OF NOBBLY'S RECORD?

"Born in Wandsworth on the 29th February 1916, staying in South London as a boy and joining Haberdashers' at Westbere Road in 1929, in Hendersons House. Not the greatest academic, he matriculated in the required subjects, captaining the School at rugby from his position at outside half and captaining his house at cricket in his final year at school. He left in 1935 to take up a post in the City, with a shipping company, where he stayed until his retirement.

"He played for the O.H.R.F.C. during the winter, the first choice fly half for the 1st XV, taking to the field in the summer for his other love - cricket. In fact he was one of the elite O.H. to have graced the hallowed Twickenham turf, playing in the only pre-war O.H. Middlesex sevens side that got through to the finals!

"With the outbreak of war in 1939, Nobbly joined the Middlesex Yeomanry, along with my father and many other O.H., but in his humble manner, decided in his own mind, not to go forward to the Officer Cadet Training Unit, as he did not think he was officer material! He became a sergeant in the 7th Armoured Division, posted overseas in November 1940, serving in Greece and North Africa. It was during his time in North Africa, when the Axis forces overran the Allies at Tobruk, that he was captured by the advancing German forces and became a P.O.W. for some months! During his captivity, he was also one of the very few to have an audience with Field Marshall Rommel. Not many people have that claim to fame - playing rugby at Twickenham and speaking with Rommel.

"He was released in 1942, after El Alamein, immediately drafted to serve in the Italian landings where he was wounded in 1943. Not one to complain at this setback, he returned to the 7th Armoured Division brought to North West Europe, taking part in the D-Day preparations and landings.

"Life for Nobbly during the war years, as indeed for the rest of his life, was centred around Old Haberdashers, keeping in touch, reporting back news and getting in a few games of rugby. True to his style an extract appeared in a letter he wrote home, mentioning an unexpected meeting. In true "Nobbly" style, it read...

"Have managed to get in five games of rugger, 2 wins, 2 losses and 1 drawn, the last of which was played on the Sunday against one of our tank regiments. It was raining and blowing and I wasn't taking much interest. It wasn't until the second half, when a voice whispered in my ear, "Hello Nobbly, how are you?" It was Gordon Steele. Sorry unable to get his regiment, rank or number, but there was no club house to repair to after the match, only a 10 mile journey back in wet kit" Such was the man in any condition.

"When Nobbly was demobbed in 1945, he returned back to "Civvy" street, taking up his old position at his company and setting about the resurgence of the O.H.R.F.C., O.H.C.C. and H.O.B.C., the forerunner of the O.H.A. He moved to Barnes to live with his sister, getting the train out to match days for both cricket and rugby. Although he had driven armoured vehicles during the War, he decided it would be unfair to unleash himself on the British motoring public and never drove again, not that he needed to, when he moved down the road to Elstree!

"Nobbly played many, many games of rugby for all O.H. sides, breaking his neck twice and several other bones in his body. Indeed a note from the late John Stagg's diaries, which you might have read, sums him up.

"Sunday 20th October 1957"...

"In going for a score yesterday, Tanner broke his neck. I called on Nobbly with Ray Kipps. It was not pleasant, but he was his usual self in many ways, scores, scorers noted on his Sunday Times. Only one brief mention that he would never play again - which we quickly refuted. I wonder how many O.H. who had just broken their necks would really care who scored for the 'B' XV the day before? There is only one Tanner."

"Although not in the best of health, Nobbly still always managed to retain that twinkle in his eye, together with that humour that was his own; but pains and ailments seemed recently to get the better of him. Many, many more things could be said about dear Nobbly, so let us all recall our own particular thoughts and memories of him here today. We will miss you Nobbly, from your perch in the old stand watching the 1st XV, notebook to hand; or in the cricket score hut, complaining about who is bowling; or getting that late night phone call at 11.30 pm, to see if you are attending a function. We will miss the pungent smell of that Old Shag tobacco from your pipe and the many packets of Senior Service cigarettes smoked.

"We will all miss you deeply, Nobbly":

"Looking through a collection of poems, I came across a verse by a Northern poet, one Thomas Wilson, which could have summed up Nobbly:

"Thy joints are creaking with age. mine get more rigid daily too;

A few more seasons in this stage must bring us to our last adieu.

And when the curtain falls at last, should any one our story tell,

May this the sentence be that's pass'd, they both their parts have acted well."

Take care Nobbly. Goodbye and God bless you."

W.R. (Nobbly) TANNER Memorial Appeal

The response to the appeal was magnificent raising over £8,500 from all around the world. So many letters of praise for the work that Nobbly did, and the communication that he maintained with members. The following extract from one of these says it so well.

'...as you say, Nobbly was unique in the true sense of that word. How he found time to pen what must have been a multitude of personal missives to O.H.A. members defies imagination; he will not just be a hard act to follow but impossible to emulate. Certainly he was the one person who convinced me that I should not give up my membership."

The memorial plaque has been produced, and was displayed at the O.H.A. dinner. The officers of the association are currently looking for a registrar to assemble all the records.

Kelvin Pike

Stanley C POLLARD (1926-35) died on 4 January 1992.

He was a School Prefect and Vice Captain of Russell's House. After General Schools and matriculation in 1932, his Higher Schools and Inter BSc followed two years later, with an Open Natural Science Exhibition to Jesus College, Oxford and a Leaving Exhibition. His main sporting interest was rifle shooting and helped to form the original Rifle Club at the School, materially assisting Russells to win the first-ever inter-House shooting competition by being runner-up to the individual champion.

Upon coming down from Oxford, in 1938, with an upper Second, Stanley joined the Burma Frontier Service, serving until independence was granted in 1947, by which time, he had achieved the rank of Assistant Resident. However, he was seconded to the British Army in Burma in 1943, being commissioned with the rank of Captain.

After Burma became independent, Stanley joined the Colonial Service in Nigeria in 1948, returning in 1960, shortly after that country's independence.

Returning to the UK, still only in the early forties, he took a Certificate of Education course at Bristol University and in 1961, took upon appointment at Strathallan School in Perthshire. When he finally retired, 21 years later, he had been the head of the Biology Department for many years.

In spite of his long overseas sojourn, Stanley had become a life member of the HOBC. When the Association introduced decade dinners, in 1965, he expressed keen interest in those who attended particularly those of the 1930-39 group. However, his school duties and the long trek from Scotland, precluded his own attendance. Although his retirement home was near Banbury, he evidently decided his roving days were over - especially with a night journey back to Oxfordshire.

Unfortunately, his wife died a year after his retirement. To their two sons, John (who kindly supplied most of the foregoing information) and Christopher, we extend condolences on the end of such a varied life and career.

H Stanley NODES (1926-35)

died on 26th July 1990, at the age of 73.

Of his various sporting talents, it was at football that Stanley made the greatest impression, hooking for the School 1st XV for three seasons and being awarded his colours for the last two. At 6ft or more, he needed sizeable props, who were fortunately available, at that time. He was also a sound place-kicker and accounted for 92 of 315 points scored in his last season. Stanley also played fives for the School, gaining his colours in his final year, kept wicket for the 1st XI in 1934 and was in the athletics team (weight and long jump) for three seasons. He was also a School Prefect, Captain of Strouts and passed his General Schools in 1933.

After leaving the School, he joined the family business, a firm of undertakers, which had been founded early in the 19th century. Starting at the bottom rung, he was able to find time to play a season or two for the OHRFC, still as a hooker, but found his path to the 1st XV barred by one who was later to play for Middlesex in the County Championship. Later on, however, his business took precedence. Accordingly, he was delighted when the OH Fives Club was formed in 1936 and he was in the 1st IV, when matches were arranged in the following year. Pairing with Maurice J P Daly (1928-32) he also entered the Cyriax Cup, the Amateur Doubles Championship. These were evening events, of course, thus not impinging on his business career.

At the beginning of 1939-45 war, Stanley married Spi, to whom he remained devoted all her life, which tragically ended, nearly 50 years later. Joining the Royal Fusiliers in June 1940, he saw action in North Africa, Egypt and Italy with the 8th Battalion. During the Italian campaign, in January 1944, he was twice wounded, while leading his platoon to capture a German post and encouraging his men to retain it, against counter-attacks. His gallantry earned the award of the Military Cross. Thereafter, Stanley became an Instructor at the 163 OCTU, begin demobbed with the rank of Major.

Rejoining the family business, he became the fourth generation of the Nodes family to be its Chairman and had served the company over a spread of 55 years - half-a-century, in an active capacity. His nephew, Michael, is now the 5th to run it - regrettably, the last Nodes to be in charge, after two centuries or more. The latter's wife, Ann, has pointed out that one of the origins of their family name is thought, appropriately to mean, in Old English, a funeral pyre.

Stanley was a life member of the HOBC and continued to make annual donations after the Association was formed, in 1962. Unfortunately, when the first 1930-39 decade dinner took place, three years later, he was already plagued with kidney stones and had to send his regrets at being unable to attend to meet some of his School and OHRFC contemporaries.

To his elder brother, R H (Jerry) Nodes (1919-24) and his wife Joan and their son Stephen, to Ann and Michael and the latter's brother Nicholas, we offer condolences at the loss of a brother and uncle; a sterling man and true gentleman.

Robert Horton, MBE,

was born in London on July 5,1917. He died on January 2, 2003, aged 85.

"Bob Horton was born in London, the son of a science teacher. He was educated at the Haberdashers' Aske's School and Guy's Hospital Medical School, and qualified in January 1939.

At the start of the war, he was posted as medical officer to an anti-aircraft unit in the Fast End of London. For bravery working with civilian casualties of the bombing in 1940, he was appointed MBE (military). Later he was deployed in India and Burma. He took part in the Arakan campaign and went on to command a mobile surgical unit in the front line.

At the end of the war he was appointed officer in charge of the surgical division of a military hospital in Rangoon and finally a full colonel in charge of Rangoon's: general hospital. After six years' service, he was awarded the honorary rank of lieutenant-colonel.

In January 1951 Horton was appointed senior lecturer in surgery at the University of Bristol, later becoming a consultant surgeon at the United Bristol Hospitals. He was a pioneer in the field of vascular surgery, using grafts to save legs from amputation, and his first results were published in the British Medical Journal in 1956. In Bristol he also began the treatment of hernia under local anaesthesia as day cases. He was appointed clinical dean of Bristol University in 1961 and established a modernisation programme for the teaching curriculum.

In 1960 the Royal College of Surgeons appointed him an examiner for the primary FRCS exam. In 1967 he was appointed to the Court of Examiners of the College, and he became chairman of the court in 1972. In 1966 he was awarded the Erasmus Wilson Demonstration, Royal College of Surgeons, and in 1973 he was made the Hunterian Professor of the Royal College, reading a paper on the use of vein grafts to treat gangrene, previously treated by amputation of the limb."

Taken from The Times 25th February 2003

Alan C. HARDING (1929-35)

He regularly attended the decade dinners, commencing with the original 1930-39 meeting which took place in April 1965.

Upon leaving the School, he joined Barclays Bank, going to many branches throughout North London, ending up as manager of the Holly Lodge, Highgate Office.

He married Nora in 1955 and they were able to enjoy some 20 years of retired life, when he finished his working career in 1976, originally with their son Peter and daughter, Andrea, both now married. Alan was only two or three months away from celebrating his 50 years as a Methodist Preacher.

The Association offer their condolences to Nora, their two children and two grand-children.

Peter Dixon (died in 1997)

Geoffery T Hammond (died in 2002)

Harold H Hoffman (died in 1999)

William J Kramers (died in 2001)

D Ronald Steele (died in 1991)

1934

David Owen Jones - died 4th January 2013, aged 95.



David Owen Jones was born in Hampstead in 1917, the family later locating to Ruislip.

He went to Haberdashers School of which he remained fiercely proud all his life. Not being academic he joined the Railways clerical staff until the War. He then saw army service in Egypt, Libya and Palestine. Like many of his contemporaries he said little about it in subsequent years.

Afterwards he went back to the railways for a spell but then joined the NHS in hospital financial administration, his final post being at Mount Vernon Hospital.

In retirement he moved to Overstrand in North Norfolk where he had family connections. He stayed there until he had a stroke in April 2011 and finally moved up to Beverley in November of that year.

School had given him a strong interest in rugby and he was an eager follower of the School Old Boys side, spending many Easters with them on tour in the West Country as well as often watching home and away matches in the London area.

His early work with the railways gave him an even greater passion – steam trains. He loved them and became very knowledgeable, travelling great distances to see something special.

He was a prolific reader of books, especially historical and political biographies and he was also a staunch Church goer and was often to be found on Church Tower duty in the summer.

He died in January 2013, aged 95

Information provided by David's nephew David Smith.

Henry Michael Excell 22nd August 1918 – 26th October 2010



Obituary provided by Peter Excell, Henry's son; Professor and Dean at Glyndwr University,Wales

Henry Excell was born in Hampstead,North London, the youngest son of a gardener in the service of a peer of the realm, although the Excell family roots were in Berkshire. Showing great ability at primary school (New End School, Hampstead), Henry was awarded a scholarship to pay for his attendance at the Haberdashers' Aske's School. A by-product of his time there was the proximity of the Midland Railway main line (the school was then based near Cricklewood): many of the boys were fascinated by this, but there were grave penalties for those who even so much as glanced sideways through the windows as the train passed, rather than concentrating on the blackboard! Notwithstanding this, this inspired a

lifelong interest in railways, which he shared with a school colleague (Geoffrey Suggate) and which he later passed on to his son, Peter.

On leaving school he sought work, not surprisingly, with the railways, securing an accountancy post with the Great Western Railway. In parallel in this period there was a vibrant culture of "making things", shared with his school friend and with his brother John. They built a very large model railway in a redundant shed; they produced various items of furniture and, perhaps most noteworthy, they built a substantial model engineering workshop in a shed that they created from scrap timber, the crowning glory being a foot-powered lathe, which they purchased second-hand and then transported in pieces, with the heaviest parts slung from a bicycle crossbar!

At the outbreak of the Second World War Henry volunteered for the Air Force, in advance of call-up, in the hope of becoming a pilot, a hope unfortunately dashed due to his small degree of myopia. The Air Force, however, recognised his usefulness as an accountant and, after basic training at St Athan, he was placed with little warning on a ship heading to the Middle East. His parents were not even aware that he had left the country until a friendly person in Cape Town offered to send them a message!

The ultimate destination was Egypt, where he spent the majority of the war administering support functions for the Air Force. He was classified as an accountant officer and here he learned Arabic, to manage the substantial contingent of local personnel. His memories were laced with tales of evocative places in Egypt and Libya and he also was able to take at least one leave period in the Holy Land.

He commented that, in the darkest days of the early 1940s, he and his colleagues had made a settled decision that, if Britain had fallen, they would make their way down to Kenya and fight on rather like the Free French.

He returned to England around the end of the war in Europe, being deployed to the RAF Hospital at Rauceby in Lincolnshire. In the office next to Henry's was a Women's Royal Air Force uniformed clerk, with whom a magical relationship was soon struck up, not least because she was also a very accomplished sportswoman. This was Elna, his beloved wife for 64 years.

Many memorable stories were told of life at the hospital in subsequent years, some poignant, some more hilarious, including Henry being given a severe dressing down by Matron for failing to salute her, since she held a superior military rank!

Around this time, his family found out that his beloved brother John had died of disease 3 years earlier, while a prisoner of war, forced to work on the Burma Railway project: a traumatic discovery that left a lasting emotional scar on Henry.

Henry and Elna were engaged in 1945 and, after she had taken him to see her predominantly Welsh-speaking family in Corwen and won their approval, they married in 1946.

After demobilisation, Henry tried to get back to work on the railways, but prospects there were poor and he was fortunate instead to obtain a post with the Westminster Bank. He distinguished himself by winning the Whitehead Prize of the Institute of Bankers, resulting in him being earmarked for advancement.

Consistent with his culture of "making things", when Henry and Elna bought their first house they essentially transformed it through their own handiwork, notably with extensive carpentry, DIY decorating and rewiring of the house. Interspersed with this was skilled carpentry in making toys for their son Peter, who comments that this permanently imbued him with the credo that “making things is good for the soul”.

In the early 1960s he was promoted to a managerial grade and they moved to the London suburb of Totteridge. The house backed on to a tennis club and this was manna from heaven to Henry and Elna, who had always been enthusiastic tennis players.

Henry's career blossomed through the 1960s as the Westminster Bank merged with the National Provincial Bank to become National Westminster. The results of this included many more foreign trips, culminating in a world tour which ended with a flight home on the late lamented Concorde: a memorable conclusion to a glittering career. He retired as a General Manager of the International Banking Division of National Westminster in 1977, being one of the top dozen or so people in the Bank, at a time when bankers were trusted and respected - and not overpaid!

Despite this high-powered executive career, he still made time to make things as a hobby, principally building his substantial model railway.

After retirement, Henry and Elna increasingly felt thatLondonwas not the place where they wished to live out their later years and they settled on Pembrokeshire, supporting the Church, Henry rebuilding his railway, playing golf and being active in the Probus Club and in politics. They were delighted when Peter married Dianne and doted on their grandchildren Matthew and Charlotte.

In recent times, Elna had suffered health problems and this had driven Henry to regard himself as her principal carer. He stretched himself to the limit in this, as would always be his natural inclination. Losing this support was an enormous blow to her, but she has gamely tried to be more independent: like the rest of the family, she has drawn strength from Henry’s example.

Sadly, we have had to say a deeply fond farewell to him, but in knowledge of a life well lived, through times both ‘interesting’ and difficult. He was an immensely hard act to follow but, for the family at least, not to try so to do is not an option.

Henry died at WithybushHospital, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, on 26th October 2010, having been in excellent health until suffering a fall some 3 weeks earlier. His funeral was held at St. Brynach’s Church, Dinas Cross, on November 5th 2010, followed by cremation at Narberth Crematorium. His ashes were interred in St Brynach’s church graveyard.

Cyril F Diggins (died in 2002)

John LB Graham (died in 1990)

EW Leonard (died in 2001)

John N Wall (died in 1994)

E J (Dicky) SMALL (1930-34)

died on 17th March 1987, after being in failing health for upward of a year.

Apart from being in excellent sportsman (School colours for Rugby football, cricket and athletics - of which he was captain) Dicky was a School prefect, Captain of Russells and successful in the London University Higher Schools examination. Upon leaving, he studied to be a teacher and, during the war, returned to the School at Westbere Road to teach English and to coach the first XV.

After marrying Deborah in 1945, he joined the teaching staff at Reigate Grammar School and, two years later, moved to Friends School, Saffron Walden. In the interim, their first son, Richard, was born to be followed, in 1951, by Timothy, during their eight years in Essex. After a three year spell at a Hertfordshire school, Dicky went to Brymore School in Somerset, where he was appointed a housemaster in 1960 and became a lay reader at the local church that same year.

The two boys went to Taunton School to follow in their father’s sporting prowess, Richard becoming the captain of rugby football, while Timothy shone at cricket and acted in school plays. With both sons following in his footsteps by embarking upon teaching careers, Dicky decided to give his full time to the Church and became a curate at St Thomas Church, Wells, in 1971, having been ordained three years previously. In 1975. he became Rector of Rodney Stoke-with-Draycott, before being appointed Secretary of the Diocesan Advisory Committee for the period 1980-85 upon his retirement, in the former year, to Wells. Here, he resumed his close connection with St Thomas’, both he and Deborah singing in the choir, while Dicky preached and assisted at services. He also preached at the Methodist Church in Wells.

Dicky was a Life member of the Old Boys, and when the Association Decade Dinners started in 1965, he delighted his contemporaries by making the long trip on several occasions.

Kenneth H. GRIFFITHS (1927-34)

died on 17 March 1985

Kenneth boxed for the School and played for the 2nd XV. In common with many others he joined the TA early in 1939 and in September was posted to 514 Company RASC, becoming a sergeant in July 1942. His overseas service started the following month, first with the 8th Army in the Western Desert, then in Iraq, Sicily, Italy and finally in Jugoslavia.

Upon retiring from the insurance business he went to the Isle of Wight, where he renewed contact with the late Arthur S. Wilshire (1924-33). To his widow we offer condolences for her sad loss.

1933

Dr Denis Hand-Bowman. (Formerly D.H. Baumann) 1917 - 2015

Obituary provided by Michael Hand-Bowman

My father entered Haberdasher's in 1928 from Quainton Hall Prep School, Harrow, and was eventually head boy of the Lower School, under Josh Blunt.

All boys then had to be in the Corps, and he was bugler in the band.

He was a good allrounder and represented the school at sprinting, long jump, swimming, rugby, and fives for which he got his house colours (Joblings). After school cert., he studied for his premedical in the medical department of the Regent Street Polytechnic. Here he joined the Polytechnic Harriers and ran for them in the AAA Championship at White City, achieving both gold, silver and bronze medals.

In 1935 he entered Guy's Hospital Dental School qualifying at the end of 1940, and was selected as House Surgeon at the Royal Dental Hospital. Whilst there, he played rugby for the 1st XV of the Combined Charing Cross and Royal Dental Hospitals. He also swam in the 1st VII Water Polo Team. Whilst at Guy's he joined the medical branch of the University of London OTC, so at the end of his House job, he entered the Army Dental Corps in September 1941 as a Lieutenant and was promoted Captain a year later. (Now the Royal Army Dental Corps)

After his initial training he was sent to the Queen Victoria Hospital East Grinstead, Maxillofacial Unit, to learn how to re-build jaws under the world famous pioneering surgeon Archibald McIndoe.

Early in 1943 he was he was posted to the 33 Field Dressing Station. As the unit was landing on D Day in Normandy, they were sent to Scotland to train with Combined Operations. On returning to England, in September 1943 he married Margaret McQueen McArthur In London. He then joined the 3rd Canadian Division, in No. 8 beach group, all landing on D Day on Juno Beach at Bernieres sur mer. He took part in the capture of Caen, Le Havre, and the final capture of Arnhem in 1945, finishing the war in Germany, and was demobilised from there in August 1946.

On the 1st January 1947, he started his own dental practice at Thorpe Bay, Essex, eventually having two other partners, and also practised part time in New Cavendish Street, London. In 1977 he retired to Crowborough, East Sussex, where he swam and played golf weekly, and always having been very fond of music, became a chorister in St. Dunstan's Church, Mayfield Choir, and also in the Mayfield Festival Choir.

He sang in Westminster Abbey, St George's Chapel, Windsor and Magdalen & New College, Oxford, as well as recording and broadcasting on BBC World Service Radio.

In 2009, his wife Margaret passed away, and in January 2015 he passed away peacefully with his family at his side.

He will be sadly missed by son Michael, daughter Wendy, granddaughter Serena, and son in law Richard.

Here is a link to the School memories he provided for the OHA website - **The Original Housemasters and other memories.**

Maurice Zinkin (died in 2002)

Aurthor Southon (died in 1996)

E Roland Offord (died in 1995)

Clive FM Lello (died in 2000)

Geoffrey J Hersey (died in 2001)

Ralf A Hargrave (died in 1994)

Geoffrey C Eltringham (died in 1998)

Ivor W Davies (died in 1993)

Peter JF Cooper (died in 1995)

J Basil Blowfield (died in 1997)

Peter G Ashberry (died in 1999)

James C. TOWNLEY (1927-33)
died on 26 February 1985 at the age of 70.

His early education was at Bradford Grammar School, but when his family moved to London, he joined the School at the age of 12, becoming a sub-prefect and vice-captain of Henderson's and playing fives in the 2nd IV.

Having obtained an Open scholarship to Middlesex Hospital, James qualified in 1939. Thereafter, he served in the RAMC throughout the war, being at Dunkirk and later in West Africa. upon his return after holding a series of medical appointments, he joined a general practice at Harston, Cambridgeshire, where he spent the remainder of his life. The practice expanded to neighbouring villages, but after a time James found he missed the personal contact with his patients and decided to practise on his own. However, the increasing demands obliged him to take first one partner and then another.

In 1976 he had a serious illness, but made a remarkable recovery and was able to resume his calling. He shared a love of music with his wife, which was passed on to one of his daughters who became a professional violinist. James was interested in cricket and occasionally played golf, but the principal interest of this outstanding general practitioner was the welfare of his patients. To his wife, Joan, and their four children we extend our sympathy.

D.G.H. (Bunny) JOHNSTON (1921-33)
died on 1st April 1980 after a long illness, courageously borne.

Douglas was an all-round sportsman, captaining the 1st XI at cricket, also gaining his colours at cross-country. He represented the School at swimming, fives, athletics and rugby, playing scrum-half for the 1st XV in the Spring term of 1933.

While at St Catharine's College he captained the Cambridge Hare & Hounds II against Oxford University. During the war he was commissioned in the Cameron Highlanders, but was re tired from regimental service through injury. Thereafter he was an instructor at the Indian Military Academy at Dehra Dun, with the rank of Captain.

Neil BROWN (1926-33)
died on 9th April 1991

Neil joined the HOBC upon leaving the School, so had been a member for more than 57 years. In fact, he must have been one of the last to be signed on by the late Stanley H Norton, who was the club's liaison officer at the School and was assistant secretary and assistant treasurer, at the time. Neil was a devout Christian, joining the Crusaders before leaving and later becoming a member of the Open Plymouth Brethren, preaching in many Evangelical churches and at conferences in the southeastern area.

He first worked for Henry and Co., a firm of estate agents, surveyors and valuers, before joining the LCC in September 1937, spending his early years at the County Hall, Westminster. At the outbreak of the 1939-45 war he was transferred to the London Fire Brigade clerical staff, before joining the 127 Parachute Field Ambulance in October 1940. Thereafter, he saw service in Greece (where he was slightly wounded during a parachute landing) Italy, France and Palestine.

Neil recommenced his County Hall career as a technical assistant in the architects department and in 1948, was elected an Associate Surveyor of the Incorporated Association of Architects and Surveyors. He became an expert in the administration of the London Building Acts and byelaws, together with other associated Acts and Codes of Practice. Specifically, Neil was concerned with the highest level of public safety in connection with fire precautions and construction, involving factories, supermarkets, offices, shops, railway premises, hotels, boarding houses, schools, old peoples' homes and licensed premises in theatres and circuses etc. Becoming a Group Officer, he had the responsibility for the oversight and administration of a number of London boroughs within the GLC area.

Developers and their agents sought Neil's advice and help on projects within the area he controlled, which was given readily and with the utmost courtesy - also saving them considerable finance and earning their appreciation and gratitude.

Within the County Hall, he was particularly admired and respected for the training he gave to young trainees in this very complex subject, which takes 5 to 7 years to master.

He held firmly to his Christian beliefs and was a leading light in the Christian Union at the County Hall. One of his colleagues, for the 24 years before Neil's retirement in 1975, may be quoted as a fitting epitaph - "He had a fine sense of humour and was highly respected by all members of the Division. His contribution to the safety and well being of the public at large was outstanding and cannot be measured in words".

One of his sisters, Olive Hiner (who with two other sisters, has been responsible for researching his career details) noted that Neil had attended the football match at Chase Lodge, in April 1961, between a XV from the pre-Tom Taylor era and one from 1946-61 - is span, as Headmaster, at that time. Neil would have known a number of the former side (the

youngest of whom would have been 34!) and he was encouraged to attend the 1930-39 decade dinners, which the OHA introduced in April 1965.

Clive H. BLOCKLEY (1926-33)
died on 27th August 1984 following the onset of Myeloid Leukaemia.

After returning from the Middle East at the end of the war, in which he was an oral surgeon, he joined a dental practice in Tunbridge Wells. Clive's humour was irrepressible and, to an inexhaustible supply of jokes old and new , he added a quick wit and infectious laugh. He could never see the point of being miserable and sorry for oneself, and tried to make sure his patients, his staff and those who worked with him left him more cheerful than when they joined him.

"Well I've had 68 happy years so I can't complain" he said shortly after being told that he was suffering from Myeloid Leukaemia. He bore the drastic treatment with typical cheerfulness and fortitude.

He loved professional life and belonged to many dental societies, including the British Dental Association, of which he was chairman of the local section. He was president of the American Dental Society of London in 1969 and the American Dental Society of Europe in 1980. He was a Fellow of the International College of Dentists and a Liveryman of the Worshipful Society of Apothecaries of the City of London.

Clive was Senior Dental Officer and later Consultant Dental Surgeon at the Kent and Sussex and Pembury Hospitals. His good working knowledge of oral pathology and general medicine allowed him to build up a good relationship with his colleagues on the staff of both hospitals, and his sound advice and treatment was highly valued.

First and foremost, Clive was a family man and was tremendously proud of his children and grandchildren. Since his retirement, Doreen and he had spent their time helping their younger daughter, Frances, with her business, gardening and generally enjoying life to the full as always. We mourn the loss of a man whom none of us will forget.

Clive was a life member of the Association as is his brother, Spencer (1929-37). He leaves his widow Doreen, his family and to his brother.

1932

Ken Blessley (1914 – 2012)

Ken was one of the stalwarts of the OHA and, until his death in April 2012, was amongst its oldest surviving members, having joined the OHBC (as it was known then) on leaving school in 1932. He wrote many contributions for various publications connected with the School and the OHA, which provided fascinating insights into life as a schoolboy in the 1920's and 1930's and into the early days of the OH, when material and financial resources were limited but there was no shortage of volunteers, either on or off the pitch.

He started his Haberdashers career in April 1920 at Westbere Road, following his elder brother, Don, into Calverts. His early career at school was one of solid, if not stellar, progress. As a local, he walked to and from school and lunched at home every day, until the attraction of improved fare for prefects proved irresistible. The last few years of school, however, were a period of much greater achievement, academically as well as in sports and other activities. Haberdashers only became a rugby-playing school in 1922, but rapidly developed prowess as a result of the talented coaching of a number of masters, and Ken played a number of games for the 1st XV. He became a prefect (this entitled him to wear a tasselled cap, eat an improved lunch menu at a separate table and use a cane – sparingly, apparently – for the punishment of lesser offences). With this came the Captaincy of Calverts (not matched by any subsequent family member!) and culminated in his being named School Captain in his final year, leaving in 1932.

He joined the Cadet Corps (at the time the 3rd Cadet Battalion, The Royal Fusiliers) and participated in weekly drills in the playground dressed in regular Army-issue, requiring regular applications of spit and polish – it did not change much in the next 40-50 years. Hefting a Lee-Enfield MkI .303 did not appeal, so he joined the Corps band as a bugler, thus complementing his keyboard skills learned from his mother, and rose to the rank of Sergeant. His Corps experience was to prove useful a few years later when, along with a number of fellow-OH, he enlisted after Munich, prior to the commencement of the Second War.

Ken obtained a place and a minor scholarship to study French and German at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge. He obtained a solid 2nd Class degree, but probably could have improved on this result had it not been for the terminal illness of his mother and her premature death a few weeks before his final exams. After graduating, he joined the family firm, Blessley & Spier, chartered surveyors and estate agents, as an articled clerk in their offices just above Finchley Road & Frognal BR station, with a view to qualifying as an RICS, which he achieved in 1938. In April 1939, he obtained his first remunerated position with a firm of surveyors in Park Lane, London.

Paid civil employment was to prove a short-lived experience as, after signing-up, in August 1939, he was embodied to a Field Company, Royal Engineers as a Sergeant, at Duke of York's barracks in Chelsea, and did not return to a civil salary until February 1946.

His wartime experiences took him far-afield but, initially, were limited to Barnet, Scotland and the Midlands, before being posted overseas. His duties included bomb disposal and anti-invasion defences. During this period, after a spell at OCTU, he was commissioned in April 1940 and, more significantly, in Inverness met Gwen MacRae, whom he was to marry 6 years later on his return from overseas service.

Raymond Mays, Ken's OC at the time, had been involved in the pre-war construction of the Trans-Iranian Railway, and had managed to convince Allied Command of the need to sever this vital link, which otherwise would give the German forces access to the Gulf oilfields, unless a number of major bridges were destroyed. Ken was posted to Persia but the Russian victory at Stalingrad meant that the Allies were now focused on shipping vast quantities of matériel to support the Russian westward advance. Accordingly, the military objective changed to improving the railway and road links from the Gulf ports to the Caspian, a distance of some 700 miles.

Thereafter, he began a long journey homewards which took him via Sicily, participating in the surprise invasion, which then served as the springboard for the invasion of mainland Italy and the push north. Still with the Royal Engineers, but now commanding a Company, he was involved in major initiatives at Caserta, Monte Cassino, Chiusi and the Mont Cenis Pass. Ken was repatriated in October 1945 after turning down promotion to a posting with the occupying forces in Berlin. In all he had spent 4¼ years of active overseas service, without home leave, and was demobbed with the rank of Major in February 1946. He was Mentioned in Dispatches twice (1942 and 1944) and was awarded the MBE (Military) in 1945 and the ED (TA).

Ken resumed his interrupted professional career, joining the Public Trustee Office as a property adviser, but then transferring to the Middlesex County Council in 1950. This move to local government was the beginning of a long and distinguished career in the public service, being appointed County Valuer for Middlesex in 1953. The massive reconstruction required after the war required his involvement in myriad projects where he played a key rôle, including the purchase of land for the construction of roads, schools, welfare and health facilities, fire and ambulance stations, as well as the consolidation and conservation of immense swathes of Green Belt.

With the reorganisation brought about by the London Government Act 1963, creating the Greater London Council, Ken was the only Middlesex Chief Officer to be appointed one of the GLC Controllers – Chief Valuer and Estates Surveyor. In this rôle, at the head of a department comprising 1,700 people, he became the largest landowner in the UK, with a multi-million pound programme, which included projects such as the revitalisation of St. Katharine's Dock, Covent Garden Market, Thamesmead and the South Bank, to name but a few. He was awarded the CBE in 1974 for services to Local Government and retired in 1976.

An astonishingly active man, Ken was a major contributor to the development of his profession and its people, serving on and leading committees at the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors, the Association of Chief Estates Officers, the County Councils Association and the Cambridge University Land Society. In addition, he was involved in a number of Government committees and working parties in areas related to his fields of activity and was invited to speak on many occasions at City Guildhall, The House of Commons and prestigious universities.

Unbelievably, Ken also found time to be an active member of the HOBC, later to become the OHA, which he joined on leaving school. Not only did he have a long and successful career on the rugby field, but he also managed to dedicate much effort to leading or supporting projects which underpinned the structure, resources and facilities of the Association, culminating in being elected President in 1962.

Ken's first appearance for the OHRFC 1st XV was on the 1935 Christmas Tour in Taunton and his last, again at Taunton, on Easter Monday 1949, having clocked up a total of 149 appearances, despite a 4¼ year absence on active duty. His final playing service was as Captain of the Extra A XV for the 1950-1952 seasons. A serious knee injury put paid to his playing career, but this did not stop him from refereeing on an active basis for a number of years, albeit more junior sides.

He successfully negotiated the agreement with the LCC which allowed the incorporation of a third rugby pitch (the current 1st XV pitch), as well as land to permit the location of the cricket square in the central area between the new and original pitches, thus creating a proper outfield. It also permitted the opening of the access from Croxdale Road, which continues to be the principal entrance, replacing the original access off Theobald Street.

On occasions, when volunteer labour made up for a lack of full-time staff, Ken would be seen on a Saturday morning driving a decrepit and unreliable Pattison towing a gang-mower to prepare the grounds for the afternoons games. It was a long time before a proper, much-used blue Fordson tractor replaced the original machine.

Another critical post-war function in which he participated, when private cars were in as short supply as good bitter beer, was the collection from Paddington Station of kegs of Wiveliscombe's best, purchased by Arthur Jenkins and shipped up by train from Somerset, to serve at the Clubhouse bar on Saturday afternoon.

Together with a number of other OH volunteers with building, engineering or architectural skills, he was an active contributor to some of the projects which have withstood (some better than others) the passage of time and the elements. The construction of the Clubhouse was carried out by an amateur team, including Ronnie Diggens, Arthur Kerswell and John Stagg with OH perching precariously atop the main structure, spanners in hand, securing the

A-frames which still support the roof today (and the interior false-ceiling erected many years later under the supervision of Robin Mathew). Facilities have improved since the original erection, but the structure is the same. The “new” extension bar was another important project.

With Gwen, there was rarely a Saturday that would pass when the Clubhouse would not be the social location for the evening, after having formed part of a large, vocal spectator group on the touchline. In addition, during an earlier period, the productions of the OH Dramatic Society proved to be a major draw. They were frequent visitors to the theatre in London and, later, after their move to the South Coast, Chichester and Brighton. However, his passion was always the OHRFC and he was made Life Member in recognition of his important contribution.

Motor racing was an important pastime in early adulthood and he was a member at Brooklands from 1935 up to the outbreak of war. His enthusiasm never waned and Ken was still able to provide well-informed commentary on F1 well into his 90’s. He conserved some magnificent photographs of pre-war track action.

He became a member of the MCC and was a regular follower of Middlesex’s fortunes in the County Championship, visiting Lords frequently until the later years.

He married Gwen in April 1946 in Inverness, after becoming engaged some six months earlier. His brother Donald and he were the only two men not wearing kilts at the ceremony. Gwen died in November 2005.

Ken is survived by his sons, Colin (1954 - 1965) and Andrew (1958 – 1968) and his grandchildren, Christopher, Thomas, Jonathan, Krista, Milo and Sebastian.

THE TIMES

Kenneth Blessley

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As Chief Valuer and Estates Surveyor for the Greater London Council from 1964 to 1977, Kenneth Blessley drove forward the first redevelopment of London's Docklands into commercial mixed-use space and set the pattern for the transformation of the capital's quaysides into highly sought after locations for homes, offices and leisure facilities as port activity began to recede.

By the mid-1960s it was becoming obvious that the swathes of London's Docklands would face dereliction in future years. And as the warehouses began to empty and the quayside cranes to droop, Blessley negotiated the deal to buy the 25 acre site of St Katharine's Dock,

near Tower Bridge, from the Port of London Authority in 1969. The subsequent redevelopment of the docks and warehouses into houses (both public and private, including penthouses), offices, restaurants and pubs and a major new hotel surrounding an attractive yachting basin, proved to be a big hit, especially with City workers nearby. There was even a popular cultural element to the scheme as the artist Bridget Riley was given some disused warehouse space at an affordable rate to develop an atelier of artists' studios.

Blessley was praised for what was an early example of a public-private partnership between the GLC, which assembled the land, and the commercial developer Taylor Woodrow, which funded and built the scheme and leased the buildings from the GLC in return for a healthy ground rent. Blessley's entrepreneurial spirit in spotting opportunities and driving forward commercial development of London's fast-changing landscape in the 1960s and 1970s made him popular with the GLC's Tory administration under Desmond Plummer (1967-73). He had to overcome strong opposition from the Labour opposition at the GLC which fiercely resisted the sale of St Katharine Docks, and with it the admission that thousands of docking jobs would be lost, and of the GLC acting in such an overtly commercial manner. This he managed, chairing stormy steering groups on development proposals, with customary bluntness.

Blessley, who headed up a vast estates department at the GLC of some 1,700 people, also negotiated the £6 million deal to buy 12 acres of land at Covent Garden from the market authority after the flower and fruit and vegetable market relocated to Nine Elms in Battersea in 1973. Interested parties were poised to negotiate with Blessley on the assumption that the buildings in and around the 17th-century Inigo Jones-designed piazza would be swept away for wholesale redevelopment of a prime London site.

However, the Government intervened and spotlisted buildings scattered around the area, which necessitated moving the scheme forward as a heritage/conservation project. . In the midst of a global recession, it was not a good time to be asking the politicians for money, but Blessley eventually secured funding from the GLC to refurbishment of the market buildings. His instincts were proved correct and the recasting of the market buildings to be filled with restaurants, cafes, craft and gift shops would go on to become a big draw for tourists and a money spinner for the landowner. He also negotiated the deals with London Weekend Television and the National Film Theatre to take up the remaining vacant plots along the South Bank and enhance its offer as a centre for the arts and culture.

Not all of Blessley's deals were successful. Perhaps the boldest one he negotiated was the 1965 purchase for £6.7 million of 1,300 acres near next to the Thames at Royal Arsenal which had long been used for the manufacture, storing and testing of weapons but which had outlived this purpose. The vision was to develop this land into 17,000 new homes as a modern city that would be known as Thamesmead. Despite the problems of dealing with unexploded ordnance, the first phases which mainly comprised Brutalist tower blocks was

built, but the money ran out and later phases were eventually;;cancelled, leaving the existing development isolated amid marshland by the Thames. The development would often be criticised for exemplifying the worst excesses of postwar housing design.

Kenneth Blessley was born in Hampstead in 1914 and educated at Haberdashers' Aske's School and St Catharine's College, Cambridge after which he was articled to a firm of surveyors in Hampstead.

He joined the Territorial Army in 1938 and during the war he commanded a company of Royal Engineers repairing bridges to allow troops to advance in Sicily through Caserta, Monte Cassino, Chiusi, Pesaro and Monte Cenis. He was mentioned twice in dispatches and was appointed MBE and ED.

He joined Middlesex County Council as Deputy County Valuer in 1950 and was appointed County Valuer in 1953. He assembled land over a period of time for a new town centre at Feltham and sought tenders from the private sector to develop commercial buildings in return for ground rent. He signed a deal with Hallmark Property and the resulting scheme generated considerable sums for the council.

The success of Feltham was noted and when Middlesex disappeared under the Local Government Act of 1963, Blessley was appointed Chief Valuer and Estates Surveyor of the newly created Greater London Council. It was a period during which he was able to replicate the Feltham model as the GLC increased its land holdings by more than 8,000 acres and invested more than £450 million in land and property. And with so much of London still not rebuilt after the war and increasing swathes of industrial land becoming derelict there were plenty of development opportunities in the capital.

He successfully campaigned for improvements to the property compensation code. At a time of major expansion in London's road network, he drew attention to a number of anomalies and hardships in the law governing compensation and compulsory acquisition. His presence on the Government's Urban Motorways Committee allowed him to put forward amending proposals, many of which were written into the Land Compensation Act 1973.

On retirement in 1977 he was appointed CBE.

Ken Blessley married, in 1947, Gwen Macrae who predeceased him in 2005. His two sons survive him.

Kenneth Blessley, CBE, surveyor, was born on February 28, 1914. He died on Apri110, 2012, aged 98

Eric H Wilson (died in 2002)

Richard MB Tiddy (died in 1990)

Gerard H Kramers (died in 1996)

John V Goldsbrough (died in 1990)

Maxwell WJ Denham (died in 2000)

Maurice P Daly (died in 1994)

Arthur Burley (died in 2000)

James Peter Maurice THOMPSON (1925-32)
died on 13 April 1986 at the age of 70.

Peter left School in December 1932. His chief sporting interest there was boxing which was then a major School sport at the highest level. In his last year he boxed for the School at under 9 stone, winning four out of five bouts against some good boxing schools. He also played football for the School 3rd XV. He played regularly for the lower sides of OHRFC in the years before the war and subsequently for a year or two after 1945.

During the war he joined the RAF in October 1940 and after a period in South Africa was commissioned becoming a navigator in Lancasters of Bomber Command. On leaving School he entered the accountancy profession in his father's firm and qualified as an Incorporated Accountant in 1938, subsequently becoming a Chartered Accountant. He returned to his father's firm after the war, becoming senior partner in 1963. In 1964 his firm merged with another, also led by an Old Haberdasher, M. J. Jackman (1925-32). Peter continued in practice until he retired in June 1985.

Peter will be remembered with respect and affection by all his old friends and contemporaries. He was a man of strong convictions and very thoughtful towards those who needed help. Our sincere sympathies are extended to Anne and to their son martin. Our condolences also to Peter's brother Stanley (1924-31) who has had his own problems of illness to cope with.

Harry Levene (1926-32)
collapsed and died suddenly on 29th September 1988.

Leaving at 5th form level, Harry made his career in the Civil Service, retiring in 1981. Although never involved in a personal capacity, in the post war years he became an ardent touch-line supporter of the OHRFC and, when the OHCC ceased to be a wandering club in 1956, he became a regular attendee at Boreham Wood matches, giving his financial support to both clubs, as an honorary member.

A life member of the HOBC, Harry became more involved in the social side when, after 1962, the Association arranged an augmented programme of social events. In particular, he was a regular attendee at the biennial reunion dinners of his era (formerly the 1930-39 decade and then the pre 1940 group) and at the annual Wine and Cheese parties.

Amongst his outside interests, Harry had a particular appreciation for paintings and was happy to discuss his visits to numerous galleries and exhibitions.

He left a sister, Vera (his only remaining close relative).

Martin J Jumbo JACKMAN (1925-32)
died in hospital on 30th January after several months of a debilitating illness. He was 77.

At school, he had followed his brothers Frank and Peter as Captain of Hendersons House, creating an unusual and probably unbeatable record. He was Senior Prefect in 1931/32 and represented the School at Fives, Boxing and Athletics but clearly his outstanding contribution was in Rugby Football. He was in the 1st XV for four seasons, awarded colours in 1931 and was made Captain for 1932/33. In holiday football in December, he represented Middlesex Schools against Kent, Surrey and the Eastern Counties and also played for London v the Rest.

A less well recorded activity was in the Cadet Corps band where, predictably, he carried the big bass drum. Fellow musicians included Basil Phillips and Poppy Brown on drums, Alan Nicol cymbals, Phillip Frost flute and Terry Alexander and Ken Blessley bugles. Jumbo's pace could, at times, vary which resulted in an interesting hint of syncopation. No doubt, in contemporary times they would have constituted a pop group.

On leaving school, he embarked on his chosen career as a chartered accountant, qualifying in 1938 and remaining with the same firm, Holden Howard (apart from war service) until he retired as a well-respected partner in 1977.

Like many of his contemporaries, Jumbo joined the TA early in 1939, choosing as his regiment the 4th County of London Yeomanry along with a number of other OH - Jack Bell, Neville Burrell, Colin Colquhoun, Frank Ingram. Tony Beaumont and Toby Manton were already Sharpshooters in the 3rd Regiment. After training in Devon and Sussex (to the considerable advantage of many local pubs), his regiment was dispatched in the summer of 1941 to the Middle East, forming part of the 7th Armoured Division, the Desert Rats, at the vital battle of Sidi Rezegh in November. Their cruiser tanks were heavily outgunned, his received a direct hit killing the other members of his crew and leaving him with serious wounds, the worst the loss of an eye. After several months in a hospital in South Africa, he returned to the UK and was invalided out in 1942.

He made a remarkable recovery and his friends in various parts of the world were astonished to read in early 1944 that he was playing football again - for the Wasps! He had two seasons in their 1st XV, 1944/45, 1945/46 and was selected to play for the London XV in December 1945 but unluckily the match was scratched owing to bad weather.

His first recorded appearance in the OH 1st XV was against Harrow in December 1932 a few days after leaving school but George Jamieson in 'Making a Mark' quotes an unauthenticated story that Jumbo played for John Gooch's Extra C at the age of 14 and had been reprimanded by his captain for being too rough, clearly a fabrication. However, there is no contradicting the date of his last 1st XV game, against Chippenham on Easter Monday 1954 when he scored a try - a fitting conclusion.

In the intervening years he made 315 1st XV appearances, broken by the war which caused him to lose six potential seasons, nevertheless he was the first to pass the 300 mark. Another memorable first as an OH was his full County cap for Middlesex in 1933 (v Surrey). In 1936, he was in the OH Seven which got to Twickenham having beaten Blackheath II, London Irish and Wasps on the way, before losing in the 8th round (quarter-finals) to the Metropolitan Police by a single score (6-11).

He was elected Captain of the Club for the 1938/39 season and took over again from 1946 to 1948. These latter two seasons still stand high in the success ratings, with that record run of eleven victories against strong opposition in the Autumn of 1946. Despite his whole-hearted dedication to the game he suffered comparatively few injuries, at one time recording 93 consecutive appearances, a remarkable tribute to his fitness. As a really good club member, he eventually graduated to become captain of a memorable C XV from 1951 to 1953, although subject to recall to higher things from time to time.

He was first elected to the OHRFC Committee in 1934, served as Honorary Treasurer from 1949 to 1957 and was twice President - 1957/58 and 1963/64. For many years after his playing career ended, he was a regular touchline supporter and Easter Tourist, rarely absent from the various social events.

On the field he led from the front, powerful and fast with a devastating tackle but he was never violent or bad-tempered and, in contrast to what one sees today, never descended to dangerous or dirty play. The writer can certainly vouch for Jumbo's contribution in the scrum having packed down in the front row in 136 games (not certified by WR Tanner!) when he was at lock. He bridged the gap between generations of OH, from the founders in the 20's through to the 70's and those 'young' players still on the field who had made their debut in his last seasons.

George Jamieson in his book suggested that Jumbo 'well deserved the title of the outstanding forward in our history' and, 34 years later, surely nobody would seek to challenge the validity of that opinion.

He was also President of the Association in 1963/64, for many years on the Committee and present at all its functions. He was made a Vice-President of the OHCC in 1961.

In July 1976, rather late in life, he married Judith, a friend for many years and they settled in Dulverton with a flat in Chelsea. Sadly their companionship was shortlived as Judith became seriously ill and died in December 1980. She was a very talented artist, introducing Jumbo to a somewhat different life style and they travelled extensively - to her native Australia, to Singapore, the USA and elsewhere but it is perhaps true to say, in retrospect, that he never really related to the Somerset scene or to that large, empty house in Dulverton and it was no surprise to his family and close friends when he returned to NW Middlesex to a flat in Elm Park Court, Pinner.

He was thus able to maintain his links with Elstree, the OH and the world of rugby. He took holidays in Australia, meeting up with Maurice Daly, went to the Spanish Islands and to Cyprus. He was always interested in the theatre and read extensively, acted as honorary secretary/treasurer to the Elm Court complex and set up such things as the Simpsons group, an elitist quarterly luncheon club, and his chairing of their meeting at the end of November was his last real outing.

It was good that, until the onset of this final illness, he led an active social life, ever hospitable as a host, ever welcome as a guest, particularly with Betty and Poppy Brown, Marie and Peter Ashberry, Gwen and Ken Blessley, and their gatherings, formal and informal, will not be the same again.

A kind and considerate person, at all times a gentle man, reserved, even taciturn and often reluctant to communicate, particularly in the last sad months when he was clearly unwilling to burden others, even his family and closest friends, with his problems.

The chapel at Breakspear was packed on 6th February and many of us were able to express our sympathy on that occasion but all OH who knew Jumbo will wish to add their condolences to Peter and to Bunty, and to his nieces - Honor, Penny and Nicky; they have lost a much loved brother and uncle. We shall all miss him.

Martin F

Henry G.FELDMAN (1923-32Dec)
died on 16 March 1986, after being ill for some time.

He left the School at the age of 16. At that stage, he had played cricket and fives for the Under 16 teams and rugby for the 3rd XV, having been junior athletics champion in 1931.

Henry started his own career in the cinema world, but later on, formed his own silkscreen printing business, until ill-health caused him to retire about 1980. When the Association started biennial reunions of the pre-1940 leavers in 1965, Henry became a regular attendee, but had not been well enough to attend since 1981.

To his widow, Mildred, and their daughter, Iris, we extend our sympathy.

1931

Hugh Tierney (1924-1931) died 28th June 1987



Hugh J TIERNEY (1924-31) died suddenly on the 28th June 1987, at the age of 75. In 1924 his mother was dependent on a pension as the widow of an Army sergeant, but Hugh won an assisted scholarship from the old London County Council to enable him to come to the School. He soon showed himself keen, able and determined at both school-work and sports. He obtained distinctions in the General Schools and Higher Schools examinations and played three seasons in the Rugby 1st XV, with colours in 1930 and 1931. He played in the School 1st XI at cricket, boxed for the School, and played in the second IV at fives. He was a prefect and captain of Joblings.

In 1931 he was articled with the London office of Thomson McLintock, and he was a qualified member of the Scottish Institute of Chartered Accountants. He was a regular player for the OHRFC 1st XV (over 200 appearances) and he played several times for Middlesex. He was a member of the Club committee that bought the Boreham Wood ground in 1936 and played in the first game there, and in the game on the official opening day in September 1937. Over the long years he attended many OH, OHRFC and School occasions. Among the relatives and friends at the funeral service at St John's Church, Stanmore, was Bruce McGowan, the Headmaster, and several Old Haberdashers. These included team-mates from over fifty years ago: L F Brown, D H Gooch, M J Jackman, G B Jamieson, and W R Tanner. Health prevented from coming one friend and an OHRFC captain of those years, but there was a floral setting signed "Elsie and Stanley Phillips".

The day arranged for Hugh's 1940 marriage to Margaret E Davies (Peggy) proved also to be Battle of Britain Day, and at one stage in the proceedings the wedding party was ordered to a basement by a warden. Hugh joined the RAF and was sent to Canada

for training. He qualified as a pilot and Flight Sergeant but was grounded by a major duodenal operation. After the war, he returned to his accountancy work, and in later years he became a lecturer at North London Polytechnic.

Hugh had an encyclopaedic memory for facts of science and history and in the 1950's, he nearly became BBC's "Brain of Britain". A special interest, shared with Peggy, was the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, all of whose words he could recite. He was a regular supporter of "G & S" societies. He took part in amateur productions, perhaps having been set on that theatrical path by acting in humorous sketches at the school-camp concerts in his last years at the School. It is appropriate that his ashes have been placed at St John's Church, both because it is near his own home and because W S Gilbert is buried there.

The ever importance of the School in Hugh's thinking is further evidenced by Peggy's now discovering amongst his papers, a deed that was strangely executed only a fortnight before his heart attack. It creates the Hugh Tierney Trust for provision of an annual purchase of books for the School Library.

Hugh and Peggy had a son, Kevin, and a daughter, Rhoda, and a grand-daughter, Diana. In recent years a main interest was to watch over and hansomely provide for Diana's education. Kevin is also an Old Haberdasher and is Professor of Law at the University of California, but Kevin was able to arrive within 24 hours of his mother's call on 28th June. We send our sympathy to Peggy, Kevin, Rhoda and Diana. A N B

John A. (JACK) TOUT (1925 - 31)
died 24th April 2001

Jack was born in South Africa of British parents on 31st August 1914 who subsequently divorced and then sent him back to his paternal grandparents who were living in the U.K. in Hendon.

Jack was brought up in the local Methodist Church (which was also attended by one Denis Compton) and was very keen on sports from an early age. He joined Haberdashers' in 1925 and was immediately a member of the junior rugby XV and cricket XI as well as being an athlete of some note, winning the junior athletics 'Victor Ludorum' in 1928. Jack left the School in 1931 and subsequently joined the Territorial Army in the 1930s resulting in his call

up at the outbreak of hostilities at the start of the Second World War and was then commissioned in the Royal Artillery He was posted to Northern Africa and en route via South Africa was reunited with his family once more.

In 1937 he met and married Eileen and his daughter Carol was born soon after he left the U.K. on overseas service in 1940. Following his tour of duty through Africa and then on into Italy he was demobilised at the end of hostilities and ran his own business in Croydon for a good number of years before eventually transferring to a transport company at the then fast developing Heathrow. Thereafter he moved to Lex Garages working there until his retirement, at which point he acted as a Welfare Officer for the Company's pensioners.

Jack was a founding member and active playing member of Hendon Rugby Club before becoming involved with the London Society of Rugby Football Union Referees, continuing as a senior assessor after his active refereeing days came to an end.

He was a frequent visitor to Borehamwood for many rugby and social events and indeed was a regular at Peter Vacher's 'Retired Members' Lunches'. As many have remarked Jack was one of those precious individuals who upon meeting you immediately felt better for seeing, a man with a constant chuckle in his voice and an immensely positive attitude to what life had for him.

The foregoing is largely due to the reminiscences of Idris Edwards who first met Jack in 1919 and remained firm friends with him for the rest of his life,a period of eighty two years - a remarkable stretch of time.

William G. STEED (1923-31)
died on 25th June 1980 after a stroke.

Bill served throughout the 1939-45 war in the Royal Artillery, spending four and a half years in the Middle East and Italy.

On demobilisation he rejoined the family firm of turf accountants and stayed with them until retirement. However, after losing his wife he restarted work, having a job in the Civil Service and continuing with it, in spite of failing health.

To his two sons, Michael and John and his brother, Dennis A. (1930-36) we offer belated sympathy.

Noel G SMITH (1924-31)
died on 6th May 1991.

A member of Strouts, Noel's main sporting attribute was as a boxer, winning most of his bouts against other schools' representatives and being awarded his colours.

Upon leaving the School, he became articled to a London firm of Chartered Accountants, qualifying in 1937 and joining Price, Waterhouse, Peat & Co. Almost immediately, he went on a tour of duty in Brazil, from whence he returned, in 1941, to join the RAC. After being commissioned in January 1943, Noel was posted to a Tank Transporting Co, seeing service in Normandy and NW Europe from June 1944 to July 1945. Thereafter, he was posted to Burma, being demobilised as a Major, in 1946.

After continuing with Price Waterhouse for a year, Noel joined John M Winter & Sons, becoming a partner in 1953. However, he resigned at the end of that year and joined Edmundsons as the Company Secretary. During 1954, he joined the Board and became joint Managing Director, three years later. In 1966, he became sole Managing Director, retiring in 1972.

Soon after the OHGS was formed (in 1952/53), Noel joined the Society and continued to play at least until the Ashridge meeting in October 1989. During the mid-1970's he had been elected captain. His local golf was played at the Royal Wimbledon.

With the formation of the Association in 1962 with its greater scope for social events, Noel's membership became more active and he was a regular attendee at the pre-1940 reunions, including the most recent one in October 1989. He also attended some of the OHA dinner and one recalls the beaming jollity with which he greeted one.

Noel was a member of the Fan Makers Livery Company and attained Grand Rank in the London/Warwickshire Masonic Lodge. His clubs also included the Naval and Military and the Anglo-Belgian.

To his widow, Mary (whom he married in 1987) and the sons, John, Peter and Christopher of two earlier marriages we extend our condolences. John's wife, Lorraine, has been particularly helpful to Mary for the earlier details of Noel's life - as also has Henriette, Peter's wife.

Arthur P PORTCHMOUTH (1926-31)
died on 22nd December 1988.

Having left the School after taking General Schools, Arthur joined the Metrication and Standards office of the South Easter Gas Board. In 1938, he joined 28 A/A Bn, RE TA having been in the Cadet Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, which had been in operation at the School until the Summer he left, when a change of Government caused its disbandment. However, from the outbreak of war, his civil occupation remained reserved until 1943, when Arthur rejoined, trained in the ranks and passed through OCTU and was posted to the Army School of Chemical Warfare. He was demobbed as Lieutenant RE.

A life member of the HOBC, the formation of the OHA in 1962 saw the beginning of some additional social events at the clubhouse, hitherto used mainly by members of the OHRFC and OHCC. Consequently, with the introduction of decade dinners, he made what was probably his first appearance at Boreham Wood, when the second reunion of the 1930-39 group took place in June 1967.

However, after his early retirement from the Gas Board, in 1976, he moved from Kingston to Ferndown, near Wimborne - a somewhat daunting prospect for a night journey, even though only then in his early sixties.

He leaves a widow, Joan, and son Alan.

Noel W. JOHNSTON (1918-31)
died suddenly on 26th September 1986

He was Captain of the School in his final year. He had been Captain of Swimming in the previous one, a member of both the Athletics and the Cross Country teams as well being in the only pre-war 1st XV to be awarded colours in its entirety, after a term which ended with the defeat of Denstone College.

On the scholastic side, Noel passed Higher Schools in 1929 and the inter BA examination the following year and went up to Jesus College, Oxford where he was awarded a second class degree in History, before taking a Diploma in Education after which he taught at Wycliffe College in Gloucestershire.

During the last war, he served in an A.A. Regiment R.A. with the rank of Lieutenant.

He leaves a widow, Joan, and children, Michael and Anne.

L.F. (Poppy) BROWN (1925-1931)

Poppy, as he was known to many generations of Old Haberdashers, died on September 21st 2000. He was 86 and had for some time been in poor health.

His school career was certainly distinguished: he specialised in boxing, was in the School team for six years and Captain of Boxing in 1930. The writer can still recall watching a school match in the gym and as he climbed in to the ring, he gave his unfortunate opponent a quelling look which was almost a technical knockout. It may well be that many members of O.H. committees will have seen that look when a contentious issue was under discussion. He was made a prefect in 1930, Vice-Captain of Hendersons House, 1st XV in his final year being awarded colours, and he was a sergeant in the Corps.

There is no doubt that, if he had been able to stay on for a full year after the final exams, he would have been School Captain, but he left at Christmas 1931 to start his career in the National Bank of New Zealand where he was to stay (apart from the war service) until he retired in 1974, achieving the top post of Manager at the Head Office. During these years, he and Betty had many spells in New Zealand starting in 1949 and David and Margaret were born there. They made many friends and in those pre-package days were able to visit several unusual places on their travels. Poppy became personally involved in a number of New Zealand activities; he was Treasurer of the New Zealand Society from 1960 to 1977 and President in 1977/78 when the guest of honour at the annual dinner was the Duke of Edinburgh - a very proud moment for him and indeed for the family.

He joined up in June 1940, went to O.C.T.U. in April 194l and, despite a serious illness there, was commissioned in August with a posting to the 1st. Battalion of the Beds. and Herts. Regiment. They went overseas in May 1942 and, after a spell as Regimental Signals Officer in Arabia, the unit joined the India Command and the Beds. and Herts. became a vital element in the 14th Army Campaign in Burma. In March 1944, he was seconded to the Chindits, Orde Wingate's Special Force, and took part in the 'Broadway' landings by glider, the second wave of the operation which led to the crucial battle at Imphal. At the successful conclusion of this project, the company he commanded (he had been promoted to major) returned to their base in India and the only way back was on foot some 300 miles. He was remembered as an officer who not only commanded respect but who his men relied on in times of great difficulty and sacrifice.

Poppy became a member of the O.H.R.F.C. on leaving school and was soon selected for the senior sides with two successful seasons in the 1st XV immediately prior to the war. This would no doubt have continued after 1946 but he had a knee injury aggravated by a wartime game which ended his playing career. However, he became very active in the administration of the Club, Honorary Treasurer for some years and a regular supporter at all games and social events. For several years he organised the referee rota for junior sides and was rightly made President of the Club in 1961. He was also closely involved in the Old Haberdashers' Association, especially on the financial side, serving as President in 1976 and here again, he and Betty attended all the various functions at the club house and the School until his health deteriorated.

In the immediate pre - war years, he was one of a group of O.H. rugby friends - Jumbo Jackman, Donald Blessley, Maurice Daly, Terry Alexander, Gilbert Husband, Reg Grossman and we spent a lot of time together (apart from Saturdays) - gallery first - nighters, local films, evenings at the Chequers in Hendon - all unattached and probably accepting that we might be on borrowed time.

Poppy and Betty moved out to Stanmore in 1952 and he became actively involved in golf with enjoyable days on the local course which he could see from his home. He made many

new friends there who, when his playing days had to end, continued to visit him. He and Betty had married in 1948 and they were justifiably proud of the academic and career achievements of David and Margaret, taking special pleasure in watching the development of the five talented grand children.

He was forthright in his views, didn't suffer fools gladly or hesitate to show his disapproval of anyone or anything failing to satisfy his high standards. He had respect for discipline, no doubt stemming from the code of conduct at school and his later war service; a man of integrity as shown by his standing in the financial world of the City and also loyal - to his family and friends, to the School and the Old Boys, to his Regiment and to the Bank- qualities which sadly no longer seem to rate very highly in today's politically correct world.

But beneath all this he was a kind and caring man, with a great sense of humour and always a very congenial host. He found relaxation in reading, in the theatre and in music.

There was a full attendance on October 3rd at the Breakspear Crematorium - family, golf friends, neighbours, former Bank colleagues and a large representation of O.H. including ten Past Presidents of the Association. David(1958-68), read from Corinthians 13; Ken Blessley spoke about his old friend's life.

Arthur N Batty (1926-31)
died suddenly on 31st August 1988

- in fact less than a fortnight after writing to enquire about the whereabouts of a school contemporary.

A member of Russell's House, Arthur was a School Prefect, Secretary of the Chess Club and CSM in the Corps. After taking his Higher Schools and Inter BSc examination in 1930, he went up to Jesus College, Oxford, after leaving in the following year. There he read PPE and obtained a Second, before joining Courtaulds, with which concern he remained until the 1939-45 war.

Joining the Royal Navy as a seaman, Arthur served in HMS Nelson, Victorious, Pursuer and Striker, before going to RNAS Burscough, in the latter part of 1944, by when he was commissioned, finishing his service as a lieutenant, in March 1946. His first appointment, thereafter, was as Private Secretary to the Governor of Malta, but he returned to the UK, two years later, to join the family firm of Batty's Removals, founded by his father in 1930. Arthur ran the business for many years, eventually selling it, in 1983, upon his retirement.

He was an active member of the Henry George Society for the taxation of land values and a strong supporter of the anti-apartheid movement. His association with the HOBC brought him into renewed contact with his contemporary Hugh J Tierney (1924-31) and the two

families remained in close contact, in spite of the latter's subsequent move from Edgware - and both were regular attendees at the reunion dinners, the first of which was the 1930-39 decade in 1965, three years after the HOBC became the Old Haberdashers1 Association.

Sylvia and Arthur were married in 1942 and, in later years, after the birth of their daughter, Margaret, their mutual hobby was ball-room dancing.

Arthur was blessed with a lively mind and gentle personality and will be missed.

1930

Charles W Kropaczy (died in 1997)

William R Van Der Kolk (died in 1997)

Ronald A. MALLISON (Ronnie) (1923-30)



died on 16th April 1997 at the Manor Hospital, Walsall, West Midlands,

He was a member of Meadows House and a contemporary of Colin Colquehouln (killed in the Middle East, Second World War), "Asher" Grossman (died Second World War), Maurice Daly (died 3rd November 1994 in Australia) and "Nobby" Gillett (17th November 1987), calling themselves the "Famous Five".

Ronnie played for the 1st Cricket XI and the 2nd Rugby XV and was a member of the cadet force. On leaving school he joined Messrs, Sharp Perrin & Co., a City Textile Company, with whom he stayed all his business life, although they were taken over by Courtaulds in the 1960s.

Always a keen sportsman he quickly joined the Old Boys' Rugby Club, playing for various sides before making his 1st XV debut on 16th February 1935. He captained the cricket team called "Old Change", playing in the City of London League from 1936 to the outbreak of war. He joined the London Scottish Territorial Regiment in 1932 and represented them in their athletics team, particularly in the 440 yards and cross country and was also was a member of their fencing and bayonet fencing team from 1932 to 1936.

Although playing only once for the 1st XV in 1935/36, he was selected to play in the Middlesex Sevens, assisting his "Famous Five" colleague Maurice Daly to score all the 11 tries scored by the backs during the tournament. Ronnie's 3rd and 4th were vital in wins over Blackheath 11 (9-6) and Wasps I (8-3) in the round of the last 16. After 60 years this remained the high water mark of his O.H.R.F.C. career. So much so, that in April 1986, despite all his other commitments Ronnie travelled down from Walsall to attend the pre-1940 reunion at the Club House and there met three other members of the 1936 VII - exactly 50 years after playing at Twickenham.

At the outbreak of war he was commissioned in the Royal Tank Regiment and served at Tidworth and Bernard Castle until being sent to India serving in Poona and Dehru Dun.

Returning to civilian life he was sent to Birmingham by his firm; after two years he moved to Walsall where he remained. His first wife, Hazel, whom he married in 1938 died in 1982; But he remarried some two years later to Irene. He had two sons and two step sons and many grandchildren. On retirement at the age of 63 he joined his local Probus club in which he played a full part in all its activities, becoming Chairman in 1986. He was a keen member of the Walsall Bowling Club playing two or three times every week. He was a prominent Freemason for 50 years, attaining high office in several Degrees, both in London and Staffordshire.

Richard Mallison

1929

Adolf S Woolstone (died in 1993)

Adolf A Walford (died in 2000)

Peter H Jackman (died in 1992)

Ronald W Diggins (died in 1997)

Eric A. SMELLIE (1924-29) who died on 17th November 1986, after a long illness, started his career in a bank, before switching to accountancy and qualifying as a Chartered Accountant in 1938. Eric had joined the S/L Company of the Middlesex Regiment T A , that year and was posted to the A A Brigade upon outbreak of war. His overseas service commenced as a staff captain in the S E Asia Command, before subsequently joining 12th Army H Q in Burma from where he was demobilised in November 1945. Returning to industrial accountancy he retired in 1977., at the age of 65. During the next eight years he

was able to give full attention to his many hobbies, of which the main one was the study of antiques, about which he became very knowledgeable.

To his widow, Joanna, we extend our condolences on the sad conclusion of 42 years of happy married life. Also to their daughter, Susan, son, Paul, four grandchildren, and Eric's brother, Cyril N (1926-32).

Lionel GREEN (left 1929)
died April 1991

The following brief obituary has been drawn from the information published in The Daily Telegraph.

Lionel attended the School at Westbere Road until 1929, when he went to Berlin to study the technology of clothing. He joined his brothers in a clothing manufacturing company selling directly to the retail trade and registered the nationally known "Windsmoor" trademark in 1939. This quality clothing was successful and the business burgeoned due to his own character and innovative marketing. He pioneered the concept of manufacturer's shops within major stores, which proved successful.

Outside his work, he is remembered as a man who had time to listen and who lived his life by the standards of his religion. He is survived by his son Sir Allan Green, Director of Public Prosecutions, and his second wife Judy.

1928

Frank A Jackman (1922-28)
died, after a lengthy illness, on 25th September 1988, shortly before his 80th birthday.

Frank went to the School in 1922 and his stay there was highly successful. He was captain of the School in 1926/7, captain of rugby 1927/8, and captain of Athletics in 1927 and there can be few who have achieved all these honours. He was also a member of the Cadet Corps, ending with the highest rank, officer cadet. On the academic side, he passed two Higher Schools and Intermediate examinations and after leaving school, in 1928, went on to obtain his BSc at London University.

He joined the staff of Carless, Capel and Leonard Ltd, well known as the originators of the word "petrol". He concentrated on coal tar products and on general research and development. He became a Director in 1954 and Managing Director in 1964. He took particular interest in Anglo-Dutch co-operation in the oil industry and for this and other services to the chemical industry was awarded the OBE in the Birthday Honours of 1966. He

retired from Carless Capel and Leonard in 1967 and operated for many years thereafter as a consultant, with particular emphasis on pollution, appearing frequently in Court as an expert witness.

He travelled extensively, both on business and pleasure and was always interested in foreign languages. He became fluent in Dutch and several other European languages.

Sport was a major interest for him throughout his life. He played rugby for the OH up to the war and captained the Ex A XV for several seasons. After the war, he re-joined the Rugby Club Committee and took charge of the bar at Elstree. With his knowledge as a chemist he will remembered for his technical efforts to clarify the beer, which, in those dark days, travelled up from Somerset and was often of dubious quality.

Frank became President of the OHRFC in 1959/60, having been President of the Association (then HOBO) in 1958/9. He represented the OHRFC for many years on the committee of the Hertfordshire Rugby Union, being treasurer for nine years (1955-63) before being honoured with the Presidency for three years (1964-66).

Another great interest was in the Livery Companies of the City of London and, in later years, he was on the Court of both the Blacksmiths' Company and the Bowyers' Company. In 1987 he was Renter Warden of the Blacksmiths' Company and was due to be proposed Master when illness intervened.

His wife, Beryl, died in January 1987 after a lengthy illness. He left two daughters, Honor and Penny, and six grandchildren. MJ

Sidney L. BAXTER (1921-28)
died peacefully on the 19th August 1996, he was in his 87th year.

Apart from being vice-captain of the School and gaining an Open Exhibition to Jesus College, Cambridge, Sidney was a genuine all-rounder on the sporting field. He played for the School 1st XV was captain of Athletics, Secretary of the Tennis Club, was in the School Swimming VIII, as well as Regimental Sergeant Major. When he came down from university, with a 2nd Class Honours Degree in the Mathematical Tripos, he had added a half-blue for lacrosse to his other sporting activities.

It would appear that he started his teaching career at Waterloo Grammar School, before moving to Dover College, where he was 2nd Lieutenant in the college O.T.C. in April 1939. Joining the infantry in September 1940, he became gunnery instructor of the R.A. School of Survey for the period 1941-45. In 1945 he went overseas to India, becoming a Staff Major, before his demobilisation in January 1960.

He became Headmaster of William Ellis School and by the time he returned to Brighton, Edith and he had celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary. They were both remembered by generations of their staff and many former boys, at the Thanksgiving Service in August 1996.

1927

Alfred JR Gentle (died in 1992)

Jack E Roston (died in 2000)

Aubrey S Wilson (died in 2000)

Robert A WILLIAMS (1922-27)
died on 1st July 1990.

After leaving the School, he went to Imperial College, London, where he was awarded a degree in Chemical Engineering, staying on for his MSc. Robert's business career was the ICI, where he was principally involved with the development of nylon. He retired in the mid 1970's, after 47 years with the company.

Robert was a life member of the HOBC, which became the Old Haberdashers' Association in 1962. Three years later, the idea was mooted of having decade dinners at the clubhouse and the first of these was the 1930-39 group. With the passage of time, this was merged with the less populous 1910-29 group and Robert attended the pre-1940 reunion, in May 1974. Having moved to the Yarm area, in North Yorkshire, a few years after the war, he found himself toasted as the long-distance traveller of the evening.

Robert also attended the next but one of the biennial meetings, in April 1978, but was pipped by a member, who had come from Stocksfield, in Northumberland. However, at 68 or 69, this was a heroic effort, which sadly, owing to his becoming a Parkinsons sufferer, shortly afterwards, turned out to be his last venture of this nature.

His two daughters, Valerie and Glenys, and two step-daughters had provided him with twelve grandchildren and their visits continued to delight him to the end.

Derek W.G.G. PARSONS (1923-27)
died on 26th March 1987 at the age of 78.

He was Captain of School Boxing and of his house Joblings, as well as being more than 50 years ahead of modern tactics, by being a running fullback in the lst XV of 1924/5 and 1925/6.

After leaving School, he took a degree in Chemistry at Bradford University and subsequently worked for I.C.I. for whom he ran operations in Cairo. Before going abroad, he had played some football for Richmond.

The obituary notice in the press indicated that he had been a Politician, as well as a Chemist, but the Association has no news of his post-war activities.

Kenneth Charles Harvey PARKER (1919-27)
died peacefully in Bexhill Hospital on 30th September, 1990 at the age of 81 following a short illness.

Immediately Harvey left School in 1927 he joined Morgan Grenfell & Co., the London Merchant Bank, and was to spend the whole of his working life with that firm, retiring in 1970 following 43 years' service. Whilst the majority of his City career was spent in the developing Securities Market, latterly he moved into an administrative role assisting in overseeing the building and furnishing of new office accommodation for the Bank.

In 1969, however, lung cancer was diagnosed but following a successful operation to remove this Harvey retired in the following year and with his wife, Kathleen, moved from Stanmore down to Bexhill-on-Sea.

Harvey had first met Kathleen in 1926 following a visit to the Hendon Air Display and they celebrated their Golden Wedding in 1985. Of interest is the fact that Kathleen was herself the daughter of an Old Haberdasher who attended the Hoxton School.

During the Second World War Harvey served in the Royal Signals and was seconded to the Special Operations Executive. He was demobilised holding the rank of Captain.

Although Harvey's involvement with the OH sporting clubs was minimal, he was always proud to wear an OH tie and he will be particularly missed in the ranks of Freemansonry. Having joined the Old Boys Lodge in 1931, he became Master of the Lodge in 1959 and was for some 10 years until his retirement from Morgan Grenfell, Secretary of the Lodge. His services to London Freemansonry were acknowledged by the award to him of LGR and his considerable involvement with Freemasonry continued right up to his death in Sussex.

Harvey was a very caring and kind man and this was evidenced by the devoted care and attention he paid to his wife throughout his life, particularly when she herself had undergone major surgery about a year before his death.

He will be missed by the many friends he had made in the City and in the world of Freemasonry and by your correspondent, whom he had encouraged and helped during his own career with Morgan Grenfell.

Walter W. HARRIS (1921-27)
died on 17 January 1986 at his daughter's home in Oakville, Ontario, ten days before his 77th birthday.

Walter retired from the then Westminster Bank in 1969, when he was joint General Manager in charge of the Metropolitan East Area, including the City of London. Until the death of his friend Joe A. J. Blanckensee (1912-22) he was a regular attendee at the Association dinner in the Haberdashers' Hall.

To his widow, Dorothy, and their two daughters, Sandra and Gillian, we extend our condolences.

Donald BLESSLEY (1917-27)
died suddenly in hospital in Bushey on April 1st 1987.

He had not enjoyed the best of health for some time but only the previous evening, many of his oldest friends remarked on his excellent form at a pleasant gathering in Knightsbridge, celebrating the wedding of the daughter of an O.H.

Donald was at Westbere Road from 1917 until 1927, a period of considerable change in the nature and activities of the School with the transition from a wartime organisation to the system which was to operate until 1939. It is strange to record that his school years were undistinguished: he did not even represent his house (Calverts) in any team game, although he had individual successes in athletics and in swimming. On leaving, in March 1927, he joined Coutts Bank where, apart from war service, he remained until retirement in 1970. He held positions at Head office and as branch manager, concluding his career in one of the most senior posts at 440 Strand. He volunteered for service in the Royal Navy in June 1941 and spent some time at sea as a rating including a spell on the battleship King George V. He was commissioned in 1942 and was gunnery officer on corvettes on Atlantic and Mediterranean convoy duty with the rank of Lieutenant. His last months in the Navy were spent in command of an armed trawler based on Rosyth.

However, he will best be remembered by O.H. for his achievements in sport. Coutts very quickly assessed his cricketing potential and he was a regular member of the Bank's strong 1st XI for over 20 seasons, opening the attack as an accurate pace bowler, in most pre-war seasons taking over 100 wickets. Moreover he had a deserved reputation as an outstanding cover-point. He also played for the Private Banks side which included several players of

county standard, and for the United Banks; he undertook administrative duties in all these clubs. He was a member of the M.C.C. for 35 years.

After the early post-war games against Bledlow, he became the main driving force which led to the formation of a properly constituted O.H.C.C. He was the first captain in 1951, playing regularly for the 1st team for 9 seasons and then on a more selective basis, ending with a game for the Sunday XI in July '64. Among many notable achievements, mention can be made of his 3 for 1 against Cuffley in 1958 and that he raised and captained an OH XI which played the inaugural game against the School at Elstree on 9th may 1962. He was Honorary Secretary in 1947/50, the first President in 1955, and made a life member in 1981. He campaigned continuously for ground improvements at Boreham Wood, eventually succeeding in getting the funds and authority for an 'acceptable' square.

His involvement in football revealed some contrasts. For two years after leaving School, he played soccer with some success in Willesden Polytechnic colours, but then he was persuaded by some contemporaries to join the O.H.R.F.C. and within two seasons he had appeared on the wing for the lot XV. There was strong competition amongst the backs in the top sides at the time but he was a regular member of the lot or A XVs until 1939. Records are unfortunately incomplete, but during this time he probably played 80 games for the 1st XV including a Christmas Day match against Taunton in 1935 when he badly damaged a knee which was to trouble him from then on. He was the captain of an outstandingly successful A XV in 1937/9 and their well-attended post war reunions were memorable social occasions.

For the first two years of the war, he did a splendid job in running a side whose home pitch was Westbere Road. There was a nucleus of regular players but in the main, he relied on men home on leave from the services - many young O.H. made their debut in this XV, some sadly for the only time. He made 12 appearances in the 1945/6 1st XV, including captaining the side on the first post-war tour against Barnstaple, Weston, and Wiveliscombe and he ended with two seasons in the A and ExA before recurring injuries brought his football career to a close in 1949. In his final season he scored over 100 points, many from accurate place kicking. He was Match Secretary from 1947 to 1952 and President in 1958/9, serving on the Committee for over 20 years, allowing for the wartime break.

He was also a member of that elite pre-war. group, the O.H. Dramatic Society, appearing in 11 productions between 1932 and 1939 under the famous team of Cecil Birch and Jerry Nodes. One of the less publicised features of the society was the Sunday morning scenery painting sessions in somewhat macabre surroundings.

A life member of the Association, he was elected President in 1965, thus becoming the first to have held the three major old Haberdasher offices and one of his regular diary dates was always Club Night at Elstree.

He had many other interests - golf at Mill Hill; a weekly swim at the local baths; music and theatre; books and gardening; travel; he was never bored or boring, an amusing companion with a fund of stories. As a leader he inspired loyalty and affection from his teams: an enthusiast, perhaps a perfectionist which led at times to a lack of patience and certainly intolerance of contemporary standards of behaviour not only in sport. It is a feature of Clubs such as ours that each generation produces a handful of outstanding personalities and Donald was certainly one of these - player, team captain, administrator, referee, umpire, loyal supporter of social events at Elstree and the School.

30 members of the Association were amongst the large number of friends at the Parish Church for the service and were able to express their sympathy to Anne, Nicholas and Gillian which will surely be felt by all those other O.H. who knew Donald during a period of active involvement of nearly 60 years. KB

1926

Eric H Bodman (died in 1997)

George A Goldup (died in 1995)

George B Jamieson (died in 1992)

Ronald E Spiller (died in 1995)

James C. HENRY (1922-26)
died in February 1985

He was an all round sportsman, but he particularly excelled on the rugger field. He was awarded his 1st XV colours in 1924 and, on leaving School, was selected for the O.H.R.F.C. 1st XV at wing forward, a position he retained for several seasons, until his work prevented his turning out regularly. Nevertheless, whenever possible, he played for one of the lower sides and was invited on the first two Easter Tours to the West Country in 1931 and 1932.

For those first tourists, the abiding memory relates to the village square at Wiveliscombe, where the Salvation Army band was playing. As Jim was passing, the trombonist extended his instrument to its fullest, only to have it pushed back while he continued blowing. The resultant sound caused much amusement to both onlookers and other members of the band!

On leaving School, Jim had decided on a medical career and qualified at Guy's Hospital. He became a member of a group practice in Enfield in 1937, and the following year married Hellen. In 1939 he joined the R.A.M.C. and was stationed in the Orkneys, before going

overseas in the following year and serving in the Burma Campaign until its successful conclusion in 1945, being demobbed with the rank of Major.

Returning to his Enfield practice, he again became involved with the O.H.R.F.C. being elected to the Committee in 1947 and becoming a Vice-President in the following year. As he watched many of the 1st XV games, he was not infrequently called on the pitch to decide whether or not an injured player was safely able to continue to play.

Retiring in 1967, he and Hellen moved to Aberdeenshire, where he died in February 1985 at the age of 77. Jim was a very popular member of the O.H. and attended most functions until his move/ to Scotland. However belated, we extend our deepest sympathy to his widow.

H W Baines HARPHAM (1919-26)
died on 29th March 1991.

Upon leaving the School, Baines joined the family firm of Harpham & Son, a concern which specialised in the setting up of exhibitions and bazaars and advising how to run them. Many of these were the vogue in the period before the 1939-45 war and the business thrived. Joining the RASC in June 1940, Baines was posted overseas in January 1941 and served with the 345 GT Co in Egypt, Palestine and Syria until February 1944, when he joined the 7th Armoured Brigade RASC, in Italy. In September of that year, he returned to the UK and was posted to the Directorate of Personnel Movement, War Office, until his demobilisation in February 1946, with the rank of Captain.

In the changed circumstances of the post-war era, he joined his Aunt, who had set up (on the property owned by Harpham & Son) a concern known as Venture Transport, which contracted out coaches and vans on a hire basis, at Brent Cross. Around 1960, the value of their freehold was such that the firm was able to sell at a price which enabled Baines virtually to retire. Thereupon, he and Sheila moved to Mylor, near Penryn, in 1961. Eight years later in April 1969, they entertained to luncheon some of the elder brethren supporting the OHRFC's first-ever tour to Cornwall. Two or three of these he had known when Baines had assisted the OHCC to field a roving XI in their first three seasons - 1947-49. At Mylor, he was on the Rural District Council and continued to act as a church-warden, as he had done, for some 15 years, at Holy Trinity, Finchley. He was also a member of the PCC.

In 1981, however, he suffered a minor stroke, while living at Falmouth, to which they had moved in the late 1970's. Some years later, Sheila also suffered in the same way, but was left severely incapacitated. Whereupon, Baines took over the household chores and had soon learned to produce quite venturesome meals. In 1988, they decided to move to Henley-in-Arden, quite near where their daughter Judy, her husband, Brian and their five children lived. This was also about 60 miles wet of where their son, Alan and his wife, Di live, near Bedford. Accordingly, when Baines was admitted to Warwick Hospital on Maundy Thursday,

both were able to visit him that day. They found their father in good spirits, so that when he sent them home to their families, that evening, they did not demur. Baines, however, died on Good Friday morning.

Apart from his assistance in helping the OHCC to get started, Baines was a life member of the HOBC, but elected to make annual donations when the OHA was formed, in 1962. In June 1970, he attended the pre-1940 reunion at the clubhouse, his trip from Cornwall gaining him the long-distance travelling award for the occasion. Six years later, Baines was again present at this biennial function, but had to give pride of place to a member who had travelled down from Co Durham.

Although Sheila was well cared for in a nursing home, from soon after their arrival at Henley-in-Arden, Baines always took her home for the weekends. Judy and Alan have continued this process, whenever their own family concerns have made it possible.

Frederick G HAILS (1917-26)
died in early February 1988 at the age of 80.

He was in the successful School First XV of the Autumn Term 1925, when all but two of the 14 matches were won and he was re-awarded his colours. He had also been awarded athletics colours, winning the 880 yards and the mile on the same afternoon, and was a keen member of the Cadet Corps, of which he became RSM. Fred and his brother, Oswin, were very keen on cars and an abiding memory of a friend and contemporary concerned their arriving for a rugger game in a home-made two-seater, with a plywood body and an engine which had originally driven a lawn-mower!

Whilst studying to be a solicitor, Fred played for the OHRFC First XV for several seasons. However, it was for his professional services that his name is known by current members of that Club, since he handled all the legal work in connection with the purchase of the ground at Boreham Wood in 1935, being elected a life member in consequence. In the late 1930's, he took up dinghy sailing on the Welsh Harp, only to have his new interest curtailed by the advent of the 1939-45 war, in which he commanded a minesweeper, with the rank of Lieut. Comdr., RNVR.

After demobilisation, Fred successively became Clerk to the Justices at Atherstone and Nuneaton in Warwickshire and at Dartford in Kent, before serving as Coroner for North Staffordshire for more than 25 years. During this period, he dealt with some 50,000 cases, mounting resolute campaigns against drunken drivers (later extended to drunken pedestrians) and for having dangerous drugs clearly marked and in child-proof containers. He was also well-known for his support of voluntary euthanasia for neglected old people, while his trenchant remarks from the bench resulted in a chemical (which had caused stomach cancer amongst the firm's workers) being discontinued.

He left three sons and brother, Oswin.

Norman R GILLETT (1919-26)
died in Edgware Hospital after a short illness on 17 November 1987. This obituary is written by his contemporary, Roy Cottle.

“He and I first met at the old School in Westbere Road in our first term when Mr Wagstaff was Headmaster, however he being in Meadows house and I in Calverts. We became good friends and each used to visit the others home quite often in the holidays. Apart from the war years, when we were in the forces, we kept in touch for some 68 years, and for me it was a friendship I valued tremendously. We enjoyed various holidays together with our families and had many interests in common.

Norman was a splendid athlete and some of his many achievements in the world of sport are detailed in the following paragraphs. After he retired from the Bank of England in 1968, he became a golf enthusiast and was a popular member of Hendon GC. He also acted as Secretary and Treasurer for the Linen Dragon Old Peoples Cottage Homes. Olive presented him with two fine children, Pamela and John (my godson) and their two granddaughters were a source of delight to them both.

He and I were elected to membership of the MCC on the same day in 1950, he having played his qualifying games, and with two other contemporaries (Donald Blessley and Stanley Phillips who predeceased him in 1987) we spent many happy hours at Lords, where he was so well known to many who had been colleagues and opponents over a long period.

Norman went straight from School to the Bank of England where after early years in various sections he was transferred to General Welfare and became Hon. Secretary to the sports club from 1947-55, and then General Welfare Organiser from 1957 to retirement in June 1968. Whilst respecting his natural modesty, it would be wrong not to chronicle some of his many achievements in the world of sport. Cricket was undoubtedly his first love, and over 20 years he played some 500 innings for the Bank side, scoring some 15,000 runs. He was captain of the side for several years. He appeared in representative matches for the Club Cricket Conference. At rugger, in his early winters he played right wing three quarter in the first XV and obtained colours for United Banks. A troublesome knee injury ended his rugger career in 1934, but not to be outdone he turned to soccer and played regularly until 1939. He was a good swimmer, played water polo, and was no mean performer at Fives, Squash and Snooker before taking up Golf on his retirement.

As a public figure he inspired confidence, respect and affection. A large congregation paid tribute at an impressive service at St Paul’s, Mill Hill on 25th November 1987."

W David BROWN (1919-26)
died on 7th September 1990, at the age of 82 in Wycombe General Hospital, a week after having suffered a heart attack.

David went to the London School of Economics, upon leaving the School and joined British Petroleum, after obtaining his degree. After some years at the London headquarters, he was posted for a tour of duty in Columbia, before going on to New York, where he remained until the outbreak of the 1939-45 war. Still with BP, he went first to Algeria and then to Italy, organising oil supplies for the allied forces.

After the war, David became a Director of BP Trading and various allied companies and retired in 1968. At the age of 60, however, he started a new career, running a farm, with the aid of his wife Rachel, at High Rews, near Marlow. He was still farming, when the heart attack occurred.

David was a life member of the HOBC and before moving out to Marlow, attended in May 1966, the first of the reunions for pre-1930 leavers.

To his widow and their two daughters, Helen and Harriet, we extend belated condolences at the abrupt end to a working life extending over sixty years.

Patrick G. F. BARRY (1921-26)
died aged 78 on 1 February 1986 after a long illness.

Pat was in the School 1st XV and on leaving joined the Rugby Club. He played occasionally for 1st XV on the wing notably against Saracens in 1932 and on tour the following Easter. He captained Extra A XV from 1934/37. Pat was an enthusiast both on and off the field and on suitable occasions could be relied upon to recite and to lead the singing.

He took an active interest in local politics and was awarded the OBE. He was made a Knight of the Order of Oranje Nassau for his services to Holland. Mayor of Paddington in 1960, he was for 44 years an Alderman of the City of Westminster. In an AA Regt. TA he was embodied in August 1939. He saw service with mobile Light AA forces in the UK before crossing to France in 1944 and was demobbed from Germany in September 1945 with the rank of Captain.

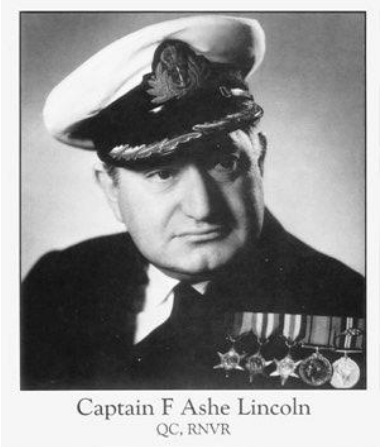
He is survived by his wife, Mitsa, who looked after him to the end and to whom we offer our condolences.

Ernest Roy BARRETT (1919-26)
died peacefully and without pain in his 78th year on 21 October 1987.

He joined Lloyds Bank on leaving School and had a successful career, retiring as Manager of the Threadneedle Street Office. He and his brother Jack, and Neville Appleton (another OH) did four years together in the Territorials, and was called up shortly before the outbreak of war. He served with the Royal Artillery, rising from the ranks to finish as a senior commissioned officer.

He left a widow, Freda, after 51 years of happy married life, daughter Brenda, son Richard, two grandchildren and two brothers L.B. and L.C., who both played for the OHRFC when the Club started and for long afterwards.

F Ashe LINCOLN, QC


Captain F Ashe Lincoln
QC, RNVR

former Master of the Bench of the Inner Temple and former chairman of the Association of Jewish ex-Service Men and Women, died on October 19 aged 90. He was born on October 30, 1907.

Ashe Lincoln distinguished himself particularly at the Bar, in the Royal Navy and in the Jewish community. He was a recorder and deputy judge of the Crown Court, Master of the Bench of the Inner Temple and deputy world president of the International Association of Jurists and Jurers.

In the Jewish community, he served a wide variety of organisations with distinction and dedication. He was life chairman, honorary secretary and political committee chairman of the British Section of the World Jewish Congress.

The Masorti assembly of synagogues was another body in which he was particularly active as president and former chairman. He was a lifelong and dedicated Zionist and had held several leading posts in the movement.

Fredman Ashe Lincoln was born in Bradford, a son of Reuben Lincoln, who was first a minister and then a solicitor, and was educated at Hoe Grammar School, Plymouth,

Haberdashers' Aske's School, London, and then Exeter College, Oxford. He was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple in 1929 and took silk in 1947.

His sojourn in Plymouth enhanced his love of the sea. He joined the RNVR in 1937 and attended navigational training classes at night school and at weekends to qualify for his yachtmaster's certificate. He joined the Royal Navy as a sub-lieutenant when the Second World War began in 1939. His book Secret Naval Investigator (1961) is a thrilling story of his exploits in the detection of mines and torpedoes. A second book of his, published earlier this year, is entitled Odyssey of a Jewish Sailor.

In the early days of the war he served in minelayers. He transferred to minesweepers and helped in the recovery of one of the first magnetic mines. For this he was mentioned in dispatches. He then volunteered for the commandos and took part in the Allied landings in Sicily and Italy. He was again mentioned in dispatches during the landings at Salerno.

He later served during the North West Europe campaign and was one of the first British officers to cross the bridge at Remagen on the Rhine - the only Rhine bridge left standing after the Germans had blown up the others. It had been brilliantly captured, before it could be demolished, by the US First Army which was as a consequence, able to establish the first Allied bridge-head on the east bank of the river.

Lincoln was national chairman of the Association of Jewish ex-Service Men and Women in 1948 and 1949, and again in 1952, when he accompanied the Duke of Edinburgh as he inspected the association's parade at Horse Guards. He stood for Parliament in 1945 as Conservative candidate for Harrow East.

Two years later, in the same constituency, he withdrew as prospective candidate and it was said that some of the then members of the constituency association were anti-Semitic. One member resigned in protest, but the leadership of the constituency strenuously denied the allegation.

In 1950, when Lincoln was unsuccessful in his attempt to become the Conservative candidate in Willesden East, the vice-president of the local Conservative Association re-signed, again alleging anti-Jewish prejudice.

Lincoln's practice at the Bar grew and in 1955 he was elected a Master of the Bench of the Inner Temple. As an advocate he was very sound; he was careful and above all reasonable. In his work at the Criminal Bar he was always distinguished by his lack of cynicism, a trait all too common in those regularly engaged upon such tasks.

In the City of London Lincoln was a liveryman and in 1949-50 Master of the Worshipful Company of Plasterers.

In 1933 he married Sybil Eileen Cohen, who survives him, along with their daughter and son, who is senior rabbi of Park Avenue Synagogue in New York.

The Times, October 22 1998

1925

Neville Appleton (died in 1992)

M F (Toby) MANTON (1920-25)
died on 10th January 1991.

Upon leaving the School, Toby started a career on the Stock Exchange in the City, continuing until the start of the 1939-45 war. During this period, he played regularly for the OHRFC, mainly at Ex 'A' and 'A' level. Having joined the 3rd County of London Yeomanry (Sharpeshooters) in 1938, Toby was immediately mobilised, at the beginning of the following September. During 1941, his regiment was sent to Egypt, as part of the 22nd Armoured Brigade, which came under the command of the 7th Armoured Division for the Battle of Sidi Rezegh in November that year - the decisive encounter of that campaign in the Western Desert. After Tuni fell, in May 1943, the brigade was despatched to Italy, where Toby continued until the end of the war. He was demobilised in September 1945, with the rank of Staff Sergeant.

His six years with tanks and armoured carriers was not to be wasted, since he decided to take up engineering as his post-war career. At the time of his retirement, in the mid-1970's, Toby was with Foster Wheeler.

Some half-a-dozen years previously he had re-married, he and Joan having first celebrated their 21st wedding anniversary, shortly before his death.

Having rejoined the Association in 1964, Toby became a regular attender at the reunion dinners of his age-group, making his last appearance at the club-house in April 1986, when in his mid-seventies.

To Joan and their daughter, Jane, we offer sympathy for their sad loss.

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The Times, October 22 1998

Leslie GOLDFIELD (1922-25)
died on 15 March 1991, at the age of 79.

Having been present for the first two seasons of rugby, at the School, it was natural that Leslie would join the OHRFC, which had been formed in 1923-24, only one season after the School's switch from soccer. Whenever this occurred is unrecorded, but it is known that he played, as a prop, in the 1st XV, towards the end of the 1932133 season. He continued in that position until the latter part of 1934/35, when he played in the second now for the last nine games of that season. From then on, he continued as a lock, making well over 100 1st XV appearances. In 1937/38, Leslie played in all 33 matches including the famous victory against Plymouth Albion, where, because of his formidable physique, some of the more partisan spectators signalled him out for some vociferous treatment. However, since his 2nd row partner, George Jamieson and the late Jumbo Jackman (No. 8) were equally massive, it was only the referee who needed a police escort as he left the field - misguidedly, he had had the temerity to penalise the home side, near the posts, for the vital score in the 8-6 result! While this famous West Country club was only met on five occasions, in the prewar era, post-war OH sides have managed just one draw in 20 further encounters!

While on leave from RAFVR, Leslie played at least once, during the first of the war seasons, in 1939/40. After demobilisation, he continued his 52 year span with the Steinberg family firm of Alexon, in the fashion model department, before retiring in 1977.

Although a member of the HOBC/OHA for many years, Leslie could not be persuaded to leave Little Venice for the wilds of Hertfordshire, when the Association introduced the 1910/29 reunions in 1966. He remained a madly-keen spectator of all sports, latterly enjoying watching horse racing from the depths of an armchair.

To his widow, Shirley, we wish many happy memories of their 30 years together. Also to her step-daughter, Sally, on the sad passing of her father.

Douglas S. BAKER (1920-25)
fell asleep on 3rd July 1996 at the grand old age of 88.



He entered the School in September 1920 (when the fees were £7.00 per term!) and it was School and the Old Haberdashers that were to influence so much of his life.

It was at school that his sporting progress began. He was a keen boxer - School under 7 stone 71b. champion in 1924, the year he was awarded his boxing colours. However rugby was his game, although he never played for the School 1st XV It was on leaving school in 1925 that he immediately became scrum half of the O.H.R.F.C. 1st XV He was partnered at fly half by Cecil Burch (1915-23), a combination that lasted for seven years to the season of 1931-32 - a period that included the best pre-war season 1926-27. (P24 W19 L5 Pts 401-168)

Being an "Old Haberdasher" meant so much to him. He was proud of his School and relished the fact that he could account for at least twelve other people either as direct family or related by marriage who were "Old Haberdashers".

He was a regular attendee of the Decade Dinners beginning with the pre-1930 reunion in 1968 - known by him as the "Old Sweats Dinner". Later, in 1974 he was to instigate with Ian, his son (1953-60) the Fathers and Sons Dinners. Apart from Rugby, Doug also excelled at other sports. In his early years tennis was a passion. He won many tournaments in the 1920s at the Phoenix Lawn Tennis Club often in partnership with his old friend A.(Bill) Bailey

(1920-25). In his retirement he took up bowls, again winning many trophies, at the Pinner Bowls Club of which he was elected Club Captain and the Club President.

On leaving school he entered National Provincial Bank at their Golders Green Branch. His career flourished and he retired in 1968 as the Deputy Registrar. During the War he served with the Pioneer Corps serving overseas with the M.E.F. and P.A.I. Force. Finally he became a Staff Captain at the War Office.

He was a dedicated Freemason, a tireless member of the East and West Lodge and he rose to high office within the order of Freemasonry.

In 1933 he married Marjorie Weller and they shared 62 very happy and devoted years together. Nothing gave them more pleasure than to receive the Queen's Telegram on the occasion of their Diamond Wedding.My father was an unselfish man, of kind and gentle disposition, a meticulous man yet with a delicious sense of humour. He will be sadly missed by all his many friends and family, my mother Marjorie, my sister Jacqueline, son-in-law Michael Kimber (1945-52), myself, my wife Alison and all his grandchildren to whom he was so special. He was in truth a lovely man.

Ian D. Baker

1924

RJ (Jerry) Nodes (died in 1994)

Arthur S. WILSON, CBE (1917-24)
died on 28 July 1985, a few weeks short of his 80th birthday.

Arthur qualified at the Royal School of Mines in 1928 (ARSM, MIMM) and went to Nigeria for a year with the Alquife Mines and Railway Co., afterwards going to Granada, Spain in January 1930 as a junior mining engineer. His wife joined him and their two daughters were born there. With the fury of the Spanish Civil War increasing, the family were sent home and Arthur was posted to the Company's haematite mines in Egremont, Cumberland. In a reserved occupation he was sent back to Spain in 1942 and was there until after the war when his wife rejoined him. In 1954 he joined the Neuchatel Asphalte Co. Ltd. at Travers in Switzerland as Directeur en Suisse.

Ten years later Arthur received the CBE, when he was President of the Anglo-Suisse Chamber of Commerce, receiving the honour during the British Week. He retired from Neuchatel in 1970 upon reaching 65 and returned to the UK. However upon seeing an advertisement for a "year's fill-in job" with Bisichi Tin Mine Co. on the Jos plateau in Nigeria,

he thought it would be amusing to revisit the scene of his first appointment, some 42 years previously. To his surprise his application was accepted and the temporary job stretched to five, so that he finally retired in 1975.

In spite of his long sojourn overseas Arthur maintained links with the Association (he was a Life Member of the HOBC) and continued to take the School Magazine. To his widow, Nancy and their children Caroline, Julia and Richard we extend our condolences.

Leslie F. W. MALLOWS (1918-24)
died peacefully on 2nd March 1981 in Bournemouth.

Before the war Leslie, who was a Life member of the HOBC was in the catering trade and was a member of the Round Table in Willesden. He was commissioned in the RAF in January 1940 and became a Squadron Leader in 1944.

After demobilisation, Leslie entered the hotel business and became the proprietor of the Knightsbridge Hotel in Bournemouth, until his retirement in the mid-1960s.

To his widow, Mollie and their daughter Alison, we offer our condolences.died on 5th August 1980, at the age of 47 after a long fight against illness, yet the writing of this is none the easier for the passage of time.

Harold B. GIBBINS (1921-24)
who died on 27 October 1984 was a Life Member of the HOBC.

He was married in 1938 and during the war was a Ft. Lt. in the RAFVR and did overseas service in Ceylon. Harold retired from the National Westminster Bank in November 1966 at the age of 60, being at that time with the Salisbury branch.

His retirement was spent at Ringwood in the New Forest. To his widow, Marjorie, and their son we offer belated condolences.

Stanley (Shonk) GAYWOOD (1918-24)
died on 24th March 1991.

He played in the School's first season of Rugby football in 1922/23 and was in the OHRFC 1st XV in the Autumn of 1924 - the Club's second season. His business career was with Barclays Bank and it is thought he played for the bank on an intermittent basis. However, "Making a Mark" reports that he also played for the Club in 1925/26 and that he became a member of the Committee in 1929.

Thereafter, it is apparent that his football career remained with the OHRFC up to and including the war-time 39/40 side. Shonk had some notable try-scoring highlights in his

football career, crossing the line in the first-ever game at Boreham Wood against Old Alleynians (9-3) on 3/4/37 and against Roncoroni's XV, in the official opening game in the following autumn. A few weeks later, he got the one he probably cherished most - the only try in our 8-6 victory at Plymouth - which proved to be the only success in 24 other attempts to beat them!

By the 38-39 season he had become a pre-war phenomenon - a 1st XV wing forward at the venerable age of 30! Nevertheless, he had already become one of the elite five who had made 200 1st XV appearances in the sixteen seasons up to that time - a further 29 have made the grade during the 45 seasons since the war.

During the 1939-45 war he was a Flying Officer with the RAF. It may be recalled that, during his early training, Shonk's big moment was when a senior officer took him up for a flight from Hendon aerodrome - ACM Sir Theodore McEvoy (1915-21) is now living at Bognor Regis!

Shonk was amongst the low demobilisation numbers to be rounded up by Kenneth H Blessley (1920-32), who was able to get the OHRFC restarted as early as October 1945. Unfortunately, however, an injury in a practice game made Shonk decide to call it a day. Nevertheless, until his retirement to Italy, in 1970, he attended social functions such as the 1920-29 and pre-1940 reunions.

For the next decade and a half he and Sally became keen archaeologists, attending digs in Austria and Germany, as well as various parts of his "home" country. However, a severe attack of phlebitis in 1985 saw him, the following year, in an armchair capacity, checking finds in libraries. In 1987, they visited Sri Lanka and continued on to Japan where their son had an appointment. Before reluctantly leaving Grosetto (and a fruit and flower garden, carefully attended for 18 years) he was able to make contact with the advance party of the OHRFC's 52nd Easter tour, at nearby Piombino. Shortly after, came the final move to Venice.

1923

Stanley Varcoe VINCENT
was born in Devonport in 1905.

He won a scholarship to Haberdashers' School in Cricklewood, after which he worked for a time at the Bank of England in London before being accepted by Handsworth College in Birmingham as a candidate for the Methodist ministry. During his time at Handsworth, Stanley excelled at both Greek and Hebrew and was recommended by his tutors for an academic life. However, on leaving Birmingham with a Bachelor of Arts degree, he felt a strong calling towards missionary work and in 1930, after his ordination, he went to Burma

where he carried out pioneering work under extremely primitive conditions among the Lushai people at Mawlaik in the Chindwin Valley.

In 1933 Stanley married Violet May Batchelor at a double wedding in Burma where Violet and her friend Dorothy were married to Stanley and his colleague, the Rev Dennis Reed. This happened on the same day as the two women arrived in Burma by ship from England after having been apart from their prospective husbands for three years.

In 1934 and 1938 Stanley and Violet had two children, Betty and Peter. When the Japanese invaded Burma, Stanley and Violet took their two children and joined a march through the jungles to India where, after many difficulties and shortages of food, they arrived at Bangalore. Stanley immediately left his wife and children and went back into Burma to help the families and refugees flee from the advancing Japanese army. He then remained in Mawlaik until the last party of refugees left and only then did he set out for India and safety. For his actions during this evacuation Stanley was subsequently mentioned in despatches. In 1942 a baby daughter, Jennifer, was born in Bangalore but she was to die from dysentery shortly afterwards.

In 1944 the family sailed back to Liverpool in a convoy which came under torpedo attack and then went to Parkstone in Bournemouth where, in 1945, their youngest son, Richard, was born.

After the war Stanley returned to Burma to report on the state of the Church, a report which he summed up in his book "Out of Great Tribulation" - a description of the suffering and privations of the Christian Church under Japanese rule.

In 1947 he returned to England where he worked as until 1952 and then in Penzance until 1954. In the same year he returned to work as a missionary in Mandalay until August 1956 when he joined the British and Foreign Bible Society as secretary of the Burma Agency. He continued with this work until 1965, at which point he moved to Hong Kong as Asian executive secretary after being forced by the Nationalist government to leave Burma. Although this presented him with a new challenge, the move must have been tinged with sadness as, to the end of his life, he would always refer to the Burmese as "My People".

In 1969 Stanley returned to England where he worked as a member of the home staff liaising with the auxiliaries and working as an itinerant speaker on behalf of the Bible Society.

On retirement in August 1970, Stanley and Violet lived for several years in Edington in Wiltshire, before moving to Methodist sheltered housing at Church Court in Midsomer Norton and then finally, as a result of increasing age and infirmity, to Pondsmead nursing home at

Oakhill in Somerset in December 1992, where they lived together until Violet's death in May of this year.

Douglas A Brewer

Gazette, 22 October 1998

Leslie C. STERN (1914-23)
died 8th March 1981

He was a Life Member of the HOBC and an honorary Member of OHRFC for many years. He was a regular supporter having been present on the touchline at Boreham Wood until a few months before his death. His own sporting interests were swimming and shooting for both of which he represented the School.

Until his retirement in 1979 Leslie was managing director of his own firm manufacturing delicatessen products. To his widow, Mabel and their children Maureen, Colin and David (1949-52 Prep) we offer our condolences.

E Patrick St C KEHYAIAN (1913-23)
died on 22 December 1990, at the age of 85.

Pat, a School 1st XI spin bowler, was one of the many OH cricketers to join Brondesbury Cricket Club (very adjacent to the Hampstead site) in the years before the 1939-45 war. He played mainly for that club's 2nd XI and occasionally appeared in the invitation OH XI, in the annual match against the School. The last occasion was in 1939, when the match was abandoned, just after the start of the latters innings - traditionally batting second - so that there was no opportunity for the use of his spinning guile.

In 1942, his business career (a self-employed dealer in Oriental carpets and rugs) was interrupted, when he joined the RASC, seeing service with the 4th Indian Division throughout the latter part of the North African campaign. Before proceeding to Italy, he spent several weeks on the Greek island of Pantellaria. Pat was demobbed with the rank of Captain.

Rejoining Brondesbury, he continued to play cricket and tennis there, until the family moved to Ashtead, in Surrey, in 1968. In the early post-war years, Pat achieved the quite remarkable feat of interrupting the reign of Roy Newman (who had left the School a decade later) as the tennis singles champion - doubtless, later in the evening, causing him to delight his friends with a display of expert tap dancing! With the introduction of the decade/reunion dinners, by the OHA, he attended the 1910-1929 group's initial gathering in 1966, but felt, thereafter, that the journey back to Surrey would be too hazardous.

Pat had met his wife, Cara - sister of Gerard H Kramers (1921-32), who had joined Brondesbury, some years later and of William J (1926-35) - at the club in 1937. He made up for the lost war years by carrying on his business, until his retirement in 1988 - a fairly unusual working span of 65 years! Until then, he was occasionally to be seen walking through the "City Gates", pausing only to pass the few words with the one of a group of former City workers, who had retired after the more usual stint of 40-45 years.

We would wish to offer our condolences to Cara, their daughter, Juliet, their son, Philip (and their families), as well as to his brothers-in-law, Gerard and Bill.

L.C. (Jack) BARRETT (1916-23)

Jack Barrett was one of three brothers (L.B. and E.R. now deceased) who were educated at Haberdashers between the years 1910 and 1926. At the time of his death he was the joint 'senior' member of the Association.

Upon leaving the School, on the last day of the summer term in 1923 he immediately took up an appointment with Westminster Bank the following Monday and served with the bank for 48 years apart from his service during the War when he joined the Royal Air Force becoming Operation Rooms Controller at Bowmore, Gibraltar and Lydda.

His involvement with the then Haberdashers Old Boys' Club was firstly with the embryonic O.H. Rugby Club and he was probably the last person who played in the first practice games in 1923 at what was then the Home of Rest for Horses adjoining the School in West Hampstead.

Despite suffering from severe myopia he captained the 'B' XV between 1931-36 and had a strong team as he was able to persuade several members of the 1st XV who were giving up the game for various reasons (marriage or old age!) to play for his side for a few more years.

Jack was a very keen cricketer and joined Brondesbury C.C. directly after leaving School and was later made a life member and vice-President after 50 years membership. As a member of the M.C.C. he was a frequent visitor to Lord's with his wife Joan who was also a keen Middlesex supporter especially as their son John had played cricket as a colt at Brondesbury with a certain Mike Gatting.

Jack Barrett married Joan and they had three children and six grandchildren. He was a regular supporter of pre-war social events and less frequently latterly with his last recorded attendance being a pre-1940 leavers Dinner in April 1988.

To his widow Joan and the family the Association would wish to send its heartfelt condolences.

Basil George ABRAHAMS (1915-23)
died on Christmas Day 1990, at the age of 81, in Harare, Zimbabwe.

This information only became known to the School last August when a friend wrote to the Headmaster, who had exchanged correspondence with George in connection with an Essay Prize on the subject of Central Africa, which the latter had endowed a year or two before. As previously reported in the Notes, soon after he had joined the Association in 1988, George had spent many years in Zimbabwe and knew the country extremely well. In fact, he had invited any members visiting there to contact him, if they wished to see something of the countryside, outside the towns.

Keith Dawson has reported from the friend's letter, that George was an extremely popular personality, well-liked by all who came in contact with him and was one of Zimbabwe's remarkable characters. Also, that he had been a member of the Estate Agents Council from 1970 and was its chairman from 1974 to 1979, as a mark of respect for his contribution during the founding and formative years of the Council. He was also a member of the Auctioneers Estate Agents and Valuers Institute of Zimbabwe, being highly respected and well liked by his associates. He became a Fellow and Honorary Life member, as a mark of his benefaction to the profession, his knowledge, experience and not least his sense of humour.

It is believed that George would have appreciated the following epitaph "Doyen of the Zimbabwe Property Valuation Profession".

1922

R A (Bunty) PHILLIPS (1918-1924)
died on 22nd August, 1990, in his 80th year.

Born in St. John's Wood in 1910, he followed his brothers Stanley and Norman through Haberdashers' and Taunton Schools.

On leaving school Bunty joined the OH Rugby Club. He was a good forward and, on at least one occasion, captained the Extra A with distinction. After a serious back injury in 1935, he turned to refereeing and progressed to taking charge of senior games in the 1938/1939 season. He also played cricket and tennis and, together with many other OH's, was an enthusiastic member of the Brondesbury Club, where he met his future wife, Margaret.

In April 1939, he joined the Territorials and was called up soon after war began. He was commissioned in the RASC and from 1942 saw active service overseas, first in North Africa

with the First Army, and then in Italy. For his services in the Italian campaign he received the MBE, and he ended the war with the rank of Major.

Bunty and Margaret were married in 1949 and moved to a house in Hampstead Garden Suburb. They were both active and devoted members of St. Alban's Church, Golders Green, where Bunty served as churchwarden for some years. They were also enthusiastic members of the Suburb Residents Association.

Sport remained a passion for Bunty throughout his life. He was very keen on athletics and if the OH Athletic Club was competing he would be there to watch and encourage. He was invited to become President of the Athletic Club in 1966, at a time when it could boast a number of fine athletes in the team.

Most of his working life was spent running the family business in Smithfield with his brother Norman. After his 'retirement' he took up a part-time position with another OH, Basil Blowfield, with whom he continued until May 1990.

Margaret died in January 1988, a loss from which Bunty never fully recovered. Despite his grief he was, till the end, a loyal and fine friend and will be remembered with great affection by many, not least his daughter, Sandra, and son, David, and his three young grandchildren.

Keith Ashton Henderson (1915-22)
died in March 1988 in his 84th year.

Keith was the son of B L K Henderson, the schoolmaster who gave his name to the house of Hendersons.

Upon leaving School Keith went to Strasbourg for two years to improve his French and German. Always a keen linguist he was eventually additionally fluent in Spanish and Italian and was studying Modern Greek during his retirement. Upon his return from Strasbourg, he joined the Great Western Railway and whilst with them took his B Comm at the London School of Economics, where fellow students were the late Arthur G. Jenkins (1914-21) and W David Brown (1919-23).

Seconded from the GWR, he became British Railways' representative in charge of the Travel Bureau on the "Queen Mary" from her maiden voyage in 1937. Later Keith went to Toronto to open an office for British Railways, returning to England upon the outbreak of the 1939-45 war. Appointed to the RTO at Rouen, he was in the last boat to leave Brest, when France was being overrun. Thereafter, Keith had a War Office appointment, with the rank of Major.

After the war, he returned to GWR for a short while, before going as traffic manager to Monsanto Chemicals, where he stayed until his retirement in 1969. He had the unique

experience of attending two Haberdashers's Schools - the Kindergarten for girls and boys at the Haberdashers' Aske's Girls School in Acton and then Westbere Road! IKH

He left a widow, Sarah and his brother Ian K, (1916-24).

1921

Stanley Bruce WAVELL (1916-21)
died peacefully in hospital on February 27th 1988 at the age of 83.

Of his school days, Bruce liked to recall that he was there at the time of all the six original housemasters, whose names are perpetuated to this day some seventy years later. Upon leaving, he spent some years in the office of a firm which was engaged in cutting and supplying wooden type and accessories for the printing trade. Just before the 1939-45 war, however, he joined the Finchley Borough Council (which later became Barnet) and remained there until his retirement in 1970.

In 1983 Bruce presented the Wavell Collection to the School - a splendid collection of stamps (particularly British Colonies) - which had been started by his father, Sydney Ellis, who had left the Hoxton School in 1890 and had been President of the HOBC in 1931/2. After his father’s death, in 1942, he added considerably to the collection, parts of which are now on display, by rotation, in a glass-fronted cabinet in the School Library.

Stanley had been a member of the HOBC/OHA for over 65 years and had attended the earlier reunions of the pre-1940 generation, before his removal to Dorset.

He leaves a widow, Elsie.

John E. SERBY, C.B., C.B.E, (1912-21)

died on 30 January 1997 aged 94.

John was the younger brother of the late W.F. Serby (left 1915) and was School Captain in 1920-1, Captain of Russell's, C.S.M. in the Cadet Force and Editor of the Skylark. He entered the School in 1912 in the Remove form under Percy Meadows and was subsequently in forms under Messrs. Norton, Strouts and Russell.

Among his contemporaries were two of the School's greatest all round athletes of the Soccer era, the late John G. Kehyaian (who succeeded him as School Captain) and the legendary E.J. (Teddy) Baxter whose cricketing achievements with bat and ball were unsurpassed in

the inter-war period. Together with his brother, Bill, they were all members of the Five Year Club.

John obtained an Exhibition to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, (then worth £30 a year!) and subsequently entered the Civil Service as a junior Scientific Officer in the Admiralty in 1927. From there he went to the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, as a Scientific Officer in 1930 where he rose to become Deputy Director In 1950-54, Director General of Guided Weapons in 1954-61 and Deputy Controller of Guided Weapons, Ministry of Aviation from 1961 until his retirement in 1963. He was on the H.O.B.C. committee in 1924 and was awarded the C.B.E. in 1951 and the C.B. in 1958.

He married Clarice Lilian Hawes in 1933, they had a daughter.

Henry C. Edwards

ACM Sir Theodore MCEVOY (1915-25)
died on 29 September 1991, at the age of 86.

In spite of his illness, he was an outstanding fighter leader. As Station Commander of RAF Northolt, he formed the Polish Fighter Wing in 1941, after they had fought magnificently in the Battle of Britain, the previous Summer. Now they became part of Sholto Douglas's aggressive policy of taking the war to German-occupied France. Following some severe losses, Mac decided to test conditions for himself and flew with the wing, but was bounded on the way home. Badly wounded he crash-landed his badly-damaged Spitfire at Lydd - in the middle of an anti-invasion minefield, from which he was gingerly rescued by the Home Guard!

He went on to build a reputation as one of the most accomplished RAF staff officers of the Second World War, progressing as Group Captain, Operations HQ Fighter Command in 1942, Senior Air Staff Officer No. 11 Group in 1943 and of No. 84, the fighter group which supported the Normandy landing, in the following year. Mac became Assistant Chief of Staff Policy in 1945 and Director of Command and Staff Training after the war ended.

He learned to pilot helicopters and, at the age of 51, took a refresher jet course at the RAF Flying College, Manby. In 1950, he had become Assistant Chief of Staff Training and then in 1954 RAF instructor, at the Imperial Defence College. It was at this time, in 1954/55, that he became President of the HOBC, of which he was a life member. Two years later, he went to Fontainbleau, as Chief of Staff, Allied Air Forces, Central Europe, returning in 1959 to the Air Ministry, as Air Secretary. He continued to fly a variety of aircraft including Meteors, until his retirement in 1962, after three years as Air ADC to the Queen.

Apart from his calligraphy and gardening, Mac played golf as a pastime and enjoyed turning out in a foursome of which the other members were the legless Douglas Bader, the fingerless Arthur Donaldson and the one-armed Gus Walker.

There follows two widely differing appreciations by his contemporary Teddy Mautner (1912-22) and the son of another leaver of the twenties - Gustave J Muteau (1921-25). On behalf of the Association (to which Mac had been making annual donations since its foundation in 1962) we would wish to express to Marion (with whom he had celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary in 1985) our deep-felt pride of her late husband. Also, to their daughter Jill and son, Robin.

WRT

Theo was a contemporary of my late father (Gustave F Muteau 1921-25), and was instrumental in getting him posted to RAF Intelligence where his knowledge and expertise in languages could be properly utilised in WW2.

As a result of his friendship with my father he heard of the abominable state of my handwriting and decided that I should be privately tutored by him - as he was, despite his injuries, one of the most noted calligraphists in this country. You see the result, which has been my normal handwriting every since.

To see him at work with his quills and pens was a great privilege, which I enjoyed for many years. But my most lasting memory of this great OH is of him inspecting the CCF at Westbere Road. It was painful for him to stand for more than a few minutes, even with the aid of his two canes but he handed them to his ADC and proceeded to inspect the whole Corps - not just the front rank as many inspecting officers were prone to do - and then to stand to take the salute as we marched past. For well over an hour he walked and stood unaided; often stopping to chat to us. He told my father later that he was in agony the whole time but he refused to let us down! What a man!

Truly a parfait knight and a gentleman.

C Muteau

Air Chief Marshal Sir Theodore McEvoy KCB, CVE. Did he, in 1915, envisage this description of himself in later years? I would not be surprised. When, to us other boys, aeroplanes were just dots in the sky, by "Mac" they were recognised as Bristol Fighters or Sopwith Pups, or whatever. If ever there was a boy with a firm and fixed ambition as to what he wanted to do in life it was Mac and flying. After becoming a cadet-officer in the School Cadet Corps, he went on to Cranwell and passed out - predictably - with the Sword of Honour two years later in 1925.

From then his career through the Royal Air Force was one of steady promotion, and this in spite of a crippling disease of the spine, spondylitis, which overtook him before he was 30. Whilst it was developing it caused him intense pain, and it was small consolation that once his spine had set in its curvature it no longer hurt, but he was never afterwards able to stand straight. The fact that he was not invalided out of service is proof of his outstanding qualities as an airman and a staff officer.

He played a leading part in RAF activities throughout the war, particularly as Group Captain Operations HQ Fighter Command, and he served in Normandy, being mentioned in despatches. Subsequently he rose to be Chief of Staff, Allied Air Forces, Central Europe, at Fontainbleau. On the way up the ladder as Station Commander, Northolt, in 1941 he formed close links with the Polish Air Force fighter units, and received a high Polish decoration.

Retired in 1962 at the age of 58 he occupied his time in a variety of interests, including gliding, calligraphy, he wrote an exquisite italic hand, becoming President of the Italic Handwriting Society - and glass engraving, where in spite of severe eye disability he was able to apply his calligraphic talent to glass. He also busied himself politically in anti-Communist activities and will have been gratified to have lived to see the turn of events in Russia and Eastern Europe. Mac is survived by his wife Marian, and a son and a daughter, and grandchildren.

E E Mautner (1912-22)

1920

FC Rodney Mundy (died in 1997)

Frank A. NOBLE (19 -20)
died at his home on 18 June 1985, after suffering an heart attack.

He was a Life member of the HOBC and belonged to the Five Years Club which operated during, and for some years after, the 1914-18 war.

A. Gordon C. HAILEY (1913-20)
died on 25 June 1984.

Gordon spent all his working life with a firm of timber importers, retiring as General Manager in 1968. However, for a further five years on a regular basis and for some years thereafter part-time, he acted as consultant for the firm's West Country business, being based in Cornwall.

Upon his final retirement, Gordon moved to Rowledge in Surrey, where until his wife's death, they continued to enjoy an occasional round of golf. Gordon was a Life Member of the Association, but by the time he returned to the area of its social activities, considered that the night travel involved was too hazardous to undertake. Accordingly, his main interest was reading about the various activities, particularly those of the OHRFC and OHCC and the pre-1940 Reunions.

To his son Clive (1953-60), daughter Jennifer, and his five grandchildren we offer belated sympathy.

1919

Sir Hubert SHIRLEY-SMITH (1911-19)
died on 10th February 1981

Sir Hubert, who was in his 80th year, captained both the football and cricket XIs. On leaving School he joined the Five Year Club of the HOBC and proceeded to London University where in 1922 he obtained a BSc (Eng.) from the City & Guilds Institute, gaining the diploma of Imperial College. The following year he joined the staff of Sir Douglas Fox & Partners (later to become Freeman, Fox & Partners) where he assisted with the calculations and designs for the Sydney Harbour Bridge.

After a spell in the North-East he returned to London to assist the late Sir Ralph Freeman (1888-1897) on designs and estimates for the Birchenough and Otto Beit bridges in Rhodesia. At the outbreak of war Sir Hubert was working on the Howrah Bridge in Calcutta but in 1942 he returned home to establish a new shipyard on the Forth for the construction of Tank landing Craft for the invasion of Normandy. From 1945-60 he was with the Cleveland Bridge Company and visited bridge sites in Nyasaland, Siam, Australasia and Finland where the company was responsible for the celebrated ROVANIEMI bridge. He designed the steelwork for the Shell Centre tower.

From 1960 to 1965 he acted as site agent for a consortium and was in charge of the construction of the Forth Road bridge. After he retired in 1967 he set up in private practice with W. V. Zinn & Associates.

On the council of the Institution of Civil Engineers from 1952 until 1967, he became President in its 150th Anniversary year and was knighted. From 1958-65 he also served on the council of the Federation of Civil Engineering Contractors. He was Vice-President of the International Association for Bridge and Structural Engineering and the Institute of Civil Engineers awarded him the Telford Gold Medal for the many papers which he contributed to the Institution.

To his widow, Marie, sister of the late Jack G. (1912-22) and of E. Pat Kehyaian. (1913-23), and to his brother Kenneth (1909-18) we would like to express our condolences.

Sydney E PHILLIPS (1912-19)
died on 13 November 1987.

He was born in St John‘s Wood in 1906, merely a stone’s throw away from Lords where he spent much of his school summer holidays. He attended Haberdashers from 1912 to 1919 and then proceeded to Taunton. His school days were undoubtedly very important in preparing him for a successful business career.

Stanley qualified as a chartered accountant in 1930 and shortly afterwards he joined Trade Indemnity as its first claims manager. He brought to the office two qualities that characterised him throughout his business career, absolute integrity and a genius for compromise. He quickly established a reputation for fairness in claims settlements and became progressively more and more respected by those accountants specialising in insolvency work. The value to his company of his influence in this field cannot be overstated.

In 1938 he joined the Territorial Army with seven of his closest friends from the Brondesbury Club, five of them being Old Haberdashers. On 26 August, 1939 they were all called up to prepare a gun site on the Saracens Rugby Ground at Winchmore Hill where most of them had played and enjoyed the aftermath of a rugby match. The pavilion and the bar now served as their sleeping quarters. Later on he was commissioned into the Royal Air Force and was despatched by sea to Singapore. Thankfully, as a result of two direct torpedo hits, he never reached Singapore and was off-loaded in the Middle East. He was based in Cairo and rose to the rank of squadron leader, being mentioned in despatches.

At the end of the war Stanley returned, fit and well (as did his seven friends) and resumed his business and sports activities where he had left them. On his return to the City in 1945 he was appointed Deputy General Manager of Trade Indemnity and, in 1961, its General Manager. With the company firmly established, Stanley set out to achieve what had been his ultimate objective throughout his career: raising the status of the company to the point where it was known and respected in financial circles in the City and abroad. He established the first overseas branch of the company in Australia in 1963 and maintained a close and sentimental interest in its development until his death. He was President of the International Credit Insurance Association from 1965-68, and later became President of the Berne Union. He also represented the company’s shareholding interests on the boards of the Netherlands Credit Insurance Company and Allgemeine Kredit in Germany. By the time he retired in 1973 the goal that he set himself had been attained. It was the supreme moment of his success.

Throughout his time as General Manager, Stanley fought hard for the betterment of his staff. Despite difficulties and frustrations, his loyalty to them never wavered. He was able to offer employment to quite a few Old Haberdashers during his years in control.

When Stanley returned to London after completing his schooling at Taunton, he became a founder member of the OHRFC. He must surely have been the last survivor of the founder members. He captained the "A" XV in the first two seasons, 1923-25, and again in 1930-31. He then captained the club for four seasons from 1931-35, and finally took over the “B” XV for 1936-7. Having played for 14 seasons he had already commenced office in administrative duties, having been Hon. Treasurer from 1935-7. He had a further two years in this post from 1946-8, before becoming President from 1952-4.

He was a trustee during the early days at Boreham Wood, which was first used in April 1937. During his 14 or more seasons as a player, he skippered for 8 of them as well as undertaking his first term as treasurer. During the seasons 1932-4 his 1st XV set a record of 12 matches undefeated, starting with the 3rd Easter Tour in April 1933 and finishing in early December of the following season. His personal contribution to the last ten of those games was 32 points (including 3 tries) out of a total score by the team of 126 points. Whilst the feat was equalled in 1946-7, it has not yet been surpassed at this level. While still President of the OHRFC, he was elected President of the HOBC for 1953-4 - a unique honour.

In the summer months he played cricket and tennis at the Brondesbury Club where he made many lifelong friends, but none more important than Elsie, whom he later married - one of the many weddings at the time to result from the Brondesbury relationships. Like many other sports-loving men, he then turned to golf and joined Hendon Golf Club. He served on the committee for many years, was captain and, later on, a trustee. He was made a life member in recognition of his efforts for the welfare of the club. He was a member of many golfing societies (including the OH and Tauntonian) which developed an even wider circle of friends for him. He regularly represented the Tauntonians in the Halford Hewitt Tournament.

Stanley was a man who worked hard, played hard and got the most out of life at all levels. He once said that when you can no longer offer anything to life it is time to go. He had a charming personality, was a proud family man and a generous and caring person with a great sense of humour. He has been described by more than one person as the epitome of a true English gentleman - one of the great Old Haberdashers.

During his entire married life Stanley was faithfully supported by his wife, Elsie, and in his last years, when he lived for him what was an unnatural existence, sitting in a chair in front of “the box", she tended to his every need. He leaves Elsie and son, John.

R A "Bunty" Phillips

Wg. Cdr. Norman A. MARTIN. O.B.E. Retd. (1914 -1919)
died 4th February 1997





The O.T.C. Parade during the Great War, taken at the School at Westbere Road. Norman Martin is there somewhere!!

On leaving school after the end of the First World War, Norman qualified as a member of the "Five Year Club" for those who were at school for the duration of the war, and he also joined the O.H. soccer club.

From school he started with a firm of London stock-brokers as a junior clerk, and became a "blue button boy" on the floor of the stock-exchange, eventually becoming a dealer in insurance shares. His sporting activities during this period included playing soccer and cricket for stock-exchange teams, but his real enthusiasm lay with swimming. He joined the Hampstead Priory Swimming Club, and was quite successful in races at the longer distances and at water polo. At this latter sport he eventually became an England trialist, although never representing his country.

In 1926 Norman married Rene, and they set up home in Kenton, Middlesex, where in 1931, their daughter Pat arrived, and in 1934 a son, Tony, (1944-50) was born.

In 1940 he joined the R.A.F. and gained a commission in the Ground Defence Force and this became the R.A.F. Regiment in 1942. He served in the U.K. until going to Europe soon after D. Day, where he saw action on several occasions, having a particularly uncomfortable time in the Ardennes - the Battle of the Bulge - towards the end of the war. He remained in Germany with the British Air Force of Occupation, until 1948.

Towards the end of 1946 Norman was joined by his family for a year - Tony having been granted special leave by Mr. Cooper, head of the junior School at the time.

After serving for two years in this country with Technical Training Command, he was sent to the Canal Zone of Egypt, where he remained until retiring from the R.A.F. as a Wing Commander in 1953. Prior to Norman's arrival in the Middle East, our relationship with Egypt had become rather strained and defence of British installations in the Canal Zone was high priority. Norman's efforts as part of this operation were appreciated and he was awarded the O.B.E. on his retirement.

Limited choices were available in 1953 when taking early retirement from the services, and Norman and Rene settled for running a village shop in South Essex, between Laindon and Billericay, where they remained until January 1968. On taking full retirement, they moved to Shaftesbury, and by various stages to Kingsbridge in South Devon, where they arrived in 1988.

Norman lost his wife, Rene, in 1992, after 66 years of marriage, but remained in their flat overlooking the Salcolme Estuary, until he died in February 1997.

He leaves his two children, both of whom now live in retirement in Kingsbridge, five grand-children, and eight great-grandchildren.

T.M.

He was a member of Meadows House and a contemporary of Colin Colquehouln (killed in the Middle East, Second World War), "Asher" Grossman (died Second World War), Maurice Daly (died 3rd November 1994 in Australia) and "Nobby" Gillett (17th November 1987), calling themselves the "Famous Five".

Ronnie played for the 1st Cricket XI and the 2nd Rugby XV and was a member of the cadet force. On leaving school he joined Messrs, Sharp Perrin & Co., a City Textile Company, with whom he stayed all his business life, although they were taken over by Courtaulds in the 1960s.

Always a keen sportsman he quickly joined the Old Boys' Rugby Club, playing for various sides before making his 1st XV debut on 16th February 1935. He captained the cricket team called "Old Change", playing in the City of London League from 1936 to the outbreak of war. He joined the London Scottish Territorial Regiment in 1932 and represented them in their athletics team, particularly in the 440 yards and cross country and was also was a member of their fencing and bayonet fencing team from 1932 to 1936.

Although playing only once for the 1st XV in 1935/36, he was selected to play in the Middlesex Sevens, assisting his "Famous Five" colleague Maurice Daly to score all the 11 tries scored by the backs during the tournament. Ronnie's 3rd and 4th were vital in wins over Blackheath 11 (9-6) and Wasps I (8-3) in the round of the last 16. After 60 years this

remained the high water mark of his O.H.R.F.C. career. So much so, that in April 1986, despite all his other commitments Ronnie travelled down from Walsall to attend the pre-1940 reunion at the Club House and there met three other members of the 1936 VII - exactly 50 years after playing at Twickenham.

At the outbreak of war he was commissioned in the Royal Tank Regiment and served at Tidworth and Bernard Castle until being sent to India serving in Poona and Dehru Dun.

Returning to civilian life he was sent to Birmingham by his firm; after two years he moved to Walsall where he remained. His first wife, Hazel, whom he married in 1938 died in 1982; But he remarried some two years later to Irene. He had two sons and two step sons and many grandchildren. On retirement at the age of 63 he joined his local Probus club in which he played a full part in all its activities, becoming Chairman in 1986. He was a keen member of the Walsall Bowling Club playing two or three times every week. He was a prominent Freemason for 50 years, attaining high office in several Degrees, both in London and Staffordshire.

Richard Mallison

Stanley Henderson (1912-19)
died in 1987 or 1988

Regrettably, only on the return of the Old Boys Notes in mid-August 1988, from his address in Iver, Bucks, has the death of Stanley Henderson become known.

Those who knew him will recall that Stanley was awarded a first class Honours in Natural Science, Tripos Part II in 1922, whereupon Emmanuel College, Cambridge elected him to a research studentship.

1918

Jack FB Tigg (died in 1992)

Dr Kenneth Shirley SMITH (-1918)
died February 1987

Kenneth, who left School in 1918, was a member of the Five Year Club, formed just after the 1914-18 War.

He had been consulting physician and cardiologist to Charing Cross and the London Chest Hospitals, the editor of the British Heart Journal and President of the British Cardiac Society, as well as the organising secretary of the first European Congress in 1952.

He was the Gold staff officer at the 1937 Coronation and served in the 1939-45 war as a Lieutenant-Colonel in the R.A.M.C. , being mentioned in dispatches.

George W. BILAINKIN (1915-18)
died on 16th March 1981 at the age of 78.

He was a journalist of wide experience. After leaving the School, he continued his education at the Athenee Royal in Belgium. As a young man George was joint news editor of the Jamaica Daily Gleaner and was subsequently on the staff of the Leicester Mail and the Press Association, before going to Penang as editor of the Straits Daily Echo and acting as The Times correspondent in North Malaya. Returning to UK in 1934 he was successively assistant literary editor of the Daily Mail, on the staff of the News Chronicle and diplomatic correspondent of Allied Newspapers. From 1940 he was special correspondent in Russia for the London Star and for American newspapers.

After the war, George was in demand as a lecturer and turned his attention to writing books based on his travels and career. Amongst his ten published works were biographies of Tito and Maisky, the former Russian Ambassador in London, and such works as "Four Guilty Britons" and 'Joseph Kennedy's Fateful Embassy'. His marriage to Dr Lilian Rivlin in 1940 was dissolved in 1949.

1917

Charles L Magnus (died in 1994)

Francis T. CORDINGLEY (1909-17)
died peacefully in hospital on 26th January, 1996.



Francis Thomas Cordingley (Zwanziger) was 94 years old and widowed twenty years previously. He was physically frail but lived on his own with great determination and a

fighting spirit. An avid reader with a keen interest in current affairs, he disliked T.V but enjoyed its sport, especially the cricket and rugby.

He often talked of his school days and was proud to be an Old Boy of Haberdashers. and took an enthusiastic interest in the annual magazine, occasionally writing in with comments. I believe he was the oldest Old Boy and as a life member 'had his moneys worth'!

He was born in Hampstead in 1901 and spent all his school days at Haberdashers, bar a short time at a local dame school. It was the School, he told me, where most of the local boys attended and he and his brother (Christian/Vic) and brother-in-law (Arthur Knowles-Brown) walked to school every day and it was a long way from Heath Street to Westbere Road. Whilst at school he joined the cadets and was keen on sport and later played for the O.B.'s football and rugby. He left in 1917 and after a short spell with Marconis joined the family business, Zwanziger Bros. (later called the Hampstead Bakery - a restaurant and bakery in Hampstead High Street).

Too young for the 1914-18 war, he joined the London Division of the R.N.V. R. as a Ldg. Telegrapher where he shot for them at Bisley and won many prizes. In 1931 he married Eileen Reed, the daughter of Charles Reed, a bespoke tailor of Heath Street, Hampstead and had one daughter. In 1939 as he was in a reserved occupation and he remained in Hampstead throughout the Second World War.

In 1947 he took up ice skating with the family and was probably one of Betty Calloway's (Torvil and Deans instructor) first ice dance pupils at Richmond where he danced in the ice dance formation team. He and my mother then started modern sequence dancing which he continued to do, well into his eighties. He retired in 1964 and with my mother moved to Mill Hill.

We are indebted to his daughter, Mrs Jill Whitford for the reminiscences above and the Association sends its condolences on her sad loss.

1916

Donald G Murdoch (died in 1993)

Denis W. H. BOND (1906-16)
who died peacefully on 18 April 1986 at the age of 87.

Denis enlisted immediately on leaving the School, in the Royal Field Artillery Signals Section and served in France until the end of the war. In spite of his experiences there he joined the Artists Rifles (28th London Regiment) TA in 1922 and continued with them until just before

his marriage in 1927. Denis was also a member of the Five Years' Club comprising members of the HOBC who kept the Club alive during the 1914-18 war.

In 1920 Denis entered the gentlemen's outfitting department of Selfridge's and at varying periods was with a number of other large London concerns, including Moss Bros. and Lilywhites. The Royal Warranty of the latter provided a most interesting strata of clientele. From 1939 he was with the Hendon Civil Defence as a warden. Later on, he moved to Bournemouth, where he joined Daniel Nealls, being mainly concerned with school outfits, before helping out at a small, private firm of bespoke tailors. There he stayed until the retirement of the owner, in 1983 ending his own 63 years in the business, some six years after celebrating his Golden Wedding anniversary.

His retirement was spent at Poole, where he was a member of the RFA Association and the British Legion, his other interests being gardening and music. To his widow, Ruby we can but hope that the memories of nearly 59 years, companionship will do something to fill the gap. To her and their daughters, Cynthia and Isobel, we would wish to express our condolences.

E Lawrence BENDING (1911-1916)
died in February 1988.

Laurie spent all his working life in the Stock Exchange working for several firms until his retirement in 1972. He lived in Cricklewood until around 1932 where he was an active member of the Church, running the Church Lads Brigade. He moved to Ruislip and lived there until the death of his wife in 1975. He then moved to Broadstairs, to be near his daughter and her family.

After the First World War, Laurie was a member of the Five Year Club, which was responsible for rebuilding the HOBC. He was called up into the Army in 1940 and served in Egypt, Greece and latterly Italy. He fell in love with Italy and Italians and maintained this interest to the end.

His principal love outside work was Amateur Dramatics, and he performed in local groups and the Stock Exchange Dramatics Society. He is remembered by a near contemporary as a good comedian in concert parties. After retirement he took an interest in drama at a local Broadstairs college and became a keen gardener. He leaves a son and daughter.

Charles H. ADAMS (1912-16)
died suddenly in Amersham General Hospital on 6th November 1980.

Charles was a founder member of OHRFC, and captained the 'A' XV in its first season of 1923/24. His working life was spent in the Civil Service with the Inland Revenue Department

and on his retirement in the early 1960s he took a part-time job with a firm of accountants, his vast range of experience in the tax field being particularly useful to them.

In 1966, he married Doff, whom he had known from childhood days and while he was at the School, but had only met up with again after he had lost his first wife and she, her husband. They had a happy decade together, enjoying much travel on the Continent until her death in 1977.

Since then Charles had continued with his other main interest of stamp collecting (for which he won several cups over the years), as well as his motoring, driving himself to the Association and Rugger Club reunions, in addition to his 1980 tour through France, Switzerland and Italy. Those rather younger members who enjoyed his company at OHRFC past-players lunch in early October will be astonished to learn that his innings has closed for 81.

To his step-daughter, Patience, we express our sympathy for the sudden termination of such a joyful companionship.

1915

Edward S. WOOLSTONE (1905-15)
died on 15 February 1986 at the age of 86.

Edward matriculated with four distinctions, in spite of the distractions of sitting the examinations in the open, a precaution taken because of a scarlet fever epidemic. As soon as his age permitted he joined the Middlesex Regiment and served in France for the remainder of the war.

Upon demobilisation, Edward went to New Zealand and Australia, before returning home to enter the family business of Raphael Tuck & Sons of Moorfields in London. He was a very kind gentleman, well read, with sound opinions and advice for those who consulted him. Being childless himself, his affection for his brother's children and grandchildren earned their respect and love.

Edward was a member of the Association for many years and the reports of the periodic visits he and his wife paid to his revered former headmaster, the late Charles L. J. Wagstaff (1910-19) were partly instrumental in having a memorial plaque unveiled at the School. His many friends will agree that a suitable epitaph would be found in the time-honoured words "he played the game", an expression not readily understood in this day and age.

To his widow, Bea, and brother, Dr Adolph S. Woolstone (1918-24) we extend our sympathy in their sad loss.

George Norman SUMNER (1908-15)
died on 31st July 1980 in his 81st year.

Although he had matriculated with five distinctions, after the Great War George entered the family firm of miniature frame manufacturers. In spite of numerous operations and the loss of an eye he remained very cheerful and was still making his own miniature frames until the day he died, fifteen years, after his official retirement in 1965.

George was already a Life Member of the HOBC in 1922 so that it is probable that he joined over sixty years ago. To his widow, Eileen, we extend our sympathy in her bereavement.

Frank LAMBERT (c1908-1915)
died aged 90 on 27th September 1987 Although he was not an active member of the Association, it is clear that, from the obituary received printed in The Reading Chronicle, he served the Amateur Swimming Association in Berkshire and South Buckinghamshire in many capacities and with great affection and success.

He was still an active Committee member of the Reading Swimming Club, which he joined in 1948, at the time of his death. A former swimmer and water polo player himself, he was already a well-known official. He became Honorary Secretary of the County in 1951, and was President in1959 and 1969. He was Southern Counties ASA President in 1971. He received the ASA's highest award for services to swimmers, the Harold Fern Award in 1985.

He embodied the very best qualities of voluntary service, especially in amateur sport. He was conscientious, reliable, fair-minded and at the same time possessing great enthusiasm for the sport and interest in all its participants. His kindness and personal encouragement towards all involved helped many a struggling competitor and floundering administrator. He leaves a widow, Marjorie.

Douglas Grahame (Shoog) Knowles (1915-26)
died at the age of 80 on 26th July 1988.

Douglas was so full of life and vigour that it is difficult to believe he is no longer with us.

Douglas will be remembered as "Shoog" by his contemporaries in the old Haberdashers' Association, of which he was a life member, and in the rugger club.

Now why "Shoog"? We have to go back to World War One to find the answer. 1914-18 were years of great privation, and all Britain's resources had to be devoted to fighting through to final victory on 11 November 1918. Clothing became very scarce, and Douglas had to turn

up at Haberdashers' School, then in Westbere Road, wearing a pair of his father's old trousers handed down - and they certainly were handed down, and hung in large folds below the knee. I believe that they must have been forerunners of the plus-fours that came later!

Stanley Norton was master at the School who played an important part in the change over from soccer to rugby in 1923. He was positive and forthright. "What on earth have you got there, Knowles, Sugar Bags?" And so Douglas became "Shoog" for ever after!

Douglas had a distinguished record at Haberdashers' School - he was CSM of B Company of the cadets, in the cross country team, won the shot put, was 2nd in the mile walk, in the School 1st XV in 1924/5 and 1925/6, being pack leader in the latter season, and his captain (Eric Bodman) described him as "the best forward in the side". In between all this, he did enough work to do well in the Higher Schools Examinations.

Douglas chose insurance as his career, following in his father's footsteps. He started with Atlas Assurance, then later joined the White Cross as an Inspector. During the Second World War, Douglas served in the Intelligence Corps under Field Marshall Montgomery. On demobilisation, Douglas became a manager of the Watford branch of the White Cross for some years, and later was promoted to Head Office in London, as Motor Manager.

The first written OHRFC record of Douglas came when he was in the 1st XV against Sidcup on 29 March 1930, and he played many a fine game as a prop until he moved away from London.

He left a widow, Elizabeth, and family.

GBJ

Travers F. DAY (1909-15)
died very peacefully on 28 April 1987, two days before his 89th birthday.

It will be recalled that Travers was a member of the Five Year Club, after the 1914-18 War, but lost touch with the H.O.B.C. when the family moved to Cheshire. While in London, he played for the O.H.F.C. 1st XI in 1920-21 and 1921-2, before moving on to Hampstead Town (now Hendon) F.C. All his working life was spent in the family firm, dealing with estate management.

In addition to soccer, his other recreation was scouting, having been one of the original scouts when Baden Powell started the movement. Travers founded the 9th Kenton Scout Group in February 1946 and was its scout master until 1960. There may well be a number of O.H. who lived in the area who have benefited from his leadership and experience, without perhaps realising that their leader had been to the same school.

He was a great family man, his daughter June (who set the wheels in motion for his rejoining the Association) and son Brian, providing him with seven grandchildren, all of whom attended the funeral, some travelling from the south of England. There are also five great grandchildren. Travers followed the careers and doings of them all with keen interest and was particularly proud and happy to be referred to as the 'head of the family" by his eldest grandson.

Shortly after rejoining, Travers enquired whether an O.H. Shield could be obtained for him. He was delighted with the result, when a Committee member took this up and forwarded one to his home in Wilmslow, where it was prominently displayed amongst his other trophies.

To his widow, Gladys, we offer our condolences, in the hope that the many happy memories from nearly 62 years of marriage will sustain her in her loss. Also to June and Brian and their families on the passing of the "head of the family".

1909

Denis TEGETMEIER (-1909)
died March 1987

Denis was the grandson of the Victorian naturalist, and left the School in 1909, having won the art prize.

He served in the 1914-18 war as a trooper in the 11th Hussars, before being commissioned in the Royal Artillery. Thereafter, he studied at the Central School of Art and Craft and became a painter, etcher and engraver. Denis became associated with the Roman Catholic circle of the sculptor, Eric Gill. With other pupils he helped Gill in cutting and painting the Great War memorial at New College, arguably the finest of oxford's post mediaeval works.

In 1922, he was received into the Roman Catholic Church and turned his naturally satirical mind to drawing cartoons deriding the commercial world. Some appeared in his books "The Seven Deadly Virtues' and "The Unholy Trinity". He also produced etchings and copperplates for Sterne's "Sentimental Journey' and Fielding's "Jonathan Wilde".

When the Gill family moved from Wales to High Wycombe, Denis joined them and in 1930, married the daughter, Petra, who bore him six children. In later years, they moved to Bradford-upon--Avon, where he had a notice in large, elegant letters in his studio, inviting guests to "Leave My Bloody Tools Alone"!

1907

Henry NORMAN (1900-07)
died at the Royal Masonic Hospital, Hammersmith on 28th February 1981 at the age of 89.

Henry joined the School during the re-siting period, studying at Elm Lodge and Woodbrook in Cricklewood Lane before going to the new building in Westbere Road in 1902.

He was a Life member of the HOBC and after being Honorary Auditor for fifteen years was elected a Vice-President in 1937-38. Owing to the intervention of the second World War it was 1945-6 before he became President. Henry was also Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the Benevolent Fund for many years and a member of the Lodge from 1920 completing 50 years as a Past Master last December. He was also very active in several other branches of Freemasonry.

Henry became a Chartered Accountant in 1912 and only retired from business in 1971. To his widow, Emma, and son, Kenneth J. (1943-51) and grandchildren Colin, Lesley and Susan. we offer our appreciation of the services he rendered to Old Haberdashers over a long period.