

# OLD BOYS' NOTES

*The Old  
Haberdashers'  
Association*

***Founded in 1888 as the Haberdashers' Old Boys Club***



**April 2022  
Edition 215**



# Foreword

## President Colin Blessley



It is difficult to believe that more than two years have now gone by since the Government decreed the first Covid-19 lockdown in late March 2020. Since then, many aspects of our everyday existence have changed, some of them, maybe, permanently. Fortunately, others have not.

For the most part, the British public stoically put up with what has probably been the greatest restrictions to civil liberties ever imposed other than in times of war and, generally, did so in a good-natured way, despite frustration at the, sometimes, inexplicable changes of tack and U-turns which the Government succeeded in making its hallmark

There is a lot to be said for consistency. As citizens, we have come to expect it in our daily lives, starting with government. Other countries seem to have been more able to provide this platform. On a trip to Madrid in December, I was highly impressed by the rigour with which the Spaniards – who most Brits would normally consider to be a dilatory bunch – religiously observed all the regulations imposed by their government in a harder lockdown than our own. I estimated that more than 90% of people walking in the street were wearing masks. This never happened on my local TfL No3 bus! I even got ticked off by a hotel chambermaid upon emerging from my room on the way to the lift for not yet having put on my mask.

Back at the OHA, the measures which have had the greatest impact on the affairs of the Association and its affiliated sporting clubs were those which limited social gatherings and the performance of sporting activities. This, in effect, meant that more than a year of social events and a complete rugby and football season were lost, with the negative financial impacts that this entailed.

Nonetheless, we were fortunate to identify that we were entitled to benefit from sector support from Central Government, provided through the local authority, and the resulting good relationship with the Chief Revenue Officer of the local Council certainly helped ensure that we obtained all the funds due. This has helped us immensely to weather the storm.

Fortunately, things are getting back to normal. The rugby and football clubs have enjoyed a full 2021/22 season, which is drawing to a close. It is clear that the esprit de corps has withstood the trials and tribulations of these recent times and is increasing in intensity. The cricket club is gearing up for the start of its new season in the very near future and looking to build on the achievements of the last couple of years.

The Croxdale Road clubhouse (AKA “Fortress”) is, once again, hosting a variety of social events and it is to be hoped that some good weather this summer will prove to be a welcome boost to activity.

The OHA Annual Dinner is being held on 31<sup>st</sup> May 2022 at the School. This is a departure from our historically traditional venue but is a further testament to the ever-closer relationship which we are building with our alma mater. It promises to be an excellent event and I very much look forward to seeing you there.

# Editorial

**Richard Carlowe**



Sorry but it has been a while. What with Covid restrictions, a lack of events and a lack of incoming articles it has almost been a year since our last issue.

Hopefully the next edition will be out a lot sooner, so please do send me your articles. Really anything to do with Habs, no matter how remotely related, would be gratefully received.

I would love somebody to write about their time at the school in the 1990s or the 2000s. We always seem to focus on 40+ years ago and it would be great to read something closer to today.

Anyhow this issue is, once again, jam-packed with things to read, so please do enjoy doing so and let me have any feedback as well as those articles. Please send them to [richard.carlowe@oldhabs.com](mailto:richard.carlowe@oldhabs.com).



## **The Old Haberdashers' Association 122nd Annual Dinner**

**6.30pm Tuesday 31st May 2022 at Haberdashers'  
Boys School, Butterfly Lane, Elstree, WD6 3AF.**

**Tickets £80.00 per person to include pre-dinner  
fizz, a 3 course meal, wine and port. Transport  
from Elstree & Borehamwood Station and back  
also included if required. Pay Bar also available.**

**Please book at [https://old-haberdashers-  
association.sumup.link/](https://old-haberdashers-association.sumup.link/) or send a cheque to The  
OHA, 73 Oak Tree Drive, London, N20 8QJ**

Foreword	2
Editorial	3
Contacts	4
Membership Application	5
<b>EVENTS</b>	6
Tony Alexander A Celebration	6
Clubhouse Christmas Lunch	10
<b>LETTERS TO THE EDITOR</b>	11
<b>ARTICLES</b>	13
Haberdashers: Freedom Fighters?	13
Habs in the 1980s	20
Colourful Days in Flower Lane	23
Little Bird of Auschwitz	25
<b>DEATHS</b>	33
<b>OBITUARIES</b>	34
John Hanson	34
Alan Phipps	35
Andrew Nicholas	38
Commander Tony Higham	39
Sir Thomas Harris	41
David Barker	43
Prof Chris Bryant	46
Neil Forsyth	46
Henry Edwards	48
Timothy Baxter	50
Tony Woolf	51
<b>LOTTERY</b>	53
<b>CLUBS AND SOCIETIES</b>	55
OH Rugby Football Club	55
OH Cricket Club	56
OH Football	56
OH Golf	57
OH Rifle Club	58
Past Presidents	60



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# Not A Member? Please Join the OHA Now.

Please email this form to [admin@oldhabs.com](mailto:admin@oldhabs.com) or send it to the address above.

*I wish to apply for membership of the Old Haberdashers' Association and, subject to ratification by the Executive Committee, agree to be bound by the rules of the Association currently in force. I agree that the information on this form may be held on computer in accordance with GDPR.*

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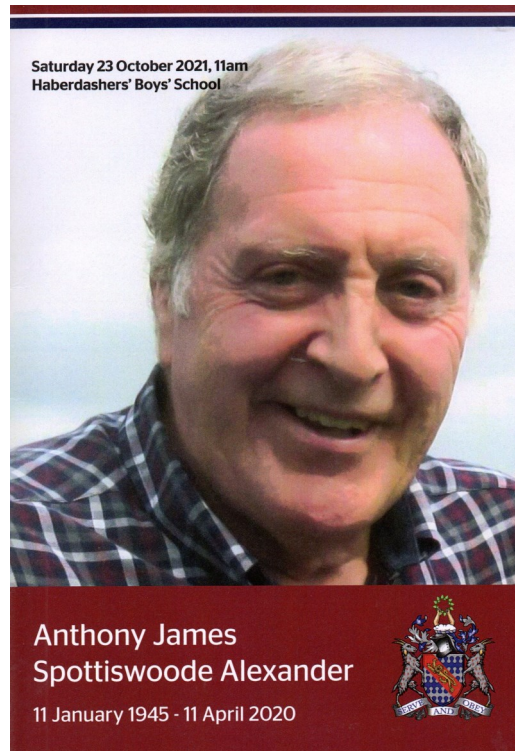
Years at School: \_\_\_\_\_

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Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

# Events

## Tony Alexander. A Celebration Saturday 23rd October 2021



Andrew Sanderson's Poem from the event:

### **Tony Alexander's Memorial Service**

So Moonie, Ian McCarthy, spoke with me a while back,  
And asked me to say a few words  
He asked me if I remember how Tony would hold the floor,  
Before a meal, a dinner, a lunch.  
His arms open wide and fingers pointing every which way but straight,  
The Malbec had been tasted and you were now all best mates.  
Confirming in heroic verse, that Habs was the place to be, and the chilli was bloody  
great

Ian said, give us a players' view, share something from the huddle,  
Tell us what it was like to play under his gaze,  
To hear his voice over your head as you scrum and you cuddle,  
Talk about his presence, his grasp, his noise, on countless Saturdays.  
Share a few memories of him, share what we heard, what we felt, what we saw

The last time I saw him, he was in full throated roar,  
It was at Harpenden, v Colchester, the last game in Spring 2020, you know, before.  
In his beloved stripy blazer, he was riding high on adrenaline and wine,

And it was clear that an opposition fan had stepped over the line  
And had been pulled up by Tony who was loudly calling him an arse,  
While the rest of us packed down and got on with the game,  
Between them loomed Twitcher, lumbering into the farce  
Putting his body on the line to stop Tony beating him with his own Zimmer frame.

But always post game, when back from the brink,  
And the ref, whose partiality and parentage he'd just questioned, had been offered  
a drink,  
He'd park up and embrace us all, from that narrow bit by the bar,  
A new players wallet, gathering dust, as he sent a pint from afar.  
He'd tell you, you put up one hell of a fight,  
I could feel you OH – we could hear you alright.  
He'd get round the whole squad, welcome everyone into the fold,  
And draw out the quiet ones, and scream with the bold

He'd say thank you, quite earnestly sometimes, after a game, which I found rather  
odd.

Because for a long time, for a while, he was the only supporter watching,  
Or just him and Peter Taylor, and I'd think, why are you thanking us, you silly old sod.  
We get to play still, and you were so loud.  
That we can all say, thanks to Tony, it always felt like a crowd.

Thank you for your generous support of the players and the club,  
So that students and guests weren't always chased for their subs.  
For the number of shirts I own with a logo from one of your companies on  
They have stood the test of time far better than the trousers you wore in Toulon

He wasn't just an old fart, an "in my day" alicadoo  
It was never "remember when" it was always how are you?  
"how are your people, your parents, your child, your wife?"  
Not looking backwards, but forwards in life.

He helped make Habs feel like a family, which I guess it was for him,  
Playing with Nigel for so long, getting a lift home from Tim,  
Thank you to Maggie and the family, for making Big Tony help us be kin.

For some it went deeper, and I hope I won't embarrass him by quoting him, at least in  
part,  
Even as he picks and chooses the matches he plays these days,  
Jonny Whittle shared something from his heart:

I'd call out his compassion, personally my family felt that with my dad,  
Tony messaged and called regularly and was a real source of support we had  
He always said nothing was too much to ask, and he made sure we knew it.  
Nigel does the same, they really care about the club and everyone who passes  
through it  
For my generation of Habs, Tony was Mr. OH who was there home and away, rain or  
shine  
and had the biggest grin and bear hug on the side at full time.

He also took my grandpa under his wing during an end of season do,  
They both got clattered on red wine and loved every second from the table to the  
bar.

Then Tony, as the evening drew on, "far too drunk to walk home" fell asleep in his car.

I struggle to think about buying new players a beer, welcoming them, and thinking  
about you it being sad  
How can we bring them close and bring them joy without thinking of you, without the  
noise of you

How can we play the game and hear the crowd roaring without thinking of you,  
How can I hear a voice pulling us out of the mud without a bite of sadness, not you.  
How can we sing the bar to sleep and talk about the present and the future without  
feeling your hand on our shoulder.

But feeling you Tony, how can we not kick on and scream on and smile on.  
It would break your heart if we didn't learn from you and laugh on and drink on.

A glass of red by the fire, Yes. We'll remember to welcome them all in.  
I found these words which Tony shared at the funeral of Nobbly Tanner nearly 25  
years ago, I hope he won't mind me plagiarising them, they're from a Northern poet  
called Thomas Wilson

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 each played well.

Well played Tony.

He'd say "I want to feel you OH, I want to feel it"  
We can feel you Tony, we can feel you  
Well played, Goodbye and God bless you.

---

Sincere thanks to Roger Llewelyn,  
Richard Osmond and all the staff at the school  
for making this occasion possible.

The Haberdashers' School,  
Lodge, OHA and OHRFC played such a  
huge part in Tony's life.





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# Events

## Clubhouse Christmas Lunch Tuesday 7th December 2021



With some degree of normality returning, the Annual Clubhouse (previously known as The Old Lags) Christmas Lunch reappeared on the OHA Calendar.

Numbers were a little lower than usual, as some of our regulars were still shielding, but those who did attend were brilliantly catered for by Pauline and her team and it was certainly good to be back.

Lunches in 2022 are as follows:

- 17th May
- 19th July
- 13 September
- 25th October
- 6th December (Christmas Lunch)

Please email Roger Pidgeon, [lamontplan@btinternet.com](mailto:lamontplan@btinternet.com) for further information or to book your place. They are open to all ages!!

# Letters to The Editor

**Please email [admin@oldhabs](mailto:admin@oldhabs) or write to us at 73 Oak Tree Drive, London, N20 8QJ with your letters.**

Dear Sir

Not intending here to enter any debate on the inclusion or otherwise of the name of Robert Aske in our school title you may be interested in a snippet I recently found in an April 1901 'Coopers' School Magazine '.

## **'Football First Eleven Matches**

The difficulty this season has been as it was last, to get our men to play but to get others to play against us. The weather has also been decidedly bad for our purposes; and this, together with the above, has doubtless been the cause of the paucity of matches'

## **Versus Aske Hampstead.**

A complete failure. Both ground and team were bad, the latter containing only six regulars, the remainder being made up from the Second XI which fortunately had no match. Nevertheless the team played well and offered splendid resistance. We were beaten by 7 to 2, though Tickle (1), Darlow (1) and Shilston played conspicuously well.'

The Coopers' magazine doesn't make it clear whether the match was home or away so the 'bad ground' could have been at Westbere Road or wherever Coopers played their matches.

On the Aske question it is interesting to note that the school was apparently known to Coopers as 'Aske's' rather than 'Haberdashers'. In my day (early 1950's), before I had joined the school it was more usually known by the outside world, at least to us prospective pupils, as Haberdashers without the Aske's part. i.e. In the same way as Merchant Taylors, and Coopers, who did not include the names of their founders. Coopers' Company founder Nicholas Gibson in 1538 doesn't ever get a mention, and it appears unusual to include the name of a founder in a school name. An exception of course is 'Mr Adams Grammar School', another of the Haberdashers group, now having recently adopted the familiar school badge as known by us at Hampstead and Acton and others. Another change from my day is that in 1901 11 a side football (soccer) was being played, something which I believe is back now in the 21<sup>st</sup> century. I expect you know of the 'Edgware Rovers' controversy in the 1950's, a team comprising Habs Hampstead boys who Tom Taylor thought should have been available to play Rugby on a Saturday. Do Edgware Rovers appear in our records or is it an unspoken secret? (Ed Note: Can anybody help?)



Incidentally, the reason that I have this 1901 Coopers' School Magazine is that I had found it among my late father's possessions. He, Stanley Adams, born 1889, was a pupil of Coopers' in 1901, presumably because its location in Bow Road, was within easy walking distance from his home. A pity his parents didn't live in Hampstead. As I might now have had a much longer historical connection with our school. However I don't think Habs would have gained much financially from my father's presence. In a section of the Coopers' magazine listing the names of 50 or so parents who had contributed to the formation of a school band, sums ranged from £2 2s down to 2s 6d appear, but without any offering from the name Adams. However S Adams is included among a list of boys who contributed smaller sums i.e. less than half a crown. That might have been enough for a triangle or a drumstick but not much more.

Best wishes to you and all Old Haberdashers

Yours faithfully

Bob Adams (Hendersons '57)

---

Dear Sir

Thought the attached story might interest you. The churchwarden mentioned is Reg Howe, OH and former OHRFC player, also former Master of the Farriers Company and a keen horseman.

A 1950s leaver as far as I can recall and clearly on the ball when it came to unearthing ancient artefacts !

Yours faithfully

Peter Vacher ('55)

---

Dear Sir

As it is the 40th of the Falklands War, I feel it merits a reflection that one of our members (the first casualty of the war - whilst flying a Harrier) is remembered with a plaque in the clubhouse bearing the following inscription:

In Memory of  
Lt Nick Taylor RN Killed on active service  
in the Falklands 4th May 1982

The plaque was installed when the late Tony White was the President (1981-82). In the September of that year I had the honour of taking over and attended the School with Nick's parents, Paul Hayler and others for the formal presentation to The CCF of a Flag in his memory (funds from OHA & School), now utilised on all formal parades. (N.B. It is not a colour) (there are pictures, I believe, in school archive).

Yours faithfully

Rodney Jakeman ('61)





# Haberdashers: Freedom Fighters?

## Dr John Wigley

**“Put not your trust in princes ...” (Psalm 146 verse 3)**

On 24 September 2019 Lady Hale, wearing a black dress with a spider brooch pinned to its right shoulder, the President of the Supreme Court of the United Kingdom, gave its eleven members' unanimous verdict that “Parliament has not been prorogued.” The Prime Minister’s advice to Her Majesty the Queen to prorogue Parliament was unlawful, the Order in Council declaring Parliament prorogued was unlawful, and when the Commissioners entered the House of Lords bearing the Order to announce that both Houses were prorogued it “was as if they had walked in carrying a blank piece of paper.” Parliament was still in session and the Speaker of the House of Commons and the Lord Speaker of the House of Lords should immediately and lawfully reconvene MPs and Peers.



Some constitutional historians and lawyers recognised that the Court’s verdict was, as Lady Hale said, based in large part on the Case of Proclamations (1611) that “the King hath no prerogative but that which the law of the land allows him” but only a few cognoscenti knew that Lady Hale was married to an Old Haberdasher, Julian Farrand, that Lord Pannick QC, whose arguments in Court had done much to secure the verdict, had sent his three sons to Habs, or that the 2019 was the four hundredth anniversary of the school’s founder, Robert Aske, born on 24 February 1619.

The Prime Minister had wanted to govern without Parliament in order to avoid further challenge, debate, discussion and dispute on the problematic and rocky road to Brexit. It was a motive well-known to seventeenth century monarchs. For example, apart from two months in 1614 James I reigned without Parliament from 1611 to 1621, Charles I from 1629 to 1640, and Charles II from 1681 to 1685. The most difficult problems they faced were demands for political and religious freedom often based on – or justified by – appeals to the Bible, more widely available after the publication of the Authorised Version in 1611, then believed by most English men and women to be an accurate historical record, one which members of the puritan movement were convinced did not justify the authoritarian rule of king and aristocracy or bishops and clergy of the Church of England.

Haberdashers, some virtually unknown, others prominent members of the Company, and the Company itself, were involved in those often dangerous disputes. During the 1620’s Daniel and Katherine Chidley, established a breakaway congregation in Shrewsbury and were fined for refusing to attend the Anglican parish church, as demanded by the 1559 Act of Uniformity. In 1629 they moved to London, where Daniel

and his son Samuel became members of the Haberdashers' Company. In 1630 they helped to set up one of the capital's earliest breakaway congregations, which appointed and paid its own minister, an illegal church whose members faced arrest and imprisonment. Katherine, one of the first English women to take a public part in religious and political controversy, wrote that they often wore disguise, even including wigs, to "blinde the eyes of the Bishops blood-hounds when they came to take them." By 1632 twenty-six of the church's members had been arrested and in 1634 some thirty of its members left for New England.

In the next few years Samuel Chidley became a friend and ally of John Lilburne, the leader of the future Leveller movement, whose name indicates its political principles. Lilburne and his wife Elizabeth had also arrived in London in 1629 and become members of the puritan underground dedicated to attacking the existing political and religious system. In 1637 Lilburne travelled to Holland to arrange for anti-episcopal pamphlets to be printed there and imported into England but after he returned to London, armed with a sword for his own safety, he was arrested by Archbishop Laud's agents and tried in the Court of Star Chamber for importing books without Laud's permission.



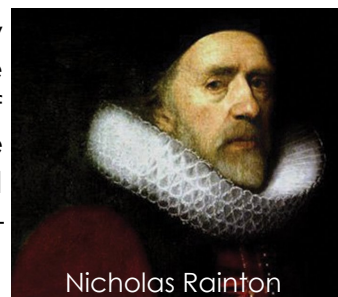
In April 1638 he was tied to the back of a cart and whipped from Fleet Bridge to New Palace Yard in Whitehall, where he was clamped in the stocks. Still defiant, he began an impassioned speech denouncing his persecutors and after being gagged managed to reach into his pockets and throw into the crowd the very pamphlets that had led to his arrest. After two hours he was returned to the Fleet Prison, where he narrowly escaped starvation and murder by the gaolers.

John Lilburne and Katherine Chidley shared the same printer, William Larnier, who in 1641 printed Lilburne's *The Christian Mans Triall* and her first pamphlet *The Justification of Independent Churches*. She denounced centralised and hierarchical national churches, whether Episcopal or Presbyterian, and defended breakaway churches organized by people whose lowly status was generally used to exclude them from leadership and power, whether "taylors, feltmakers, buttonmakers, tentmakers, shepherds or ploughmen, or what honest trade soever." She recommended the toleration of Anabaptists (whose principles included holding all goods in common) and Jews, expelled from England by Edward I but soon to be allowed to return by Oliver Cromwell. She promoted the rights of women by considering St. Paul's example of a devout woman with an unbelieving husband (I Corinthians chapter vii, verse 13) and concluded that "It is true he hath authority over her in bodily and civill respects, but not to be Lord over her conscience."

However, the title page of Katherine's pamphlet cited the Old Testament's account of Jael, the woman who killed Sisera, using a hammer to drive a nail through his skull from 1 temple to the other, before chopping off his head (Judges v, 26); thus giving opponents of her views a chance to imply that she advocated employing violence to achieve her political and religious aims. In 1646 Samuel Chidley became treasurer to the Levellers, was present at the Leveller inspired army mutiny near Ware in Hertfordshire, & in 1647 was imprisoned for defending the *Agreement of the People*, a Leveller document envisaging England as a republic with a constitution according to which all men except day labourers & paupers would have the right to vote.

Some of London's haberdashers fought for Parliament in the Civil War. Walter Lee, a haberdasher from Ludgate, was a militant Puritan who had helped to break the stained glass windows in Westminster Abbey, believing the illustrations of saints which they bore violated the Third Commandment, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image..." (Exodus xx, 4). He fought at the battle of Newbury (1643) and in 1647 was promoted from Captain to Lieutenant Colonel.

Several wealthy members of the Company were more moderate members of the puritan movement. During the final decade of James I's reign twelve London Puritans set up a committee, *The Feoffees for Impropriations*, to augment the income Anglican clergymen sympathetic to puritanism and to promote effective preaching. Lady Mary Weld left £2000 to the Company to do so. Two prominent members of the Company were Feoffees, George Harwood and Nicholas Rainton, Master of the Company 1622-23 and in 1632 elected chairman of the Feoffees with a casting vote. Archbishop Laud and Charles I thought the Feoffees and their supporters threatened episcopal and royal control of the Church of England.



In 1594 Thomas Aldersey, a leading London Puritan, had made a will including a bequest to the Company to endow a lectureship and increase the income of the Anglican clergyman and the curate at Bunbury in Cheshire. The Company then appointed Puritans and defended them from the Bishop of Chester but in 1633 Archbishop Neile of York complained to Charles I that Bunbury was a "gross example of evil lectureships". Charles noted "I will not endure that any lay person (much less a corporation) has power to place and displace a beneficed priest at their pleasure." In 1614 Thomas Jones's will had included a bequest to maintain a preacher at Newland in Gloucestershire where in 1631 the Company's second Puritan appointee, Peter Symonds, was suspected of supporting a local uprising and accused of "maintaining the equality of all mankind" a view which was regarded as dangerously subversive. When the Civil War began in 1642 he supported Parliament.

Most of the wealthy men who left money in trust to the Haberdashers' Company to found charities were Puritans, and several prominent haberdashers opposed Charles I's personal rule. In 1627 John Fowke refused to obey Charles's demand to pay taxes which Parliament opposed and in 1641 he presented the City's petition for bishops to be expelled from the House of Lords. He was joined on the City's Committee of Public Safety by William Berkeley and Owen Rowe, and the three were successively masters of the Company between 1642 and 1645. Rowe exchanged letters with the Puritan governor of Massachusetts, Owen Winthrop. Fowke supported the City's Presbyterians, as did Lawrence Brinley, intending to remould the Church of England on Scottish lines, abolishing bishops and the Book of Common Prayer and banning traditional feasts and festivals, etc.

Sympathy with puritanism did not lead to unequivocal support for all Parliament's policies. Some Haberdashers were covert royalists and had links to Laud's supporters. Fowke refused to sign Charles I's death warrant in 1649 and after his execution shrank from supporting the Republic. Simon Edmunds shared the religious views of the Presbyterian divine Edmund Calamy who opposed Charles's trial and execution and Oliver Cromwell's own personal rule. When Cromwell asked Calamy for advice about dissolving Parliament in April 1653 he replied "Tis against the will of the nation: there

be nine in ten against you." Cromwell then replied with two questions "But what if I should disarm the nine and put a sword into the tenth man's hand? Would not that do the business?"

The Parliament which Charles I called in 1640 and the start of the Civil War in 1642 allowed the Puritans to implement their ideas. In 1645 they prohibited the use of the Prayer Book in church, making its use in private a criminal offence, and in 1646 abolished bishops, but not until after Cromwell became Lord Protector in 1653 was a Commission appointed to decide which Anglican clergy were suitable to remain in office, ejecting those deemed unsuitable. Cromwell's policy was to repress those whom he believed to be extremists, thus in 1649 he had Charles I executed and ensured that John Lilburne was tried for treason, but to tolerate sects such as Baptists, Independents and Quakers, and the Presbyterians, yet he could not find a stable political or religious consensus. Within two years of his death in 1658 the monarchy and the Church of England were restored.

An attempt to find a compromise between the smaller puritanical sects, the Presbyterians and the Anglicans at the Savoy Conference (1661) failed and the Church of England and the monarchy emerged triumphant. The non-Anglican Protestants (henceforth called Dissenters or Nonconformists) suffered from discriminatory Acts of Parliament. The Corporation Act (1661) allowed men to be local government councillors and officials only if they took the Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, an oath that they "believe it is not lawful upon any pretence whatever to take arms against the King", and received "the sacrament of the Lord's Supper according to the rites of the Church of England".

Nor was that all. The Act of Uniformity (1662) ejected clergy from their churches unless they accepted that services should conform to the Prayer Book. The Conventicle Act (1664) limited the number of people attending services in Dissenting chapels to five, with transportation for the third offence and death if the criminal returned. The Five Mile Act (1665) banned all clergymen and all school masters from coming within five miles of a city or corporate town unless they declared that they would not "at any time endeavour any alteration of Government either in Church or State."

This system posed a dilemma for men of puritan outlook who had held positions of influence and power in the previous twenty years. Some stuck to their principles. In 1663 Throckmorton Trotman, a wealthy haberdasher, left his house and ten other properties in trust to nine Dissenting ministers – clergymen – "for the education of poor ministers". Others tactfully welcomed the new regime. The Company celebrated the restoration of the monarchy and Charles II's entry to London. However, the Company developed doubts about Charles as its members heard stories about his louche private life and learned that he favoured Roman Catholics.

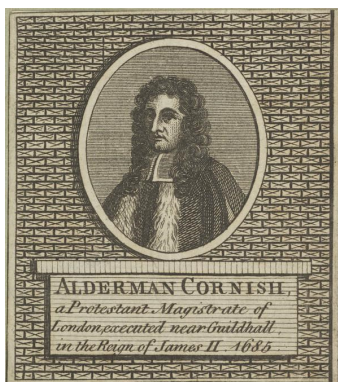
In 1670 rumours began to circulate that, influenced by his Catholic wife, he had signed a treaty with Louis XIV, accepting French subsidies in return for re-introducing Catholicism. Since Charles had no legitimate children his brother James, who was known to be a Catholic, seemed likely to inherit the throne, and perhaps to establish an autocratic Catholic monarchy similar to that of Louis XIV in France. In 1674 the Company's decision to rent rooms behind its Hall to a congregation led by a Presbyterian minister, Dr Thomas Jacombe, indicated its views. In 1682 its Hall was one of two possible venues for a feast for the "loyal protestant nobility, gentry, clergy and



citizens" which was banned by the king.

Two of the Company's leading members, Thomas Player and his son, also Thomas, had ingratiated themselves with Charles II and he knighted them on the same day in 1660. Faced with the prospect of a Catholic monarchy, Thomas junior, Master of the Company in 1671 and an MP in 1678, 1679 and 1680-81, who claimed to be a devout Anglican but had links to Dissenters, changed his views. In 1672 his election to the City's Common Council was welcomed by the royal court, but during 1673 he backed the Test Act, which excluded Catholics from civil and military office. Five years later he shared the widespread belief in a Popish Plot to assassinate Charles II and place James on the throne, and welcomed the 1678 Test Act, intended to exclude Catholics from Parliament. The court turned against him, he was reported as supporting "a free state and no other" and was lucky to avoid being accused of treason by an informer and put death after a rigged trial.

Henry Cornish, Master of the Company in 1680, was not so lucky. He was a covert Presbyterian who in 1680 was elected a Sheriff of the City of London but it was found that he had not taken the oath of non-resistance required by the Corporation Act, so his election was declared void. He then took the oath and was elected, but in 1682 the court defeated his attempt to be elected Lord Mayor. Cornish was falsely accused of complicity in two Protestant attempts to avoid a Catholic monarchy; the Rye House Plot to assassinate Charles II and James (April 1683), and Monmouth's Rebellion (June - July 1685) against James II, who had succeeded Charles in February. In October 1685 Cornish was tried for treason, found guilty, and hung, drawn and quartered in Cheapside within sight of his own house, protesting his innocence to the end, as recorded by William Penn, the Quaker leader, who witnessed the event and described the wronged man's honest indignation and resentment.



James was putting pressure on all the City companies to support him. Within days of his accession he issued a revised Charter to the Haberdashers' Company making the Master and Wardens subject to the terms of the 1661 Corporation Act. The Company chose Robert Aske as Master, thinking him to be a moderate Anglican, certain to accept the duties of non-resistance and passive obedience to the monarch of the time, and therefore be acceptable to the King.

These concepts were based on belief that "The most high and sacred Order of Kings is of Divine Right, being the ordinance of God himself" (Canons of the Church of England, 1640) which was interpreted to mean that Kings were superior to Parliament, as implied by a correct reading of St. Paul's words "the powers that be are ordained of God" (Romans xiii, 1) and St. Peter's advice "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of ... the King". (I Peter ii, 13)

That belief had been developed by Anglican clergymen who assumed that the monarch would be an Anglican and defend the Church of England against Dissenters and Catholics. Since the Reformation in the 1530's Catholics had been regarded as the deadly enemies of the English church and state. In 1570 the Pope had absolved Catholics from allegiance to Queen Elizabeth I, and in 1605 a band of Catholics had hatched the Gunpowder Plot, an audacious attempt to blow up James I

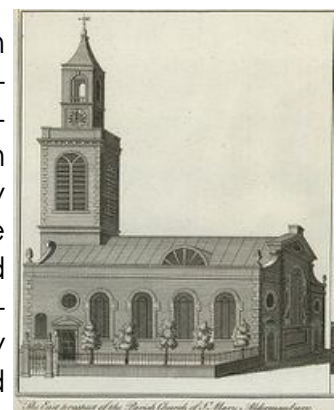
and all his MPs & Peers at the opening of Parliament. In 1641 Catholic rebels in Ireland were said to have massacred hundreds of Protestants, & in 1666 it was believed that the Great Fire of London had been started by Catholics. Would Anglicans – bishops & clergy, MPs & Peers – obey James if he attempted to reintroduce Catholicism?

During 1685 James attended Mass in public, ordered that the Gunpowder Plot's failure should not be commemorated, and rejoiced when Louis XIV used force to convert the Protestant Huguenots in France, many of whom fled to England with vivid accounts of persecution. During 1686 he claimed the right to dispense with and suspend Acts of Parliament, including the Test Acts, and in April 1687 and April 1688 he issued his First and Second Declarations of Indulgence, ostensibly to give freedom of worship to Dissenters and Catholics. On 4 May 1688 he ordered that the Second Declaration be read from the pulpit in all Anglican churches but on 18 May the Archbishop of Canterbury and six other bishops told him that they would not read it. James flew into a rage: "This is a great surprise to me. Here are strange words. I did not expect this from you. This is a standard of rebellion."

James had alienated virtually all the politically aware men in England, for Catholics were a small minority and the Dissenters resented discrimination against themselves by Anglicans less than they feared the prospect of persecution by Catholics. They therefore resisted the temptation accept toleration and joined most Anglicans in a Protestant alliance against James. At the start of the crisis James's heir was Princess Mary, the Protestant daughter of his first – Protestant – wife but after her death he had married a Catholic who gave birth to a son on 10 June 1688, raising fears of the start of a Catholic dynasty. His most determined opponents invited Princess Mary and her Protestant husband, Prince William of Orange, to defend England's liberty and religion. William and his army landed at Torbay on the 5 November and on 24 December James fled into exile in France, barely a month before Robert Aske died on 27 January 1689.

Aske was not, perhaps, quite the man he was thought to be, in fact possibly one of the many men who since 1660 had protected themselves and their careers by accommodation, compromise and equivocation. If he had been thought connected to the mysterious John Aske who helped to frame the charges for the trial of Charles I he may well have been in danger. In 1650 Anthony Ascham, sent by the new republican government as ambassador to Spain, was tracked down and murdered by vengeful Royalists, who may have confused him with John Aske. In 1649 one of John's two colleagues, Isaac Dorislaus, had been murdered in The Hague by a party of young Royalist soldiers. The other, John Cook, was hung, drawn and quartered in London shortly after the Restoration.

Robert Aske died in his bed and chose to be buried in the parish church of St. Mary Aldermanbury, in which John Milton, Cromwell's supporter and Latin Secretary to his Council of State, married his second wife. St. Mary's was one of the very few Anglican churches which elected its own clergyman, in July 1639 actually choosing Edmund Calamy, the Presbyterian divine. In 1660 he was amongst the party which travelled to Breda and invited Charles II to assume the throne, and in 1661 he attended the Savoy Conference, but would not accept the Act of Uniformity and was ejected from St. Mary's in August 1662, but maintained



a covert ministry amongst opponents of the new regime, and consoled Henry Cornish with prayers just before his execution.

Aske named Dr Sharpe (also given as Sharp), the Dean of Norwich, & Dr Tillotson, the Dean of Canterbury, as his executors. He had probably met them both whilst they served in City churches, from the early 1660's. In the 1670's Sharpe had preached that Dissenters should conform to the Church of England and in 1685 had supported James's accession, but In May 1688 he was accused of criticising James in 2 sermons and the king ordered the Bishop of London to suspend him. Sharpe tried to clear his name but refused to read the Second Declaration of Indulgence from his pulpit.

In 1662 Tillotson had declined to accept election to succeed Calamy at St. Mary's but even so had been suspected of puritanism, suspicion doubtless intensified when he married Cromwell's niece Elizabeth in 1664 and established social contact with Cromwell's daughter Mary. When in 1683 Lord William Russell was accused of complicity in the Rye House Plot and found guilty of treason by a "packed" jury he refused Tillotson's efforts to persuade him to conciliate Charles II by disavowing his belief in the lawfulness of resistance, but Tillotson qualified his own views, justifying resistance in "the case of a total subversion of the constitution" and prayed with Russell on the gallows. He had then taken the risk of advising the seven bishops on how to conduct their meetings with James II.

In contrast to many of their contemporaries, Sharpe and Tillotson, close friends, played their cards well, acting at the right time. On the very day that Robert Aske died Sharpe preached before William of Orange, a few months later impressed Princess Mary, in September was named Dean of Canterbury and in July 1691 was consecrated Archbishop of York. There was a vacancy at Canterbury because Tillotson had been promoted to Archbishop, replacing Sancroft who – like some other bishops – was ejected for refusing to transfer his allegiance from James II to the new joint monarchs King William and Queen Mary.

Charles allowed Russell to be beheaded rather than hung drawn and quartered, but James showed little mercy to his own opponents, as Cornish's case demonstrated. In the aftermath of Monmouth's Rebellion the notorious Judge Jeffreys sent scores of rebels to the gallows and hundreds to forced labour in Barbados. Alice Lisle gave refuge to a Dissenting minister hiding from Jeffreys' search parties and so was accused of treason. In 1649 her husband had been one of the Puritan MPs who signed Charles I's death warrant, and five years later he was killed by a Royalist assassin in Lausanne, but in 1685 her social standing allowed her to avoid the full punishment prescribed for women found guilty of treason: in September she was beheaded in Winchester market place. After Elizabeth Gaunt, an Anabaptist shop-keeper from Whitechapel, sheltered a man implicated in the Rye House Plot and Monmouth's Rebellion he informed on her to seek a pardon. She was then convicted of treason and suffered the full punishment, in October 1685 being burned alive – in her case at Tyburn, now the site of Marble Arch in London.

If in that violent century Englishmen assassinated & beheaded, whipped & consigned to forced labour, & hung, drew & quartered, so many of their fellow men, & beheaded & burned their women folk, what might they do to non-Englishmen & women?

To be continued.

# Habs in the 1980s

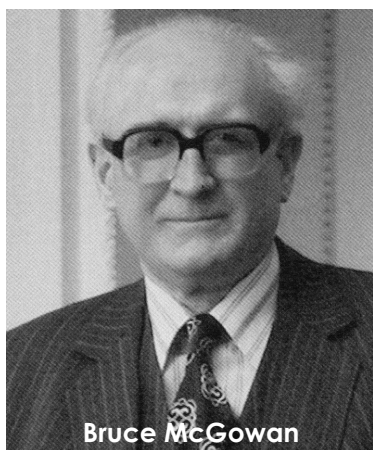
## Richard Carlowe ('84)

OH Notes, over many years, tends to have focused on life at Habs in the 50s and 60s. It was, however, a school in transition in the 80s.

For many the 1980s was all about the Thatcher years with its times of excess, its fashion changes and its music.

For Habs boys it was a time when they no longer found peas and gravy on their house room chair in the period after lunch break, with the construction of the Bates Dining Hall in what was the courtyard in the centre of the House Block. When a new Sports Hall was built in addition to the outdated wallbar-strewn gym that echoed with Dai Davies's commands. When the Prep School moved from an area resembling Steptoe's Yard to a shiny new building inexplicably opened by Arsenal's Graham Rix and Tony Woodcock. When the tuck shop also moved from operating out of the CCF's overflow storage area into a proper shuttered shop by the staff dining room...

The 80s saw the last teaching years of Habs stalwarts such as TEC, who's annually dictated notes finally wore out and his board rubber throwing arm lost its accuracy; Headmaster Bruce McGowan who was a very popular Head although he cut a slightly sinister figure as he walked round the quad, hands clasped behind his back –



he truly was the last of the Tom Brown's Schooldays type Heads; Michael McLoughlin who was known for ghosting round the corridor in his socks and sandals; Nick Clarke-Lowes with his penchant for setting the chemistry lab benches on fire and for making silver nitrate bejewelled ignition tubes for Christmas; Stuart Moore a kind of anti-Batman in his black cape, swooping round the corridors looking for boys to humiliate; Ken "arrow, 'atch End and Pinner" Jerred with his permanently affixed black cap, always prominent in the coach park before taking

Friday afternoons sailing on Aldenham Reservoir.

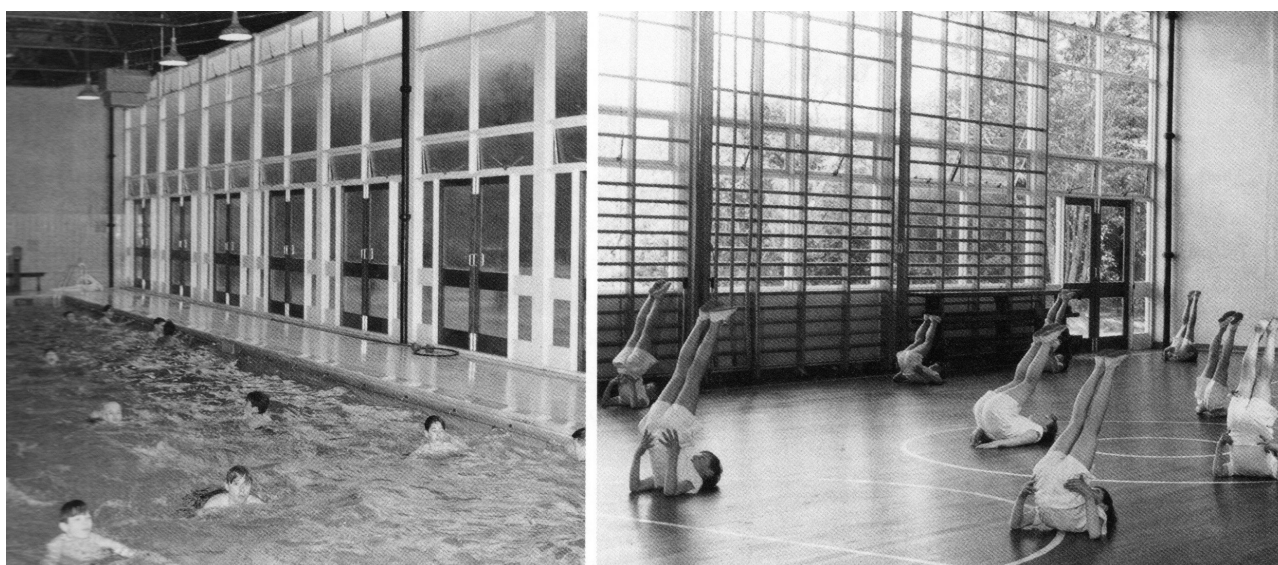
There was also the annual Christmas pilgrimage from the school to St Martins-in-the-Fields Carol Service for the Confirmation boys with Reverend Lindsay. The 6S Review for the seventh term Oxbridge candidates which abruptly ceased to exist in 1982 after it ridiculed various staff members in a way that was perhaps funny but was also somewhat nasty. The Brett Study Hall staffed by Mr Cheney or one of his deputies where even a whisper was strictly verboten. The Prefect's Common Room adjacent to said Study Hall where





power-hungry, holier than thou, upper sixth formers handed out lines to trembling first and second years. The almost brand new Seldon Hall with those ceiling fungi that “can only be found here and at the Royal Albert Hall”. The woodwork and metal-work rooms under the Staff Common Room where Mr Hickman and others recreated Jack Hargreaves Land in an area that time forgot. The Science Lecture Theatre where no lectures really ever took place, instead it was used to play host to “celebrities” such as Richard Baker who gave lunchtime talks whilst we sat crammed in the not quite wide enough pews.

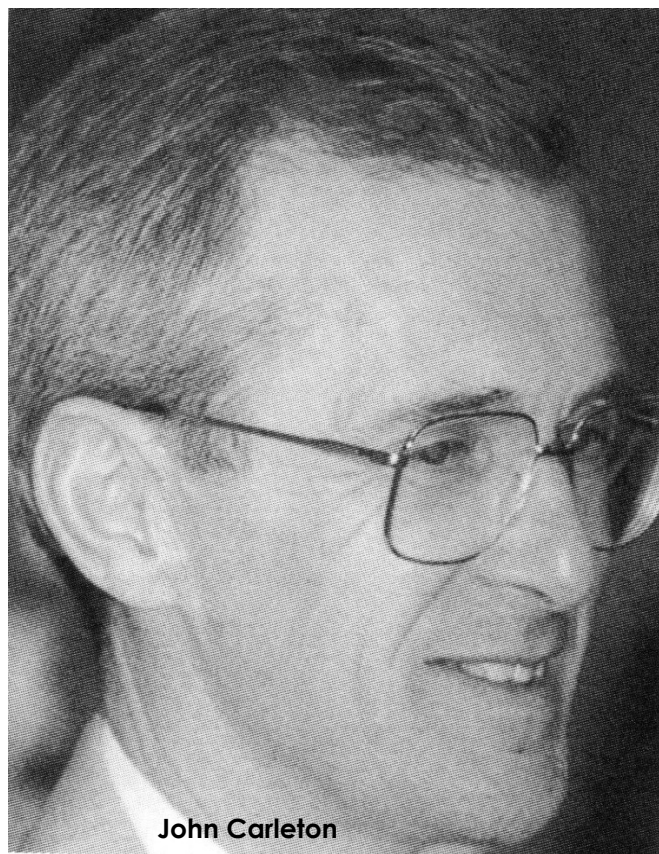
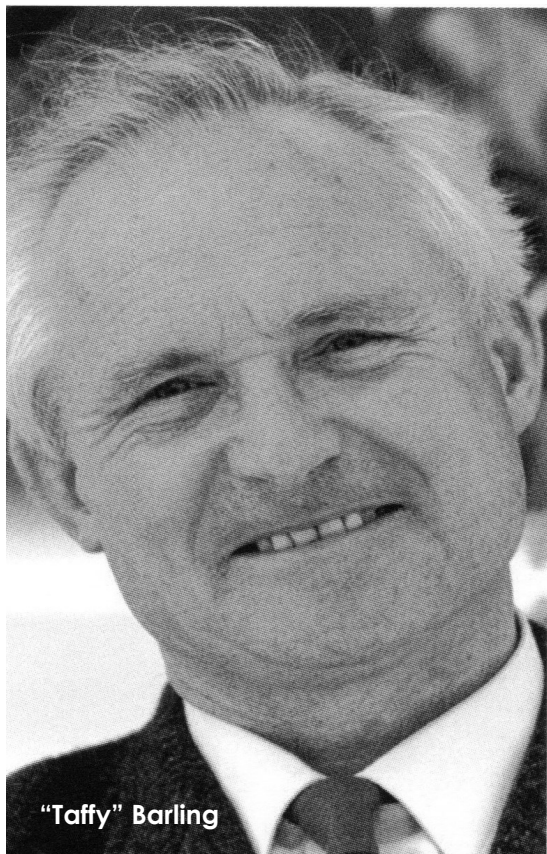
Then there was the sport. 1<sup>st</sup> XV successes with all other XV's relative failures. Losing 62-0 at St Pauls was a particular memory for me (we did well to get 0 to be honest), and the arctic roll for dessert afterwards is especially remembered. This decade saw, perhaps, the beginning of a general rugby demise as the school became more multi-cultural. The improvement in the Cricket teams accelerated for the very same reason. And not forgetting Mr Talbot's beloved cinder hockey pitches where all-weather meant the exact opposite after heavy rainfall. Football was totally off limits and was only played in the sixth form by those deemed not suitable for rugby at that point.



That is except for the summer 6-a-side tournament on the Park Pitches where, all of a sudden, football was a sport recognised by the school. A tournament which paired Prep boys (or even, heaven forbid, girls) against sixth formers in a handicap system. Where Mr McGowan presented the winners with the prize in the Dining Hall rather than during Assembly, perhaps to stop it from becoming too mainstream. Then there was tennis on the weed infested courts that bordered the forbidden pastures of the Girls' School. And not forgetting diving pyjama clad for rubber bricks in the moss-lined, nissen-hutted, should-have-been-condemned (but lasted until circa 2015) swimming pool.

The Mountaineering Club Room, The Railway Society Hut, the Squash Courts – all totally underutilised and a great place for a crafty smoke! Robert Meyer Concerts in the Festival Hall once a month where I met up with Jay Rayner in Charing Cross beforehand, neither of us knowing why we were really attending. The arty boys taking part in the School Plays whilst everybody else avoided any drama interaction whatsoever. The drama studio always felt like an S&M dungeon. Young Enterprise with Dr Levin, packaging Fairy Fudge to be sold at a profit. The solitary payphone in the Hall

lobby, nowhere near enough for 1,500 boys yet it was never busy. Ever shrinking playground areas as staff parking became more of an issue and former car parks became host to new buildings. Taffy Barling and then Jack Carleton upstairs by the sixth form common room for bollockings, exeats and general unfriendliness (I have a feeling that may just have been me!). That common room with its ham or cheese rolls, Branston extra if required, at first break. The lady working in there allegedly Billy Idol's mother. Battle of the Bands once a year where public schoolboys pretended that they were punks for 30 minutes, whilst half the audience feasted upon tepid Cornish Pasties from Mrs Idol.



Habs was an extraordinary place, and I was far from a model pupil, but, looking back, it helped shape me and most of my contemporaries. It was home to eccentrics, geniuses, authors, chefs, entrepreneurs and top sportsmen – and that was just the staff. We were isolated in a school, miles from civilisation, cut off from the real world perhaps, but somewhere that we are all now proud to have attended.

And here I am, amazing to many it seems, as Secretary of the OHA and with a son who I swore would never go there, but who absolutely thrived in the green and pleasant land that is Haberdashers' Boys School in Elstree.

# Colourful Days in Flower Lane

(Phillip) Nigel Wood (Prep '57)

I was lucky enough to be sent to the Habs preparatory school in Mill Hill between 1953 and 1957, travelling by 251 bus from Totteridge. Because of disobliging county boundaries my parents couldn't afford to send me on to the main school – which is one reason why my memories of the prep are especially treasured. For a school of fewer than 150 boys, the facilities were excellent. A gymnasium had been built on to the main building and there were spacious playing fields with changing rooms at the gracious Chase Lodge, less than a mile away. A non-sporty child, I was less interested in what went on inside the gym than in the softness of its very red brick. Holes were easily bored in it. (The tuck shop, though, was built from an unyielding, pinkish, hard-fired brick.) In lessons, all the teachers held our attention, and I can't remember any lack of respect towards them or any significant misbehaviour. Here now are some very specific memories...

The cloud of condensing steam, smelling of cabbage, billowing into the playground from a vent, even before lessons started. An older boy confidentially explained to me on my first day that this was where the London fogs came from.

Mr Ollett, the caretaker, pointing out to a group of small boys that, for economic reasons, a slightly weird-looking old penny was unlikely to be a forgery.

Miss Wozencroft teaching seven-year-olds where to place apostrophes, the lesson culminating, quite naturally, in *Haberdashers' Aske's*.

Miss Lear asking for an example of a proverb and being given, "The early bird catches the early worm". There was general laughter. Could we have been sophisticated enough to relish a worthy saying being rendered fatuous by a single extra word?

Mr Eames recommending us to be sparing in our use of "got" and "nice" in writing.

A boy in a queue to leave the gym changing room announcing to Mr Peebles, "Please Sir, I'm elegant." Peebles replying, "In that case you may go." Peebles had a black moustache and (so I thought) an angry cast to his features, so his joining in the fun with this non sequitur showed a different side to him. He left to head a prep school which I believe he had set up. He was replaced by the much more laid-back Mr Clapton, who drove a little pre-war Austin Seven.

Miss Jago emphasising that the Pennines had areas of millstone grit as well as areas of limestone, but equally usefully advising us that we should avert our gazes when ladies' handbags were opened.

Mr Manning insisting on pronouncing 'Fawdry' (the author of our arithmetic textbook)

as something like Vowdry, without explaining why. (I now know.) Mr Manning could do long multiplication using Roman numerals. He also organised a Sports Day contest called 'The Oathagon' (spelling guessed), which I think involved some sort of muddy entanglement and a blanket or groundsheet.

Mr Lewin (in a religious education lesson to the oldest year-group) bemoaning university Philosophy departments pushing aside the big questions in favour of linguistic analysis. Mr Lewin had headmasterly gravitas, reinforced by his arrival at school each day on a shiny, mainly dark red, motorbike.

Miss Geddie telling an incredulous eight-year-old to wet a new nib with spit before dipping it into ink. At that age I was afraid of her, to the extent of pondering the chances of her dying overnight before she could excoriate me for some terrible omission from my Nature Study homework. For older classes she had devised a most wonderful course, well ahead of its time, spanning cosmology, geological time periods, erosion and mountain-building, trilobites – and dinosaurs! My fear of her turned to near-worship. I learned later that she had been a missionary in China. I wish I had known her better.

The singing at the end of each term of the hymn "Lord dismiss us with thy blessing". The tune was a plaintive one that pulled shamelessly at schoolboy heartstrings. This was demonstrated by the disapproving moan that went up when Miss Lear once proposed to teach us a different setting. I can't remember whether or not she carried out her threat, but it is only the old tune that I recall. This, as I think I have shown, is not the only case where memory has been quirkily selective.



L - R (Staff Row):

Matron, I believe - Ms Lynx; Ms Jago; Ms Wozencroft; Ms Geddie; Mr Lewin (HM); TWT - Spud; Mr "Eggo" Manning; Ms Lear; Mr Eames; Mr Clapton.

Photo provided by Colin Blessley



# Little Bird of Auschwitz

## Part One of an extract from the book written by Jaques & Alina Peretti (son & wife of Peter Peretti '46)



It is a sweltering hot day in July and excited tourists pour from giant buses, shuffling through the Arbeit Macht Frei gates of Auschwitz, camcorders at the ready.

One of the visitors is Alina Peretti, my mother. It isn't her first time at Auschwitz. In 1944, she came here as a girl with her sister, Jutta, and mother, Olga, to be put to death. Alina had tried to go back on several occasions after the war – always getting as far as the car park – but she was never able to bring herself to walk through the gates. This attempt, in 1998, is her fourth.

She has it all planned out in her head. Alina will avoid the crowds, the displays of piled-up shoes and hair, the gas chambers and crematoria. Instead, she will head to a deserted area at the back of Auschwitz I, the place where she believes it all happened. When Alina gets to the gates, she stops. She looks ahead for a moment and then

turns around, walking back to the car park. To this day, she has never been able to walk back through the gates that she first went through aged 13.

I have spent my life investigating stories that I thought were important, while sitting in front of me all the time was the most extraordinary story I have ever heard: my mother's. I have decided to tell it now because my mum has dementia.

As Alina's short-term files are erasing themselves, however, her long-term memory grows ever sharper. She might not know where her glasses are, but can tell me every feature on the face of the German doctor who gave her 'medicine' in the concentration camp. And so, in 2019, we began a year of conversations in which she told



me about what she experienced between the ages of eight and 13, as she was tossed across Europe on the storm of war.

Alina is the youngest daughter of Michael Barsiak, a Polish businessman, and Olga Bialonoga Szahovska, a Russian aristocrat, who met and married in Paris in 1920. They tried for children, but were unsuccessful, and in 1923 they adopted a boy, Pavel, then, against the odds, they had three children in quick succession: Juta in 1926, Kazhik in 1930, and a year later, my mother.

Once married, Olga imagined that Michael would keep her in the aristocratic manner to which she was accustomed. Instead, he parked her in a big gloomy house he had bought in the Prypec Forest of eastern Poland, near the Russian border. Olga spent most days turning tarot cards. Sometimes she never got out of bed at all. Michael's solution was to extend his travelling abroad for months on end. His passport said he was an architect but in reality he lived a double life as part of the underground Polish resistance.



Alina and her Parents

When war broke out in September 1939, they were all caught unaware: Alina's siblings were at the family apartment in Warsaw, while Alina and Olga had returned to the forest following a row. That month their home was requisitioned by Soviet soldiers and my mother and grandmother found themselves in a Siberian labour camp. It would be almost three years before Alina saw her siblings again. Finally reunited, they survived the Warsaw Uprising and a death squad, then in November 1944, my grandmother, mother and aunt were among the 13,000 non-Jewish Poles deported to Auschwitz (in southern Poland). The gas chambers were being broken up, the bones of the dead smashed with hammers. My family rode the chaos of the camp's last months as it imploded.

Only two of the four siblings survived the war – my mother has never fully pieced together what became of Pavel, who is presumed to have died in 1944, or Juta, who

she believes died in Auschwitz in 1945. I once asked Alina if she would like to know what happened. 'You can't know everything,' she told me. 'Life is full of holes. The holes are what make the certainties – who you love and the memories you have – even more important.'

My mother, now 90, has lived an extraordinary life because of, not despite, what happened to her: she became an engineer and architect, travelled the world and learnt six languages. In spite of witnessing unimaginable cruelty, she remained kind and open towards everyone she met, even Germans. In the mid-1950s, she travelled across East Germany to understand better the country that had murdered her sister and brother. In the early 1960s, she began work for the London County Council, where she met my father, Peter Peretti. Their life was joyful and filled with adventure. And yet for years, my own relationship with her was prickly; I never called her 'Mum' and she never wanted to be called it. Talking to her about her past helped me to understand why; an unspeakable reason, buried in Auschwitz.

In 1966, the year before I was born, my mum was struggling to conceive. She went to Hammersmith Hospital in London and the young gynaecologist enquired about her medical history. When Alina told him she had been in Auschwitz, he asked if she had been experimented on. Every concentration camp had a specific area of medical research; in Block 10 of Auschwitz, doctors were tasked with finding a cheap mass sterilisation programme to render Jews and ethnic Poles 'biologically redundant'. My mother was among those taken there and injected repeatedly by a handsome doctor who nicknamed her 'little bird'.

'I thought he was this magical doctor who had chosen me,' she told me. 'He called everyone that. He was just trying to make me calm so he could give me an injection to make me infertile.'

Some young women had formaldehyde injected into their uterus, but the doctors at Hammersmith suspected that Alina had been given an ineffective trial drug and concluded that her fertility problems were not physiological. Soon after, Alina became pregnant.

Asking her to look back and recall those terrible memories she had pushed to the back of her mind has been an experience simultaneously cruel and cathartic. Yet I am glad I did for, as her dementia advances, my mum is now becoming a child once more. But to this day, she faces the new challenges each day brings; to her, it is natural to triumph over adversity.

## **21 September 1939**

### **Prypec Marshes, eastern Poland**

A jeep pulled into the village and two Gestapo officers stepped out. They walked through the square to the café. My mum would usually go there on a Saturday morning and eat lane kluski (milky soup with spaghetti) but this Saturday she was at home with a temperature – a heaven-sent infection.

A group of children ate breakfast. A table of farmers drank vodka. An old man played Polish folk songs on the piano. The Gestapo officer stood for a moment. His boss back in Berlin, SS Commander Heydrich, had drilled into them the principle of

human submission: get the condemned to sign their own death warrant. Provoked, they will retaliate, which means when you shoot them, it's their own fault. But the café did not respond as expected. No one acknowledged the two Nazi officers.

The Gestapo man walked calmly to the piano, removed his pistol from its holster and shot the organist in the forehead. He fell backwards.

'Where is the country house?'

Silence. Not even the children screamed.

'Come on, hurry up. I don't have all day.'

Had my mum been there, she would have known where the 'country house' was, because that's where she lived.

The Gestapo men got back in their jeep and headed there. Alina ran into the garden and was first to greet them.

'Hello, little princess,' the Nazi said. 'Is your father here?'

'Oh, he's in Paris.'

'Indeed. Can we speak to your mother?'

But she was already there, standing behind her daughter. Olga was short and stout, and stared straight at the Germans.

'This is a beautiful house, Frau Barsiak. We will be staying here from now on. You and your family have two hours to remove your valuables.'

As he spoke, my mum's Alsatian, Rex, jumped up for a pat. The Gestapo officer pulled out his gun and shot him in the head.

But the next morning, the Germans had gone. The Nazi-Soviet Pact stated that the Nazis would invade Poland from the west, the Soviets from the east; the two armies meeting at the River Bug. Olga's house was east of the River Bug, so the Soviet army should have got to it first, but a rogue battalion had ignored orders.

Then the Russians came. Olga had been frantically turning tarot cards ever since the Nazis left. She believed she had conjured up a magical force field that had enveloped the forest. It drove the Nazis away, she told Alina, and would now repel the Soviets. This time, it didn't. After interrogating Olga about her husband's whereabouts, soldiers demanded her jewellery and gold. 'I have no gold,' Olga said calmly. 'Search the property.' The soldiers ransacked the house, but found nothing.

Olga was not as stupid as her husband or children imagined. She had stayed up all night hiding her fortune. She cut open the seams of winter coats, dresses, waistcoats and corsets, and stuffed her family heirlooms – roubles, diamonds and gold, and cash – into every fold and hidden lining. Olga broke up the tiara she had worn for her coming-out ball in St Petersburg aged 16, and hid the stones behind a fabric panel in her fur coat. Her plan was to use her small fortune as a portable cash machine, bartering for survival.

### **30 September 1939**

#### **Lvov Station, eastern Poland**

The commander ordered a teenage soldier to escort Olga and Alina to the station, where a superior would decide if they were to be sent on to NKVD headquarters on the outskirts of Moscow, or killed. On the platform it was pandemonium. Hundreds of Poles were herded by Russian soldiers on to trains. Sensing his bewilderment, Olga

gave the boy some roubles and told him to look away. She and Alina joined a melee of Polish and Ukrainian families being pushed into the carriage of an old-fashioned train. Olga asked a Jewish doctor where they were heading. 'I'm afraid I have absolutely no idea,' he said.

The train passed charred villages burnt to the ground. One morning, it stopped without warning near a lake. Small wooden huts were arranged in rows. As far as the eye could see, there was nothing. No trees, no buildings, no mountains. They were in Siberia.

### **January 1940** **Siberia, Russia**

Olga and Alina's first winter in the Siberian labour camp was extraordinarily cold even by Siberian standards. Blizzards heaped 10 feet of snow and ice on to the roofs of the huts. It was rumoured that Russian soldiers were using stiff bodies as draft excluders.

Olga's hut became a sanctuary for both prisoners and their Russian captors. Shortly after arriving, she had delivered a baby for a woman in distress, using tarot cards and performing a spiritual ceremony with pebbles, earning herself a reputation as a 'good witch'. She read palms and the lines on people's faces, divining long lives and dozens of children. If they augured bad luck, she lied, saying the future looked rosy. (Her entry-level price for a 'consultation' was some bread and lard.) Alina was sceptical of her mother's powers. 'Do you think it's responsible to tell lies?' she asked her. 'I'm not lying,' Olga said. 'I'm giving hope.'

### **15 November 1941** **Siberia**

The month before Christmas, a Russian with an impressive moustache and a coat made of the pelts of stoats and squirrels arrived at the perimeter fence of the Siberian camp, handed a dirty envelope of money to the soldiers and gestured to the third hut from the end.

Alina was awestruck when the man walked in. He told them his name was Stefan and he had been sent to escort them to neutral Sweden: he would reunite them with Michael in a Red Cross camp near Stockholm.

Alina couldn't take it in. Her father was alive; not only that, he had paid to save them. It later transpired that when France fell to the Germans in June 1940, her father had moved to London with the Polish government-in-exile and had spent months trying to locate his family, before finally discovering Alina and Olga's whereabouts through the Red Cross. He had paid a man in a café in Bloomsbury to arrange their escape via a human smuggling network. It had taken 11 months for Stefan to reach them.

### **24 December 1941** **Tallinn, Estonia**

A month after leaving Siberia, Alina and Olga reached Tallinn. The city was bedlam. Six months earlier, the Nazis had been bombing it. Now the Germans were in control

and the Allies pummelled the city with their new allies, the Soviets. The Nazis had mined the harbour to make sure no one could get in or out but behind drawn curtains, deals were being struck with families desperate to escape. Stefan found a fisherman who agreed to help them get to Sweden. The fishing boat left at 2am. It wove in and out of sunken destroyers and from the sea, my mum watched the cathedral lit up by sudden flashes of Allied bombs exploding. Olga clutched Alina's arm and smiled broadly. Alina never forgot that smile.

## **January 1942**

### **Red Cross Hospital, southern Sweden**

Alina could not get over the fact that her father wasn't waiting for them in Sweden when they arrived. She blamed her mother and they stayed out of each other's way – Olga turned her tarot cards alone, Alina played hide and seek with other children who had made it to Sweden from all over Europe. The Swedish hospital was one of her happiest times. She was allowed to build dens and explore, free of danger, but it did not last long.

One morning Olga woke bolt upright. 'We're leaving. Pack your clothes.'

Olga had no idea what had happened to her [other three] children. Her choice now was brutal: stay safe in Sweden, or risk both their lives to find Kazhik, Jutta and Pavel. I asked my mother how she felt about this. 'We had safety for the first time in Sweden and I was happy. She decided to go to Warsaw because she felt guilty about leaving my brothers and sister behind... Well, what about me?'

Olga had no trouble finding a smuggler. The plan was to go from Sandhammaren in southern Sweden and cross to the Danish island of Bornholm, where they would be handed to another guide. There was one problem. The sea had frozen over and they would need dogs to pull them across. Some areas were thick with ice but others were too thin for a sled; they could fall through and drown.

## **23 January 1942**

### **Bornholm, Denmark**

The first half of the journey was uneventful but as the sled approached Bornholm, Olga became anxious. It was not the deserted stop-off point that their smuggler Orhan had led them to believe but a heavily fortified Nazi stronghold. Searchlights crisscrossed the ice. Orhan told Olga to remain calm. But Orhan had miscalculated their route. They were on the south side, near the Luftwaffe runway, the most heavily defended part of Bornholm. It was a massive cock-up.

Orhan pulled a white bed sheet out of a rucksack and they began tracking by foot across the ice. It was so cold, Alina could no longer feel her limbs. When the wind dropped there was silence. Then they heard the plane. It was a distant, tinny sound at first, but as it approached, its engine grew louder. It was a Luftwaffe reconnaissance light aircraft, out on a scout. Its searchlight shone directly on to the ice, which acted like a mirror, the single light becoming a thousand searchlights, each refracting off the surface. It was the most terrifying moment of Alina's life.

As the plane approached the searchlight became impossible to hide from; my mum



urinated in her pants. In a single balletic flourish, Orhan threw the white sheet over all three of them, so fast, my mum didn't know it had even happened. One moment they were exposed on the ice waiting to be shot at, the next lying flat on the ground with a sheet over them.

The reconnaissance plane was firing uncreatively in regular 10-second bursts. As it flew overhead, it was so fast and low that the sheet lifted. But the moment they were revealed, the pilot climbed steeply away.

## **February 1942**

### **Kołobrzeg to Warsaw, Poland**

When they reached Poland, Olga and Alina crossed a country they scarcely recognised. My mum had seen mutilated bodies in Siberia, but not on this scale. They lay piled against the side of the road or towns mixed in with the black, oily snow or stood against crucifixes in fields. Murdered by the Gestapo for collaborating with the resistance, or the other way round.

On a bright February morning, Olga and Alina finally arrived in Warsaw. Alina had not seen her brothers and sister for three years.

'What if they're not here?' she whispered nervously.

'They are,' Olga said. The tarot cards had foretold it.

She pressed the ivory doorbell of their second-floor apartment.

'Kto to jest? [Who is it?]' said a voice – it was Kazhik.

'Matka [Mother],' Olga replied.

In the kitchen they all embraced. Olga sat on the chair, weeping. Pavel put his arm around her. Kazhik told Alina a joke and pinched her cheek. She was just happy they were back together.

## **19 April 1943**

### **Warsaw**

The fire in the Jewish ghetto began on the eve of Passover, 14 months after my mum and Olga returned to Warsaw. Alina and Jutta were side by side at the piano. It was a perfect spring day and the windows were open.

The first thing they smelt were the flames; the burning of wood and oil drums. Jutta and Alina got up and looked out. The Jewish ghetto was on fire. Jutta gestured her back to the piano.

'Again,' she said.

Alina looked at the page. The notes were a blur. Jutta pointed at a polka.

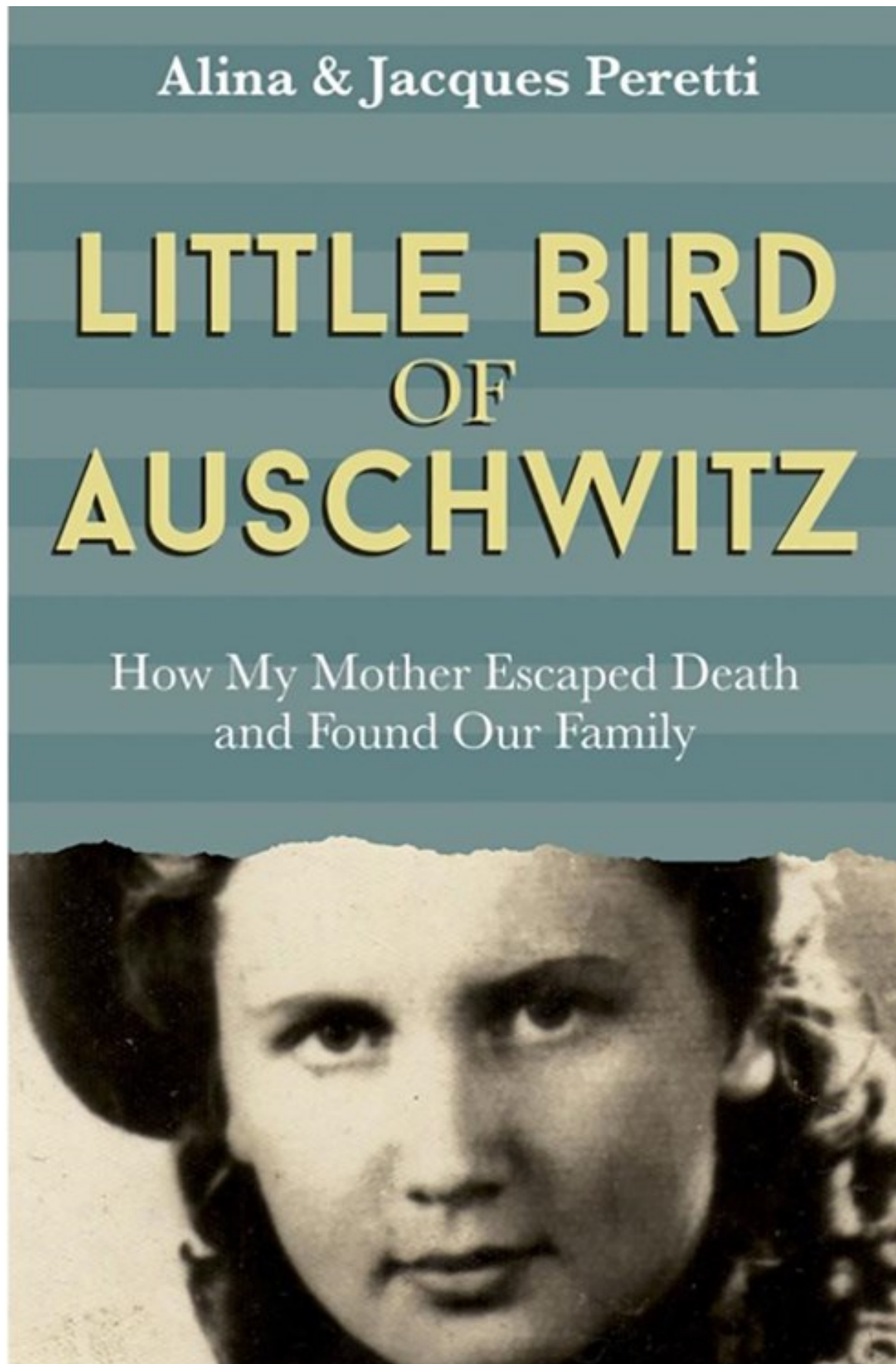
'Play.'

'You want me to play a merry dance and this is happening?'

'Play,' repeated Jutta.

Through the open windows of the city, were screams and cries. Alina knew exactly what the flames meant. As she played the jaunty polka, the sky turned redder, the air thick with smoke. She assumed that Jutta was trying to distract her from the horror, but she felt complicit, providing musical accompaniment to the deaths of thousands of people.

Abridged extract from *Little Bird of Auschwitz*, by Alina and Jacques Peretti (Hodder, £20) reproduced with kind consent from *The Daily Telegraph*. Book available at <https://books.telegraph.co.uk/>



# DEATHS

## Those Who Have Sadly Passed Away Since our Last Edition

John Hanson (1954). OHRFC Past President. Died 14th February 2022.

Brian Nicholls (1945). Died 27th January 2022.

Alan Phipps (1968). OHA Past President. Died 18th January 2022

Nicholas Godman (1954). Died 29th November 2021

Andrew Nicholas (1963). Died 28th November 2021

Commander Tony Higham (1967). Died 24th November 2021

Nick Twissell (1960). Died 1st November 2021

Sir Thomas Harris (1963). Died 12th October 2021

David Barker (1947). Died October 2021

Professor Chris Bryant (1955). Died 15th August 2021

Neil Forsyth (1945). OHA Past President. Died 25th July 2021.

Henry Edwards (1941). Died 16th May 2021

Timothy Baxter (1953). Died 15th May 2021

Tony Woolf (1942). Died 15th April 2021

Roger Lyle (1955) Former OHA Secretary. Died 10th April 2021

# OBITUARIES

## John Hanson ('54)



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 16<sup>th</sup> November 1957 – that is 65 years ago 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 Herts, Middlesex, Surrey & Notts Lincs & Derby. John was Club Captain in 1966 and 1967 and, as it was my 300<sup>th</sup> 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 1<sup>st</sup> 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 1<sup>st</sup> 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



# John Hanson Tribute at OHRFC Past Players Lunch 12th March 2022



Peter Shiells delivering his memories of John



Liz appreciating Peter's words



Kate, Liz & John's daughter, replies on behalf of family Hansen



Liz, Kate, Peter Shiells, OHA President Colin Blessley and Peter Vacher



This is special as its in front of Liz's father's memorabilia. Left to Right....Michael, Liz, Kate and David



# Alan Phipps ('68). Past OHA President 2001-2002



Alan Phipps was born on 17 October 1949 in Edmon-  
ton, 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 & played cricket & 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 5½ 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 7 years younger than Alan, was used as the ball girl when tennis was  
being played & 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 al-  
ways 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 stud-  
ied 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 de-  
gree & 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 them until 1979 when he 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 42 years living in Radlett and they celebrated their 40<sup>th</sup> 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 & Jane enjoyed holidays all over the world. India, South Africa, Zimbabwe & France were just a few of the places they visited. Alan loved to video when they were on holiday & 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 activity company was not to be held responsible but it was exciting & really very dangerous. He 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 & 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 & 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 & very well liked. He has been described in the many condolence cards that have been received by Jane as a lovely man, a dear & special friend, a kind & gentle man with a great sense of humour, intelligent & 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.



The following OH were also in attendance at Alan's funeral: David Heasman, Clive Hyman, Michael Filer, Rodney & Gillian Jakeman, Ian & Judy Smart, Andrew Tarpey, Jim Tarpey and Peter and Patricia Vacher.

## Andrew Nicholas ('63)



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

## Commander Tony Higham ('67)



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, skipping 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 fa-

avourite 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.

With thanks to The Times 21st December 2021

## Sir Thomas Harris ('63)



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 para-

noid 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.

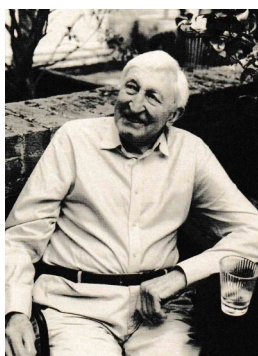
In 2004, after retiring from the Diplomatic Service, he became vice-chairman of Standard Chartered Bank, using his Asian contacts and expertise in particular, with frequent visits back to S Korea. He was also a trustee of the Imperial War Museum.

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.

Reproduced from The Times with thanks.

## David Barker ('47)



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.



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 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!

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.

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 of red and his favourite sardine pate!

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.

Eulogy given by James Barker (David's son)

## Professor Chris Bryant ('55)



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.

Thanks to Canberra Times for the Obituary

## Neil Forsyth ('45). OHA Past President 1988-89



This 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 distil 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.

The following OH attended: P John Egan ('56), Paul Eisenegger ('58), J Bill Felton ('56), C Rodney B Jakeman ('61)

## Henry Edwards ('41)



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 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 Sargent 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; Vanderwalk; The Avengers, and Sherlock Holmes.

## Timothy Baxter ('53)



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 Prialx 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.

## **Tony Woolf ('42)**

Tony Woolf, who died 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 predeceased 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 but 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.



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Surname	<input type="text"/>							<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>					
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How many entries would you like each week?

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☐ 5

☐ 6

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# CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

## OHRFC

Availability has been a perennial problem through the season as OHRFC seeks to rebuild and move forward post-COVID - we are not alone with this problem as English rugby seeks to relaunch after the ravages of the pandemic.



Our squad depth has been truly tested following the retirement of many players. The fact the RFU eventually overturned a 5-point deduction imposed when the 1XV was unable to field a qualified front row at least means the powers are starting to recognise the difficulties being experienced at grassroots rugby level

Playing stats perhaps lie a little. Clarky and his 1XV in London 1 North have P22 W9 L13, but in just the last four matches have taken 15 out of a possible 20 points, so back to scoring a hatful of tries. With only four games to go, the team sits comfortably above the "danger zone"....even if this is not applicable with no promotion or relegation this season. Gareth and his AXV/2XV have not been so fortunate and along with many other teams in Middx Merit Premier have struggled to put a side out week-on-week. There is no shortage of willing volunteers coming forward and it is hoped we will be back to a more solid number of playing personnel come next season. For the short term, our thoughts are with Gareth who suffered a season-ending leg fracture on the slopes and we all hope he will be fit and raring to go come Sept.

Social activity continues aplenty. We have only one Past Players Lunch to go this season (23-April for those interested!) and have enjoyed a full season of festive boards. The Oct-21 PPL will live long in the memory as over 100 lunchers converged on the Fortress, Croxdale Road to remember an OHRFC and OHA stalwart, Tony Alexander. Spirit and bonhomie are in abundance among supporters for sure. The players have also enjoyed some downtime across a number of socials, which bears well for the future. After a two year COVID curtailment, players and supporters will once again embark on the traditional end of season tour, somewhere secret, in mid-May

The mighty BW&M is rebuilding and looking to the future. Onwards and upwards

## OHCC

The cricket club enjoyed its first full season since 2019 this year. The 1st XI and 2nd XI finished 5th and 4th respectively in divisions 4a and 10a of the Herts League after mixed seasons and a few close games that could have gone either way, but both teams will hope to push for promotion in 2022.

Aside from league cricket, there was plenty of other cricket played during the season. Old Boys' Day took place on 27th June, where the Old Boys were able to retain the Nobbly Tanner trophy after the 1st XI earned a narrow 1-run victory sealing a 1-1 tie on the day.

We were also able to make our way down to Exeter this year for our Annual Tour to Devon. The week kicked off with a memorial to Simon Gelber in which Kilmington Cricket Club were presented with a bench in memory of Simon. The chairman said a few words, as did our past president Alan Newman. We also provided a silver salver as a trophy to play for each year to make the fixture extra special. We played 5 matches in total, winning 4 and losing 1. We had 20 joining us on tour in total, including significant others, and the week was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The Lord's dinner took place on Thursday 7th October and the occasion was enjoyed by all as we raised a glass to Simon and reflected on the season. The items left by Simon and donated by his partner Sue also raised a good sum of money for the cricket club.

We will look to build on 2021 in the New Year with the aim of winning new silverware, in what will be a special year as the cricket club celebrates 75 years of its existence. Please look out for communications on special events and matches to be scheduled throughout the summer.

## OHFC

It has been a rollercoaster end of season for Old Haberdashers FC. Since the turn of the year, a six match unbeaten run, including victories against Old Alleynians and Old Albanians from the divisions above us, saw us reach the finals of the league playoffs and the semi-final of the David Woolcott Trophy. However, the good times came to an end courtesy of a disappointing 3-2 defeat to Old Berkhamsteadians in the playoff final. We then managed to clinch a dramatic win versus Old Cheltonians - going all the way to penalties - in the DWT semi; meaning that, for the second season in a row, we will be making a cup final appearance.

The final will be versus Old Shirburnians on 30 April, hosted by old rivals Merchant Taylors, and if you're interested in coming to support (we would be delighted!) please contact [ohfcfixtures@gmail.com](mailto:ohfcfixtures@gmail.com).





## OHGS

After very limited golf in 2020, the OHGS were able to play more events in 2021. Although our regular Spring meeting did not take place for the second year running, we played a match during May at Moor Park against Old Millhillians and Old Lyonians. Old Millhillians won and the Old Habs were third - everybody was just pleased to be playing.

This was followed by a match at Porters Park against Old Fullarians and Old Aldenhamians which took place during June. The Old Habs played well and came second to the Old Fullarians by one point. A meal was also enjoyed afterwards in the clubhouse.

There was a Summer meeting in July at Harleyford which was enjoyed, though many people were away taking the opportunity for a holiday.

A match followed in September against Old Cholmeleians, also at Porters Park. Each team comprised 8 players, playing in pairs - and the 4 individual matches were closely fought, with the result being an enjoyable 2 - 2 draw.

Our Autumn meeting took place at Gerrards Cross towards the end of October. The sun was shining, but rain over previous night's meant that the course was very wet in places - with some temporary greens. Despite these wet conditions it was a good day followed by the usual high quality lunch. Trevor Harris was the overall winner accumulating 40 stableford points.

The final meeting of the year was the Habs Golf Day, organised by Andy Ward at the School and was played at Mill Hill Golf Club. This was the opportunity for current pupils, parents, school masters and Old Habs to take part. A number of Old Habs played and it was a successful event.

The OHGS always welcome new players, so please contact Robert Clarke ([robertc.clarke@btopenworld.com](mailto:robertc.clarke@btopenworld.com)) or Peter Mackie ([peter@petermackie.co.uk](mailto:peter@petermackie.co.uk)) if you wish to take part. The program of events for 2022 is currently being put together.

# OHRSC

The rifle club are about to emerge from hibernation, with the first practice shoot scheduled for Sunday March 20<sup>th</sup>. Competitive shooting starts on Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> April with the first round of the LMRA League. Fortunately rifle shooting has now returned almost to normality, so we have arranged a full programme from March to October.

One of the advantages of rifle shooting is that you can continue to a ripe old age, though you have to realise that that your scores won't be as good as they used to be! Another advantage is that you can compete in organised competitions around the world and I have made a point of visiting ranges in the warm continents. Sadly, we won't be touring this year, but the World Long Range Championships are scheduled to take place in South Africa in 2023/4. The last World championships were held at Trentham in New Zealand in 2019 and proved extremely difficult because of the wide variations in wind.



Scores were very varied, but even the Champion GB shots found it difficult!



Well, that was the World Championship and the Australians showed us all how it should be done and collected all the prizes!

I know everyone thinks that shooting is a lazy man's sport, especially when most of it is done lying down flat on the ground. To shoot well, however, requires a degree of fitness and an extreme amount of concentration. Also, some specialised equipment.

At Bisley we usually have markers to score the target for us and they put a small red disk in the shot hole, so we require a powerful telescope to see what is happening and keep a paper record of everything that is going on. Sometimes we use electronic targets, such as the one shown here (in Trinidad) and you need a console, or a



tablet or mobile phone to see what is happening at the far end.



In 2019, for a lighter event we joined a team to the West Indies and took part in their regional championship in Trinidad. This was rather more relaxed than the World Championships, but one disadvantage of the tropics is that when it rains it is really wet!

We have no plans to tour this year; but, perhaps, normal service will resume in 2023. In the meantime, the main event of the year – the Schools Veterans Match will be held on Thursday July 14<sup>th</sup> and followed by the Club's Annual Dinner at the LMRA clubhouse.

Anyone interested in joining us for a shoot, or for the dinner should contact

Dick Winney at [rwinney@compuserve.com](mailto:rwinney@compuserve.com).

**Don't Forget to Book Your Place at  
the OHA Annual Dinner**



## Past Presidents

1888-93 R.W. HINTON	1934-35 L.P. BATSON	1976-77 L.F. BROWN
1893-96 W.J. JONES	1935-36 J.E.G. MOODY	1977-78 J.A.R. BEAUMONT
1896-97 W.C. WITT	1936-37 P.G. MACDONALD	1978-79 B.H. MCGOWAN
1897-98 S. PHILLIPS	1937-38 D.L.I. EVANS	1979-80 P.J. STEVENSON
1898-99 A.S.K. SCARF	1938-45 L.J. GOOCH	1980-81 A.G. BUCHANAN
1899-1900 W.H. BARKER	1945-46 H. NORMAN	1981-82 A.T. WHITE
1900-01 H.K. SELMAN	1946-47 W.R. CLEMENS	1982-83 C.R.B. JAKEMAN
1901-02 H.G. DOWNER	1947-48 W.H. CROSSMAN	1983-84 D.A. JAMES
1902-03 C.E. NEWBEGIN	1948-49 F.H. YALE	1984-85 B.A. GOODMAN
1903-04 H.M. WAYNFORTH	1949-50 A.G. JENKINS	1985-86 G.T. WHEAL
1904-05 J.H. TOWNEND	1950-51 DR T.W. TAYLOR	1986-87 J.G. STAGG
1905-06 H.A. HARMER	1951-52 A.N. BONWICK	1987-88 P. ALTERMAN
1906-07 W.A. LYTHABY	1952-53 S.H. BEAN	1988-89 N. FORSYTH
1907-08 G.J. FREEMAN	1953-54 S.E. PHILLIPS	1989-90 A.F. COOPER
1908-09 H.F. BROOKS	1954-55 T.N. MCEVOY	1990-91 P.J.S. VACHER
1909-10 V.J. MOULDER	1955-56 G. BATCHELOR	1991-92 A.J.S. ALEXANDER
1910-11 E.J.G. SMEE	1956-57 P.C. BROOKER	1992-93 P.J. EGAN
1911-12 C.J.L. WAGSTAFF	1957-58 G.G. LLOYD	1993-94 M.J. BOVINGTON
1912-13 W. PADDOCK	1958-59 F.A. JACKMAN	1994-95 A.K. DAWSON
1913-18 W.C. BRETT	1959-60 L.J. MILLER	1995-96 R.M. KIPPS
1918-19 W. PADDOCK	1960-61 REV. A.M. MANN	1996-97 C.R.B. JAKEMAN
1919-20 H.B.P. HUMPHRIES	1961-62 C.G. GARDNER	1997-98 J.R. WHITTENBURY
1920-21 REV. F.J. KEMP	1962-63 K.H. BLESSLEY	1998-99 A.E. MORRIS
1921-22 REV. W.H. BRAINE	1963-64 M.J. JACKMAN	1999-00 A.M. NEWTON
1922-23 K. MCMILLAN	1964-65 J.B. BLOWFELD	2000-01 H.E. COUCH
1923-24 J.N. GREEN	1965-66 D.A. BLESSLEY	2001-02 A.J. PHIPPS
1924-25 H. PARKER	1966-67 D.W. WELLS	2002-03 D.J. BROWN
1925-26 H.H. CHAPLIN	1967-68 E. CINNAMON	2003-04 G.J. MACFARLANE
1926-27 S.H. NORTON	1968-69 J.S. ALEXANDER	2004-05 D.J. HEASMAN
1927-28 G.C. LUNDBERG	1969-70 E.T. PURCELL	2005-08 A.P.S. NEWMAN
1928-29 H.E. DULCKEN	1970-71 N.A.H. JAMES	2008-10 H.A. HYMAN
1929-30 L.J. HASKINS	1971-72 E.H. AMSTEIN	2010-12 J.A. CORRALL
1930-31 A.C. MANN	1972-73 R.A. BENGE	2012-15 C.P. BLESSLEY
1931-32 S.E. WAVELL	1973-74 P. ALTERMAN	2015-16 M.S. BAKER
1932-33 W.F. SERBY	1974-75 C.J. ROBINSON	2016 - C.P. BLESSLEY
1933-34 J. LUCAS	1975-76 D.G. KENWARD	