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from The president

Examination grade inflation never seems to stray far from the education headlines, especially when the government, in the differing shapes of Michael Gove and Nicky Morgan, commits itself to a more rigorous control of what Milton Friedman might call the marks supply.

A particularly striking piece of research, conducted at Loughborough University, into grades at A-level Maths, was published this month in the British Educational Research Journal. Using new and sophisticated methods of comparison, which I do not begin to comprehend, it apparently demonstrated that a “B” achieved in 2010 represented an “E” in 1960. However, it also showed that a 2010 “B” involved the same level of achievement as a 1990 “B”. In this particular study the decline in standards had occurred from 1960 – 1990. The research did not chart the downward path within that thirty – year period. There is substantial further research evidence as to other subjects pointing in the same direction, though predictably challenged by teachers' unions and other authoritative bodies. I should add that none of this suggests any devaluation of achievement at QE where A – level “B”s are a breach of school rules.

The naïve observer, wholly uninformed as to educational realities, might have expected that real educational standards, as measured at various stages of a student's progress, would generally rise over half a century of increasing national prosperity and, over the last twenty years, a technological revolution which gives unprecedented access to information and assistance, undreamt of by the A – level candidate of 1960. (OK. I had better come clean right now and admit that, by coincidence, I took my A levels in 1960 but a closer acquaintance with the striking achievements of our successors at QE today leaves me very far from any sense of educational superiority!).

That rising prosperity has, in general, been reflected, until recently, in an upward trend in public expenditure on education in real terms. As a percentage of national income, public expenditure on education, according to HM Treasury, rose from 3% in 1955 to about 6.4% in 2010, though a similar percentage (about 6.2%) was reached as early as the mid – 1970s. Measured in these terms, it then fell back somewhat until 1999 when it resumed the upward march.

Calculated in real terms (ignoring inflation), expenditure rose by a factor of 7.5 on a fairly steady gradient from 1955 to 2010.

Of course, these figures encompass all three stages of education and all forms of expenditure, whether capital or revenue. Until quite recently, secondary education has attracted higher annual expenditure per student, although there has been a growing emphasis on primary and pre – school education for some time now.



Elizabethans

OECD comparative figures for 2011 demonstrate that the UK is one of the higher spenders per secondary school pupil, marginally below the USA and France but ahead of Germany, Japan, Korea and other European neighbours outside Scandinavia. Obviously, one should not ignore the contribution of private expenditure on education but the UK has a larger private sector relative to its size than the great majority of its competitors.

All this amounts to a tediously drawn – out introduction to the constantly – posed question, why are we as a nation so unsuccessful at educating young people for the demands of the contemporary world? How is it that Ofsted's Chief Inspector was driven to warn Liverpool and Manchester that they risked a “lost generation” of young people, unequipped by their schooling to meet the region's needs in the coming decades ? Whilst I accept that the evidence presented above as to expenditure needs a lot of fleshing out, I cannot see that Michael Gove was far wrong when he dismissed inadequate funding as the core of the national problem. Unfair distribution of funds, which is currently the focus of parliamentary concern and, allegedly of DfE activity, may indeed create acute local problems but it can be rectified and it does not explain poor secondary standards in financially favoured London Boroughs (No. Not Barnet!).

Of course, primary and secondary education have shouldered their share (some would say more than their share) of cuts as part of the austerity project. Nobody would argue that we should reduce educational expenditure, if we can afford to maintain it. Yet the evidence of the recent past when it was rising for a sustained period at an unprecedented rate in real terms, inspired by Tony Blair's repetitive mantra, defies any claim that money is the fundamental solution. Important, of course but far from definitive.

Parental contributions to a child's education are very hard to measure unless the child is educated at home. Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that supportive and informed parents and family are a major factor in creating a happy and cohesive school, quite apart from the direct assistance given to the development of the individual child. During my time at QE, parents, like Victorian children, were expected to be seen – on the muddy edges of rugby pitches – and not heard. They had no role and certainly no prospect of an audience with the Headmaster, even en masse. Today, the quality of parental support and the skill with which it is harnessed vary vastly from school to school. In a good school I suspect that family input is a significant factor in the educational standards achieved.

Which brings us, of course, to the quality of the teachers. Those of us who have not had a career in teaching tend to refer back to our experiences as pupils in assessing how far the strength of the teaching staff determines the academic success of the school. My experience was of a mixed staff (then Common Room), largely populated by able men, teaching from memory what they had taught from conviction in the 30s, enjoyably cynical, often witty, sometimes scholarly, treading water on their way to

retirement. Within their ranks were a minority of younger men, keen, energetic and imaginative who made us think, sometimes inspired us, and soon moved on to senior posts elsewhere.

Nobody doubts, I fancy, that the overall quality of the teaching staff is more critical than buildings, funding or parental push, important as every one of them is. We shall always find great teachers within rotten schools, armed with that indefinable gift of communicating excitement and enthusiasm. Beside them, however, in such establishments, will be able people, drained of energy and of the idealism which brought them through college or university into teaching, demoralised and defeated, playing out time.

The vital ingredient in the transformation from failure to success is surely leadership. The ability of one man or woman to transform a school in an astonishingly short time is one of society's most valuable assets. Different leaders may use different methods and present quite contrasting personalities. But, from whatever walk of life, we all recognise such people when we see them. They are people who shake the demoralised from their depression, who give students a sense of belonging to something special, who sometimes offend and sometimes charm, who attract good teachers from elsewhere, rightly keen to take part in a success story.

In its use of sponsorship within the Academy system and the insertion of "Super Heads" into failing schools, HMG has acknowledged this obvious truth.

Education has more in common with successful businesses than we are sometimes inclined to acknowledge.

Oh dear! One of the curses of advancing age is succumbing to the temptation to pontificate on matters way outside your competence...

David Farrer

from the president

The Master of the great game

Two years ago the weather was depressingly cold and wet. I felt I needed an injection of sunshine and adventure to brighten up my life and decided that it was time to read Kipling's *'Kim'* once again.

I duly spent a most enjoyable week wandering along the highways and byways of Imperial India in the company of the orphan Kim O'Hara - a sort of half-caste Artful Dodger who lives by his wits in the bazaars of Lahore - and the old Tibetan Lama whose acolyte he chose to become. I particularly enjoyed reading once more how in the process Kim becomes inducted into the secret world of intelligence-gathering and in the end acquitted himself well when faced with 'the enemy' on the Himalayan borders of the British Empire.

I also reacquainted myself with Kim's colourful collection of friends and acquaintances who, over the years, have become my friends and acquaintances - Mahbub Ali, the Afghan horse trader and secret agent, with his henna-dyed beard; Colonel Creighton, the mysterious spy-master; Hurree Chunder Mookerjee (MA Calcutta), the fat Bengali Babu who, despite his bulk, was one of the Colonel's best men; and the rich Sahiba who doted not only on the old Lama, but on his irrepressible young companion - to name but a few.

Kim is a boy of huge charm and engaging vulnerability, who takes a childlike pleasure in adventure and has a genuine resolve to prove to himself and to the world in general that he is a worthy son of Kimball O'Hara, late of the British Army, whose name he bears. Round his neck he carries the papers entrusted to him on his parent's deathbed which confirm his pedigree.

He is irreverent, quick-witted and blessed with both intelligence and charm. He has many adventures with the Lama as he helps the old man search for the river that is said to have sprung from the ground where the arrow that the Lord Buddha fired from his death-bed fell. All the while, though, he is also looking for The Mavericks, his father's old regiment. The Lama believes that if he finds the river before he dies he will be blessed. Kim believes that if he can find The Mavericks he, too, will be blessed.

When I finished *'Kim'* I turned to another great favourite of mine - *'Quest for Kim'* by the late Peter Hopkirk. Hopkirk, a seasoned journalist who was for 20 years Chief Reporter on 'The Times', made a speciality of the 19th Century contest between the great powers for influence in Asia. His best-known book is *'The Great Game: the struggle for empire in Asia'*, a definitive study of the clandestine work that went by that nickname.

In the early 1990s, in a more lighthearted mode, Hopkirk travelled to the Sub-Continent to follow in the footsteps of Kim and the Lama to see if he could identify the places and people they had met on their travels. He worked on the assumption that Kipling would probably have drawn on real people and places and he tried to match the story to those that can still be identified.

'Quest for Kim' is a wonderful book - such a simple idea, yet full of wisdom and insight and is the key to a marvelous journey from Lahore through modern India and finally to the North-West Frontier. If *'Kim'* is a book that you love, then this is a book you will also love. It is enormous fun.

'*Quest for Kim*' contains one disappointment: Hopkirk's search for the house in Simla of Lurgan Sahib, the antiquarian who taught Kim the craft of intelligence-gathering proved fruitless. He did a great deal of research and talked to many people, but failed to identify the exact building where Lurgan had his shop. In passing he refers to a book by an Anglo-Indian author, Ruskin Bond, entitled '*Rain in the Mountains*'. He had hoped it might provide clues to the whereabouts of the house but, to his regret, it did not do so.

Intrigued, I bought a copy of Bond's book, which is about life in the foothills of the Himalayas and thoroughly enjoyed it. Sad to report it did not provide the clues Hopkirk sought. Intrigued I duly ordered another of Mr Bond's books - a collection of largely autobiographical essays entitled '*The Lamp Is Lit*' and to my delight found in that volume a passage that read '*Not far from Christ Church (in Simla) is the corner where a great fictional character, Lurgan Sahib, lived*'.

I tried to contact Hopkirk to pass on this snippet of information, but learned that sadly old age had caught up with him. He was suffering from dementia and was living in a care-home. I would have loved to have had an exchange of letters with one of my heroes, but it was not to be. He died on 22 August 2014.

His books will live on as a memorial to a remarkable man who led a remarkable life. Their titles alone illustrate what I mean. In addition to '*Quest for Kim*' and '*The Great Game*' he also wrote:

Foreign Devils on the Silk Road

Trespassers on the Roof of the World

Setting the East Ablaze - Lenin's Dream of an Empire in Asia

On Secret Service East of Constantinople

I list them to whet the appetites of OEs who may share my interest in The Great Game. One can but wish that the leaders of Russia and The West had bothered to read them before embarking on more recent wars in Afghanistan!

I also recommend Ruskin Bond's books which are legion and many of which I have bought since discovering him. I especially love the short novel he wrote as a 17 year-old boy called '*Room on the Roof*' which won the John Llewellyn Rees Memorial Prize in 1957.

Richard Davies



Elizabethan Desert Island

Bob Thorogood QE 1949 - 1954,

Leicester House, House Master J A Winter, House Captain K B Cooper

I was just two at the start of the Second World War. I have few memories until 1940 when my father, a Police Sergeant in Muswell Hill, thought that Mother, my sister and I would be safer in Dorking with my Grandmother. I was mercifully unaware of the hazards of invasion but can remember fighter plane 'dog fights' in the blue skies of that summer. I have a permanent image of part of a German airman floating down in his parachute. Father remained on duty throughout the Blitz and on return from Dorking we spent some time at home in N10 with a Morrison shelter installed in the dining room. At the sound of the air raid warning I would be carried downstairs, wrapped up, to be installed in the steel cage until the welcome sound of the all-clear. We were near, but not too near, a V1 rocket that shook the house.

Father managed to get us away for a private evacuation to Staithes, an isolated fishing village on the East Coast of Yorkshire. Staithes is now a holiday village with an artistic community but then it was full of fisher folk who rarely if ever ventured up the steep hill. It was my first sight of the sea. We stayed in the Cottage Hospital run by Nurse Prior, a stout and typically outspoken Yorkshire lady. Her husband, a quiet silent type, worked in the steelworks at Redcar. Her visits to the outlying farms on the moors yielded food, good food! Gorgeous butter for instance, (off ration of course). My sister and I went to school there for about eighteen months. I celebrated my 6th birthday marooned in Nurse Priors' Morris Eight, bogged down on one of the farm tracks, on a black cloudy day with torrential rain. She had to walk to the farm in gumboots and we were later pulled out of the mire by a very large horse.

My primary schooling was continued at St James' Muswell Hill until moving to the Police Station at Willesden Green in early 1948, where I happily spent my leisure hours in the hay loft over the horses in the stable, reading books and scoffing sweets among the mice. There was an enormous garden attached to the Station that was used to build two police houses (incidentally by the John Lewis Partnership). Spending much time on site was probably the origin of my later career in the Construction Industry. Whilst there I was fortunate to get tickets for the Olympic Games at Wembley, quite an experience in those years shortly after the war. Money was scarce of course but it was an uplifting event for the country after the deprivation of the war years. (e.g. Sidney Wooderson and Fanny Blankers-Koen, 'The flying housewife').

My father was promoted to Inspector whilst there so we were moved again, this time to the Barnet Police Station flat. Somehow I had managed to pass the scholarship and whereas I was expecting to go to the local grammar school, my roots were pulled up and I was planted in Barnet. Where to though? Father managed to enter me on the QE list for an interview to see if they might accept me. I was shown into the Head's study by Miss Strongman. Mr E.H Jenkins MA Oxon asked a few choice questions, such as "What are the constituents of paint?", and I was given a book from which to read an excerpt. I read - correctly - 'he extemporised a tourniquet' and was asked its meaning. Result! Success! I was in. This proved to be a major moment in my life. The first day found me timidly standing in Queen's Road at the gates of the School together with a crowd of boys, none of whom I knew. I must have had my kit bag with me full of brand new shirts, shorts etc. Peg number 124.

I managed to keep my head mostly above the water in form; terribly weak in Maths, reasonable in Languages, hardly scientific, very average at sport. I learned to swim and had a huge boost

when exchanging the red trunks for blue ones, having swum the length and jumped off the high board. OMG! Terrified to jump, terrified not to. My compatriots in Form 2b turned out to be a friendly and sociable crowd, many of whom have remained good friends ever since. Being a 'T' meant sitting near the back of the class which may not have been a good thing. The 'Ws' were a mega distraction, but I shall not name them. When the moment for specialisation came it was decided that I should be a Classicist. (I had no say of course). The compelling reasons being that my Latin was better than my French so my Ancient Greek would be better than my German. It was obvious I was not Oxbridge material, so I continued to study French and Latin to A level but left before the exams. I recall having quite a few PS periods (Private Study), in which we played chess on a mini peg-in board. It was thus I obtained 5 decent O levels (including Maths at the 2nd attempt) and an F in Ancient Greek...

Armed with these skills I accepted a five year Pupilship with John Laing & Son Ltd as a surveyor and eventually qualified as a Quantity Surveyor. They provided my income for 41 years and then I took the major step of becoming self-employed for 15 years. For the first 20 years I played for the OE Rugby Club working my way up from the B XV to Captain the A XV. The records probably don't show that we won the Team Cup three years in succession. Whilst a bachelor I also played cricket for Bentley Heath CC, sometimes getting into the First Eleven on the strength of my fielding prowess at cover point.

Our children and grandchildren are a great delight to us and remind us of the lightning passage of time. We have enjoyed much international travel, sometimes with a few risks! The bus ride from Katmandhu to Pokhara for one (precarious is an understatement) and the Maoist Nepalese taxi drivers armed strike another. Not to mention terrorist incidents in Cairo and Hurghada.

So here I am marooned on a tropical desert island with plenty of time to ponder on the years past.



Favourite Film: "**Henry V**" with Sir Laurence Olivier. The fusillade of arrows from the longbows just amazing and the cry of "England and St George" stirring indeed.

Favourite Music: I love all forms of music (excluding Sir Michael Tippett's). Had I my life over again I would have learned the piano and progressed to the organ. Barnet Jazz Club was a wonderful experience for instance. I am no relative of George Thorogood and the Destroyers by the way. All the favourites, Humphrey Lyttleton, Terry Lightfoot nostalgia beckons. Margaret and I danced the hours away with the famous North Twenty Formation Team and the music of Joe Loss and Victor Sylvester is very evocative. I choose Ralph Vaughan Williams' Overture to The Wasps as my favourite and my favourite artiste is **Elkie Brooks**.



Favourite Country: Perhaps surprisingly, the **USA**, on account of our eldest daughter and family living in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. We visit a couple of times a year arranging a week's holiday in different areas and then a fortnight staying with them. We've seen much of America and have been in nineteen states

altogether so far, recently Hilton Head Island and previously Williamsburg have proved to be great visits. Adam Thoroughgood (I think his father was Thorowgood so spelling was of no consequence) was a very early settler and founder in Virginia in 1620. I can't track the family tree yet but it's very probable, as he came from Anglia where my Great Great Grandfather lived. My favourite city was Vancouver but is now Geneva having visited there in October.



Favourite Musical: **Children of Eden**, in which our eldest Grandson performed the lead in the USA in his Senior School production. It was very moving in all aspects. He's very much into amdram at Duke University, Durham, North Carolina. Favourite play: The Importance of Being Earnest.

Favourite Person in History: **Hannibal**, for his incredible determination and achievements. I have learned about him from my membership of a local Latin Group that has been light entertainment for me for many years. You see, what goes around comes around! It is making up for all that time spent playing chess in Private Study!!



ANNUAL DINNER REMINDER...ANNUAL DINNER REMINDER

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2016

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OE Literary Launch

Roger Birchall, a staunch supporter and patron of The Elizabethan over many issues, is stepping out in style with a new self-published book, **“Immortality and Me”**.

In discussion with Roger he gave a few clues and an exclusive taster:-

Ed: Why the decision to self-publish?

RB: I can't suggest it has attracted any backing from a literary agent or a publishing house, but it seems they are not interested in the efforts of a man of my age who had a happy childhood, has an ordinary sexual orientation and will not write another book - most likely...

Ed: How would classify your book?

RB: It gets worse, my book is hard to classify; part fiction with some non-fiction, a very small part reminiscence and lots of parodies of famous voices, both current and long gone. Is it funny? Some of the time. Is it serious? Not so much that it is distressing for the Remove.

Ed: What prompted you to write it?

RB: Partly to see if my shouting at the television could be turned into something more fitting for a man of my kindly temperament, and partly to see if I had actually done any real thinking over the last fifty years. And then I realised I could achieve immortality by inventing new words and phrases that could pass into common usage. Am I serious? That would be up to you to decide, having read it.

So ,dear readers, here is a quick dive into Roger's world, and the introduction to the chapter called “U.S.S. Apocalypse”:-

With apologies to Bob Newhart, who delighted so many of us in the 1960s with his groundbreaking monologues, he was the first person to manage being his own straight man, often by assuming the character of a timid everyman, rather put-upon and humourless. He turns up in U.S.S. Codfish, where he is the Captain of a nuclear submarine giving an address to the crew after they had spent two years, non-stop, on active service. At the crucial moment when they are about to surface and go on leave, he decides it is the right time to review the whole voyage. It turns out he is a man in total denial, trying to cling to some remnant of authority long after it has disappeared (if he ever had any). Every calamity is masked by his attempt to carry the men along with him. In one upbeat observation he said they added, '...another glorious page to the history of the U.S.S. Codfish...' which turns out to be establishing the record for the largest sinking of Japanese shipping - in peacetime! He starts another, 'Uh...looking back on the mutiny...'

We don't know, but what if God is like this man? It struck me there were lots of similarities, or could be lots of similarities. If this God ever decided the end really was nigh then he might decide to talk to us and it might go something like this...

If you want to read more, go to Lulu.com, find the Bookstore and simply type in Roger Birchall.

Ed



Tolerance

During a hustings in the recent general election I asked our soon-to-be-re-elected MP when tolerance had become a one-way street. He either misunderstood the question or side-stepped it—I received no answer. But anyone reading the news with half a mind can see that there seem to be two violently conflicting definitions of the word. When I was still a student Professor Bernard Crick wrote “Tolerance is not indifference: it is a deliberate limitation of one's response to something of which one disapproves. To tolerate an idea is not to accept the idea, but simply to accept its expression. And to tolerate the behaviour of others is not then to be intolerant if one refuses to behave that way oneself and indeed if one says so.” Two recent cases come to mind. The first concerns the husband and wife who refused to accommodate two gays in their boarding house, and who were convicted of unlawful discrimination. The second concerns the bakers in Northern Ireland who refused to decorate a cake with a slogan backing gay marriage, and who were likewise found guilty. My own reaction was: Were these gays agents provocateurs? Could they not have found satisfaction elsewhere? Did they deliberately set out to cause maximum publicity for their cause?

But I am also concerned about a more insidious trend. The more militant members of whatever disaffected minority group are ignoring – or are not aware of – Professor Crick's words; they are not content with mere tolerance, but want – demand – approbation, and to voice disapproval is to be the worst sort of bigot. Shortly before I retired from the teaching profession I was a member of an Inset session; one of our “lecturers”, a young black teacher asserted that all white teachers were racists. I pointed out that this was in itself a racist comment; he was apparently quite upset, the inference being that black people could not possibly be racist. I should emphasise that a good third of the pupils, and a couple of the teachers, in the school were of one ethnic minority or another, and that relations in the school were as good as one could wish – in the ten years I was there, there was not a single incident of racism.

And then there is the other side of the coin. Those of us who hold unfashionable “quaint” views on marriage are not to be accorded the same courtesy: because we disagree our views must be “intolerable”, and we should not be allowed to express them. At my church in Bexley recently (URC) we discussed the pros and cons of gay marriage; with one or two exceptions we favoured the idea of gay people being allowed to set up partnerships, but the great majority were against the hi-jacking of the word “marriage”. Even within our church community there were some who immediately labelled us “bigots” and “homophobes” for expressing such a view. I pointed out that gays were already enjoying positive discrimination, being allowed civil partnerships, which are not allowed to straight couples. (One solution would be that which I believe pertains in France, where all arrangements are registered as civil partnerships, with a church blessing an optional extra.) If discrimination on the grounds of religion is now illegal, why are those who take offence at Christians treated so leniently? And what would be the outcome if a Christian went to court to complain about “offensive behaviour”? A friend of mine recently tackled a gay colleague who was being quite offensive about Christian beliefs: he said that if he – my friend – were to criticise a gay's way of life he could be prosecuted; but Christians had no redress against criticisms of their own way of life. This is where that one-way street is so clear; if the law is being used to allow such prejudice, shouldn't the law be changed?

One last point: would it not be better all round if parties who disagree on anything could



participate in reasoned argument and debate on the pros and cons of an entrenched position? People who assume that their cause is made stronger by simply shouting do themselves no good regarding the plausibility of their case. I recall an old proverb – possibly Zulu in origin: I cannot hear what you are saying because you are shouting too loudly. And lastly there is one of Bertrand Russell's own Ten Commandments: When you meet with opposition, even if it should be from your husband or your children, endeavour to overcome it with argument and not by authority, for a victory dependent upon authority is unreal and illusory.

Geoff Birch

summer soulstice

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25th June at Gypsy Corner

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NEWS & VIEWS



Elizabethans

News, views and letters to the editor

Hello All

I do hope you are enjoying the latest effort and finding the delicate blend of ancient, old and faintly modern to your taste. If not you know where to find me – daren.norris@ntlworld.com – and I am delighted to say that more and more of you are doing just that. Not just tempted by the thrill of seeing your name in lights, you are bringing all sorts of treasure to the membership. I thank you all.

Fast approaching Special Correspondent status, David Lowen reports that, having seen John “BOP” Wakelin’s address in the last issue of “The Elizabethan” he plucked up courage and wrote to him. He received a very warm response and to his great pleasure the great man remembered David from the 1950s and wrote a nice reply. In his letter BOP mentioned books he had written and said that he had a new one coming out soon. Simply type his name into Amazon Books and take your pick!

Now hold on to your hats and hairpieces, he comes some less savoury stuff...

Sir

Alan Solomon’s article in the September Elizabethan held fond memories of my time at QE (1947 – 53) when EHJ was in his pomp. I always heard the part of the charter referred to as “toties, quoties, St Albans and Dunstable”, clearly I got that wrong and as a result of Alan’s writing I am now much better informed!

In those years we all ate lunch together in the School Great Hall at long tables, each in our own house with the Housemaster at the head of the senior table and another master at the head of a junior table. There were four houses then so eight long tables were set in the hall. EHJ and other masters ate on the elevated stage, I suppose in some way to establish a collegiate appearance. The staple diet seemed always to be what we called “backbone stew”, doubtless highly nutritious but lacking any aesthetic appeal. One day while eating the ubiquitous stew a small boy at one of the junior tables nearby pulled from his stew a dead and partly cooked mouse which must have fallen in at some stage of the preparation. Holding it up by the tail he called to the master at the head of his table “Sir, sir, look what I have found in my stew”. Without any hesitation the master replied “Do not eat it boy, put it on the side of your plate and continue with your meal”, and so he did. I am unsure who the master was but I have a feeling it might have been Mr Crofts. Perhaps someone with a better memory than mine will also recall the incident and clarify this.

I was saddened to read of the death of Don Palumbo who was a very senior figure when I started at the school but unlike some prefects of the time he did not persecute small boys!

Thank you for a magazine that is always of interest and recalls memories which from this distance now have a rosier look than was apparent at the time!



Sir,

Have you ever had one of those moments when something you have always believed in turns out to be wrong? I have just had one of those moments, courtesy of a certain Alan Solomon. Let me explain.

I was a non-Barnet pupil, living in Waltham Cross while at School then subsequently moving to the wilds of Essex, then Suffolk. Therefore my connection with QE since leaving has been almost non-existent. However I have my memories, most of them pleasant.

In June my thoughts turn to Founder's Day; heartily singing Jerusalem in Church (EHJ's instructions to the choir- "we will have no spearo gentlemen, Mr Blake had no spearo and neither shall we"). Then walking back along Wood Street and onto Stapleton for roll call and the reading of the Chronicle, and at last - my four friends Toties Quoties Twardly and Docible.

Having heard their names for so many years they indeed felt like friends. I particularly felt a kinship with Docible. I imagined him to be a gentle fellow, going on from School perhaps to strut his doublet and hose on the Elizabethan stage or perhaps to become a leading light with the Queen's Musick. Now all this is gone! Are we are to believe that these four fine fellows are the figments of the classically educated mind of Ernest Harold Jenkins? Mr Solomon shame on you, to take a man's friends away with the mere stroke of a keyboard. It is despicable sir.

Yours in sorrow and mourning,

John Witney (1953-61)

an update from your membership secretary

Martyn Bradish

Deaths

Mr A J P	Alan	Sweetman	1942-45
Mr D B	Donald	Palombo	1943-50
Mr J A		Pratt	1946-56
Mr A F	Alan	Mann	1942-50

Changes

Mr A F	King	1947-55
Mr J E	Kennedy	1988-95
Mr M	McCarthy	1972-78
Mr R H	Paget	1952-59
Mr J E	Howe	1974-80
Mr C H	Shirley	1955-62



A voice crying in the wilderness

By Sir Leslie Fielding

No one likes “Fundis”.

In Iran, in the 1950s, there were more than a few. At one point, in the holy city of Qom, stones were thrown and I had to do a runner. In the holy city of Meshed, deep and dark in the busy covered bazaar, I bumped into a couple of mullahs, one of whom spat at me, while the other hissed najes (meaning “unclean”). These days, in modern Iran, the clergy are more likely to be spat at by their own people than to spit at foreigners, such is the popular resentment of theocratic kleptocrats. But, in Qom and Meshed then, sixty years ago, it was I, the Englishman, who was at the receiving end.

Looking back in anger, I can nevertheless understand why - I was the very icon of the ethnic and cultural outsider. With red hair, blue eyes and a white face with freckles, I stood out in the crowd. Indeed, an elderly but waggish Persian language tutor, in the southern city of Shiraz, likened me to the Div-e-Safid, or “white devil” of Persian legend, whose spotted and sinister portrait was painted over the main gateway of the local prison. (The building, formerly the palace of Karim Khan Zand, is today a fine municipal art museum, so the reader can safely check it out). I remember protesting to this tutor that, whatever the other commonalities, I did not have horns like the Div. But he repeated: “Are you quite sure?”, ruffling my thick curly hair.

On the other hand, everyone likes the Sufis. In Tehran, I knew a Sufi circle and occasionally sat with them as they meditated – periods of silence broken by ecstatic monosyllabic pieties or the recitation of sonorous verses from the Persian mystics.

I thought of those Sufis early one evening in the Alburz mountains to the north of Tehran. A high-pitched voice echoed eerily through the hills, the singer invisible behind some fold in the terrain. The voice sang sorrowfully, about the human passions. For this was a passionate love song. But, who was the beloved and what was the courtship?

It was the short, spring season in Iran. The normally parched and barren desert was briefly spread with wild flowers. The hill pastures were green. Flocks of goats wandered, greedily grazing under the eye of their guardians. I was with a party of young people from the embassy, on a country picnic. The sun was still warm. Soon it would be time for us all to pile into our Land Rovers and head south for Tehran. I had taken myself off for a short, solitary walk, watching the shadows begin to lengthen on the hillsides, admiring the bold contours of the green and khaki landscape. On the horizon to the north was the smudged blue of a high range of mountains, still topped with snow. It was then that the singing began. Perhaps a shepherd boy. His words seemed to convey something like this:

“Where are you, my beloved? Everywhere I see you. But you hide yourself from me.
My love of you knows no bounds. I am your devoted one, your slave.
If only you would turn your gaze on me”.

Taken together, the voice and setting were compelling. I stopped in mid-stride. No crunch of the desert beneath my boots, the stillness of my immediate surroundings broken only by the bleat of distant flocks. Reality was the voice – unimaginably beautiful. As it seemed, all else

was illusion. Listening carefully, I realised that it was not only the secular, lovesick dirge that I had assumed. Certainly passionate; almost erotic. But the language was pure poetry, in classical Persian, rhythmic, repetitive, hypnotic. I could not get the detail – my knowledge of the language was not then up to it. And the voice ceased singing as abruptly as it had begun.

Yet the song sang on in my mind and memory. It came to me that this had been, in reality, Sufi stuff. I did not know the literature well enough to judge. Nevertheless, probably something from Rudaki or Maulavi Rumi? And I had caught one particular word: Elahi. The shepherd boy's song of longing and devotion was in fact addressed to God.

As we gathered up our bits and pieces, preparatory to moving off, a girl asked, "What was that spooky voice about?" I could not find the right words to reply. Human kind, as T.S.Eliot reminded us, cannot bear much reality. So I answered, "Just some local lad, with a crush".

founder's DAY 2016

SATURDAY 18TH JUNE

THE CHANCE TO JOIN THE SCHOOL IN A
CELEBRATION OF IT'S FOUNDATION

FOLLOWED BY THE ANNUAL FETE
BASED ON STAPYLTON FIELD

EXPLORE AN EXTRAVAGANZA OF
WORLD CUISINE,

A STELLAR SET OF STALLS

AND A PAST V PRESENT CRICKET MATCH
ON THE GUN FIELD

NEWS & VIEWS



Elizabethans

The Memorial playing field, Gipsy Corner: A personal view

By John Olney CBE

In the most recent addition of the Elizabethan, Michael Woolf wrote of a proposal to raise funds for the maintenance of the Memorial Playing Field at Gipsy Corner. The 'memorial status' of the ground should, I feel, be a matter of concern to all Old Elizabethans especially given its current usage. I would urge members to support any such scheme, and I would hope that others will be prepared to at least air their views.

As Michael quotes from my contribution to an earlier edition, perhaps I may be permitted some further observations, most of them at least loosely related to this subject.

I began playing regularly for the cricket and rugby clubs after finishing my National Service at the end of 1949. At that time there was only one cricket XI which, on alternate Saturdays, shared the Council's Tudor Sports Ground in New Barnet with Rosslyn Cricket Club. All Sunday and other fixtures were played away from home. Just two rugby XV's shared the one pitch in Oakhill Park.

There was therefore a strong desire and need for a 'home ground' to satisfy the demand from a growing number of players. It was against this background that the idea must have arisen of a playing field as a war memorial. It is doubtless true that not all those OEs who had lost their lives in serving their country were from the sporting fraternity, and I accept that the Association committee, of which I was a member during the 1950s, was recruited almost entirely from the rugby and cricket sections, but I don't recall any strong opposition to this proposal when the Gipsy Corner site became available. The intention was that the ground and pavilion should be a centre for other social activities and gatherings beyond the playing of rugby and cricket, and so it proved to be, although the main users by far were the rugby and cricket clubs (four XV's and two XI's were the norm).

I particularly remember 'Founders' Sundays', the brainchild of Cyril Winchester, when large gatherings of members together with friends and families picnicked at lunchtime on the day after Founder's Day, watched cricket, played games and enjoyed a strawberry and cream tea, the availability of which was announced by loudspeaker (Eric Shearly!), and the bar was busy! There were various other functions, lunches, parties and dances, and of course the Forty Society's lunches remain a popular event each April and October. Although I have regularly attended those lunches and made other occasional forays since moving away, I have not witnessed at first hand the radical changes that have taken place over time. The cricket club appears to have survived and flourished only by opening its membership, but the loss of a rugby presence must have been the heaviest blow. The sight of soccer pitches would have horrified the pioneers, but it is only by providing such facilities for non-OEs that Gipsy Corner remains in use, and then only because of the dedication of members of the Playing Field Company, the Association, the Cricket Club and perhaps others of whom I am unaware. All deserve our thanks.

It is of course likely that, had the future been foreseen, the decision to confer war memorial status may not have been taken, but that I suggest is irrelevant now. Viewed from afar, older, perhaps a little wiser and with more time for contemplation, the current situation does appear to me to be ripe for reappraisal. I imagine that many of the present day users give little, if any,



thought to the war memorial aspect, but I firmly believe, as I wrote earlier, that 'the provision of sporting facilities for all young people from Barnet and surrounding areas remains a wholly fitting and worthwhile memorial'.

I am aware of the plaque in the pavilion but I feel that a permanent memorial, or at least a substantial notice board, at the entrance would better draw attention to, and provide a constant reminder of, the war memorial status. I would suggest an appropriate inscription might read :

'These playing fields and facilities are provided for the use of Old Elizabethans and other citizens of Barnet and surrounding areas, as a lasting Memorial to all those who have given their lives for their country in various conflicts over many years'.

What seems to me absolutely crucial, if Michael Woolf's proposal, or anything like it, is to succeed, is the backing of a substantial number of younger members, and indeed I feel that the management of such a scheme should be in their hands. Perhaps one or two OEs, newly retired (young in my eyes!) and qualified for the Forty Society, could volunteer their services? This would ensure continuity and a degree of permanence. I am sure that Michael would be pleased to discuss what he has in mind with any potential volunteers.

Gipsy Corner holds special memories and meaning for older members like myself. I do hope and believe that younger generations can appreciate and wish to maintain its status as a living memorial.

John Olney
QE 1943-1947

OE VC COMMEMORATION

Martin Russell DL FCT, the Representative Deputy Lieutenant for the London Borough of Barnet, and father of OE Charles Russell, reminds us that next year will mark the centenary of Captain Allastair Malcolm Cluny (A.M.C.) McReady-Diarmid, OE, receiving the Victoria Cross, for heroism displayed in World War I.

Captain Macready-Diarmid's VC was Gazetted on 12th March 1918, but the events that led to his receiving the VC occurred on 1st December 1917. His heroic actions also claimed his life – the award was given posthumously.

The Association will be working with the School's CCF to mark this in an appropriate manner.

The archive stated that each VC will have a paving stone placed in their home town and the Department for Communities and Local Government indicates that these memorial plaques for WW1 Recipients of the Victoria Cross will be placed as close to their place of birth as possible. Captain Macready-Diarmid was actually born in New Southgate, which falls today into the London Borough of Enfield, so it will be for Enfield Council to initiate proceedings. More information to follow!



Elizabethans

from the Headmaster continuing excellence, building resilience

The School year began with Queen Elizabeth's School still in celebratory mood after our public examination results last August. We have become accustomed to attaining academic success at the very highest level here, but it is important that we should not take such results for granted, nor play down the achievement of our boys. I therefore make no apology for celebrating those results again.

It is truly remarkable both that 98.4% of A-levels taken at QE in 2015 were graded at A*-B and that the figure for this benchmark measure has now exceeded 98% in three of the last four years. The results are, in fact, a little better even than the figures announced in August, since a number of boys subsequently had their individual results upgraded following re-marks.

The exceptional nature of our boys' achievement quickly became clear in the summer, as QE topped the national league table of state schools in the Daily Telegraph and was the leading English school across both the state and independent sectors in The Times. More recently, the influential Sunday Times Parent Power survey named QE as the country's top state school for the third consecutive year. It has become a commonplace to remark that nationally girls now outperform boys at every level in education. Happily, at QE we are bucking that trend, beating two girls' schools into second and third places in the Parent Power survey. What is more important still is that our examination results are achieved in a context in which our pupils remain grounded and go on to university as 'confident, able and responsible' young men, as our School mission statement has it. This was recognised in the latest report on QE from the Good Schools Guide, who visited us last term. At the end of a highly favourable review, the GSG assessor concluded that QE "offers the top 10% of learners from a diversity of backgrounds an exceptional and rounded education that even private schools struggle to compete with".

I have had the pleasure of welcoming a number of illustrious guests, including the scientist, Lord Winston, and Chipping Barnet MP Theresa Villiers, who is Secretary of State for Northern Ireland. Lord Winston gave an engaging lecture and I was particularly interested to hear him speak on the necessity of failure for the learning process. I wholeheartedly endorse this: through our pastoral system, we aim to work through the setbacks that pupils inevitably encounter, thus fostering resilience to help them cope with the stresses they face during their School careers and later in life. Our emphasis at QE on the pursuit of broader interests – whether academically or in extra-curricular activities unrelated to their studies – helps boys achieve a positive state of mental health. In this regard, I should particularly like to highlight the benefits of sport. Again in contradistinction to the national picture in which today's young people are less likely than previous generations to get involved in organised sports, participation in team games and individual sports at QE remains very high. The physical benefits are obvious, not least in the light of the findings of Public Health England that a third of children are now overweight or obese when they leave primary school. Participation in sport has been shown to reduce anxiety and depression, while generally tending to increase happiness. Furthermore, the emphasis on perseverance, application and, for team games, on effective collaboration helps boys develop as rounded individuals.

Senior boys have spent much time engaged in the university application process. I have been pleased to meet Old Elizabethans who have come to the School to assist current pupils in

planning their futures, whether they have been conducting mock interviews, taking part in our Careers Convention or making special visits at the invitation of our academic departments. (I also enjoyed last term's Old Elizabethans' Association Dinner, at which it was lovely to meet up with those alumni whose last year at School was 2005-2006.)

Among these senior boys' immediate predecessors, namely our 2015 leavers, the University of Cambridge was once again numerically the leading destination. The Complete University Guide, published by The Sunday Times, places Cambridge at the top of its table of UK universities, followed by other universities at which Elizabethans frequently gain places in large numbers, including Oxford, Imperial and Warwick.

If such success is to continue, we must move forward as a School. We are now in the last year of our current School Development Plan. Progress has been very rapid and we are on track to achieve its objectives. In a speech on the future of the BBC, the corporation's Director-General, Lord Hall, set out his determination to "continue excellence in a time of change". We must do something similar here, establishing a vision in our new four-year plan that builds on our strengths while also moving with the times.

I should like to thank our alumni for their ongoing contribution of books to The Queen's Library through the Amazon wishlists facility. The Library is now very well used. Many boys have discovered or developed a love of reading, while all our pupils are taking advantage of the facilities to augment their learning.

My best wishes to all old boys of the School and their families.

Neil Enright

The Queen's Library

By Mrs. Ciara Murray, Librarian QE

The Queen's Library is thriving, and almost 60% of the School has borrowed books since we opened officially for loans in September 2014, with many more boys using the Library for independent research and reading. We now have almost 6,000 volumes, and our non-fiction section is developing nicely, with a range of thought-provoking texts that will stretch the boys and take them beyond what they are studying in the curriculum, broadening and deepening their academic interests. The Library will also support teaching in the classroom with a collection of books that bolsters and further extends the topics that boys study.

The Library will be instrumental in teaching boys digital literacy skills, particularly the ability to be critical and selective when it comes to information sources. With this in mind, we are aiming to expand our subscriptions to online resources as part of our virtual information portal on eQE. Currently we provide boys with access to quality academic research via EBSCO's Science and Literary Reference Centers, as well as the popular and thought-provoking news for schools site 'The Day'.



Elizabethans

Our fiction collection has proven enormously popular with the boys, particularly in the Lower School, and I am delighted to be able to continue providing them with new books to fuel their enthusiasm, contributing to what I hope will be a life-long enjoyment of reading. This is a key contributor not only to academic success but also mental well-being.

The boys continue to suggest and request books themselves, and demonstrate an extremely healthy engagement with reading. Word of our new comics and graphic novel collection created a real buzz around School; this culminated in a special invite-only launch event, where high-scorers on our specially devised quiz got exclusive access to our new books. Meanwhile, our Year 7s and 8s were able to convert their enthusiasm for reading into competition success in a national event, the Kids Lit Quiz, which the School entered for the first time in November 2015. After a nail-biting win in our regional North London heat, where we took the trophy from four-time champions City of London School and the previous year's winner, Arnold House, the boys travelled to Oxford to compete against 18 schools in a tense and highly competitive final. Although they did not take home the national trophy this time, their experience has fired them with ambition for next year!

In the coming year we have planned a number of Library special events, including the inaugural "QE Interhouse Kids Lit Quiz", a "Big Book Exchange" for World Book Day, and a visit from a popular author.

The Library continues to grow, and, with an anticipated capacity of some 15,000 books, we have many shelves left to fill. With curricula changing, and a cohort of boys thirsty for new reading material, we are once again opening our Wishlists for donations. We are very grateful for every gift we receive: a legacy that will be enjoyed and appreciated by future generations of QE boys.



Dedication of the poppies

Friday 20th November 2015

(prior to the Annual Dinner)

Martyn Bradish: *Chairman OE (Barnet) Association and Chairman of the Endowment Fund*

“Ladies and Gentlemen, this evening we commemorate those Old Elizabethans who gave their lives in World War I and World War II. We recall that they made the ultimate sacrifice so that we can enjoy our freedoms today.

We do this by dedicating this installation of 49 poppies that have been part of the great art installation of 888,246 ceramic poppies known as the Blood Swept Lands and Seas of Red that was present at the Tower of London between 17 July and 11 November 2014. Each of those poppies represented a British military fatality during World War I.

This installation of the poppies was made possible by the generous bequest of Dennis Nelms (OE 1934-41) and his wife Muriel to the Endowment Fund of the Schools of Queen Elizabeth the First, Barnet. We welcome this evening one of Dennis and Muriel Nelms' executors, Mrs Alison Mihail, and thank the Executors for their help in the original suggestion for this memorial. The Trustees of the Endowment Fund decided that the purchase of these poppies, which have now been placed in the entrance hall of our School, was a fitting mark of respect to the 48 Old Elizabethans who fell in World War I. The 49th poppy represents all those Old Elizabethans who fell in World War II and in particular Gordon Nelms (OE 1927-32), the brother of Dennis Nelms.

I will now ask Neil Kobish, the Clerk to the Foundation Fund, to read the names of those who fell and to whom we dedicate this memorial”.

Neil Kobish: *Clerk to the Foundation of the Schools of Queen Elizabeth the First, Barnet*

“With these poppies we remember those Old Elizabethans who fell in World War 1:



around the school



ROLL OF HONOUR 1914 - 18

EDWARD THOMAS ALFORD aged 23

HUGH GARDNER BAILEY aged 27

Jack BARBER

EDGAR HAZARD BEACH aged 22

WILLIAM BEARMAN aged 23

DOUGLAS HENRY BENNETT aged 20
 DUNCAN WILLIAM BOTHWELL aged 31
 L. H. BREWERTON
 EDGAR SOUTHCOTT JOHN BRIDGES aged 20
 IVOR JAMES CHALLIS aged 19
 LAURENCE OXLEY CHAPMAN aged 19
 HENRY ROBERT ERNEST CLARK aged 23
 ARTHUR STANLEY COOK aged 34
 ALFRED RICHARD CREESE aged 20
 FRANCIS EDWARD FITZJOHN CRISP aged 33
 DONALD EDWARD CRUICKSHANK aged 28
 JOHN LLEWELLYN CUFFE aged 29
 SYDNEY FRANK DENNISON aged 19
 J. W. ENERBY
 JOHN ALBERT FIELD aged 19
 WILLIAM PICKMEN FRIEND aged 18
 FRANCIS HENRY HICKMAN aged 27
 GILBERT MAYNARD INGMIRE aged 29
 CHARLES EDWARD LARGE aged 39
 ARTHUR HENRY MANSHIP LEWIS aged 20
 ALBERT GEORGE NATHANIEL LIVERMORE aged 36
 ARTHUR WYNNE LUNDIE aged 18
 WILLIAM KENNETH ELLIOTT MANSBRIDGE aged 20
 ALLASTAIR MALCOLM CLUNY McREADY-DIARMID aged 29
 WILFRED HERBERT NUNNELEY aged 19
 LAUNCELOT ALEC ROBINSON aged 29
 J. F. ROURKE aged 21
 NEWTON ROWLEY aged 26
 FRANK EVANS SPARKES aged 30
 ALEXANDER LOUIS SMITH aged 30
 ERNEST HUBERT STOREY aged 40
 WILBERFORCE HAROLD WALL aged 22
 ROWLAND WEIGHT aged 27
 WALTER WILLIAM ERNEST WESTON aged 27
 STANLEY PERCY WHITTARD aged 30
 ARTHUR DAVID WILKINSON aged 18
 EDMUND VIVIAN WILLIAMS aged 24

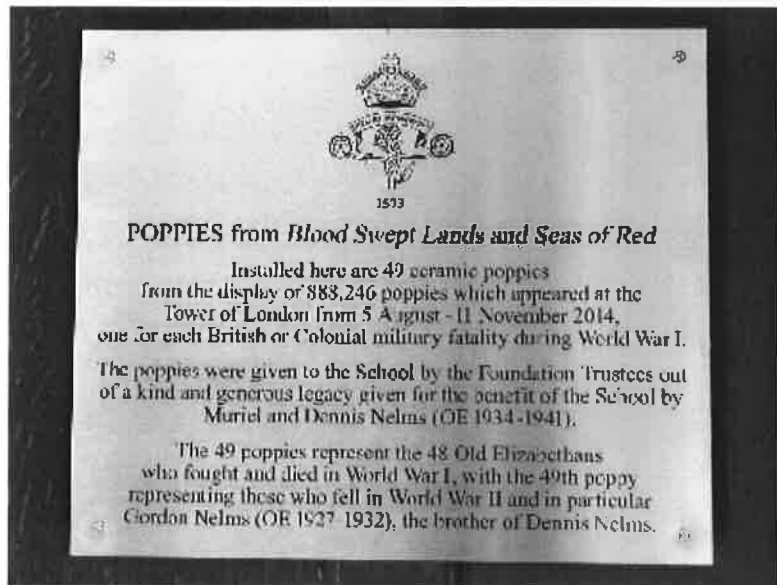
around the school

- ARTHUR ROY WOODS aged 22
- C. H. WREFORD aged 33
- LESLIE WARREN WREFORD aged 22
- WILLIAM HUGH WREFORD aged 30
- ELLIS JOHN YELLS aged 20
- FRANK H. YOLLAND aged 18

And finally let us also remember all those Old Elizabethans who fell in World War 2 including Gordon Richard Nelms”.

Headmaster: Neil Enright

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
 Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
 At the going down of the sun and in the morning
 We will remember them.



Editor's Note: Having composed the original list, Eamonn advises that Helen McGregor, from the School's History Department has promised to follow up on the "missing" data for Jack Barber, L.H Brewerton and J W Euerby (intriguingly written as Euerby on the War Memorial in the Crush Hall and also in Tripp's definitive history of QE) during the next Battlefield trip. Eamonn even suggests a possible piece for The Elizabethan.

O.E.FORTY SOCIETY

Secretary: R D Parker

(willing, as ever, to relinquish the reins to someone with a better memory!)

The Society held its Autumn meeting on the 22nd October 2015 at the Memorial Pavilion, Gypsy Corner, where we welcomed forty five members and had apologies for absence from a further seventeen members. Given the increasing age of the members it was perhaps not all that surprising that some of these were due to ill health. One in particular was mentioned in Tim (TORJ) Herbert, who seems to be visited with an ever increasing list of problems involving hips, mini strokes, and worst of all, a bad tooth! He was wished, as were all the other invalids, the best of luck and health. The members who were present from the good rugby fifteen of the nineteen seventies under the captaincy of Joe Johnstone were reminded that if Rod Jones could have made it to the lunch they would have had an exceptional side on show!

On the plus side the Secretary said he had not got any deaths of members to report and that in those circumstances the new members were all "profit", as it were. They were Graham Lloyd Evans, Bryan Verrall and Nigel Ward who were warmly welcomed. Members would note that the Bar furniture had been replaced and the old chairs moved to the tearoom so that some people had rather more comfortable seats this time. It is hoped that by the time of the Spring Meeting there will be better seating for all as the Society was funding, together with the 200 Club, new chairs for the luncheon room.

The Head then gave an address in which he updated us on the state of affairs at the School and emphasised how much OEs were welcome to take tours there. He gave an example of the new problems that affected the school, in that parents wishing their boys to attend a school such as QE invested in "Exam tourism" and arranged as many entrance exams as they could fit in (before making a choice once all the results were received). There were over 2300 boys taking this year's exam! There is also "The Tatler Guide to Best Schools" to add to the usual league tables. Not surprisingly, QE does extremely well in all tables. He mentioned that the library now had 5000 books towards its full complement of 15000 and that there were queues to get in for the books and also the 100 computer terminals. He went on to talk about the development programme for the George Heard Building and, in due course, the Curly Mays Building. Mike Harrison handed the Head a cheque for £500 to purchase further books but warned the Head that he could not expect to leave the lunch every time with cash burning a hole in his pocket!

Bob Parker then thanked Celia for providing a first class meal and the Chairman closed the formal business of the day with the announcement that the next lunch would be held on the 28th April 2016. Subsequently Bob proved that he had reason to seek someone with a better memory than his for the Secretary's job when he realised that he had forgotten to thank Jonathan Smith for his sterling work behind the scenes in gaining access to the pavilion etc., and took the opportunity to rectify this over the bar, which, of course was also run by Jonathan. However, an even more serious lapse came to light when he found he had not thanked Liz Parker for organising the Raffle, which is such an important part of our finances. They are, however, still married it seems!

It would be helpful if members could return the form (over) to Mike Harrison as soon as possible.

clubs & societies



Elizabethans

O.E.FORTY SOCIETY LUNCHEON APPLICATION

A reminder that the Spring 2016 Lunch will be held on April 28th 2016 at the Od Elizabethans (Barnet) Memorial Pavilion (Gypsy Corner) at 12 noon for 12.45pm.

All former pupils of Queen Elizabeth's School, Barnet who left forty or more years ago, ie in 1976 or earlier are eligible to attend and as those of you who have attended before will know the lunch is very informal... good food, good wine and, above all, good company.

It would be helpful if you could add your e-mail address on the form for future correspondence.

spring luncheon application form

The Spring Luncheon will be held in Thursday 28th April 2016
at the Old Elizabethans (Barnet) Memorial Pavilion
Mays Lane

commencing at 12.45pm.

Please return to:

M. T. Harrison, 12 Greenbanks, Melbourn, Royston, Herts SG8 6AS
01763 261775 mhdunbanking@gmail.com

Please reserve a place for me at the Lunch on 28th April / I regret I am unable to attend

I enclose my cheque for **£25** payable to "The OE Forty Society"

Name

Address

..... Postcode Tel. No

Dietary Requirements:



O.E. 200 club

Hon. Secretary: Graham Barnes
 9 Coneydale, Welwyn Garden City, Herts. AL8 7RX
 Tel: 01707 323295 e-mail: OE200club@nthworld.com

There seems to have been a hiccup between The Elizabethan Editor and the 200 Club Secretary resulting in the omission of the result of the 2015 FOUNDER'S DAY PRIZE DRAW so herewith a belated re-run.

The lucky winners of £25 each were:

Tony Somerton	(268)	Martyn Bradish	(254)
Ken Cooper	(250)	Golf Society	(218)
Simon Lincoln	(16)		

The report on this occasion is brief as three of the winners are very well known hard working Officers of the O.E. Association and it is pleasing to see the Golf Society winning again. Tony Somerton only joined the 200 Club in 2014 and both he and Martyn Bradish attended the Draw in the School Hall, together with the Adjudicator Keith Jackson and several other O.E.'s who were looking forward to seeing their number being withdrawn from the tub.

The winners of the 2015 CHRISTMAS PRIZE DRAW were:

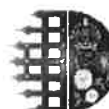
£200 Mike Harrison	(151)	£75 Simon Lincoln	(16)
£150 Andrew Wheelans	(181)	£50 Bob Pate	(17)
£100 John Wells	(95)	£25 Paul Hart	(269)

Graham Lloyd-Evans was Adjudicator for the Draw and Keith Jackson picked tickets from the tub. His first 'selection' was **Mike Harrison** – a worthy winner as he has been one of few to volunteer for high O.E. office as Treasurer of the 40 Society. His claims to fame or notoriety are that he was one of the first to be drafted into his eponymous House at Q.E. as well as blowing a whistle at top level for the Herts Society of Rugby Union Referees. He informs me that he has never received a cheque from the 200 Club since Eric encouraged him to join 30 or more years ago.

Unbelievably all the other winners have in the past six years won at least once and **Andrew Wheelans** has won four times in 2011, 2012, 2014 and now 2015. The raffle tickets in the tub are changed at least once a year and despite scrutiny there appears no logical reason for 181 to be so frequently picked from the tub. **John Wells** has only won once before in 2013 when he won another £100. Our deserving Social Secretary **Simon Lincoln** has received two prizes in 2015 which should help his bank balance as he has moved at least three times during the year but is now in residence again in West End Lane, Chipping Barnet to be closer to activities at Gypsy and the School. **Bob Pate**, a rugby player of repute for Barnet RFC, won £100 in 2010 and was wondering when his lucky number was going to reappear. A fairly regular member at 40 Society lunches, he informs me he is currently not enjoying the best of health. **Paul Hart** is on a roll having won for the last three years and the 200 Club is pleased to top up his retirement pension. A smiling photo of a young Paul appeared in the March 2015 edition of The Elizabethan as a member of a renowned OE 1963/64 Rugby team.

Wishing everyone good luck, especially those who have never won before (if there are any remaining members who have never received a cheque!) For anyone interested in joining this exclusive and highly desirable band and wanting to help School and Association just fill out the DDM over!

Graham Barnes



Elizabethans

O.E. 200 club Direct debit mandate

O.E. 200 club standing order mandate

To
(name and address of bank or building society)

..... Postcode

Re: Account No:

Account Name:

On the first day of201.....
and on the same date annually thereafter until further notice, please pay the sum of
£12.00 (twelve pounds only) by Standing Order to the following account:

**Barclays Bank plc, Whetstone & Finchley Business Centre,
1250 High Road, Whetstone, London N20 0PB**

Sort Code: 20-95-61 Account No: 50088366 Account Name: Old Elizabethans 200 Club

Quoting ref no:(please leave blank)

Signed: Date:.....

Name (in capitals):



o.e. golf society

Secretary: Robert "Ronnie" Printemps
printemps@btinternet.com

Dyrham Park G.C. was the venue for the O.E.G.S. Autumn event which was held on Friday 25th September. Attendance was good with twenty-eight OEs and guests attending the day.

There was a team event in the morning which was won by Team 6: Phil Shearly; Shaun Harris; Grant Scheffer and Paul Nash.

Paul Nash informed me that he took great pleasure when he struck through my name on the 'nearest to the pin' marker in the morning. I would have taken great pleasure in swapping his bottle of Gavi for winning with a cheap bottle of house white if I had seen his name on the winners' list before the presentation!

In the afternoon we played for the 400th Anniversary Cup. The format was an individual Stableford competition played over 18 holes. With his metronomic swing and good course management skills the winner with 38 points off a thirteen handicap was Jon Nash.

With a combined total of sixty-nine Stableford points over the two events in 2015 the winner of the Vardon Trophy was also Jon Nash.

The winner of the 'Longest Drive' competition was David Wells. He outdrove some big hitters by more than 60 yards!

The recently donated 'wooden spoon' (hickory shafted club) which is presented to the player who cards the lowest Stableford score in the afternoon went to Mark 'Robbo' Robinson. When I looked at his card I thought that he had completed it in binary code!

Post dinner and prize presentations Paul Lawrence was appointed Captain for 2016.

Dyrham Park G.C. attendees: Robert Printemps; Paul Barnfather; Giles Pratt; Ian Louis-Fernand; Andy Oliver; Anthony Destro; Jon Mays; John and David Wells; Laurie Spencer; John Pasby; Jerry Golland; Paul & Jon Nash; Tim & Andy Bye; Justin Dean; Simon Harrison; Jason Concar; Paul Lawrence; Grant Scheffer; Keith Menezes; Mark Robinson; Phil Shearly; Shaun Harris and 3 other guests.



The Spring event is booked and will be held at Porters Park G.C. on Friday 6 May 2016. If you would like to play in this event and meet up with some old friends then please send an email to either or both of the following:

Robert Printemps - printemps@btinternet.com
 Ian Louis-Fernand - ianlouisfernand@googlemail.com



Elizabethans

O.E. cricket club

Hon Secretary: Jonathan Mackman www.oeccbarnet.co.uk

The 75th Anniversary year of Old Elizabethans CC proved to be yet another successful one for the club, with achievements at all levels and a membership that continues to thrive.

The main focus of the adult members remains the newly-restructured Saracens Hertfordshire Cricket League, all three senior sides had a strong season in 2015. The 1st XI, playing at their highest-ever level in Division 3A alongside teams from many of the county's biggest clubs, spent yet another season at or around the top of the table. Another promotion looked a definite possibility for much of the summer, with notable victories against strong opponents, but the usual holiday season problems and late pushes from their rivals saw the 1s eventually finish in fourth place. The 2s season followed a similar pattern. They too remained in contention for promotion for much of the season, but unfortunately they shared Division 8B with two extremely strong teams, and despite finishing over 100 points clear of the rest, they still came up 35 points adrift. However, the demise of one or two teams over the winter has meant that their third-place finish was enough to win promotion anyway, and they will start 2016 in Division 8A, easily the highest standard that the club's 2nd XI has ever played! But the best finish of the summer belonged to the 3rd XI, who, for the second time in three years, ended their season as champions of their division, leading Regional Division A East for the whole summer and winning by almost 40 points with a game to spare. It was another fantastic performance by a team which was mainly a mixture of the more senior members of the club and some extremely promising youngsters, and adds another winner's pennant to the club's trophy cabinet. The team lost only one game all season, and will be playing in the league's main county-wide structure this summer, having effectively moved up three divisions in three years.

There was also success for the club in Sunday cricket. In only the club's second season in the Broadview Windows North Herts League, and after securing a place in Division 1 last year, the team finished in an extremely creditable second place, behind a team from Welwyn Garden City that was far and away the class act of the competition. This was a great result for a team that was largely made up of younger players, with anything up to eight members of the team being under-18 each week and the senior players largely taking a supporting role, and has given those youngsters excellent experience of league cricket to take forward into the Saturday game.

Unfortunately last summer saw the demise of the club's ladies team, largely the victim of a combination of retirements, absences and the arrival of children! This was disappointing but unavoidable, and will hopefully only be temporary, since girls cricket continues to grow at the club, and hopes are high that the future of ladies cricket will be brighter in a few years. Colts cricket in general remains extremely strong at the club, with membership remaining at high levels and the numbers of coaches, and the standard of coaching, continuing to increase. Both the u-13 and u-15 sides won their divisions last summer, the u-15s winning the top division of their age-group for the first time, and a number of players went through to represent Barnet borough and Hertfordshire county teams throughout the summer. Winter nets have already begun, and hopes are high for similar success in 2016.

2015 was a significant year for OECC, marking the 75th anniversary of the club's foundation in 1940, and there were a number of events through the year. On the field, a game between a President's XI and a Chairman's XI in May was a great afternoon for everyone involved - one of



the hardest-fought games of the season! – and the club's first 'Cricket Week' for many years also saw some excellent matches, including a high-scoring game against Potters Bar and a highly-sociable Past v Present game against a side from QE. It was great to see so many Association members, VPs and former players down at the ground, and hopefully will become a regular fixture at Gypsy Corner.

As usual, details and reports will appear on our main website, www.oeccbarnet.co.uk, and results for all Saturday league matches will be on the Hertfordshire League website, www.hertsleague.co.uk, and at <http://oeherts.play-cricket.com> throughout the season. We are always interested in hearing from potential new members, of all ages and abilities, so please do feel free to get in touch, or just come down to the Memorial Field and enjoy an afternoon's cricket with us during what we hope will be a hot, sunny and successful summer.

Jonathan Mackman
Hon. Secretary, OECC

clubs & societies

another merry mob!

IN HONOUR OF TERRY CUSTANCE



WHICH WE INVITE YOU TO NAME AND ACCLAIM

ANSWERS ON A POSTCARD PLEASE!



Barnet Elizabethans Rugby club limited

Hon Secretary: Nigel Moore
020 8441 7534; email njmoore007@yahoo.co.uk
(Club website: www.barnetrfc.com)

The January deadline for the magazine effectively means this is a mid-term assessment and analysis of the 2015/2016 rugby season. After all the Rugby World Cup hype, in September and October, followed by the subsequent disappointments at the group stages for all the Six Nations teams, the focus is on the Club's Senior, Junior and Mini Sections just now.

Sadly, I must report a poor season, in every respect, for the Senior XV's: the 3rd XV suffered from a severe shortage of players early on and had to withdraw from the Herts Middx Merit Table before the end of October. The 2nd XV also fared badly for players, both in numbers and abilities, as they only gained one "win" before Christmas, and that from their opponents crying off – consequently, the team is at the foot of their Merit Table. The 1st XV has had a mixed set of results during the first half of the season: at the mid-term point, they had a won 5, lost 6, ratio in all their Herts Middx League 1 matches and they are in a mid-table position. Because of the present inclement weather, postponements of matches, due to waterlogged or frozen pitches, means that the remainder of this year's scheduled fixtures may change significantly, week by week, with games re-arranged on "free" Saturdays before the season ends on 30th April. The absence of a settled side, again down to player numbers, although with some injured, is a major factor in the results with only one win on the road.

The Club's Academy team, which replaced the old under 18s or Colts, has had a fairly successful season, in both their Saracens League and the LV Life Cup, so are the Club's top side. This season follows on from several years' successes in lower age groups: with luck, many of this team will move up, after the summer, to the Senior section and produce good results in the 1st or 2nd XV's, hopefully.

The other Junior teams, in their respective Saracens Leagues, are going very well with Simon Harrison's under 15s vying with Simon Coombes' under 16s for team of the year, a healthy position to take up to the next age groups, next season., and possible end of season promotions. The Junior and Mini Section teams all play or train on Sunday mornings and, given good weather, the sight of hundreds of children and their parents at the Club every weekend, often in dry and sunny conditions, is a joy to see. Why not come and join us, especially as many of the parents and team coaches are OEs or, at least linked to OERFC: that will refresh old friendships. Probably too late for this publication: the QE School 7s will be partly hosted at Byng Road on Sunday 6th March. On Sunday 3rd May, there is the annual Awards Day for all Junior and Mini players and their coaches, often with a Saracens guest.

When adverse "home" weather conditions dictate, training is often relocated to Allianz Park.

Date for the Diary: Tuesday 7th June – Club Annual General Meeting at 8pm - Contact Nigel Moore (above) – preceded by the Player's AGM at 7.30pm.

PS – Immediately after this report was prepared, the 1st XV visited Kilburn Cosmos, the League leaders, with 13 wins from 13 matches, and returned triumphant with a 33-26 victory from a nine try thriller. The combination of 3Ts (training, tactics and teamwork) worked fantastically and it is hoped that this victory spurs the team on for more success in the last three months.



Peter Yates

Terry Custance

QE 1949-1956

Terry had struggled with poor health for the last couple of years or so and he left this life on the 29th December 2015 aged 77. We have lost a very good friend whom many of us have known since starting at QE in 1949. My earliest memories are of strolling with him and his customary brown leather satchel, after school, down the drive from the junior end, circa 1950. We had been placed in different streams, he in the 'A' stream with Form Master J. Pearce in room F and me in the 'B' stream with H A Smith in the Art Room. Although we weren't in class contact, his natural amiability made for an early friendship which has lasted this long. He left the School in December 1955, presumably to join his father's bakery engineering firm to learn the business. But the record shows, recently corroborated by Terry, that he returned to the School in the Upper VIth (Languages). The break must have been quite short and archive data shows his re-acceptance to the School, in EHJ's very own hand, as "entirely special". It is reasonably safe to assume that it was because the School was in great need of a Number 7 in the First XV...

The Headmaster's opinion of Terry's on field talent is apparent from quotes from the School Magazine of the time (perhaps explaining the superlative above):

'December 1955 - VALETE - Upper VIth Language: T J Custance (1949 Sub-prefect, 1st XV Colours 1955)' - the first time of leaving.

'Report of 1st XV match v Eltham College 15th November 1955 our outsides, though not very clever, showed more determination and ordinary soundness than for some time, and at last our pack played the stout game expected of it, all being good, with Custance outstanding.'

'March 1956. First Fifteen Characters - T J Custance (Colours 1955-56). Both as scrum leader and in the line-out our best forward for some seasons. Dashing in the loose and, with more ball control there, will be a class player.'

Abiding memories of Terry playing for the OEs are his loose scrum cap (purpose unclear) and his stentorian bellows from afar. I only recall playing occasionally in the same team, probably because of the yawning gap in ability and because I was prop and he a back row. An Easter Tour in the Midlands was one such time against Old Silhillians, when a temporary indisposition took him off the field during half-time. He returned pallid rather than the previous green and saw the game through to the end. He did have a period playing as a Saracen at the Southgate ground.

Mike Truscott's wife Stella knew Terry at Osidge Primary School in Southgate. She says that Terry and she got married in the playground - but, as Terry informed Andrew Truscott at one of our Annual Dinners, he could have been his father except that Stella refused to consummate the marriage! Mike also has not forgotten a trip to Old Hertfordians, and after a few beers riding back to Gypsy Corner on their Lambrettas, in the fog, via two pubs, guided by the light at the top of the Brookmans Park radio mast. How times change! He also seems to recall that during an Easter Tour to Bristol, the police were looking for him regarding the loss of his trousers in a bar. He cannot for certain confirm this slur on Terry's reputation but says that the bitter was only a shilling a pint in the Public Bar...

Renowned (if that's an appropriate word) exploits and escapades as a member of a group of young gentlemen on the Continent of Europe can be found elsewhere authored by Doug Scott, of the same era. A sort of 'Four men in a Car' comes to mind.

obituaries



Elizabethans

Val and Terry married in the early sixties and had two children, he remaining her devoted husband until her tragically premature death just after Christmas 1984.

Terry was a compendium of information about bread making machinery because this was his career in the firm founded by his father. His skill from drawing board to installation was without equal and he did business with some major companies. I remember his aversion to being treated as a sub-contractor on construction projects. He always knew best.

He will be remembered for his representation of the Old Elizabethans as one time President and for his input during the tricky times of amalgamation between OERFC and Barnet RFC. Always an enthusiastic and active member of the Association, he was able to address a gathering with commanding eloquence and easy charm, being a bit of wordsmith who fashioned detailed images with his amusing, sometimes embroidered, anecdotes.

Once he had retired he turned his skill with his hands towards repairing and restoring antique furniture. Several of us are the beneficiaries of this lasting handiwork produced in his workshop garage, the orderliness of which was the sign of a master craftsman.

He has left us a large gap but many, many enjoyable memories to savour. Not least the regular social gatherings and garden parties spanning the decades.

Joan and Terry enjoyed many good years together and she has been a great strength and support to him especially as his health declined more recently. Thank you Joan.

Requiescat in pace Terence.

Bob Thorogood, with additional contributions from our members and friends.



Recollections of a young Terry Custance



I was a member of the "Rat Pack", together with Terry and the Gugenheim brothers, Peter and John. It was, I think, the summer of '57 when we had all just left school and decided to go on a camping trip to the Continent (Europe that is) for as long as the then foreign currency allowance of £25 would support us.

Peter managed to persuade his mother to lend us her brand new Morris Minor which we fitted with a roof rack and stuffed with a large canvas tent and huge quantities of food (far too many tins of pilchards in tomato sauce as I recall). The treasures on the roof rack were covered with a large Union Jack (a humourless immigration officer remarking en route “What have you got under there – a body?”).

We were hoisted by crane onto the ferry (no roll on / roll off in those days) and drove down through France to Italy, camping overnight in cow dung covered fields, sometimes without the landowners permission, (which led to the odd confrontation). I kept a diary but only for the first 3½. It is very unexciting and purely factual but for an entry for day 3 (16th August) which reads, “in the afternoon went to a swimming pool...Terry became very friendly with a beautiful French girl but managed to escape by the time her husband arrived”. My career as a diarist ended the following day so all other recollections are from memory (which is not so great these days). Terry's memory of course was very good and we have all been subjected to his anecdotes about our trip which were almost always at the expense of Peter or myself.

Every evening we would wash down our luncheon meat or pilchard based meal with a bottle of white wine which we would cool in a stream. The label would float off and we would stick it on the car, so by the time we returned every surface was covered in wine labels. Despite there being four large blokes and all our worldly goods in a Morris Minor we managed to pick up a few hitch hikers; two Brits with backpacks hitch-hiking to India and two girls going somewhere else. We eventually reached the French Riviera and in our unwashed and unshaven state descended on Terry's father who was holidaying there in some style. We were starving and he treated us to a fantastic meal at his hotel. Terry made the most of the opportunity and spent the whole evening getting drunk in the bar and regaling a hapless Old Etonian with his stories, without ever actually buying a drink.

