

OLD WESTCLIFFIAN ASSOCIATION

(formed 1926)



NEWSLETTER 2014

1. OFFICERS & COMMITTEE 2013 - 2014

PRESIDENT - D.A. Norman, MBE, MA
(Oxon), M.Univ (Open)

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

R. Arnold
T.W. Birdseye, JP
H.P. Briggs
H.W. Browne C.B.E.
A.J. Burroughs
Dr. P.L.P. Clarke
R.T. Darvell, BA (Hons)
D.A. Day
J. Harrison
A.A. Hurst, BA (Hons)
N.C. Kelleway
M. Wren

CHAIRMAN - M.A. Skelly, MA

HON. SECRETARY - T.W. Birdseye, JP

HON. TREASURER - C.R.N. Taylor, FCA

HON. ASST. SEC. - R. Arnold

COMMITTEE MEMBERS:

A.J. Burroughs
R.T. Darvell, BA (Hons)
J. Harrison
A.A. Hurst, BA (Hons)
Father J. McCollough
School Head Boy,
or his Deputy

HON. AUDITOR - A.R. Millman, FCA

NEWSLETTER EDITOR - A.J. Clarke
email: terry.birdseye@gmail.com

Hon. Sec. - Terry Birdseye, JP
810 London Road, Leigh-on-Sea, SS9 3NH
Telephone - 01702 714241, Mobile - 07752 192164
email: terry.birdseye@gmail.com

2. AGM 21ST JULY 8 PM AT THE SCHOOL

3. ANNUAL REUNION DINNER - SATURDAY 12TH SEPTEMBER 2014 6:15 PM FOR 7 PM AT THE SCHOOL. DETAILS ON PAGE 3.

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3. OWA ANNUAL REUNION DINNER - SATURDAY 12th SEPTEMBER 2014

At the School: WHSB, Kenilworth Gardens, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex, SS0 0BP

6:15 PM FOR 7 PM OR 5:30 PM SHOULD YOU WISH TO LOOK ROUND THE SCHOOL

COST £26 (£15 FOR STUDENTS IN FULL TIME EDUCATION)

TICKETS WILL NOT BE ISSUED

DRESS - LOUNGE SUIT, ASSOCIATION TIE (£6, Available from Asst. Sec. - see page 39)

MENU

**Oak Smoked Scottish Salmon
with Tiger Prawn Salad**

or

**Braised Shank of Lamb
with Roasted Vegetables and Merlot Sauce**

or

**Traditional Summer Pudding with Mixed Fruit
and Clotted Cream**

or

**English Cheese Board
with Celery, Grapes and Biscuits**

or

**Tea or Coffee with Chocolates
*(Vegetarian Meal available on request)***

✂

REPLY SLIP: O.W.A. ANNUAL REUNION DINNER - SATURDAY 12th SEPTEMBER 2014

FROM: Name:

Address:

.....

Postcode: Phone:

TO: TERRY BIRDSEYE - 810 LONDON ROAD, LEIGH-ON-SEA, ESSEX, SS9 3NH

TELEPHONE : 01702 714241 / terry.birdseye@gmail.com

PLEASE RESERVE PLACE(S) FOR :

<u>NAME</u>	<u>*YEAR DATES AT SCHOOL</u>	<u>COST</u>
.....	(.....)
.....	(.....)
.....	(.....)
.....	(.....)

TOTAL: £

**** PLEASE COMPLETE YOUR YEARS AT SCHOOL. THIS IS IMPORTANT.***

CHEQUE PAYABLE TO 'OLD WESTCLIFFIAN ASSOCIATION'.

TICKETS WILL NOT BE ISSUED.

4. (i) TO: HONORARY SECRETARY O.W.A. - TERRY BIRDSEYE

OLD WESTCLIFFIAN ASSOCIATION

Careers Guidance Support Form

As in previous years, we are continuing with our careers advice network. The intention is that both current pupils and Old Boys can tap into the wealth of knowledge about careers and universities held by us, the membership of the OWA. Those seeking advice will be able to search anonymised data and then submit pertinent questions for direction to the appropriate alumni by an intermediary at the School. In order to set up and sustain the network we are asking willing Old Boys to supply a brief resume of their career history below.

Name:

Years at WHSB:

University, Subject, Degree Level, Dates 1:

.....
.....

University, Subject, Degree Level, Dates 2:

.....
.....

Profession(s)

.....

Email Address:

By signing below I consent for this data to be kept on record and to be used solely to match those seeking careers advice with those offering it.

Signed: Date:

4. (ii) NEWSLETTER MERGER WITH WESTCLIFF DIARY

In discussions with the Headmaster, we have agreed that our annual newsletter be incorporated with the Westcliff Diary. This is a publication that is produced three times per year and gives news of the school and its environs. This will have the advantages of giving you news of what is happening at the school and also bring you news of OW events and members more frequently. There will also be a six weekly news sheet which will be produced between Diaries. Those of you without email will still be catered for.

It is sad that this will be our last newsletter in its current annual form but together with the website, which is currently being established, I am sure that these exciting new developments will be favourably received by you all.

Lastly, I would like to pay tribute and give my thanks to Alison Clarke who has been our rock for the last ten years looking after our database and publishing our newsletter in paper and electronic form. Over the last three years, she has also taken on the roll of editor.

TWB

4. (iii) **HONORARY SECRETARY'S REPORT**

Well another year has passed and it is time to pen my annual report. The Association is in robust health but I must make a further appeal to your generosity. We recently donated £5000 to the newly formed Combined Cadet Force at the school. The cheque was presented to Lt. Bleakley at one of their recent parades. In order to support the School in the future, we need your help. Donations may be cash or cheque, to me please. Thank you to those who have already made donations.

Since the publication of the last newsletter, we have been notified of four OWs who have passed away. Our thoughts go out to their families and loved ones.

My second appeal concerns the newsletter and the new website which is taking shape. We desperately need articles for the 2015 newsletters and our new website, including photographs where appropriate. The new website will take the form of an alumni section on the School website. My thanks must go to the Head Master and his team for getting this project underway. It will be a fantastic help to us in providing information to members and helping to make contact with members with whom we have lost touch.

Last year's annual dinner was a tremendous success. Our guest speaker was Peter Bone, MP for Wellingborough. As you know he has a reputation for speaking his mind and his thought provoking talk was well received. On the night, we made him an honorary member and presented him with a tie, which he said he would wear at Prime Minister's Questions, so look out for it!

This year the dinner will be on 12th September, again at the school. Our speaker will be David Simmons, Oxford law graduate and an OW. He is a former BBC Radio One DJ, Radio Four science writer and presenter and globe trotting executive with World Television news. It promises to be a great evening. Please try to come along. As the date is earlier this year it would be good to see some of our younger members including our school leavers.

Our AGM is on 21st July, 8 pm at the school. It would be great to see new faces in addition to our old stalwarts. It has never lasted longer than 45 minutes, at least in recent times!

We have formed a closer association with the WHSB Parents' Association and last year we offered their Christmas Puddings to our members. This was well received and we will do so again this year.

Their annual Black and White Ball will be on 29th November and it would be great if we could make up a table. If you are interested, please let me know and I will start a list.

I offer my thanks to Michael Skelly and my committee for their support and to Alison Clarke our editor, who does such a superb job putting all my scribblings in some sort of order!

Lastly, my thanks must go to you, the members. Please keep the articles coming and I wish you a happy and healthy year.

Terry Birdseye
Secretary

4.(iii) NEW MEMBERS

Joshua Aldridge	(07-14)
Elliot Bartram	(06-13)
Jan Bardua	(79-82)
Peter Bone, MP	
Andreas Botzios	(07-14)
Zach Buttigieg	(07-14)
Dominic Cage	(06-13)
Julian Cottee	(00-07)
Matt Coulter	(07-14)
Harry Davies	(06-13)
Declan Dillane	(05-12)
Michael Fitzpatrick	(53-55, 58-59)
Barry Fletcher	(46-54)
James Francis	(06-13)
Edward Grimble	(07-14)
Charlotte Harrell	(11-13)
Samuel Hart	(03-10)
Joshua Hatcher	(06-13)
Robert Heaton	(06-13)
Thomas Hoare	(05-12)
Callum Jenkinson	(12-14)
Oliver Leveridge	(07-14)
Dan MacDuff	(06-13)
Amy Matthews	(12-14)
Harry Mayson	(06-13)
Lewis McMillan	(07-14)
Prasham Patel	(06-13)
Eve Rees	(12-14)
George Salmon	(05-12)
J.C. Smith	(44-49)
Andrew Thorn	(92-99)
Keith Warren	(58-65)

Total 32

5. HONORARY TREASURER

Income and Expenditure Account for the Year Ended 31 March 2013

	<u>2013</u>	<u>2014</u>	
INCOME			
Life subscriptions	200	130	
Interest received	-	-	
Profit on ties etc	108	82	
Donations / raffle	450	800	
Surplus on function	170	34	
	<hr/>	<hr/>	
		928	1,046
EXPENDITURE			
Printing, postage & stationery	916	577	
Sundry expenses	30	45	
	<hr/>	<hr/>	
		946	622
DEFICIT (2012 SURPLUS) FOR THE YEAR		<hr/>	<hr/>
		£ (18)	£ 424

Balance Sheet as at 31 March 2013

	<u>2013</u>	<u>2012</u>
ASSETS		
Stock of ties etc	314	464
Cash at bank	10,292	10,160
Cash at building society	2	2
	<hr/>	<hr/>
NET ASSETS	£ 10,608	£ 10,626
	<hr/>	<hr/>
FINANCED BY		
General fund brought forward	10,626	10,202
Deficit (2012 Surplus) for the year	(18)	424
	<hr/>	<hr/>
General fund carried forward	£ 10,608	£ 10,626
	<hr/>	<hr/>

C.R.N. Taylor, FCA
Honorary Treasurer

A.R. Millman, FCA
Independent Examiner

6. PRESIDENT

It has been a pleasure to continue to serve as President of the OWA for the past year. When I was first elected I said that I felt that the OWA should be more than an organisation which holds a reunion dinner once a year. I hoped that the Association could engage more actively with the school to enable members to put back something of what we had gained during our formative years.

Last September I was pleased to be able to make a presentation of a cheque for £5000 on behalf of the OWA to the School's newly created Combined Cadet Force to help them buy much needed equipment. The CCF is the first venture of its kind since an Air Training Corps force was run in the school during the Second World War. I have now had the opportunity to see the Westcliff CCF in action and have been immensely impressed by the commitment shown by staff and students.

The OWA continues to build our mentoring scheme in association with the school. If you would be prepared to offer career guidance to today's generation of Westcliffians please inform our Secretary, on the enclosed form (page 5).

I am reminded every time I go through the School's main entrance and see the foundation stone laid by Alderman Miles that our centenary is not far off. In the coming months the Association's Committee will be giving careful thought to ways in which we can contribute to that event perhaps by funding a special centenary project. More on this in the future.

Finally, we intend to do more to help OW's to keep in touch with one another. The internet now makes that easier than ever before. I am personally in touch with old classmates as far a field as Canada. The school now has a brilliant new website which will have a direct link to that of the OWA. This will not only benefit older members but also hopefully build our membership amongst the new generation who will sustain our Association for the future.

I hope to see as many as possible of you at our dinner in September.

With All good wishes.

David Norman MBE
President

7. CHAIRMAN

Once again, I am delighted to contribute to the Old Westcliffian Association (OWA) newsletter and, as Chairman of the OWA, it is a great pleasure to have been involved with the work of the Committee of the OWA during the past year.

My views on the tremendous value that the Old Westcliffians can bring to the experiences of pupils during their time at the School is no secret and I have seen many examples of how Old Boys have offered their support to individual pupils and how they inspire our School community.

I am entirely supportive of the OWA's commitment to expanding the network of Old Boys, and now Girls, across the globe, and I am pleased that the School is working with the OWA in order to develop its webpages, and in developing a database of Old Westcliffians. I would urge you to check the website regularly for news of events and developments at the School.

I never cease to feel proud of the tremendous achievements of our former pupils, many of which are notable indeed. This would seem to be an appropriate point at which to offer my congratulations on behalf of the Westcliff School community, to Cllr David Norman on his award of MBE in the Queen's New Year's Honours List for services to adult education. We see first-hand, throughout the year, Cllr Norman's dedication towards his former School, supporting School events (even agreeing to appear in our new School prospectus!) and, as President of the OWA, he remains actively involved.

The paths that Old Westcliffians take once they leave the School is always of interest and there is so much they can offer to our current pupils in terms of their experiences and knowledge, and I am always delighted when they return to the school for a visit when they are in the area. Just recently I was visited by an Old Boy, actually one of the students I taught myself during my early years of teaching at WHSB in the 1990s. He had trained and pursued a career as a vet and had recently been involved in a high profile project transporting gorillas from captivity in the UK to the wild in Africa. I am sure he will not mind my mentioning him, as I feel it demonstrates perfectly the diversity of paths chosen by Old Westcliffians, the tremendous contribution they make to the national and global communities, and what important values the School nurtures in these impressive individuals.

The School is currently in the process of redesigning its Uniform Shop in order to make it more accessible to families and to increase its stock. As part of this reorganisation and review, I have discussed with the Committee of the OWA, the possibility of stocking some items of merchandise, in addition to the OWA ties. Such merchandise would be of the quality one would expect of the School and would include just a few items such as mugs, cufflinks and scarves bearing the WHSB crest or colours. Continuing to develop a strong identity is important and I believe that small additions such as this can only enhance the connections our pupils feel when they leave the School.

The OWA's Support to the CCF at WHSB

Last year I made reference to the return of the CCF to Westcliff after more than 60 years and I am pleased to report that this has proved a highly successful return and it is thriving under the most able leadership of Lt Jonathan Bleakley.

Having expanded its number of cadets this year from 25 to 50, its success is in no small measure due to the support offered by Old Westcliffians. The OWA, The Old Westcliffian Masonic Lodge and a local charity (Dennis & Kathleen Smith Fund), through Noel Kelleway, an Old Boy of the School, have provided financial support to ensure the CCF could expand. As a result of these most generous contributions, an additional 25 boys have been able to join the

CCF this year and such an experience has the potential to make a tremendous impact on a student and his future. You may know that the CCF operates within a structure of military discipline, whilst promoting values such as courage, respect for others, integrity, loyalty and a selfless commitment. Many of our students gain this through other means, such as School sport, however the CCF provides opportunities for some students who are less confident regarding involvement in sport and other activities.

We already have the benefit of seeing positive changes in students as a result of taking leadership roles in the CCF, in some cases to a remarkable degree, and my thanks go to Lt Jonathan Bleakley, Mr Michael Dowding and Mr Kevin Brett (Senior Instructor) for their commitment to this provision. I am pleased to report that Mr Dowding, a teacher of Mathematics, has successfully completed training as an Officer and is making a highly valuable contribution to the team. Our future expansion depends not only on financial support, but on having a sufficient number of trained staff to deliver the provision. Therefore I do hope to persuade more staff of the benefits of camping outdoors overnight in the woods, and taking their meals from ration packs!

Thank you to the Old Westcliffians for their support and for making this year's expansion possible. I would also like to record my thanks to the staff at Brentwood School, our partners in this venture, who continue to offer their support and access to resources.

Grammar School Access for Local Children

This has been a challenging year for Education in the local Borough, with many disputes in the community and local press regarding the degree to which Grammar Schools are encouraging local children to apply for places. I remain unhappy regarding the criticism aimed at the Grammar Schools, as much work has been undertaken to encourage participation in the 11+ test, however the fact remains that there are not enough local children being put forward for the test.

WHSB can hold its head high, in its efforts to encourage local children to consider a grammar school education, and the Westcliff Centre for Gifted Children (WCGC) remains very active in the community. I strongly believe Grammar Schools are one of the most successful means of increasing social mobility and, having initiated provision three years ago, the WCGC now works with hundreds of local primary school children each year, on Saturdays and after school, and has provided some training for primary school teachers in English. I am most grateful to Mr Alex Cass and his team, for taking over the work of the WCGC last year and for ensuring it has continued to deliver provision of a high quality, and for expanding its programme.

In September last year I took over the role of Essex Heads representative on the Grammar School Heads' Association (GSHA) and it has been valuable to discuss such issues in this forum, as my colleagues in other Counties face similar challenges regarding the role of Grammar Schools. We must continue to strongly promote the benefits of a grammar school education in our communities, and work to overcome the barriers locally, in order to ensure the young people in Southend have a real choice and the opportunities they deserve.

Old Westcliffians' Involvement with the School and its Programme of Activities

As we continue to build our database of students we would be grateful for your support in making contact with former students with whom we may have lost touch. If you have not already done so, please email your contact details to the following address (office@whsb.essex.such.uk) and we will ensure we keep you in touch with the latest WHSB news. We would also appreciate your support in passing this email address to other Old Boys, with the request that they make contact with us.

The School's centenary is fast approaching and it is our wish that a thriving OWA play a significant role in our celebrations.

It is important to us that Old Westcliffians feel they can return to the School for a visit at any time. If your details are on our database we will ensure you receive copies of the Westcliff Dairy going forward and you are welcome to book for any event, such as the concerts or lectures. Additionally, if you would like to return to visit at another time, please do make contact with me as I would be pleased to welcome you, and I will arrange for you to receive a tour of the premises, some of which may look rather different, now, depending upon when you attended the School.

Capital Developments

Since the last edition of the OWA newsletter, the School has been successful in its application for funding to improve its Sixth Form accommodation through the building of a Sixth Form Block, and to refurbish its Science Block. We are delighted that this funding is also allowing us to provide some much needed improvements to School toilet facilities, and you may be pleased to learn that the West toilet block has now been demolished and this work has now made room for the new facilities.

We hope to see the conclusion of the Science Block refurbishment in November this year and the opening of the new Sixth Form Block in March 2015.

It remains such a joy to be Headmaster of WHSB, largely because the pupils I encounter each day are incredibly talented and creative, and it is a pleasure to witness their development into principled and well-rounded young people, through the commitment of our excellent staff and the wider WHSB community.

Michael A Skelly
Headmaster

8. IN MEMORIAM

N.J. Bowler	August 2013
W.S. Chilcraft	10/04/2013
John Cottrell	April 2013
Geoff Dignum	16/03/2014
His Honour Judge Gordon Rice	19/01/2014
John Mannering	December 2013
Neville Phillips	June 2013

All will be sadly missed.

9. OBITUARIES

*W.S. Chilcraft
Geoff Dignum
Judge Gordon Rice*

WINSTON CHILCRAFT (1922-2013) (WHSB 1932-39)

My father, Winston, passed away on April 10, 2013 at a nursing home in South Benfleet after a prolonged struggle with Parkinson's Disease.

Dad attended West Leigh School where he excelled and won school prizes. He was awarded a scholarship and joined WHSB whilst still only ten years old. He was very conscious that he was the poor boy from the council estate whose parents could not afford a school blazer. He felt the odd one out in a middle class environment and patronised by the staff. At school he excelled at modern languages. He was denied the opportunity of a



university education by a combination of the need to contribute to family finances and the outbreak of war.

In summer 1939, he began work in London at the Ministry of Labour and remained a civil servant all his working life. When called up, he could not join the RAF due to his colour-blindness so enrolled in REME. In 1946 he found himself stationed in Nuremburg at the time of the trials of the Nazi leaders. Because of his knowledge of German, he was appointed as an army observer at the trials with responsibility of translating for his colleagues. The experience of witnessing the arrogant defiance of Hess, Goering and others left a lasting impression.

After the war he returned to the Civil Service and subsequently served in HM Stationery Office and the Board of Trade Investment Grants Office in London and Basildon before concluding his career in HM Customs and Excise in Victoria Avenue, Southend. He was proud to be a public servant although he often was frustrated by some of the traditions and practices of the Service. He was a man of principle, even if standing up for what he believed to be right counted against career advancement; he was not afraid to swim against the flow of popular opinion.

Most of his principles stemmed from his strong Christian convictions. He was converted as a teenager through being sent to the newly opened Elmsleigh Hall in Leigh by his parents. He became a lifelong Bible student and able preacher specialising in the Hebrew prophets. Through the network of local Open Brethren assemblies, he met and married Miriam Cross in 1950 and they had three children, Stephen, Julia and Esther. He was a firm advocate of a return to the simple form of church life he found in the New Testament but as he aged he embraced warmly the broader evangelical community and served on the committees of various local Christian causes. His faith was practically expressed through the unsung service of 'senior citizens', as he de-

lighted to call them, even as he advanced in age himself. He did their gardening, maintenance and helped in their struggles with bureaucracy. He had a great heart for those he felt less privileged, the underdog and the disadvantaged. As he did not drive, he cycled everywhere or used public transport to travel on a Sunday to preach at numerous chapels, mission halls and independent churches across south Essex and east London.

Other interests included following cricket and rugby. He was a loyal member of Southend Philatelic Society despite never collecting stamps himself! He found great fulfilment through supporting the sporting and collecting interests of his beloved children and grandchildren. He corresponded regularly with the editor of the Daily Telegraph although only one letter was ever published. He often decried trends in society, the failure of public figures to live 'according to the Good Book' and correcting inaccurate or sloppy references to the Bible.

By the time his beloved Miriam died in 2007 the effects of Parkinson's Disease were already limiting his activities. Life became a struggle and gradually he was robbed of his dignity and ability to communicate clearly. He fought on doggedly but finally was too weak and peacefully went to his heavenly reward at the age of 90.

Steve Chilcraft
Milton Keynes, April 2014

GEOFF DIGNUM

(16/03/2014)

Geoff Dignum died suddenly on 16th March at the Cathedral and Abbey Church of St. Alban where he was lunching after attending morning prayer.

He had suffered ill health in recent years and had become more involved with different aspects of the Christian church.

He retained his interest in sport and very much enjoyed social occasions.

He was with friends when he died.

Geoff's funeral (a requiem mass) was held at the Cathedral and was attended by about 80 people including friends representing his many and varied interests.

Gill and Jenny Dignum: Sisters

JUDGE GORDON RICE

(16/04/1927-19/02/2014)

(WHSB: 1938-1945)

Gordon Rice was born in Leigh on Sea in 1927. His place of birth was a maternity facility on the site of the present Iveagh Hall Conservative Club. His family lived in Elm Road, Leigh and from there he attended North Street School. He was a choirboy at St. Clements, Leigh on Sea. In 1938 he entered Westcliff High School for Boys becoming in due course a prefect. When young he suffered from TB which excused him from military service. At one point he was very ill.



He was awarded a scholarship to Brasenose College in Oxford to study classics.

Upon graduation Gordon taught at the Municipal College in Southend. He taught mainly Latin, but, as he later became in legal practice, able to turn his hand to many subjects. Whilst teaching at the college he was studying for his Bar exams.

He was admitted to the Bar in about 1958 and entered Chambers at 2 Garden Court, Temple. Gordon was a generalist and would accept crime, civil, family briefs or whatever matter he might be briefed upon. He stayed at those Chambers throughout his

time at the Bar.

He met his wife Pat in 1958 at a dance at the then Pier Pavillion. Pat was also local to the town. Her grandfather Arthur Utting was a long serving Borough Councillor and Magistrate and she attended Southend High School for Girls. Pat later worked as a legal executive with substantial law firms in London. They married in 1967 and moved to Beach Avenue. They eventually came to live in Kings Road in a magnificent house and garden and that is where Gordon lived the rest of his life.

Gordon was appointed Circuit Judge in 1980 and was very soon the resident Judge at Southend Court but sitting also in the Crown Court and occasionally in the High Court. He conducted all cases before him with compassion and as one would expect with a sense of humour and became immensely popular amongst those who appeared before him both Barristers and solicitors. He continued to sit until the obligatory retirement age, thereafter for a further two years as a Deputy.

Gordon was a superb host. He entertained friends at the Kings Road house. His cellar of fine wine was a joy to savour particularly on a summer day sitting in his summer house at the bottom of the garden.

He had a wide range of interests, not just wine but classical music and reading and especially the Municipal College Cricket Club. He played cricket throughout his life and supported the Club in every way that he could.

Gordon was a steadfast supporter of the Old Westcliffians. He was most generous in his donations to the association and was always interested to know how it was developing and a great admirer of the long term officers of the association for the selfless work that they carry out.

Gordon was born, lived, practiced and died in this town. He was a great son of Southend and a firm friend of the Old Westcliffians.

Alan Hurst

10. NEWS OF AND FROM OLD WESTCLIFFIANS

ANTHONY AXE

(1947-1953)

The photo is of the Junior XV 1951-52, and the line-up (as far as I can remember) is as follows:



Back Row left-right:

Tony Hogg, Cotgrove, -?-, Tony Axe, -?-, Brian Gooch, David Allen, -?-, -?-, -?-, -?-

Front Row left-right:

Claude Webber, -?-, -?-, -?-, Mr Cloke, John Bermon, David Holt, Sam Bartram, Bunny Croston.

The photo was taken in the quad in front (I think) of the old Staff Room. We all look pretty solid citizens which leads me to wonder who the little chap was, sitting next to the Head; possibly, our mascot but I haven't a clue.

Anyone else remember Croston's trick of chalking a dash-line on the board with machine-gun speed? I still don't know how he did it.

GORDON BAREHAM

The early months of 2013 have seen the sad deaths of several of my old OW friends. I managed to get back for Chris Sharple's funeral as Chris and I started at Westcliff in September 1953 and we were friends all through school and playing for the OWRFC.

His passing certainly brought back memories of my time at school and as an OW in the 1960s. At the funeral and at the wake after, I briefly caught up with folks I had not seen for 40 plus years. Such memories of great times. The brotherhood of Old Westcliffians is certainly strong.

Kind regards and please pass on my best wishes to those who will remember me.

Gordon.

CHRISTIAN BARKEI

Thank you very much for the newsletter - it is always entertaining and illuminating in equal measures.

After 7 years in Asia we will be relocating to Luxembourg this week and I look forward to seeing more of the staff as a result; I started my teaching career at Westcliff and have very many happy memories of the School.

Very best wishes,
Christian

PETER BONE

Old boy MP Peter's praise for grammar schools

AN MP and former pupil at Westcliff High School for Boys praised grammar schools for preparing children for prosperous careers.

Peter Bone, born in Billericay, is Tory MP for Wellingborough, in Northamptonshire.

He was guest speaker at the Old Westcliffian Association annual dinner at the school, attended by 70 people.

Left to right: Michael Skelly (Headmaster), Peter Bone (MP for Wellingborough), Cllr

David Norman, MBE (OWA President), Terry Birdseye (Secretary)



He tweeted: "Last night speaker at my old school Westcliff High for Boys, last 20 years four pupils have been MPs - three Labour and one Conservative. Grammar schools work!"

The school's head, Mike Skelly, said: "It was a pleasure to welcome Peter, along with Alan Hurst, Derek Wyatt and John Hutton. Many of our pupils go on to eminent careers in other walks of life.

"It is nice to hear Peter's time at school was formative and helpful in terms of making a contribution to his confidence and aspiration to make a difference to society.

"All schools endeavour to do that to help encourage students to aspire and be the best they can be to give them confidence to achieve and the quality of education that creates opportunities."

At the event, association president David Norman presented £5,000 to the school to develop its combined cadet force.

Evening Echo 19/09/2013

DR. PETER CLARKE

I was sorry to hear of John Fozard's death (I hadn't known of it). I knew John well, mainly in his professional capacity and indeed persuaded him to join the governors of WHSB. He had a great affection for the school.

He was without doubt the best dentist I ever encountered and did much to ensure that my teeth remained with me in spite of the treatment they had suffered at the hands of others less competent. I also remember his kindness to my late wife when she was desperately ill.

On a personal note, it is 22 years since I retired. For some years I maintained contact with education (I chaired the governors of the largest comprehensive schools in Somerest) and I was on the local council. However, I am now on 2 sticks so mobility is a problem!

My son Simon, ex-WHSB of course, is continuing his professional duties at the University of Australia.

Good wishes for the future and for the continuing success of the newsletter.

Yours sincerely,
Peter

KEITH CLOUGH (1944-1951)

I have recently received and read the 2013 OWA Newsletter and would like to express my thanks to the editor and contributors for (to me) a very interesting edition. Long may the magazine prosper.

My view may be biased as I had three “mentions” (and two photographs) and that only one of the “obituaries” was personally known to me (although I have subsequently learned that another, Frederick Caine, sat in class in front of my brother).

However, it has spurred me to prepare and submit a contribution for the newsletter. I spent 7 years at WHS from 1944-1951 during which time the Government was interacting/interfering with the education system much as it is now.

Seeing the photographs of the Prefects and 6 Sc. 1949-1950 in the Newsletter 2013 of the OWA, brought back a number of memories. Perhaps I can provide some of

“the story waiting to be told”. Since my memories are incomplete (and probably some of them are wrong), I would welcome any additions and corrections from my contemporaries.

At that time I was in Lower 6 Science and the Lower 6th accounted for almost two-thirds of 6Sc. Similarly, more than half of the Prefects were in the first year of their 6th Form. As a “year” we were unique. When we had been in 4 Sc., there was no 5 Sc. There had been a policy change (Government imposed, if I remember correctly, and probably related to raising the school leaving age) which meant that we were the first complete year who were compelled to wait until our 5th year at the School to sit the School Certificate exams.

I remember that this caused some confusion as many of the staff had been teaching a four-year syllabus for years. One result was that the top Maths set (under “Daddy” Smith’s guidance) took “Advanced Maths” at School Cert. Our year sat the penultimate School Certificate and, two years later, sat the first General School Certificate A level papers. As a further Government initiative, for the first GCSE’s pupils (we were not “students” in those days) were only told whether they had passed or failed – no more distinctions or credits.

I share a lot of Tim Doust’s memories and most of Keith Stephen’s, in the 2013 Newsletter. I, too, watched Don Bradman’s team in Southchurch Park. However, I was a year ahead of them and have some other memories, including two school field trips.

One expedition was to Yorkshire. The sub-text was “to see how the other half live”. I cannot remember who led it but it was both educational and enjoyable. We slept in camp beds in the school hall in Mexborough. During the trip we went down a coal mine and visited at least one steel rolling mill and, I think, a woollen mill. One night we went to a professional boxing match between Mexborough and Wombwell. The weekend was devoted to more cultural pursuits. On the Saturday evening

we were taken to the ballet in Sheffield and on Sunday morning we went to the Church of our choice. On the Saturday afternoon, some of us went to see a First Division football match – Sheffield United v. Burnley. I cannot remember the score but I do remember us being told, by other supporters, that we shouldn't shout for either team because this was "Yorkshire" v "Lancashire" and "Southerners" had no part in it! In those days there was no supporter segregation.

I can remember less about the other trip, which was led by Mr Ivan Brown. It was shorter than the Yorkshire one but, again, very enjoyable. We slept in hammocks on board the ex-Royal Yacht, *Victoria and Albert* in Portsmouth harbour. I think that there was a historical theme. We went to Stonehenge and the East Kennet Long Barrow.

A less happy recollection of the School, was the (then) culture of bullying – both physical and verbal. With hindsight, I think that the tone was set by many of the staff who wielded slippers, metre rules and anything else that came to hand including chalk and wood-backed board dusters! Many of those, who refrained from physical violence, used sarcasm as a very effective put-down. Those who were most bullied by the teachers, then tended to bully their fellow pupils. Although I enjoyed my later school years, the first two or three were too often a time of fear and dread.

Probably the best year was 1951, the year of the Festival of Britain. Although we still had some rationing and real austerity, the future looked bright (perhaps it was my age!). During the last 4 weeks of my final term, I had a job-share with John McGladery as a night Street Orderly (road sweeper). We worked from 11.00 pm to 7.00 am, sweeping the pavements of the High Street and the Sea Front. After that, I went on a canoe trip with 9 other Rover Scouts from Southend to Bradford-on-Avon, in Wiltshire. To take the incoming tide, we started from the end of the pier in the evening. In those days the river was quite

busy – especially through London!

Although Keith Stevens refers to my name being on the Honours Board, I went to University College, London, rather than to Exeter. I started working with computers in 1958 and all my subsequent jobs were ICT related - ending as a Management Consultant in Telemedicine, following my early retirement from the NHS.

I regret that I failed to keep in touch with the School and past friends for years but, more recently, I have attended a few reunion dinners and I made contact with some of my contemporaries about 10 years ago – we all became octogenarians last year! We now live in a village just outside Abingdon-on-Thames and any others would like to get in touch, my email address is krc@imf.co.uk (I also use Skype).

Regards
Keith Clough

JOHN COWAN (1944 – 1950)

Having overlapped in date with Tim Doust I was particularly interested in his contribution to the OWA Newsletter and offer the following memories, which confirm or add to Tim's account.

Maths was taught by Mr. King, who suffered from Parkinson's disease and was rather unkindly but accurately described as "Six foot of misery". However that clearly did not detract from my attraction to the subject. Languages I found difficult. French was taught by Mr. Davis (nick-name, Tud), who tended to loose his temper. I made a "tudometer" - a disc with coloured sectors and an arrow, which I would move according to the degree of temper - a more interesting occupation than learning French! Then there were "Nutty" Morris for Geography and Mr Webber for rugby, both of whom were ready to use a plimsole on a miscreant's behind.

H.I.Brown for History would occasionally pick up a boy's ruler and one time he was so rough with it I was afraid it would break. My apprehension was apparent in my face and he asked me what was the matter! "H.I.", as we knew him, wrote on the black-board notes that had clear hierarchical headings. The main headings would have two underlinings; the next important, one and the next wavy. The most important headings would be in capitals and be prefixed by Roman numerals; the next headings would be prefixed A or B etc; then would come 1, 2 etc; a, b etc. and (i), (ii) etc. It is a system which I, and I expect others of his past pupils, adopted for note taking at college. I also used it in modified form for minutes of meetings.

The English master, Mr. Midgely instilled a strong sense of grammar so that now I cannot bear split infinitives and the modern frequent use of "different to", when it should be "different from" as opposed to "similar to". "A lot" is singular and should have a singular verb so that "There is a lot of people" is correct and "There are a lot of people" is incorrect though it feels more comfortable. To stress that prepositions should not come at the end of sentences he quoted the story of a child about to hear a parent read aloud. The child did not want that particular book and exclaimed "What have you brought me *that* book to be read out of to from for?". He also had an amusing verse:

I lately lost a preposition
Under the seat of my armchair;
Angrily I cried "Perdition!
Up from out of in under there!"

In June 1946 we were studying the use of punctuation in relation to conversation and had to write a story involving its use. My effort was full of mistakes, but nevertheless earned eight out of ten with the comment "Ingenuous and well managed; but not very accurate". However Mr. Midgely must have instilled a respect for punctuation in me, for

later when I wrote home, although my writing was similar to my eldest sister's, my father could tell who the envelope was from because the address on my envelope was always fully punctuated, but that on my sister's was not.

Text books were loaned to pupils and collected in at the end of the year. Mr. Midgely, collecting set books on one occasion called out "Children of the New Forest", and having got little response followed that with " 'Love's Labour's Lost', then, 'Love's Labour's Lost'!"

Another English master, Mr. Howes, who never actually taught me, gained my respect when he was supervising in the dining hall. I was queuing for dinner and my friend, Adrian Gozzard, was talking with some enthusiasm: but Mr. Howes upbraided him with the words "Stop making a noise like a gosling in a blizzard!"

I always had difficulty catching a ball and throwing it accurately and was ever a slow runner. I could not jump over a wooden horse or climb a rope. Sports and Physical Training were therefore not my favourite periods. Rugby football was the winter sport and I languished in the boredom of a full back. I rejoiced if the frost made the ground too hard and we went cross country running instead. After rugby we all had to wash in a large communal bath to remove the mud and then take a cold shower, a procedure that has put me off showers for life.

Even if we were not selected to take part, attendance at Sports Day on Saturday was compulsory. In addition to this annual Sports Day there was the "Browne" Sports Day sponsored by a well meaning gentleman who thought there ought to be a sports day in which every schoolboy took part. I opted for the longer distance runs rather than the 100 yards sprint and did some private practise with the discus. I thought I was doing quite well at the latter, but not having a tape to measure my attempts I got quite the wrong impression. The one compensation for this additional sports day was that it

ended with tea and buns in the dining hall (I had not remembered this was for the winning house only).

My father taught me German and in the school environment he was "Sir" to me, just the same as to the other pupils. He would sometimes bring into the lesson a wind-up gramophone to play German Lieder and so sowed the seeds in me of a love of these songs. Later I would go whenever I could to Lieder recitals given by Dietrich Fisher-Dieskau and Gerald Moore. My father ran the school Chess Club, which I joined and in my first tournament beat my opponent with "Fool's Mate", a surprising success that I never repeated.

Another club I joined was the Gardening Club, run by "Black Harry" Smith, one of the Chemistry masters. A corner of one of the playing fields was turned into an allotment and there I learned how to double dig a plot, which was fertilised with composted grass cuttings. Members were able to buy produce at a nominal price so that the expenses of running the club could be covered. Highlights were excursions to London for

Royal Horticultural Society shows, where some of our produce won prizes and to the Chelsea Flower Show, which I continued to visit regularly later in life. I have included photographs of the school allotment and the club membership, though the names elude me. At Christmas time we would go carol singing and when arriving at Black Harry's door we sang 'We plough the fields and scatter'.

Masters generally wore academic gowns in class, but not mortar boards, unlike my father's father, headmaster of Tottenham Grammar School.

The building of Westcliff High School for Boys then consisted of two quadrangles with the assembly hall in the centre. All the classrooms opened onto the quadrangle, which was open to the weather except for a flat roof over the path round the quadrangles. This made it difficult to keep the rooms warm in the winter. Any change of classroom between lessons involved a cold journey. The quadrangles are still there, but the paths have now been enclosed.

SCHOOL GARDENING CLUB circa 1950





SCHOOL ALLOTMENT



OLD BOYS CONTRIBUTION TO SOUTHEND CARNIVAL (Aug-Sept 1958)



SCHOOL HOCKEY 1st XI (1952-1953)
plus Mr. Harry Brownlee, Mr. Henry Cloke, Mr. Price (I believe)

BRIAN CULLEN
(1948-1955)

Southend Carnival (Aug-Sept 1958):
(Picture on page 22)

The Carnival contributors (picture to your left) met up at the Rugby Club in London Road and were taken to the Marine Parade in Leigh. We eventually mounted the flat bed truck and proceeded to the Westcliff seafront by way of Chalkwell Avenue, as part of the rest of the parade. The truck deck was amply supplied with four and a half gallon kegs of finest ale which was consumed with gentle regularity. Quite how this event concluded is heavily masked by the sands of time but I do remember that all parties greatly enjoyed the occasion.

School Hockey 1st XI (1952-1953):
(Pictured above)

We did not seem to play many matches. One

of note was a loss one wet Saturday afternoon to a team of Amazonian nurses on the top field, from the General Hospital. They gallantly offered to treat our dented shins after the game.

School Gardening Club circa 1950:
(Picture on page 21)

The Master in charge was I believe a Mr Smith. It was organised by the back row Prefects. Brian Bartley, Fisher, Gage and Petit. The new boys were kneeling in front. Reid, Cullen & Poselthwaite who were required to shovel the compost into wheelbarrows and deposit it into individual plots by a process termed double digging. We worked after school and during the holidays. It was good to take home a cabbage for the monstrous sum of one penny.

JIM DENNIS
(1951-1956)

The photograph below was taken in the late sixties and is of the Southend Municipal College cricket club team. Seated centre in the front row is His Honour Judge Gordon Rice who captained the side for many years. Sadly, Gordon passed away earlier this year. It may be of interest to note the person seated fourth from the left is the late Peter Robson, also an Old Boy but significantly a former Head Boy circa 1947.

Jim Dennis
(*Standing fourth from the left*)



NICK EASTWELL
(1968-1975)

My school years at WHSB was from 1968 to 1975. I was a prefect and played 1st XV rugby.

In terms of my life since WHSB, most pertinently 1975-79 at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. 1980-2009 at City law firm, Linklaters, where I headed the Capital Markets team globally for 5 years.

In “semi-“ retirement I am, inter alia, now the Chief Adviser for the City to the Solicitors Regulation Authority, Chairman of the Securities Law Committee at the International Bar Association and Deputy Chair of the Governors at University of Greenwich and Chair of the Finance Com-

mittee.

My two brothers, Jeremy (1970-77 and deputy head boy) and Timothy (1978-9) are old boys. Tim and I both played rugby for the OWs.

Alumni from my year with whom I am still in touch regularly are John Attwell, Alan Campbell, John Madden and Simon Gaze.

Best wishes,
Nick Eastwell

ERIC FINCH
(1957-1963)

Just a brief update to my recent OWA news items. As most retired people seem to say, I'm busier than ever! Following repeated requests, and like many of my retired colleagues in Trinity College Dublin, I've taken on a 'project', in my case to do research into a bit of the history of science in Trinity. I'm also pleased to be still giving some undergraduate lectures.

My 2013 travels with Jean have been more modest than our Australian exploits of the previous year: just Lake Como in Italy, a radiological protection conference in Vienna, and several trips to England, but not unfortunately Westcliff. Our older daughter, Helen, who lectures in German studies in Leeds University, well and truly beat us with the 2013 mileage she herself covered. Having just published her first book, she then in the space of six weeks made a short lecture tour of South Africa and spoke at conferences in Denver (Colorado) and Copenhagen. Ah, the stamina of youth!

With best wishes,
Eric
Dr. E.C. Finch, C.Sci., C.Phys., F.Inst.P., F.T.
C.D.(Emeritus), Trinity College, Dublin

SIMON FRITH
(1975-1985)

Those of you at WHSB during the years 1984 and 1985 may remember the film-making society that was set up by Simon Frith (78-85). Shooting and editing on Super-8 film, the group made a couple of short films featuring pupils and staff of the time: 'The Duskander' (a spy/thriller genre piece) and 'The Action Potential' (an 'A Team' homage). Simon left the school keen on pursuing a career in film and for the past 10 years has been Managing Director of Deadline Communications Ltd, a production company which specialises in corporate and industrial films. He also works as a freelance film producer and director.

His latest project has just been released on DVD - a feature length documentary entitled *'In Search of Our Throwaway History'* which is presented by consumer historian Robert Opie, founder of the *Museum of Brands and Advertising* in Notting Hill. The

tally rely upon them. The film takes us on a trail of discovery that explains why we're now surrounded by a cornucopia of individually packaged goods, how the concept of branding developed, and indeed, when slimming products, soap powders, instant foods and sweets all began to influence our lifestyle".

It may be a long departure from the films of the film-making society, but producing and directing the film brought back many memories of school life to Simon. "We've included over 3,500 items in the film - everything from crisps and sweets to breakfast cereals and drinks, spanning over 100 years. It's an emotional and evocative journey through all our childhoods, as well as those of our parents and grandparents. Making it transported me right back to the days of the school tuck shop!"

So maybe this is the moment to rekindle your love of Spangles, relive the excitement of pudding treats like Instant Whip and Angel Delight, the crunch of breakfast

cereals like Puffa Puffa Rice or Sugar Smacks, the crispy wonder of Horror Bags, the cool taste of a Zoom lolly, the smell of Old Spice, the whiteness of Rinso and Omo washing powders, the thrill of Fiendish Feet yoghurt or the simple satisfaction of a Lyons' Individual Fruit Pie.



film brings us face-to-face with our childhood brands, stirring evocative reminiscences from our formative years. Says Simon, "It's the extraordinary story of how the consumer revolution has utterly changed the way we live, eat, drink and keep ourselves clean and healthy. Not only have we built up a remarkable bond with an ever increasing variety of brands but we now to-

More information is available at www.throwawayhistory.com. The Collector's edition DVD is available from Amazon <http://www.amazon.co.uk/gp/product/B00E0P8FX0> or you can send a cheque £14.95 (inc VAT and postage) with name and address to:

Throwaway Productions Ltd, PO Box 2206, LEIGH-ON-SEA, SS9 0DQ

JOHN FRY
(1991-1998)

If you are interested, my news from this year is, I was Ordained Deacon in the Church of England by Bishop +Stephen in Chelmsford Cathedral on Sunday 30th June 2013 after completing training at Wycliffe Hall, (a PPH of the University of Oxford) and am serving a title post at St. Mary's Theydon Bois with All Saints Theydon Gar-non.

Kind regards
John Fry

MARK GOODSON

This year has seen two reunions from WHSB of the class of '77. Pictures and documents have been well documented on facebook for the second reunion on Dec 7th 2013 (link here, which also included guest appearances by 2 ex-teachers (Mr Towler and his wife, Mrs Towler nee Dowdswell?). <https://www.facebook.com/events/504784666243318/>

There was an earlier reunion on May 4th 2013 - link here: <https://www.facebook.com/events/252791321524154/>

Chris Darvell was the driving force behind it and sadly I couldn't be at the first one but the second was great fun. Many friendships have been renewed and I believe we will try and make this a regular thing.

There are a host of old boys on facebook who I'm sure would like to contribute. Has the OWA got a facebook page?

Regards
Mark Goodson

TERRY GROVE
(1950-1952)

Came to WHSB in 1950 by transfer from Hillingdon Grammar to which school I was admitted in September 1949 by recommendation from Queen Victoria School for Boys, Dunblane where I had been from 1946, unable because of war damage to go to the Duke of York's at Dover.

1952 I completed my GCE's and at age 16 the more than helpful careers teacher (whose name to my shame I do not recall) recommended me to a firm of Chartered Accountants in London to which another OW who I met briefly had gone. Articled there for 5 years I became an ACA after passing final examinations in November 1957 and then after a brief interlude when I earned real money, I started National service in June 1958 in the RAF.

Family circumstances combined with this resulted in forced sale of our home and move away from Prittlewell Chase. National Service training in the UK and some help with station tax affairs, operations clerk in the control tower of El Adem air base, occasional other work, programmer and announcer in the fledgling TEARS radio station, passing Economics A level, studying some language, swimming and other competitions and the like in spare time until I finished there in early June 1960.

A slight delay as a full time serviceman because of administrative problems on discharge was followed by fortune decreeing that an advertisement to which I answered from El Adem would lead to me joining Cooper Brothers of Gutter Lane London soon after; and then in March 1961 moving to join as the second member of their Tehran office. The office expanded rapidly, and work and travel inside and outside Iran, study lecturing etc. followed. Changes driven by rapid economic developments in Iran and changes in the firm led to me persuaded to leave.

After a brief time heading up the fi-

nance function of a major local manufacturing trading and retail group perfecting language of necessity, I, together with two other Iranian FCA's and at the instigation of several leading bankers and others, established a successful local firm in 1977 and then in setting up two others to provide specialised services, thus providing a template followed by others soon afterwards. Part time lecturing, writing (tax guide joint authorship of dictionary in Persian) and other part time activities also helped to fill time.

Many changes in a rapidly developing country resulted in a move from Iran to Italy with the Deloitte European partnership in 1974 as partner where I stayed until 1977 but then less than good health combined with pressure to work again in Iran resulted in moving there to a board position of a state owned national company. Poor timing as it turned out as the revolution that happened in 1978 resulted in no more work and a forced move back to the UK in early 1979.

A short time with a major oil company based in Brussels followed by consultancy and senior employments in the UK Italy and work in Africa, USA and elsewhere, several years as a Council member of the ICAEW and finally official retirement a little time ago leave me still wanting to be working and occupied.

GORDON READ
(1960)

In May I was elected President of the Canon Law Society of Great Britain and Ireland, a professional body for canon lawyers, and will serve a three year term. This involves a certain amount of globe-trotting as the President is expected to represent the Society at the annual conventions of its sister organisations, the Canon Law Societies of America, Canada and Australia & New Zealand. Hopefully one of the visits will

provide an opportunity to meet up with Stephen Silvester (1960) who now lives in Canada.

Sincerely,
Gordon Read

RUPERT SAVILLE
(1992-1999)

I thought it may be of interest to some readers who are my contemporaries to know that my wife, Emily, and I recently welcomed into the world our son, George Benjamin Firth Saville. George was born on 10 September 2013 at the Royal London Hospital, a little earlier than expected, and was brought back to the family home in Leigh-on-Sea shortly afterwards where he has been thriving ever since!



In case you were wondering, I was at Westcliff (in the same year and was good friends with Alex Cass or "Sir" as he is now known at the school) from 1992 to 1999, which seems like a long time ago!

Kind regards,
Rupert

DENIS SHERRINGHAM
(1940-1945)

It was only due to the war, and to evacuation, in June 1940, that I, and three colleagues attended Westcliff High School for Boys. We were all pupils of Hamstel Road Junior School, when war broke out. In March 1940, pupils from Hamstel Road School, took their Scholarship exams, at the new Southend High School for Boys. On 2nd June, we were all evacuated to a beautiful little village, called, Ambergate, in Der-

byshire. There, until the summer holidays, which were, from the end of July, until the first week in September, we attended the small, local school. We were surprised to find that there was just one class, comprising all ages, between 5 years to 10 years, of age. Some of us were even persuaded to help teach the younger pupils! When the time arrived, in August, for all of those, who had passed for Southend High School, to be transferred to billets in Mansfield Woodhouse, because we had very good digs in Ambergate, the parents of four of us, managed to arrange for us to go to Westcliff High, instead. Westcliff High was in Belper, approximately 3 to 4 miles, from Ambergate. Our parents were obliged to find our bus fares of threepence halfpenny, return, daily. Those of us who shifted over, besides myself, were Doug Kirby, Tony Maynard, (whose younger brother, Peter, was to join us, a year later), and Peter Cook.

We were to share the Herbert Strutt Grammar School, with the locals. The locals had the school in the mornings, whilst our forms went to various church and community halls. For the afternoon, we switched over. To the Strutt pupils, we were known as, "The Weedie Westcliffs"! The son of my foster parents, was a Strutt pupil. He was 3 years older than me. My first name is Denis, his was, Denys! This could cause some confusion, so I had to be known by my nickname, given by my parents, Bunny! It was after the, then, famous tennis player Bunny Austin. I hated it, with all the jibes about Bunny Rabbit! What with that, and being a "Weedie Wescliffian", Denys and I had our, "occasional tiffs"! Those "tiffs", did not amuse my foster-parents!

On our first games period, I was horrified to be shown a ball, of a peculiar shape! I was intending to be Centre Forward, in the English eleven! I had never heard of rugby football! Little, at the time, did I realise, how much it would change my life! After returning from 7 years service, as a volunteer, in the Royal Navy, I joined the Old Boys, and played in the First Fifteen, with

the famous, Jack Slater, in the second row. I remained in the First Fifteen, until I was in my mid thirties. After that, I became captain of The Lions, the second team. I was, also, Team Secretary, and so, got to know all of our players. I continued playing, into my forties.

In the "2013" Newsletter", I was so saddened, to read the Obituaries. In it were a number of ex-Old Westcliffians, who were younger than me, and to whom, I must have been considered, "An Old Bat", to put it, politely! They are, Pete Hurrell; Barry Campany; Tony Lister; Alan Murray and Chris Sharples. Another name, was Cedric Hodgkins, who regularly came to the Old Boys' games as a spectator, and with whom, I had business connections. How on earth, did all those ex-players pre--decease me?! In my playing days, I was known as, "The Dook"! It was a name from my school days. I was most surprised to hear, "Look! There's The Dook", as I ran out to play my first game after those 7 years in the RN!

With thanks for all that you do for us.

Yours Sincerely,
Denis ("The Dook") Sherringham

IAN SOUTHGATE

During my time at Westcliff we were blessed with the enthusiasm of Graham Walkington, Science Dept. in the area of golf.

He was an accomplished amateur player who regularly represented Boyce Hill and won their Club Championship in the early '70's

Annual matches were arranged against Southend High, Brentwood and Felstead with Mr. Walkington providing transport. We also entered a number of South Eastern Counties 'Open Competitions' with a fair amount of success.

These were ‘happy days’ for me and I remember team mates like Peter Bax, the Milligan Brothers and Alan Wizenfield very well.

Anyway, the reason I am writing to you is to inform any budding golfers that are at the school that I run junior coaching at Belfairs Golf Course throughout the Summer on Saturday afternoons. They are free to students under the age of 18 and cater for all standards from beginners to potential professionals. Sessions start at 2.00 pm from the first Saturday in May.

I can be contacted on 07860222569 or iansouthgate4@gmail.com.

Many thanks.
Ian Southgate

TIM TOPPS

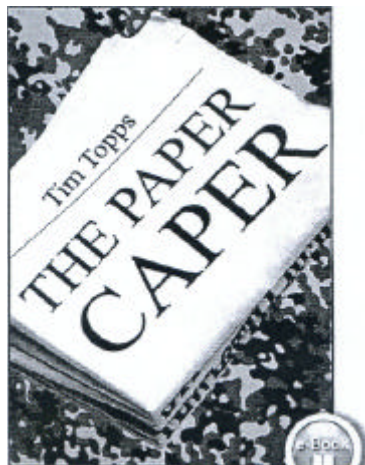
Among your alumni there must still be many oldies who, like me, were called up for National Service at the start of the Cold War and found ourselves, in some bewilderment, teenaged commissioned officers in charge of men with medals on their chests.

We all found our own ways of coping with this, and "The Paper Caper" (though a novel) is based upon mine. I don't know if the Army will like it very much but the Old Boys might.

Press Release:

A COLD WAR SPY
HUNT BY A
CRUMMY ARMY
NEWSPAPER

Tim Topps transports us to the sardonic world of a very laidback army depot in The Paper Caper.



Publication Date: 18/10/2013
www.troubador.co.uk

This light historical fiction takes an amusing look at life at the beginning of the Cold War, in an army depot full of staff visibly rewinding after the previous war. Much of the story will bring back memories for those called up in the years after Hiroshima...

The ebook follows the newly commissioned (but determinedly unmilitary) Tim Topps, who arrives at an immense army depot in 1947. Along with regimental and storehouse duties, Tim is immediately appointed Editor of the depot's weekly newspaper, which he has never seen or even heard of.

Expecting a newsroom bursting with activity when he makes his way to meet his staff, the new editor is met with a small private who is currently operating the paper single-handedly, at a desk in the far corner of the 'Print & Pubs' shed. To no surprise, the paper itself can mostly be found holding a portion of chips at the end of the week.

It is soon revealed that Tim's true role as Editor is to expand the paper, using it to trap a Communist 'sleeper' who MI5 have discovered planted within the civilian staff. He is to be aided by a charming and efficient ATS Corporal, with whom he is doomed to (strictly contrary to army regulations) fall in love.

Tim and his assistant eventually narrow down the suspects to one officer, but all is not as it seems. They are led on a chase beyond the depot, to ruined castles up and down the Welsh border, coming to the end of their journey near a fishing village in the south of France. Here they will confront their enemy for the last time...

During 1938, aged 10, Tim Topps had a six-part adventure story published in a national Sunday newspaper. In 1945, at 16, the BBC broadcast his short play: next day, Hitler shot himself. Tim's National Service commission has now prompted *The Paper Caper* with its authentic background. After Oxford, he ran a university-linked business. Next novel coming up is about the CIA spying on UK students in the 1950-60s. Tim lives in Oxford

with his second wife, an artist.

Best wishes
Tim Topps

DAVID UPTON
(1956-1963)

I left the school in 1963 and then read Civil Engineering at Imperial, graduating in 1966. After years working overseas returned to the UK in 1980 and started my own consultancy practice, Upton McGougan, ultimately with offices in London, Edinburgh, and Winchester and employing 300 staff. In 2006 I retired from the business having also served as the 88th Chairman of the Association of Consulting Engineers.

I am a keen golfer and recently, as Captain of Royal Winchester Golf Club, entertained HRH Prince Andrew when he opened the Commemoration of the Club, being 125 years old.

Regards,
David Upton

MICHAEL WALTERS

Here's wishing you a happy Christmas and a Healthy 2014 from the Holy Land.

I have lived here for just over a year and a half in a rented flat, until we find a place of our own. Our daughter lives with us and is looking for a job. My wife speaks the local language whilst my daughter and I can get by.

I have almost wound down my accountancy activities, but will be in the UK from 15/01/2014. I hope to retire by the end of March. I may be there long enough to squeeze in a Mark/Ram meeting in February.

The Lodges here read everything - Mark is the first step into Chapter, with the

excellent master degree in between. Ram is completely separate.

The weather is much warmer, but is winter here and I am suffering from a cold that doesn't want to go away. It seems the older you get - the harder it is to shake these things off. The health service is good and modern. Most test results you can get yourself within a few days over the internet.

Well I hope you enjoy the rest of the day.

S & F
Michael Walters

KEITH WARREN

THE GREAT PRETENDER
(recollections of Henry Cloke)
by Keith Warren

In the desultory, post-Thatcher years, it became common for anodyne clones of bank managers or minor civil servants to be appointed to Headships. Before that, most of the Head teachers with whom I came into contact were charismatic individuals who stamped their authority, personality and their philosophy on the schools of which they had almost complete, autonomous control. Henry Cloke, M.A. (Oxon) the Headmaster at Westcliff High during my time there as a pupil, was no exception. In fact, he was the epitome of charisma. One might have thought the school had no connection with the Local Authority at all: it seemed it was his personal property, for he made all the decisions and would brook interference from no one. He was a man whose personality was a palpable force around the place even when he went home to lunch. Stories about him were the stuff of playground and staffroom gossip.

One story, recounted to me at least ten years after the event, tells how he contemptuously dismissed a parent's complaint. The woman had called the school to object to

something and had been put through to the Head's study. Apparently, he responded to her observations somewhat peremptorily, making it clear that educational policy was for him to decide. When this did not satisfy her, he cut her off in mid-sentence.

"I am very busy. You sound like the sort of person who might watch *Coronation Street*. Good morning!" He slammed the phone down.

Whether this is true I am not sure, although it was recounted to me by a reliable source, but it certainly squares with the man's abrupt authority and the elitism of the school. The trouble is, he was so much larger than life, it is impossible to know what to believe and what not.

He was also a giant of a man physically and was universally known as "The Boot". Perhaps this was because he had exceptionally large feet, although the reason for his nickname was never entirely clear to us. It still isn't nearly half a century later. I have asked many contemporaries if they are able to shed light upon the matter but none is able to do so. Perhaps he invented his own nickname, thus conferring upon himself a guaranteed mystique. There is no denying that an unreal aura clung to the man.

The thing that sticks in my mind about him, however, is his extraordinary sartorial inelegance. This is odd, for it is usually head teachers who are the ones to berate their pupils for infringements of the uniform regulations. The Boot might do this occasionally, but one suspected it was just for form's sake. He didn't really care.

His hair was akin to grey mattress stuffing and looked as if no comb had seen it in months. It was said that someone had seen him at a barber's shop in Westborough Road, sitting impatiently whilst his hair was trimmed, tweaked, oiled and combed. Eventually, he was asked whether everything was alright for you, sir and a mirror was held up for his judgment. Apparently, he pushed the thing aside, flung the sheet from him and ruffled his hair with both hands to return it to its former unkempt state.

"It's much better now, thank you," he boomed, marching irritably from the place.

The Boot's academic gown was nearly always hanging off one shoulder and was badly ripped at the back. It looked like one of those fly-curtains you see in shop doorways. Occasionally, he would buy a new one but it didn't remain undamaged for long. I was an over-awed sixth former in his study one afternoon before I understood how he came to shred the things. He flopped into his chair, flicking the gown over its wooden back. He kicked his sprawling legs out and his torso slumped across the desk in a most ungainly fashion. He looked like an enormous sack of sticks.

The phone rang and he lunged forward to grab at it. As he did so, his gown caught on the chair back, causing another rip. Perhaps there was a splinter or a nail there; it was typical of the man that he didn't seek to re-locate the phone or investigate the cause of the repeated damage. He did not care that he would daily appear in front of the school in such a state of shabby disarray, often only minutes after his Deputy, the militarily precise and dapper Mr. Harry Harden, had berated us for not wearing our caps or not doing our ties up correctly. It was not unusual for The Boot to take assembly or stride the corridors with his trousers supported by an old tie knotted untidily through the belt-loops.

It is not possible that he was unaware of his appearance. Nor can he have not seen the delicious irony of it all: if any one of us had even half-way imitated his slovenly appearance, we should have been sent home. It was, I think, a conscious, deliberate, studied eccentricism. He was not setting out to undermine or contradict his Deputy or other staff; not at all, he would support them at all times. No, rather I think that he was telling us that rules were rules and we'd better obey them, or else we could expect the cane... although, of course, the rules are also palpably absurd and regimental. They are there to be flouted, if you have the right spirit and strength of character. Be your own man. Do

as I say and not do as I do. I can slouch and look comfortably scruffy but you must stand up straight and starchy. Is that clear? Do you understand the subtlety of all that, boy?

No, Sir, not really.

One year, the size of his feet was celebrated in the customary end-of-year high jinks. It was usual for the departing Upper Sixth to stage some prank such as hoisting large brassieres onto the flag-poles or towing Mr. Henderson's dinghy up from Chalkwell Beach and mooring it, fully rigged, in the swimming pool. He was not entertained, being a rather prickly fellow, but the rest of us thought it hysterical.

On the occasion in question, some enterprising types made large feet out of polystyrene, to use like rubber stamps. They must have broken into the school over-night for when we arrived in the morning, there were giant, white-painted footsteps leading from where The Boot parked his car, through the main entrance and all the way around the West Quad to the boys' toilets and therein, halfway up the wall of a urinal.

On another occasion, the final assembly was the scene of the leavers' jape. The Boot would make a dramatic entrance to all assemblies, striding down the centre aisle from the back door after we had all been instructed by the Head Boy, "School, stand!"

After he had arrived at his position behind the table on the stage, shuffled his papers and made a futile attempt to adjust the shoulder of his gown he would stare at us balefully and instruct us to sit. The prefect entrusted with the morning's bible reading would then step forward to the lectern and commence. All could sleep or make obscene gestures to one another for a few minutes.

On this special morning, however, we could sense that something was up. The Head Boy, Bartlett I think, was gripping the arms of his chair up on the stage as if it was a seat on a queasy fairground ride. The prefect doing the reading was not one of those normally selected for the task and that aroused our suspicions. The reading itself also seemed most odd. It was from Ezekiel,

Chapter 37.

"So I prophesied as I was commanded; and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone...."

It sounded most peculiar and not at all what we were accustomed to hear.

As it progressed, the curtains at the back of the stage gradually began to part, revealing the skeleton from the Biology Department hanging in mid-air, its right hand raised to give the assembly a v-sign. The whole school, including the masters down the side of the hall, was transfixed. The only person who could not see what was happening was The Boot. One might have thought that there would have been a roar of laughter or that a senior master or Mr. Harden would have interrupted the proceedings. But no one did anything: boys and masters alike were too stunned by the sheer audacity of the performance and too in awe of the Headmaster to make a sound or step forward.

Apparently, at the end of the reading, the curtains were supposed to close in front of the spectral gesticulator. Unfortunately, they stuck or the boy on the ropes had taken fright and run off to protect his skin. Bartlett, under the guise of pretending to have something urgent to say to the Headmaster, leaned across and tried to close them. He was unsuccessful; The Boot's suspicions were aroused and he turned around in his seat.

The harangue that followed was one of the most spectacular that I have ever witnessed from any Headmaster. Talk about Krakatoa. It must have lasted a quarter of an hour and ranged from relatively mild reprimands about the subversion of a school custom, to accusations of blasphemy and eternal damnation to a tirade about respect and maturity and the boys responsible had better own up and come to his study in ten minutes. I don't think anyone did.

We crept from the Hall, trembling with fear as if each of us had been personally re-

sponsible for the disgrace. And yet, even then, I wondered whether The Boot's performance was indeed all show. After all, we had never heard him invoke the Almighty's presence and blessing before, except when he garbled a morning prayer rather perfunctorily and unconvincingly. Why was he suddenly so concerned about the blasphemy of the gesticulating skeleton?

Like all pretenders (if that's what he was, and I believe it to be so) there was something of the clown about both his appearance and his manner. One day, someone had cut a large hole in the centre of one of the newspapers provided in the library for boys' edification. (It would have been "The Daily Telegraph" or "The Times". Never "The Manchester Guardian".) This mindless vandalism was duly reported to The Boot and he then drew it to our horrified attention in Assembly the following morning.

Having given us the standard speech about responsibility, maturity and how he was appalled that a supposedly intelligent boy could behave in such a destructive and crude manner, he decided to illustrate his point. He lifted the paper into the air in front of him, opened the pages and then pushed his face into the offending hole. A fair-ground spectacle, no less.

Naturally, we laughed. Wasn't that what we were supposed to do? In a way; but in a way, no. He slammed the paper down on his table and started all over again, but this time reprimanding us for our insolence. It seems that we were to respect him and his position as our Headmaster, even if he was a clown.

We may have laughed at him sometimes but it was not really derisive or cruel laughter. It was a respectful recognition of his bizarre habits which oftentimes made him a caricature of himself. We feared him too, for his legendary skill and force with a variety of canes of different thicknesses for different kinds of beatings. We respected his position, his personality, his intellect, his authority. And lastly, but by no means least, we came to realise that we were not just a

mass of boys to him: if he could, he came to know us, or know something of us, as individuals, especially when we arrived in the sixth form.

Before we left, he would invariably give a pithy and usually perceptive assessment of our worth. To my friend Dirk Wood, who had languished an unproductive year longer in the Sixth than he should, he said, "You are like a cooing dove; always lying in soft, endearing tones. You will be found out."

"I was," says Dirk.

To my contemporary, the now Formula 1 Motor Racing correspondent Alan Henry, he said, "For Heaven's sake, Henry, you'll never make a living from fast cars!"

I think we can forgive him this. As Alan himself would no doubt admit, his activities behind the wheel up to the age of eighteen might have suggested that he would be unlikely to survive into his twenties. Furthermore, he had shown no especial interest in writing anything much during his school career.

In my final year, as well as being appointed Deputy Head Boy, I was also a leading light in the French Society (shame I didn't have Lisette's address) and also the Chairman of the International Society. This organisation was open to boys (and girls!) from the sixth forms of the two schools and met once a month on a Wednesday evening in the library. Each meeting would be addressed by a guest speaker: perhaps an official from a foreign consulate, an eminent businessman or a Member of Parliament. It was meant to broaden our minds. Naturally, it was encouraged by The Boot who would occasionally blunder in noisily and join the proceedings, usually causing a clumsy, chair-kicking disturbance just after things had commenced.

Once the meeting had concluded and if he thought the speaker interesting enough, The Boot would invite him or her to take tea in his study. As Chairman, I was expected to attend too. These were occasions of excruciating embarrassment. If The Boot was in an

especially interrogative mood, he would grill the speaker unmercifully, sometimes implying that as Chairman I had failed to get the best out of the person or missed the point entirely. He was probably right: I think I was more interested in the kudos that went with the Chairmanship than I was enthralled by international affairs.

“Don’t you agree, Warren?” he would suddenly bellow at me. He had no doubt correctly assessed my flimsy and superficial grasp of the matter in hand and had seen my furtive glances at my wristwatch as I began to fret about what time I would get home that night.

Worse than this, however, was The Boot’s tea-drinking and biscuit-eating etiquette. He was not of the “cocked little finger and chintz doily” school. Biscuits were man-handled and tossed on a plate in front of the guest; The Boot would snap his loudly, showering crumbs down his waistcoat, before dunking them in the tea. Furthermore, he didn’t drink tea in the accustomed manner; rather, he sucked it out of the cup by means of lowering his fleshy top lip into the cup and breathing in, thereby ingesting the entire contents of the cup in one go. Sipping he did not do. Many was the Wednesday evening in his study when I had to stifle an embarrassed giggle as he subjected the guest speaker to his impersonation of one of those machines which clear storm-water drains. The tea would be sluiced enthusiastically around his teeth, following which procedure, the filtered tea-leaves and odd bits of biscuit would be squirted back into the cup. Quite extraordinary; I have never seen anyone accomplish this feat of labial dexterity since. No doubt various guest speakers would say the same.

On my report at the end of the Lower Sixth in July 1964, The Boot wrote, “He has been a first rate servant of the school. I want him to be an equally good servant of the interests of Keith Warren.”

It took me a while to understand that he meant that I’d spent too much time big-dealing it in the International and French

Societies and as Deputy Head Boy “elect”, interfering in things which didn’t concern me and spending insufficient time studying.

When I look at that report now, nearly fifty years after it was written, the warning signs are there clearly enough. But at the time I did not see that the masters were saying, in short, that I needed to study harder. It seemed to me that it was a reasonable report and I had time before the examinations.

The reports of the following year were worse. Phrases such as “He has some ability, but it has certainly not been fully used” and “disappointing” abound. My form master wrote, “I do hope he makes the University grade sooner or later” – a clear indication that he thought it would not be the following Autumn. He was right. The Boot, in a classically ambiguous manner, wrote, “We must now wait and see”. He knew full well what the consequences of my academic inertia would be.

Perhaps I was more of a Pretender than The Boot; I’m not sure. He was and is difficult to “define”.

Of course, he was as we expected him to be: he was The Headmaster, with all that the name implies and entails. And yet, at other times, unexpectedly, he was not. He could put a large foot outside the shadow of his role and become a grotesque creature - The Boot, in fact. Something else, like Frankenstein’s monster. Then he was at his most fearsome, for we didn’t know what to expect; we couldn’t predict his actions: we didn’t know what he was. It was at those times, I think, that he enjoyed himself the most.

There is no story which illustrates this better than my friend David Shaer’s.

One Saturday afternoon, Dave had been playing for the Under 14’s in an away game. He was repeatedly harassed by the opposing winger and, when the referee wasn’t looking, Dave gave the fellow a pasting. The winger made so much noise that our Captain’s attention was drawn to Dave’s corrective measures. He told Dave to desist which in turn drew the attention of the refe-

ree who, inevitably, sent both boys off the pitch.

“What did you have to interfere for, you stupid c**t!” said Dave to our Captain. Naturally, his obscenity was noted and marked by the accompanying master. Dave was duly summoned to The Boot’s study on the following Monday.

He went somewhat sheepishly to the little corridor which housed the Head’s study and “the office” and knocked gingerly on the door. There was, unusually, no bel-lowed command to enter. The door swung open silently and, apparently, of its own ac-cord. Gingerly, Dave stepped inside. The Boot was nowhere to be seen. Dave won-dered briefly whether he was in the toilet somewhere between his study and the office and listened for what one might have pre-sumed would be a hosing torrent of Niagaric proportions. If the Boot drank tea without finesse, what hope for subtle and silent mic-turition? But there was nothing.

The door closed and Dave turned around. The Boot was standing behind him, brandishing his cane and grinning malevo-lently, his fleshy lips pulled back over his tombstone teeth. He lurched forward, loom-ing over Dave, King Kong in a gown.

“Who’s a stupid c**t now then, Shaer?” he growled.

(This is an extract from the author Keith Warren’s book, “Go Carts, Girls and Gob Stoppers”, available as an ebook on www.amazon.com)

STEPHEN WELLS (1965-1971)

On leaving the school, I studied Economics at Pembroke College, Cambridge University and then rounded this by qualifying as a Chartered Accountant whilst with Coopers & Lybrand (now PwC) in London. Initially active in politics but involvement has be-

come more limited following the absorption of the SDP into the Liberal Democrats and marriage to Sheida in 1985, and birth of daughter, Fiona in 1991.

For over 25 years I have worked as a Finance Director. Firstly at Rank Lei-sure where I had a key role in growing it into a substantial en-tertainment business, including becoming the then largest nightclub operator.

Subsequently at WS Atkins, as the Interna-tional Finance Director, I enjoyed manage-ment by flying about including from the Oman to China and from Romania to India. Over the last 10 years I have pursued a ca-reer as an interim Finance Director with highlights including setting up the finance team for the Olympic Delivery Authority and overseeing the finances of the NHS in Norfolk, whilst my daughter was studying medicine nearby at UEA.

Many others in my family have at-tended Westcliff High School for Boys, in-cluding his father, the late Derek Oliver Wells (1936 – 1944) and brother, Dr John Wells (1963 – 1970), who is now a retired academic in Oxford following a career in higher energy physics. I am happy to be in contact by my contemporaries via e-mail on sxwells@ntlworld.com.

Kind regards,
Stephen Wells, MA, FCA



VAL WEST (1940-1945)

The term Old Boy really applies in my case. I doubt that many of my generation are still on the Green Side of the grass! My wife and I have lived in Canada for almost two thirds

of our lives. She was/is Swiss from Lausanne. We met at the now defunct Southend Municipal College. After a whirlwind courtship lasting 5 years we moved here. Now three sons, six grandchildren, and three great grandsons, by birth and acquisition, our lives are, no doubt, slowly winding down. I still manage to shovel the snow, of which, this year at least, we have plenty. A snowblower helps of course .



Several years ago I completed a BSc. at the University of Toronto, became a Member of the Chemical Institute of Canada, and A Chartered Chemist of the Province of Ontario. It all sounds very grand, but in reality is little more than a cupful of Alphabet Soup! Still it helped me maintain a reasonable standard of living. My wife graduated from the UofT in translation, French being her mother tongue, and worked for several companies. Canada is officially bilingual but both of us have difficulty with the variety of French spoken in Quebec!

At the time of our retirement we took a small apartment in a town called Aigle in Vaud in Switzerland. We spent the winters there, because, at that time, I had the impression I could ski. However the Swiss Franc shot up at the same moment the Canadian Dollar took a dive. We lost 15% in the deal and it became an unrealistic enterprise. We had 5 years there. I've tried to contact any surviving OB's from the 1940's to 1945 era but have been met with a thundering silence. Either they are all gone and I'm the last man standing, or I was so unpopular that no-one wants to correspond! Should

you ever want the reminiscences of derring-do during National Service let me know, I've got a lot to tell!

Most cordially

Val West

[Message from editor: Val, please do tell!]

11. OLD WESTCLIFF LODGE NO. 5456

The Old Westcliffian Lodge has had a successful year with three new members either initiated or jointing the Lodge, and now has approximately 50 members. The members of the Lodge entirely consist of former pupils or staff at the school, and this gives a common bond which enables the Lodge members to work and laugh together and dare I say gently poke fun at one another.

It may well be that you have preconceived ideas of Freemasonry and indeed Freemasons, and at the (unlikely) risk that we may confirm your preconceived ideas, we are happy to talk to anyone who is interested in the Old Westcliffian Lodge, or Freemasonry in general. 2014 marks the 80th anniversary of the foundation of the Lodge, and it would be nice if, in this anniversary year, new potential members came forward. We list below three Lodge members with their contact details and years at the school so that you will be likely to speak with one of your contemporaries.

Terry Birdseye (1957-1962) 01702 714241
Arthur Millman (1967-1973) 07973 145978
Greg Bermon (1988-1995) 07772 296230

12. EDITOR

Once again, a big thank you to all of those who have contributed to the Newsletter. I would like to take this opportunity to thank members that have sent emails expressing their appreciation for the NL - this could not be done without your input.

Please keep sending in your news and photographs. The preferred method to use is email but we are also more than happy to receive letters via the post.

Should you know of anyone not receiving their Newsletter, please ask them to get in touch. They can either email their details to terry.birdseye@gmail.com or contact the Hon. Secretary by post. Also, please keep us informed of email and postal address changes.

As this will be my last production of the newsletter I would like express my appreciation for being allowed to share in all your adventures. It has been an enjoyable time.

Wishing all OWAs good health and happiness.

Alison Clarke
owa@ashphoenix.co.uk

13. (i) THE OLD WESTCLIFFIAN ASSOCIATION

The Association was formed in 1926 to enable pupils to have a means of keeping in touch with staff and colleagues.

The Annual Newsletter forms a good link between members at home and abroad.

The AGM is usually held in June.

Our Annual Reunion Dinner is held in September.

We welcome a growing membership and our Honorary Secretary will be pleased to welcome new members on receipt of an application.

... ✂

13. (ii) The Old Westcliffian Association

*** Please make ALL cheques payable to '*Old Westcliffian Association*' ***

Application for Life Membership Subscription	£10
Life Members' Tie	£6
70th Anniversary Tie	£6
Cufflinks in Presentation Box	£12

NAME:

YEARS DATES AT SCHOOL:

ADDRESS:

.....

..... POSTCODE:

TELEPHONE NUMBER:

EMAIL ADDRESS:

PLEASE NOTE THAT IF YOU DO NOT PROVIDE AN E-MAIL ADDRESS, AN ADDITIONAL £5 SHOULD BE SENT FOR FUTURE NEWSLETTER MAILINGS.

Send Membership cheques to:

Terry Birdseye
810 London Road
LEIGH-ON-SEA, Essex, SS9 3NH
Tel: 01702 714241
Mobile: 07752 192164
Email: terry.birdseye@gmail.com

Send cheques for ties and cuff links to:

R. Arnold
8 Orchard Grove
LEIGH-ON-SEA, Essex, SS9 5TR
Tel: 01702 521877
Email: dick.arnold@virgin.net

