

asked what was in the cardboard box he was clutching, he said: "Three and a half years' work – and I'm going back to finish it." Ursula and the girls came later from Australia and, after a brief while with them, Eric returned to the gardens and to his unfinished work. His daughters entered FSSW in January 1946.

In 1949, REH retired from the Directorship of the Botanic Gardens and became the first Professor of Botany at the new University of Malaya in Singapore. . . . When he retired to Kew in 1954, after 32 years in Singapore, Eric had no idea that he had another working life of 36 years in front of him. . . .

Eric died on 18 September 1990, just a week after a family reunion in Walden with Harold, Dorothy and two or three others for a delayed celebration of his ninety-fifth birthday. Jean Stubbs recalled to the 1990 AGM of the OSA Eric's words then: "I've finished my scientific work; I've finished my autobiography; what shall I do with the rest of my life?"

*Adapted from the obituary by Cyril Mummery in the OSA Annual Report, 1990*

**I**n a feature, dated 26 January 2002, *The Daily Telegraph* previewed a forthcoming display of orchids at Kew Royal Botanic Gardens. The exhibition was to include 15,500 cut stems from the Singapore Botanic Gardens. The article, by Jonny Beardsall, ended as follows:

*You will find no hint of revisionism at Singapore Botanic Gardens. Holttum is still famously revered and a fine building in the grounds is named in his honour. When I met Phillip Cribb, Kew's foremost orchid expert, who arranged the forthcoming festival, he told me he took Professor Holttum – by then a nonagenarian – to the 130th anniversary of the Singapore gardens. 'People there literally kissed his feet.'*

## REGINALD REYNOLDS

1905-1958

From : the Croydon & Saffron Walden OSA Annual Report 1959. (Abridged)

Testimony as to the Grace of God in the life of REGINALD ARTHUR REYNOLDS.

**R**eginald Reynolds was the third child, and the eldest boy, in a Quaker family of five children. Although much of his life was spent in London or near Croydon, at the time of his birth his parents were living at Glastonbury, in Somerset, so he quite rightly regarded himself as a West Countryman.

At the age of eleven he followed his sister to the Friends' School at Saffron Walden, where he remained for five years, entering fully into the academic side of school life, introducing much wit and fun in unaccustomed places to the manifest pleasure of his school fellows, if frequent dismay of the Staff. Perhaps it was indicative of some lack of understanding of him in later years that even at that early stage though he came top of the School he was not made a prefect. Although this was a disappointment to him, it did not disturb the great affection he came to feel for the School, so that throughout his life he was ever ready to help each succeeding generation to share the deep attachment he had for everything associated with it. His frequent visits, both to the School and Saffron Walden Meeting House, gave him a greater sense of renewal and refreshment than almost anything else in life; and his old school fellows, who there met with him, found one of those rare people with whom it was always possible to resume at once all the happiness of old and treasured relationships.

When he left School the way ahead was not clear. so Reginald Reynolds first spent two years at Woodbrooke and later joined the firm of Clark, Son and Morland, at their

factory in Somerset. During these formative years the fire which a Quaker upbringing at home and School had kindled within him was fanned by contact with Friends and others with whom he associated in the Birmingham area and at Street, where he met Laurence Housman, whose friendship and guidance came to mean so much to him. With a mind becoming filled with many turbulent thoughts centring round the welfare of his fellow men throughout the world, it was no wonder he had little aptitude for business, so after some four years he resigned and embarked on a journey that was to have a lasting effect on his life. This took him to India where for a period he lived and worked alongside Mahatma Gandhi, experiencing the quiet simplicity and meditation of his life, but in an atmosphere disturbed by the tensions of that country in the late 1920s. In those conditions the sensitive receptive mind of the young man developed, and on his return to this country, work for the cause of peace became his vocation.

This took him into the political field, where he became a left-wing idealist. But at the height of his "political period" he maintained a personal integrity of which some of his new friends disapproved. Often he protested against unscrupulous political opportunism and ruthlessness, until he became violently assailed by the very people with whom he had been collaborating. This did not bring him back to a more moderate standpoint: on the contrary, it drove him further to the left. During the Spanish Civil War, Reg and Ethel Mannin (who was soon to become his wife) devoted themselves to supporting the anti-Fascists. It was certainly not love of war or blindness to its horrors that drove them to support the defence of the Republican Government, but the evils of Fascism and a clearer vision of what lay

ahead for Europe that was seen by the three great political parties in Britain at that time.

Commencing in 1932 with his work with the No More Work Movement his connection with War Registers International extended for more than twenty years.

When World War Two began, Reginald Reynolds registered as a conscientious objector and initially trained for work with the Friends Relief Service. An accident prevented his attendance before the Tribunal, which took his case in his absence and gave him a wide form of conditional exemption. He had applied for unconditional exemption and felt quite unable to accept their decision since he regarded the right not to kill as a moral absolute which could not be dependent on the will of any tribunal. He resisted all attempts to coerce him into accepting these conditions, but joined the Chelsea Civil Defence as an ambulance driver, not under any direction but as a volunteer, and later was one of the few people selected to handle tracker-dogs

used in searching for victims of heavy bombing. During the hours of waiting he employed himself in much reading and research, which subsequently led to the publication of the first of several brilliantly witty, yet philosophical and learned books. This close association with the misery and suffering brought through War to his fellow human beings rekindled within his super-sensitive mind the smouldering embers of his Christian Pacifism and Quaker faith. Then came Hiroshima. Few people in the Western World could have been so deeply

affected by the searing flash of the first Atomic Bomb as he was, when he heard the news on his way to a joint meeting of the Peace Pledge Union and the Council of the War Resisters International. Stunned by this new horror of immense man-made human suffering it was quite surely the Grace of God which (to use his own words) prompted Reg quite suddenly to pick up a copy of Woolman's Journal. It had been among his



*Reginald Reynolds signing autographs at the 250th Anniversary Reunion in 1952*

father's books, retained by himself for sentiment rather than for use; but that day he put it into his pocket with the feeling that with his own new orientation, he might find something of value in John Woolman's writings. That same day he was taken suddenly to hospital. There his study of the Journal filled him with wonder and admiration. Gradually a whole new philosophy of life and conduct unfolded, which was in itself the answer to many

queries which had been in his mind. When he had turned the last page his feeling of gratitude to John Woolman was equalled by the imperative need to share what he had found.

We must be forever grateful for the outcome of the loving study which followed, both for the production of the book *The Wisdom of John Woolman*, in which he showed the relevance of these writings of two hundred years ago to our lives today, and for the impetus it gave to Reg to redouble his efforts on behalf of peace and inter-racial brotherhood.

Though his health was always uncertain, the fire which lit his whole life enabled him to embark on some years of travel and service to the Society, both in this country and abroad. As Field Secretary for the Friends Peace Committee he concentrated his endeavours on the rising generation, speaking at schools and colleges and talking with the young people in their free time. It was a natural development from this for him to join the

Works Camp Committee, going to camps at widely separated points where for short periods he led these international gatherings in the exercise of worship through work. He neither ennobled nor belittled work – anything that had to be done was just part of the daily task leading to the realisation of the totality of life. It was the warmth, the laughter and love which he generated that gave to all a new security, a security in a simple kind of Kingdom of Heaven, from which no one could be excluded and into all who took a glimpse wanted to enter. His

humour, his colourful clothes, his sense of drama, the often unusual presentation of his ideas, all contributed to making his concerns vivid to other people. Because he had deep religious convictions, without being sanctimonious or pompous, he made young people feel they could discuss their problems and beliefs with him – and he was never shocked by what he heard. His interest, affection and belief in what they could do in the world, made them feel they had a significant part to play in the future to which they could go forward, bound together in a deep and permanent fellowship – the fellowship of people who had learned that the love of God leads inevitably to the service of God.

As he travelled around the world he found much that could only cause him sorrow and bitterness. Prisoners at home and abroad, coloured people in foreign lands, victims of inter-racial strife in Africa or America and, finally the problems of the aborigines in Australia, all came within the orbit of this versatile and apparently untiring man. He, who had such rare gifts of loyalty, affection and understanding, chose to battle among crowds, and often against crowds, with only his burning faith in God to sustain him. We may have meant to give him more of our support, but good intentions are not enough. Much more is needed: the wisdom not to mean well, but to do what is right. What is rare is to find a person who cared sufficiently to put intentions into effect. Reginald Reynolds did just that. Well may we echo words spoken of him on the first day of this year: “This was a Man. Thanks be to God.”

*Signed on behalf of Kingston Monthly Meeting 9.5.1959.*

*Frederick H. Philips, Clerk*

*Endorsed in and on behalf of London and Middlesex Quarterly Meeting 27.6.1959.*

*Anthony Skelton, Clerk*

## FARRAND RADLEY

**I**n 1965, Kenneth Alexander proposed Farrand as President Elect of the Old Scholars' Association with the following words:

*“This fellow I am proposing is a very brainy chap. His progress at School from form 4b to the top was rapid and he has the distinction of being one of the first to study for the Higher School Certificate at Walden. From School, he entered St Edmunds Hall, Oxford, where he took honours degrees in French and German. This probably accounts for his present day globe-trotting.*

*He was abroad in the Forces during the war, ending up with rank of Major and in the Military Government in Austria engaged on rehabilitation.*

*He is one of those very rare birds (in fact, he may be a unique bird) viz, he is the progeny of two Walden teachers. One of them even came back for a second teaching spell. His mother, before her marriage, was Miss Helen Howell. Hence the advice given in bygone days to anyone who was searching for a lost article to “go to hell and howl for it.”*

*This character inherited a great love for music and used to play the ‘cello in the School Orchestra. After the war, he became Assistant Director of Personnel in the British Council. In 1950, he left and joined the BBC. In 1958 he became Secretary of the London Branch of Office Management and, four years later, Chairman.*

*In the BBC, he came back to his original interest of music. He is rather a modest type and when I asked him at Television Centre, some four years ago, what his job was, he mumbled something and I was little the wiser. Officially, he was BBC Television Music Organiser. (At the time of this article, he had become Travel and Features Organiser, BBC Television).”*

Farrand maintains his love of Walden and still serves as a much loved and valued member of the Old Scholars' Committee. He recently married Laura and they are a familiar sight at Old Scholars' gatherings.

## RALPH ERSKINE

**R**alph Erskine is one of the best known architects in the world and one of the most respected by his own profession. He was at the School from 1925 to 1931 and then moved to what was then the Regent Street Polytechnic, qualifying in 1936. A couple of years later he qualified also as a town planner. 1939 was perhaps the pivotal year of his life: in that year he both married Ruth Francis, also an OS and, unlike Ralph, a Quaker; and he set up his own architectural practice near Stockholm.

He started out by studying the architecture and building materials of Sweden and became a major authority on building in northern climates. Many of his earlier designs were for houses in Sweden (and one, for his parents, in Lewes in Sussex). He moved on to larger housing schemes, civic buildings and urban planning schemes, developing an organic and expressive architecture that was inspired both by his Swedish studies and by British community planning. He has always avoided monumental designs and sought solutions that respond naturally to the climate (and save energy) and that are built with traditional forms and textures.

In the 1950s he was a member of Team 10, an international grouping of like-minded architects who sought to develop an architecture that fostered a sense of belonging and identity in the machine age, within the context of more humane cities. His largest project in Britain, a major urban redevelopment at Byker in Newcastle from 1968 to 1982, attempted to put all this into practice. He broke new ground, also, here by setting up a consulting surgery so that local residents could come in to discuss and

## DAVID C. POWELL

I was frequently in trouble at Friends' School. I considered learning French a waste of time when all I wanted to do was learn about nature and the creatures that live in water.

At one point I was temporarily expelled for blowing up the school's goldfish pond and cooking and eating the fish in the chemi lab.

In 1944 I shipped out to America on a merchant ship and spent the remainder of the war in the Pacific.

Fortunately, an MA degree in marine biology from UCLA led to a career in public aquariums where I shared my passion for aquatic creatures with millions of aquarium visitors.



influence the design as it developed.

From about 1970 his projects, mainly in Scandinavia, grew further in size, encompassing university buildings, offices (including the Ark in Hammersmith), sports facilities, suburban areas (including Eaglestone at Milton Keynes) and town centres. More than 60 years after he started it, the architectural practice still thrives. As recently as 1998 he was involved in the winning design for a huge residential development at the Millennium Village in Greenwich.

Ralph has designed an enormous number of projects, mainly in Scandinavia, and has won innumerable architectural competitions, awards, doctorates and honours in many parts of the world. Perhaps, from the perspective of his British (in fact, Scottish) roots, the crowning glory was the Royal Institute of British Architects' Royal Gold Medal in 1987.

**Mark Bertram**

I created living exhibits at Marineland, Steinhart Aquarium, Sea World and the Monterey Bay Aquarium. My book, *A Fascination for Fish: Adventures of an Underwater Pioneer* was published in April, 2000 by California Press. Reviews: "This autobiography is a charming and accurate telling by a modest man whose brilliant career has allowed millions to venture into the sea and feel what Dave feels when he's underwater—without getting wet!"—Dr. John McCosker, Steinhart Aquarium, San Francisco.

"Dave Powell is one of the giants in the development of the modern public aquarium. His great talents and skill have come from years of working with the technology of public aquariums, and from a great love of the sea. This book is a wonderful tale of his adventures (and misadventures) as he worked to capture the essence of the ocean and bring it to public view." *Dr. Bruce Carlson, Waikiki Aquarium.*

## MARGARET BALL 1933-93



Margaret was at FSSW from 1945 to 1949. She was one of the cleverer girls, and very hard working. However, it was not yet common for girls to go on to higher education and

many, including Margaret, learnt office skills instead. After the disappointment of being rejected for university, it soon became apparent that she had exceptional gifts in both Shorthand and Typing, winning the British Championships three years running. Her speeds were incredible – shorthand 220 words, typing 120 words a minute.

After some time spent teaching, she went on to work in publishing. Then she turned to a life of crime – she was the first woman shorthand writer at the Central Criminal Court, the Old Bailey, and was in court for the last hanging sentence in Britain. She found cases of fraud particularly fascinating and was present to record the trials of Emile Savundra. She also worked on the cases of both the Kray and Richardson brothers. This meant that she required police protection and her talks about her experiences were enjoyed by many audiences round the country.

She was appointed Recorder of the Central Criminal Court at the Old Bailey in 1962, the first woman to hold this post, although she reported that, by 1968, there were more women than men. From the Central Criminal Court she moved to the High Court, and later to St Albans Crown Court.

Margaret served on the Old Scholars' Committee from 1953 to 1961 and served as Secretary and Assistant Secretary, as well as a short term later on the Nominations Sub-Committee. She was a Group Secretary for twenty years from 1955 to 1975 and served as OS President in 1980-81.

## MICHAEL ROSSMAN

**F**or Michael Rossman, his School years were fundamental to everything he has ever done, from social concerns to scientific investigations. Teachers such as Cyril Mummery, Arnold Brereton, Stanley Pumphrey, Margaret Yapp (Fido), Richard Wright, Eric Lenz and others had an impact on him far beyond anything those hard working, dedicated, extraordinary people could have imagined.

He was not very interested in sports but preferred to read, play with amateur radio equipment, do experiments in the Chemistry Lab and so forth. He mostly enjoyed the pig drive on Sunday afternoons which, for the younger boys, meant taking walks off the premises. He explored every field and spinney from Walden to Debden and in other directions.

His was essentially part of the first, larger Sixth Form which the School had hosted. Much of the teaching was as new to the teachers as it was to the pupils. Although the result was, perhaps, lacking in substance, for him it was an opportunity to learn how to teach himself. Nevertheless he did not do well in the various college entrance exams. Fortunately, Barrington Whitlow, a Friend, – and a friend of the School (later his son became a teacher at Walden) – came to his rescue and introduced him to the Head of the Physics Department at the Regent Street Polytechnic. It was an extraordinary coincidence that BW knew a person who was in charge of exactly the educational opportunities he was seeking!

After graduation with a BSc degree in physics and mathematics, he obtained a job as an assistant lecturer at the Royal Technical College (now the University of Strathclyde) in Glasgow. But he was not finding the

intellectual stimulus he desired. In desperation, he wrote to Kathleen Lonsdale, a member of the FSSW Governing Committee. While he had been at the School she had offered five tickets for the annual Christmas Lectures at the Royal Institution in London. He was one of those fortunate enough to be allotted a ticket. Kathleen did a great job, showing him and the others around the Royal Institution and the equipment which Michael Faraday had used. He was in awe. Thus, in his dark days at Glasgow he turned to her. Although she offered him a place in her laboratory at University College, he failed to win a scholarship. However, he had started to read crystallography (the subject of Kathleen's research) on his own. In this way, he discovered that another well known crystallographer was the chemistry professor at Glasgow University. He was equally kind and accepted Michael as one of



his students while he was earning his keep at the Tech. Three years later, Michael had qualified for a PhD.

During this time he married Audrey Pearson, an old scholar of Ackworth Friends' School. Audrey was a member of Leeds Young Friends and a friend of Martin Dodsworth who had been one of Michael's closer friends in Walden. Before Audrey and Michael had left for two years of post-doctoral studies in America, Martin (their oldest) and Alice had been born. Their youngest, Heather, was born shortly after they returned to Cambridge. Six years later they emigrated, permanently, to America where Michael had a number of excellent job offers. He and the family have been at Purdue University since 1964.

He was fortunate to have chosen a topic of research (structural biology) which has been at the fore of the biotechnology revolution. As a consequence he has been honoured extensively, including becoming a foreign member of the Royal Society and a member of the US National Academy (the American equivalent of the Royal). It was exciting for him to sign the The Great Book, also signed by Newton, Boyle, Faraday and others of whom he had studied during his School days.

One of the by-products of a scientific life is that he has friends in almost every part of the World. International recognition has brought him in touch with US National policies. If the US Senate confirms his nomination, he will be participating in the formulation of scientific policy for the President during the next few years.

*Michael stresses how very important FSSW has been to him and how grateful he is for all the help he received. The School was his home for six years, and remains a very powerful memory for him.*

## ANNA SARGANT

Anna has had a distinguished career as a lecturer in Burmese at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, which covered some 36 years. On taking early retirement, she was appointed a Senior Research Fellow in Burmese Studies there. She has visited Burma regularly and Daw Aung San Suu Kyi, the well known political activist and Nobel Prize winner, is a student and close friend. She was awarded the OBE for her work linking Burma to this country through the Britain-Burma Society.

Her early interest in, and facility for, languages was helped by the fact that her mother was Czech and taught French and German at Channing School in Highgate. After graduating with a First in Russian Language and Literature (with French) from London University's School of Slavonic and East European Studies (SSEES), her ambition had been to join the Foreign Office. However, her hope of becoming a diplomat were somewhat diminished when, after sitting the examination, she was not selected.

There is, says Anna, a certain irony, an element of surprise, in life. Whatever they say about only having one chance, you can sometimes see the same film twice and it is ironic that, in a lifetime career as a university teacher of Burmese, she has become more and more involved, not only with the British Diplomatic Service, but with the Australian as well, having taught the Burmese language to several future and present British and Australian diplomats posted to Rangoon, with whom she is still closely involved in a number of important projects.

After graduating, she had thought of a teaching post in Russian. However, despite the Cold War (it was 1951), there wasn't one going. On the suggestion of, and with the help of, the Secretary of SSEES, she went next door to the Department of Linguistics of the

School of Oriental and African Studies to take up a postgraduate studentship which, it was promised, would lead to a lectureship in Chinese at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies. She therefore followed an introductory course in Phonetics and Linguistics, at the same time following an elementary course in spoken Chinese, but, by the time her studies came to an end in 1952, the promised post in Chinese had disappeared. However, the School had a vacancy for a lectureship in Burmese – was she interested?

Anna knew not one word of Burmese and practically nothing about the country or its people . . . but a job was a job and a challenge a challenge, so she said Yes – a decision she has never regretted and which, she feels, has brought her all she could ask for. It has given her a deep involvement with one of the world's most fascinating countries and cultures, and a people who are both charming, blessed and – these days – oppressed.

And that is not all . . . the School, and the Burmese post, also brought her a husband, Antony Allott, a young lecturer in African law at SOAS. Actually, he had spent part of the War with the 14th Army in South East Asia Command, preparing to invade Burma. In 1952, they decided to marry. As a weird wedding present, the School authorities decreed that Anna should go out to Burma for the best part of a year to learn Burmese on the spot. This she duly did (1953-4) and it was the start of a lifetime's immersion in things Burmese.

Anna and Tony have four children – now grown up – and live in a converted water mill near the village of Bodicote in North Oxfordshire where they pass the time cultivating the garden, and keeping in touch, by email, with all their international contacts. Their greatest delight is to spend time with their nine grandchildren.

## JOHN CADMAN

After leaving the School in 1950, John joined the Army where he was able to join in sports at quite a high level. After completing his National Service, he



he went to Loughborough College where he obtained a First Class Honours degree in Physical Education and Geography, a qualification he later supplemented by gaining an Intermediate Examination of the Auctioneers and Valuers Association.

From 1954-57, he taught PE and Geography at Kent College. From here he moved on to Saffron Walden, where he taught until 1964 (see page 89) and then on for a spell in property management.

In 1970, he became Director of Coaching to the Hockey Association, including Under 21 Coach in 1974 for five years and England Coach in 1982.

His proudest sporting achievements have been as a member of the England Hockey Team, 1960-65. He gained 27 Great Britain and England Caps, including the 1964 Olympic Games in Tokyo.

He now has his own business dealing with the design and project management of sports facilities.

He holds several offices in the field of sports, has written books, given papers, all too numerous to mention. He is married to Val, who joined him during his time at Walden, as head of Girls' PE. They have two daughters, a grandson and a granddaughter.

## NAOMI SARGANT

**A**fter leaving FSSW, Naomi studied sociology at Bedford College, London. She married, firstly, Peter Kelly with whom she had a son, David. Her second marriage was to Andrew R McIntosh (now Lord McIntosh of Haringey). He was a GLC Councillor from 1983 to 1993, when Michael Foot asked him if he would be prepared to be a working peer in the Lords. He is currently Deputy Chief Whip in the House of Lords and a Labour Government Minister. They have two sons, Francis and Philip.

She started work as a market and social researcher with the Gallup Poll organisation, but, after twelve years – some of it part-time while the children were small – moved to lecturing in marketing and market research at Enfield College of Technology (now part of Middlesex University).

During this time she was a Councillor on the newly-formed London Borough of Haringey (1964-68), serving on the Education Committee and as Chair of the Children's Committee and Vice-Chair of the London Boroughs Training Committee. Andrew was also a Councillor, particularly involved in Planning, which stood him in good stead when he became the GLC Councillor for Tottenham and Leader of the Greater London Council Labour Group.

Naomi joined the Open University at its inception in 1969, starting up its Survey Research Department to evaluate how the OU was meeting its students' needs. John Sparkes (whose mother had been Mistress of the Family when Naomi arrived at Walden) was Dean of Technology.

She subsequently moved up the ladder, becoming a Reader and then Professor of Applied Social Research and Pro-Vice-Chancellor (Student Affairs) – the first female Pro-Vice-Chancellor in the country. She was Chair of the Advisory Council for Adult and Continuing Education's Planning Committee (1977-83) and responsible, under Richard Hoggart, for its report, *Continuing Education: from Policies to Practice* (1982).

After eleven years (1981), she left the Open University to become the founding Senior Commissioning Editor for Educational Programming at Channel 4. Here she was involved in setting up both the Open College and the Open Polytechnic. After 1989, she worked mainly as a consultant and writer in the fields of the media, lifelong learning and evaluation and her books have included *Learning and Leisure* (NIACE, 1991), *Adult Learners*, *Broadcasting and Channel 4* (C4, 1992) and *Learning for a Purpose* (NIACE, 1993). More recent books are *The Learning Divide* (1997) and *The Learning Divide Revisited* (2000).

As if all this was not enough, Naomi has immersed herself in public service. She has been Chairman of the National Gas Consumers' Council, a member of the National Consumer Council and then the Commission on Energy and Environment. She has been Vice-Chair, then Chair, of Governors of the University of East London.

Among her leisure activities, she admits to being a Fellow of the RSA and a Member of the Royal Television Society, BAFTA.. She is an Executive Member of the National Organisation of Adult Learning and Chair of the Open College of the Arts. She was admitted to the Royal Television Society's Hall of Fame for her work in educational television and, last but not least, she is President of the Highgate Horticultural Society.

Naomi is currently a member of the Board of Governors at Saffron Walden

## RICHARD CLYMO

*Emeritus Professor of Ecology*

**B**y the time Richard Clymo, the future Emeritus Professor of Ecology reached Saffron Walden at the age of ten, in 1944, he had already acquired, from both genetic and environmental sources, some useful assets: the fact that he tended to see problems as opportunities for independent purposeful activity must have been an advantage when he was moving through ten different primary schools as a result of his parents' wartime commitments. He says this enabled him to accept conditions of continuing change and innovation as normal, and it must have helped when he was adopting innovative methods of research and pioneering the use of the computer for greater precision in dealing with complex biological problems.

At a personal level, it helped him to succeed in his efforts to find work which was "partly teaching and partly outside" and later on when he was coordinating the redeployment of colleagues to meet changes in academic resources. Typically he included arrangements for his own early retirement "out of fairness to the others".

His interest in botany began at home and was furthered by lively botanical walks during two years at Ackworth before he came to Saffron Walden. In his own words Saffron Walden provided "seven years of stability and some extraordinarily good teaching." Arnold Darlington was one of his teachers, others were Maurice Haselgrove, Stanley Pumphrey, Cyril Mummery and Richard Wright.

There followed three years of Noncombatant National Service in Forestry, which he says were useful because he learnt the skill of carrying out dull routines and doing so efficiently. There was little in the way of a promising future in Forestry and University candidates were entirely responsible for their applications in those days, so he spent his evenings obtaining an extra qualification in Chemistry to widen his choice of University Entrance examinations, only to revert finally to Botany and a place at "the second best Department in the Country":

University College, London.

There the Head of Department, Professor Pearsall, was an ecologist and students were allowed a certain freedom in their choice of study. Richard's degree eventually brought him an offer of the Quain Research Studentship. By 1961 he had moved to Westfield College. Here he ascended the academic ladder to Head of Department in 1983.

During that time he had satisfied his curiosity concerning the factors controlling the exclusiveness of the third of our flora which is confined to chalk habitats. In his experiments he used the resources of field, garden, laboratory, workshop, and, as soon as opportunity arose, set up his own computer programs to produce results of sufficiently satisfactory accuracy.

Westfield had had no science department since the Botany School closed in 1946 so he was able to join in setting up a new science department with a large up-to-date computer and as Chairman of the Computer Users Committee supervised its use in the increasing complexity of biological research.

He had moved on to study, among other interests, the relationship between the growth of Sphagnum moss and the methane and carbon dioxide emissions from peat and this has proved a useful basis for widespread studies by others which are of particular importance in connection with increasing concern about climate change which surfaced in the nineties. He is very highly regarded by fellow scientists and, now semi-retired, he is still pursuing several relevant lines of research.

Joan Mummery

## SALLY TUFFIN

**T**hroughout her childhood and teenage years, Sally Tuffin designed and made clothes, first for her dolls and then for herself. In 1954, she enrolled at the Walthamstow School of Art, intending to be a painter but, at the last moment, she ended up on a fashion course.

At the end of her three-year course, she went on to the Fashion School at the Royal College of Art, where she won the Silver Medal. In 1961,

immediately after graduating, Sally started a dress company with her friend, Marion Foale, with whom she had studied at Walthamstow and the Royal College of Art. Working from the ultra-fashionable Carnaby Street, they began with two sewing machines and a steam iron making clothes, to order, as fast as they could.

The company Foale and Tuffin was an immediate success and went from strength to strength, finding and filling a gap in the market with individual, fashionable clothes for young people which were otherwise difficult to obtain. Sally and Marion were unusual too – not only did they start their own company, they did not have the customary male backing. Soon they were selling to top stores all over the world and employing two factories of outworkers, although their priority was always to work for enjoyment rather than large profits.

Eventually, both Sally and Marion married and had children and, in 1976, Sally and her husband, Richard Dennis, an expert on pottery, moved to Somerset, where Sally set up a children's mail order clothes company. It was called Tuppence Coloured and, again, Sally designed the clothes herself.

After six years, Sally and Richard decided to start up their own pottery; at the same time, however, they discovered that the well-known Moorcroft Pottery in Stoke-on-Trent was in financial difficulties and about to be wound up. Together, Sally and Richard helped rescue the Pottery, Richard establishing a now thriving collectors' club and Sally developing new designs. Sally found a new kind of freedom in working with ceramics. She says, "I just treated the pot like a body, putting in the tucks and darts to decorate it – and it's much easier to design a pot because a pot keeps still and doesn't tell you it doesn't like it."

Sally was Art Director at Moorcroft from 1986 to 1992, when she and Richard opened the Dennis China Works in Somerset. Since then, she has designed all Richard's pieces which are renowned for their decorative, colourful patterns.

In 1995, Poole Pottery asked Sally to become involved in designing for their studio range, which became famous in the 1960s and was revived in the early 1990s. Sally's work for Poole, which has a strong reputation for innovation and for collaboration with artists and designers, is recognisable for its intricate and graphic qualities, using the traditional Poole technique of brush stroke painting on a matt glaze.

When British Airways revamped their corporate image, they asked her to design a livery for one of the planes. Based on a plate she had created for Poole Pottery, the plane featured Poole Harbour, plus the artist's signature. "Fitting the image to a Boeing 757 the size of a three storey building was quite difficult," she says, "but I enjoyed the challenge."

Sally's work is represented in the collections of several important museums, including the Victoria and Albert in London.



Sunflower teatime – a promotional photograph 1996. Sally, pouring tea, with some of the staff



**TONY  
NEWTON  
(The Rt Hon  
Lord Newton  
of Braintree,  
OBE)**

**A**fter leaving FSSW in 1955, Tony went on to Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated with an honours degree in Philosophy, Politics and Economics and was President of the University Conservative Association and of the Oxford Union Society. From 1960 to 1974 he worked in the Conservative Research Department before being elected MP for Braintree in February 1974. He served continuously in the Thatcher and Major governments from 1979-97, first as a government Whip, then as Social Security Minister and Minister for Disabled People. He then served as Minister for Health. In 1988 he joined the Cabinet as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and Minister for Industry, going on to become Secretary of State for Social Security from 1989-92 and Lord President of the Council and Leader of the House of Commons from 1992-97. Following his defeat at the 1997 General Election, he was made a life peer and has continued with public service, for example as Chairman of an NHS Hospital Trust and of the Council on Tribunals.

## **TOM ROBINSON**

**B**orn in 1950, Tom was a choirboy until his voice broke, and everything else fell to pieces along with it. At a time when homosexuality was still punishable by prison in Britain, he fell hopelessly in (unrequited) love with another boy at FSSW. Racked with shame and self-hatred, he attempted suicide and the then Head, Kenneth Nicholson, managed to get him transferred to a pioneering therapeutic community in Kent.

It was here at Finchden Manor that Tom's life was changed for ever by a visit from old boy, Alexis Korner. This legendary blues singer transfixed a roomful of people singing about love, poverty and racism – about human life in the raw – and Tom was mesmerised. In a moment the whole future direction of his life and career became clear.

His first attempt at producing an album failed, but Tom didn't care too much – he'd discovered London's emerging gay scene, fervently embraced the politics of gay liberation, and soon began questioning the wider issues of equality and justice in society at large.

Aged 26, he formed the Tom Robinson Band (TRB) in 1977. The band had a hit that same year with 2-4-6-8 Motorway, quickly followed into the Top 20 by a live EP, despite a BBC ban on the controversial lead track Glad To Be Gay. Tom's photograph appeared on the front cover of Melody Maker eight times in a single year, TRB's debut album Power in the Darkness won a gold disc and they appeared regularly on the BBC's Top of the Pops. However, the tide soon turned, TRB fell from favour and broke up, demoralised and squabbling, within a year.

In 1984 a radio producer saw Tom in a late night cabaret at the Edinburgh Fringe and, impressed by his communication skills, offered him a series of his own as a presenter on the BBC World Service. He soon moved from this cosy BBC backwater into mainstream radio where he fronted his groundbreaking series of programmes for men, The Locker Room, which ran from 1992-95. There were also documentaries, including his history of gay music You've Got To Hide Your Love Away which won a Sony Radio Award for the BBC. Accepting John Birt's thanks on behalf of the corporation that banned Glad To Be Gay twenty years earlier remains one of Tom's sweetest moments.

The other was becoming a father. In 1982, across a crowded room at a Gay Switchboard benefit, Tom spotted the love of his dreams, Siouxsie. Over the years they became friends, then they married and now have two delightful children.

Tom remains an active supporter of Amnesty International, The National Assembly Against Racism and The Samaritans, as well as gay, lesbian and bisexual rights.

When not writing or performing himself, Tom can be found running creative workshop sessions for adults and teenagers everywhere from the Royal College of Art to the Greek island of Skyros. Since March 2002 he can also be found on Radio Two's new digital music network for the BBC – 6 Music – where he introduces new and interesting artists to a wider audience four nights a week.

A former President of the OSA, Tom has done a terrific job creating the School's excellent website. He is Database Officer for the OSA - as well as one of its most popular members.



**I**t is the late 1940s and the end of term. The last lesson has been given and the final swim has been taken. The mad rush to get everything ready for the school concert has come and gone. On the blackboard, the last days have been crossed off, one by one 4, 3, 2, 1. Trunks in both the boys' and girls' playrooms have been packed, emptied out, repacked and packed again. Soon they will be collected and sent home by rail.

The morning of departure has finally arrived. Scholars come down to breakfast, a little bleary-eyed having slept little the night before. The excitement grows with the prospect of going home. While most boarders would have seen their parents during a half term visit, no one has been allowed home since the last holiday. Even telephoning home to one's family and friends was not permitted.

Eventually, a long crocodile of scholars wends its way down to Saffron Walden station, where many boarders will commence the first stage of their homeward journey by *The Squash*, the scholars' name for the train because it was always very full.

This is the age of steam. An old tank engine (affectionately known as *The Crank*) is waiting on the single-track line ready to take us, bunker first, one stop to Audley End on the LNER main line from Liverpool Street to Cambridge, Ely, Kings Lynn and beyond. Arriving at the branch-line station, everyone alights and walks over to the main-line station. Once on the crowded up-line platform, our group waits for the specially hired non-stop train that will take us to London's Liverpool Street Station.

Suddenly, from a distance, the noise of the steam locomotive can be heard. It arrives in a swirl of steam and smoke. We all climb aboard and the near-panic rush to get a window seat is almost unbelievable. We have all been told, beforehand, to squeeze up to allow others to sit down. From my memory, the carriages were either open with two pairs of seats and a table on each side of a central gangway, or had compartments with seats for six people and a sliding door opening onto a long corridor that would take one the length of the train. I will never forget the unique, smoky smell of those carriages.

The signal clatters to the 'Off' position, the guard's whistle blows and we hear the heavy Chuff..., Chuff..., Chuff., Chuff, as the train slowly pulls out of Audley End station on its way to London. The train begins to gather speed and, after several minutes, it is travelling quite fast. At first, it passes, at a good speed, through pleasant countryside with small villages, following the course of the River Cam. Then we are running through Bishop's Stortford where we pick up the course of the River Lea, then, passing what was to become

# The Squash

*or how a generation found their way to and from Walden before the ubiquitous motor car*

by David Fairbanks

Harlow New Town, across the Lea Valley with its string of reservoirs and into the suburban fringes of North East London – Broxbourne, Cheshunt, Enfield, Edmonton, Tottenham . . . The excitement becomes intense – we're nearly there.

As we enter the war-torn East End, more and more scenes of bomb damage and dereliction confront us, we realise that we aren't seeing the worst of it. Many bombed buildings have been, and others have still to be, demolished. Yet, already rebuilding is going on and many people have been rehoused in 'prefabs' – prefabricated buildings made of asbestos. After the first part of the journey we approach the curve at Bethnal Green. The train goes slowly, incredibly slowly it seems. The post-war vistas before us appear to want to stay within sight as a reminder of the suffering that war brings.

Once round the curve, we pick up a little speed again before slowing down to a snail's pace as we, hesitantly, creep through a series of short tunnels and into the station. The platform is full of parents, all eagerly awaiting the arrival of *The Squash* which disgorges equally eager scholars, each searching for a familiar face. There are scenes of happy parents finding their children and the fond farewells of scholars to their friends. "Good-bye, see you next term".

Soon the platform will be empty, as the young people continue their onward journeys to their homes. In a few weeks, the same platform will be full again. The same parents will return, bringing the same offspring, once again, to board *The Squash*, this time back to School for another term.

## Footnotes:

LNER: London North Eastern Railway, one of the four pre-nationalisation railway companies (the others were London Midland and Scottish Railway, Great Western Railway and Southern Railway) that had been formed in 1923 by grouping together the operations of the multitude of privately owned companies. These four companies all disappeared in 1948 when the railways were nationalised and became British Railways, later British Rail.

# 100 Years of the OSA

*In his President's Address, 18 September 1999, Mark Bertram took an affectionate meander through the rites and rituals of the Old Scholars' Association. It was thoroughly enjoyable and here is some of it again.*

I have the honour to give the last President's Address of the twentieth century, and I thought that I would use the opportunity to take a brief look back at the Association over the last 100 years. I therefore stand before you as, perhaps, the only person in the world who has read all the Presidential addresses of the last 100 years. The prevalent introduction to most of them was an expression of unworthiness and an uncertainty of what to say. It was elegantly expressed by my predecessor exactly one hundred years ago, Alfred Sawyer, who said "I would if I could spare the Meeting the next item on the programme, but I am informed that the rules of our Association require that at least once during his term of office, the President shall submit himself to the more or less kind judgment of his friends and present himself before them in the guise of a public speaker."

Frank Rivers Arundel in 1912 got round the problem in another way. He said, after seven pages in the Proceedings of genial rambling, and one paragraph from the end, "But I haven't yet got to my subject and am afraid it is too late to commence one now, but I would like in conclusion to consider for a moment how the influence of our School

should help us to face present day problems."

The rules of the day did indeed require an address. Our rules – though twenty times wordier – are less specific: they only imply that the President's address should be an agenda item at the Annual General Meeting. Our rules, in this age of lawyers, are not easily to be adjusted, and so I have likewise submitted to the requirement.

I must say that our agenda is a less varied one than in 1899. The Meeting then began with a Psalm, and the more bureaucratic items were interspersed with four songs, a recitation, and a flute solo. It was held in the Old Meeting House at Devonshire House in Bishopsgate Street in London, which was then the Society of Friends Headquarters. The Meetings moved to Friends' House in Euston Road when it was built in 1926, and then to Westminster Meeting House in 1958. It was not until 1975 that the AGM was regularly held at the School on the Hill, which is how the Croydon Old Scholars described Saffron Walden. Indeed, quite a number of the early Presidents, who had been schooled at Croydon, apologised for not having visited Saffron Walden in the course of their year.

The first President who attended School in Saffron Walden was James Fairbanks, and he used his Presidential address in 1910 to contrast the two schools and, fortunately, finding Saffron Walden on the whole a Good Thing. Until 1935 there were Officers on the Committee of the Association who had attended the Croydon school.

Our Old Scholars' Association is the oldest of any of the Quaker schools. It was founded through the energies of John Armfield in 1869, as the inside cover of the Yearly Magazine has for long explained. One of the six whom he summoned to discuss his ideas for the Association was

Alexander Radley, and the stream of Farrands and Radleys has continued within the Association to this day.

A Constitution was adopted in 1894 and John Armfield was our first formal President. He had attended every AGM for 47 years when he died in 1917. Almost every year it fell to him, though I rather fancy he ensured that it did, to propose the next President. There are contemporary references to his performing each time the guessing game that still characterises this procedure, but I am sad to tell you that the Secretary seems, year after year, to have believed that this would confuse the readership and the annual tease is not apparent from the recorded Minutes of those days.

The meetings tended to become overlong. All the letters from OS were read in full. Then the accounts of Rambles were read. Then accounts of Whit. So long, indeed, that it was recorded of the 1911 AGM that "the evening will be long celebrated for its ideal Presidential address, which was of a powerfully uplifting character. In view of the high tone and priceless value of this address, it was a matter for keen regret, amounting to chagrin, that the unlooked-for protraction of the business items of the agenda so far delayed the President's opportunity, that many expectant members had to leave the meeting without participating in the evening's chief event." The following year, the President was brought higher up the agenda. I am not sure when he or she was put back to the end again.

John Armfield's longevity was matched by that of John Edward Walker, who was Headmaster for 30 years from 1890 until 1920, and President in 1908. Each year he came to the AGM to represent the School, and the meetings evidently forgave him his cultivated inconsequentiality which they

knew cloaked a brilliant Headmaster. In his own words, in 1912, "I hardly need say that it gives me very great pleasure (and so on) . . . I am not able, on these occasions, to write out my speech, because I never know what I might have to say. I am allowed, I believe, by your indulgence, to be as irrelevant as I choose, and I shall venture to follow my usual custom." Jane (Laing), you may wish to try this approach some year! But we should not be deceived by this languid style. On the following agenda item, the Headmaster lucidly made the case for instituting the Weekend Lecture Schools, which lasted, on and off, until the mid-1970s.

And there were two women of equal longevity to these two men throughout these years and who helped so much to make the Association really an extraordinary organisation through the first part of this century. One was the Headmaster's wife, Anna Phillis, entitled Mistress of the Family, who worked so closely with him throughout his tenure. And the other was Lucy Fairbrother who was Headmistress for 28 years from 1894 until 1922, and President in 1920. In this office, she was the third lady. Mary Townson was the first in 1905. But I think that John Armfield must have slipped up here because Ackworth beat Saffron Walden to having the first lady President. The second was Ethel Crawshaw Morland, and she was also the first President to serve two consecutive terms, in wartime in 1916 and 1917, because other candidates were called away to other things. The other two Presidents who served two terms were Brightwen Rowntree in 1918 and 1919 and Anthony Skelton in 1944 and 1945.

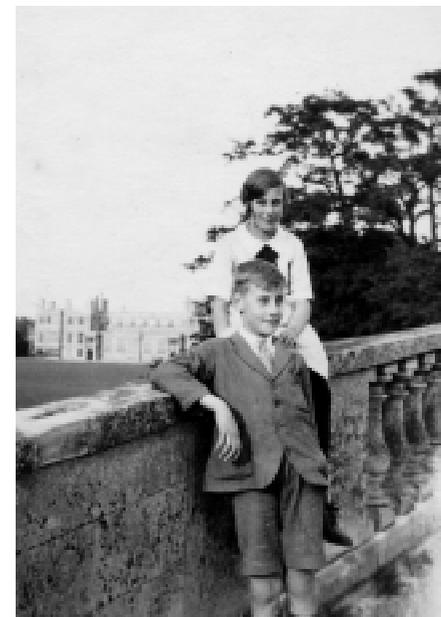
It was an obvious strength of the Association that it could assimilate women so readily, and to a much greater degree than either the School or the Committee which ran

the School. Although the School contained both boys and girls, they were taught entirely separately and they almost never met. Indeed, one of the great draws of the Association to leavers at that time was to meet those of the opposite sex that they had been to school with. It was not until 1910 that the School went properly co-educational. For all those years, too, the men and women of the Committee which ran the School met separately.

So the Association was ahead of its time. In 1934, however, Owen Clover earned few marks for what would now be called political correctness by saying that "while I believe in equality – I may be quite wrong – I have a very strong feeling that men should do the running and that it is for men to make the pace: for I have seen so many tragedies where women have rather set themselves at men and made for trouble sooner or later. Women stand on a higher pedestal than men, but the making of the pace must rest with the men."

He was indeed wrong. I was reminded of a much better formulation the other day when Farrand Radley, on learning of my mother's recent death, sent me a resumé of what she had said at a Lecture weekend on Woman's Place in the World in 1973: the sexes were different but equal: each was like half a pair of scissors, not necessarily the same shape as the other half, but equally indispensable.

Despite the Association's success, collection of subscriptions was a perennial problem. Arnold Green in 1923, in an address mainly dealing with Veneration of the Old, said that "with all the emphasis at my command I urge all our members to be faithful in little things and to regard prompt payment of annual subscriptions as a sacred duty. They say money is the root of all evil,



*John and Mary Bolton on  
Audley Mansion Bridge in 1929*

### **Pat Chuter**

- Gas light in the bedrooms – we had to take it in turns to sit under one in order to cut our toe nails.
- The winter of 1946/7 was very cold. We took it in turns to warm up against the radiators.
- One of my first lessons was 'Domsci' with Miss Cottrell. We had to prepare a knicker draft, including the measurement 'waist to knee'. Even in 1946 we thought this somewhat amusing. I don't know what Cotty would make of today's g-strings.
- One memory of Hillcroft is the fun we had sending Morse Code messages to the boys' bathroom opposite, using the electric lights.

## Barbara Burt – 1960s

I remember:

● *Iowerth John's rendering of "There's a one-eyed yellow idol to the north of Katmandu" at every (or so it seemed) End-of-Term Concert – and the encore we always yelled for. I think I had only a very sketchy idea at the time what it was all about and only years later looked it up – to find the graphically gory tale of Mad Carew whose lover finds him stretched on his bed and slithers through his blood to find that he has stolen the idol's eye as a gift for her.*

● *The last hymn in Sunday evening meeting on parents' weekend which was always the same and always made me cry: "The day Thou gavest Lord, is ended, The darkness falls at Thy behest..". Whenever I come across it today, the memories flood back.*



● *Was it the brainchild of David Gray or David Lewis or both? Over a goodish period of time, no-one was allowed near the place and he would go out each morning and put a fine layer of water over the frozen base, gradually building it up until it was thick enough to skate on. Heavens knows where people got their skates from! The photo is dated 1963.*

but it's nice to have a little root. Certainly, without a root that is continuously fed we cannot function properly as a liberal subscriber to our old school." The Association has a fine record in contributing to the School: the swimming pool in 1902, help with the Sanatorium in 1913, the Pavilion in 1924, which was the same year that the New Avenue was planted, and help with founding the original junior school in 1930.

The 1920s and 1930s were perhaps the height of the Association's success. The programme for 1922, for example, had the Annual Soirée in January – "a riot of innocent folly" a breathless rapporteuse recorded; Lecture weekend in March, attended by about 50, tackling the theme of "Ourselves and Society"; a dance for 120, many in fancy dress, at the Bishopsgate Institute; a games weekend in October; and 300 at Whit weekend. Whit lasted from Saturday morning, or even Friday night for some, until dispersal on the Tuesday morning. Receptions, teas, a play, bonfire and singing, Meeting, At Home, two concerts, an aquatic display, games throughout, men on straw palliasses in bell tents, women quartered in the town. Muriel Rigby described very much the spirit of these occasions in her address on Friendship a generation later in 1964. "And eventually Whitsun drew near, with the longed-for opportunity of returning to Walden. One of the things that I recall most vividly on our first evening was the warmth of the welcome we received from all the staff as we met them again, and how genuinely pleased to see us were all the people we knew. Old Scholars two or three years our senior, who at school had little time for us, greeted us as old friends; present scholars two or three years our junior and now people of importance in the School, whom we had ourselves, I am sure, treated at times with similar indifference, were

equally friendly." It was the high point of many an Old Scholar's year. The modern day President can only marvel at the strength of interest.

The Association also had its own colours, and above all its blazers. Indeed the debate about how the Blazer Fund should be treated in the accounts was a hardy perennial. And the Association seems to have played its own games: terza, puddox, and even hicockolorum, are referred to, but their rules are now recalled by only a few.

The abiding spirit of the Association was described in numerous different ways. John Butler in 1900 said: "Knowledge is passing away, and other knowledge is taking its place. It seems to me that kindness and sympathy will never lose their value. The world is longing for this message." James Lidbetter in 1922 said: "Friends' Schools. . . turn out people of more originality and independence, people not all of one type, people not afraid of being thought peculiar. . . . This unity without uniformity is an important trait of our Quaker training." And Gertrude Rowntree in 1932 said: "A call for fellowship leads to a making of friendship." The importance of fellowship has always been at the top of the Association's agenda.

In 1935, 500 attended on Whit Monday. Stanley King Beer was afraid that the OS were taking over and he pleaded for the Old Scholars and Staff to have more contact with each other.

The second half of the century has been, on the whole, less colourful in respect of the Association's activities, but certainly not in respect of its Presidents. Their addresses covered a vast array of subjects close to their hearts and experiences: imagination, friendship – even the Lord Chamberlain's Regulations for the Licensing of Theatres. Many of these Presidents will have been

## Chris Timms – 1946:

**A**usterly, rationing, pinched faces, smoky air, grimy buildings, leaden skies all greeted a very podgy fifteen-year-old returning from six years of state schooling in California.

*Speech, not yet tuned to the cockney twang, alerted the sharp tongued who had had years of subservience to the loud-mouthed, over-fed, over-paid, over-sexed over here Yankee servicemen, fighters for the Four Freedoms.*

*Questions, answered as correctly as possible, were met with replies of “Liar”, “Prove it”, “Well, who cares, anyway?” Use of words often gave offence, as meanings were different. Remembering what NOT to say was the priority*

*Joining the Fifth Form in the Winter Term, the greatest ‘relief’ was stumbling on the boys’ loos. Being afraid to use any common term to explain my need, as this might have caused great offence, having been proudly shown the washrooms, bathrooms, the long wait left the memory seared.*

*In sport, remember not to ask the whereabouts of the bleachers, floodlighting, hand and basketball courts, training courts and loan of equipment. Coach and assistants were on the grounds before, during and after school, supervising, organising and arranging sporting events. Where were the maintenance shops, car parks, as everyone had a car at sixteen (fourteen if you were a one-parent child)? Keds, not clogs, for football, cafeterias, auditoriums.*

*My parents’ optimism for a sudden change of academic record was not well founded – in every class in every school, since the age of five, I failed to get above the bottom three.*

*Later, there were jobs in estate agency and advertising sales – those the Career Masters chose for dullards. At least when my own offspring reached the stage for careers advice – my eyes were not downcast.*

**High Spots:** *Swimming Colours, picked for the First Eleven and staying with class friends during holidays.*

**Low Spots:** *Not being able to respond to Richard Wright’s positive and caring one-to-one extra help to understand algebra. Getting ‘gated’ for being caught at the pictures, told off for shouting “come on” at cricket. Having my well made pass key confiscated.*

**Lowest** *Getting beaten at tennis, by a girl.*

known to us personally. Stanley Pumphrey in 1946 was the first ex-President that I knew. One of the most colourful characters was Reginald Reynolds in 1951, who delightfully described his researching of the School’s archives for the Pageant that he wrote for the school’s 250th anniversary the following year. This polymath’s life was cut tragically short in 1958, but he is remembered of course by the Travelling Scholarship that for the next 25 years carried his name – and by the portrait that hangs in the Library.

In 1953 the Presidential address was re-termed the President’s address, though it is far from clear that this made any difference to the scope and variety of what was said. Basil Burton, that splendid bachelor in black suit and wing collar who was for long the Secretary of the Penn Club and whose calm demeanour was brought to bear by Headmasters over many years to invigilate important exams and induce calm in the examinees, including me, gave a fairly full history of the early years of the Association in 1958.

Farrand Radley’s masterly illustrated address in 1967 explored the four sites that the school had occupied, and became known, naturally enough, as the Four-Site Saga. Much of its material is in the Old Scholars’ Archive, so carefully tended these days by Roger Buss. This Archive is a treasure trove of social history that I very much hope can continue to be given attention, and possibly improved conditions for its storage.

Characteristically for the Association, there have been threads of family continuity through the Presidents. Father and son Lemere; father, wife and son Rowntree; father and son Watts; the brothers Holttum; husband and wife Skelton; uncle and nephew Whitlow; father and son Cadman; father and daughter Watson; and now brothers Bertram. I have warned my other

Saffron Walden brother, William, that he could be in the firing line one day.

Perhaps one of the best Presidents that we never had was Kenneth Nicholson, who died in 1969 so soon after retiring from the headmastership. So many of us mourned the loss of someone whom we had counted on as a friend for a much longer life.

The addresses of the last 20 years have tended to be structured more directly autobiographical, with associated and prescient observations. They make very good reading for their variety and insights. None perhaps exceeds in personal depth than that by Tom Robinson in 1996. And one of the best lines, I think, comes from the closing sentence of Iorwerth John’s address in 1985: “Your face, I heard recently, shows what you are and up to 50 you can change it. At 70, however, it’s no use turning over a new leaf, you only get to the index.”

Times and contexts change. The quick and erratic skim that I have been indulging in illustrates that clearly enough. The remarkable pre-war peak of the Association’s success reflected the leisure habits of the day, the smaller range of alternative attractions and responsibilities, and friendship patterns that preceded the expansion of tertiary education, during which a greater proportion of friendships are nowadays forged. As Alan Thompson put it in 1974, when introducing proposals for a new and slimmer pattern of Old Scholar Gatherings, “These suggestions accept the fact that though there is loyalty to the School, its methods of education and its community spirit, this loyalty does not now take the form of returning regularly to the school for reunions. (He went on) To our generation, who left School without the complications and diversions of television, university and cars for all, the School became a way of life,

## Godric Bader

*"A wonderful school!" I told my daughter, Hansi, who followed me to Walden and, in retrospect, she must have felt the same.*

*There was a swimming pool and teachers to entertain you, a choice of boys or girls for friendship and sports in beautiful grounds It was a good move to become a veggie in the summer as you could avoid dead baby.*

*Of course, as a new boy, your elders would see you were deprived of butter for ten days at tea time. There was jam in a few weeks if you were promoted from a brat to a squirt. To become a gent, maybe in your second term, it helped if you did a bit of fagging and did not split on your elders when they poached to tin-tacks or brought chips back to eat in the bogs at night.*

*Would not have missed it for the world!*

**Scott Bader**, the company founded by Godric's father, Ernest, has endeavoured to work on Quaker principles – ethics are more important than money. This aspect of the company has had considerable coverage in The Financial Times recently. "Blame Walden for getting me high on values," says Godric.

a social centre, a place where we would return again and again for a weekend of pure enjoyment. Let us be realists; this does not happen now, nor can we expect it to happen, but we do feel that a major effort every few years, in which we contact non-members as well as members, will bring a reunion on the scale of the pre-war and immediate post-war one, we remember with such pleasure."

The 1974 pattern of gatherings has gradually become further slimmed over the past 25 years. David Hadley in 1993 focused on the way ahead for the Association in the light of weaknesses that were then apparent, but those thoughts were never really followed up. But the great success of Tom Robinson's Mass Reunion in 1996 well illustrates the sense of the 1974 intent about periodic major efforts. 2002 may well offer the next major opportunity.

On a broader front, I think that the time is coming for the Association to examine whether it needs to adapt further to today's ways of life, in order to fulfil our aims. As with so much else, we need to manage change rather than be overtaken by it. Our two foundation slabs are the May Reunion and the Annual Magazine. Both have seen us through the Twentieth century and are likely to take us well into the

next. But what we now need to factor in, to harness to the service of our aims, is the potential of information technology.

On this, we have made massive strides, thanks to several of your Officers in particular and thanks to the school, towards computerising the membership database, developing the OS section of the school's website, furthering the class list project, and facilitating email contact between members. Email is perfect for one OS to make contact with another: it is balanced just where it needs to be between the formality of a letter and the fear of being intrusive through a telephone call. And I know that a lot of this renewing of contacts is going on. So much information and so many contacts will be only a few mouse clicks away for those that seek either.

But those are thoughts for the start of a new century. My enjoyment today has been to review aspects of the Association through the century that is closing. Our Association has a remarkable record of deep worth, huge friendship and great fun. Arthur Williams in 1907 called it "this delightful body of, what shall I say, hearts that trust one another". I liked that phrase.

Long may it continue to be true.

## Mike Turnbull

Cross-country running was an exciting challenge for the more fit and enthusiastic, but a real drudgery for a feeble few of us! Undeterred by the prospect of the muddy exhaustion awaiting us we would do our limbering up exercises under the encouraging eyes of John Cadman and then jog off down the Avenue. Just out of sight, half way down the Avenue was (and still is) a wooden shed, used at the time to store potatoes, and a few of us found that we could slip unnoticed into it as the main body of runners headed towards the countryside. Safely inside we would laugh, joke, chat and relax sitting on the sacks of potatoes. The group had a hard core of 'day-brats' including myself and s(I seem to remember) Mike Meyer, Mike Housden, and Graham Turvey, plus a few boarders such as Adrian Good, Tom Robinson and Simon Wood (but please don't tell anyone – I wouldn't want them to think I sneaked!).

Thirty minutes or so later we would hear the fastest runners plodding back up the Avenue towards the school. This was our cue to spend a few minutes jumping up and down to generate some bodily heat and sweat, and to smear mud and juice from the potatoes onto our legs and faces so we were not too dissimilar from our mud stained, waterlogged class mates now passing by. After a quick glance to make sure the coast was clear and no teachers were about, we would edge out of the shed, join the slower runners now passing, and run back up to the school under the watchful gaze of Mr Cadman who would be standing warm and dry sipping a cup of coffee at the staff room window. Neither he nor his successor Brian Capell ever seemed to rumble this dodge – or perhaps they were wiser than we thought and just realised that when it came to trying to get this particular group to do cross country running there was little point in flogging a dead horse! (I wonder has anyone else owned up to hiding in the shed?!)

## Michael Snellgrove

**A**s a refugee from Germany, my English needed attention when, aged ten, prefect, Michael How, punished me with writing out Psalm 139. I only had my German Bible and, to his shock, he received it written out in German.

When looking round the School prior to coming here, I expressed interest in all the pictures – Gerald Littleboy dutifully took several down to check the details on the back and dust of ages descended.

- Had a ride on EKO tandem, sat at back, sometimes forgot to pedal.
- BBJ frequently combed my hair – loved his Monkeyhouse.
- Was a defenestrated doughnut for Cyril Mummery.
- Wrote secret notes to girls to lure them down the Avenue.
- Was awestruck by Malcolm Harvey's violin playing.
- Was thrilled by Reg Reynolds fantastic revues and seeing masters differently.
- Loved any tea invites offered by Friends after Meeting, particularly those of a large lady, Mrs W . . .
- Loved escaping to local flea pit cinema – often bought 3d piece of Edam Cheese.
- With Film Club, must have seen *Life of Alfred Nobel* a hundred times.
- Loved the smut and smell that came with the *Crank* steam engine at Walden Station.
- Loved my weekly ginger booze from Little Fitch's.
- Loved the bedtime story readings at Richard Wright's – how lucky to have been in such a caring environment.

At the time I was at the School, understandably, food and facilities were lacking, but the dedication of the staff made up for that in abundance – bread and dripping at bedtime.

What days!



*The Dinner Gong – now pensioned off and in store*

## Jane Russell Outlawed

**O**ne bright summer's morning in 1949, Assembly was over. All that remained was the reading of the notices.

Arising from his place at the top table at the end of the hall, the Head, Gerald Littleboy, stood up with a stern and purposeful look on his face. He announced that the smaller of the two cinemas in Saffron Walden would, the following week, be showing the Howard Hughes film called *The Outlaw*, starring Jane Russell. A murmur of excitement went round the hall as we considered, with anticipation, the prospect of seeing this 'scorcher' of a film. Then the bombshell dropped. The film was to be out of bounds to all scholars. A deathly silence fell on the hall.

Outside the Assembly Hall and wherever one went in School, everyone was talking about the film. No other film during my time at School was ever banned. The temptation to see it was irresistible.

Soon, the famous photograph, in technicolor, could be seen outside the cinema. It showed Jane Russell, lying on the barn floor, scantily dressed and revealing a deep cleavage, highlighting her well-endowed bosom. Pieces of straw were in her hair and the look she gave was most inviting.

That was enough. With Gerald Littleboy banning the film and a more than explicit (for those times) poster advertising it with the slogan "How would you like to tussle with Russell?" it just had to be good! I decided, there and then, that I would go and take the chance of getting caught.

The following afternoon, I made my way into town, taking a long way round. I planned to arrive a few minutes after the film had started, since I half expected that there would be a teacher on duty turning scholars away, but when I arrived, there was no one.

I hurriedly paid for my ninepenny ticket and slipped into the darkened cinema. The usherette showed me to a seat in the front. After a little while I ventured to turn around and see if there were any other scholars present. To my amazement, all I could see was row upon row of them!

After the film I made my way back to School, again taking the long route. I had not been missed nor was I caught on my way back. I was lucky – a number of other scholars were caught and were gated for many weeks.

**David Fairbanks**

**Footnote:** The *Outlaw* was originally made in 1938 and initially released in 1941, distributed in 1943 and re-released in a slightly longer version in 1947. Although there is no pornography or profanity in this movie it was, nevertheless, sufficiently risqué for its time to result in its being banned in Finland (1950) and in Sweden (from 1943 to 1964).