

For most Old Scholars, our main contact with the school is the *Old Scholars' Magazine*, a fine little publication that keeps us informed of what is going on, where the Old Scholars are now, and a selection of memoirs of those of us who have been fortunate enough to survive. The magazine generally does not report much of what is going on at the School today, so we must assume that all is well, and that an exemplary group of scholars are being effectively educated by a dedicated staff who have everything under perfect control.

However, if my memory serves me, it was not always thus. A recent article by Henry Rowntree (*OS Magazine* for the 130th year, pp 32-35) boldly reported various "pranks and pieces of nonsense," with scholars climbing on roofs and others making apple-pie beds. There was also talk of the search for miscreants and the throwing of small boys from the diving board, and I recall an earlier article that mentioned midnight feasts over on the girls' side.

Perhaps all was not sweetness and light then, our dark deeds to be remembered but not reported to present a somewhat sanitized picture of times long gone, but fondly remembered. Such thoughts took me back to those days before Word War Two, and yes, I began to remember events, and the consequences of those events, that had indeed been long forgotten.

As memory serves me, there was no written code of behaviour at Walden, but there certainly were unwritten rules, well understood by staff and students. For the breaking of these rules there was also an ascending scale of consequences. Perhaps my title of *Crime and Punishment* should better be described as *Misdemeanours and Consequences*, but the title will serve.

Taking the consequences first, there was a clear understanding that there would be the following consequences, not of the breaking of a rule, but of being caught breaking a rule. Looking back, it seems to me that many of these consequences were effective, and none were especially resented or considered unfair.

The lowest level was called Standing. The guilty scholar had to stand quite still for a certain period of time, fifteen minutes, or half an hour, depending on the severity of the offence, and after classes when all the others were outside enjoying the sunshine or otherwise pleasantly engaged; perhaps enjoying games of terza, puddox or hicockalorum, from Mark Bertram's list in the same issue of the magazine. To this I can add Monkey-House, played in the gymnasium on rainy days.

The next level of penalty was Words. The condemned scholar had to copy fifty or a hundred words correctly from a small, very

Crime and Punishment at Walden in the 1930s

Patrick (Jim) Campbell

narrow book containing five hundred or perhaps a thousand *Words Most Commonly Misspelled*. I am quite sure that scores of mischievous Old Scholars can spell 'manoeuvre' correctly, even to this day.

Misdemeanours on the sports field were punished by Changing Practices, where the guilty had to appear before the staff member on duty, fully dressed in soccer or cricket garb, then reappear properly dressed in street clothes after a visit to the changing room. A sentence of five or ten changing practices could easily waste a beautiful afternoon, particularly when the master on duty could not be readily found. Any attempt to wear the street clothes underneath the sporting gear would be instantly detected.

Going up the scale, one came to Gating. This meant that the scholar could not leave the school grounds, not even to go the local sweet shop (Tintacks) or elsewhere. This was generally set for a Saturday to give the maximum effect.

Corporal punishment was, of course, not permitted at Walden, although there were unreported cases where a slipper was forcefully applied to the appropriate place when a series of events pushed a staff member to the limit.

Finally there was always the ultimate weapon of Dismissal, or being 'sent-down,' but I can recall no such case in my time at Walden, and I am sure that we would have been aware if someone disappeared from our midst.

Now as to the crimes, or misdemeanours, there was a wide choice available to the imaginative scholar. The object would be not so much to break the rules as to determine just how far the rules could be bent without incurring the heavy hand of authority. Such bending of the rules also called for careful assessment of which particular member of the staff was on duty. What could be done successfully with one staff member could not be attempted with another. Certainly useful training of the powers of discrimination of those involved.

The scholars, for their part, had their own unwritten code of behaviour and misbehaviour. Breaking bounds, baiting new members of the staff, midnight feasts, climbing drainpipes and

reading in bed after lights-out were all generally accepted, but there were some things that were not even contemplated. For instance, there was an invisible line separating the boy's side from the girl's side, and neither group crossed that line, although I recall an occasion when a group of us, on a midnight ramble, encountered a small group from the girl's side near the Cricket Pavilion, purely by chance. There was also a general agreement that certain recreation rooms, such as the Photography Room or the Music Room were privileges not to be endangered, so these were never used as safe havens for midnight feasts of sardines or cold baked beans washed down with Tizer or ginger beer. Raiding the kitchens or scrumping apples in local orchards were permissible, but we steered clear of the sanatorium and Mrs. Sparkes's garden.

We usually considered the baiting of new masters was good clean fun, and an essential part of their training. I clearly remember a group of us lying in wait outside the Biology Lab, snowballs at the ready, to pelt a newly-recruited staff member. He, for his part, stood his ground under our barrage, fighting back gamely until some of our side went over to his support. Then, when the battle reached its height, we discovered that our quarry had sensibly slipped away. I suppose we all learned something from that incident.

One of the most daring of all challenges was to strike the dinner gong several times in the still of the night. This called for the most impeccable timing, and a single individual of great courage. It seemed impossibly difficult to accomplish as the gong was situated in a long corridor, making escape almost impossible. Yet it was done on more than one occasion, but I have no memory of the name of the perpetrator.

Searching for some new rule to bend, a small group of us discovered a brick-lined tunnel near the Battle Ditches, and it seemed worth exploring. Armed with candles and electric torches, we travelled the length of the malodorous passage, to emerge close to the maze and the castle, having passed under the centre of the town. Shades of *Les Misérables*!

One other item to add to the list of punishments for a group of miscreants was to have them line up separately in the Box Room, and all march together into the Dining Room to be seated at a separate table close to the Top Table! Here the supper would consist only of bread and butter and milk, eaten in silence. I have no memory of what necessitated such unusual treatment, but it seems to show that all the imagination was not on one side.

This then was the pre-war system as I remember it, and I am sure there were other misdemeanours and other consequences that could be brought to mind. All in all, the system seems to have been fair and reasonable, accepted by both sides, and about as good a preparation for real life as one could devise. At least we learned how to spell "manoeuvre," as well as how to swim very quietly in the swimming bath somewhat after midnight!

Henry Rowntree

For most of my days at Walden (1916-24) John Edward Walker was Headmaster. He had reigned from 1890, and he retired in 1922. He was a solid, quiet, dignified man, a firm disciplinarian, an effective teacher of perspective drawing, and a good slow bowler at cricket. From time to time he found it necessary to gather all the boys together for a straight talking-to. On one occasion there had been an outbreak of petty thieving, and we were all herded into the big Fourth Form room (the room directly over the Boys' Playroom) while (it was rumoured) some masters made some investigations into the contents of certain boys' boxes. Strange it is how some masters seem to know, almost for certain, who are the miscreants. In particular, Arnold Brereton seemed to know upon whom to pounce. (AB once told a group of us recent OS that "he flattered himself that he could see through the back of a boy's head"). On another occasion JEW had us boys into the Lecture Hall (now the Library) to chide us gravely on bullying, with particular reference to a pastime, favoured over the years by certain larger boys, of throwing some small boy into the Swimming Bath, off the top board. This general bullying seems to have been of long standing, because when my father was appointed Senior Assistant Master, back in 1901, some other teachers sympathised with him going to 'that rough place'. I myself noticed that the rough element, very prominent in 1916, had appreciably diminished eight years later. Perhaps the 1914-18 War had in some way aggravated matters, and perhaps the advent in 1918 of the saintly Stanley King Beer had ameliorated matters: he was a very significant influence for good.

The Deluge

As a postscript to Patrick Campbell's article, **Maurice Allward** tells the following story

Like the majority of pupils, I had a good share of lines for minor breaches of rules. I often speeded up the time taken writing these by tying three pens together so that, when writing one line, three were produced. Surprisingly, no master ever commented on these, although the method of preparation must have been apparent.

As Jim Campbell comments, meals at the Top Table were reserved for major crimes. I served two or three weeks at this table for a prank which went wrong – although the final result was as intended.

A popular pastime among the Juniors during breaks, in the winter terms, was skating on slides of water made by emptying buckets along a line in the quadrangle in the evening. This froze overnight to make a slide. However, even the best of these was only a few yards long. I decided to make the Juniors a really great slide.

Accordingly, one cold night, I got up around 1.00 am and, accompanied by my young brother, James, Jimmy Campbell and Philip Holmes, went up to the top floor dormitory for junior boys which overlooked the quadrangle. On the nearby landing, we connected the fire hose to the wall hydrant and pulled the hose across the beds of sleeping boys to the window. Poking the nozzle out of the window, I called for the hydrant to be turned on. Several things then started to happen :

- The canvas fire hose started to leak as it filled, with water (as such hoses do for a few minutes) wetting the beds over which it passed, waking up the boys, some of whom started crying.
- When the full force of the water reached the nozzle, the reaction forced the hose back into the room, spraying the nearby beds with even more water.
- With help, I finally managed to direct the water out of the window, on to the darkened quadrangle, three floors below. The splashing noise was deafening. Lights came on, and we heard the Night Duty Master coming up the stairs.
- At the hydrant, Philip Holmes (or was it Jimmy Campbell?) tried to turn the water off. In his haste (and fright) he turned the wrong lever and instead of stopping the water, undid the hose. The full force of the mains water then flooded the corridor and cascaded down the stairs, meeting the Duty Master who was on his way up at the run.

Conclusion:

1 The Juniors had the best slide ever.

2 We all got several weeks at the Top Table – bread and water only for tea.

Anna Sargent

What I most liked about Saffron Walden was being taught by men, especially by my favourites – AB (Arnold Brereton) whose maths lessons I loved, Cyril Mummery and Campbell Stewart. Perhaps this was because my parents had separated when I was six years old and I had not had the chance to learn from a father at home. I am sure, now that I look back on my time at School, that this was the reason why I was often disobedient and, at times, even led fellow pupils into rebellion.

One particularly disgraceful episode took place up in the bedrooms one evening when Mary Fulford was on duty. We kept on talking after lights out, bringing Mary up more than once to try to quieten us down. Finally, at my suggestion, we balanced a tin mug, full of water, on one of the connecting doors as a booby trap. To our horror, the member of staff who appeared this time, and whose face and hair were well soaked by the water, was none other than the Headmistress herself, Sylvia Clark. Like Queen Victoria, she was “not amused”. All three dorms were ordered to get up, dress and go downstairs to the Classroom where we were asked who was responsible for this disgraceful behaviour. And now I can't for the life of me remember if I owned up or not – or how I, or we, were punished.

Richard M Best

In 1938, there were two things that happened in Bedroom Seven: tossing the potty and midnight feasts. Generally there was a continual mild battle amongst the bedrooms. The gold-rimmed potty was always being stolen so, when it became the possession of Bedroom Seven, the ceremony was attended by all. In the ceiling of this bedroom there was an opening through to a loft which could be closed by sliding a simple lid back into the loft. When open, the skills of all were combined to toss the potty through the opening in the ceiling, into the loft, using a sheet or bedcover. It may still be there.

The midnight feasts were easily arranged because Bedroom Seven was over the Workshop where there were gas rings on which food could be heated up or cooked. It was then hauled up by rope, through the windows, into the bedroom. A great event but, oh, we were so tired the next day! It all stopped after September 1939.

First Impressions in the 1920s

In the nineteen-twenties the School was very much a *Friends' school*. The governors were all Quakers, the staff nearly all Quakers and most of the children came from Quaker homes. Many were 'birthright members' of the Society and children of Old Scholars. We were much more enclosed, isolated from the activities of the town and from the presence of our families. In a sense, the School was a protective community, almost monastic in its seclusion.

But Quakerism was never preached or taught or even explained and no one told us what was supposed to happen in a Meeting for Worship. It was assumed we had imbibed the atmosphere from early childhood and that the School was an extension of the Quaker family.

What influenced us most was the quality and dedication of our teachers.. They exemplified Quakerism better than any books or precepts. . . .

The School seemed to attract unusual characters, most of whom shared with us their special interests and enthusiasm. They stayed at the School for decades: perhaps because they were happy and not over ambitious: perhaps because headships were scarce. Whatever the reasons, staying-put gave the School stability. . . .

Charles Kohler
From *Unwillingly to School*

Nineteen thirty-five, eleven years old, and FSSW was not what Angela Brazil and my other school stories had led me to expect.

The girls' playroom, with its two-tier lining of trunks, the age-order queue before meals, the pinafores for under-twelves.

No Upper Fourth, but groups A, B and C, prep done in Group B en-masse.

The expectation of letters, laid out on a shelf at the foot of the girls' staircase (100 girls can't have that much post!) and anxiously looking down over the stairwell to see if they had come.

Pig drives and the Bumble Dinkies, and Audley End Mansion Bridge, oranges from Ma Warings' 'order' to be eaten outside on a cold winter's exercise.

Gas lights in girls' 10A and 10B.

Laundry – was it really pyjamas once a fortnight?

'Words' – writing out five, ten or twenty words as punishment, being able to take a book into tea – wonderful.

The great joy is the friendships that have endured 65 years.

Audrey Booth

The Road to War

We were much involved in trying to prevent a Second World War, the late John Fleming and I starting up the Inter-Schools Peace Federation”, contacting peace groups in other Quaker and progressive schools. We actually held a conference in the summer holidays at Friends House, Euston Road. One of our contacts was Patrick Heron, the artist, who became a Conscientious Objector (serving, I believe, in the London Fire Service) and never lost his interest in international affairs whilst making his distinguished career in St Ives. Unfortunately, he has forgotten about our juvenile correspondence.

I remember Gerald Littleboy announcing the death of King George V and almost bursting into tears. This surprised me, as the event did not move me unduly at the time. I also recall Arnold Breerton pronouncing the folly of the new King expecting to marry the twice-divorced Wallis Simpson and make her Queen of Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the seas, as proclaimed by the Town Crier in the market square of Saffron Walden at the time of his accession.

Alan Carlton Smith

Whatever Happened to the Taper Holders?

I was interested to notice, on a fairly recent visit to the School, that electric lighting has been installed. In my days (1927-30), we had gas lighting. This required the appointment of Taper Monitors whose duty it was, on winter afternoons, to light the gas mantles in the classrooms and adjoining corridors.

The wax tapers were mounted in long, brass, tubular holders which had a hook in the end with which to turn on the gas supply.

The much sought after appointment of Taper Monitor was ranked far ahead of such offices as Blackboard Monitor or Inkwell Monitor. Perhaps even these no longer exist.

If the brass taper holders could be found lurking in the Water Tower or elsewhere, their sale, as collectors' items, might pay for the Swimming Pool improvements.

John Bolton



A Boys' Dormitory in 1938

A Good Idea?

Well, it seemed like it at the time

Maurice and James Allward tell of a School visit to Germany in 1938. This included visits to palaces, various natural features and a Hitler Youth Camp. James says, *“I do not know why the ‘Powers that be’ organised the event . . . All I can assume is that it was considered a good idea at the time, for a cultural visit to Germany. It was, after all, the period of appeasement, under Chamberlain, when most countries were trying to appease Germany in the interests of peace. (However, there are some who think Chamberlain was trying to buy more time in order that England could rearm).”*

It must be remembered that, at this same time, the Friends were setting the standard for giving practical help to those experiencing problems in Nazi Germany and their record in this regard is exemplary – among other things, they provided safe houses, helped to get people out of the country, raised money to bring Jewish children to England on the Kindertransport and many people owe their lives to them. James Allward continues:

“With regard to the reaction experienced when meeting the Hitler Youth (I was only thirteen at the time), I was impressed by the orderliness, although I did not note their military organisation. I thought their living quarters were spartan, with little thought for comfort. The girls’ Hitler Youth appeared to be well organised and entertained us with some German folk dancing. I remember walking through the Black Forest with some of the Hitler Youth singing Nazi songs, which were very militaristic in tone. We also went to Berlin and I remember standing in a crowd watching some parade or other. Out of politeness to our hosts, we were advised to give the Hitler salute when the local populace demonstrated their subservience to Hitler. We were not politically motivated at the time, so we remember the trip as an adventure into the world, and did not take note of the increasing

militarism in Germany. The Hitler Youth was Germany’s idea of the Scouts – but was developed as a cadre for the expansion of the Wehrmacht. . . . “My later visits to Germany were much later, in 1945 and 1946, under much different circumstances – I was a Flight Engineer, 61 Squadron, in RAF Bomber Command.

“Sadly, we do not seem to have found ways and means of resolving political differences without the use of violence and mayhem. Let us hope that, somehow, some measure of peace can be maintained in the trouble spots of the world.”

Maurice, two years older than James, still has a souvenir of the trip – a dagger, inscribed “Blut und Uhre” (Blood and Honour), a gift from the nearby Herman Goering Factory.

In 1938, we were far less politically aware than are young people of the 21st century. Today, news and comment spills into our living rooms 24 hours a day and we watch wars as they happen. In 1938, newsreaders still dressed in dinner jacket and black tie to read news bulletins for the wireless. It was a different world.



The School party outside the Sans, Souci Palace. Maurice Allward is third from the right in the front and James, wearing shorts, in the centre .



German ‘girl guides’

The Staff

20th Century Memories



The Staff in 1935 . . .

Back Row: Rhoda Jones, Albert Lindley, Badger, Norma Wright, Mr Skurr,
l-r David Pearson
Second Row: Stanley Pumphrey, Sally Waites, Helen Radley, Annie Murray,
D Y Pugh, Edna Clark, Gladys Bird
Third Row: Mrs Graham, R P Smith, Florence Priestman,
Gerald Littleboy, Elizabeth (Leila) Sparkes, Arnold Brereton,
Margaret Yapp
Front: Mr Heap, Jenny Waites, Walter Baldwin, Dorothea Waring,
Henrietta Beecham, Stanley King Beer, San Nurse

C BRIGHTWEN ROWNTREE

CBR is spoken of with great affection; he was rarely known to administer punishment at all, let alone of any severity, and his system of punishment by ‘words’ was mild in the extreme, but on the whole extremely effective except for those bordering on the what we call maladjustment. I remember one occasion when he was really rattled by someone and rapped out the extraordinary punishment of 40 words. For some reason, the standard punishment measures were 30 words for pretty bad behaviour and 60 if really mad with a boy. Never more than 60, as 65 meant he could be gated. It would be fitting to quote a former President’s tribute to him, given in his address at A.G.M. “I would like here to pay a tribute to CBR for whom I have a great affection. He taught me such a lot about relationships with people in his quiet way, and I think that much of my own attitude has probably been coloured by his, and by the way he dealt with us, his much younger and less experienced staff. It could not have been easy for him to have such a young and lively crowd of teachers round him in a boarding school, but he managed us with infinite tact and pleasantness. In the olden days at meal times, the Staff always waited in the Old Lecture Hall, now the Library, until the most of the School had entered. One Sunday I spent this short period playing the piano. While I was sitting there at the piano, CBR opened the door, merely looked round at me and went out immediately. I never played the piano there again on a Sunday. I have been ‘told off’ by more than one Headmaster, mostly when they have been irate and louder in their anger, but never more effectively than on this one occasion by this gentle man in his kind and gentle manner. It is a lesson I try not to forget – a lesson that has stood me in good stead over the years, both as assistant and as a Head”. Another OS. says, “he was not an imposing Head. He was of modest demeanour, not at all the high headed foreheaded type which was supposed to be the one which captured the attention of a class. His “Tramps” were models of good planning, and he went on them all himself, shielding his pate from the sun with an old hat. And you knew that the administration was impeccable”.

*Unless otherwise specified, the appreciations in this section
come from Annual Reports of the
Old Scholars’ Association*

GERALD LITTLEBOY

When I joined the Staff in 1944 Gerald Littleboy had just completed his first ten years as Headmaster. When he came in 1934 the Sixth Form was beginning to develop. Two years afterwards the first link was made with the Essex Education Committee and some day scholars were admitted on their recommendation. A new building programme began, specialist rooms for the teaching of biology and geography were provided, the Assembly Hall was built, and the Library was made. Then came the war, and with it a long period when further developments were impossible.

When I first got to know Gerald Littleboy I was amazed at the multiplicity of duties that fell to his lot. There was no bursar, so much of the details of estate management and office administration had to be dealt with by him. He had a heavy teaching programme. At the same time he managed to be to be readily available to those of his colleagues who needed his wisdom and advice and he managed, too, to maintain a warm interest in the progress and development of individual boys and girls. War-time problems included the frustration of being unable even to attempt the essential maintenance and re-decoration of buildings, much less to improve them, and the strain of many nights when air-raid alerts brought the Headmaster at once from his home to be on duty at the School. In the first conversation I had with Gerald Littleboy before taking up my appointment, I discovered how eagerly he was looking forward to the time when progress could once again be made. Already he was anxious to discuss the foundation of a Parent Teacher Association and probable development of the Sixth Form.

The end of the war brought, gradually, the opportunity to develop the School along the lines he had hoped. There was a rapid expansion in numbers, making necessary the restriction of the age range and the closing of the Junior School, so that adequate provision could be made for the growing Sixth Form.

By 1951, when the School celebrated its 250th birthday, the first State scholarship had been won, there was a Sixth Form of about 40 and the total number of scholars in the School had just exceeded 300.

By the time Gerald Littleboy retired in 1955 the School had become a full two-stream Grammar School and the successes achieved by young Old Scholars at Universities were providing encouraging proof that the work of the Sixth Form was providing an adequate basis for their studies.

Shortly before he retired Gerald Littleboy was President of the Old Scholars' Association. He ended his presidential address with these

words: "Walden's life is based on a very sure foundation – mutual respect for one another, young and old, and a conception of life that is religious in the truest sense." His comments in Staff meetings, his day to day dealings with his colleagues and the boys and girls, were continual witness to the reality of this belief. He had a kindly and shrewd eye for the possibilities for good in the law-breaking challenging adolescent who, though a disruptive influence in the middle school, might yet be a loyal and helpful member of the Sixth Form. He was quick to sense that when the unexpected comes, a gentler approach could win where sternness could fail. He lived out his Christianity in the practical details of his daily life, and his great wish for the boys and girls in his care was, in the words of Bristol Yearly Meeting of 1695, which he loved to quote, that they "shall not only learn to be Scholars, but Christians also".

I count it as a very great privilege to have worked with Gerald Littleboy in my early years in the School. He was generous and encouraging, good-humoured and far-sighted. His faith in the future of Walden was a continuing one, and I am glad that he lived long enough to see the work that had been his joy and care for so long so ably continued by his successor.

Jennie Ellinor

" . . . Perhaps his greatest assets as a Headmaster were his executive ability, his belief in the worth of the individual, his accessibility, and the patience, forbearance and wisdom he showed in dealing with the more unruly members of his flock. It may not be generally known that, towards the end of term each form-master had a session with GL when he listened to the reports suggested for each boy in the form. Time and again, in my younger days as a form-master, he suggested some change, not that he usually objected to the content of my report, but his apt word of differing phrase made criticism that was largely destructive become constructive, and he was always anxious to avoid anything that would be unnecessarily hurting to a parent: "Remember, Stanley, that even . . . , strange as it may seem, is somebody's darling".

G Stanley Pumphrey

These were obituary tributes, 1962

SYLVIA CLARK

Sylvia Clark was the third of the five children of James and Wilhelmina Clark; he was the Headmaster of Newtown School, a Quaker School at Waterford in Ireland. Sylvia was educated at Newtown and the Mount School, York, followed by an honours degree in Mathematics at Westfield College, London, her mathematical talent being a cause of amazement many years after in Palestine, not being expected of a woman.

Her time at Walden from 1937 to 1944 was over the difficult period of the Second World War. Both in her teaching and her other relations with scholars she was intensely practical and understanding. "It is inevitable that her chickens and her mathematical instruction should remain inseparably connected in my mind as she so intimately intermingled the two. Less distinct are memories of her digressions from a study of Quakerism in a Lower Five Scripture class to tell you of her life on the Yorkshire farm which occupies so soft a spot in her heart." (*The Avenue* Dec. 1944).

Mary Fulford, a younger colleague of those years, writes, "The youthful Headmistress faced with wartime conditions set a lead in sharing with and organising the helping of menial tasks. When the domestic staff situation was strained she took a full part down to the least pleasant jobs. When it was murmured that she should not be doing these unpleasant jobs she merely paused to say that she believed there was a dignity in labour and perhaps the senior girls might catch the concept. Her help to the nursing staff with two children who contracted cerebro-spinal meningitis needing constant nursing in the San illustrated how when she saw a need she stepped straight in and in a quiet way project-

ed strength to others. Her patience with difficult children was immense and there were many such in wartime, as was her tender understanding of children from broken homes, or refugees from wartime Europe. Balancing this was her appreciation of beauty in nature – the nightingales noted singing during fire-watching whilst the guns and searchlights at Debden blazed away. She delighted in being someone else, not labelled Head-mistress, in a play and encouraged the voluntary listening to broadcast classical music in the Assembly Hall after Prep – seniors and juniors alike with rapt expressions held by the spell of good music."

Sally Jacob who, with Barney, knew Sylvia all her years at Walden comments on the rare Irish Yorkshire Quaker who had great dignity, integrity and sense of duty, combined with modesty and a real care for children and adults in distress. She was full of unobtrusive acts of kindness and support, witness the arranging of German tutorials for a colleague or the sharing of wartime coals with the Intermediate Common Room. Her sympathy, sense of fun and warmth of character all helped to convey her sense of Quaker values to old and young around her. *Obituary 1983*

Sylvia Clark was Head Mistress during my three years in the Senior School. I remember her as a quietly spoken, very controlled person for whom I had great respect. She had the ability to make you feel a valued individual, when you were a very young nobody!

On Saturday evenings during the summer term we used to have 'lengths bathes' in an attempt to see how far we could swim, starting with a small number of lengths and increasing the distance each week. On the last Saturday of Summer Term 1943, I was ready to attempt a mile, but I had no one to count the lengths. Miss Clark offered and patiently spent the evening counting as I swam up and down,

JENNIE ELLINOR

Jennie Ellinor came from a Quaker family in which her mother and maternal grandparents were members of the Society of Friends, her father joining soon after his marriage. At her parents' request Jennie was admitted to membership as an infant and thus was brought up as a Friend in South Shields Meeting. Education at Ackworth was followed by a History Degree, Diploma of Theology and MA at Durham University. Five years teaching at Wigton School led to a year studying at Woodbrooke and then nine years on the staff of Gainsborough Girls High School under a Quaker Headmistress, an experience she valued and enjoyed. So to Saffron Walden in 1944.

John Woods wrote in *The Friend* in July 1983: "Jennie Ellinor came to Friends' School Saffron Walden as a Headmistress, as a historian steeped in Quaker traditions. She formed a working association with Gerald

up and down.

On another occasion, I had been thoughtless (in other words very naughty) and caused her considerable anxiety. Eventually I went to see her and apologise. Instead of telling me what a horrible child I was, she told me she was very glad that I had come. She said I had faced up to my behaviour, decided what to do about it and then acted on my decision. She explained that if I continued to face up to problems in that way I would be all right in the future.

I had gone into her room feeling horrible about myself but came out feeling good.

Time and time again, as a teacher myself, I remembered Sylvia Clark. There is no doubt that I was better able to help other children because of the ways in which she had helped me when I was a child.

Julia Dyer

Littleboy which gave a rock-like quality to the School after the war. Their partnership gave to the School an unshakeable spiritual depth and to Jennie the happiest years of her career.

“She provided, rather than independent initiative, the encouragement to corporate wisdom as it arose. So the relationship with Essex Education Committee, the Sixth Form academic standards, the quality of the staff and the (mercifully abortive!) 1947 building plans grew with Jennie’s unobtrusive guidance. She helped Kenneth Nicholson to become a headmaster of vision. She shared the pioneering of the Reginald Reynolds Memorial Scheme to support Old Scholars serving in developing countries. Jennie met the upheaval to values in the 1960s, which were so taxing for teachers concerned for the welfare of the whole child.

“As headmistress, Jennie was a formidable figure. A colleague, before whom generations

quailed, admitted that the only person she feared was Jennie! Grasp of wide issues went with close attention to detail. Some found her fussy or interfering. But Jennie was always there, available to deal with a crisis. Those who turned to her in distress discovered infinite care based on loving concern and prayer. Jennie overcame considerable reserve to undertake much of her work, and avoided the limelight, happy that others should receive it.

“Jennie, the historian, worked among the archives, developing a sympathy for the eighteenth-century records of the school at Clerkenwell. Her discovery of the Complaints Book of her predecessor, Richard Hutton, provided rich material, and she created the detailed catalogue of the archives, now available to other students.”

Obituary 1983

KENNETH NICHOLSON

In his address as President of the Old Scholars’ Association in 1968, Cyril Mummery said the following:

“I am sufficiently old-fashioned as a historian to think that people matter and find some modern approaches to historical interpretation nauseatingly ‘trendy’. To me the appointment of a Headmaster is a milestone in the history of a school. Kenneth Nicholson’s appointment in 1955 coincided with what historians of the future may decide is a bigger historical milestone – the end of wartime in Britain and the real beginning of the concept of the affluent Society. Inflation has been well described as a ‘selective weed-killer’. Kenneth Nicholson very quickly recognised the need to keep abreast and ahead of the demands of the new Britain and the imaginative planning of the School – Essex Wing 1961, Crosfield 1967, and the crowning inspiration of Gibson House, under the splendid care of John Gillett – is his lasting monument. I worked very closely under Kenneth Nicholson for thirteen years – for the last four as his Deputy. It would be idle to pretend that we always saw eye to eye during that time: indeed I think it would be a very sad commentary if we had. But ballasting all our relationships has been Kenneth Nicholson’s warm capacity for friendship, his willingness to talk out matters at the deepest level, his eternal approachability. Parents who heard Kenneth Nicholson’s memorable final address to the PTA – an address I hope he will have the leisure to work into a book – will be aware of his understanding of, and belief in, people: tolerant, believing in the best – and, as a result, getting the best – he has allowed this great School to emerge. It is good to know that his massive wisdom in the field of education is being actively used in his position as Secretary of the Cadbury Trust.

To the great sadness of all, Kenneth Nicholson died suddenly of a heart attack on Friday, 21 March 1969.

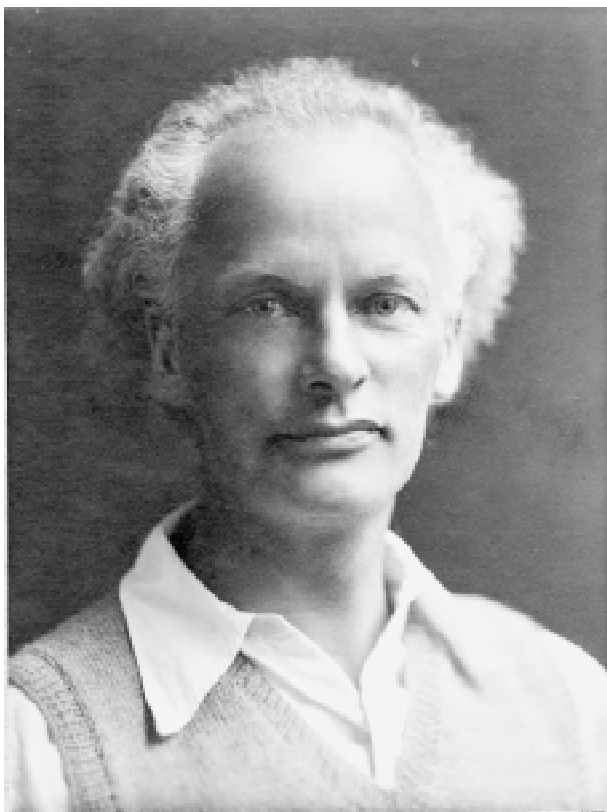


The Staff in 1959

Back Row: Unknown, Olga Miller, John Evans, (Sister) Edith Woorral, (Nurse), Anne Morley, Kenneth Whitlow, Miss Kerrison, Ivan Cane
Second Row: Gladys Marshall (Housekeeper), Philip Houlder, Unknown, Mary Mercer, Kenneth Plant, Robert Hudson, Miss Lloyd, Kelvin Osborn

Third Row: David Lewis, Sara Price, Richard Sturge, Jean Thomson, Donald Benson, Mary Cuthbert, Brian Gelsthorpe, Margaret Kenningham

Front Row: Cyril Mummery, Joy Ashford, Richard Wright, Jennie Ellinor, Kenneth Nicholson, Bernard Jacob, Jean Stubbs, Alison Reynolds, Iorwerth John



STANLEY G KING BEER

by Kathleen Robson –
taught by SGKB in the 1920s

allowance for vegetarians such as SGKB was by conviction, and he became so hungry that he ate his bread crumb by crumb to make it last longer. Eventually he became so weakened that he was discharged to prevent the scandal of his dying in prison.

He had a brilliant mind and had chosen history for his degree because it was his weakest subject! This meant that, unlike too many teachers, he understood the difficulties of the slow learners. His methods were unorthodox, with diagrams and concise notes on each lesson given us after we had handed in our own efforts.

Who can forget his 'looking-glass tree' of the Industrial Revolution with labelled twigs merging into branches, finally reaching the trunk rooted in the Reform Act of 1832. Typically, the date came last in importance. SGKB was no disciplinarian, relying on his own enthusiasm for his subject to generate ours. It therefore came as no surprise that nearly half of my Matric year achieved distinction in history.

He married Mabel soon after coming to Walden just after the War, but their happiness was clouded by the difficult birth of their son, Michael. Michael was left profoundly deaf and Mabel was unable to have another child.

Thanks to SGKB's infectious personality, a quarter of the School became vegetarians at a time when this was rare. His love of

animals led him to form the Band of Mercy which met weekly, attracting many of the younger children – not surprisingly, he it was who rescued a nestling greenfinch and reared it in his study. His help for fellow staff was obvious when our exam papers in various subjects were cyclostyled in his handwriting.

Henry Rowntree has written of SGKB's acting and production of operas and plays with Penrose Whitlow, but did not mention his priceless caricature of Grand Opera, nor his beautiful whistling which he had taught himself in prison where he was deprived of his precious piano. He improvised his own accompaniments for both. Was that why an Old Scholar, who had forgotten to bring her music, went to him and not to one of the music teachers to ask him to accompany her song?

For many years, Brightwen Rowntree had organised School Tramps – hiking was as yet a word unknown – for school leavers, one or two staff and old scholars to explore the various parts of the country for a week after the summer term. This involved much previous planning of accommodation and routes. SGKB, who had already produced pocket-sized guide books for earlier years, took over the planning and leadership when CBR retired and it was on the 1939 Tramp that SGKB collapsed and died. He was only 48 – had his prison years undermined his health?

It is a Quaker custom to write a Testimony on the grace of God in the life of well known deceased Friends, but SGKB was little known beyond the School and no testimony appeared. Florence Priestman (then Head Mistress) made amends for this omission when she compiled a life of Stanley King Beer, fittingly entitled *A Modern Quaker Saint*.

Although I kept in lifelong correspondence with two of my Walden mistresses, the outstanding member of staff in my years was Stanley King Beer, and I would like to add to what Henry Rowntree has written about him. In prison as a pacifist during World War One, he was one of the six British Friends, among others, sent to France so that, under military rule, they could be shot for disobeying orders within hearing of the firing line. Mercifully Friends got word of this in time to lobby their MPs and got the order rescinded and the men returned to England. Prison diet made no

SGKB – A MEMOIR

by Mabel King Beer

I feel that probably the most lasting remembrances of Stanley are of his overflowing love of life, and how to be with him, even – I suppose – in the classroom was always fun. He, who was so sensitively vulnerable to the unhappiness of others and to tragedy in world affairs, yet radiated an enheartening and infectious joy.

Life with Stanley had “never a dull moment”. He described our minor domestic upheavals, such as a flood in the night from a burst cistern, as wildly funny happenings, to the blank incomprehension of our more ‘adult’ neighbours. The Old Scholars’ gatherings were very important to him, and, amid all the many and varied jobs which he cheerfully tackled – rehearsing for a concert, the vegetarian carving great joints of meat, lifting and carrying, and all the rest – he miraculously found time for many precious encounters with his beloved Old Scholars (‘Old Collars’ in our house, the name due to our son’s difficulty with the letter S)

Because he so much enjoyed the company of the very young, Stanley volunteered to teach History in the Junior School. One small girl, having been questioned about the day’s lesson with him, replied with a puzzled air: Oh, was that history? I didn’t know, but we had a lovely time climbing trees! “Another little lass said to her teacher rather wistfully: “I do like Mr Beer – he is so motherly”.

So, dear Old Scholars, when you remember Stanley, think of him with joy. Just listen, and maybe over the years you will hear the sound of his laughter with its overtones of love, joy and peace, which everywhere and always are “the fruits of the Spirit”.

Written after Stanley’s death in 1939

SARAH DOROTHEA WARING

remembered by Michael How

To the staff she was known as ‘Fanny’, to the boys as ‘The Hag’, to anyone who never knew her nicknames that would at least raise an eyebrow.

But, to quote her friend, colleague and fellow countrywoman, Annie Murray: “We who came in contact with Dorothea Waring can have nothing but praise and gratitude. She was indeed a good and faithful servant to the highest and the best. Her sense of uprightness was outstanding and she was honest to the core of her being.”

Following a short spell teaching infants in her native Ireland, she migrated to London. Obtaining a Diploma in cookery, she took up the post of housekeeper to a private school. Short-ages in everything, including pay, determined her early departure, becoming Boys’ Matron at Rawdon. In 1916, and then in her late thirties, she arrived at Walden, taking charge of the Sanatorium and morale through the Zeppelin raids.

In 1919, the postwar influenza epidemic swept the country with devastating effect. George Stanley Pumphrey (‘Wonkle’) writing in the OS Report of 1951: “On arrival

at the School, I was met by an Irishwoman who explained, all in one breath, that there was nobody left to teach, there weren’t any nurses to be had for love or money, the San was full, that she had an overflow in the boys’ bedrooms and ought to be up there now, and could I come and help her as soon

as I had had a wash and a cup of tea?”

Records show that, despite an appalling national mortality rate, not one School patient was lost . . . but who, or what, in its right mind would ever have dared defy this formidable Irishwoman. Life, post flu-epidemic, became a little flat for Dorothea and, the post of Boys Matron becoming vacant, she decided to ‘have a go’. It is in that capacity that I, and countless generations of Old Scholars, remember her.

As a ‘new brat’, in 1942, I was required to

report every weekday morning, before breakfast, to ‘Hag’s Nook’, her two-roomed bedsit-cum-office, strategically situated on the first floor opposite the boy’s washroom. I underwent an inspection of hands, knees and behind the ears. This, however, was only a prelude to the real test.

In that thirty minutes following lunch



and before afternoon lessons some twenty of us lined up in the boys' washroom for what was known as 'Parade'. Again, individual inspection of hands, knees and behind the ears. Then, divided into three groups on the word of command, we collected tooth brush and paste from our cubby holes. Following teeth cleaning, and again on the word of command (one, two, three -- -- six) we faced the wall mirrors to brush and comb our hair. This completed, the line reformed, turned left and filed past Miss Waring showing a 'clean' handkerchief to a staccato "Dismiss, dismiss, dismiss" Even now it echoes down the years.

Any transgression incurred a penalty mark. I no longer remember how many marks were allowed before the final "Dismiss", but freedom from Parade six days a week was not easy to acquire, for some almost impossible. Legend has it that one boy, David Castillejo I believe, made it in one term.

Monday afternoon, Dorothea supervised our weekly bath. The baths, marked with a black painted line at the tap end, were filled to the five inches allowed to comply with wartime regulations. Bodies scrubbed, hair, washed with yellow School soap, was rinsed by Dorothea, using her enamel mug. The use of Silvikrin Shampoo sachets only came much later, when one was old enough for the Group C Dance. Dried, finger and toe-nails scissor-trimmed, inspected, we dressed and, thankfully, made our escape.

Every other Monday, following morning Assembly, we juniors presented ourselves in the boys' bedroom for 'bugraking' – a preventative measure against nits. Our locks were raked forward with a fine tooth comb which was then dropped into an enamel bowl of disinfectant, to be reused six or seven victims later.

Thus did Dorothea Waring ensure the cleanliness of a Godly Quaker education. But this was by no means the end of her duties. She supervised the weekly distribution of clean laundry, the fortnightly distribution of clean sheets and the daily distribution of parcels from home. I say 'supervised', but I never saw or remember an assistant. And, as if this was not enough, she darned our socks – no mean task before the days of synthetic fibres, as the overflowing laundry basket she demolished each week bore witness.

Each week, save Monday evening and she, Annie Murray and Barney Jacob (BBJ) gathered in Hag's Nook for the 'crack' and a game of crib. Our mothers may have grumbled over her darning skills – the wool did not always match the sock – but Dorothea never lost one!

A clipboard, held in the crook of the left arm, was a vital accessory. This being wartime when we were exhorted to waste nothing, her writing paper consisted of the insides of cornflake packets or any piece of cardboard with a plain surface – I am sure Dorothea never

used anything else. On this she recorded things to do, Parade marks, lists and her poems. Her poems and random jottings, covering both School and staff, were used to devastating effect on her acclaimed appearances in End of Term or OS Whitsunday Concerts. She never forgot a boy, his misdeeds – or his School number.

Although she was 'of', she was not necessarily 'with' the staff – usually her boys came first. By way of friendship with Alec Clunes, a trombone-playing School Gardener, Peter Bell and I acquired a large quantity of apples. With the help of a book press, 'borrowed' from the Art Room, we filled a Winchester jar with apple juice. Over the next few weeks it was allowed to ferment, moved from one hiding place to another until, to our consternation, one day it vanished. Of course Dorothea had found it and, with unerring accuracy, knew who was responsible. We were summoned to her presence.

"Mr Bell, Mr How, you are wicked animals." Whatever your standing in the School, she always addressed you as 'Mr'. Having found the Winchester, she had placed it, for safe keeping, in her airing cupboard. There was an OS weekend in the offing and they, as 'very wicked animals', might have commandeered it for their own use. The heat of the cupboard accelerated the fermentation, causing an overflow on to the surrounding sheets. Returning the Winchester, she remarked, quite unruffled, "I tort it could be beneficial to the process."

Dorothea Waring retired in 1947 to nearby Rose Cottage. Perhaps in deference to those who tried to succeed her, she seldom came into School. However, her door was always open to visitors, particularly on OS weekends. The prefects in our last term: Owen Edwards, Uwe Gerstl, Michael Comber, Barry Barber and I, were invited to tea. Dressed in black, rather frail now, she proudly showed us round the garden. The lawn hand mown by the wayward 'Pegacious', the edges 'fusselled' and her beloved cherry tree. Enjoying a wonderful tea, regaled by a running commentary on our misdeeds over the years, many of which would have been completely unknown to the School staff, we were probably the last of her 'wicked animals' to enjoy her company. She died in the February of 1951.

I have no photograph of Dorothea, but her image is as fresh in my mind as if it were 1942 – a slim, stooping figure, dressed in a grey house coat, a clipboard under her arm, her hair grey but still naturally curly, lips pursed, eyes twinkling over the top of steel-framed spectacles giving her a quizzical look, a look which needed little prompting to turn to infectious good humour.

These memories and images are very personal to me, but they, and their like, will be echoed by all who ever knew her.

"Well, dat's what I tink, anyway."

SARAH H EVANS *(Head 1989-1996)*

When Sarah took over as Head in the Spring Term of 1989 she began to illuminate us in her own 'tremendous' fashion. She soon embarked on multitudinous changes that were vital at the turn of the decade. Her Head's study immediately became a Friendly place. She placed her desk so that she could look outward to new vistas and we who visited her soon began to do so also.

Educationally great changes were sweeping the nation and Sarah dealt with these in her efficient, organised and intelligent manner. Appraisal of staff, rather feared in many educational circles, took place positively and successfully. Committee after committee met to draw up vital documents on everything from key stages to the philosophy of the School. . . .

She led from the front. If we were going outward so was she. Soon she had infiltrated the Society of Headmasters of Independent Schools, now amended on account of her, to include Headmistresses. . . .

Early on in her time with us, Sarah, along with Jane Laing (recently appointed her successor), Mike Collins and others, gave everyone a practical taste of a spiritual vision with a 'George Fox Day'. The impossible was achieved. Young twentieth-century adolescents became seventeenth-century youths. Colleagues donned the dress of three centuries ago. Mike Collins became Fox himself and rode through Saffers with his retinue. . . .

The spiritual basis of the School was nourished in many other ways. Sarah ensured we kept our young people informed of Quaker ideas and that we regularly worshipped silently. She insisted on handshakes after Meeting, that practical manifestation of Friendship. She also insisted on the best of manners everywhere and from everyone, ensuring doors were held open, visitors looked after, . . . The message, of course, has been to value the dignity of every single member of the community.

From an appreciation by John Dickinson 1996

Probably the most colourful member of staff was **Stanley King Beer**, whose delightful personality and extraordinary versatility and ingenuity made his history lessons into dramatic masterpieces. Then there was **Sally Waites** who on occasions would romanticise about life in Paris, at the expense of half a French period. And I recall the bulky image of **David Pearson** taking his constitutional down The Avenue, after gruelling sessions trying to teach me German, and the precise and pedantic mannerisms of **Arnold Breerton**, who once had me on the carpet in his study to administer a well-deserved dressing down for some misdemeanour I had committed. Another pillar of the School in those days was **Stanley Pumphrey** who reigned supreme in the old Chemi-Lab above the Boys' Playroom. He had already been at the School for 20 years when I arrived, and continued long after I left to complete 45 years before retiring.

. . . I must just mention that legendary institution from the Emerald Isle, **Dorothea Waring**, Boys' Matron. As a day boy, I seldom came into contact with her, which made it all the remarkable when, at Whitsun a couple of years after I left School, she studied me thoughtfully for a few seconds, then wagged a finger at me and said, "Ah, yes – Turnbull, Number 89". **Jack Turnbull**

ERIC BROWN, *appointed School Bursar in 1946, writes:*

Taking over the administrative side of Gerald Littleboy's work in 1946, after the War was over, I can only guess at all that he had to do. True he had a secretary/book-keeper to assist him, but he was ultimately responsible for overseeing everything connected with the running of the School. He worked long hours with only short holidays.

Following on from the above, I am sure it should be noted that, in 1946, the Committee, realising it was asking too much of its Headmaster, decided to relieve him of his non-academic duties by the appointment of a Bursar. He would then be free to give all his time to supervising teaching staff and the needs of children.

One of the first things Gerald said to me on my appointment was, "I am glad you have been appointed, as I can now take a holiday!" After one term of my taking over from him, he went, with the Committee's blessing, for a two-term break in America.

Jennie Ellinor should also be remembered for those War years. She ably assisted Gerald Littleboy wherever she could, especially on the girl's side.

My own experiences over the thirty years I served the School are too many and varied to chronicle in detail. They range from the tornado that swept over the School in 1948, bringing down the heavy chimney stack over the clock bedroom where a dozen boys were sleeping, the rigging of the skylights of the Swimming Bath, the gutting by fire, in 1955, of the newly built Chemistry Lab, rescuing three frightened second form girls from the cells of the Police Station at 2 am and, there being no handyman, replacing tap washers and mending light fuses, blown (twice in succession) by a girl using a faulty iron.

Problems large and problems small came my way. Boilers, coke-fired, broke down with guaranteed regularity – ceilings collapsed and,

on one occasion, a heavy angle plate fell from one of the trusses of the Swimming Bath roof into the water. American airmen had used the pool at quite high temperatures during the War and condensing vapour had caused rust to build up between the roof plates. The whole roof had to be stripped off as a consequence.

We had some problems with children. It was the Bursar's duty to arrange for their travel at the end of each term. On one occasion, we lost a girl for two whole days! Her parents, living abroad, cabled that she had not arrived on the specified plane – panic stations. After two days of exhaustive enquiries, it was established that she had left the London terminal office and, presumably, Heathrow. We cabled the parents to this effect and, in reply, heard from them that she had arrived, safely, half an hour after their first cable but that they had overlooked informing us.

I served under three Headmasters, three Chairmen of Governors and five Treasurers, each with their own aims and ideas. Gerald Littleboy established the School, under the 1944 Education Act, as a two-stream grammar school. Kenneth Nicholson consolidated this achievement with the School's population increasing from three hundred to a maximum of 392 with a healthy Sixth Form of over sixty.

John Woods took over a healthy school at the beginning of a difficult time for boarding schools – fewer children were requiring boarding education while, at the same time, other schools were opening their sixth forms, especially to girls.

I very much enjoyed my time at the School.

RICHARD STURGE

Born of a Quaker family, Richard Sturge displayed an early aptitude for music. Besides playing the piano, he received good singing instruction at the Downs School, Colwall, at a time when Friends' Schools were not noted for encouraging music.

Service with the Friends' Unemployment Committee in Whitehaven followed his formal music training and here he met his future wife, Joyce. They married while Richard was serving with the Friends' Ambulance Unit during the War.

He wanted to use his musical ability in the Society of Friends and the opportunity presented itself when he was appointed to teach at FSSW, a post he held for the rest of his teaching career. On his appointment, he persuaded Gerald Littleboy, who was very musical himself, to make provision for every scholar entering the School to learn an instrument. Together, they arranged lessons in violin, viola, cello and recorder as part of the curriculum. Some scholars flourished and went on to become professional musicians. Some were sufficiently accomplished to play in school orchestras and those for whom it proved difficult had, nonetheless, learnt to read and use music.

Joy Ashford (Dupont) joined the staff in 1951. She says, ". . . there was already a good Choir and a small Choir doing special anthems. We were about to start work on the Rubbra motets which had been composed specially for us to use during the pageant celebrating the School's 250th birthday. They were difficult works and needed meticulous note learning. . . . The success of the Rubbra encouraged Richard to think that we might one day manage the large oratorios. We started with cantatas, then the Messiah, then the great day when Richard decided to do the St Matthew Passion. It had been one of his great ambitions and it was unfortunate that on the day of the School performance, he developed mumps; however, he had the great pleasure of conducting the performance at Friends' House."

Out of all this grew Richard's vision of joint choirs from Friends' Schools performing major works. Eventually singers from as many as nine schools took part. The Dream of Gerontius in 1974 was a forerunner of other joint triennial performances.

Besides his work with choirs, Richard was a dedicated teacher of individuals and, more especially with older scholars of musical appreciation. Many had a new enjoyment opened to them, even if they were not performers themselves.

His membership of the Religious Society of Friends was central to his life. He served as an Elder and as the Preparative Meeting Clerk. For many years, with Kenneth Whitlow, he guided Junior Meeting at the school, a demanding service steadily maintained. After Junior Meeting he would walk down to the Meeting House and slip into Meeting with the children for the last fifteen minutes.

Pat Lamond remembers :

Eric Lenz – a wonderful Biology teacher. I don't think anyone gave Biology up for School Certificate – simply because he was such a good teacher and we all enjoyed his lessons. We all had very good results.

Margaret Yapp – Latin teacher – known to all as Fido whose bark was worse than her bite. Geography teacher **Bernard Jacob**. Affectionately known as BBJ. BBJ's top denture fell out during a Geography lesson. Of course we all laughed, but having had to wear a part denture for some years now, I can appreciate how very embarrassing it was for him.

Jeff Follett – PE teacher. If he caught any of the boys smoking he would take them to his study and make them smoke cigarettes one after the other until they were sick and felt really ill. It was a good cure because they were never tempted to smoke again.

CAMPBELL STEWART

(1915-1997)

Campbell Stewart came to a professorship at Keele at the age of 34, having already had considerable educational experience, first as English master and housemaster at Friends' School in Saffron Walden, and then at the progressive Abbotsholme School in Derbyshire, on whose governing body he served between 1950 and 1980. After an assistant lectureship in education at the (then) University College of Nottingham, and a lectureship at the University College of Wales in Cardiff, he was among the first group of professors to be appointed to the North Staffordshire College by Lord Lindsay in 1950.

There he was responsible for setting up the course for the Concurrent Certificate in Education, whereby a Keele undergraduate could qualify for a Bachelor's degree and a teaching certificate on completion of the Keele four-year course. This put Keele graduates on equal terms with their contemporaries from other universities who had taken a three-year course followed by a postgraduate year for the teaching certificate. In the early years this departure from standard academic practice elsewhere attracted a high proportion of intending teachers to Keele.

After the death of the second principal Sir George Barnes, in 1960, Campbell Stewart was acting principal of the University College. He was responsible for hosting the ceremonies associated with the tenth anniversary, which included a visit from the Queen Mother, accompanying Princess Margaret, who was president of the college, in May 1961. His obvious qualities as a leader during those months made such an impression that on the retirement in 1967 of

Harold Taylor (Barnes's eventual successor as Principal of the University College and subsequently the first Vice-Chancellor of the new university), Stewart's colleagues were happy to entrust their future to one of their own.

It was a fortunate choice. Keele suffered the common fate of universities in the turbulent years of the student troubles from 1969-1971 – on one occasion a group of students tried to levitate the Vice-Chancellor's residence by humming – but Stewart's calm and firm hand ensured that not a single hour of teaching or examining was lost.

Brought up as a Quaker, he did a great deal to broaden and foster Keele's relations with local and national friends and potential benefactors.

Stewart wrote extensively on progressive education. His first book *The Quakers and Education* (1953) was a reworking of his 1947 PhD thesis, and this was followed by a two-volume study of progressive education, *The Educational Innovators*. He contributed to an understanding of educational theory in his Introduction to the *Sociology of Education*,

which he wrote with Karl Mannheim, and his final work, which he published in 1989 – after retirement as Professorial Fellow at the University of Sussex – was *Higher Education in Postwar Britain*.

In 1947 Campbell Stewart married Ella Burnett, of Edinburgh, who survives him with their son and daughter.

Extracted from The Times Obituary, 22 May 1997

Naomi Sargant writes: “When he was at Walden, it was possibly his first job after university, as he got us all to do the equivalent of Eleven-Plus tests, presumably to see how we compared with a selective intake.

“I met up with him again when I was Pro-Vice-Chancellor at the Open University and he was a member of the OU Council. He recalled, with absolute clarity, the fact that my sister Anna had completed the whole test without a mistake, and that she had completed it twenty minutes before the time was up. As he said her intelligence could not be measured, she was so clever. He was extremely handsome and loved by many, including some lady members of staff . . .”

A First Experience

My first teaching post, first contact with the Society of Friends, first experience of secondary boarding co-education: I expect the novelty showed!

Kaleidoscopic memories include: the wisdom and helpfulness of senior colleagues – and the gale of kind laughter that greeted my appearance at the first staff meeting of September 1962. Kenneth Nicholson had told the staff, correctly, that I had played cricket for my university and would help with games as well as teach English. They were expecting a muscular heavyweight. I was an eight and a half stone blonde.

More Staff Room laughter: David Lewis had turned up a bit late for a French lesson and found young Philip Amis up front taking him off. David slid into Philip's desk and let Philip take the rest of the lesson. He returned to the Staff Room saying how impressed he was! (So was I, at his attitude).

I suffered over-exposure to my Upper Three Tutor Group, teaching them English and Games, putting them to bed (three to four nights a week due to a sick matron). I was doing that the night we learnt that Kennedy had been assassinated – quietest bed-put ever.

Barbara Elaine Mould

CYRIL A MUMMERY

*Good Dons perpetual that remain
A landmark, wailing in the plain –
The horizon of my memories –
Like large and comfortable trees.*

When Hilaire Belloc wrote those lines he was thinking of the Oxford dons of his youth, but for many of us they sum up perfectly our memory of Cyril Mummery, for few who knew him can recall the School without his figure, and his voice appearing prominently in the picture.

He and I arrived in the Senior School on the same day, and although he was primarily a historian, he was obliged to teach other subjects as well, and the class of that year will still remember the poetry he chose to read to us in English lessons: *Gunga Din*, *The Rolling English Road*, *Kubla Khan* and, for a reading book, an abridgement of *Moby Dick*. We also read *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, but I find it hard to believe that that was Cyril's own choice as a suitable introduction to Shakespeare – except, of course, for the hilarious play within the play at the end. He really enjoyed that.

He introduced us to French too, and by the end of the first year I had realised that my forte was to be in languages, even though



Photo Andrew Mummery

Cyril himself was not a specialist linguist. When it came to starting German, therefore, I was faced with a dilemma because German was an alternative to Latin, and in those days, anyone with any academic pretensions was unwise to abandon the classics before taking School Certificate. With typical care for the problems of all the individuals who came into his care, Cyril solved mine. I

Cyril had more effect on my education than any other single person I think, both in teaching detail (how to précis) and in subject (the interest and importance of history if we would understand the present) and perhaps most in attitude (if you put your hand to a job then do it as well as you can). I omit details such as the devastating effects of a fast yorker.

Professor Richard S Clymo

started German and he helped me through the second year of a Latin course one evening a week, until I solved the problem myself by moving to another school. There must be scores of others who could tell similar tales of his unending store of personal care for his pupils. I have heard of one who was rather scared by his somewhat forthright manner; when Cyril learnt of this, the young person in question received an invitation to join him and Joan at the ballet.

Few areas of School life were untouched by Cyril's influence; he ran the Library and the Junior Literary Society, he took football, he played cricket, where he and Stanley Pumphrey were the mainstay of the School bowling, and ultimately and quite rightly he became Second Master. In later life, his rural background enabled him to devote time to forestry and the restoration of parts of the landscape.

The irony of it all is that he was not a Quaker; indeed, his sometimes outspoken approach and his discipline could be almost unQuakerly at times, but this was an ingredient the School could accommodate, perhaps even needed, and it was a gracious Providence that sent him to be a gift to the lives of all those whose privilege it has been to have been taught by him.

David Jones

From the Old Scholars' Magazine, 2000

A left handed batsman who could hook the ball – his only forcing shot. When he hit a ball, it stayed hit.

Batting from the Swimming Pool end, he hit the ball for a glorious six – straight through one Biology Lab window and out through another on the opposite side of the room – two windows for one shot.

Chris Wood