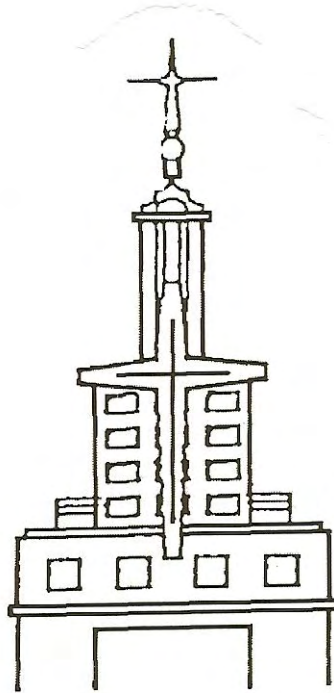


# CLARION RECALL



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**Canon Chivers** has been appointed Area Dean of West Barnet. His commissioning for this by the Bishop will be at Golders Green Parish Church on the evening of Thursday 17<sup>th</sup> July at 7.30 p.m. when Deanery Synod will also take place. Please pray for him and his family in his new responsibilities. (From JK Chronicle Service sheet and notices 11<sup>th</sup> May 2014 announcement.)



Easter Monday 2014: Dear Friends of John Keble Church. This comes with my profuse apologies for not having written to you before, as I promised, to update you on the emerging Friends of John Keble Church. We have both got ahead of ourselves and behind at one and the same time! Ahead, because we have already been doing work to improve the fabric of the church with your help. Behind, because I have failed to communicate with you and to update you. The somewhat delayed new windows are now all to be seen – exact replicas of the ones that were there before the Lady Chapel, the John Keble Chapel, at the back of the church by each staircase to the gallery, and in the north and south porches. Those in the Lady Chapel were given in memory of George Ramsey by his family and some close friends. Wendy Walford also gave generously in memory of Rex Walford. They were rededicated, along with the repainted Lady Chapel somewhat in haste - as Mary Ramsey's long planned move to Sheringham was suddenly accelerated. So on a free Sunday at the end of August 2013 – a rarity for Canon Martin Poll, former curate and now Canon at St George's Chapel, Windsor – he came to rededicate this much-loved space in which George was of course often found praying. The windows 'under the gallery' as it was were given in Memory of Tom and Rose Cluff by family members, and all the others were made possible through your generosity. It is excellent to be able to report that what you all did starting from the 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary had such an immediate impact. Thank you again for your generosity.

This work inspired a group of dedicated parishioners to refurbish the John Keble Chapel during the Lent from which we have just emerged. This involved the use of an anti-mould treatment for the ceiling, which was then repainted, the removal of a degree of concrete that had been used to shore up cracks in the plaster, its replacement with mesh and new plastering, some re-pointing to the external brickwork, and the painting of the whole chapel. This work was effectively carried out by four dedicated people as their Lenten offering. It was a remarkable achievement.

There was however a lovely postscript to the process. As Holy Week approached, a conversation between one of the parishioners and one of the clients who had been sleeping in the church on Tuesday nights as part of the Homeless Night Shelter we have hosted, prompted this man to make an offer. He would come and sand the parquet flooring in the chapel as a thank you for the hospitality he had received. This he did on the Wednesday of Holy Week. It was subsequently polished and is now looking beautiful indeed. A most lovely illustration of how one form of generosity begets another.

All this has been possible through your initial generosity. This was the impetus to beginning the story I have outlined, and which we are hoping to continue with the refurbishment of the Sanctuary end of the church beginning this summer. This will mean that the whole of one end of the worshipping space has received the attention it deserves, and that will be an impetus to the larger task of the main body of the church.

A word about structures and ring fencing of monies. When I Consulted colleagues in the diocese and beyond, they all advised that we did not set up a separate charitable body called The Friends of John Keble Church. Their advice was to ring fence the monies – which is what the Parochial Church Council has done – for use for the fabric of the church. We would also like to keep the structure of the Friends 'light', not committee-based, as we are really wanting to keep the momentum going by the work we achieve in terms of maintenance and refurbishment. We do however want there to be exclusive benefits for the Friends, one of which will be an Easter letter to catch you up on our news, another, an invitation, to follow, to an exclusive event at the church at which you may view the work to which you have already contributed so much. At this event we should like to have a conversation with you about how we might enhance the number of friends, and receive feedback from you about what you yourselves would like to see in terms of benefits or events for friends.

I hope that this has whetted your appetite and also gone some way to updating you on what has been achieved so far. It seems absolutely right that I am sending this in the season of the resurrection, though that is not an excuse for the delays, merely an affirmation of the new signs of life that are emerging in terms of the fabric, as for the whole life of the church, for which I thank you again, and for which all of us thank the Risen Lord!

**Yours, with every good wish, Chris Chivers, Vicar.**

### **MEDITATION for St. Bart's, Dinard, the English Church in Brittany where Malcolm has done 8 Chaplaincies**

Years back, visiting a parishioner when one of the neighbours was there; I was challenged by the visitor who announced that they 'did' meditation. "Do you?" I was asked somewhat forcibly. I replied "Yes, daily". Seeing that person's surprise, I asked what method they used, discursive or contemplative? There was no reply, but there was a look of puzzlement. I suspect that person was into a form of meditation like Yoga or Transcendental meditation. I have met others who have said that they are 'into' meditation, or have tried it, usually some oriental form. I find that much of this kind of meditation is subjective, used for one's own well-being. That's fine as far as it goes. Christian Meditation, on the other hand, is objective - God.

So how may a Christian meditate? I begin in my thinking with the words of Jesus St. John 15, verse 4 (New Revised Standard Version) 'Abide in me as I abide in you'. By this I acknowledge my baptism. It also takes me to the Prayer of Humble Access in the liturgy 'We do not presume....' which looks towards making our communion or common-union. Incidentally, it is a mistake to talk about 'taking' communion. I am mindful too of Elijah when in 1 Kings 19, verse 12, we can read his experience of hearing 'a still small voice', as the King James Bible so elegantly puts it.

How does one start? First, by **preparation**. I find an upright chair, like a dining chair and sit upright with both feet firmly on the ground, hands resting on the knees. Some do this with palms down, others with palms up in a receptive position. Some employ deep breathing. I just listen to my breathing. Doing this gives me an opportunity to unload the luggage in my mind, sometimes having a notepad available to collect it. Some may be important, requires my attention later, but there is often a lot of rubbish! All this is very important. Preparation is essential and sometimes may take up all one's allotted time. No matter. Try this for 5 minutes at a time, then extend it for meditation, say up to 15 minutes, perhaps longer. We have to do what suits us and our lifestyle. After practice, set yourself a definite time (a little alarm piece may help) for meditation.

Consider **Discursive Meditation**. This is looking into a Bible Passage like one of Jesus' parables or healing. Place yourself into that situation as if you are really there in person. Ask 'how do I react?' - 'what would I do or say?' An interesting example is shown in Ignatius Loyola's 'Spiritual Exercises', which employs the five senses. Some may find this Ignatian method too regimented. There are many books published offering different styles of discursive meditation. Whatever form is used one should try to make a resolution about our future conduct based on our meditation, and do not neglect to thank God for the insights gained. Many flourish and gain great insight with discursive meditation and you may be one of them.

The other form is **Contemplative Meditation**. This, rather like the 'Jesus Prayer', concentrates on one sentence of Scripture or the Liturgy. Here are two examples: 'Peace I leave with you; my peace I give you. I do not give you as the world gives'. St. John 14, verse 27, and 'I have loved you with an everlasting love, therefore I have continued my faithfulness to you' Jeremiah 31 verse 3. (Both new Revised Standard Version, you may prefer the King James Version, especially for the Jeremiah passage). One can shorten both of these passages easily. Contemplatives mull over the passage over and over again allowing God to speak to them. This may often lead into holy silence, a constructive condition, not emptiness, but a growing into the Holy Trinity. Allow God to speak, the Jeremiah quote may then become 'My love in you'. Again, do not forget to say thank you. All our prayer and worship, 'going to Church' is an expression of our gratitude.

Meditation is a helpful preparation for liturgical worship with the Church. After arriving in Church, try to make time for some contemplative prayer before the service. Then taste the silence making communion as others make theirs. Anyway, you can pick up on something that came to you in Meditation at any time. Enjoy your prayer time. Do not get anxious about it.

**Malcolm Cherry**

## Reunion July 14<sup>th</sup> 2013

We joined the congregation at JK for the Parish Patronal Parade Eucharist at 10 am. The service has changed considerably since our days at JK but was very nostalgic with church parade for all the current organisations.

There were cold drinks and biscuits in the church after the service and then we departed for Arkley Golf Club. This was a lovely setting and an ideal venue for 15 of us to relax and chat and enjoy a nice meal with old friends.

Janet & Rob Saffery, Ricky & Shirley Collman, Derek Holden, Geoff Owen, Alan & Myra Alexander, Shirley & Roland Orr, Wendy Fisher, Sylvia Murch, Paul & Sylvia Fernberg & Pamela Martin all attended. Unfortunately Jean Alexander, now fully recovered, was hospitalised on her return from a visit to France so she and Keith had to drop out at the last minute.

The club caterers provided a superb carvery with choice of roast meats, Yorkshire pudding, roast potatoes and beautifully cooked vegetables, gravy etc. Delicious home-made desserts followed with coffee and chocolates to complete the meal. Rob had a tab for the drinks and wine as his members' discount reduced the cost and we all paid £22 per head for the complete meal, drinks etc. including a tip for the caterers.

It was a very hot, sunny day and on arrival we sat outside with drinks looking at the lovely grounds which Rob helps to maintain. Then we proceeded to the lounge and chatted until the last one, Geoff who got lost had arrived. We had the dining room to ourselves and enjoyed a leisurely meal.



Sylvia Fernberg, Myra Alexander, Alan Alexander, Sylvia Murch, Paul Fernberg, Janet Saffery, Geoff Owen.



Shirley Orr, Roland Orr, Pam Martin, Shirley Collman, Derek Holden, Wendy Fisher, Rob Saffery standing at back talking to caterers.



Half of Alan Alexander, Derek Holden, Ricky Collman, Wendy Fisher.

**From Shirley & Roland Orr 19/7/2013** “Thank you for organising the reunion at the Arkley Golf Club last Sunday. We both enjoyed the event and the meal was excellent. I am enclosing a cheque towards the cost of producing the Clarion. Best wishes. Shirley”.

**From Geoff Owen 15/7/2013**, “thanks for all you did to arrange the lunch at the Golf Club yesterday. Everyone seemed to enjoy the occasion and it is certainly worth repeating it in the not too distant future. Thanks again. Geoff.”

**Apologies for not being able to attend were received from:**

**Keith & Barbara Bate** (nee Conner) who live in Glossop, Derbyshire wrote: “Many thanks for your letter inviting us to the reunion at Arkley and JK. Unfortunately we will be unable to attend, as we don’t do long distance journeys any more, as since Keith’s stroke we only drive locally, so it makes it difficult. However, we wish you all a great day and we will be thinking about you all.

We thank you for the Clarion and it was so nice to see will the Guiding pictures, as I seem to be in a lot of them, ‘Great Days’. I still keep in touch with Audrey Putman and Teddy Gibson (nee) Pitman. We hope to see some photos of the reunion some time. Love from Keith and Barbara “

**Ron & Teddy Gibson** (nee Pitman) from Stevenage, Hertfordshire wrote: “Thank you for sending me details of this year’s reunion at Arkley Golf Course. Ron and I will be unable to join you due to health problems but we hope you’ll all have an enjoyable day. With best wishes Teddy”

**Evelyn & John Long** (nee Johns) from Wantage, Oxon wrote: “Sadly we won’t be able to come to the reunion on July 14<sup>th</sup>. We have my grandson every morning from 7.15 am - feed and water him. He gets ready for school at 8.30 am (Nursing hours are not very compatible to families!!) We wish you all a happy day. Best wishes Evelyn and John

**An email from Jean & Barry Cockerell** (nee Bertram) from Sanderstead, Surry: “We are sorry that we shall be unable to meet up on the 14<sup>th</sup>. Hope everyone has a good time.

Regards Jean & Barry.”

**Bryan & Iris Hawkins** from Barnstable, N Devon

“Sorry I’ve been so long replying, I have been and am still unwell. I’ve had a heart attack and as you can imagine just everything goes askew. Please give our regards to anybody that can remember us and we hope that you all have a lovely day, also that the weather is kind to you. Take care and thanks for your efforts in keeping abreast of all the news.

All good wishes, from Bryan and Iris Hawkins”.

**Richard Whitfield** from Lyme Regis, Dorset

Richard’s daughter Katherine emailed to say that her dad is no longer using his computer and to contact him by ‘phone. He was not well enough to join us.

**Brian & Jose Wright** from Cuckfield, West Sussex

“Sorry we are unable to do that date. Hope the day is good.”

Brian & Jose

**Ann & Keith Young** from Hadleigh, Suffolk

“Would love to see you all on July 14<sup>th</sup> but as we have nobody to dog sit then, we can’t manage it. It would mean an overnight stay somewhere. One of our dogs has just had a knee operation and will still need a lot of careful handling then. Worse than having kids!

Having one of our granddaughters staying for a few months is peculiar. So much extra laundry and remembering the different and extra food I need to get! I’ll just be used to it and she’ll be back at uni after her placement finishes. Hope all goes well for the reunion, best wishes to all who make it.

Regards Ann & Keith”

**Revd. Malcolm & Peggy Cherry** from Higham, Suffolk. “Sorry the journey is too much with our present health problems. Best wishes to all. Malcolm & Peggy”

**Derek & Sybil Fisher** from Woodbridge, Suffolk ‘phoned to let us know that they would not be able to come.

**Joy Oliver** (nee Farmer) from Ferndown, Dorset is recovering from surgery and hopes to see us next year!

**John & Georgina Pryke-Smith** from Dartmouth, Devon: “Sorry we will not be able to be there as we have a family gathering in Hook to celebrate our son’s wife’s 40<sup>th</sup> birthday. Please remember us to all and hope to see you at a future event. Love John & Georgie.”

**Wendy Walford** from Newnham, Cambridge

“Thank you for the Arkley attachment. I’m afraid I can’t open it but will not be able to join you anyway as I have an engagement up here on that day. I hope you have a very good time, however, and would be grateful if you would pass on my good wishes to everyone.

I plan to go to the GC’s celebration on the Saturday so will be able to see the renovations that have been made in the church and catch up with some news then. Much love. Wendy.”

**A Reunion in 2014 at Arkley Golf Club – anyone interested???**

A booking has been made for lunch on Wednesday June 18<sup>th</sup>. A minimum number of 12 is required so please let me know a.s.a.p. if you are able to come. (01462 647234 or [shirley.collman@ntlworld.com](mailto:shirley.collman@ntlworld.com)).

## **Feedback from Recall 35 and 2013**

### **From Marion Pratt (nee Stanbridge)**

I’m sorry I haven’t made the last few reunions – I don’t drive far these days. Being deaf doesn’t help when I’m with a crowd, conversation becomes difficult. Getting old and wearing out I suppose!

I did not move in the end, the sale fell through again in February 2013 and I decided that I had more to do with my life than play that game. So I took it off the market and set about planning how to make the garden work for me. Now at the end of the year I have a garden full of plants – and there is always room for one more, a bit like the underground trains really! I never have to look for something to do as it is ongoing fortunately. I really enjoy my garden and it is certainly good exercise. I have no time for ‘the gym’ and yoga is much easier on the frame.

Holidays took a back seat this year, the village gardening club – which has 180 members – went to Scotland, staying in Perth and visiting gardens around. We also visited the Royal Yacht Britannia in Edinburgh. If you haven’t been there and are in the area do go. It is well worth a visit. In September I went with a friend to Guernsey. Getting there was a bit traumatic, a series of missed flights due to transport problems, changing airports to miss another flight – M25 this time, and then finally arriving at Guernsey only to find they couldn’t land due to fog. So back to Gatwick and a night in the Premier Inn – by this time it was midnight!! However we did get there the next day and the weather for the rest of the time was almost Mediterranean. Next year I am off to see family in South Africa and hope that fiasco isn’t repeated.

The family are all very busy living – as it should be – and I do my best to keep up! Jason graduated this year and is now at Portsmouth Cathedral as a lay clerk (gentleman of the choir to you and me). Andrew has just moved with his family to a village the other side of the A1. Ruby is back from a year in Australia and then Mary goes off for 5 months in Switzerland before she goes to Uni next September. Sascha came, from Germany, to stay for a few days with his girl friend which was good. Kim his sister got married a year ago and they hope to come for a visit next Easter. See what I mean about keeping up? It beats wondering what to do next! Meanwhile there is always WI and as I landed the job of treasurer again my brain has to work.

Have a lovely Christmas and a very happy New Year..... Marian.

### **From Henry & Veronica Tuppen – Tuppen Telegraph Christmas – 2013**

Life now becomes very unexciting these days and therefore my news is hardly stimulating reading but I will dig into my memory bank for a contribution to the excellent Clarion Recall. I have also forgotten so much.

A Jehovah's Witness knocked on the door of a suburban house and was invited in by the owner for tea and cake. After the tea, the man asked the witness what he wanted to say. "I don't know what say" he replied. "I have never got this far before". Well at this moment I don't know what to say either but don't think that you are going to get away that easily.

The past year has been uneventful but active and fulfilling at least on Veronica's part. My armchair continues to get rave reviews for the bust supporting role.

Veronica is finding it difficult to come to terms with the side effects of her diabetes treatment, which are inconvenient to say the least. She is however still very active in her voluntary work which is consuming and demanding but she enjoys it.

Our eldest son Michael is disenchanted with working for the NHS but our youngest son Nicholas is very happy to be working for the Bank of America. A sad sign of the times, our grandchildren are so typically consumed by their electronic gadgets that they seem to have lost the power of speech. We are becoming proficient in the language of "grunt".

I have moved into the 80's this year but I can still find my way to the golf course in daylight. Thank God for Satnav!! My moveable parts are still moving but not always in the desired direction. Veronica bought me two very expensive golf clubs for my birthday and they are compensating for the age related defects in my game. They are the defects that have always been there but now I play the age card.

Finally (I hear the barely suppressed sigh) it was the eve of Christmas and a poor man was dozing in front of his fire when a Christmas fairy appeared and offered him just one wish. He thought for a second and remembered how fascinated he was with America's Wild West, and asked for a cowboy outfit. After the customary flash of light, the man found himself in charge of the government's high speed train project (HS2). I know that this is an old and corny joke but it is a sensitive subject in this neck of the woods (not that we will have many woods left).

I hope that the Christmas fairy is kinder to you and yours. Our love and best wishes to all of you.

**Veronica and Henry**



**Ann Young (nee Brookson) writes:**

We had a cruise in the Black Sea in October 2013 on Saga's 'Quest for Adventure'. One evening I heard someone mention Mill Hill and Hendon. I went over and said that I came from Mill Hill. Got talking and mentioned JK. The lady had belonged to Young Wives and knew Tina Bunce. I joined Young Wives when I moved back to Mill Hill in 1965.

We had a long chat and she had been to Hendon County School where she knew Roy Streatfield. She knew Roy Wright and several other people. We spoke about so many things and people that we knew.

Silly thing is I can't remember her name now. May have been Mary, but surnames weren't exchanged. She and her husband, who worked for Midland Bank, still live in Hammers Lane so I was brought up to date about the area. The swimming pool is now a Jewish girls' school. We talked of the Three Hammers, the butcher's shop that was opposite St Paul's Church, the Macfisheries' shop in the Broadway with their lovely displays. All sorts of things were mentioned.

A few days later she met a lady on the cruise who had gone to Cophall School. I didn't meet her, but she was even older than me, so I didn't recognise her name! I didn't get to write any of this down as we had bad news that one of our dogs had to be put to sleep, which rather upset us. He was only six and had cancer, having successfully had a 'knee' replacement earlier in the year. Perhaps someone reading this will know who I am talking about?

I sometimes wish Keith would retire from running the shop, but we'd probably drive each other mad being together all day and every day! My brother's shop in Hadleigh High Street had to close, so part of it has been let to East Anglian Children's Hospice. The other part is still empty. Separating them was and is a nightmare as they are Grade 11 listed in a conservation area. Keep your High Street alive, but not if you use the wrong colour paint, or want to put a staircase where there was one thirty years ago so that the premises are more useable.

We are also, after two years planning fight, able to put some houses behind another shop premises. Still in a Conservation Area., the shop itself is not listed, but it is next to a Grade 11 listed building. We're all for keeping old buildings safe, but it is very difficult to try to bring them up to the modern standards required by planners, building regs., fire officers etc.

Enough of the moans, time to feed our other dog! God bless all.....**Ann**

**Donald Straughan** writes: Many thanks for Clarion Recall 35 which was received safely.

I had a quick look through and much enjoyed seeing the 1947 scout photos which I had not seen before and the familiar faces of people I had not seen for 65 years. Ah, the lost innocence of youth – no responsibilities and few real cares or worries.

I will go through the photos again and try and identify people if I am able to. In the meantime, the boy appearing on my immediate left per photo (actually right) in second row and below Geoff Owen is Bernard Evans. Bernard went to Christ's College Finchley, and later to King's College London where he got a 1<sup>st</sup> in Geography. Bernard lived in close off Hale Lane and just below Cloister Gardens. He had an older brother and their parents were both school teachers I think.

Incidentally, Michael Day has a good collection of Scout and other photos from our youth, and he may well help identify people and or share his photos with you and Clarion. Oddly, I have very few photos from childhood so Brian's photos had a special resonance.

Brian and Jose have done a public service and given a great gift to present and future family historians. Their photos deserve to be more widely available. Do thank them very much.

Your latest Clarion Recall reminded me of questions that have often puzzled me over the years.

Was our experience of social life via JK and the continuing interest in this Wartime and post-War period, unique? Did other geographical areas have similar experiences to ours and show similar loyalty over the years? Does this still occur – and if not what changed? Did increasing affluence, mobility and communication devices destroy the need for and importance of cohesive groupings and experiences like ours? Obviously the decline in Church-going has not helped. St Michael's Mill Hill was a comparable Church to JK, what did they do at the time and are they still active and interested?

I think Rex was interested in this theme and would have like to tackle it in greater depth after his book.

Possibly, younger people than us and social historians might be interested in taking it up while there are still a few oldies of our generation around.

Best regards..... **Donald**

**July 2013 – Alan Woodford on behalf of Clarion Recall** just caught up with Trevor Johns – ex JK Choir and JKCYC. Readers may remember that Trevor's guide dog Newton was coming up for retirement. Newton has now been retired three weeks. Retirement is taken quite seriously by the Guide Dog Association –the special harness had to be returned and the owner has to pledge not to use the dog for guiding in future. Trevor has reverted to a white cane while he waits with other prospective owners for a replacement guide dog. Meanwhile Newton has become the family pet.

Readers may also remember that Trevor had just become Chairman of the Wiltshire Blind Association. He has spent a busy year and a half over-seeing the reorganization of the charity's Board of Trustees and searching for a CEO. 'Visionary' (a national charity that assists smaller local independent charities working with the blind and partially sighted) helped with this recruitment. WBA had over a 100 applicants for the new position and now have a lady CEO who recently guided another charity to the UK's 'Small Charity of the Year Award'. Now that the new CEO's firm hand is at the tiller Trevor says that he is just starting to feel that he can relax.

Trevor tells me that after receiving numerous misdirected phone calls for the Wiltshire Boxing Association one of the next organisational changes will be a new name and a new logo. They also expect to move into new custom made premises with a conference room. IT room, training room, etc. The old premises in Swindon will be renovated and either sold or converted into a multiple apartment income property.

I don't know how Trevor finds time for it but this year he was gliding in February, sailing in the Solent in May, and flying a Microlight aircraft in June He has also attended a coaching session in blind cricket! Apparently there are blind cricket county teams and a Test Match team, but no Wiltshire County team.

You are showing us all up Trevor!

## **NATIONAL SERVICE** by Richard Collman

Thursday 2<sup>nd</sup> February 1956 was a bitterly cold day. When together with about 100 other 18 year olds I caught the train from Waterloo Station to Poole and then to Blandford Forum, little did we know what adventures were in store.

At No 1 Training Battalion REME - Blandford, we were kitted out by the store men and assigned to barrack rooms. Our platoon corporal, George Lawson, a Scot, emphasised that when we had shrunk the berets, he did not want to see any ribbons hanging 'doon' as it made him homesick for Scotland. Lance corporal Germain, his assistant was only about 5 feet tall, but he had an inferiority complex which manifested itself by the vociferous shouting and foul language which issued from him, especially when we raw recruits did something that we were not supposed to do. On the second day, when we were on the parade square, a water tank burst with the freezing temperature and the water came out of the rupture, but it froze before it reached the ground.

We spent the first week drilling, i.e. learning to march and manoeuvre in time, how to handle a rifle and salute. When in a squad, only the person in charge salutes, the remainder do an eyes right as required. When on the way back to our barracks we passed a major, Germain gave the command 'Salute' and 25 hands saluted. He went ballistic. Unfortunately I laughed. He came across to me and said 'any more of this and I will stick my bayonet up your bum and march you round the square like a lollipop.' I only just restrained my laughter.

After two weeks and several tests to see how intelligent we were, if you had passed any subjects at what is now the GCSE, you were earmarked for a WOSB, with the possibility of becoming an officer, we were transferred to No 7 Training Battalion REME- Barton Stacey, where we completed our basic training. This was only significant when we were on Moody Down ranges learning how to shoot a rifle and Sten gun. One of the guy's Sten gun jammed and he turned around with his finger still on the trigger. The sten, notorious for jamming, un-jammed and a few bullets shot out before Sgt O'Sullivan, our platoon sergeant, knocked the guy to the ground.

We passed out after 6 weeks in the army and were assigned to the various trades we had been selected for by the tests we had taken. I was assigned to No 10 Training Battalion at Gosport, destined to become a Clerk REME B3. The WOII in charge of the training was a complete idiot, who when we were learning to touch type, A,S,D,F,G etc. and came to the carriage return, he would shout 'Get those carriages together.' Our instructor Sergeant Wilshaw was a good guy and said that he would endeavour to get good postings for those who worked hard and did well in the trade tests. I finished 4<sup>th</sup> out of 35 and so expected to get a posting in the UK or in Hong Kong, instead I was posted to BAOR. I went to 7<sup>th</sup> Armoured Brigade's HQ at Soltau. My officer, a major Rogerson was a complete fool, but fortunately he was posted shortly after I arrived and went to the new Army Air Corps at Middle Wallop, where, I learned later when at Maida Barracks, someone tried to drop a load on to him.

My new boss, BEME, Major Grist was a lovely guy. Before we did any border patrols, he went to the officers' NAAFI and bought bananas and bars of chocolate. When we were in East Germany, he would give these to the children. The new GIII, Captain Alexander Sinclair, from the Rifle Brigade, thought he knew me. When I checked with my brother Malcolm, who had been in 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion, the Rifle Brigade, he said that Alexander Sinclair had put him on a charge, when they shipped to Kenya, for having a dirty rifle. As Malcolm and, it really is a small world, John Murch, were in the regiment's boxing team, the C.O dismissed the charge and was only interested in whether or not the regiment would win the bouts. Fortunately he and John did. When I informed Alexander Sinclair about this, he remembered Malcolm. Alexander Sinclair went on to become a Major General and the Commandant of the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst.

After Malcolm completed his National Service in October 1955, he returned to the UK. John volunteered for the SAS and went to Hereford and Malaya. They did not see each other again until 23<sup>rd</sup> December 1989. Lisa had been married earlier that day and we were entertaining friends. I was washing up the coffee cups when the door bell rang. Malcolm, who was drying the cups, said should he answer the door. I said 'Please'. He went to the front door and let Sylvia Fernberg, Sylvia Murch, Paul Fernberg in and then I heard, 'Hallo Len, Hallo Murchie'. John explained after that he always thought Malcolm's name was Coleman not Collman, so did not put two and two together. Malcolm and John spent most of the evening reminiscing about characters they had known in the Rifle Brigade.

I volunteered for parachute training at Maida Barracks, Aldershot. Major Grist supported my application and so I returned in April of 1957 to England. I had spent the previous 6 months running around the tank tracks of northern Germany and so was extremely fit. The running that is essentially the major part of the P (Preparation) course was relatively easy. Three events stand out in my memory.

On the first Thursday everybody took part in Milling. This is effectively boxing without any attempt at defending. Your opponent was selected by numbering from the right. My opponent was about 2 inches shorter than me but very heavily built. You punch for three minutes. After the three minutes I had been well and truly punched, but I got a couple of lucky punches in and somehow managed to get a draw. As we walked to the showers I said that I had been lucky to get the draw and asked what his experience was. He replied that he was the NCB (National Coal Board) light heavyweight champion. As he spoke with a Geordie accent I asked where he was from. He replied Winlaton. This is a small mining village a mile north from Blaydon on Tyne, famous for the Blaydon Races song and where my mother originated from. I occasionally see him, even now. I was beaten up so badly that on the following Saturday when I went home on a 48 hour pass, I was passed by an ex girl friend, who apologised for not stopping as she did not recognise me.

In the cookhouse queue a little guy, with a dun coloured beret (SAS) stuck in his epaulette asked me if I was doing the P course. I said yes and he made me feel chuffed when he said that this was a tough course. When I asked him what he was doing, he said practising jungle drops. In my innocence I asked if the canopy ever got entangled in the trees. He replied 'What canopy? They relied on landing in the branches of trees and the branch's resilience absorbing the impact. Lungs were punctured and limbs fractured on a fairly regular basis.

Again in the cookhouse queue I bumped into a guy, in Parachute Regiment uniform. When we turned to apologise it was David Nugent, a friend from Willesden County and another ex scout. I have only seen David once since, in 1963.

On one of the cross country runs, I dislocated my right knee and was removed from the squad. The MO said that it would be about 6 months before I could recommence the course. As I only had 9 months to go before I was demobilized, and the last thing I wanted was to be on a basic training depot, I asked if I could be medically RTU'ed, I was interviewed and the request granted. A medical RTU meant that I could apply for the course again, a standard RTU precluded this.

I was posted to HQ REME Training Centre, at Arborfield, 6 miles from Reading where I worked for Lt Col P.R. McIver and Brigadier B.B. Kennett. Col Mc Iver was posted to a training battalion shortly after I arrived, but declined the posting and resigned his commission to go and grow grapes in France. Thus I worked directly for Brig Kennett for the remainder of my time. The army used him to analyze the hand writing of officers who applied for senior postings. As he was President of the Arborfield Garrison Gardening Society, and other societies, his duties kept him very busy, so I was delegated to organise the Society and purchase all of the Society's plants from the nurseries around the Reading area and write the newsletters. My official duties were to type the REME Handbooks on the REME Role in Airborne Warfare, the REME Role in Combined Operations, the REME Role in Armoured Warfare etc. Brigadier Kennett like most of the officers of his age was a very keen horseman, and so I also had to help organise the Arborfield Gymkhana.

When my two years minus 3 days were completed, Brig Kennett asked me if I was interested in becoming a regular and understood when I declined. He was kind enough to give me an excellent Testimonial and analyse my handwriting. My parents and a cousin that knew me very well were staggered at how accurate the analysis was.

When I was demobilised, I hitch hiked home from Arborfield and kept the travel warrant for some time until I lost it during one of my moves. I had intended to have it framed as a memento of the two years spent serving my Queen and country.

For the sake of brevity I have omitted the sojourns to Hamburg, where women wrestling in mud, was all the rage, and other interesting events.....Do any other readers have any recollections of their National Service Days? I seem to remember that Derek Holden had an interesting time and came out richer than when he went in!!

## Wendy Walford writes Christmas 2013

Well it's been a high maintenance year; outside of the house redecorated, wing-mirror replaced after backing car into a recalcitrant black bin, two ceilings repainted and a bathroom floor replaced after a plumber came to 'mend' a temperamental flush mechanism. But, that's just *things* and otherwise, all is well and I have had a busy and interesting time.

In a good way, I have been reconnecting with Rex after the terrible severance and last week, particularly, he was insistently on my mind. A very old drama friend, recently retired, put on a local pantomime and said Rex's directing skills were very much remembered and brought to bear as the cast and crew were inspired to give of their best and to have a lot of fun.

Last week, for the third year running, the Royal Geographical Society (with IBG) presented a young teacher with the Rex Walford award for an outstanding lesson plan; this award runs alongside the Young Geographer of the Year Competition for students aged 9 to 18. And thirdly, I heard that the Rex Walford drama award at the final of the All England Theatre Festival was presented to a Surry company for a performance of *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg* – one of the first plays Rex ever adjudicated and which made a profound impression on him.

My own theatrical activities this year have been extremely varied, from helping to direct two plays by Nick Warburton (a playwright for BBC radio and member of St Mark's congregation), being Costume Director for a friend's production of *Kindertransport* (about the German children who were evacuated to England) and presently, co-directing the local Twelfth Night Revels (TS Eliot, Morris Dancers and Dickens...).

There have been lots of other interesting things to do and interesting people to do them with so I feel able to send you a cheerful card this year.

Love and good wishes for Christmas and 2014.....**Wendy**

## From Rita Harvey (nee Neill)

This time of the year again – it comes round far too quickly. I can understand that as we are all getting older the news for Clarion Recall gets less & less, mostly memories now.

It's over 25 years since I left Deansbrook as a teacher but I still miss the Christmas activities in the infants' school. I will never forget Miss Wilson (who could be quite severe!) chasing round with a red nose and a string of sausages. One year, when we had fewer staff, Rex came and helped out as one of the seven dwarfs!

I still chat regularly with Pat Baulch – She is less mobile now and can no longer drive but she is off to see Rob & family in Vietnam after Christmas.

Our three grandsons are very musical and sing in the choirs, especially nice this time of year. I have happy memories of singing in the choir at David Norman's concerts.

I have an easy time at Christmas – one day at Jills (older daughter + 6) and next day with Ann (younger daughter +3).. We had a lovely weekend in Blakeney, Norfolk with them all the summer, but no longer have other holidays. Bernard still drives (has blue badge) but not far and I don't drive.

If you are ever in Harpenden we'd love to see you. Just 'phone first. Wishing you a happy and healthy new year.....Rita

**From Bob Harman 6<sup>th</sup> December 2013**

Dear Shirley, Thank you for your Christmas Card. I thought I'd write straight away about Clarion Recall. I think it's probably time to put it to bed.

You might think it appropriate to keep a list of names and addresses and e-mail of anyone who would like to be on the list so that people could be contacted. That would work if you would keep it updated!

With regard to a summer meeting: Distance, Travel, age and infirmity make meaningful large get-togethers increasingly difficult. Small groups who are already in touch with one another will continue to meet as they wish anyway.

On a positive note, after such lovely meetings and excellent Clarion Recalls, I think it would be best to stop on a high note, rather than peter out waiting for volunteers for hosting or organising.

With very best wishes,.....Bob

*I started this edition in March and now June is here! The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak! We have Alan's excellent web site: [www.clarionrecall.org](http://www.clarionrecall.org) which will keep up to date with any news you send to Alan or to me. Now that we have reached the final chapters of Mary Pack's Deansbrook History I think it is a good time. Please keep sending your news!!*



November 11<sup>th</sup> 2013 at 8.00pm ‘sorry this is not the Football Club, you have driven into our pool!’”

Diesel fuel was the main problem apart from damage to the surround, the liner, the winter cover etc. Cost of repairs in excess of £12,000. We are still £1700 short and are waiting for the insurers to pay our uninsured losses including two lots of excess, one on our buildings insurance and one on the contents insurance, an insurance minefield!

After many months the pool is up and running again and we have more welcome visitors (see photo on page 15). We have lived here since 1971, over 40 years, and the pool has been there since 1978. Nobody has ever driven into it before! I still can't believe how it happened.



A more welcome visitor, she likes the warm water but leaves her visiting card on the coping!



**Five foxes (a vixen and four cubs)**

Some of our wildlife shown above with a rabbit sitting watching the foxes and a bird ready to make a quick getaway.

## OBITUARIES

### **Winnie McRoberts formerly Streatfield nee Shuter** – message received from **Brian & Jose Wright** – 26th January 2014

Sadly Winnie McRoberts died yesterday. Her daughter Debbie will be writing an obituary for you, not immediately obviously. Her maiden name was Shuter, then Streatfield on marrying Roy, and McRobert after Roy died. She had lived on the Isle of Wight for many years. The reunion at JK on July 11<sup>th</sup> 2010 was the last one she attended with her and Roy's son Neil who lives at 6 Church Close, where Rex grew up and where many attended various rehearsals with Fay Walford playing the piano.

Winnie had been living on her own since Mac died until she went into a home. She was only there for a few days. Debbie and husband Simon were with her when she died very peacefully and her funeral was held on the IOW.

Winnie is on the left in pink at the JK reunion. Rex also in the photo on the right behind Sylvia Fernberg



### **Beryl Read formerly Lavers nee Howard** died in October 2013

Her daughter found some copies of Clarion Recall which she had kept and 'phoned to let me know. Beryl loved reading Clarion and always 'phoned me to chat about it and thank me for sending it.

She also remembered Geoff Owen and Don Wright giving her some silk stockings many years ago when they were in Canada. Geoff Owen was very sorry to hear about Beryl and Winnie "they were both lovely people" he wrote.

Beryl was very involved with her local church and the last time we saw her was at the JK reunion when she had a carer with her who had driven her from East Sussex to attend.



## **A Holt Reunion: The Woodford families and Muriel (nee West) & Michael Olin**

### **England in May** - hard to beat!

Sheila and I spent a very enjoyable 3-weeks visiting family in Norfolk and cottaging/walking in the Peak District.

Brother Tony (ex JKCYC and JK Choir) had arranged for us siblings and our spouses to meet for three days in Holt, where Muriel Olin (nee West, ex JKCYC) and husband Michael have just moved to from nearby Salthouse.

We all had a brief but very enjoyable meeting with them (see photo) at the Lawns Hotel. Muriel was in the Youth Club at the same time as I was and is also ex Deansbrook. We followed Michael's advice and went to Salthouse the following day to see St Nicholas Church. From the size of the church, Salthouse must have once been a wealthy and populous place. Sister Heather and husband Trevor look after several churches in Repps with Bastwick, near Gt Yarmouth and were very interested in the new washroom at St Nicholas as their churches need to have them installed!

Afterwards we took the miniature steam train on the nearby narrow-gauge railway to Walsingham. It was tough returning to Canada where cold and wet weather had held up spring and the leaves were only just coming out on the trees, but it has warmed up considerably since and the trilliums are out in the woods in force - Ontario's answer to the bluebells we saw in abundance in Norfolk and Derbyshire.....Alan Woodford



Alan Woodford, Heather Hearnden (nee Woodford), Muriel Olin (nee West) and Tony Woodford

Alan has finished digitizing the final chapter of Mary Pack's Deansbrook History which makes a fitting finale to this 36<sup>th</sup> edition of Clarion Recall. It is all on the web site at [www.clarionrecall.org](http://www.clarionrecall.org)

**NEWS FROM NEWZEALAND -Elizabeth Taillie [tail@extra.co.nz] writes:**

Hi Everyone - I've been asked to submit another article for the upcoming edition of Clarion Recall so here goes. I can't remember what I last wrote about and I simply can't find it on the website (I am not very computer literate I'm afraid) so I'll probably repeat myself. However, any of you around my age may have forgotten what you read earlier so it won't matter!!!!

**Four Generations**

Elizabeth, daughter Andrea, granddaughter Beth and great-granddaughters Bronte and Darcy



Christmas came and went - full of family, busy and happy. Then, in February, I turned 80 so another reason to celebrate - well sort of! Can't say I like being so old but I guess I'm lucky to have lived this long with my lung cancer experience in 2012. My latest scan was clear and I can only hope the next scan in August will also be clear. My wonderful specialist, Dr Schleper, has returned to his native Germany and I was very sad to see him for the last time in March. He told me I should think about what action I wanted to take should the cancer return and I thought that was a bit strange since he's always told me he thought I may be one of the lucky ones who survive, but maybe he thought I should be prepared? I try to be positive and tell myself the cancer won't return, but I am also a realist and know the odds are against me. However, there's nothing I can do so I just keep hoping. When I told him how much I would miss him, Dr Schleper said "you don't need me anymore" - I just replied "I hope not".

On my actual birthday Leo paid for some of the family to join us at a Thai Restaurant in Whangarei for lunch and my daughter-in-law, Mandy, made a delicious chocolate mud birthday cake complete with candles and decorations so everyone sang Happy Birthday and I blew out the candles!! Because some of the tennis club members had been asking when I was going to have my big 80th do I felt obliged to organise an evening locally and booked a hall for the evening of 1st March. I invited family, friends and acquaintances, ordered lots of Chinese food and sausages and chips for the children, made a huge coleslaw and eggs mayonnaise, bought a ham and had lots of nibbles and dips and savouries laid out on the tables. Bought four pavlovas and daughter-in-law, Emma, brought chocolate brownies and daughter, Andrea, another huge birthday cake so with whipped cream and ice cream it was quite a banquet.

A tennis friend organised a square-dance caller to come along and hold a couple of sessions during the evening which was a lot of fun - not only to participate but to watch! Counting the grandchildren and great-grandchildren there were 52 in all and two of our sons stood up and said lovely things about me and I was presented with an OBE medal (over bloody eighty) by the tennis club! I was quite overwhelmed by it all and still re-live it from time to time. Leo was able to come for a couple of hours but wasn't up to the square-dancing!

Leo's breathing is very laboured but we are waiting for an appointment for him to see a physiotherapist at Whangarei Hospital in the hope some exercises can help. Some days are better than others. The family has decided we should move to a smaller, single-storey house with a much smaller garden that is close to family members so at present our daughter, who is in real estate in Kerikeri in the Bay of Islands, is negotiating for a new small house to be built on a small section close to where our eldest granddaughter and family have bought a house and close to the shops and medical centre. At first I shed a few tears at the thought of leaving Mangawhai, but realise it's for the best and it will be nice to have a brand new home with mains water instead of tank water and a garden I can keep tidy. It will also be much easier not to have stairs to negotiate and to be able to call on family members who are only minutes away instead of an hour. I have also been thinking that perhaps I can at last make my one last trip back to England when I know Leo will be well looked after while I'm away. He isn't able to travel and it just hasn't been possible to leave him alone unless he went into a home for a couple of weeks which he wouldn't enjoy at all. So maybe I'll be able to come over after all.

My last surviving sibling, sister Sheila, will be 91 this coming June. We correspond and telephone but I would dearly like to see her again. I would also like to see Margaret (nee Stewart) again and Pamela and Roy Smith, Jose and Brian Wright and Pat and Bob Harman, Jean and Keith Alexander just to mention a few. We are in touch with Ruth (nee Gibson) and Roy Hayward who are in NSW and who have just sold their large home and are moving into a smaller one. Ruth has Parkinson's so they needed a smaller home and garden. I recently had a letter from Margaret who sounds well thank goodness. Ruth, Margaret and I have been friends for almost 80 years now. Sadly our fourth friend, Beryl, died years ago but I often think about her and the happy years of childhood we spent in Stanway Gardens and our days in the Brownies and Guides, Bible Class and the Youth Club and we all went to Deansbrook School of course. I was exchanging email with Chris Furey (nee King), who also lived in Stanway Gardens but was much younger than us. However, my computer suddenly stopped receiving her email so we don't correspond as much of late but she wrote for my 80th and it was good to hear from her.

So, life goes on and we take one day at a time. We now have eight great-grandchildren and think another one will be coming in the not too distant future! So bits of us will live on and on for years to come after we slip off this mortal coil and that's a comforting thought somehow isn't it?

I do hope those of you who read this are well and happy and looking forward to a lovely summer. We've had such a long, hot summer up here in Northland but winter has just arrived and electric blankets are switched on and warm clothes donned.

My best wishes and love to everyone from me and my family over here in New Zealand.....**Elizabeth**

## From 'A History of Deansbrook School Mill Hill' by Mary B Pack

### CHAPTER VII

#### THE NEW LOOK

*A review by Miss M. Beacham, Headmistress of the Infant School, from September 1967 onwards.*

In July 1967 Miss Wilson retired after twenty years as Headmistress of the Infant Department. During her leadership the number of children on roll had fluctuated dramatically, and had once again soared to 282, but the children were very happy and making good progress under the lively guidance of Miss Wilson and her Staff.

The building, however, despite interior decoration and the filling in of the open corridors, was 36 years old and definitely showing signs of its age. The following months and years brought a face lift to the Infant School by the Barnet Local Authority.

New polished wooden floors were laid in all the 8 classrooms and the Hall, to replace the splintered oiled originals, and florescent lighting was installed everywhere. The first time an industrial sander started working in a School constructed like Deansbrook, the effect was rather shattering for the Staff and children alike, but the children soon accepted the noise and quivering building. The sounds of men walking on the rafters overhead and wire appearing through ceilings soon ceased to interest them. However the results were well worth the headaches and inconveniences.

New gas heating soon followed, replacing the old electric system installed in 1931, and the huted classroom vacated by the Juniors was re-allocated to the Infants. This classroom was given new flooring, lighting, heating and roofing, and the School now had 9 classrooms.

Then came the filling in of the covered ways to the toilets so that children no longer had to run through the rain and puddles. Eventually came the complete modernisation of the toilets themselves, to include hand basins and hot water, and heater fans so that frozen pipes in winter were, hopefully, a thing of the past.

During this last building project which coincided with the wettest summer for many a long year, Portaloos had to be installed in the Playground, and few of us who were here at that time will ever see one of these metal toilet boxes decorating our countryside without a wry smile.

Heat conservation suddenly became important, and once again we worked, stepping over 12 in. tubes which snaked their way round corridors, coming face to face with masked 'spacemen' who were pumping the rock wool insulation material into our loft space. Children's adaptability to such activities is perhaps epitomised by the child who, on a bright sunny day, looked up and remarked quite casually to her teacher that it seemed to be snowing, as the rock wool filling had found a crack in the ceiling and was drifting gently down on the children's table.

At the same time all the classrooms were being re-equipped with new attractive Formica top tables, mobile cupboards, and all the paraphernalia and equipment of a modern infant school. The enclosed corridors were quickly taken over as overspill areas for extra working space. A library at one end, albeit rather draughty, was in almost constant use and kept well stocked year after year by our excellent Barnet Schools Library Service.

New stacking P.E. equipment was supplied and a wall climbing frame and scrambling net gave wide scope for physical education in School.

A great debt of gratitude is due to the Deansbrook Parents' Association which was formed in November 1971. They provided squares of carpeting and arm chairs for all the Library corners in the classrooms, curtained the Hall most attractively, purchased stage blocks for drama work, new band instruments, a cooker for the children's early experiments in 'Home Economics' (mostly biscuits and fairy cakes) and bought and built a large storage shed for the big toys used in the Reception Classes. The colour television rental is another ongoing commitment of the Parents' Association. But these were only structural and material improvements. There were changes in the educational field also.

In 1965 Miss Wilson had introduced the I.T.A. (Initial Teaching Alphabet) method of teaching reading into the School. I.T.A. had many advantages. Children seemed initially to learn to read and write much more quickly and easily, but the difficulties came when they had to make the transition back to traditional reading and spelling and for some children this proved a traumatic experience, and a very slow process. There were very obvious problems in this transition period. These resulted in some dissatisfaction being expressed by parents at the reading results on Junior transfer in 1968 and 1969. It must be stated that a new approach to learning was being born.

This was being evolved as the pattern of life and education was changing. Both schools had already established a very fine standard of work and children had gone to their secondary schools with self confidence and a studious approach to their studies. But life does not remain static. The impact of greater travel, the widening horizons created by T.V. at home and school emphasized the need for a wider educational field. Most parents however, understood the difficulties being experienced by the Staff, and one wrote in a letter to the Edgware and Mill Hill Times on the 17<sup>th</sup> October, 1969 "Everyone must agree that the matter of prime importance is our children's welfare and happiness, which will not improve with continual argument between Staff and parents. Let us all pull together with this in mind." Once I.T.A. was finally disposed of and 'Janet and John' firmly established, criticism died down. The school's objective that at least 90% of children should complete the Reading Scheme before transfer to the Junior Department has been maintained since July 1970, due to the skill and dedication of the teaching Staff, and in spite of an increasing number of children in the School whose mother tongue is not English.

In 1967 discussions re the School's catchment area were held. It was suggested that all children living East of the Broadway Mill Hill and Dryfield Road would be excluded in future. Slowly other new educational methods were introduced. Children no longer sat facing blackboards or in groups around tables for long periods of the day, nor were there set lesson times, apart from Hall and Playground sessions. The children moved naturally from reading to number, now much less formal, to writing, to art work, and during the course of the day each child worked individually at its own pace and level of development. The Integrated Day had slipped quietly into Deansbrook, but the standard of work did not slip - in fact children wrote more, read more, ceased to be afraid of 'sums', did more creative work, and found more pleasure and fulfilment and self discipline in working in this way.

A School of 290 Infants can be a frightening place for a small child, so our 5 year olds were grouped together in 3 Reception Classes, and Vertical Grouping was introduced to the 6 and 7 year old age groups. This gave the School 6 classes where children, once leaving their Reception Class Teacher, remained with their second Teacher for the two remaining years in School. A strong relationship was built up over that time between child and Teacher and, just as important parent and Teacher, for by now parents had free access to the School and the Staff, to discuss the children and their work at any reasonable time.

Once again there was some initial unease about this new concept of class management, but parents soon began to see the advantages, and lasting bonds of respect and friendship have been built up between the individual members of the staff and families over the years, with younger siblings taking for granted that they will be promoted to "Their" Teacher when they leave the Reception Class.

And what of the School's other activities?

In 1955 Miss Wilson instituted a 'Flower Service' when children were asked to bring flowers to School. Now, after a short Service in the Hall the children carry their flowers over to John Keble Church for distribution to the elderly people from Cripplegate. The visitors are entertained by ladies of the Church in September each year. This attractive and worthwhile ceremony was maintained and is now an annual tradition.

To extend the horizon to the environmental scene, during 1973 the elm trees at the back of the small Infant field were felled because they had Dutch Elm Disease. It coincided with Tree Planting Year and to commemorate Princess Anne's wedding two sycamores were planted on the 6th December on the site.

Each year in December the children are asked to turn out their toy cupboards and their unwanted toys are sent to the Edgware League of Friends Bazaar to stock their Toy Stall.

Father Christmas walking round the flat corridor roof, tapping on the Hall windows at the Christmas party, and later distributing sweets at the Classrooms has become yet another Deansbrook tradition.

On the 5th December, 1980 an innovation in the form of a combined Carol Service was held in St. Margaret's Church, Edgware. The Infant Schools taking part were Broadfields, Deansbrook, Edgware and Sunnyfields. It was a heart warming and encouraging sight to behold children of different creeds all congregated with their teachers, parents and friends. During the Service eight carols were sung and eight passages telling the Christmas story were read by the scholars. The reverent atmosphere which pervaded throughout made this an impressive and memorable occasion. The Deputy Mayor and Mayoress Mr. and Mrs. Lyon attended and expressed their appreciation and pleasure of the function.

Visits to the local Libraries are organised regularly, trips to Museums, local parks, Zoos, Farms, the Environmental Centre, and participation in the Barnet Music Festivals are all a valuable part of the curriculum.

Yet again in March 1977 there was a revisal of the catchment area. This recommended that: - "A new area of Watling Estate bounded by Cressingham Road, Watling Avenue and both sides of Orange Hill and Deansbrook Road are to come to Deansbrook in future."

For many years the need for Nursery accommodation in this area has been obvious, and when the falling roll in 1978 left us with the hutted classroom empty, the idea of establishing a Nursery was immediately mooted and in September of that year, the Nursery was opened with 22 morning and 22 afternoon places, and has been full ever since - a very happy and successful addition to the School.

A second fall in the roll in September 1979 left yet another classroom empty, and the Library/T.V.Room/Resource Centre became a reality virtually overnight. Once again the school was indebted to the Parents' Association who swiftly stepped in with money for carpeting, comfortable chairs, small circular tables, additional bookcases and curtains for the room, which is in almost constant use, by either small groups of children reading or researching, or classes having T.V. lessons etc.

Previously it has been recorded that from the start Mr. Hay in 1931 initiated a wide scope of education. He believed that happiness comes from making others happy, and he put this belief into practice in his day. He was also tireless in his efforts to provide co-operation between children, parents and staff. That his successors, Miss Chick and later Miss Wilson, had the same aims and ideals is obvious from earlier chapters of this book. That this initial atmosphere of a happy, hard working, child centred school established by Mr. Hay all those years ago has been maintained to the present day is due in the first instance to the loyalty, dedication and hard work of the many members of teaching staff who have worked here over the years. The auxiliary staff, Welfare Assistants, Dinner Ladies, Kitchen Workers, Caretakers and Cleaners, have all in their own way, added their contribution to the smooth running and happiness of the School.

Our Governing body under the chairmanship of Mrs. Clara Thubrun, M.B.E., until May 1978, and since then under the very able leadership of Mrs. Rita Levy has always been a source of help and encouragement to the School, supporting the staff wholeheartedly in all they try to do for the children.

But no School can exist without children and their parents, and I am sure the lively happy children of Deansbrook 1981 and the active co-operation of their parents would be a delight to our Founder Head of 1931.

Mrs. Pack also quotes that in an early H.M.I. Report

- (1) the children were described as lively, responsive and being handled sympathetically, that
- (2) the children had a natural freedom of expression which is such a good feature of the school, and
- (3) the school is doing good work.

One could only hope that were the school to be subjected to a General Inspection today, 50 years later, despite the changes in teaching methods over the years, the same judgment on the academic standards of the School could be passed.

***A decade of change in the Junior School 1971 to the present time.***  
***(A review by the Headmaster Mr. R. M. Halmshaw)***

It is to be doubted that ten years ago anyone thought of an eight year old handling such a sophisticated piece of equipment as a video cassette recorder. And yet now it is an everyday school occurrence.

However, the '3Rs' still form the basis of our teaching: Reading, wRiting and aRithmetic. Methods, resources, organisation, may change, but not our main aims and objectives. Whether a school is organised on strictly formal, divisive and streamed lines or a more informal, child centred approach, the concern is still for educational progress, the general welfare of each individual child and academic excellence.

The last ten years has seen change in line with the forward movement in educational theory. Whatever other change has taken place, the most significant is to be found in the falling roll. In 1971 classes of forty-five in the "A" and "B" streams meant the necessity of formal class teaching. Now, classes of twenty five or less, allow the formation of parallel, mixed ability groups in which children, directed by their class teacher, can find their own fulfilment in accordance with their age, ability and aptitude.

In ten years every aspect of the school's life has been reviewed, significantly with the full involvement of the teaching staff through regular, weekly meetings and many additional departmental and subject meetings. Thus the curriculum, administration and parental role has been scrutinised. There are now three major 'academic' departments, one for Mathematics, one for English and the other for Interest Studies - this latter replacing the former subject divisions of geography, history, religious studies, nature study, science etc. Each department is led by a senior experienced teacher. Other areas of the curriculum under the direction of teachers with special interests or skills include music, physical education, art and craft and a specialist in audio-visual aids. Together these teachers, by their specialization and experience, are able to offer help and guidance to all colleagues.

The other significant development has been parental involvement. There are formal and informal meetings and interviews with parents; the Parent Association was formed in December 1971; parents regularly attend class assemblies, help in class rooms, attend to flowers, posters and pictures in display areas, serve refreshments, help in various voluntary schemes and are welcome in the staff room. Above all, it is hoped parents feel welcome and wanted in School.

Tradition dies hard. Even allowing for voluminous reports like 'Plowden' on Primary Schools or 'Bullock' on the teaching of English, Deansbrook holds 'dear' its School Journeys to the Lake District, North Wales and the Peak District. The next Journey will be a visit to the Peak District of Derbyshire. Perhaps these visits, more than any other single aspect of school life, are most remembered and treasured. Such is the value of residential study periods that younger children from the Third and Second Year have spent periods of time at St. Mary's Bay School Journey Centre, Romney Marsh, Kent, until the Centre's closure, and later at the Borough's own Residential Study Centre near Penshurst. Indeed, the latter Centre at Swaylands, was used for a residential weekend staff meeting - another totally worthwhile new venture - when the School's Guide Lines to the teaching of English were finalised.

Other fixtures remain. Those who remember the School from the Thirties would readily feel at home. There is a new craft room, complete with kiln, created from the cloakroom over the boiler house and paid for by the Parent Association, but the main building is still made from chicken wire and plaster and rests on no foundations. The verandas have been glass walled in and are now called corridors! The ceiling heating panels still heat the ceiling roof space rather than the rooms below-though, in fairness, there are rumours about fitting wall radiators to supplement the ceiling panels-despite cuts!

And, despite cuts, the School looks to the future. The number of children is less and, so far, the School is only one teacher down. Smaller classes are a reality. A resource Centre - which might be described as a library, borrowing/study centre and room for use by children, teachers and parents is planned for the very near future. It is being financed by the Parent Association.

To convey the life of Deansbrook in the Eighties is comparatively easy on paper. To list activities is simple. There are after School clubs catering for chess, science, cookery, natural history, dance-modern and country, football, netball, athletics, folk singing, stamp collecting; there are annual fixtures of parents versus staff, children versus staff, summer fetes, termly information meetings; there are day excursions to places of interest, local discovery walks, school concerts and operettas, monthly visits to concerts in the Royal Festival Hall, some fifty children are learning violin, viola, cello, trumpet, trombone; various choirs, madrigal and other, various orchestral and recorder group combinations and so on. All these activities, and others, touch and involve the lives of all children at some time. Children are offered a wide spectrum of involvement and experiences catering for all interests. But, rather than read a list, there is the invitation to visit and see the School in action. During the celebrations for 'fifty years on' I hope former friends and colleagues will meet again. I look forward to many reunions.

And that eight year old master of the sophisticated piece of electronics, the School's V.C.R., can he add up and does he know his tables? Yes, if he's up to it. Can he write with imagination, can he spell? Yes, if he's up to it. But spare a thought, perhaps he's a she! Both boys and girls are children for a new age. Let us trust and hope that we the teachers, and you the parents and friends, will prevail and support the priorities which will ensure a future for those now in our care and who will become the 'new age'.

## The D. S. Webb Memorial Resource Centre

The Resource Centre has been referred to as a "glorified reference library of which the main contents are not books!" In Deansbrook's case the staff room corridor, formerly a veranda, and an adjacent mobile class room have been linked together, carpeted, heated and furnished. Though still in its very early days and opened in January 1981, children use the Centre at play and lunch times, and during lesson times with teacher approval. The whole area is looked after by a rota of 'Mums' who help children to select materials, and help the youngsters to enjoy hearing, seeing and using them. It is a quiet area where unaccompanied children or members of staff can work, study, research or browse, the latter at playtimes only, or look at displays perhaps from Class Assemblies or after class excursions. It is developing into a catalogued, working-study centre containing natural history specimens - dead or alive; pictorial and factual material; samples; models; mathematics, science and English display; records, video and cassette tapes; slides and filmstrips; recording and playback facilities; copying and duplicating services; visual resources including Teletext; facilities for displaying borrowed material from outside resources such as museums and, of course, books.

The Centre is child orientated by intention and design.

It is an exciting, new project and will become a fitting and permanent memorial to the late Denis Webb. Help in either 'funding' or 'manning' will always be gratefully received. Please come along and see the Centre in action

### ANNUAL EVENTS-(unless otherwise indicated)

<b>SEPTEMBER</b>	School Photographs Netball Rally
<b>OCTOBER</b>	Harvest Festival, gifts distributed to various homes for the elderly etc.
<b>NOVEMBER</b>	Collection 'Sunny Smiles' for the National Children's Home
<b>DECEMBER</b>	Winter Carol Concert
<b>JANUARY</b>	Secondary Transfer Visits and Meetings
<b>FEBRUARY</b>	Visit of peripatetic teachers Strings Quartet Help the Aged Assembly and Collections
<b>MARCH</b>	Visit of Children's Theatre Groups Borough Music Festival-Royal Festival and/or Albert Hall Collection for sponsoring a child through 'Save the Children' Fund Soccer Rally and House Matches Swimming Gala
<b>MARCH/APRIL</b>	School Concert
<b>MAY /JUNE</b>	School Journeys
<b>JUNE</b>	District Sports, Cophthall Stadium School Musical Recital
<b>JUNE/ JULY</b>	Rush Bearing/Well Dressing/Eisteddfod Ceremonies
<b>JULY</b>	Yearly Report Books issued Governors/Parents Association Committee Members Luncheon Journey Evening New Parents Meeting

Regular financial support is given other Charities and concerns besides the National Children's Home. The money is often raised by Concerts e.g. Winter Carol Concert. During the last academic year thank you letters have been received from: -

Save the Children Fund  
The Spastics Society  
Help the Aged  
Barnet Society for Mentally Handicapped Children

### TERMLY/MONTHLY/WEEKLY EVENTS

Class Assemblies -- parents present, refreshments served  
Open Evenings and Parent/Teacher Consultations  
Ernest Read Concerts, Royal Festival Hall  
Cycling Proficiency Training and Testing  
The School is committed to raise £50.00 to sponsor a Tibetan child refugee via the Save the Children Fund Sponsorship Programme.



### ONE OFF' EVENTS

OCTOBER 1979 B.B.C. Blue Peter Cambodia Appeal, amount raised £384.92

APRIL 1980 Parent/Teachers/Children in Concert

Various Times Educational visits to school are made by Police, the Fire Services & Dental Health Services.

### SCHOOL STAFF-1980 (as at 1st September)

BATE-SMITH, David W.	1972
<i>Post of Responsibility:</i>	Physical Education
<i>Special Interest:</i>	Chess Club
BELLM, John D. N.	1976
<i>Post of Responsibility:</i>	Music; Assemblies
<i>Special Interest:</i>	Modern Dance
CERNIK, Harry	1975
<i>Special Interest:</i>	Football Team; Stamp Club
GRAHAM, Mrs. Elizabeth M.	1977
<i>Post of Responsibility:</i>	Deputy Head Teacher; Head of Year Group: Responsibility for Teaching of English
HALMSHAW, R. Malcolm	1971
<i>Post of Responsibility:</i>	Headmaster
MITCHELL, Mrs. Barbara 1958-73, 1979	
<i>Special Interest:</i>	Remedial Work
NORRIS, Mrs. Margaret B	1981
PHILIP, Martin G. S.	1977
<i>Special Interest:</i>	Science Club
RAILTON, Ian F.	1973
<i>Post of Responsibility:</i>	Audio /Visual Aids
REESE, Mrs. Lynda C.	1979
<i>Special Interests:</i>	Parent/Teacher Liaison: Cookery
SMITH, Mrs. Suzanne B. 1973	
<i>Post of Responsibility:</i>	Head of Year Group; Responsibility for Teaching of Interest Studies
<i>Special Interest:</i>	School Journeys
STEVENS, Ian J.	1978
<i>Post of Responsibility:</i>	Head of Year Group; Responsibility for Teaching of Mathematics
THOMPSON, Miss Cheryl K.	1979
<i>Special Interest:</i>	Natural History Club; Netball Team; French Club
WALKER, Miss Maureen D.	1972
<i>Post of Responsibility:</i>	Needlework/Craft

### SUPPLY TEACHERS

CHURCHARD, Geoffrey R.	1980
<i>Post of Responsibility:</i>	Acting Deputy Head
COLLINS, Miss Geraldine	1980
FONTAINE, Miss Callette	1960
MASUD, Hamid	1980

### NON TEACHING STAFF

MUNCER, Mrs. C. Mary	1973, 1966-73
<i>Post of Responsibility:</i>	School Secretary; Welfare Assistant
LUDWIG, Mrs. Helga I. I.	1973
<i>Post of Responsibility:</i>	Welfare Assistant
CARDER, 'Pete'	1976
<i>Post of Responsibility:</i>	School Caretaker
STEBBINGS, 'Albert'	1969
<i>Post of Responsibility:</i>	School Gardener
WINDLE, Mrs. Kate R.	
<i>Post of Responsibility:</i>	Canteen Supervisor

### MEAL TIME SUPERVISORS

BREEZE, Mrs. Joyce	1976
DEARDON, Mrs. Carol A.	1980
JOHNSON, Mrs. Doris	1970
PORTER, Mrs. Ann	1980

## CHAPTER VIII

### REMINISCENCES

As I try to recall my memories of Deansbrook during the past fifty years I never fail to remember the tremendous responsibility I had in shaping the lives of thousands of children. Their most formative years were in my hands. I believed that as a teacher I should attempt to develop the children's innate abilities, extend their capabilities and ensure they were equipped by education to live a happy, useful life amongst their fellow men. During my service I must confess I had a great thrill when I discovered I was teaching a child whose parents I had taught years previously. My interests reached wider dimensions as I learned of the success of past pupils and now it affords an opportunity for pensive reflection. I have decided to invite some ex-pupils and staff to write their reminiscences and have chosen them at random from each decade. They represent many aspects of modern life and I trust their stories will inspire the present generation of pupils so that they may grasp the benefits and comradeship of Deansbrook to enrich their lives.

The first reminiscence has been written by a Head teacher who became a pupil on the day the school opened on 25th August, 1931. Prior to this she had been taught by her mother at home and hence the opening of 'The New School' as her account is entitled was a great event. I refer to *Marjorie Fenner* who has taught for many years in the Boroughs of Hendon and Barnet. At present she is the Headmistress of the Junior Orange Hill School which is based in Hamonde Close, Edgware. Her deep understanding, humane approach and devoted service to the educational needs of thousands of children has gained her the respect and affection from many citizens of the Borough. I am privileged to include her memories:

“It was August 1931. At last the rapidly growing district of Mill Hill, the Hale had its own Primary School! On the first day of term a steady stream of mothers, with children ranging in age from five to ten years old moved along Hale Lane, Hale Drive and the adjacent roads. My sister Kathleen and I were among those who were going to the new school to be registered as pupils in the Junior School. We were both excited and a little anxious, for up to that time we had been taught at home, school was to be a new experience for us.

We need not have feared. From that first day the kindness and warmth of the Headmaster, Mr. Hay and his staff made us all feel ‘at home’ and we were quickly made to realise what a special privilege we had in being pupils who would set the traditions for Deansbrook School. Discipline was strict. But all thoroughly enjoyed our work, be it ‘mental arithmetic’ or ‘games’

As I think about those years a number of incidents come to mind, although a little hazy in detail. I remember how Mr. Hay appealed to the parents for plants to make a garden in the quadrangle - and how quickly that garden became one of the most attractive features of the school. I remember the Silver Jubilee of King George V and Queen Mary and how Deansbrook took part in the celebrations in Mill Hill Park. A team of us, in blue and pink dresses did Maypole Dancing and I well remember the many practices we had in the playground in the weeks preceding the great day until Miss Lee was satisfied we could faultlessly plait our ribbons round the pole!

Very soon the school became too small for the number of pupils waiting to attend, so classes were held in John Keble Church Hall. I particularly remember having singing lessons and country dancing there. Then came the day when the new Junior School was ready for occupation and we juniors moved into it, leaving the ‘old’ building for the Infant School. How fortunate we were to enjoy two new buildings!

What else do I remember? School Sports Day, and the Hendon Sports on the Burroughs Field, (I was good at high jump in those days), netball, country dancing at Cecil Sharpe House, Art lessons, never my best subject, and since my friend and I were garrulous one or other of us frequently finished up outside the door! How well too I remember some of the Staff - Miss Creighton (as she was then), Miss Robinson, Miss Rackham and Mr. Kew, Miss Lee, Miss Brown and Mr. Jackson who were ‘my’ teachers. What a debt I owe them all!

Years later the second generation of the family attended Deansbrook - my sister's two boys David and Keith Lamming. They too enjoyed their years at the school. All four of us have gone our different ways - Kathleen a housewife; I as head teacher, David a barrister and Keith a police sergeant, but besides our family relationship we have in common an abiding affection for our old school and, collectively we wish it continuing prosperity as it enters the next fifty years.”

Here it is interesting to reflect upon the fact that Miss Fenner as Head teacher has guided many children who have attended Deansbrook and then progressed to Orange Hill School which, as previously indicated, opened on the same day as Deansbrook. This educational continuity has been skilfully implemented by Mr. J. E. Cuthbertson, Dr. N. Butcher and Mr. J. Dawkins, the Directors of Education over the past fifty years.

**Miss Rackham, almost an octogenarian, writes:**

“Deansbrook will always be a School above all others. Together we made a wonderful team. We were fortunate in having such wonderful co-operation with the parents - always so ambitious for their off springs in a 'nice way'. They, the parents, were fortunate in that we were able to supply the high standard of education demanded.”

Next I recall **Albert Stebbings** who entered Deansbrook at the age of seven in 1933 and whom I had the pleasure of teaching. In 1969 he was appointed by the Barnet Authority to be in charge of the maintenance of the School gardens at Deansbrook - work in which he has a deep rooted affection. Evidence of his care and skills are reflected in the rose and wisteria approach, also the flower borders which give aesthetic pleasure in Summer-time.

A little later in 1935 when the two departments had separated **Michael Ridout** came to the school.

Now he writes :“There is little doubt in my mind that the most important period in any child's development is during the years 0-11 and I shall be eternally thankful that my children and I had the good fortune to spend those years at Deansbrook. Mr. Downing was given to saying: ‘A busy child is a happy child.’ Well we were all kept busy and we were all happy and the overall standards at the school were remarkably high.”

As a child he remembers:

- 1 “Singing Rule Britannia from the quadrangle with the assembled school on the grass.”  
(Obviously a reference to Empire Day Celebrations).
- 2 “Father Christmas arriving via the roof”. (On this occasion my fiancé Mr. Pack acted the role. After distributing the gifts he was presented by Johnny with a half drunk bottle of beer. Johnny declared, “My Daddy always saves some of his beer for Father Christmas!”).
- 3 “The impression that Miss Chick wired her car to deliver an electric shock to deter sticky fingers from touching it when parked in the playground”
- 4 “Mr. Kew's short cane. Also his insistence that every child must plunge in head first at visits to Mill Hill Swimming Pool”
- 5 “Receiving the gift of the Silver Jubilee Coronation Books 1936/37”
- 6 “Mr. Hoskins, (caretaker), whose son Kenneth was my contemporary- always ready with a bucket of sawdust to clean up any classroom mess.”
- 7 “Mr. Hay's unhappiness that some boy had written an uncomplimentary bit of graffiti in the toilet”
- 8 “Visiting Orange Hill School in crocodile formation to see the Billy Cotton Road Safety Film”
- 9 “Wartime classroom efforts of posters, knitting, buying Saving Certificates - all part of the War effort”
- 10 “The first use of the Shelters and attending school with Gas Masks”
- 11 “Jack Donaldson who received publicity when he became the first amateur heavyweight boxer to box a German after the war”
- 12 “Albert - who as a child was killed having entered a Home Guard arsenal near the Stoneyfields pond and taken a Hand Grenade”

**Michael as a parent reflects: -**

- 1 “My satisfaction that my four children were accepted because of my belief (fully justified) that they would be stretched and would benefit from the high standards maintained.”
- 2 “My belief in the system apparently followed at the school whereby those less talented academically were given the advantage of smaller classes and more experienced teachers.”
- 3 “The excellence of presentations for parents where the honest and happy endeavours showed through”
- 4 “The stories that certain families had moved into the catchment area of the school deliberately to ensure admission”

My thanks to Michael (now a Company Secretary in an Export Company mainly to Nigeria) whose memory training was apparently well developed

**Rex Walford, 1939-45**, who has kindly referred me to two of his contemporaries, writes: -

“I lived very close to Deansbrook School in my childhood and so the noises from the two school fields drifted across to Church Close long before I was old enough to go to the Infants' School. Even so, I still remember the mixture of excitement and apprehension which surrounded that first ushering in to Miss Chick's study with my mother. “Can you tell the time?” she asked . . . and I could; the first examination was passed.

Memories of life at Deansbrook are inextricably bound up with World War II, though I can't place all of them accurately now. But I can remember early in the war, makeshift 'air raid drill' in an Infants' classroom with Miss Neill (diving under the desks and sitting still for several minutes) and a short period when school was abandoned and teachers came to visit us in our homes, gathered in groups. In the 1940 bombing, our nearest public shelters were those in the school field; I can recall being slung over my mother's shoulder in what seemed the dead of night and hurled down the road as the sirens sounded.

Later in the war - it must have been during the V- bomb attacks of 1944 - we had lessons in the brick shelters on the Junior Field, sometimes staying there for most of the day. There were brick shelters in the Junior Playground too, and they gave rise to a unique game which the Opies' would no doubt catalogue and explain if they knew of it. The masochistic ran from one brick entry of the shelter to the other with the wall behind them, while the less brave pelted them with tennis balls. Why this gave both groups such tremendous pleasure I have never known, but I remember spending many playtimes immersed in that activity.

And there was the 'war effort' itself . . . There was the day we all took aluminium fish-fryers and other home implements to put on a huge heap in the Junior School quadrangle (part of the Beaverbrook propaganda drive, I discovered many years later); . . . there was the writing of 'Dig for Victory' couplets for a competition - the Muse fortunately visited me at the right moment and I shared a 2/6d. prize with Joyce Sutton . . . and in the top class of the Infants we went through a long spasm of daily collecting farthings to help buy a Spitfire. I remember taking up tins of several hundreds of farthings to a Ministry of Defence building in Whitehall where these were gravely received by a Civil Servant whom I fondly imagined to be at least the Marshal of the R.A.F. at the time. . .

The Infants' School hall was the regular centre of B.B.C. Radio 'Music and Movement' broadcasts which I enjoyed thoroughly. And there are fuzzy images too, of the policeman with his 'road safety' posters, and the hymn sheets at the front from which we sang daily. Perhaps most of all, as far as 'Hall' activities go, I remember a Junior production of 'Alice in Wonderland' in which I was cast as the White Rabbit. (Elizabeth Dawson played Alice, and the Wright twins, Donald and Brian, were perfectly cast as the ubiquitously appearing Cheshire Cat). That, I guess, may have been responsible for setting me off on what has been a lifelong involvement with the amateur theatre.

And there was the time that Mr. Hay called the whole Junior School into the Hall to be questioned after afternoon break, because of the complaint of a Rudyard Grove resident that Deansbrook boys had been scrumping his apples during playtime. D ..... C ....., a big and somewhat dubious character protested vigorously that he had voluntarily stayed in his classroom all through the break in order to do extra raffia work, but this unlikely alibi was hooted down with laughter from the rest of the school, and later he owned up.

Of personal memories, the most vivid is of the Top Class of the Juniors, and particularly of breaking my arm in a game of soccer (1st XI v. 2nd XI trial) and being taken off to hospital in a semiconscious state. On the day following, my class mates used 'Composition' period to write letters to cheer me up as I lay in Redhill. I searched through the loft the other day and found that I still had the envelope addressed by Miss Minty with no less than 47 letters from Class I, dated 11-10-1944. Their echoes carry the atmosphere of Primary School, and the fine-grain of wartime childhood . . . "I am sorry for the writing, but this is war-time paper and it blotches . . . we have just done ten of those horrid profit and loss sums from the Larcomb book . . . it was lucky your father is home on leave at present and can visit you . . . Colin (Marshall) was very annoyed that you have to stay in hospital as he was coming to tea with you today . . . I am sending you three Wizards and a Rover to cheer you up . . . I am sorry for the change in ink, but I have just been moved into the end block, for talking . . . Miss Minty says the Scholarship Test books will be in at Smith's next week . . . We hear that you are in a ward with some Tommies from Normandy. I bet they will have some exciting stories to tell . . ."

Miss Minty (tongue-in-cheek I'm sure) suggested that I might pass the time by marking the letters - and I did (Out of 20) . . . I suppose that's how I began a career in education . . ."

Rex has enjoyed a most distinguished, interesting career and is at present Director of Studies in Education at King's College and Pembroke College, Cambridge. In conclusion he expresses his pleasure in trying to remember his days at Deansbrook and also his tremendous affection for the school.

My next memory script comes from the U.S.A. and was written by *Colin Marshall* who was mentioned in the previous extract. It is pleasing to learn that he still remembers me. He recalls the period during the war when the school was closed and pupils were assigned in small groups to the homes of other children. He writes:

"After we returned to the school en masse I recall watching aerial dog fights when on my way to and from school." He remembers, "all the hard work that went into those years along with some intermittent time for playing soccer and cricket."

Colin began his career as a cadet purser with the Orient Steam Navigation Co. and by the time he left his sea-going career in 1958 he had completed twenty-one voyages between England and Australia and two round the world trips. After several managerial and executive appointments with Hertz and Avis he is at present the Executive Vice-president of Norton Simon Inc.

*The last pupil in this decade is Donald Straughan.* He welcomes my efforts in writing this history and writes:

“It should be an interesting piece of social history and stimulate the interest of those who wonder whether future adult success or failure can be predicted in childhood.” He recalls that “in retrospect life at Deansbrook seems to have consisted of sunlit days. I have vague memories of what seemed to be a slow start in reading in the Infant School before developing the voracious appetite which has persisted.” He has, “distinct memories of only two things - School meals (many of which I hated and on one occasion I ran home and was retrieved by Mrs. Thubrun) and injustice.”

The latter came from the fact that he was denied promotion to the top class in the Junior School. Nevertheless Donald studied happily at Christ College and continued to study at King's College, London to read medicine. He interrupted his studies to take a Physiology BSc and a Ph.D. and then completed his medical course. At 35 he was appointed to the Wellcome Chair as Head of the Pharmacology Department at the School of Pharmacy in London University. In 1979 he became the Director of Pharmacology with Glaxo Group Research at Greenford. He describes his work as, “very stimulating task trying to organise oneself and others to be efficient in the discovery of new drugs in new areas.” Once again his thanks are expressed for the good start he had at Deansbrook which has been important in his success.

During the past fifty years the distant parts of the world have become more accessible. Accordingly many of our pupils have ventured afar. So for the 1940-50 decade I quote the “**nostalgic reminiscences**” of my daughter **Angela** who is at present a Senior Lecturer in Dentistry at the University of Otago, Dunedin in New Zealand:

“Whilst browsing through some old photographs quite recently and studying a picture of a little girl with long blond pigtails and a ribbon bow in her hair, thirty years rolled away and I clearly recalled the occasion on which that photograph was taken in the school playground at Deansbrook. Seven years at one school is not really a very large slice of a life-time, yet between the ages of five and eleven, a child is most impressionable.

My childhood memories of Deansbrook are many, varied and indelible. Inevitably such memories comprise many 'firsts' such as the first day at the Infant School. I still recall my mixed feelings of excitement and yet confidence as I strode into Mrs. Hill's baby class. I also clearly remember the first school assembly after entering the Junior School. The hymn we sang on that occasion was 'There is a green hill far away . . .' and I remember how those words captured my seven-year-old imagination. On another occasion I made my first visit to the pictures when, in 1953, the whole school walked two-by-two in crocodile fashion to the cinema in Edgware to see 'The Conquest of Everest'. Later in the same year we made a similar journey to Mill Hill Cinema to see the film of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II.

Our school journey to Ilkley looms prominently in my memory. It was a lot of fun as well as being educational. Everyone seemed to enjoy the novelty of the situation, the nature walks on the Yorkshire moors and the many visits to factories, coal mines and historical places. All our experiences and impressions were recorded for posterity in the School Journey Diary and shared with parents and friends during the School Journey Project evening afterwards.

There were many of my school friends who thought that it was strange for me to have a mother who was also a teacher at school, but this never concerned me and my friends soon accepted the fact that it didn't make any difference. It was not a case of my never being away from teacher even at home, but more, that a happy family feeling pervaded at Deansbrook. One interest that my Mother kindled, not only for me but for many Deansbrook children too, was the hobby of weaving, spinning and dyeing of wool. Little did I realise when, at the age of nine I tried to spin on a spinning wheel lent to Deansbrook by Hendon Technical College, that twenty years later in New Zealand I would own a spinning wheel and become proficient at the craft to such an extent that I now make garments from the fleece, spinning the wool, using natural vegetable dyes for colour, and weaving and tailoring to achieve the end product.

There are a host of other incidents I could divulge pertaining to the Christmas class parties on one hand and pre-cooked school dinners on the other; also the Sports Days at which I always came last in any race I entered; the days when the policemen came to school to teach us kerb drill, and the occasion on which huge chain saws felled the beautiful elm trees which had become hollow and dangerous. I cried and cried because I was sad to see the trees fall and because a little mouse that had lived in one of the tree trunks had lost its home!

I remember all my teachers with great fondness. Their kindness, patience, humour and friendliness endeared them to me. They must have been good teachers too, for I enjoyed school and the work we did, and although there were hurdles like exams, and especially the eleven plus examination, I do not remember them as being particularly formidable, so we must have been well prepared by our teachers. One doesn't often have the opportunity to publicly record one's gratitude, but I should just like to say to all the people who were at Deansbrook when I was a child 'Thank you for making Deansbrook such a happy school and giving me such happy memories to recall.' ”

***For the 1950's Alan Walles has written a most comprehensive account:***

“It seems rather surprising that after all these years there are so many memories, virtually all of them very happy ones, from my days at Deansbrook School, both Infants and Juniors, between 1950 and 1956. One of the most vivid memories is that of the school journey which we took towards the end of my days at Deansbrook, to a little village in Somerset called Shipham, near Shepton Mallet. This was my, and I dare say many other children's, first time away from home and the family. I recall the apprehension on all our faces as we boarded a coach and said farewell to our parents. However, I am sure I speak for others when I say that once we were having pillow fights and mid-night feasts in the dormitory most of the home sickness disappeared.

From an educational point of view I am sure that the school journey was of immense value to us. There were such diverse yet interesting activities to occupy our young minds. I recall visiting the Roman Baths at Bath, the Mercantile Dockyard at Avonmouth, visiting a Stone Quarry, Frys Chocolate Factory (where many free samples were to be had), nature rambles across the Mendip Hills and, possibly the most interesting and exciting of all, visiting Cheddar Gorge and Woiky Hole. I seem to remember that during our nature rambles along the Mendips a great deal of fun was had collecting a number of large beetles which, as a defence mechanism, secreted a red liquid. These, not surprisingly, became known to us as 'bloody-nosed beetles.'

In preparation for our school journey we had as a craft work project various models to make relating to the places which we would be visiting on the school journey. My own project related to the life of St. Dunstan who, having been born near Glastonbury and founded or refounded many abbeys, went on to become Archbishop of Canterbury and in later years lent his name to the famous institution for the War blinded.

The craft work aspect of school activities hold other memories for me. In my early years in the Junior School we were taught how to make things out of papier mache, such as plates and saucers. We also made out of papier mache the heads of glove puppets which were to feature in a puppet show which the class put on in front of the rest of the school. In my own case, I was allotted the task of making a king and the children's parents made the clothes which were attached to the head in order to form the body. In later years, we were given the opportunity of learning to weave. Our craft teacher issued us with the blue prints of a weaving loom which a number of us persuaded our fathers to construct out of wood. We were then able to choose what we wanted to weave and I elected to weave a scarf in the colours of my favourite football team. The various looms did not always remain in school and frequently returned home with us for an evening. These were somewhat cumbersome objects for small children to transport and I recall carrying mine in a pillow case in the fashion of Father Christmas.

A further thing that Junior school taught us was how to play the recorder and my father, who was a very keen musician, was very pleased when I started to learn to play. Once we had become reasonably proficient we even gave concerts at the local old people's home.

During my time at Deansbrook it was necessary for the school field to be dug up for drainage purposes and I can recall us being transported to other schools in the district for sports afternoon in order that we could continue to play football.

Whilst at Deansbrook I had the honour to be both prefect and house captain and I look back to those days with very fond memories.”

When I retired I, had the unexpected pleasure of renewing acquaintance with Alan for he is the Senior Administration Officer and Head of the N.U.T. Superannuation Department at Hamilton House. He checked my pension allocation most carefully.

Yet again I leave England. This time for France for memories of the late 50's ***from Richard Tweed*** who is engaged upon research which is of paramount importance for future generations. He writes:-

“I attended Deansbrook School from the age of five to that of eleven, my first two years there being spent in the Infant School. Of the latter I have few memories, excepting a percussion band concert in which I played the triangle but would have liked to play the drum, and playtime; in the yard in winter, the drain covers being 'home' for games of tag; in the field in summer, where a hollow tree-stump became a castle to defend.

In the Junior School we wrote using pens with sled nibs which often bent, and had to be dipped repeatedly into inkwells on our desks. I always put mine in too far, and my blue fingertips earned me the nickname of 'inky' from Mrs. Telford, my teacher during my first year there. During the second year I was taught by Mr. Brentnall, who afterwards went to teach in Japan and Australia; I still have post-cards, stamps and a small Japanese Fan which he sent me, for we corresponded for a while. For the last two years my form-master was Mr. Webb, although some lessons were given by Miss Hughes and Mrs. Pack.

During this period I dreaded physical training, as I have never been athletic. Baseball and football were misery, especially as I never remembered the rules; so too was running over the earth mounds of the air-raid shelters which at that time still existed in the games field. There, every summer, was held a sports day, at which I felt very much an outsider, not being eligible to compete in any of the serious events. There was, however, a special race for children like me: - at the word 'go' we had to dress as quickly as possible in funny, baggy clothes, then run for the finishing post.

Perhaps it is from this period that my interest in science dates; I can remember a visit to the Science Museum, walking through the coal mine exhibit and marvelling at the antique beam-engines and steam locomotives; I also remember being most impressed, on the School Journey, by a cement factory and an iron foundry where we were shown how moulds were made for casting. Eventually, the day came for me to sit the 11+ examination. Wisely, little fuss had been made in advance about this, and on the day, the sight of the examination room, with rows of sombre desks, came as a surprise and something of a shock. More agreeable was the excitement and satisfaction of learning that I had been accepted for Orange Grammar School.

Although not all my memories of Deansbrook are happy ones, notably during my last two years there, I was certainly given a sound and comprehensive early education. For I had no difficulty in adapting to secondary education, and ultimately went on to University where I gained a degree in Physics, and a doctorate in Theoretical Physics. I now work as a member of a small research group at the University of Brest, in France, investigating electron atom and atom-atom collisions, for the development of the fusion reactors which may provide electric power in the next century, accurate atomic collision data is essential."

***Of the 1950 decade Mrs. Telford's memories*** recall the Remedial Class she taught in the Medical Room owing to lack of space. "This was a most rewarding class-a happy family group of fifteen children. Those children will always remain in my memory for their determination. One nine year old boy who at last managed to write his first 'news' without assistance, I shall never forget. 'I went wiv my dad to the Natroolistre morzeum.' The expression of joy on the faces of those children who achieved something, who volunteered an answer to a question, who began to write legibly, nothing was more rewarding."

In addition she remembers the, "many boys and girls who joined my after school dance group where we enjoyed English and Scandinavian Folk Dancing and an occasional Ball-room and Old Tyme." She still treasures her 78 r.p.m. records and declares "Happy Days". Naturally she remembers "the piercing shrieks and whistles which were heard while we were learning to play the recorder, during and after school." Also the "yearly Hendon Music Festival where many schools joined forces to sing and play." Her jovial personality permits her to remember, "the Staff Plays organised to entertain the youngsters at Christmas time. We even dressed in the children's school uniform and during the skit many children said they recognised themselves in what was said and done. How they enjoyed that - and so did we." It was Mrs. Telford who nicknamed Richard Tweed "inky". She took a great pride in teaching handwriting and remembers when she first joined Deansbrook in 1949. She solves a mystery as she writes:- "Why was it that when the parents inspected their children's books on 'Open Evening' they discovered that all the handwriting throughout the school was alike? Admittedly the Marion Richardson style was used, but why did some inky, smudgy books and some beautifully decorated works have such a strange similarity? Now it can be revealed:- After an illness I joined Deansbrook Staff, part-time, and had to teach eight classes the art of handwriting. Naturally each set of children had to write on a different scheme.

I survived --- did they?"

Of the pupils who represent the 1960-70 decade many have been concentrating their efforts in studying at colleges and universities. It is a happy thought to realise that many of these students have developed their innate talents which became apparent when they were at Deansbrook. They must be congratulated on their achievements. For this period I have chosen ***Geoffrey and Paul Nichols***. Paul went to Christchurch College, Oxford where he obtained a B.A. Hons. degree in Politics, Philosophy and Economics whilst Geoffrey studied at Durham University and obtained a degree in Economics and Sociology. Geoffrey remembers "the play times in summer because we were allowed to play on the big field. This used to have old air raid shelters round the edge of it, which offered excellent places to hide from the teacher on duty. The grass was never cut on these shelters so if, when playing rounders, you were able to hit the ball onto the edge of them, you were guaranteed a rounder as the opposing team were unable to find the ball. This was lucky as I could hit the ball a long way but could not run very fast as I was too fat."

In a mischievous vein Geoffrey recalls that "during the hot summer months the wash basin provided a collection point for daddy long legs. Girls could be terrorised by the threats of these being put down their necks. Whilst in the Autumn, the horse chestnut trees along the edge of the field provided a fine supply of conkers." Then Geoffrey gives some circumstantial evidence by writing: - "Just before I left the trees were beginning to be cut down. In the roots of one, the man digging it up found an old horseshoe." This incident poses a relevant question. Was the horseshoe lost by one of the farmer's horses as they were ploughing the farm fields?

Geoffrey admits that spelling was his worst subject and he remembers how each week he had to learn ten words. He also recalls having to spend time writing out the words he had mis-spelt 10 or 20 times each. He gratefully remembers Janet . . . who was brilliant at spelling. He walked to school with her on the morning of the test and they practised the weekly quota. In retrospect Geoffrey remembers the School Journey to Castleton as a highlight. He writes, "At the end of the week we made an ascent of Kinder Scout guided by a local shepherd. We were lucky to have good weather as when it is very wet a small child could sink up to his waist in the bogs that surround the top of the hill." When at Durham University he was the President of the Mountaineering Society and in this capacity he retraced his Fourth Year walks and wondered how, "we all walked up and down without losing anybody."

One ex-pupil, **Paul Rowbottom**, heard of my efforts in writing this history and asked if he could contribute any of his vivid memories. I was cheered by his kindly gesture. Paul is now studying for a degree in Sculpture and so his artistic talents are being channelled in that sphere. He writes, "whilst I could not subscribe to the adage that 'School days are the best days of our lives' my days at Deansbrook Junior School during the 1960's certainly had some very happy moments. It was my good fortune and many others too, to attend Deansbrook, the school where sound academic disciplines were augmented by frequent study visits, cultural visits to the Royal Festival Hall and sporting visits to Hockey and Football at Wembley Stadium." He appreciates too "the visits we made to local farms, Arkley Windmill and the Science Museums" which he is confident "gave us a marvellous insight into the wonder and beauty of life." Surprisingly he recalls the visit to the Ovaltine Works at Abbots Langley. He even recalls, "the Horseshoe Coach full of excitable and enthusiastic pupils armed with the inevitable map and quiz in order to document the afternoon's events." Later when we made our classroom frieze Paul produced a remarkable drawing of the sixteenth century tithe barn where we watched the cows being milked. Naturally he remembers the sample tin of Ovaltine we were all given by the guide "Auntie Valerie". He declares "I have been an 'Ovalteenie' ever since."

Lastly for the 1970-80 decade I quote the memories *of Kate Jerram who left Deansbrook in 1978*. I have chosen Kate because she was a representative of the last class I taught at Deansbrook. Her account illustrates clearly how the modern educational approach appeals to the present pupils. Furthermore it is equipping the scholars with an all round experience of learning, the arts, and the out of door life. Such is the beginning with endless fields of exploration in store. Kate's reminiscences reflect her appreciation of these opportunities. She writes:

"Looking back at my Junior School I realize my greatest good fortune was in having three excellent form teachers. In my first year Mrs. Pack was my teacher and I remember we were all very impressed by one of her first statements to us. 'I am strict but kind,' she said, and it was certainly true. We learnt to work with one another and on our own and she shared her enthusiasms with us - for history, the countryside and making things with her hands. My third year gave me Mrs. Smith. Her ideas for essays and paintings were so imaginative that ink flowed from my pen and paint from my brush with an ease that was new to me. For my final year at Deansbrook I could not believe my good fortune when our class was allocated to Mr. Webb. The outstanding event in that year was certainly the School Journey to North Wales. Mr. Webb planned it marvellously so that there was not a boring moment in the weeklong trip. He arranged visits to the castle towns, to Holyhead and as a climax there was the ascent of Snowdon. We had so much fun. I shall not forget that week.

A very great benefit I gained from Deansbrook was learning to enjoy music and music making. When I was eight, Mr. Bellm was appointed music teacher and my interest in music began. He encouraged me to take up the cello and I had opportunities to play in the orchestra and string quartet and to sing in the choir. I enjoyed so much taking part in the concerts he organised and having the experience of playing in front of an audience for the first time. I shall always remember our Christmas concerts in John Keble Church."

I treasure many memories, some of which cannot be disclosed. Nevertheless, tribute should be paid to those dedicated and devoted Staff and helpers who have rendered unselfish service for the welfare and happiness of the children in their care. One of whom I recall is Mrs. Gray who for years trained the athletic team for the Borough Sports. This she often did after school hours and even during the holiday periods so that competitors should not have a break in their training. Mrs. Rita Levy (Mayor of Barnet for 1979-80) recalls the encouragement her daughter Jacqueline received from Mrs. Gray. She also refers to Mr. Webb, "Spider", who had a habit of lobbing a piece of chalk "in a friendly way" to attract a pupil's attention.

Appreciations tend to 'snowball' but mention must be made of the wonderful art work and model making that was inspired and guided by Miss Hughes and Mr. Webb for all the School Journey Projects. Also for their tireless efforts in musical work and recorder teaching. In addition Mrs. Graham trained the choirs to a phenomenal standard and this musical work was given full acclamation at the Musical Concerts.



Mrs. Levy also refers to the "Dinner Ladies" who seemed to know each child individually. When I was on "dinner duty" I was amazed to see how they appeared to know the "likes and dislikes" of individual children. For years Mrs. Morewood was a dinner supervisor and countless times I have seen her encouraging a child to eat a dainty morsel. Many people have given unstinting service to the school. Mrs. Thubrun initially as a member of the Staff, later as Mayor of Barnet and Chairman of the Governors. Mrs. Levy commented, "Little did I dream in the '50's and early '60's (when my son attended the school) that in the '70's I would return to Deansbrook as a Manager or that by the end of that decade that I would be Chairman of the Group 10 Managing Body."

It is interesting to note that Mr. David Norman, an ex-pupil of the school, Master of the Music at John Keble Church, lectured on "Music for Children" in 1973. For several years he has cooperated with the musical programmes of the Junior School held in John Keble Church and played the organ to accompany the singing. This kind gesture is deeply appreciated.

In 1976 Mr. and Mrs. Saxton the Caretakers retired after twenty-one years of devoted, cheerful and very understanding service.

A year later Mrs. Paul retired as school cleaner after thirty years conscientious and loyal service. Also in the present decade the children are expertly cared for by Mrs. Ludwig (Juniors) and Mrs. Winny (Infants) both parents of children who have passed through the schools. Their nursing skills over many years have been invaluable in relieving much pain and anxiety.

One of my favourite memories I can recall was when I took my Second Year class on a visit to Windsor Castle in the '60's. We engaged a Horseshoe coach. The manager, Frank Rutter, an ex-pupil, personally supervised the installation of a microphone to enable me to talk to the children and point out places of interest en route. On the previous day I briefed the children about footwear, clothes and picnic lunch. I suggested that the latter could be prepared the night previously and placed in the fridge.

All proceeded according to plan at the Castle and I was amused to behold that a large party of tourists attached itself to my class group as I related the history of the Round Tower. Later we sat on the banks of the River Thames to have lunch. Quite suddenly, I was aware that David . . . was very distressed as he opened his lunch packet. Before leaving home David had collected his lunch packet from the fridge. Unfortunately it turned out to be a roll of mother's uncooked pastry! Spontaneously I suggested that everyone had brought far too much lunch and I proposed that David was invited to choose the 'offerings'. Everyone rose to the occasion; David forgot his disappointment and enjoyed a most spectacular lunch. So did the ducks!

Finally my fondest memory. As I had celebrated my 21<sup>st</sup> Birthday in the Infant School I resolved that I should celebrate my last birthday at Deansbrook in a manner that would give everyone the greatest happiness. I decided to take the class on a historical and nature ramble in Mill Hill. Accordingly I arranged a Police escort across the busy roads at Stirling Corner and proceeded via Barnet Gate, the Windmill Arkley on to Nan Clark's wood. Once seated under our favourite beech tree in readiness for our picnic I announced to the children, "Today is my birthday." Immediately the children sang "Happy birthday to you . . ." I shall never forget the sweet harmony of sounds, the children's voices, the wind whispering through the trees, the barking of a dog, the lowing of cattle and the distant hum of traffic. On our ramble we found the giant hog-weed and its gigantic size matched the exuberance of our spirits on that hot Summer's day. We wandered over the Nan Clark's field, along the lane and on to Highwood Hill, through the Forge Field towards the bus stop outside the Three Hammers arriving at 3 p.m. There we waited and waited. Eventually a 240 bus arrived at 4.15 p.m. It was full of school children. So, in desperation we decided to walk towards school. At the bottom of Hammer's Lane we called upon Mrs. Muncer and most obligingly she telephoned the school. The recipient of our 'alarm call' alerted the parents (in cars) who were patiently awaiting their children's arrival at the school gates. Meanwhile, my weary and thirsty class plodded its way through Mill Hill Park, down Woodland Way to the Broadway Bridge. To our delight we were greeted by the parents in a fleet of cars! We were all accommodated in the cars and driven to our various destinations by ever willing and good natured parents. So ended my last marathon ramble, a most unforgettable day.

## CHAPTER IX CONCLUSION

On the Eve of Deansbrook School's Golden Anniversary my story ends - but still the children live on in my memory forever youthful. It is a treasured memory that cannot be eradicated. As I look back I realise how fortunate I was at Deansbrook to be able to develop the principles of my Frobelian training. "Education by life" is the title of the book on Frobel's method. This happy phrase sums up the ideal that has symbolised Deansbrook's approach through these fifty years. Undoubtedly a change in education has taken place, but I suggest that it could be regarded as an inevitable development. You have read how the earliest pupils brought their toys to school to give to the children in hospital. They were encouraged to think about other children. As the years passed there has been a widening of social activities all designed to create an awareness of the needs of others. I refer to help given by the children to Save the Children Fund, the Mentally Handicapped, Help the Aged and the National Children's Homes.

How well we know that "a child loves all things that enter his small horizon and extend his little world." The value of school visits to places of interest which have become an integral part of modern education permit the child to collect facts for his future life building. Deansbrook is playing its part in introducing the children to the wider aspects of real life. The threshold to the school has been crossed thankfully by the Parents who have involved themselves in a practical manner through the Parents' Association, classroom help and fund raising activities.

I have witnessed a change in educational methods from formal to informal, from the ungraded to streamed classes, to vertical grouping and non-streamed groups. With smaller numbers in the classes, at last there is an opportunity for the children through their own natural activity and skilfully directed play, to learn to meet fearlessly the problems of life; learn to think of school as a place where problems may be solved and learn the habit of concentration whereby skills are learned successfully.

Finally, imagine the thrill when over the telephone a voice ejaculated: - "I have not spoken to you for 35 years" - The speaker, Professor Alan Ridout, declared that his memories of his school days were crystal clear. I regard his reminiscences as a tribute to the integrity of Deansbrook and appropriately end with them.

"I have almost total recall of my childhood and the dual world of school and home are so closely intertwined that the two seem mutually dependent on each other. The love I felt for my mother did not seem so different in kind from the love I developed for my teachers. 'Miss Robinson', 'Miss Creighton' who became 'Mrs. Pack' (I remember the announcement being made), 'Miss Hawx' (as I always thought it was spelt) - how I loved them! The tokens of esteem of children should never be under estimated. Then, it was flowers, and I would do almost anything to find ways of giving flowers. My first act of theft was of flowers for 'Miss Creighton'. Very nearly caught, I sat all afternoon in an agony of guilt and fear, and for months I did not go near the house I pinched them from.

Of the mass of memories I retain of the Infant's School some are unique in the sense that they could not, one hopes, be so again. One is of a little boy who could not come to school for some days because he had no shoes. A happier memory is of playing in an Empire Day play. Jimmy, Michael and I were Australians and had to recite in unison including a silly line about the kangaroo which I resented but which got a laugh from the audience. 'Miss Hawx' played the Trio Tune from Elgar's 4th Pomp and Circumstance March - I would notice that - and we all sang 'God save the King' and saluted the Union Jack. Another year on Empire Day Mr. Hay told us that there had been other Empires which, unlike the British one, had disappeared. It was up to us to see that our Empire did not, and the best thing that we could do to help was to work hard. If we worked hard enough he told us, there would always be one. Obviously we did not!

From the Infants to Juniors at 8 seemed at the time a leap to maturity. By now the war had taken possession of boys' imaginations. We collected shrapnel. It was a point of honour not to be scared about being out during an air-raid -- indeed to be in the open during a raid gave us an added thrill. When we drew, Spitfires shot down Messerschmitts with a regularity that must have bored our teachers to the limits of endurance. When we had a stick of incendiary bombs down our road I could hardly wait to report it to all my school friends. The fact that they all landed in our front or back gardens, and that none exploded made an added talking point, emphasising the enemy's general stupidity! Our war games were unceasing. In winter we straddled the playground wall and went on vividly imaginative bombing raids. In summer our simulated military manoeuvres reached epic proportions across the field and were of an excitement that was sometimes almost unbearable in its combination of tension and elation. It was left to the girls to keep the traditional games alive, dancing in circles, skipping and chanting. Our contact with them was crude and basic. We insulted them, and pulled their pigtails, or played 'Kiss chase' with them in the darkened air-raid shelters, something forbidden, and the more exciting for that. A few of us had romances, and all had their ideal sweethearts. In my class it was Audrey . . . sweet, beautiful and too good for all of us. It is said that a school is a microcosm of the world. Certainly at Deansbrook I learned that there were children who were cleverer and less clever than I, kinder and less kind than I, braver and more cowardly than I, more loyal and more disloyal than I, prettier and uglier than I. I had marvellous friends Jimmy, Michael, Stewart and Brian.

It was at Deansbrook that I discovered my purpose in life. At the Infant's singing classes I always tried to get close to the piano, and to try to read the mysterious and, to me, magical blobs, on the music stand. By the time I was in my last year at the Junior School music absorbed me heart and soul. My most enduring love affair, with the music of Mozart had begun. And it was Miss Minty who understood me totally; indeed, I have sometimes wondered if she understood my purposes before I did. She allowed me to play the piano to the others. One time I played the first performance of my first piece (I pretended to the class that it was by someone else, but I suspect that Miss Minty knew it was not -- anyhow she asked me to play it again, and had a curiously amused look on her face). It was Miss Minty who wrote on my last report 'I hope Alan will be able to develop his exceptional musical ability.' No 'rave review' has ever meant so much to me. I have never kept press cuttings; but I have kept that report and I bless her memory.

Such was, however, only one of the innumerable insights and kindnesses expended, not only on myself, but on all of us. Some of these we would have barely noticed at the time. Being young we simply thought that this was the way the world was made. But in retrospect the love and care which we all received at Deansbrook seems to have been of such a selfless and dedicated kind that I now realise that, when I danced so eagerly along the footpath over 40 years ago, what a truly privileged child I was."

"WE LIVE IN THE PRESENT, WE DREAM OF THE FUTURE, BUT WE LEARN ETERNAL TRUTHS FROM THE PAST."  
(Madame Chaing Kai-Shek).

## APPENDAGE CENTRES OF EXPLORATION

As Environmental Studies and Project Work increased all Year Groups visited a wide variety of places connected with their research. The list below will no doubt recall many happy memories amongst old Scholars.

### (a) DAY VISITS

#### *FIRST YEAR*

St. Albans, Verulanium and Abbey  
Edgware Library  
Mill Hill Fire Station  
Mote End Farm  
Ovaltine Kings Langley  
London Zoo  
Science Museum  
P.O. Sorting Office Mill Hill  
Natural History Museum  
Dental Clinic Mill Hill  
Historical and Botanical  
Rambles in Mill Hill and Stanmore  
Town Hall Civic Regalia  
Hendon Archaeological Society (Roman Finds)  
North Mimms Park Farm  
Knebworth  
Commonwealth Institute  
St. Pancras Station  
Regent Park Canal  
Stoneyfields Park  
Observatory Mill Hill  
Hendon Times Newspaper  
Barnet Environmental Centre

#### *THIRD YEAR*

St. Albans, Abbey and Museum  
Westminster Abbey  
St. Catherine's Docks  
Science Museum  
London Museum  
Southampton Docks  
Commonwealth Museum  
Geffrye Museum

#### *SECOND YEAR*

St. Albans, Abbey and Museum  
Chichester  
Dover Castle  
Arundel Castle  
Hazelmere Natural History Museum  
Windsor Castle  
Boosey and Hawkes  
The Town Hall  
Daily Mirror Children's Art Exhibition  
Victoria Station  
Greenwich  
British Commonwealth Institute  
Tate Art Gallery  
Tower of London  
St. Pancras Station  
R.A.F. Museum  
Planetarium  
Church Farm Museum  
London, Geffrye, Geological Museums  
Mermaid Theatre  
Barnet Museum  
North Mimms Park Farm  
Science Museum  
R.S.P.B. Sandy

#### *FOURTH YEAR*

St. Albans Verulanium  
Natural History Museum  
Bookbinding Works Colindale  
Science Museum  
Nature Ramble to Stanmore  
Mill Hill Library  
Hazelmere Natural History Museum

**Third year continued**

Tower of London  
 Hampton Court  
 Tate Art Gallery  
 Greenwich  
 Mount Pleasant Sorting Office  
 Portsmouth  
 Canterbury  
 Victoria and Albert Museum  
 Guildhall Museum  
 St. Pauls  
 Little Venice  
 Planetarium  
 B.B.C. T. V. Studios  
 Denham Hill Farm  
 Hatfield House  
 Telephone Exchange  
 Mother's Pride Bread Factory

**Fourth year continued**

Canterbury  
 London Museum  
 Portsmouth  
 Geological Museum  
 North Mimms Farm  
 St. Pauls  
 The Cutty Sark  
 Greenwich  
 Royal Festival Hall Ballet  
 Horniman's Museum  
 Planetarium  
 Guildhall Museum  
 Opera House  
 Mermaid Theatre  
 R.A.F. Museum

**(b) SCHOOL JOURNEY CENTRES FOR FOURTH YEAR**

1953 Shipham, Somerset	1967 Peak District, Derbyshire
1954 Ilkley, Yorkshire	1968 Conway, North Wales
1955 Castleton, Derbyshire	1969 Lake District
1956 Shipham, Somerset	1970 Conway, North Wales
1957 Ilkley, Yorkshire	1971 Castleton, Derbyshire
1958 Peak District, Derbyshire	1972 Bowness, Lake District
1959 Shipham, Somerset	1973 Conway, North Wales
1960 Peak District, Derbyshire	1974 Hope, Derbyshire
1961 Shipham, Somerset	1975 Conway, North Wales
1962 Castleton, Derbyshire	1976 Ambleside, Lake District
1963 North Wales	1977 Hope, Derbyshire
1964 Ilkley, Yorkshire	1978 Conway, North Wales
1965 Conway, North Wales	1979 Ambleside, Lake District
1966 Shipham, Somerset	1980 Hope, Derbyshire

(c) In 1971 it was decided to extend the experience of School Journeys to the Third Year Pupils. For this purpose the following Centres were used. 1971-St. Mary's Bay, Romney Marsh, Kent. -Swaylands, Penhurst.

**INFANT AND JUNIOR STAFFS 1931-1981**

When the combined Infant and Junior School opened on the 28th August, 1931 there was a nucleus of eight teachers including the Headmaster. As far as records permit all who have served these schools are listed below.

<b>Name</b>	<b>Sex</b>	<b>Dept.</b>	<b>Appointed</b>	<b>Left</b>
R. G. Jackson	m	J D.Hd.	Aug. '31	July '42
L. H. Kew	m	J	Aug. '31	Sept. '46 (RAF Oct. 43-July '46)
D. Hedley	f	J	Aug. '31	1934
W. R. Lee	f	J	Aug. '31	July '36
E. M. Tonkin	f	J	Aug. '31	Dec. '35
E. M. Bamber	f	I	Aug. '31	Aug. '34
P. M. Francis	f	I	Aug. '31	Feb. '32
W. A. Hay	m	H.M	Aug. '31	Aug. '50
C. A. Rackham	m	I	Jan. '32	May '46
M. P. Reeves	f	I	Jan. '32	Sept. '32
E. M. Jackson	f	I	Jan. '32	Mar. '34
C. F. Brown	f	J	May '32	Sept. '34
M. B. Creighton (Mrs. Pack)	f	I	Aug. '32 May '49	Feb. '43 July '49
D. H. Robinson	f	I	Aug. '32	Jan. '44
H. Royce	f	J	Sept. '32	Dec. '32
M. Watts	f	I	Dec. '32	Aug. '33
D. K. Hawkes (Mrs. Hill)	f	I	Aug. '33	July '65

## SEPARATE SCHOOLS JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

Name	Sex	Dept.	Appointed	Left
L. Cass	f	J	Aug. '34	June '45
P. E. Johnson	f	J	Aug. '34	April '37
P. Smith	f	J	Oct. '34	April '52
M. B. Hartwell	f	J	Jan. '36	Aug. '37
A. Hyde	f	J	Aug. '36	June '38
M. Warner	f	J	Jan. '37	April '46
A. D. Minty	f	J	April '37	Nov. '48
P. A. Mason	f	J	June '37	Aug. '37
V. Stonebridge	f	J	Aug. '37	July '54
D. Brumby	f	J	Mar. '38	
C. Thubrun	f	J	Dec. '42	July '45
				(Supply Sept. '42)
W. Patmore	f	J	'44	April '52
C. M. Gray	f	J	'43	July '72 (Evacuated July '44-July '46)
E. M. Westcott	f	J D.Hd. '50	Nov. '44	Oct. '60
A. M. Mends	f	J	Dec. '44	July '49
M. E. Parker	f	J	Jan. '46	Mar. '47
F. S. Aldred	m	J	April '46	July '46
D. W. Durdin	f	J	July '46	July '46 (Transferred to Wessex Gdns)
L. J. Offord	m	J	Nov. '46	July '47 Sept. '48 Dec. '52
L. Lewis	m	J	March. '47	April '48
J. R. Steele	m	J	Sept. '47	July '48
E. Hunter	f	J	April '48	
E. T. Ensom	f	J	Nov. '48	
E. R. Haynes	m	J	April '49	Nov. '52
D. M. Atkinson	f	J	Sept. '49	Dec. '51
C. I. Telford	f	J	Jan. '50	July '56
E. M. Wheeler	f	J	June '50	July '52
M. R. Neal	f	J	Sept. '50	July '52
R. M. Phillips	f	J	Sept. '50	July '52
A. L. Lewis	m	J	Sept. '50	Oct. '53
C. Thomas	f	J	Sept. '50	Mar. '51
A. A. S. Downing	m	H.M.	Jan. '51	July '71
B. T. Hughes	f	J D.Hd.'66	Sept. '51	July '70
G. Cursons	f	J	Jan. '52	July '65
M. B. Pack	f	J	Jan. '51	July '75
J. B. Furzman	m	J	Sept. '52	July '53
D. S. Webb	m	J D.Hd.'70	Sept. '52	April '79
J. Cantwell	f	J	Sept. '52	July '53
J. Hobson	m	J	Sept. '52	July '57
B. C. Blitt	f	J	Sept. '52	Dec. '54
C. F. Dolling	m	J	Jan. '53	July '56
J. Brentnall	m	J	Sept. '53	Jan. '56
B. Findlay	f	J	Sept. '53	April '54
K. Haggitt	f	J	Sept. '53	April '54
G. Carter	f	J	Sept. '54	Mar. '59
J. T. Snowden	m	J	Sept. '54	July '55
F. Lumb	m	J	Jan. '55	July '56
M. Lightfoot	f	J	Jan. '56	Dec. '56
S. Dempsey	f	J	Sept. '56	July '60
P. Langley	f	J	Jan. '57	July '57
T. Hill	f	J	Jan. '57	April '57
I. Stone	f	J	April '57	Dec. '61
L. Butcher	m	J	Sept. '57	Sept '59
S. Doran	f	J	Sept. '59	Dec. '59
W. Layton	m	J	Jan. '60	July '61
O. Banham	f	J	April '60	Julv '62
Mrs. M. Luke		Secretary	1945	1973
J. McGregor	f	J	Sept. '60	Dec. '63
J. Edwards	m	J	Sept. '61	July '62
M. Foster	f	J	Jan. '62	July '66
(Mrs. Heath)				
B. M. Collins	m	J	Sept. '62	Dec. '63
V. Harris	f	J	Sept. '63	Dec. '64
D. Canwell	f	J	Jan. '64	July '66
E. Maxwell	f	J	Jan. '64	July '64
W. Graham	f	J	Sept. '64	July '72
M. Comer	f	J	April. '65	July '66
H. Lockwood	f	J	Sept. '65	July '68
A. Bays	m	J	Sept. '65	July '68
S. Murphy	f	J	Jan. '66	Dec. '66
A. Richardson	f	J	Jan. '66	July '68
E. Ellis	m	J	Sept. '66	July '68
P. Morton	f	J	Sept. '66	June '68

Name	Sex	Dept.	Appointed	Left
M. Hill	f	J	Sept. '66	July '72
P. Heyne	f	J	Jan. '67	
B. Martin	f	J	Sept. '67	July '68
J. Barrette	f	J	Sept. '67	July '69
F. Bridges	m	J	Sept. '68	July '69
O. Stewart	f	J	Sept. '68	July '70
E. Moir	f	J	Sept. '68	July '72
B. Mistry	m	J	Sept. '68	April '71
M. Dyson	m	J	Sept. '68	July '71
B. Mitchell	f	J	Sept. '68	July '73
D. Marriott	f	J	Supply	Jan. '69
W. Shaw	m	J	Sept. '69	July '70
B. Service	f	J	Sept. '69	July '73
R. Allright	f	J	Sept. '70	July '71
M. Crispin	f	J	Sept. '70	Jan. '72
M. Wallman	f	J	Sept. '70	July '74
G. Brown	f	J	1974	1975
J. P. Bowman	f	J	1976	1977
P. F. Bucci	m	J	1972	1973
A. E. Burden	f	J	1972	1973 and 1974
A. Davies	f	J	1975	1976
S. M. Dennis	f	J	1968	1972
D. Gandy	m	J	1972	1973
P. A. Healy	f	J	1975	1975
L. Heather	f	J	1977	1979
W. C. Henry	f	J	1973	1975
A. C. Hulcoop	f	J	1972	1976
F. D. Johnston	f	J	1975	1977
A. E. Lorenz	f	J	1971	1972
M. F. Marks	f	J	1972	1975
O. C. Millar	f	J	1972	1975
J. Miller	f	J	1971	
M. E. Munzer	f	J	1977	1980
E. M. Nicholas	f	J	1968	1972
A. Philip	f	J	1973	1977
A. R. Pollen	f	J	1972	1973
C. A. Robinson	f	J	1977	1980
B. Scott-Hughes	m	J	1973	
D. P. Sotiris	f	J	1973	1977
E. M. Smith	f	J	1976	1977
S. Taylor	f	J	1973	1976
E. M. Vear	f	J	1975	1977
D. C. W. Wingate	f	J	1957	1976
J. M. Wilkinson	f	J	1971	1972

#### INFANT DEPARTMENT

Name	Sex	Dept.	Appointed	Left
M. M. Chick	f	H.M.	Aug. '34	July '46
A. E. Reed	f	I D.Hd.	Aug. '34	May '50
(Transferred as Headmistress to St. Andrews Temporary School May '37- Aug '42)				
P. M. Trott	f	I	Sept. '34	July '50
B. M. Knee	f	I	Aug. '35	July '54
Fenn, Mrs.	f	I	Mar. '36	
D. Bleasdale	f	I	Aug. '36	Mar. '39
(Mrs. Taylor)				
M. Barlow	f	I	Aug. '37	Dec. '43
(Mrs. Vivian)				
D. Harrison	f	I	Jan. '38	July '38
M. Burnell	f	I	Aug. '39	Dec. '40
E. Hughes	f	I	Jan. '41	July '51
M. Grieve	f	I	Aug. '41	July '45
H. Griffiths	f	I	Dec. '41	July '42
M. Connor	f	I	Mar. '41	Feb. '44
M. C. Mason	f	I	Jan. '44	Oct. '47
E. Mosby	f	I	Mar. '44	April '49
O. Stirling	f	I	Aug. '44	April '46
O. Brown	f	I	Sept. '45	Mar. '53
M. Opie	f	I	June '46	
D. Freeman	f	I	Sept. '46	Jan. '47
Bucher, Mrs.	f	I	Sept. '46	July '52
B. Kraut	f	I	Feb. '47	April '47
E. M. Wilson	f	H.M.	Mar. '47	July '67
E. M. Wheeler	f	I	Sept. '47	Jan. '48
Banfield, Mrs.	f	D.Hd.	Sept. '48	July '64
Redfern	f	I	Sept. '49	Aug. '50
Wickham-Smith	f	I	Sept. '49	July '51

Name	Sex	Dept.	Appointed	Left
Colls	f	I	Sept. '49	July '60
Phillips	f	I	May '50	
P. Worthington	f	I	July '50	April '52
Barnes	f	I	April '51	
R. Neill	f	I	Sept. '51	April '62
(Mrs. Harvey)			Sept. '67	
J. P. Hunt	f	I	Sept. '52	July '54
S. Gosden	f	I	April '53	April '54
M. E. Wheeler	f	I	Sept. '53	July '61
N. Winna	f	I	April '54	July '56
J. Taylor	f	I	April '59	Dec. '59
Smith	f	I	Jan. '60	Dec. '60
P. Coles	f	I	Sept. '49	July '60
(Mrs. Baulch)				
King	f	I	Sept. '60	July '67
V. Barrett	f	I	Sept. '61	July '67
M. Greenland	f	I	Sept. '61	July '63
Shear, Mrs.	f	I	Jan. '63	
Pope, Mrs.	f	I	Jan. '63	Dec. '73
Hewgill	f	I	Sept. '63	
Stanley	f	I	Sept. '63	July '65
Long	f	I	Sept. '64	July '65
Windsor, Mrs.	f	I	Sept. '65	April '68
Roberts, Mrs.	f	I	Sept. '65	July '66
Steele	f	I	Sept. '65	July '66
Bisson, Mrs. B. A.	f	I	Nov. '65	
Wellard	f	I	Sept. '66	July '68
M. Beacham	f	H.M.	Sept. '67	
F. Crow, Mrs.	f	D.Hd.	April '61	July '76
C. Finch	f	I	Sept. '67	July '70
E. McClure	f	I	Sept. '67	Sept. '69
E. Lee	f	I	Jan. '68	Sept. '75
(Mrs. Brooker)				
I. Rouse, Mrs.	f	I	Sept. '68	Oct. '79
J. Coombes, Mrs.	f	I	Sept. '68	Dec. '69
M. Ramsdale, Mrs.	f	I	Sept. '69	July '72
C. Moore, Mrs.	f	I	Jan. '70	Dec. '70
L. Crompton	f	I	April '70	Dec. '70
C. Frost, Mrs.	f	I	Sept. '71	July '73
J. Perry, Mrs.	f	I	April '71	July '73
S. Goble	f	I	Sept. '73	April '76
(Mrs. Stroud)				
R. Jaquet	f	I	Sept. '73	July '75
C. Spence	f	I	Sept. '73	July '74
B. Wettreich, Mrs.	f	I	Sept. '74	June '76
S. Rosmarin.	f	I	Sept. '74	Nov. '79
(Mrs. Neale)				
G. Mittelholzer	f	I	Sept. '75	April '79
C. Whipp	f	D.Hd.	Sept. '76	
L. Blake, B.Sc.	f	I	Sept. '76	July '80
(Mrs. Drucker)				
H. Spearman, Mrs.	f	I	Sept. '76	Oct. '77
N. Hashmi, Mrs.			Sept. '72	July '78
G.M.A.	f	I	re-appointed April '79	
E. Barnes	f	I	Sept. '78	
B. Wardle	f	Nursery Teacher	Sept. '78	
J. Sullivan	f	Nursery Assistant	Sept. '78	
B. J. Burman, Mrs.	f	I	Feb. '80	
S. Joseph, B.Ed.	f	I	Sept. '80	
D. Wingate	f	Pianist		
G. Winny, Mrs.	f	Welfare Assistant	Sept. '61	
M. Morris	f	Welfare Assistant	Sept. '79	
J. Osborne, Mrs.	f	Clerical Assistant	Sept. '67	
D. Saxton	m	Caretaker	1956	June '76
P. Carder	m	Caretaker	Sept. '76	
A. Stebbings	m	Gardener	1969	

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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### DOCUMENTARY REFERENCES FROM:

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2. Ordinance Survey for maps reproduced from the 1913 Ordinance Survey map.
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 Mrs. C. I. Telford.  
 Mrs. R. Harvey (Miss Neill).  
 Mrs. Bisson.  
 Mrs. R. Levy. The Mayor of Barnet 1979-80 and Chairman of the Governors

EX-PUPILS	DECADE	STATUS
Miss M. Fenner, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.	1930-40	Headmistress of Orange Hill Junior School
Mr. A. Stebbings	1930-40	Gardener at Deansbrook
Mr. M. Ridout	1940-50	Company Secretary
Professor A. Ridout	1940-50	Professor at the Royal College of Music. Composer and Broadcaster.
Mr. R Walford	1940-50	Director of Studies in Education at Kings College and Pembroke College,Camb.
B.Sc.,B.D.,P.G.C.E., M.I Illinois.,M.A Camb. Professor D. Straughan	1940-50	Director of Pharmacology with Glaxo Group Research at Greenford.
Mr. C. Marshall	1940-50	Executive Vice-President Norton Simon Inc, New York, USA
Dr. A. R. C. Pack	1950-60	Senior Lecturer in Dentistry University of Otago, New Zealand
B.D.S., Ph.D. F.D.S.R.C.S (Eng.)		
Dr. R. Tweed,	1950-60	Research at University of Brest, France
B.Sc., Ph.D.		
Mr. A. Walles	1950-60	Senior Administrative Officer and Head of Superannuation Dept N.U.T
Mr. G. Nichols, BA	1960-70	Researcher into Productivity Schemes at Strathclyde University
Mr. P. Nichols	1960-70	B.A. in P.P.E. Christchurch College, Oxford 1980
Mr. P. Rowbottom	1960-70	Studying for a degree in Sculpture
Miss K. Jerram	1970-80	Pupil at North London Collegiate School

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**MARY B. PACK, April 1981**