

CLARION RECALL Number 26

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A group of familiar faces at the JK 75th anniversary party offer a toast to everyone for a good 2008!

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EDITORIAL

Well, readers, it's quite an action-packed issue this time! There are reports (and pictures) on the two social events of 2007 where ex JKCYC-members have gathered (the JK 75th anniversary in June and the holiday in France at Derek Holden's lovely holiday home), and a welcome avalanche of other messages and contributions.

In the featured articles, Shirley, our Publisher, writes about a fascinating double-adventure in India, and Joan Ford (nee Warland) gives us a glimpse of life in Spain, as well as recalling the Upper Chine house-party holidays. Jean Cockerell (nee Bertram) recalls some past days costuming JKCYC shows and ex-leader Malcolm Cherry, writes about a recent visit to Ely Cathedral and a past one to Canterbury.

Thanks everybody for your contributions and keep them coming. It is really good to know what you are doing NOW as well as what you remember from the past --and even if you only pen a few lines on some topic or other, it will help to keep you in touch with the rest of us (and perhaps also restore an old friendship or two). So do it now, before you get immersed in Christmas preparations --or perhaps do it in that dull patch between Christmas and New Year, when the weather is foul, and everyone is sitting around wondering what to do.....

We have 'family' coming to us over Christmas, and for a few days we cast about wondering what 'event' we could all share in. Go to watch a football match (interesting for the men, but not for the ladies), go to the shops (interesting for the ladies, but not for the men), go to the races (well, it's likely to be rainy and very windy and there'll be a lot of standing around....).

In the end, we've booked tickets for the ice-show. We have 'The Russian All-Stars' (whoever they may be) coming to the Corn Exchange and they are doing 'Peter Pan on Ice' as a change from the usual pantomime fare. ...Which reminded me that back in the 1950s and 1960s JK parties more than once went to the late-lamented Wembley Empire Pool when it was also in use as an arena for ice-hockey and ice-shows. I'm sure we saw "The Dancing Years on Ice" and "The Wizard of Oz on Ice" in party bookings. No expensive hired transport,- we got there by taking buses (52 and then the 140) to Queensbury Station and then the tube to Wembley Park and then a walk.

I have misty memories of disembodied voices booming out over the loudspeakers, as elaborately garbed skaters twirled round and round trying to bring some personality to the pre-recorded dialogue. As I remember, the chief enjoyment of these shows was the spectacle of seeing scores of skaters creating Busby Berkeley-like patterns in the big chorus numbers (and, occasionally, one falling down to our general amusement). When we went for the ice-hockey, to watch the Wembley Lions or the Wembley Monarchs, there was the occasional fight on ice to raise the temperature and the extraordinary sight in the intervals of eight be-sweated men with brooms sweeping the ice in patterns, in time with the martial music.

Which set me thinking..... what are **your** memories of JKCYC visits, rambles, days out and 'Outdoor Activities' as I think they were called? We did plenty of things away from home base in those days (not counting sports fixtures) and had some lively times. Would you care to tell us now the secret inside story of the trip to the Margate illuminations, or the Susan Fairlie House weekend? Come on, it's far enough away now, for a few secrets to be revealed! It would make good reading for RECALL in 2008.

J K's 75th anniversary celebrations

The familiar grounds of John Keble Church looked smart and spry in the summer sunshine, as groups of ex-JKCYC and AYPAs members assembled and joined many others for the celebrations of the 75th anniversary of the church on the morning of July 15th. The Family Communion service had thoughtfully been put back an hour to 11 a.m. to allow those travelling from long distances to get there in time. As you looked round, 'instant recognition' operated in most cases, even for those whom you hadn't seen for forty years or more....

The organ played the opening voluntary, the choir filed in -- and the memories came flooding back. The service was familiar to all of us who had been confirmed and brought up at JK, though inevitably there have been some modernising changes. The curtains around the altar have gone, making the bare beauty of the wide sanctuary even more apparent; the priest now celebrates communion facing the congregation: there are girls in the choir; the order of service is slightly changed. But essentially it is still the JK morning service in the tradition that we knew. Oliver Osmond, the Vicar, himself almost a JK institution since he has been there for 25 years, preached a stirring sermon, there were some lovely hymns (both ancient and modern) and the church was thronged with worshippers from both past and present. To participate in the 'breaking of bread' is the central sacramental act of the Christian faith; and it is also the deep and universal symbol of hospitality -- and the wonderfully hospitable nature of the present JK congregation was much in evidence for the rest of the day.

After the service we all spilled out on to the patio beyond the West Doors (originally built, you will remember, largely by youth club hands, to be in time for Mavis Murch and Tony Carter's wedding) for a champagne reception in the sunshine. Old friends greeted each other warmly --even if occasionally preceded by a hesitant "Err excuse me, aren't you ..."-- before smiles of mutual recognition. Children hugely enjoying themselves on a Bouncy Castle set up on the green between the Hall and the Church summed up the spirit of the day.

Then we all wandered over to the Hall for a meal prepared, organised and served by an army of volunteers from the present-day members of the church. The Hall fire in 1991 has meant that there have been modernisations and improvements since we played 'shuttlecock over the chairs' though outwardly it looks the same. The much-improved kitchen is now on the opposite side to where it once was. 180 people (30-40 of them RECALL readers) were served both an ambitious and luscious lunch speedily and efficiently with a minimum of fuss, and with time to talk to their neighbours --as well as to seek out others on adjoining tables.

By 3 pm the noise of animated conversation (and frequent laughter) was deafening and it was time for a change of mood. Everyone filed back to the church for a concert, given by the present members of the JK choir, assisted by The Anselm Singers, a group also rehearsed and conducted by JK's present Master of the Music, John Barnard. Some of you may well know of John Barnard since he is the author of many published modern hymn tunes, and you may well sing Barnard settings at your church on a Sunday morning. Suffice to say, he follows in the best traditions of JK's past choirmasters and led an enjoyable and inspirational concert.

Then it was tea and scones at the back of the church before people reluctantly took their farewells of each other and went on their way. It was a notable anniversary (commemorating 75 years since the first services were held in the old green 'Hut' in 1932, the first building on the site) and honoured in suitable JK style. Some pictures on following pages, from the cameras of Barry Cockerell and Lizi Yareham will, we hope, enable you to recognise some familiar faces from your JK past who were there, and give you more of the flavour of the day.

Photos from JK's 75th ANNIVERSARY



**“Well, how are you? Haven’t seen you for twenty years!”
Old friends greet each other before the service in John Keble Church begins**



After the service, there is champagne on the patio

MORE 75th anniversary PHOTOS



A general picture of the packed JK Hall at the 75th anniversary lunch (Tony and Mavis Carter (left) and Ian, Alison and David Savage in the foreground).



A table of ex-JKCYC members share some reminiscences at lunch
On left of table (from front); Wendy Fisher (nee Symondson), Paul Fernberg, Sylvia Murch (nee Aldridge), Sylvia Fernberg (nee Elmore), Shirley Collman (nee Newman)
On right (just in picture); Evelyn Long (nee Johns)

SOME LETTERS TO THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHER FROM THOSE WHO COULDN'T MAKE IT TO THE JK 75TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

As a former JK curate, I can remember very clearly keeping the weekend of July 14/15 each year as the Patronal Festival and therefore I am very sad to be absent from the 75th anniversary celebrations. In 1966, which was the centenary of John Keble's death, I arranged an exhibition in the church during the Patronal Festival. It was my swansong before moving on to Stanmore in August 1966, just as we won the World Cup! Most of the material came from Keble College, Oxford, which lent it with very little checking as to my credentials. I am sure it could not be done so casually now!

I have had very little contact with JK since but I remember Beth Bray's father as churchwarden in my time. Also years later, I met Rex Walford at the Edinburgh Fringe; he was producing a play there, which of course, I went to see. Last time I came to JK was in 1986 for the 50th anniversary of the church building. I am exactly the same age as the church building, having been born about 10 weeks before the building was consecrated in December 1936. So you can work out that I am now 70. I have been retired from full-time ministry since 2001. As I am a Canon of Christchurch, Oxford, my main retirement ministry is regularly being the Day Canon at the Cathedral to welcome visitors and lead worship as required. This I enjoy very much. JK visitors, please make yourselves known, if you come! Please give my greetings to all who might remember me.

Brian Bailey (Oxford)

Unfortunately our travel beyond Exmoor is limited now, as we have two Labradors to accommodate and exercise daily, and this inhibits holidays and outings. Thus we cannot join you on either of the 2007 reunion events (sorry, Derek!).

My grandfather Jeremy lived in Sefton Avenue (a house later occupied by the Warlands, I think) and one of the earliest photos of me is in the garden with him. My father lived there for a while and met my mother, who was also living in Mill Hill (near the Swimming Pool), and hence my own connection with the area. We lived in Langley Crescent, near other JK 'family', Ron Steer, and the Farmers in Mount Grove. I failed to get into the JK choir and it was some years later when, having moved to Newcombe Park (near Berenice Sanders) and gone to Christ's College, Finchley, I fell in with a number of others who introduced me to JK and the Youth Club. Thus I came to know Arthur Banham, Les Walker, 'Bunty' Arnot, and Geoff Owen. It is interesting to look back and see what a formative time it was and how long-term friendships were made, let alone how future spouses emerged. On another tack, I remember JK introducing me to Mixed Hockey (as a goalie).. after which hockey at the RMA Sandhurst was child's play. My efforts at table-tennis were to be curtailed by the lack of a table there, so I rest on my role as cannon-fodder for the rest of the JK TT brigade..... Best wishes to you all.

David Jeremy (Instow, Devon)

Must apologize for not replying to your e-mail of some 6 weeks ago!! I do not seem to be able to attend anything these days – I had to miss Ken Pinner's memorial day and yesterday (the 75th anniversary day at JK) I was tied up with a Ladies Cricket match, for the first time ever, and since one of the teams came from Bath, they had to start early to get home before Monday! I will try to attend something soon although France is not possible because of my dog – I find it difficult to leave him with anyone. He's a temperamental little sh---! Pass on my best wishes to everyone.

Geoff Owen (Woodside Park, Middlesex)

Unfortunately, I shall not be able to come to the 75th anniversary celebrations..... and that means it is too difficult for Serena too, as she relies on me to bring her along. We would have loved to have been there. Please pass on my good wishes to everyone.

Jennifer Robinson (nee Wicks-Bagot) (Gloucestershire)

My daughter and I were due to come over to England this July but plans have changed and we have postponed our trip until 2008. I would love to attend just one more JKCYC reunion before my demise, but if I don't hurry up, I will never make it, will I? It was very thoughtful of you to let me know of the 75th anniversary celebrations and I appreciate it. Please pass on my love to anyone and everyone who remembers me still.

Elizabeth Taillie (nee Dawson) (Mangawhai, New Zealand)

We have also had letters from **Ann Young (nee Brookson), Richard Whitfield, Muriel Olin (nee West), Roger and Jennifer Sands, Peter Broxis, Stephen Pike** (in Cyprus), **Frances Wilkinson (nee Webb), Chris Norman, and Beryl Read (nee Howard)** regretting that they were unable to be there and sending good wishes.

AND ONE LETTER RECEIVED BY OUR PUBLISHER AFTER THE 75TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS (TO SUM IT ALL UP....)

Hi, Ricky and Shirley! Good to see you both at the JK birthday. I thought that it was a wonderful day. It brought back many happy memories for me. The organisers were fantastic, -- every bit as good as we ex-JKCYC used to be.... Best wishes

Henry Tuppen (Halton, Bucks)

AND SOME OTHER LETTERS RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE.....

I have enjoyed the recent CLARION RECALL and thank you, Shirley, and Rex, for your outstanding enthusiasm and expertise -- long may it continue. It was interesting to read of the current youth club activities. If they have a fraction of the fun that we enjoyed and more importantly, the life-long friendships that we treasure, they will be lucky.

Don Wright (Christchurch, Dorset)

Many thanks for all your hard work regarding CLARION RECALL. I do so enjoy receiving and reading it.

Patsy Wray (nee Pinner) (Milford-on-Sea, Hants)

Thank you for the March edition of CLARION RECALL. RECALL frequently harks back to the Motleys: and so perhaps it is worth mentioning that near us here, in East Grinstead, is Standen now a National Trust house, but originally the home of the Beales, Mrs Motley's family. (I can remember visiting it with Mrs Motley and her two children in the mid-1950s when it was still inhabited by a very grand old-lady generally referred to as Great Aunt Helen). During May 2007 there was a special exhibition about the Beale family including a picture or two of Mrs Motley as a child. Unfortunately notice of this will almost certainly be out of date by the time of your next edition, but Standen is well worth visiting at any time!

Roger Sands (East Grinstead)

(Editor's note -- I am sure there was at least one visit to Standen from ex-JKCYC members in the 1980s, when both Edward and Elizabeth Motley were both alive and living in a house in the grounds; despite the passing of the years, Mo greeted everyone with bear hug as if they were still his JK young sprigs.....).

JOHN KEBLE-ITES IN FRANCE, 2007

A report from 'the two Sylvias' on a summer excursion to Derek Holden's..... chateaux(?)

The second of the JKCYC 2007 Re-unions took place at Derek Holden's Summer home in Manzagol, Ussel (in the Dordogne area) during 16th - 26th September. Ten of us travelled by Air/Ferry /Road and stayed for ten days. The ten were: Shirley (nee Newman) & Richard Collman, Joy (nee Farmer) & Tom Oliver, Wendy (nee Symondson) & Peter Fisher, Paul & Sylvia (nee Elmore) Fernberg, Sheila Claydon and Sylvia Murch (nee Aldridge); four more joined us Dawn (nee Butler) & Robin Grey and Jan (nee Fernberg) & Alain Grenier for a few days and stayed in the villa next door.

The houses are set on a hillside beside a huge lake (Lac de la Triouzoune) in a very wooded area where we enjoyed some nice, relaxing walks.

Derek was a brilliant host and excelled himself with the catering and organisation. His vast repertoire of jokes has increased even more than 15 years ago - when we last visited - and the wine flowed profusely. We had many a good laugh and a real fun time. Evenings were spent wining and dining either at home or in one of the local hostelrys. After dinner (no speeches!) we were entertained by Derek's collection of "allo 'allo" videos which helped to improve our franglaise no end!

Derek is a qualified water-ski instructor and offered us lessons which were politely declined. However we did settle for a spin or two in his boat: on one occasion he was told off for going too fast (nothing new there, then).

Obviously we explored the local beauty spots and villages. Neuvic is the nearest village to Manzagol - a pretty, typical French village, it was a pleasure to buy our provisions from the local butcher, baker etc instead of the usual large chain supermarket! The Dordogne valley has a landscape that is both wild and volcanic and man has also added interesting features like the Barrage de Bort-les-Orgues (2nd largest dam in Europe), in the same area is the beautiful Chateau de Val a feudal fortress dating from 1440.

One excursion was a trip to Tulle via Correze an old fortified town situated on a river of the same name where we partook of coffee and liqueurs (we were then fortified ourselves!) and travelled on to Tulle, the main administrative centre of the Correze region and apparently the capital of the accordion and lace making industries. It really is a very pretty town unfortunately because it was Sunday all the shops were closed (sighs of relief from the fellas!).

Our next port of call was to the medieval town of Salers, which appeared to be very little changed since the 14th century. However it is a really busy tourist attraction and we were lucky to remember to make an early booking at the local Logis de France (Le Bailliage Hotel/Restaurant) and enjoyed a really excellent meal.

Our Grand Finale was a super Tapas evening (compliments of Dawn and Robin), we all entered into the spirit of the evening - ladies had to wear flowers in their hair (sorry Derek for raiding your hydrangea bushes) and the men were obliged to sport bandanas. *(Is this a misprint for 'bananas'? After all, this is at Derek's... --Ed)*

The food was excellent and we finished off the evening by watching a film from Derek's video library - 'The Road to Perdition' - hope this doesn't turn out to be a portent for the future!

An early start for the return journey but we all managed to wake up in plenty of time and had a nice uneventful return to the UK.

Once again a big 'Thank You' to Derek and we hope you enjoy the Moet et Chandon

Vive la France!



Derek Holden, man of (French) property, (formerly known as 'The Carpet King' aka 'Mr JK Table-tennis') concentrates on keeping his boat on the road (so to speak)



There was entertainment and enjoyment indoors.....



....and outdoors.

A Hindu Wedding Invitation, Lucknow, India

Shirley and Ricky Collman experience an Indian wedding and also provide helpful hints for those who might be thinking of visiting the sub-continent

Parth works with Ricky and invited us to his marriage to Sweetie. This was an experience too good to miss as we had not been to India and we decided to include a tour of Northern India. He advised us to book our return flights to Delhi with Southall Travel Tel: 0870 900 3000 (www.southalltravel.co.uk) and to exchange money and book our tour in India with TCI (Travel Corporation India Private Ltd. www.tciindia.com) thus saving at least two thirds of the cost of booking in the UK and getting a better rate of exchange. Bank of India was in Delhi airport where we changed pounds for rupees. Beware of damaged notes! They are not accepted in India and Bank of India gave us one. Parth's uncle Amit eventually changed it for us via his contacts, as we were otherwise unable to use it.

We left home on Monday 16th April and arrived in Delhi at 11 am on Tuesday 17th April. Southall Travel arranged our return flights with Virgin Atlantic and for us to be met and driven to the Connaught Hotel for two nights. The cost of our return flights was £748.00 and transfers and two nights 4* accommodation including breakfast was £185.00. There was a travel agent based at the hotel who arranged a sightseeing trip of Delhi for us in an air conditioned car with a guide on Wednesday. It was very hot 35 degrees plus. So many people. A land of the **very** rich and the **very** poor, where sacred cows roam amongst the traffic. Motor bikes with families of five aboard, crowded buses, tic-taks, bicycles for the family, we were amazed.

Parth had arranged an early flight from Delhi to Lucknow at 10 am on Thursday morning. Amit, Parth's uncle in the Indian Airforce met us with 2 cars and a police escort, VIP's! One of Parth's uncles was Chief of Police! We travelled to Clarks Hotel. We went shopping in the afternoon with Parth and Amit as we were requested to wear Indian costume for his wedding (Barat). Unfortunately the sizes were for small people. Ricky was okay and chose a long white cotton lacy top, white trousers and a long scarf. There was only one outfit large enough in grey for me with very long trousers. I was assured that they would be altered and delivered to our hotel.

Then we went shopping for Indian shoes. Ricky again was able to find a pair that would suit Aladdin's genie but my size 7 feet were not so lucky. I squeezed into a beaded pair eventually and as the wedding (Barat) ceremony was imminent we returned to the hotel. Parth insisted on paying for our outfits which was very embarrassing. His family had also paid for our flights from Delhi to Lucknow and the hotel with breakfast which we stayed at for four nights. When the outfits arrived my trousers were still too long so I suffered tight shoes avoiding tripping over the trouser bottoms.

We were collected from the hotel and taken to a nearby house. Barat festivities started at 7 pm with a procession to the bride's house with drums, illuminations powered by two generators, police escort again, and fireworks - the lot! We were very relieved to be in a taxi with Amit avoiding kerosene fumes from the generators and the dust and heat, still very hot in the evening.

The Barat ceremony was very interesting with many family and guests. The bride and groom each had their own priests and sat in an elaborate sort of tabernacle with them. The bride, in a beautiful sari was covered in jewellery and tattoos. The groom had an elaborate headdress and white costume. The ceremonies went on until 4 am. We were very tired and left with Amit after 1 am. My jippy tummy and sore feet were ready for bed.

On Friday morning a taxi called for us at 7 am for sightseeing but we were too tired and slept until 11 am missing breakfast. From our hotel windows we could see across the river where people were busy doing their washing and cows and other animals were bathing. We were collected by car and taken to TCI travel agents to arrange our tour of Northern India. From there we were taken to the guest house where Parth's father and mother and some of Parth's family were staying and spent an interesting afternoon with them singing Indian songs. Ricky made a spectacle of himself singing a solo,--an old scout song I think!

The wedding reception was on Saturday evening with over 1000 guests. I was able to wear my own evening clothes and was comfortable! There was a huge marquee with a stage decorated with beautiful flowers. Each guest had a garland of flowers and the bride and groom were on the stage and received each guest on arrival with wedding gifts that were collected at the back of the stage. The food was vegetarian, buffet style. Parth's mother is a vegan but he, Sweety and his father do eat some meat on occasions.

We were introduced to all the relations as VIP guests from England. They were lovely people and made us so welcome. Amit looked after us and told us of his arranged marriage and we met his wife and two lovely daughters. He was introduced to his wife to be, a teacher and decided that she was exactly what he wanted and he wanted to be married to her within a week while he was on leave. His wish was granted; he was married to her and has had a very happy marriage.

On Sunday in Lucknow we went sightseeing in the car provided for us and in the evening Parth, Sweety and his parents came to our hotel to join us for a farewell dinner. There was a lot of food left and Parth had it all boxed up for the poor. He said he knew where to take it and we were so pleased to see that the very rich do look after the very poor.

On Monday 23rd April we got up at 3.30 am to depart from Lucknow by AC car for Varanasi at 5 am on a 6 hour journey. We checked in at Hotel Radisson at 12.00 and after a freshen up and lunch were taken by AC car, driver and guide to Samath sightseeing. The temperature was now 40 degrees plus. We had a much needed free evening at the hotel. On Tuesday we were ready at 5.00 am to go to Ganga Ghat and Temples. Our guide took us to the Ganges where the pilgrims bathe each day. We walked between sleeping adults, children, dogs and cows, down the steep cobbled slope and steps to the river. A fantastic dawn was breaking over the Ganges and we took a boat and were rowed along by the river banks. We let our floating flower candle drift away among the bathers and motionless monks floating in a Yoga trance. There were funeral pyres on the steep slopes which we were not allowed to photograph. Piles of wood were ready to cremate the bodies. The bells of the temples were ringing, calling people to prayer. It was an amazing experience.

We proceeded to Varanasi airport at 10.30 to connect flight to Khajuraho at 12.20 and arrived at 13.00 to be driven to 5* Hotel Taj Chendela for two nights. We had a city tour and visited Temples. You begin to get 'temple-itis' after a while!

Next morning we were up at 5.45 am, breakfast and 7 am car and guide for a full day sightseeing Khajuraho. Each guide it must be said had his own factory shop which had to be visited. It was very difficult not to accept their hospitality and buy their goods. One of the guides told us that his wife could not read or write and did not want to learn but she was a good cook and housewife and he was happy.

We had another driver that wanted to overtake all the time and we were very frightened. He obviously could not see and kept popping out from directly behind vehicles. Eventually Ricky could stand it no longer and gave him a short lecture on overtaking so we are still alive.

On Thursday 26th we had breakfast at Hotel Taj Chendela, which was the best hotel so far. We left for Jhansi at 1.30 pm by AC car to connect with the Shatabdi Express at 5 pm for Agra. Porters heaved our large, heavy cases as if they were feathers on to their heads and it was a job to keep up with them. I had visions of our luggage disappearing. One porter had both on his head and balanced them somehow.

We were transferred to Hotel Clarks Shiraj for 2 nights. On Friday we had a full day sightseeing Agra Fort, Sikandra and Fatehpur Sikri. The Taj Mahal is closed on Fridays so we left at 6 am on Saturday to visit the Taj Mahal before breakfast and the heat of the day. On Saturday evening we were dropped off at Agra Cantt railway station at 5 pm to connect with the intercity express for Jaipur. We met some students on the train who were going to the Indian Institute of Technology to take an exam. The train was very late arriving (1 am instead of 10 pm) : they must have been very tired for their exam. We were transferred to Clarks Hotel Amer for 2 nights. On Sunday we had a full day at Jaipur seeing Amer Fort, City Palace and Hawa Mahai.

At 6 am on Monday we proceeded to Jodhpur, a 6 hour drive to Hotel Taj Hari Mahal for one night. We had a free evening for shopping. The drivers and guides were all very good and nearly all spoke reasonable English. I did have a toilet problem with the 6 hour drive: the natives squat in the fields, so spotting what I thought looked a reasonable hotel I asked the driver to stop. I was getting desperate and hurried up the steps into the hotel to find a stand-up loo with no light. I managed to hold on to the door handle and bend my arthritic, creaking knees and breathed a sigh of relief. Ricky in the meantime had said we would stay for coffee, unfortunately there were so many flies that I declined. They were very nice and would not accept any money for my urgent visit.

We had a full day sightseeing on Tuesday 1st May and were dropped off at Jodhpur railway station at 6 pm to catch the Raj Sampak Kranti Express at 6.30 pm for Delhi, overnight on the train. Unfortunately Ricky was ill all night and joined me on the imodium diet. We think it was some iced coffee we had at the hotel. We had been very careful not to drink the water or eat salads! Fortunately we arrived at Delhi Sarai Rohilla Railway Station at 5 am and there was time to go to a hotel to freshen up and change, all included in the price of our tour. We left India at 1.25 pm on 2nd May and arrived at LHR at 5.55 pm allowing for the time difference.

It took us a few weeks to recover but it was a great experience. The price of the 11 day North India tour with TCI was 1720 US dollars per couple, £979.92 charged to our credit card. The hotels were excellent and dinners and laundry cost very little. TCI representatives always met us, escorted us at all transfers and we had no problems travelling on our own in Northern India.

The Musings of a Wardrobe Mistress

During a spell on the committee of JKCYC I was involved in two youth club shows, “**1066 and all that**” and “**Christmas Fare**“. Somehow I found myself appointed as Wardrobe Mistress for both shows - a grand title which meant cajoling cast members into organising their own costumes where possible.

There were some occasions when the sketches meant a little more effort on my part. One of these was “The Three Father Christmases“in the revue **Christmas Fare**. The church had one outfit, we managed to borrow another, but where were we to get the third? I decided to approach the manager of the Co-operative department store in Burnt Oak Broadway, where the usual Santa’s Grotto was set up. As Santa was busy on the Saturday of our show, they agreed to lend us one and I arranged to collect the costume after the store closed, use it for the evening and return it back to the store on Monday. I cannot recall which of our Father Christmases, (Roy Streatfield, Derek Holden or Dallas le Page), wore it.

The second show, “**1066 and all that.**” provided another challenge. Many white bed sheets were used as togas, held in place by a multiplicity of safety-pins. Other costumes were kindly lent by The Good Companions, but the Roman army proved more difficult. In the end I contacted The National Association of Boys Clubs (don’t ask how) which had a large collection of costumes. I was at that time working in Hatton Garden so I was able to collect six Roman soldier costumes from a store near Blackfriars. I can’t remember how I got them home, presumably via the Northern Line! The ‘soldiers’ were asked to provide themselves with sandals and all looked resplendent in their costumes, but I decided that they needed a finishing touch by way of bindings up their legs.

On the night of the show several yards of tape having been acquired, each soldier had his legs bound in criss-cross fashion from ankle to knee. Perfect, I thought. Unfortunately as the soldiers marched across the stage singing “We’re going home, we’re going home, we’re on the road that leads to Rome” the bindings gradually started descending down each leg. The audience fell about laughing and one very embarrassed wardrobe mistress looked on in horror!!!

In spite of the odd setbacks, youth club shows were always fun. I can still see Donald Straughan dressed in full toga coming on stage in **1066** and saying “Scrivener - scriven this!”: Mrs. Walford sitting patiently at the piano for rehearsals and shows: and hearing Rex shout at the Octonaires, “For goodness sake, smile, you are supposed to be happy!”, when singing “Sleigh Ride” and “Winter Wonderland”.

It’s amazing that such memories are so clear and yet these days I often can’t remember what I climbed the stairs for!!

Jean Cockerell (nee Bertram)

MILL HILL, ELY AND CANTERBURY

Malcolm Cherry, former JKCYC leader, reflects on two July visits he made in 2007 and another he made nearly 60 years earlier.

Thanks to an E-mail from Shirley Collman I learnt of the celebration of JK’s 75th anniversary. I remember the 50th anniversary when former

clergy were invited back for a big con-celebration Eucharist including Bishop John Dennis, Oliver Osmond's predecessor.

It was fascinating and enjoyable to participate with the congregation on the 15th July at JK's Parish Communion, afterwards to enjoy the 'bubbly' and fellowship, not to forget the excellent luncheon. Then in the afternoon to be royally serenaded by excellent music thanks to the present Master of the Music, followed by tea. It was a different approach to the 50th. Apart from some former JKCYC members present, I was almost taken aback by those who came up to me (some I sadly did not recognise) who spoke to me about my time at JK.

The 15th July was preceded by another ecclesiastical experience for me which I had in Ely Cathedral on the 12th July. The Canon Pastor at Bury St. Edmunds Cathedral organised an evening visit to Ely when we were able to participate in a pilgrim approach to that magnificent Cathedral.

We were welcomed by Ely's Canon Missioner who took us around the building. We began at the West End walking the Victorian stone maze there, by the time we reached the centre it was the equivalent distance from the floor to the roof of the Cathedral at the West End. From there we moved to the font and the prayer fishing net nearby, and so on around the building. At each little station there was a brief talk about that part of the building, a time of reflection, a bible reading (read by one of the visitors), and an appropriate prayer said by all. It was indeed a time of pilgrimage and I commend it to Clarion Recall readers visiting Ely. When you have been, give us your views on the Madonna in the Lady Chapel above the altar. (*I think it is very bold and colourful, Malcolm, and I really like it -- but I don't think you do! -Ed*).

My visit to Ely reminded me of 1949. Demobbed from the RAF I began my theological training at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury. Students from that College took part in similar pilgrimages around Canterbury Cathedral. Three students at a time would act as crucifer and taperers. A retired canon preceded us gently ringing a campanologist's hand-bell, stopping at places to explain their significance followed by a short prayer with an invitation to join in the Lord's Prayer. As we proceeded we gathered more pilgrims/visitors. On some occasions we broke spontaneously into a hymn from memory, in particular I remember "There is a green hill..." A good number of people seemed to know the words.

It seems to me that these days it is good to have a prayerful approach to visiting a Cathedral as it might give an answer to the questions often asked to chaplains, welcomers and guides in cathedrals; "Do you use this building?" and "What is it used for?"

LIVING IN SPAIN

A letter to CLARION RECALL from Joan Ford (nee Warland)

When **Clarion Recall** arrives on the Costa del Sol, I always read it with great interest. As with all of us, we remember those happy J.K.C.Y.C. days of long ago. It just seemed time (and well overdue), to send some notes about my activities.

I cannot remember anyone previously having written about the youth club holiday on the Isle of Wight. About 20 of us joined a Church of England house party using the facilities of Upper Chine School - a boarding school for girls in Shanklin. Our luggage included hockey sticks, tennis rackets and table-tennis bats, and early in the week we played a hockey match against another youth group. Ralph Cox was the organizer at the centre, and he arranged tennis and table-tennis tournaments as well as taking us on some rambles. We had the use of the swimming pool and also swam in the sea.

One day was spent visiting the various attractions on the island in club members' cars. Places I recall are Carisbrooke House, the model village in Godshell, and Alum Bay where we bought miniature light-houses containing different coloured sands. We all enjoyed the local, open-air dance with the flashing lights.

At the end of this very enjoyable and exhausting week it was time to return home for most of us. However, Janet (nee Rook) Saffery and I decided to stay on longer, earning our keep by working. My job was operating the huge dish washer, whilst Janet waited at the tables. This enabled us to continue with the sporting activities in our free time.

Following my early retirement, (I was Head of P.E. and Middle School in a Brent Comprehensive), my husband Trevor and I decided to live in the sunshine. We have now been here for nearly 20 years. I realised early on that mastering the Spanish language was going to be essential, thereby improving the quality of life.

From our earliest days on the coast we knew that it was the inland scenery that provided quite spectacular walking opportunities. This to us is the real Spain. We set about finding maps and information on recommended routes for walkers. To our surprise we found that they just did not exist, and we were left to plan walks for ourselves. This we did with the help of well-established mule tracks through the mountains, marked on maps printed in the 1950s! Now, of course, there is an abundance of information for the hiking enthusiast. We had no difficulty in finding fellow walkers, but in order to lead the walks we had to work out the routes in advance using Hansel and Gretel piles of stones at strategic points to mark the way.

It has been a great source of satisfaction and tremendous enjoyment to be members of 2 thriving walking clubs. In addition to our regular club walks (of varying grades and distances), there are at least 4 excursions further afield each year. Sometimes we join up with Ramblers Holidays to one of their many destinations around the world. The month trip to New Zealand was the most notable to date.

Walking becomes too difficult in the summer heat, but early morning cycling along the promenade enjoyable. In 1992 we bought a second home in France (The Gers), with panoramic views of the Pyrenees. We were able to continue our walking in the mountains and cycling around the quiet, country lanes during the 4 summer months. Having sold this house after 14 years, our summer holidays involve plenty of cycling alongside the French canals - on the flat!

So you see, my earliest biking days at J.K. have been quite useful. Just how many times did I cycle from home to Mill Hill Park to play hockey and tennis matches?

Some years ago I became a founder member of a Hospice Cancer Care Centre, (Cudeca), in Benalmadena. There was no hospice in Andalucia, and thanks to tremendous fund-raising efforts and support from the community, the building is now complete, and operating for in-patients, an out-patients department, a day care centre and a home care programme. The President, Joan Hunt, was awarded an O.B.E. in the Queens Birthday Honours.

I visit England once a year, and it is such a pleasure to meet up with Rex and Wendy and Janet and Rob, and to catch up on the news of so many old friends. My sister Barbara has moved to Herefordshire, but my brother Peter still lives in Hampstead. I have such happy memories of my teenage years at J.K.C.Y.C., and I know how lucky we all were.

CAN YOU SPARE A SUB FOR THE CLUB?

We are happy to send you CLARION RECALL for free each time we publish, and we hopes it helps to revive memories for you and keep you in touch with old friends. Even though we have no salaried staff, all this printing and posting needs money, however, (it costs us nearly £100 per issue when we have counted up printing costs, paper used, packing and postage, etc). We are solvent at the moment, but not so much that you would notice So if you can spare us a donation towards costs now and again our publisher Shirley (for her address, see the front page) would be happy to receive it.

Book of the Year 2007?

JK and the growth of “New London” 1918-1945

Roland Orr takes a critical eye to the editor’s recent outpourings

This frank reviewer should explain that although this distinguished magazine has often explained what happened in JKCYC, there have been some gaps. For example R N Orr & M J Day chose not to publish their “*JK Guide to hitch-hiking round Europe*”, and Wisden did not publish Geoff Owen’s “*The JKCYC Guide to Cricket*”. There are gaps about JK before 1932, 1936 and 1945 (this includes how children can sing well in School Air Raid Shelters and learn their tables under the Deansbrook fast track maths system). Edward Motley’s “*How to build a safe (?) JK rope railway*” was not published, and his “*How to serve JK sweet tea after the buzz-bombs go bang*” was censored for WW2 security reasons. Former JKCYC Secretary Rex Walford has come to the rescue. Rex’s modest 512-page hard-cover book has now been published by The Edwin Mellen Press: outline details of it can be accessed at

<http://www.mellenpress.com/mellenpress.cfm?bookid=7108&pc=9> on-line.

The full title of this very readable semi-academic book (with a picture of JK on the front and one of a certain well known University of Cambridge Emeritus Wolfson College Fellow on the back) is called: *“The Growth of “New London” in Suburban Middlesex (1918-1945) and the response of the Church of England”*. ISBN No 13 987 0 7734 5352 4 (special discount available via Rex himself--see below) and printed in USA for easy speed reading. It is dedicated to Wendy, a daughter of a pioneer family who moved into the Middlesex suburbs in between the two world wars – just like many of our own parents.

There is a Commendatory Preface by the Dean of Trinity Hall, Cambridge and a very interesting Foreword by the Bishop of London: so clearly this is an OK readable book printed on an easy-to-read basis. I liked the clear US printing style and layout very much. To me, it seems that, also, Dr Rex Walford OBE is clearly a very successful fast stream graduate of suburban Middlesex’s most successful School of Linguistics as he used Deansbrook literacy methodology – as those of us also do who have completed that academic course in the past.

This book is quite fascinating, being an eclectic pick and mix of human geography, ecclesiastical history, sociology, theology, architecture, and even liturgical studies – all based on a huge amount of personal basic real document research. It’s the kind of book you can dip into by selecting an interesting topic from the Index or Contents pages – or you can read it on a Chapter basis. This means that it suits those of us who are both Left and/or Right Brain dominant.

There is both tremendous detail and yet a very interesting holistic story, reflecting the story of our ‘pioneer’ parents to some extent. For example, pages 162 to 165 show exactly how JK became JK by name – a ‘Priest Reformer Poet Saint’ and a ‘first’ in England. JK cost £16,000: 25% of it raised by JK locally. The rest of the money came from churches in Westminster and the sale of St Mary Charing Cross Road.

There are attendance tables from 1933 to 1941 and early details concerning the Choir, Youth Organizations and the Good Companions. The author did not mention my 1937/38 attempts to count the number of squares in the JK ceiling, but his statistical research for population growth in Middlesex in easy-to-read tables makes up for this minor omission. JK still is an active church as can be seen at <http://www.johnkeble.org.uk/>

Within the (462 + xiv +12+ 24 =) 512 pages there are 4 pages of a detailed Table of Contents, 10 Chapters, 3 Appendices, 38 maps and drawings, 24 Illustrations and 27 Tables and a good General Index of 13 pages and then 4 pages of a Churches Index with 51 pages on JK being around 10% probably because the author had good access to JK’s PCC Minutes and other documents. This format allows us to go straight to those things that interest us.

The book soon covers the post-1914-1918 Great War situation and the building of semi detached houses and flats in the fields of suburban Middlesex to buy on a mortgage, or to rent. In such places as Upper Hale, Mill Hill, which was within walking distance of an ‘Underground’ station, our parents could easily work in London or near home.

The Bishop of London realised that he had too many semi-empty churches in the City of London but too few or none in the suburbs. His unpopular (in the City!) strategy was to sell in the City and build in the suburbs. The Bishop of Willesden was put in charge of the “Forty-Five Churches Fund” to which even the King contributed. This acted as a catalyst to build churches but local money had to be raised too. My perception is that the Bishop of

Willesden, Guy Vernon-Smith, was the overall driving force for the building programme (16 references in the index) and the follow up Mission Strategy. He seems to be an unexpected reason why 'our JKCYC' existed.

The most interesting part of the book, for me, was the five Case Studies within 100 pages or so. The success, or otherwise, of five very different churches were evaluated - with JK and St Alban North Harrow considered great successes. To discover the reasons, you will have to buy the book!

The author ends his book by challenging the Church of England by asking three questions:

- 1 Why was there success?
- 2 Why has this success been overlooked?
- 3 What is the wider significance?

His 1918-1945 dates don't really fully cover the reasons for the success of JKCYC, but in our day we had some wonderful friends and some wonderful Curates.

The author is clearly talented and I look forward to his possible future book on the developments of the amateur and professional musical theatre scene between 1945 and 2010.

Kent, November 2007

Editor's Note; Thanks Roland! If anyone does want to buy the book, if they drop me a line (or an e-mail--for address, see front cover) I can send them a 'flier' which will enable them to buy the book for £24.99 (plus the costs of postage and packing) rather than at the inflated price that the publishers charge libraries and institutions.

I must say that it has been a very interesting task to research and write the book, not least because of the opportunities I've had to re-visit many of JK's neighbouring parishes and talk to the local historians who have so faithfully kept the records of their own churches, since their inception in the 1930s. Most of the parishes seem lively and thriving.

CLARION CALLS

After thirteen years in the job, **Paula Storey** has laid down the editorship of JK's monthly newspaper FOCUS. Paula has done a great job meeting the regular deadlines and keeping the news of JK bright and lively, as those who still subscribe to FOCUS will know. A warm welcome to the new editor, **Lizi Yareham** who supplied some of the 75th anniversary pictures to us for this issue of RECALL. Lizi takes over at the time of FOCUS's fiftieth anniversary. Many of the readers of RECALL will remember FOCUS replacing the old JK Journal in 1957 and, with an initial circulation of 2000 quickly becoming a feature of parish life. Good to know it is still going..... RECALL on the other hand is quite a youngster --our first issue was in August 1987, --only 20 years ago.

Another 'feature of parish life' at JK for a long time has been **George Ramsey**, whom many RECALL readers will remember as a contemporary. George grew up in JK parish and went to the Sunday Schools, married a 'JK girl' Mary Andrews, and then lived near to the church where he worshipped regularly. He was a marvellously faithful and hard-working member of

the church for all of his life, besides running the famous "George's Kitchen" cafe at the Green Man. He served as churchwarden, vergers and hall manager and did a hundred other jobs. George died in June, following a short illness and there have been many tributes paid to him since; RECALL sends its love and best wishes to Mary on behalf of all RECALL readers and remembers George with respect and great fondness. He would have loved to have been there for the 75th celebrations.

The article about the White Lion Ground and Edgware Town Football Club in the last issue brought a quick response from **Muriel Olin (nee West)** who now lives in Holt, Norfolk. Muriel's father, Ernie West, was skipper of Edgware's first team during one of its most successful periods in the immediate post WW2 era. Muriel had some team photographs of Edgware teams from those days, (from her late father's collection) which she passed on to the Editor. We were able to get these copied and captioned and then presented the set in person to the present Secretary of Edgware Town, Paul Gregory, who was delighted to receive them. He said that the photographs were "a precious and wonderful link with the past" and would be framed and mounted and put in the Edgware boardroom.

Despite recurring worries over whether their landlords will sell the ground to developers, (adjacent to the Edgware Road, it is valuable real estate and it will probably go sooner or later) Edgware had the most successful season in their history last year, winning the Spartan South Midlands League Championship, the League Cup and the Premier Division Cup. They have been promoted to the Isthmian Ryman League Division One (North)-- a league in Step 4 in the pyramid of non-league football -- and at the time of writing have carried on where they left off in the 2006-7 season and are leading that division.

Our congratulations to **Malcolm and Peggy Cherry** who celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary on September 12th 2007. They were married at Tenterden within a few days of the end of Malcolm's curacy at JK. The very first issue of FOCUS, noting his departure, said that he had been a popular figure in the parish "ruling the youth club with a firm hand..."

Ann Young (nee Brookson) who lives in Suffolk is another in her Golden Wedding Year. (Again -- congratulations on behalf of all of us!) She was sad to miss the JK 75th anniversary: she and husband Keith only arrived back at Heathrow from Canada at lunchtime on the day of the celebrations. But she was pleased to report that her back was giving her less trouble and that 'grass-cutting is back in my routine'. (Is this the recipe for a happy and lasting marriage? Other wives please note). ... Ed!

PEEPS FROM THE PAST -- Doing some research in the British Museum Newspaper library at Colindale recently, your indefatigable CLARION RECALL Time Team reporters discovered, in passing, a front page article on a 1954 copy of the *Edgware and Mill Hill Times* in which local teenagers had made the headlines. Not reporting teenage vandalism, not deploring graffiti on the walls of the MI underpass (it wasn't even there then), not bemoaning a disturbance outside the fish and chip shop at The Green Man, but.....

....a report of the joint Garden Party organised on Deansbrook School field by John Keble Church Youth Club with St Michael's Mill Hill Youth Club for other deanery youth clubs and the general public. The fateful day was July 24th 1954.

The festivities began to wind up from ten o'clock in the morning. There was a procession through Mill Hill Broadway led by the band of the 8th Hendon Scouts (from St Mary's Hendon), with a loudspeaker van booming out publicity for the fete,

members of both youth clubs in fancy dress and a parade of vehicles, including an ambulance driven by a skeleton. YC members handed out fliers to the amazed public as they gazed at the procession from the pavement.

In the afternoon at Deansbrook School hundreds attended. The high-profile opener was supposedly to be 'The Duchess of Lichfield'. The Duchess arrived, spot on time, in a chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce, along with JK Vicar's wife, Elizabeth Motley (who was in on the deception). The beautifully dressed and coiffured 'Duchess' daintily shook hands with a row of Deanery clergy assembled to greet her, waved to the crowd, judged the children's fancy dress, made a speech and opened the fete in a regal way. The crowds were unsuspecting --she seemed a charming old lady....

Then the 'Duke' came pedalling into the arena on a bicycle in Pearly King costume (Ernie Sturges of Deans Way in disguise) - - demanding to know why his wife wasn't at home cooking his lunch. (Ah, those innocent pre-feminist days!). An altercation ensued...and the gaffe was blown. The Duchess was, in fact JK church member Len Grantham of Sefton Avenue, beautifully made up. (Len's daughter Gillian was a JKCYC member).

The display team of the 10th Command Workshops of REME (Mill Hill Barracks) were a star arena attraction with their fast 'jeep assembly' routine which had been seen at the Royal Tournament and the Windsor Tattoo. This was much appreciated by the sizeable crowd, who also thronged the stalls and sideshows on view.

There was a Deanery youth club tug-of-war (won by St Michael's Mill Hill YC); a Deanery clergy obstacle race --won by Angus Cooper (JK) with Peter Thorburn (St Matthias, Colindale) second. Meanwhile in the Junior School playground the final of the Hendon Deanery Netball Cup was played out -- eventually won by JK who beat St Mary's, Hendon 10-5.

In the evening the festivities continued. A Deanery Gala Ball was held in JK Hall, MC'd by Roy Streatfield, with over 200 members of 14 different local youth clubs present. The music was provided by Freddie Cole and his band.

There was a mid-evening cabaret which included 'The Bold Gendarmes' (a St Mary's Hendon male quartet), 10-year old accordion virtuoso Mary Passmore from Kingsbury, and JK's own talented pair of impressionists Brian Wright and Kathie Hurling. There was also a 'Miss Mill Hill 1954' contest, in which the posturing scantily-dressed contestants turned out to be male members of neighbouring youth clubs.

And, as if they hadn't done enough in the afternoon, the JK and St Michael's netball teams turned to being the caterers for the evening! Just another day in the life of JKCYC,,,,,,

And a gathering for 2008?

Nothing definitely fixed, yet, but we think that it is likely that we shall try to organise another ‘day event’ in 2008 in a location accessible to as many people as possible. With the exception of the memorable residential Paignton jaunt (2004) and the parties to Derek H’s house in France, we have varied in the last few years between having days at JK and nearby (as 2007, and in 2005 --JK and Old Finchleians) and in going to the houses of RECALL readers (Cuckfield, 2002 (where we rambled), Cambridge 2003 (where we punted), Sevenoaks 2006 (where we visited a stately home)

We’d welcome your suggestions for an (inexpensive) venue where we could all meet and also combine it with an activity or a visit. We think that a summer (weekday) gathering might be best. One possibility is a repeat of the successful day in Cambridge.

Let Rex or Shirley know your views --we’ll sort something out and give you details for it in the next issue of RECALL -- which should be out in the spring. But in the meantime we suggest that you reserve this date in your diaries --WEDNESDAY JULY 9th, 2008 - as a likely (though not yet definite) day for an event. And do come!.....