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# from The president

I am writing this small piece on Twelfth Night. Now is the time to put away for another year the glittering symbols of Christmas - the glorious tree, the colourful profusion of greetings cards, the lights, the tinsel - all back in the box. The Saturnalian revels are over. Time now to reflect on whatever may be more enduring.

According to the Scriptures it was on this night, the Epiphany, that the Magi came from the East to find the Infant Christ. Did they ever think on that long, arduous journey that they might be the victims of fake news? We are not told. For them their quest was rewarded with fulfilment. But even then men had to learn discernment. Every rumour, every placard, every whispered tale was not to be too readily believed.

I learned another lesson when I auditioned for a role in Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. Although ostensibly all parts were open the theatrical mafia had already allotted some key roles. I finished up playing the Fool, Feste, dolefully singing "O mistress mine, where are you roving?" Maybe that was good casting, but it wasn't where I came in.

But how today do we handle the problem of so-called "fake news"? We are drowning in a veritable sea of information. Current technology potentially delivers instant inter-communication between almost everyone on the planet. And the sources of news are, for all practical purposes, almost endless with bloggers and tweeters ad infinitum.

What, for instance, are we to make of "Fire and Fury::inside the Trump White House"? Is it true that among those most shocked by the outcome of the US Presidential Election were not just Hilary Clinton and her team but Donald and Melania Trump? And what of the allegations about the President's mental health?

Folklore advises us "to set a thief to catch a thief" Moreover I have seen suggestions that at a time of growing apprehension about cyber-security the most eligible defenders of the system may be those who have made a habit of hacking into other people's systems.. Would it then follow that the best diviners of fake news are likely to be those who have traded in it themselves? That sounds like a gospel of the damned.

The seriousness of the problem emphasises the importance of an education which not only trains and sharpens mental judgement but also inculcates integrity and responsibility. On this score I take



Elizabethans

# from the president

encouragement from all I see of our School today. While many things have changed over the decades...3 times as many pupils now as in the 1950's, virtually everyone rather than a few going on to higher education, the predominantly Anglo-Saxon community now become multi-racial...the values and motives which drive Queen Elizabeth's remain remarkably the same. Long may they endure!



Ken Cooper



# It's A small world

*Sidney Freedman*

When I turn the clock back 60 years or so I am struck by how much my life has been shaped by QE. I wanted to be a research chemist, although even I could see that an inability to add two and two together might be a disadvantage for a career in science. It must have been John Timpson, my housemaster, who told my parents that science was out of the question, but I was good at Latin and could be a lawyer. In those days to qualify as a lawyer required much Roman Law.

Leaving School in 1953 I faced two years National Service. Quite by chance I happened to meet Roy Giles, who suggested I should do what he did; join the Royal Artillery, get a commission, and ask to be posted to Edinburgh. I followed his instructions to the letter. Edinburgh was a better posting than Korea, where there was a nasty hot war in progress in 1953, although the Gunners were not sending national servicemen, probably because the army wanted the shells to fall on the enemy rather than on our own troops. To the infantryman, even at the best of times, the Gunners are known as 'the drop shorts'.

After the army I went up to Lincoln College, Oxford, to read law. John Salter was at the College in the last year of a law degree. John was president of the Oxford University Law Society and suggested I should stand for election to its committee and in due course become president. I am not mad keen on committees, never was, but John was persuasive and spoke with authority. Don't forget he was School Captain and I a mere sub-prefect.

My contribution to the work of the committee was fairly limited, but I did organize a couple of dances. The Society was short of money. I said that every University club made money by organising a dance in the Union cellars. The University Jazz band were perfectly happy to play for a few pints of beer, and we could sell tickets to our members, of which there were many. Having volunteered the suggestion I was put in charge of making it work. It was simple enough to organise. The Union cellars were packed on the night of the dance and a good time was had by all, including the then Regius Professor of Civil Law, David Daube. He was enjoying himself enormously and stayed for quite a long time, despite the pleading of his wife who was desperate to leave. Because everyone smoked in those days the cellars were blue with cigarette smoke, awful for him because he was terribly asthmatic.

The Society's Annual Ball in 1958 was in my term as president. Dudley Moore was the cabaret. I first met him at the Sunday afternoon tea parties given by Lincoln's organ scholar. His friend Dudley Moore was Magdalen's organ scholar. He was effortlessly funny. I remember being in stitches (of laughter) at his account of how he had been beaten up by a couple of Teddy boys at a bus stop in Dagenham, which if you think about it is not inherently comical. He did all the voices and the faces. If you ever saw any of the TV shows he did with Peter Cooke you will know what I mean. He was beginning to acquire a reputation as a performer, so I got him to do the cabaret at the Law Society Ball. He was brilliant and a huge success. Some of his material later went into *Beyond the Fringe*. Of course, he afterwards found fame in Hollywood, but I like to think that I helped to give him a start in the profession. When you are as old as me you can afford a few illusions!

Switch forward 30 years to Australia and the Bicentenary Australian Legal Convention, at

NEWS & VIEWS



which I was on the list of speakers. Who should I meet but John Salter! He was there in his capacity as Chairman of the Commercial Law Section of the International Bar Association, fresh from his success at having secured the membership of the Moscow Bar. Clearly he had lost none of his persuasiveness.

The Convention ended with dinner at Government House. I found myself in earnest conversation before the meal with Sir Anthony Mason, the Chief Justice of Australia. An onlooker might have supposed that we were discussing some deep point of law. In fact, we were talking about cricket and discussing how the great Australian fast bowler Ray Lindwall could bowl an inswinger with such a low arm action.

The tables at dinner were laid for eight people. I was on the table of the Governor General, Sir Ninian Stephen, next to Lady Mason. During the course of the meal she was obliged to leave the table, not I hasten to add because of anything I said or did. The waiters serving dinner were soldiers, the main course served from silver salvers on which were perched gravy boats. The soldier serving Lady Mason contrived to upset the sauce all over her. I grabbed my table napkin and mopped the hot sauce off her arm. I did not dare to mop it off her lap! The poor soldier was devastated, but she was a real trouper and her first thought was for him. He, poor fellow, must have thought that he was going to be shot at dawn (and probably was) but Lady Mason took it very calmly, told him not to worry and went upstairs to borrow a dress from her good friend Lady Stephen. When I got back to my room that night I found the gravy had also spilled on the jacket of the one good suit I had brought with me from Europe. I did not take it very calmly and cursed the fellow for his clumsiness!

Only one good suit? Well, I was travelling light because I was on my way to California to spend a year as visiting professor in the Law Faculty at Berkeley. My luggage had gone on ahead. While I was there I met David Daube again and reminded him about the dance in the Oxford Union cellars.

San Francisco is across the bay from Berkeley, or Berserkly as it was called by the General Counsel of the Bank of America, with whom I was having lunch one day on the top floor of the Bank's building. I ordered Dover Sole from the menu, commenting how good and fresh it was. Yes, he said, it's flown in every day from England. I said 'George you're kidding me. Here we are sitting next to the ocean and you're telling me that fish is flown in here from England!' Well, he replied, there are no Dover Soles in the Pacific Ocean. Incidentally, in the course of our conversation George Coombe told me he was a good friend of John Salter. It's a small world!



# TOE-MAY-DOE ketchup, in Tennessee

*By Sir Leslie Fielding*

The Germans have this expression: 'One is what one eats'. True, in a way, of China, India and Japan. Quite true, of Italy, Mexico and New Zealand. But supremely true of the United States, in my experience. I will expand on that.

These days, as we all know, everyone's kids have been over to the US before their 'A-Levels', or in a 'Gap Year' thereafter. But in the 'forties, America was a faraway country of which we knew only what we had gathered from Hollywood, or from observing GIs in uniform on our streets and railway platforms during the war.

Generally, the image was beguiling, the people sympathetic. So, in later years it felt natural to work closely with US colleagues - perhaps more natural than with any other nationality, at least until Britain entered the Common Market. And, as a diplomat and a Eurocrat, I have in fact travelled across the length and breadth of the US, as well as in and out of Washington and New York on official business more times than I can remember. I like the people and admire the country.

But it was not until the 'sixties, in my early 'thirties, that I first contrived to cross the Atlantic - or more particularly, the Pacific, since I was travelling east-about, from Asia, making first landfall in San Francisco. For the tourist in me, it was a great adventure; but, for the diplomat, not in all respects what I had anticipated.

I was certainly warmly received. Strolling down the San Francisco waterfront, ludicrously over-dressed in my smart, Singapore two-piece suit, white shirt, striped tie, and beribboned Cambridge boater, I was greeted by a young woman (not a lady of the night, but a nice College kid, on the arm of her Beau) with the words: 'Oh you look so BEAUTIFUL!' The next day, on a visit to the campus at Berkely, I took the precaution to dress down - joining in, on the fringes of a student demonstration, with the refrain: 'Hey, Hey, LBJ, how many kids did you kill today?' On the tourist bus to see the redwood forests, anonymity was not possible. Each passenger was asked to declare where he or she came from. When it was my turn, I said 'London, England'. To a gratifying, and as far as I could see warmly spontaneous, cheer.

I had less than two weeks to spend in the US, on this first visit. So I flew over the mountains of Nevada and Colorado down to Texas and then took the Greyhound bus - with casually selected stopovers - up from Houston. New Orleans was sleazier than I had expected it, and much more run-down, but nevertheless a delight - embracing the inevitable tourist clip joint on Basin Street, with a brassy, middle-aged, white stripper and a rather sad black trumpeter plying 1920s Blues. An even greater delight, when I eventually reached it, before flying on to London, was the city of New York - I goggled at skyscrapers, iridescent in the rays of the setting sun, spectacular and of great beauty.

Although not, in those days, much of a 'Foodie', there were nevertheless some decent meals. by the standards of a ravenous 33 year old on the travel trail. Seafood, naturally, on the quay side of Fisherman's Wharf in 'Frisco: an enormous Texan steak, on its home territory; a treat at the Pierre in New York which even a Parisian would have found passable; even a jolly good traditional English breakfast at the Hay Adams in Washington (although inevitably with 'easy-over' eggs).



But the most memorable gastronomic encounter was in a roadside cafe in Alabama (or was it Tennessee?), where my Greyhound bus made a pit stop for twenty minutes. It was 'Hicksville'. The white, overweight and unhealthy looking waitress behind the counter, was sullen and disobliging. She took an instant dislike to me - quite rightly - though I still maintain it was through no fault of my own. I managed to secure a mug of weak American coffee. Rejecting her 'non-dairy creamer', I solicited proper milk (a congealed and cheesy carton was produced, reluctantly). I asked for brown sugar, rather than white saccharine (she waved at a bowl down the counter, around which some flies were buzzing). In my most ingratiating English English (which only made everything very much worse), I inquired whether I might possibly have a little 'Toe-Maa-Toe' soup? With a snort, she tipped some tomato ketchup in to a bowl, added hot water from the kettle, slammed it down in front of me, said 'here's you toe-may-doe soup, Mister', and then flounced off into a back purlieu.

I took a run for it, leaving a ten dollar bill behind me (far too much, but - despite myself - I felt sorry for her. *Man ist was man frisst, nicht?*)

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## RT's Elizabethan kitchen - pan Haggerty

It may be that this had its origins in a type of English haggis, details are scant.

### Ingredients:

8 - 10 rashers of bacon  
 Half a large onion (more if wished) sliced  
 1 can of corned beef thinly sliced  
 6 medium-sized potatoes thinly sliced  
 4 teaspoons gravy granules  
 2 teaspoons Worcester Sauce

### Method:

Preheat oven to 130 C.  
 Layer corned beef, onions, potatoes and bacon with potatoes on top layer.  
 Pour over the gravy (half pint hot water, granules and sauce).  
 Add small knobs of butter on top of the spuds and place in oven and slow cook for 4 - 6 hours.  
 Fold over with aluminium foil until the last half hour.

Luvverly!

(Serving Suggestion: For dessert a double helping of Statins to mitigate the cholesterol!!)



*Bob Thorogood*



# from The cheap seats

Athens was shrouded in a dense cold cloud, from which the locals predicted further snow to come. The whole city, and the famous citadel beneath which I nestled in a very out of season hotel, and most of Greece was in the grip of a cold snap seen only once in 15 years, and any novelty value had long since gone.

The people, hospitable and friendly far beyond the demands of the tourism on which so many of them depend, still seem in some sort of mild shock from all that has gone on in the last 18 months there. 'Someone must have voted for all this', my friend said (and I was pointedly reminded of last July in the UK), 'but slowly the Greeks are turning from victims to participants in their own destiny'.

One Greek man, breathing in the heat greedily from his coffee, told me: 'our immune systems are heavily damaged but we continue as if we are still ok'. This is clearly not the first time the Greeks are facing adversity, but it could be the first time they have started accepting its real consequences.

I tried to conceal my own dreams of a Hellenic hideaway from the people I met. Who wants to know about some smart-ass Brit looking to spend his ill-gottens in their back yard? But people inevitably started the conversation – what part of Greece do you like best? Where have you been? In our Athens office alone we have representatives from several parts of the archipelago – islands, mainland, you name it. And each of them is ready, with little or no prompting, to start a full blooded (if a little amateurish) tourist promotion of their particular corner of Hellas.

Zakynthos, Santorini, Milos, Crete, Skiathos, were all described in minute detail, with references to family still shading there beneath the fragrant pines. The mainland too was well covered – the northern delights of Thessaloniki explored together with the three pronged wonders of Halkidiki and the mountain majesty of Pelion. In prompting the response I was soon swimming in geographies far beyond my meagre preparation, and busily scribbling down half-understood locations in what shorthand I could muster.

One gateway rose before me (and in truth had already figured in my planning): the Peloponese peninsula accessed by the land bridge at Corinth. Tales of Sparta, Mani and the countryside below Kalamata had long since fired my imagination. John Humphryes and his Graecophile son, via vague references on R4's Today programme and the necessary additional promotion which are no doubt part of the former's contract with the BBC, had repeatedly referenced the beauties of the place (without revealing to listeners their exact address of course). Drip drip drip...

Sitting in a delightful restaurant a short walk from the Acropolis the friendly owner regaled me (with nothing but a word of invitation) with recommendations of corners of the Peloponese from whence he collected his winter and spring's supply of olive oil every December. I had no chance to note it down and it would have been rude to ask him to repeat. Such is the charm of the Athenians – and popular wisdom has it that the charm increases as one travels away from the capital – information comes thick and fast as if it is general knowledge and not something to be formally recorded.



I always prided myself in the past on not talking about retirement – I was far too young to consider such distant things – even in spite of the lure of the 40 Society (only 8 years away now) and Bob Parker's occasional kind invitations to speak at lunches – but my visit to Greece has somehow pushed me forward. A house is waiting for us there – of that I am becoming more and more convinced – and like Tim TORJ Herbert (always inviting OEs to visit his Northumberland idyll) I hope someday to announce a Greek address to which travelling members might gravitate for refreshment and a chat on a wider, longer and wholly spiritual experience of the wonder that is Greece.

*Roy Idetrou*

## from the editor

Not sure that I agree with TS Eliot that April is the cruelest month. March is here, with its as yet unfulfilled promise of Spring, and we are again counting the cost of those members and friends we have lost over the winter. Many of those departed over the past two issues of *The Elizabethan* have contributed so much to the Association, keeping it strong and vital when other alumni groups around us were failing. As we approach another AGM (18th April at 8pm for those of you near enough to make the trip to the Memorial Pavilion at the rural end of Mays Lane) we have to ask ourselves how we propose to reinforce our executive and set a course for the future. At present Martyn Bradish is being sought by the Potters Bar branch of Interpol for reported identity fraud - simultaneously Chair of our committee, Treasurer, Membership Secretary and picking up a host of other responsibilities along the way too. There are other split personalities too (present company included) and with anno domini largely against us we need to make a change. The obligations are not onerous - 4 committee meetings per year and the occasional email exchange - all in the cause of sustaining what we believe to be a popular and valuable organisation. This is not the first time I have ploughed this furrow - though my soft tone and subtlety is slowly evaporating.

As retirement gets closer (though retirement age is getting steadily further away) I do appreciate that those no longer in work are rarely idle (particularly when they are OEs), but we need to find some hands to lighten the load.

As one sage (also known by some as the Duffer from Cuffers) regularly reminded me when I took root on the OE committee - "If you want something done, ask a busy man..."

That's why I am asking you.

You know where I am.

*daren.norris@ntlworld.com*



# A Rite of passage

Richard Davies

I love it when I finish a book almost in a sitting and then sit back exhilarated by it. I don't often do that, but it happened to me some years ago when a friend recommended *'The Last Grain Race'* by Eric Newby. When I opened it, uncertain what I would find, I was immediately captivated and remained so right to the end. I have done some fairly scary things in my time, but nothing that compares with what happened to him. His adventure became mine.

It was 1938. He was 18 years old and working for a failing advertising agency in London. He watched his friends being fired one by one and decided that he would look for another job before he, too, was shown the door. Being Newby, he did not take any old job that was going. Instead, the boy who was soon to become a war hero and, later on, write wonderful books like *'Love and War in the Appenines'* and *'A Short Walk in the Hindu Kush'* did something completely out of the ordinary. Inspired by the sea-going tales of a family friend, he signed on as a crew member on the SS Moshulu, a huge four-masted, steel-hulled barque, one of several similar vessels that sailed each year from the UK to Australia to take on huge loads of grain, and then raced each other back to Europe.

Years later he wrote about this adventure taking the reader every step of his way from the day he went on board for the first time in Northern Ireland to the day he left the ship at Glasgow eight months later. The amazing photographs he took on the voyage were published under the title *'Learning the Ropes'*.

His story engages you from the start. He recounts how he bought the clothing and the other equipment he would need on the voyage (including a second-hand Vuitton travel trunk!) and then travelled to Northern Ireland to join the crew. A world-weary steward on the ferry to Belfast commented that the Moshulu looked like a 'nasty great thing'. Newby, who confesses he was feeling *'like someone in a condemned cell'* was not encouraged by this. In the taxi he took to the ship he was in terror at the thought of climbing the tall masts. It is a testament to his courage that he persevered.

Ironically, his first task after he boarded matched his worst fears. He was shown where to stow his kit and then went up on deck to introduce himself to the Second Mate, who he describes as *'thin, watery-eyed, and bad-tempered. At sea he was to prove much better than he looked to me this morning. He did not like ports and he did not like to see the ship in her present state. My arrival did not seem propitious and after dressing me down for not reporting aft directly I had come on board he suddenly shot at me: 'Ever been aloft before?'*

When Newby said that he had not, the Mate said *'op you go then'* Newby asked if he could change his shoes and the Mate replied impatiently *'Change your shoes? No - op the rigging.'* With his heart in his mouth he did as he was told. Some eighty feet above the deck he judged his climb was over, but to his horror he was ordered to climb further up the main mast on a fifty foot rat-line. A baptism of fear!

On 18 October 1938 the Moshulu sailed... The journey was initially hard for Newby as he knew so little about sailing boats and also had to learn to understand orders given in Finnish. With determination he stuck with it and was soon playing his part in the manning of the ship. It

was a tough introduction to the life of a sailor, made worse by the fact that most of the crew were Finns or Danes who teased him unmercifully for being both English and obviously not a working man. That he endured all the banter and practical jokes says a lot about his strength of character, as does the way he coped with some tricky moments in the early part of the voyage. Someone without his grit and determination would not have survived.

The route the ship took was through the Irish Sea to The Atlantic and thence south past the Straits of Gibraltar and the west coast of Africa. After they rounded the Cape of Good Hope it was then plain sailing across the Indian Ocean to Australia. During the voyage Newby had to be taught how to perform the everyday tasks he found himself ordered to undertake. These ranged from taking his turn at the wheel of the huge vessel to chipping off rust and repainting various bits of equipment whilst suspended over the side of the ship on a bosun's chair.

He tells it all so well, with a light touch and a wonderful eye for the little incidents that enrich the story, be it the Albatrosses that followed the ship for miles, the schools of porpoises playing around it as it sailed southwards, or the little rivalries between the different nationalities of the crew. Here he is describing what happened as the ship sailed past Tristan da Cunha: *'The birds' said Tria, 'Look at the birds.' There were hundreds, thousands of them flying over or floating on the sea between ship and land. Tiny white-faced Storm Petrels flying weakly and erratically, long legs dangling so close to the crests that they seemed certain to be dragged down by the sea. And Cape Pigeons... floating like corks on the water or running comically over it at our approach'.*

The Moshulu arrived at Port Lincoln in Australia in early January 1939. It then spent two months waiting to load its cargo. This was a time for the crew to relax, read mail, to catch up with the alarming news from Europe, where Hitler's actions were making another war a real possibility, and to ready the vessel for the journey back. Eventually 59,000 sacks of grain weighing 4,875 tons were loaded into the hold and on 11 March the ship set sail for Ireland sailing east past New Zealand and Cape Horn before entering the South Atlantic and heading north again.

All went well for a couple of weeks and then a huge storm blew up. This part of the book is truly gripping. It is 5.30 in the morning and very cold. The wind is howling around the ship and mountainous seas threaten to overwhelm it. In one of the most enthralling passages he tells how he nearly met his end. With several other crew members he was hauling on a rope to bring in some of the sails when an enormous wave washed over the deck and he was swept away by it.

*"As I went, another body bumped me and I received a blow in the eye from a sea-boot. Then I was alone, rushing onwards and turning over and over. My head was filled with bright lights like a bypass at night, and the air was full of the sounds of a large orchestra playing out of tune, In spite of this there was time to think and I thought "I'm done for."... But only for an instant because now I was turning somersaults, hitting myself violently again and again as I met something flat which might have been the coaming of No. 4 hatch or the top of the chart-house, for all I knew. Then I was over it, full of water and very frightened, thinking 'Is this what it's like to drown?"*

He ended up crashing into the scuppers with his head through a freeing port with water spurting about his ears. Terrified that another wave might be coming, he freed himself, staggered to his feet, his oilskins ballooning with water and feeling very frightened. He had the sense to jump for a lifeline and, as the next wave came boiling over the side, he swung above the roaring water



and could see that he had been washed fifty feet along the deck. When he rejoined his group, someone asked him where had been. He replied '*Paddling*'!

The ship emerged relatively unscathed from the storm, which lasted some hours, and Newby soon recovered from his frightening experience. The rest of the journey passed without incident and when they docked at Queenstown in Northern Ireland on 10 June 1939, having been at sea for 91 days, the crew learned that they had won the Grain Race, the last ever to take place. The Moshulu then sailed to Glasgow and there he left it and his new-found friends.

The driver of the taxi that drove him away from the docks jerked his thumb at the ship and said

'You'll be glad to get out of that bitch.'

'You think so, do you?'

'I do.'

'Then you don't know what you are talking about' was Newby's rejoinder.

I know what he meant!

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## ANNUAL DINNER UPDATE

Dear OEs,

The 122nd Annual Dinner in November last year was a great success with 91 OEs, staff and former staff in attendance. The guest speaker was Robert "Judge" Rinder (1989-94) who entertained us with reflections on school life, taking the opportunity to thank his Headmasters Eamonn Harris and John Marincowitz who were both in attendance.

The current Headmaster, Neil Enright mentioned his delight in the large amount of alumni reconnecting with the School, which was also reflected in the large number of ten year leavers (who started their final year in 2007) who also revelled in the excellent meal we all enjoyed.

The dinner this year will be on Friday 16th November 2018 - bookings will be included in the September edition of the newsletter - save the date!

I hope to see many of you at the dinner in November, if not before.

*Simon Lincoln*  
*Social Secretary*



Elizabethians

# cachpule

During my time at QE (1949 to 1954), a Fives court was built which we enjoyed using outside school hours. The design was a facsimile of the original court at Eton I believe. There may have been a school Fives Club although memory fails me. I'm ashamed to say I don't know if it's still there but the perils of the game are well remembered. Everything was hard, the ball, the buttress, the walls and the floor. Ankles, knees and knuckles were vulnerable. The step was a particular hazard too and today the game might come within the compass of Health and Safety legislation, possibly being a tad dangerous for competitive young lads.

By now you may be wondering about the heading. The word caught my eye whilst reading a book entitled 'Forgotten English' by Jeffrey Kacirk.\* It was this that reminded me of Eton Fives in the similarity of using existing structures in the creation of a unique sport.

Cachpule refers to tennis or a tennis court, not as we know it of course, but a sixteenth century word applied to an ancient form of the game. Aristocrats and Kings took it up, among them our own Henry VIII and it consequently became known as Royal Tennis. In the latter years of my career I worked for Historic Royal Palaces at Hampton Court (in which I had a palatial office overlooking the Thames), where the very court can be seen. It was built for Cardinal Wolsey between 1526 and 1529, and Henry played there from 1528. It's the home to an active 'Real Tennis' Club. The court is not currently open to the public due to restoration works but I was fortunate enough to be able to spectate for a while.



Be assured it is not exciting and unsurprisingly has not caught the attention of the media. Rallies seemed to be interminable, during which the ball is allowed to bounce and ricochet of roofs and walls ; the rules maybe had been made up ad hoc or on the hoof as far as I knew. I wondered if later Queen Elizabeth I had played mixed doubles with the Earl of Leicester.

In 1664 Samuel Pepys spoke of the need for flattery to be able to win, I guess if you were playing the King it was unwise to come out on top:

“To the tennis court and there saw the King [Charles II presumably] play at tennis... but to see how the King’s play was extolled without any cause at all was a loathsome sight.”

In 1607 Cleland published:

*“The tennis court, whereby I would have you to recreate your mind and exercise your body sometimes; for besides pleasure it preserveth your health, insofar as it moveth every part of your body. Nevertheless, I approve not those who are ever in the tennis court like nackets [contemporary ball boys] and heat themselves so much that they breed rather than expel sickness; nor yet commend I those who rail at the Tennis-keeper's score, and that have banded away the greater part of their wealth in playing great and many sets. It is both a hurt and a shame for nobleman to be so eager to play.”*

Not much changes really, apart from the rewards and the equipment.



**Bob Thorogood**

# Allastair McReady-Diarmid VC old Elizabethan

1st December 2017 was a cold grey day with the odd spot of rain when a number of us gathered in the open space at Grove Road, New Southgate to pay our respects to Allastair McReady-Diarmid who had died in the battle of Cambrai on this exact day in 1917. He was aged 27.

As we waited for the formalities to start my mind wandered to my visit to the World War 1 battlefields the previous year. The conditions of the war were horrendous and the weather we were experiencing was nothing beside that which Allastair and his men would have experienced along with the craters and mud caused by the shells that had exploded.

The School's CCF along with three staff members of the CCF (Mev Armon, Charlie-Maud Munro and Richard Scally) took up their positions either side of the memorial stone. Also attending were The Headmaster Neil Enright, Former Headmaster Eamon Harris, Ken Cooper, Alan Solomon and the School's Head of History Helen MacGregor. The complement was completed by the attendance of Johnson Beharry VC, the Leader of Enfield Council Doug Taylor, Mayor of Enfield Cllr Christine Hamilton, Deputy Lieutenant for Enfield Anne Cable, members of Allastair's family, representatives of the Middlesex Regiment, the Royal British Legion's standard bearer and a number of senior police officers.

The parade was brought to attention and then stood easy.

The Leader of the Council welcomed us and the Deputy Lieutenant led our thanks for Allastair and recounted the history of the Victoria Cross. Queen Victoria had instigated the award being made, the first medal open to all ranks and not, as previously, only for officers. It was she who had insisted that the Cross bear not the words for bravery but 'For Valour'. As, she said, all her troops were brave.

Cllr Daniel Anderson, the Cabinet Member for Environment, explained that the Government had placed on Councils across the Country, at the beginning of the centenary of World War 1, a duty to place a commemorative stone for each individual who had been awarded the VC in that war at a place which would resonate with the awardee. Allastair was born at 8 Grove Road, although his old house had been demolished after the Second World War.

The Citation for the Award of the Victoria Cross was read by Lieutenant Colonel DW Utting, Headquarters London District. It reads:

"On 30th November/1st December 2017 at the Moevres Sector, France, when the enemy penetrated some distance into our position and the situation was extremely critical, Captain McReady-Diarmid at once led his Company forward through a heavy barrage. He immediately engaged the enemy, with such success that he drove them back at least 300 yards, causing numerous casualties and capturing 27 prisoners. The following day the enemy again attacked and drove back another Company which had lost all its officers. This gallant officer at once called for volunteers and attacked. He drove them back again for 500 yards, with heavy casualties. Throughout this attack, Captain McReady-Diarmid led the way himself, and it was absolutely and entirely due to his marvellous throwing of bombs that the ground was regained. This most gallant officer was eventually killed by a bomb when the enemy had been driven right back to their original starting point."



His body was never found and he is commemorated on the Memorial to the Missing of the Battle of Cambrai, at Louverval.

A red cloth bearing the VC insignia had covered the stone and the citation since the start of the proceedings. The stone and citation were embedded within a stone which will allow all who use the Grove Road public space to reflect on Allastair's courage in the years ahead. The Worshipful the Mayor of Enfield and a member of Allastair's family stepped forward and unveiled the memorial.

Prayers and the blessing were offered by Reverend Father Mark McAulay of St Paul's Church, New Southgate.

The bugler sounded the Last Post and the Standard was lowered. A moment of silence was observed. It was followed by the bugler sounding The Reveille and the Standard was recovered. Wreaths of remembrance were then laid.

*Martyn Bradish*





# from the Headmaster

It has been a busy time at the School, as ever, with a particular flurry of events taking place towards the end of the autumn term – either side of the flurries of snow, through which QE was one of the very few schools locally to remain open.

The festive season got off to an excellent start with a wonderful Christmas Concert in the Shearly Hall, featuring rich sounds from our musicians and an eclectic programme that ranged from jazz to Bach. The concert was held in association with the Rotary Club of Barnet, with which the School has enjoyed links for many years. In our final 2017 event tailored for Old Elizabethans, a capacity 60 guests gathered in Tudor Hall, the School's historic home, for a drinks-and-canapés reception prior to a wonderful Service of Nine Lessons and Carols in the Parish Church. OE guests spanned all generations and included several who were in London from abroad (including the US and Canada). Guests enjoyed exploring the space that was the heart of the School until its relocation to Queen's Road in 1932, with features such as the infamous 'whipping post' proving a talking point. At the service, the usual combination of traditional carols and biblical readings was accompanied by highly accomplished performances from the School Choir and the Chamber Choir – the Anthem, And the Glory of the Lord, from Handel's Messiah a particular highlight.

Our recent evening of rugby at Allianz Park, the home of Saracens, was a great occasion, notwithstanding the First XV's 18–10 defeat against Haberdashers' Aske's Boys'. It was very well supported by Old Elizabethans.

This followed a very successful and well-attended OE Annual Dinner, at which Robert 'Judge' Rinder (OE 1989–1994) joined us as guest speaker, and the Careers Convention for Year 11, where many OEs imparted their invaluable advice to boys and their parents.

In my recent letter to parents, I emphasised that, in considering their own futures, boys can derive considerable benefit by learning from alumni who have already travelled along the pathways that they plan to take or would like to explore. As we embark upon a new calendar year, this seems an appropriate juncture at which to focus on how alumni can assist our boys in enhancing their future prospects.

One of the areas we are currently working on is QE Connect. Still in its early stages, this initiative will bring new coherence to our work to establish even closer connections between the School and our old boys. QE Connect will formalise ways of matching the boys in the School to alumni who can give them access to a broad network that will help them in pursuing their academic and professional aspirations.

The range of assistance already afforded our pupils by Old Elizabethans is striking. Alumni provide mock interviews and are a source of work experience for our older boys. An increasing number visit the School to talk to boys about university and careers. This year has seen visits from OE speakers following very different paths. For example, Drew Williams (2005–2012) is building a successful career with multinational professional services firm EY, after, somewhat unusually for a QE boy, opting not to go to university, while US-based entrepreneur Sachin Duggal (1994–2001) has studied at three of the world's leading universities, whilst establishing

# around the school



three multi-million dollar technology businesses. I am very pleased that we currently have recent leavers studying at Ivy League universities in the US who are very active in our alumni network and happy to help Year 12 boys with their applications. In addition, old boys increasingly play an important role at significant events in the School calendar, whether that is the Elizabethan Union Dinner Debate, the formal Year 12 luncheon, or the Careers Convention.

Through such events, senior boys can access the wealth of knowledge, experience and contacts that exists among our burgeoning network of old boys. The common thread of those alumni who have engaged with the School in the way I have described is that all wish to give something back and support current pupils. As a meritocracy, inevitably quite a high proportion of our pupils are the first to go to university in their immediate families; the first to aim for the most competitive professions. Their family backgrounds may not, therefore, give them access to the wider network that is so often indispensable to career success. Our alumni can be the gateway to that network – and we will be intentional about encouraging boys to engage with those of you who wish to be involved.

Learning how to network effectively is an essential skill for all those with ambitious aspirations towards success in their professional lives. It is essential that our pupils cultivate the requisite skills, which are certainly among the “positive personal qualities and attitudes” valued by society that are mentioned in our Development Plan. It is especially important to develop the confidence to initiate conversations, particularly with people one does not know. This applies even – or perhaps especially – to the pupil who considers himself not naturally a confident person.

The Tigertones, Princeton's all-male a capella group, proved to be fantastic role models in this regard when they visited us as part of their London tour: they were supremely confident, yet with conversation that was always appropriate to the situation. That is, in part, why we bring in such visitors. I am urging boys to seek out opportunities to practise the art of conversation, learning to ask appropriate questions and to listen effectively so that they can take their cue from the responses. Confidence is, after all, one-third of our mission statement as a School.

Another route through which boys can develop confidence and the ability to converse well with adults is by taking on positions of responsibility within the School. These exist in all years, culminating in the appointment of our Senior Officials in Year 12. I am grateful to last year's School Captain Oliver Robinson for his service and congratulate Aashish Khimasia and his team of Senior Vice-Captains and Vice-Captains on their appointment for 2018.

Part of the key to conversation is naturally the ability to use language well. The work of our poet-in-residence, Anthony Anaxagorou (1994–1999), reflects our emphasis on the development of good oracy, as does the example set by George 'the Poet' Mpanga (2002–2009). In the wake of the royal engagement between Prince Harry and Meghan Markle, the BBC turned to George for an insider's perspective on the prince: he is an ambassador for Sentebale, one of Prince Harry's charitable foundations, which supports the mental health and wellbeing of children and young people affected by HIV in Lesotho and Botswana. Having observed the prince's work there at first hand, George was interviewed for a primetime BBC1 documentary about the engagement, fronted by Kirsty Young.

I am pleased to be able to say that we have just secured planning permission to create new facilities for Music within the existing Mayes Building. These will include rehearsal and performance spaces and will also retain an atrium to accommodate boys during breaks in the

School day. Whilst the Friends of Queen Elizabeth's are not in a position to proceed immediately, this next stage of our Estates Strategy is fully worked up and we look forward to developing this as our next big project in due course. In the meantime, we continue to make use of donations from old boys for smaller projects bringing immediate benefits for current pupils.

Whilst it seems some time ago now, I remember with considerable satisfaction the fact that the academic year opened with the School basking in the enjoyment of our dazzling summer results: nearly 42% of A-levels taken were at A\*, while our GCSE performance was our best ever, with 71% of examinations awarded A\* or its equivalent. Since then, we have had further independent corroboration of our success in meeting academic challenges. First came the announcement that QE had been named in eighth place out of 2,500 secondary schools (independent and state-funded) for performance and take-up of the STEM subjects (Science, Technology, Engineering and Mathematics). Next were official league tables showing that for the second year, QE again topped the list of all boys' grammar schools for achievement against the Government's Progress 8 measure, which charts the improvements made by children across eight key subjects between the end of primary school and GCSE. Most recently, we have been named as the country's leading boys' state school – and in second place overall – in the influential Sunday Times Parent Power survey.

My best wishes to all Old Elizabethans for a healthy and prosperous 2018.

*Neil Enright*

around the school



# O.E.forty society

*Secretary: Peter "Scotty" Yates 01920 484382*

*peter\_mary\_@bt internet.com*

Thirty-six members including Guests Neil Enright (Headmaster), Elizabeth Parker (Honorary Member) and Jonathan Smith (Bar Manager) were present on Thursday 19th October 2017. The hum of conversation was good, as the pre Lunch drinks were consumed, the tables were already set and the waitresses ready to serve: the only problem was the absence of caterer with food! Telephone calls went unanswered so, at the pre-requisite time to eat, it was agreed that Neil Enright would speak then and hope that the food would be ready afterwards, which it was, much to the Treasurer's relief as he did not want to return any money. The reason for the problem was explained as the starters were quickly produced: everyone then enjoyed their belated three course Lunch, with wine. OE President, Ken Cooper, chaired the Lunch.

In addition to the 36 present, there were apologies, all with best wishes, from eleven OEs, including Mike Back and Frances Fuller.

The Headmaster spoke on the progress at the School with old traditions being intertwined with new innovations and how he and his senior team had great responsibilities on the stewardship at QE. On the Summer Examinations' successes, 30 students had gone to Oxbridge Universities, 34 to Medical Schools, 2 to Harvard and more to other USA Universities and Colleges; 2 had gone to Bulgarian and Czech Republic Universities: so, all round international studies. The HM also mentioned a 19 year old pupil, with 3 A\*s, the youngest self-made millionaire, whilst at school, selling houses on line, and whose success had recently been shown on television. The Friends of QE had been successful in financing a new English Department and their next project was to replace the Mayes Building with a third School Hall to be known as the Curley Mayes Hall. The School Website is to be relaunched. Music is expanding so the Department will need a new block soon. Former QE pupil, Robert Rinder, is due to lecture on Law to year 10 students. The Headmaster reiterated the strong links between QE and OE and welcomed any OEs wishing to visit the School.

After Lunch, Ken Cooper presented Elizabeth Parker with flowers, from the Forty Society, in recognition of her 60 years' service at Gipsy Corner in many capacities (and also at School events).

In preparing for the Lunch, the Secretary had discovered that the Society was inaugurated into the OE Association in 1997 with the first Lunch held that year. Therefore, next April sees the Society "come of age" as it reaches its 21st year. If anyone still has a copy of the 1997 Menu, could you post or email it to Peter "Scotty" Yates as that would be appreciated.

Since the October Lunch, new, experienced and reliable caterers have been found and, so, it would be very much be appreciated if our 21st birthday could be attended by as many OEs (remember, the Society is open to all who left School during or before 1978) on **THURSDAY 26th APRIL 2018** at Gipsy Corner (12.15 for 12.45): the formal invitation/acceptance form is to be returned to Mike Harrison, Treasurer. With luck, there may be birthday cake to enjoy.

**Peter Yates, "Woodlands", 19 Homefield Road, Ware, Hertfordshire, SG12 7NG**



# O.E.forty society Luncheon

**O E FORTY SOCIETY LUNCH (NOW IN ITS 21<sup>ST</sup> YEAR)**

Application for the Spring 2018 Lunch  
(All former Pupils who left the School during or before 1978 are eligible)

**THURSDAY 26<sup>TH</sup> APRIL 2018**

**12.15 FOR 12.45pm**

**Old Elizabethans (Barnet) Memorial Pavilion, Gipsy Corner,  
Mays Lane, Barnet, Hertfordshire EN5 2AG**

Please reserve me a place.

NAME..... (YEARS AT SCHOOL).....

ADDRESS.....

.....

POSTCODE.....TELEPHONE NUMBER.....

ANY DIETARY REQUIREMENTS.....

Please return Form as soon as possible to **MIKE HARRISON, 12 GREENBANKS, MELBOURN, ROYSTON, SG8 6AS**. Alternatively, telephone **01763 261775** or email: [mhdunbanking@gmail.com](mailto:mhdunbanking@gmail.com). Please send your cheque, in the sum of **£27.00** made out to "The OE Forty Society" with your application no later than 16<sup>th</sup> APRIL 2018.

clubs & societies



Elizabethans

# o.e. golf society

*Secretary: Robert "Ronnie" Printemps  
printemps@btinternet.com*

Ian Louis-Fernand's golf club (Stapleford Park Country House Hotel in Melton Mowbray) was the venue for the OEGS Autumn event. Despite Ian procuring an amazing deal for the OEGS take-up was disappointing with only seven people attending the event albeit I think in the evening we drank enough at dinner and in the bar afterwards for fourteen attendees!

On Friday we played 11 holes in the morning and we then played an 18 hole competition in the afternoon. I'm glad to report that the winner of the competition and the winner of this year's Vardon Trophy was my co-organiser Ian Louis-Fernand - well done Ian!

One of Ian's close friends is the Head Greenkeeper at Stapleford Park and it was obvious that his friend had set the course up to suit Ian's game - there were ramps on every tee, there was a windmill in front of the green on the 5th hole and on the 9th green there was a volcano where you had to putt your ball up the outside of the volcano and into the crater!

All the attendees would like to thank Ian for organising the event at this Grade I-listed luxury country house hotel.



*Attendees (L-R); Jonathan Mays; Ian Louis-Fernand; Robert 'Ronnie' Printemps; Paul Barnfather; Barry & Gary (guests) and Andy Wheelans.*

**Date for the diary: Friday 4 May 2018**  
**OEGS Spring Event at Hadley Wood GC.**

If you would like to attend the above event please email the following people:

Robert Printemps via [printempsrob1@gmail.com](mailto:printempsrob1@gmail.com)  
 Ian Louis-Fernand via [ianlouisfernand@googlemail.com](mailto:ianlouisfernand@googlemail.com)



*Robert 'Ronnie' Printemps*

# o.e. cricket club

*President : Tristan Smith email: [smitrist@aol.com](mailto:smitrist@aol.com)  
Club website: [www.oeccbarnet.co.uk](http://www.oeccbarnet.co.uk)*

2017 was another successful year for the Old Elizabethans Cricket Club. The 1st XI finished 4th in Division 2B, the highest position achieved in the club's history and the 3rd XI, likewise, finished 4th in Division 10B, again the highest position they have reached.

However pride of place went to the 2nd XI who finished as champions of Division 7B, that after being promoted the season before. Under the captaincy of Nav Parkar the team lost only one league match all season. James Fitzgerald was the outstanding player amassing 603 runs from only 8 innings, including 2 not outs, and ending the season with a batting average of 100.50. James's exceptional season meant he was the only player in the whole of the Saracens Hertfordshire Premier Cricket League to exceed an average of 100 for the 2017 season. There were also many notable contributions made by other members of the 2nd XI. On the bowling front Brad Richardson, Kailesh Ghadavi, Anish Patel, Simon Godfrey and James Michelin all had match winning performances. Whilst with the bat Saq Parkar, Ed Kiddle, James Barber and Simon Godfrey made valuable runs.

In a predominantly youthful 1st XI captain Nav Akhtar was both leading run scorer (430 runs) and leading wicket taker (30 wkts). Paul Lissowski headed the batting averages (average: 34.80), whilst Sean Price and Shaun Gomes both hit centuries against Bushey and Cockfosters respectively. On the bowling front , club captain, Saqlain Ahmed was the second highest wicket taker with 23 wickets. Also worth mentioning is 18 year old Charlie Busby who on many occasions performed well with both bat and ball, not to mention his outstanding fielding. A great prospect indeed.

In the 3rd XI, under the astute captaincy of Robert Jones, the leading wicket takers were the very experienced Farakh Raz (27 wkts) and Steve Moss (21 wkts). On the batting front Graham Hoar, Javid Akhtar and Henry Jonscher, only 15 years old, all made notable contributions.

For the first time the club entered the Herts Sunday T20 Trophy competition, where they excelled, only to lose to Northchurch in the final. On the way they played some exciting cricket and beat Northampton Exiles, Mill Hill Village, Broxbourne and Datchworth.

The Sunday league side, who play in Division 1 of the Broadview Windows North Herts League had a mixed season, however one highlight was a win over Welwyn Garden City, where there was only one player over the age of 25.

2017 senior awards:

Presidents Trophy : Steve Moss

1st XI player of the year : Nav Akhtar

2nd XI player of the year : James Fitzgerald

3rd XI player of the year : Farakh Raz

Young player of the year: Charlie Busby

Club person of the year : James Heavey

The Colts section continue to produce 'stars of the future and special mention goes to head coach Nav Akhtar and his team of qualified coaches, together with Steve and Vanessa



Michelin. With over 100 boys and girls all of them put in a tremendous amount of time and effort.

Winter nets are already underway for both the colts and senior sections in preparation for the 2018 season. The 1st XI will continue to play in Division 2B, whilst the 2nd XI have been promoted to Division 6B and the 3rd remain in Division 10B. The Colts will have teams entered in the Middlesex league at u11, u13, u15 and u17 level.

Fortunately the club has a number of umpires, however the Saturday 1st XI are looking for a scorer. If anyone is interested or knows someone who might be willing to score please contact me by phone or email.

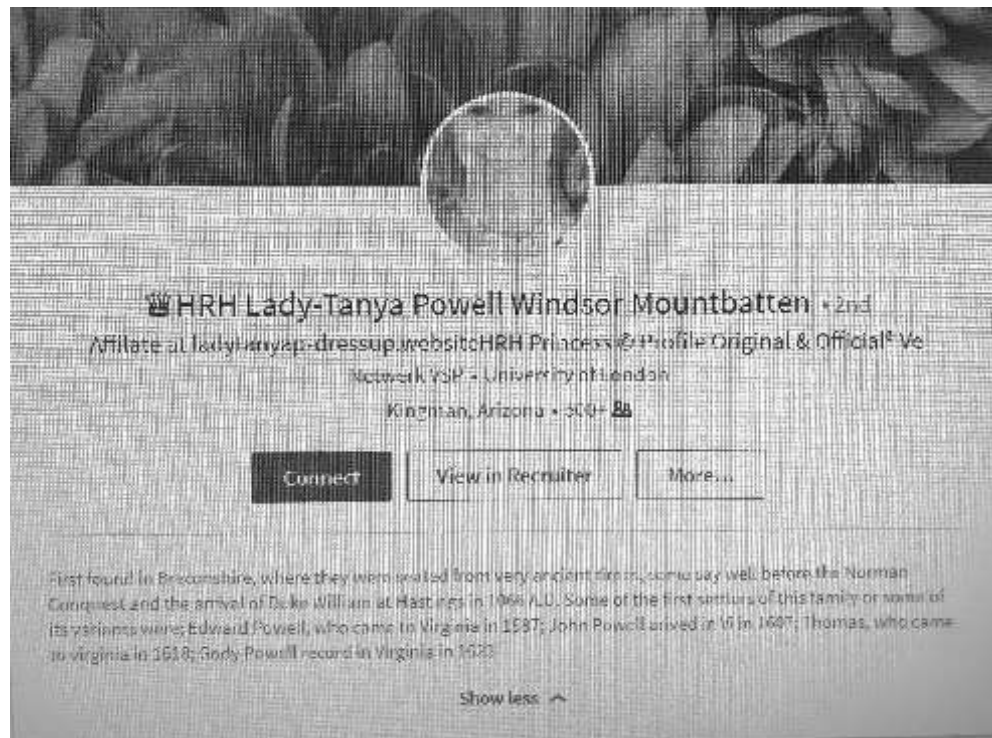
Training can be provided and any person scoring for the 1st XI will be paid.

With the new season only weeks away we are always pleased to welcome new players, officials, volunteers and spectators to Gypsy Corner. As usual events at the club can be found on our website and senior league fixtures and results appear on the Saracens Hertfordshire Premier Cricket League website www.hertsleague.co.uk.

We look forward to seeing faces old and new to Gypsy Corner, where the standard of cricket is improving year by year.

*Tristan Smith*  
*President*

## O.E. Business Club



Everyone is trying to join the OE Business Club!





# O.E. Business club

clubs & societies

Dear OE,

As you may be aware I administrate and manage both the OEBC and the QE School LinkedIn groups, bring news of our school and old Elizabethans to the business community.

As manager, I would like to convey a warm welcome to the new members of the QE School group:

Louise Newman – Security Sales Specialist at BT

Jonathan Kay – Director of Group Treasury at GAIN Capital

Jack Evans – a Games Programmer

Humza Hamid – Reading Law at UCL

Odala Kamandani – Nursing Officer at QE Hospital

And

Mel Adams – a Head Teacher in Barnet!

New members of the OEBC:

Daniel Essex – CEO at Century Travel

Andrew Dunsire – Chairman of Key Training

Neil Foster – Head of Tech at Konan Digital

Shivakumar Thirukkonda – Software Product Manager at Accenture

And

Ken Morgan – Director at Aston Rose

The broad spread of careers followed and excelled at by the alumni of QE Boys never ceases to impress. If you would like to join our groups that have a membership between them of over 1000 current and old Elizabethans, please join:

<https://www.linkedin.com/groups/2685149>

and/or

<https://www.linkedin.com/groups/2489089>

Please be aware that you need to attend QE or be an Old Elizabethan to join us, rather unlike HRH Lady-Tanya Powell Windsor Mountbatten who attempted to join us to promote her dressing up website. You never can be too careful in the cyber world!

Best regards

Michal Gallucci

*michael.gallucci@mpgqs.com*



Elizabethans

# O.E. 200 club

*Hon. Secretary: Graham Barnes*  
 9 Coneydale, Welwyn Garden City, Herts. AL8 7RX  
 Tel: 01707 323295 e-mail: OE200club@ntlworld.com

The Christmas 2017 Draw was recently held and the fortunate prize winners and their prizes were

<b>1st</b>	<b>RD Jones</b>	<b>£200</b>
<b>2nd</b>	<b>Mrs S Paget</b>	<b>£150</b>
<b>3rd</b>	<b>AJ Paget</b>	<b>£100</b>
<b>4th</b>	<b>OECC</b>	<b>£75</b>
<b>5th</b>	<b>The Royalists</b>	<b>£50</b>
<b>6th</b>	<b>A Johnson</b>	<b>£25</b>

If you would like to be part of the 200 Club and have a chance of winning prizes which are drawn twice a year whilst raising Funds for the Memorial Playing Fields and the School please contact Martyn Bradish at mb@bradish.co.uk or complete the standing order form below.

Good luck to all our 200 Club members in the next draw to be held at the School on Founders Day.

Just to show further good causes being well served by the 200 Club, Rod Jones (QE 1957-1965) has donated a prize, won earlier, on behalf of the Association, to WheelPower, the national charity for wheelchair sport, of which he is a VP. WheelPower is based at Stoke Mandeville Stadium, Bucks, where the Paralympic movement started seventy years ago (Ed).



# O.E. 200 club standing order form

To The Manager

.....Bank plc\*

.....\*

..... Postcode .....

Please Pay

A First Instalment of **£12.00** on .....(enter date)\*

Followed by annual instalments of **£12.00** on the same day in each successive year

Date of last payment: Until further notice

To:

**Bank:** Barclays Bank PLC

**Address:** 1250 High Road, Whetstone, London N20 0PB

**Sort Code:** 20-95-61

**Account No:** 50088366

**Account Name:** Old Elizabethans Association 200 Club

The monies should be paid from my following account:

**Account Name:** .....

**Sort Code:** .....

**Account number:** .....

This standing order cancels any previous instruction to the payee

Signed: ..... Date:.....

Name (in capitals): .....

\* Please complete

This signed form should be returned by post to  
Martyn Bradish, Old Elizabethans,  
31 Dugdale Hill Lane, Potters Bar EN6 2DP  
for registration.



Elizabethans

# Barnet Elizabethans Rugby Club Limited

Hon. Secretary: NIGEL MOORE Tel: 020 8441 7534; email [njmoore007@vahoo.co.uk](mailto:njmoore007@vahoo.co.uk)

The start of the 2017/18 Season, for the Senior teams, matches those of recent years – lack of availability, partly due to the overlap of cricket and rugby in the late summer, certain players going off to Universities and, in pre-season training, a number of medium term injuries (that equally applied to the professional end of the game). The outcome was a disappointing start for the 1<sup>st</sup> XV, with only one victory (against Watford) in the first six league matches. However, the team's performances were getting better and a series of four wins in five matches in October and November gave the side a better balance of their talents: good results against Saracens Amateurs, Wasps, Bank of England, Old Actonians and Watford (again), all by comfortable margins, meant their League position climbed to fifth in the Herts/Middx 1 League tabl at the end of the calendar year with a 50% win ratio in their twelve games. The 2018 fixtures give an optimistic view of the 1<sup>st</sup> XV's chances of, overall, success, even if no promotion.

The team were drawn away to Thamesians in the RFU Junior Vase: unfortunately, that resulted in another loss although it was played in early October before the team gained their momentum.

The 2<sup>nd</sup> XV's Merit Table season has been disrupted by opposition teams crying off on occasions, giving us an automatic win although that is against the spirit of the Merit Table ethos of playing with sides evened up in the event of reduced player numbers: no games mean disappointment to players. Two matches were postponed in the first half of the season although have been arranged for the new year.

The Academy teams (Under 18 and Under 17) have achieved a number of good wins. The same applies to the Junior sides (Under 13 through to U16) The Mini Section has taken part in a number of Festivals around other Clubs as well as round-robin games, all with fairly good success.

So, at the New Year stage, all is reasonably well with the Club. This was shown fully at a Lunch on 28<sup>th</sup> October with all Sections represented – with a former Mayor of Barnet as our guest, it was important to show the Club is thriving as Barnet Council are vital partners in our aims to improve the playing field and Clubhouse

Peter Yates December 2017



# friends of the Memorial field update

On 7<sup>th</sup> December 2017, the six members of the Friends' Committee – myself, Peter Goring, David Coombes, Tristan Smith, Jonathan Smith and Michael Woolf – prepared and agreed, unanimously, the terms of the new Constitution (see article in the previous issue of *The Elizabethan*) from which the Bank Account details are being finalised to separate the Funds raised from the OE Playing Field Company as existing. I anticipate this will be in place early January 2018 so that future Standing Order forms will incorporate the changes without affecting the existing Standing Orders.

I am pleased to report that we have 56 paid up Friends' members although that number may have increased by the time you receive this Newsletter – see list below.

The objectives of the Friends are twofold:

- to ensure that the Old Elizabethans Memorial Playing Fields in Barnet remain a fitting and worthwhile memorial, which recognise the contribution made by Old Elizabethans and the citizens of Barnet for their country in conflicts over many years; and
- to provide a reserve fund that will be used to make improvements to the facilities and equipment at the ground, although specifically not to be used for routine maintenance.

An Annual General Meeting shall be held in the Spring (date to be advised to all Friends) with nominations for the positions on the Management Committee, the presentation of the Accounts as at 31<sup>st</sup> December 2017 and other relevant business which will include a date for the Summer Lunch.

The up-to-date Banker's Standing Order will be presented then although existing BOS forms, as shown in the last Newsletter, can be used in the interim. I would request that you join the *Friends*.

The following are Friends: Frances Fuller, Bob Thorogood, Jonathan Smith, Michael Woolf, Liz Parker, Tristan Smith, Alan Solomon, Keith Jackson, John Hobson, Ken Cooper, Peter Vokes, Geoffrey Birch, John Hume, Colin Gibbens, Keith Jackson, Alan Morris, Andy Bell, Ian Jackson, Kevin Fitzgerald, Steve Michelin, Vanessa Michelin, Nigel Wildman, Michelle Sicheri, Peter Goring, David Coombes, Keith Henderson, David James, John Olney, Nigel Ward, Richard Newton, Mike Back, Mike Heavey, James Heavey, Saquib Parkar, Mike Harrison, John Wells, Roger Smith, Michael Thomas, Miles Collins, Robert Holman, Daren Norris, Paul Barnfather, Geoff Dunsford, Daniel Harrison, Giles Pratt, Kevin Watt, Peter Gugenheim, John Todd, Richard Weekes, Michael Deller, Graham Taylor, Alan Rujah, Gareth Stockbridge and myself. We are grateful to all of them.

Peter Yates (Acting Secretary pre AGM)

01920 484382

peter\_mary\_@btinternet.com



# obituaries

## Tony Butcher

1933-2018

Born to Alice and Charles Butcher on March 2nd 1933, John Anthony Weeks Butcher quickly became known to most people as Tony, although officialdom and his father, when annoyed with him, always called him John.

Tony didn't have a very good start in life. He was born with a hernia which had to be repaired when he was 13 months old. He also suffered from ataxia and this affected his athletic ability and fine movement capability throughout his life.

Tony went to Holmewood School in Woodside Park and then on to Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School in Barnet. In his early years at Queen Elizabeth's, Tony had already decided that he wanted a career in telecommunications, inspired by stories of his father's experiences in this field.

After two years in the sixth form at Queen Elizabeth's, Tony secured a place at Queen Mary College, University of London to study Electrical Engineering with the emphasis on telecommunications.

Apart from his studies, Tony found other things to do at college including starting a Bible Study Group for Engineers.



On graduating, Tony joined the STC Post Graduate Training Course. However, at the end of 1956, he sought pastures new at the Bell Punch Company in Uxbridge to work on a so-called 'electronic' replacement for mechanical calculating machines. It was never going to work in its envisaged form, so, at the end of 1957, he left Bell Punch, not before skidding on ice one morning and turning his car over on Uxbridge Common.

He returned to the STC organization in the Digital Systems Lab at their Standard Telecommunication Laboratories (STL), which had just moved into temporary premises in Harlow. It was here that Tony investigated the non-destructive reading of ferrite core stores, applicable to the early computers of that time. This led to the filing of his first patent.

He would go on to work on magnetic drum data recording techniques and co-authored an industry paper for the IEE Convention on recording techniques. He then went on to participate in the design of various aspects of electronic telephone exchanges under the auspices of a joint project with the Post Office Telecommunications (before it became BT). It was during this period that Tony was elected to corporate membership of the Institution of Electrical Engineers (now known as the Institution of Engineering and Technology) and was awarded Chartered Engineer status.

In the early 1960s, the Cold War was gripping Europe, and Tony led a group at New Southgate as part of a larger STL-led team working on an electronic switching system replacement for the BAOR tactical communications system in West Germany. At the cessation of this activity, Tony was involved in the design and testing of telegraph switching equipment and at one stage worked for Tommy Flowers (of Colossus fame at Bletchley Park) when Tommy joined STC after retiring from the Post Office.



In 1958 he met his future wife, Eirwen Parry, who had recently arrived in London from Aberystwyth. Eirwen was at that time working at The American Bank in London. Tony and Eirwen would marry on Midsummer's Day in 1961 at St Andrew's Church in Totteridge and moved into their house in East Barnet, where they lived until they moved to Stansted Mountfitchet in 1966 when Tony joined the Systems Planning Division at STL in Harlow.

Back in the STL, Tony was involved with and managed a number of military and civil telecommunication system studies in the UK, Europe and the USA. In the 1980's, Tony was part of the STC led team bidding for UK Mobile Phone contracts. At one stage, Tony worked for the STC led consortium behind the One-2-One franchise, which eventually became T-Mobile (UK). Subsequently, Tony became involved with the EU Funded Advanced Communication Equipment projects and then, finally, in his run up towards early retirement in 1995, Tony was mainly involved with European and world-wide telecommunication standards, culminating in his patent proposing changes to the MPEG and similar standards to counteract transmission delays in internet gaming systems.

On the home front, Tony and Eirwen joined the congregation at St John's Church in Stansted where Tony was elected to the PCC for a number of years and also played the part of Father Christmas at Holiday Markets.

In 1967, Tony and Eirwen adopted their first son, Jonathan, and their second son, Matthew, in 1971.

Tony and Eirwen were married for 57 years. Following Tony's retirement in 1995, they made several visits to the USA and enjoyed a trip to Venice to celebrate their 40th Anniversary. They enjoyed walks around the village, as well as pub lunches and watching the rugby.

Tony died peacefully in his sleep, February 6th, 2018.

*Jon Butcher*

## vic coughtreu

QE 1954–59

The funeral service, committal and interment and the wake for Vic took place in South Wales on 24th October 2017 following his death earlier in the month. The congregation, confined mainly to family and friends, did include some OEs, Nigel Palmer and Brian Hand, both who knew Vic at school, and Nigel Wood and myself, who had been in personal contact with Vic since his last illness.

Vic will be celebrated by many of us OEs for the unofficial school alumni website 'Stapylton Field', to which a large number of us contributed. His son Peter told his father he would be continuing with the site, to be managed, as he put it, in a better way, but as yet we await further developments.

The site was launched in 2004 but I personally did not discover it until much later. I have been one of the regular correspondents since. I would be able to reply further about some of the material on the site but hopefully those as yet unfamiliar will be able to read contributions made



to the site when it is full restored. 'Stapylton Field' was an offshoot of Vic's own personal site, which grew from a number of pupils and alumni writing to him, sometimes running down or alternatively defending the School. Vic impartially allowed all sorts of views (except racist ones) to be published.

Since moving to Wales, Vic had learnt to speak and write in Welsh and had been the leader of a Welsh reading group in his local area. He also served on the national committee of the Welsh National Eisteddfod when it was held in their locality of Glyn Ebwy in 2010.

*James Cowen*  
*QE 1956-63*

## DAVID EDWARD JENKINS

1942 - 2017  
QE 1953-61

At school and among his friends D. E. Jenkins was always known as Dai. I only heard him called David by his parents and by his wife, Mai. He was born in Barmouth, North Wales after his mother, Betty, was evacuated from London to stay there with her grandmother. However, he spent his early years in Totteridge. He went to St Andrews C of E primary school on Totteridge Common where he was regularly top of his form - as he was at later Queen Elizabeth's. There was a break in his years at Q.E. when his father, Gwyn, was made Manager of the Westminster Bank in Swansea. He then returned to complete his schooling in Barnet before gaining an Honours Degree in Geography at St John's College, Oxford.



Dai was in Stapleton House. He played for the cricket 1st XI in his last year, bowling usefully loopy leg breaks and batting no.11. If Dai managed to score a few unorthodox runs as last man it brought much applause. He once bowled 25 overs on the trot against Bedford Modern - mainly because our unthinking captain failed to give him a rest.

Soon after his arrival in Oxford, Dai competed in a T.V. quiz show called "Double Your Money" hosted by Hughie Green. His chosen specialist subject was athletics, about which he had an encyclopaedic knowledge, and he won the maximum prize of over £1000. His win was not without incident, particularly in the final round — with a number of friends supporting in the studio audience. He had promised his father he would NOT go on to the £1000 question but would stop at £500. In the event he agreed to "have a go for the 1000" which, apparently, caused his parents, watching at home with many others, to have a 'near heart attack' (!)

£1000 was a lot of money in those days, particularly for a teenage student. After the show we went out on the town before traveling back to Totteridge where Welsh aunts and uncles and cousins awaited the hero's arrival. Unfortunately, by the time we got him home to 27, Ventnor Drive he was in little state for further celebration .

Dai was blessed with a fine, if somewhat quirky, sense of humour. For him, the funniest man on the planet was Spike Milligan. He was also a fan of Peter Cook and Dudley More and their rambling chats as 'Dud and Pete'. He did a very good impersonation in a double act with his



cousin Philip (or it might have been cousin Gareth.)

Dai's three main interests, apart, from his extended family were — Real Ale, sport and opera. He was an early member of CAMRA, the campaign for real ale, and was evangelistic in his abhorrence of keg beer and lager. He would, pointedly, lean over the taps marked Watneys Red Barrel and Whitbread Tankard and address the barman with “Excuse me, do you sell proper beer here?”

He did not claim to be a world beater at any one sport but could give a good account of himself at tennis, squash, table tennis, golf and cricket. He ran in the New York, Boston and Long Island marathons, with respectable times. Dai's love of athletics led him to attend several Olympic Games, usually with cousin Glynne who was equally keen. They were in Munich together when the infamous massacre of many of the Israeli team took place. He had a love of facts, figures and statistics. He kept a spreadsheet, going back many years, recording every family member who had ever run a marathon, anywhere in the world —showing split times and final times for each race.

He was a member of various sports clubs including London Welsh rugby and later Wasps rugby; Totteridge tennis, Totteridge cricket and South Herts golf club. He was also a member of Middlesex cricket club. This gave him access to the famous pavilion at Lords. There was no better way for him to spend an afternoon than seated on the pavilion balcony, with good friends and a pint of real ale, watching cricket. He was for many years a member of the Jesters cricket club — a wandering club founded in the 1920s at Oxford University. Dai played regularly for them and became club secretary.

Dai inherited a love of opera from his father and the Welsh tradition of singing. He spent many hours watching operas, mostly on DVDs and occasionally live. He could discuss the relative merits of many artists and operas, some of them little known even to the opera-going public.

He seldom missed O.E.s Dinners and Forty Society lunches. He was always friendly and amiable - hearty after a few beers. I don't think I ever saw him in a bad mood (just once when he objected to the style of display at the London Olympics !) In truth he was not someone others could dislike. However he was intelligent and forthright and found it difficult to suffer fools gladly. He would not back down when he knew he was right. He did not shrink from pointing out to seniors in Computer Systems Design that they were wrong and this may have hampered his promotion prospects. Equally, I am told, this was not something that bothered him.

He was a prolific writer of letters to newspapers and magazines, usually to point out their mistakes. His letters were published in The Times and The New York Times but mainly in Athletics Weekly which he read avidly from cover to cover, seeming able to remember every time or distance reported.

He had a Downs Syndrome brother, Richard, who died in his early thirties. Dai was very caring and devoted to him despite the fact that Richard was ten years younger and never able to speak. Dai and Mai Purcell married in 1973 - having met, unsurprisingly, at a rugby match. They lived for many years in Ealing and remained a devoted couple. Mai cared for David during his last three years with great love and fortitude. In the last few months she was supported, tirelessly, by his cousin Gareth who had himself been a doctor.

Dai Jenkins had very many friends and is sorely missed.

*Colin Dickman*



# David Pardoe

QE 1942-52

David was a retired professional engineer. Born in London, educated at QE and London University and he did his national service as a RAF Flying Officer in Yorkshire. He was offered a higher rank to remain in the RAF, but decided to follow his life-long interest in designing 'anything', and was offered employment in a design and development team for an international communications company. The designs for a message switching system and installations moved him to Europe, Canada, a year in Mauritius and two years in Australia. He worked with a team modifying, debugging and educating personnel in Army, Navy and Air Force establishments. On an extended business trip to Australia, David married and returned to London where he worked in the ITT Europe Research Labs for ten years, before living permanently in Australia and working as an independent Research Consultant, with a Consulting company.

David is remembered by his many friends from around the world, and his family, as a gentleman: a quiet, thoughtful, intelligent, and humble man, who enjoyed social occasions and embraced others in need. David's desire to give people around him a laugh, while never malicious, was one of the most memorable things about David. The electrical 'failures' at school were mentioned during his final day interview with his Headmaster. Likewise, RAF colleagues said how much they had enjoyed working with him and his sense of humour. He turned adversity into a ripping good story and his pranks became legends.



His family enjoyed his innovations including: signals for trains, a throbbing heart for his wife and pictures on the walls that moved gently during a 'murder mystery on a boat' party. David's interests included gardening, walking, reading, writing, numbers, all kinds of puzzles, theatre, music and railways.

Publicly, David had two patents in his name, coached a soccer team, supported Church and choir activities. He has had several short stories published and was just starting to try his hand at poetry. He edited a School newsletter and his detailed account of school life during the war was published by the Old Elizabethans' Magazine in 2016.

David said that he would always be grateful for the personal support from some masters and the Headmaster when he faced personal loss during the war, and the educational and personal values he took with him when he finished his time at QE. He was proud to be associated with the fine educational tradition that the School had, and continues to have today.

David died unexpectedly from complications following heart surgery. He was an optimist who thought that he would live to 100 years and his family and friends thought so too!

*Noela Pardoe*

Supplementary: I remember David's name very well. As the school play approached 'Daddy' Raines who was in charge of building the set, used to summon his right-hand-men into the classroom when he was teaching us Maths (I somehow resisted...) to see how things were going. Besides David Pardoe there was Schofield, they were known collectively as 'Scho and Pardoe' by their set-building mentor, Mr R.

*Kenneth Marks (QE 1947-54)*



# Alan perrotton

QE 1945-50

At the time of his retirement Alan held a senior position in Barclays Bank as Deputy Head of Internal Audit.

*Andrew Fear*

# Brian stow

QE 1934-39

He was born in Edgware, but his parents moved to Totteridge where he lived in formative years. At about eleven he started at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School. He was very proud of his school, followed it throughout his life and was always a member of the Old Elizabethans. He would often report to family members the latest academic achievements of pupils.

He left school at 17 to start work though today he would have been university material. He joined the Standard Bank of South Africa and was there until he was called up for war service.

Brian did not talk much about the war. He was in Royal Signals. He was shipped around, and took part in the Allied invasion of Italy in July 1943, coming off a landing craft in Sicily carrying his radio. It is hard to imagine being thrust into such a situation under fire.

Brian's duties included taking over telephone exchanges in Italy and monitoring. He had a natural ability for languages and picked up Italian from scratch. In later years, he took his "O level" after going to evening classes and he spoke Italian well. Brian was also apparently able to pass for a native of Vienna, such was his German accent from his time after his transfer to Austria prior to de-mob.

When Brian returned to the bank in 1946 he met his wife, Pamela, who had been working at the Bank for several years, being one of the young women who filled the gaps left by the men on war.

Brian was a season ticket holder at Highbury, as was his father until his death in 1964. Brian first went to Arsenal as a boy during the Herbert Chapman era.

In recent years Brian followed Arsenal on-line and also became quite good at on-line shopping, which was quite impressive for someone of such advanced years.

Brian was quite sporty from his school days onwards. For a time, he played for a local cricket club, opening the batting. One great memory was his taking a one-handed catch over his head while fielding on the boundary.

Brian's career at the bank saw him rise through the ranks to be senior in the Trustee Department. He became a Head Office inspector for the Standard Chartered Bank, so he then had the opportunity to travel the world from Djakarta to San Francisco and many places and offices in between.



obituaries



Brian retired in 1982 and Pamela and Brian moved from Billericay in Essex, where they had lived most of their married life, to Nayland, Suffolk in 1985. Brian joined the congregation in Nayland, where he remained until Sunday morning outings became too difficult. Pamela and Brian were very happy with their new life in Nayland with the more rural environment and more room for their many dogs.

Retirement meant that Brian had a lot of time for everyone and his kind and generous spirit was always apparent. He was a thoroughly decent man who is much missed.

*Jon Stow*

*We record here with regret the passing some years back of Dr John Heard, Paul Hart (QE 1949-57) on 7 October 2017, David Shirley (QE 1949-1956) 10th February and Michael Deller (QE 1942-52). We hope to publish an obituary in a future issue for Michael Deller and David Shirley.*

## Bob Parker and King Henry IV Remembered

*Sidney Freedman*

I was sad and sorry to read Bob Parker's obituary in the last edition of The Elizabethan. Geoff Smith's letter about Bob in the role of Falstaff brought back vivid memories of Henry IV Part I, the School play in March 1953. Bob and T.E. Smith (I never knew his first name, perhaps he didn't have one!), who played the part of Hotspur, were superb. For my sins I played the part of Prince Hal, feeling desperately uncomfortable in my stage costume. I still have the copies of The Elizabethan I edited and in one of them I found the review of the play written by Ralph Cocks. I have printed it below.

One thing he doesn't mention is the moment of truth on one evening when in the battle scene I found myself with my back to the audience facing Bob, who forgot his lines. I muttered them to him, but his steel helmet was clamped so close to his ears that he could not hear what I was saying. Unlike Caruso, who sang the other man's part when the baritone swallowed half of his moustache and was unable to continue singing, I froze. It put me off acting for life!

In his review Mr Cocks mentions the high standard of previous school plays and it is true. They were very good, a tribute to John Covington, who was a wonderful producer. Michael Rose (1st XV hooker alongside Bob - didn't matter to him whether the ball was put in straight, without his specs he couldn't see it anyway) larger than life bumbled along as Monsieur Jourdain in Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, so pleased to have discovered he had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it. Or Leslie Felding - suave and cynical as General Burgoyne in Shaw's The Devil's Disciple. I remembered his performance the other day when on the radio they played Grieg's incidental music to Sigurd Jorsalfar, which was used as introductory music to the play. Does one ever forget anything I wonder?

The review follows on next page...



# King Henry IV part I by William Shakespeare

On March 5th, 6th and 7th the Dramatic Society presented King Henry IV, Part I to appreciative audiences. It should be said at once that the general level of acting was probably the highest in recent years and there were very few poor performances. T. E. Smith was an outstanding Hotspur, fiery, impetuous, and brave. He walked proudly and spoke his lines with real conviction. In no way inferior to him was R.D.Parker as Falstaff. The fat knight is so often and so accurately described by the other characters that the actor has to be very careful not to disappoint the audience with the man himself. Parker made no mistake, never let the rich comedy degenerate into farce and showed us Falstaff (the phrase is inescapable) in the round. He was aided in this by superb make up. S.H.Freedman (Henry, Prince of Wales) began as if he were uncertain whether he were in London or Elsinore and his eyes did not always look at the person to whom he was speaking; but he steadily improved as the play went on. His wig did not help him, but he managed to suggest a royal dignity, as his stance and bearing were consistently good. As King Henry IV, D.F.R Gilson was not always at his ease. His make-up was very good, but his diction left something to be desired. It was clear, however, that he had given much care to the preparation of his part. The most effective scene in the play was the one in the Boar's Head Tavern. Parker varied his voice most convincingly, Freedman cast away dull care, and they were supported by two brilliant portrayals of minor parts, Poins (D.A.Cowcher) and Bardolph (D.O.M Thomas). The former appeared as a sort of 15th century Hastings, and his mocking air of gaiety and enjoyment was exactly right. Thomas was not only unrecognisable under his fantastic make up but he also disguised his voice and character in a most assured and delightful manner.

Mr Covington deserves high praise for his handling of the intractable battle scenes and for the overcoming of so many difficulties of presentation with a somewhat raw cast on an awkward stage. If a criticism is permitted, it would be that the whole production was no more than the sum of its parts. Nevertheless, Mr Covington must be most sincerely thanked for his patient efforts which bore fruit in so much enjoyment."

Praise indeed from Ralph Cocks, who could be quite sharp in his criticism!

*Sidney Freedman*  
*QE 1947-1953*



association business

from your membership secretary

**Changes Spring 2018**

**Joined**

Mr N Neil

**Deaths**

Dr J	John	Heard	1931-39 Fellow
Mr PE	Paul	Hart	1949-57 Fellow
Mr BFG	Brian	Stow	1934-39 Fellow
Mr VT	Vic	Coughtrey	1954-59 Non-member
Mr D	David	Pardoe	1942-52 Member
Mr MF	Michael	Deller	1942-52 Fellow
Mr JA	Tony	Butcher	1944-51 Fellow
Mr DJ	David	Shirley	1946-56 Fellow

**Amendments to Yearbook** (see website for changes)

Mr P	Peter	Whittaker	Mr R	Ross	Arnold
Mr P	Piers	Martin	Mr D	David	Greenfield
Mr N	Neil	Harris	Mr M	Mark	McCarthy
Mr S	Steve	Rogers	Mr A	Andrew(Sam)	Smith
Mr C	Chris	Heap	Mr V	Vishal	Mehta
Mr RW	Bob	Foster	Mr J	James	Joiner
Mr J	John	Kennedy	Mr C	Charles	Davies
Mr J	John	Harris	Mr D	Doug	Scott
Mr N	Nikhil	Anand	Mr S	Shuai	Zhang
Mr P	Paul	Grethe	Mr J	James	Ford
Mr A	Andrew	Grethe	Mr MG	Michael	Cottrell

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notice of AGM

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETINGS OF THE OLD ELIZABETHANS' SOCIAL CLUB, 200 CLUB and THE OLD ELIZABETHANS (BARNET) ASSOCIATION TO BE HELD AT THE MEMORIAL PLAYING FIELD PAVILION, MAYS LANE, BARNET ON WEDNESDAY 18th APRIL 2018 AT 8.00 P.M.**

**GENERAL APOLOGIES FOR ABSENCE**

to be advised to the Association Honorary Secretary please

**SOCIAL CLUB AGENDA**

- 1.00 MINUTES OF THE LAST AGM HELD ON THE 19th APRIL 2017 (available at the meeting)**
- 2.00 MATTERS ARISING**



**3.00 SECRETARY'S REPORT**

**4.00 ACCOUNTS**

**5.00 ELECTION OF OFFICERS**

- i) Chairman - present incumbent - J H Smith
- ii) Secretary - present incumbent - T G R Smith
- iii) Treasurer - present incumbent - A P Mackay

All are prepared to stand - other nominations may be made at the meeting.

**6.00 ANY OTHER BUSINESS**

*T G R Smith, Secretary, January 2018*

**200 CLUB AGENDA**

**1.00 MINUTES OF THE LAST AGM HELD ON THE 19th APRIL 2017**

**2.00 MATTERS ARISING**

**3.00 SECRETARY'S REPORT**

**4.00 TREASURER'S REPORT**

**5.00 ELECTION OF OFFICERS**

- i) Secretary
- ii) Treasurer
- ii) Committee

**6.00 ANY OTHER BUSINESS**

*G Barnes, Secretary and Treasurer, January 2018*

**ASSOCIATION AGENDA**

**1.00 MINUTES OF THE LAST AGM HELD ON 19th APRIL 2017**

**2.00 MATTERS ARISING**

**3.00 REPORTS:**

- .01 HONORARY SECRETARY
- .02 HONORARY TREASURER
- .03 HONORARY MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY
- .04 THE OLD ELIZABETHANS (BARNET) PLAYING FIELDS LTD

**4.00 OPEN FORUM - ANY MATTERS ARISING FROM THE ABOVE ITEMS**

**5.00 ELECTIONS OF PRESIDENT, OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE:**

**.01 OFFICERS:**

- SECRETARY - present incumbent (D G Norris)
- TREASURER - present incumbent (M Bradish)
- MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY - present incumbent (M Bradish)
- EDITORIAL SECRETARY - present incumbent (D G Norris)
- SOCIAL SECRETARY - present incumbent (S D Lincoln)

Nominations are sought for any Officer position, provided that nominees agree to stand.

**.02 COMMITTEE MEMBERS:**

K R Cooper, K Jackson, J Smith, M Gallucci and A Solomon, all of whom are prepared to stand for re-election. Other nominations may be made up to the time of the election provided that nominees agree to stand.

**.03 NOMINATIONS FOR PRESIDENT, HONORARY MEMBERSHIPS AND VICE PRESIDENTS - nominations are invited**

**6.00 ANY OTHER BUSINESS**

**7.00 DATE OF 2019 AGM: To perpetuate the third Wednesday in April = 17th April 2019.**

*D Norris, Honorary Secretary, March 2018*



# dates for the diary

## dates for the diary 2018

event	date, time & place	contact
Association AGM	18th April at 8.00pm OE MPF Pavilion	Martyn Bradish mb@bradish.co.uk
OE Forty Society Lunch	26th April at 12.45pm OE MPF Pavilion	Mike Harrison 01763 261775 mhdunbanking@gmail.com
OE Golf Society Meeting	4th May Hadley Wood GC	Ronnie Printemps printemps@btinternet.com Ian Louis-Ferdinand ianlouisferdinand@googlemail.com
BERFC AGM	12th June at 8.00pm BERFC Clubhouse Byng Road, Barnet	Nigel Moore 02084417534 njlmoore007@yahoo.co.uk
Founder's Day and Fete	16th June The School	
FQE Quiz Night	10th November 7.30pm start The School	Alan Solomon alansolomon1@gmail.com
OE Annual Dinner	16th November 7.15pm for 8.00pm The School	Simon Lincoln 07957 170 630. stlincoln@sc33.org.uk <a href="http://www.fqeshop.co.uk">http://www.fqeshop.co.uk</a>

