



OLD

PALMERIAN

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CHAIRMAN'S INTRODUCTION

Once again we present a bumper sized magazine for your delectation and delight and I must thank those of you who sent in contributions. I always find it interesting to read of the exploits and memories of past Palmerians, young and not so young alike, so keep those entries coming.

The past year has been a period of change at the College with the extension of the old library and refectory areas and the introduction of adult evening classes in September 1993. This progression and adaptation to demand can only bode well for the continuation of Palmer's in to the next century.

In June of this year the Association had its Open Day (held every five years). The weather kept fine and visitors had the virtual run of the College grounds. Even for those who came five years ago there were a lot of new things to see and a good time was had by all. I would like to thank Mr Kelly for the use of the College facilities and also for giving such excellent guided tours on the day. The next Open Day is pencilled in for 1998 and beyond that, in 2006, is the bigger celebration of 300 years of Palmers! Watch this space.

I have enjoyed being chairman of the Association and making a little piece of history, as only the third female chairman and one of the youngest (being a student purely of the College). I feel the Association's future lies in attracting younger members and your committee have been increasing their efforts to attract current Old Palmerians in the making and to show that "you don't have to be old to be an Old Palmerian".

In conclusion, I would like to thank your hard-working committee for all the work they have done over the past year, especially Ruth Hunwick, Eileen Webb and Beryl Saxton and to all Old Palmerians, wherever you may be, I wish you health and happiness for the coming year.

Jill Snelling

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

We have lost contact with some Old Palmerians and have therefore, been unable to send them a copy of the "Old Palmerian" and other notices. If any reader has a current address for any of the following members please contact us or ask the member to do so.

Mrs Elizabeth Smith	81-83	Mr Chris Gallagher	81-8
Miss Diane Patience	82-84	Mr Barry Banks	
Mr Anthony Bennett	56-63	Mr Reginald Howard	51-57
Mr J Abel	47-52	Mrs Sonia Guinan	66-71
Mr Ikem Okoye	73-75	Mr Peter Allan	59-64
Mr Charles Harris	81-84	Mr Bernard Harris	62-64
Mr Lawrence Irvine	69-74	Mr J Glibbery	41-46
Mrs Jane Higgins	79-82	Mr Reginald Howard	51-57
Mrs Catherine Clark	79-81	Mr Leslie Nicholls	62-68
Mr Peter Clark	78-80		

To ensure that you continue to receive your copy of the "Old Palmerian" please notify us of any change of address.

Ruth Hunwick

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

7th November 1993	Founder's Day Service
12th November 1993	Founder's Day Dinner
16th November 1993	A.G.M.
11th March 1994	Old Boys' Dinner

ASSOCIATION SPORTS CLUBS AND ACTIVITIES

THE SPORTS HALL

The facilities at the College Sports Hall are becoming more and more popular with members and their guests alike. The twice weekly sessions for use by the Association are on Mondays (8pm to 10pm) and Thursdays (7pm to 10pm) and run throughout the year, excluding Bank Holiday Mondays.

We have two squash courts and four badminton courts available and a Multigym for both Ladies and Men for general fitness. The main hall can also be used for basketball, netball, table tennis and five-a-side soccer. The swimming pool is also available from 9pm to 10pm on Thursdays only.

Bookings for the courts may be made six days in advance by ringing Grays Thurrock 380964.

Charges are as follows:-

Badminton - £1.25 per court per 30 min. session.
Squash - £1.75 per court per 40 min. session.
Multigym / Weight training - 50p per session.
Rugby / Soccer training - 50p per session.
Swimming - £1 per session.
Member's Guests pay 50p for an evening's membership.

The facilities are available to all fully paid up members of the Association and their guests. Regular users of the facilities can propose a guest for Associate Membership (restricted to one per member) for the modest sum of £5 per annum.

Beryl Saxton

OLD PALMERIANS RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

It is again nice to report another year of progress from the Rugby Club and during the past season it has mainly been away from the field of play.

A major disadvantage over the years has been the lack of a permanent home for after match and general socialising and the building of the Pavilion seems unlikely in the near future bearing in mind the scarcity of funds for education. At the start of the 1992/3 season we secured the use of a hall and bar above the Grays Conservative Club, which was run exclusively by members of the Rugby Club and most importantly, it generated some additional funds. It is hoped to make this a more permanent arrangement for the medium term, we still, however, remain hopeful of a home on the College grounds in the longer term.

The second major development has been the inception of youth and mini sections representing a step forward in becoming a more complete club. The decline of sport in schools seem to be depriving many clubs of the natural stream of players that could once be relied upon. The hard work in getting this project off the ground should be applauded, it not only offers Palmers a long term prospect of survival, but provides recreation for many youngsters in the area.

Returning to the field of play, 1992/3 was a successful year. The first team won the BL South Essex Merit Table and attained 5th place in Division Two of the Courage Eastern Counties League guided by the hands-off man-management style of Skipper Andy Marr.

The Second XV won all of its games in the Second team Merit Table but did not complete a full programme and was consigned to a footnote. There were encouraging signs of more and more players developing into future 1st team players and many were thrown in the deep end during the season.

The 3rd XV had, for the first time, a full fixture list and were again led by Steve Davies. Victories were hard to come by particularly in the first half of the season, these totalled 0 by Christmas, but the team never became downhearted as many of the matches were very close.

The end of the season was celebrated in traditional style at the Stifford Moat House where the following club awards were presented.

1st Team Player of the Year	Chris Warrior
2nd Team Player of the Year	Gordon Purvis
3rd Team Player of the Year	Mark Meecham
Most Improved Player	Paul Carney
Clubman	Craig Overy
Gentleman of the Tour	Wayne Janes

We are continually looking for recruits (of any age) and enquiries should be addressed to Andrew Hutchinson (0375) 390801.

Andrew Hutchinson

VERY OLD OLD BOYS

Recently appointed Rugby Club archivist, Kevin Broadbent, longed to reminisce over some of the golden moments from the earliest days of our existence.

As a former Chairman and long time workhorse of the club he thought it would be nice to spread the word of how the club has developed over the last 16 years and produced a series of amusing newsletters. These were circulated to anyone whose address was to hand and Kevin subsequently made contact with many names from the past.

The efforts of his work culminated in a reunion match where a K Broadbent XV played the 3rd team and despite the obvious rustiness of many of the 'very old' players, experience triumphed! The sight of Saxton passing to Morris who slipped the ball to Baker for one of his famous midfield charges was a real sight for sore eyes. People travelled from far a field none more so than Ian Bradbrook who flew in from New York to bolster the forwards. Many of the forwards had bolstered themselves over the years, but their technique had not deserted them. They could still drink as well as ever!

OLD PALMERIANS FOOTBALL CLUB REPORT

Season 1992-1993

A reasonable season for the club consolidating its position in Division One following its promotion from Division Two last season.

The season started with the addition of Gordon Mills and Barry Stanley to the ranks. We suffered a couple of serious injuries during the year which limited Paul Boreham to only 30 minutes play for the season and resulted in the loss of Peter Vanderpeer for the end of the season with a broken ankle. They both have our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

We did not have a very good year in Cup competitions but the League season went OK in a very competitive division. For successive seasons, the club scored over 50 League goals with Dave Willats ending the top scorer for the season with 16 goals in both the League and Cup, closely followed by Barry Stanley with 14. The club again had a good season with the number of goalscorers throughout the season reaching ten.

Our League record is detailed below:-

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Old Palmerians FC	22	8	3	11	52	54	19

Should anyone be interested in joining the Old Palmerians Football Club, please contact Stephen Ward (0375 380353). Training is due to start on Thursday evenings at the College from August.

Stephen Ward

GOLFING SOCIETY REPORT 1992 SEASON

Six matches were held during the year with the results and winners detailed below.

Spring Meeting, April 1992.

Overall Winner: J. Isabel 38 points

The following were the winners of the Handicapped Competition.

0-13	J Wilson	34 points
14-17	W Outterside	36 points
18-22	P Bussey	34 points
23+	S Cameron	31 points

Match vs Palmer's College, May 1992.

The Old Palmerians team lost two and a half matches to one and a half.

Match vs Old Brentwoods, June 1992.

The Old Palmerians team won three matches to one.

Guest Day, September 1992.

Winner was J Saxton and guest with 47 points.
Second was W Outterside and guest with 46 points.
Third was R Strudwich and guest with 43 points.

Captain's Day, September 1992.

Winner was J Saxton with 46 points.
Second was A Clark with 39 points.
Third was W Outterside with 38 points.

Match vs Orsett Golf Club, November 1992.

The Old Palmerians' team won 6 to 0.

President's Cup.

The winner of this cup was Bill Outterside with an accumulation of 122 points from the Spring, Guest and Captain's Day Meetings.

Joint second place was J Wilson and D Thorogood with 107 points.

Leg O'Mutton Supper, November 1992.

The A.G.M. and Dinner was held at the Orsett Golf Club and attended by 46 Members and invited guests.

Membership.

Currently we have 42 playing members with another 12 attending the dinner meetings.

Any Old Palmerians or Staff interested in joining the Old Palmerians' Golfing Society should contact John Revell on 0375 375395 for information.

John Revell (Hon. Secretary)

OLD PALMERIANS' EMBROIDERED CASUAL/LEISURE WEAR AND TIES

For those interested in the embroidered casual/leisure wear, please see the enclosed leaflet for the extended range now available.

Ties and Bow Ties £6.00 postage and packing included.

Please enclose cheque with order, payable to Old Palmerian's Association, and send to Ms J Snelling, 27 Elm Drive, Rayleigh, Essex, SS6 8AB. Tel: 0268 774361.

PALMERS SCHOOL PLATE

The above plate, depicting the Palmers Boys School, Chadwell Road was advertised in our September 1991 magazine. Unfortunately, we were unable to secure copies of this plate due to difficulties with the supplier and apologise for any inconvenience and disappointment this may have caused members.

NEWS OF OLD PALMERIANS

First we must apologise for an error in last year's magazine. The entry for Darren Hackett was entered under Lee Stone. It should have read:-

DARREN HACKETT (1987-1989) was awarded, in 1992 a first class honours degree in Business, Finance and Economics by the University of East Anglia. He is presently in Paris for 6 months at the University to study French, then in January 1993 he starts a job in London with a firm of chartered accountants. Darren successfully completed his Language Course in Paris and visited Geneva (the European Translation and Interpretation School) and Italy. He has started to learn Italian now too.

LEE STONE (1987-1989) was awarded, in 1992, a degree in Mathematics by the University of East Anglia.

MR FREDDIE HARSANT, who retired as Principal in 1984, has been extremely active during his first years of retirement. From his base in Devon he oversaw the construction of his new yacht and in 1991 he and Mrs Harsant sailed extensively in the Mediterranean, sometimes in the wake of Ulysses and other Greek mariners. His voyage became a minor Odyssey on more than one occasion, particularly when he was caught in a storm and, on reaching harbour, was told his was the only vessel not to have run for shelter hours before. Affairs took a more serious turn when Mrs. Harsant was mugged during a stay ashore, an incident which shortened the intended cruise. Nevertheless, the Harsants are hoping to resume their sailing in the Mediterranean. Best wishes and bon voyage!

NORMAN E. PALMER who left Palmer's in the late sixties to read Law at Magdalen College, Oxford, has both practised at the Bar and held a succession of university appointments, including professorships at Reading, Essex and Southampton Universities. He is now Professor of Law at University College, London.

DR. RENATA ALDEN'S son, ADRIAN (1958-1965), is now Research Scientist in Canada at the Communications Research Centre, specialising in microwave powering of aircraft for the SHARP project and beam powering on board the American Space Shuttle. Since leaving Palmer's he has acquired a B.Sc.(Hons.) at Sussex University, an M.Engineering and a Ph.D. in Electrical Engineering, both at Carleton University. He has received several

awards and produced a large number of publications, mainly concerned with work in electromagnetic communications and microwave powering. From 1976 - 1980 he was Consulting Engineer to Dulmage Associates working for the Canadian navy. He has held his present post since 1980. His address is 200 Lebreton Street North, Ottawa K1R 7H8. Congratulations on all this and best wishes.

JAMES GILL (Palmer's late fifties to early sixties), after a roving career in journalism and advertising in this country, went to America where he was commissioned to write two books on racecourses and the breeding of race horses and is now living in New Orleans with his American wife and family and writing for New Society and a New Orleans newspaper. He recently made a return visit to Grays, unfortunately because his mother was seriously ill.

PAUL GILMAN (1959-1966), now living at Kington Langley, Wiltshire, writes to tell of a remarkable coincidence when, after several job changes and house moves, he finds that he is working for an Old Palmerian - Maurice Dixon. Both work for GEC and live in the same small village, Dr Maurice Dixon being on the main board of the company. Moreover, the local Morris Dancers (from Bath) include two Grays men, the wife of one of them being an Old Palmerian.

KEN W BUSHELL (1952-1958) wrote this letter to the Old Palmerian on August 22nd 1992.

"I am delighted to be writing this letter and hope to encourage others to do so, both to the OPA and to me. For reasons which, when considered in the fullness of time, do not make much sense, I lost touch with Palmer's and have only recently regained contact. I live in the USA, near Los Angeles, which in itself is not a reason to lose touch, and while visiting Essex at Christmas 1991, a quite extraordinary occurrence took place.

I was planning to visit Roy Field, an old Palmer's classmate, when we learned that a third classmate, Peter McAlear was also visiting his parents that day in Grays, and so we decided to get together, with our wives for a reunion. On the day of the meeting, a fourth classmate Geoff Tyler phoned Roy to say that a fifth classmate, Les Battle had written in the last OPA Magazine, seeking information on Roy and myself. This I felt was quite remarkable, and prompted me not only to get in touch with Les but to visit Palmer's and to start to seek out information on other former classmates.

I am ashamed to say that I was not aware of the level of activity in the OPA and very quickly realized that I had much catching up to do. A visit to Palmer's College and a discussion with Ruth Hunwick very quickly resolved much of that and I am now a proud member of OPA. I must say that I really enjoyed reading through some back copies of the Magazine, kindly provided by Ruth and reminiscing with other descriptions of our old masters.

In terms of connections, my wife's best friend married OP Bert Norrington, both of whom are friends of Stan Battle, Les' brother, so there was a connection perhaps unknown to Les. Also in my discussions I found that my brother-in-law Brian Ward, was the class pal of my cousin Keith Tully. Keith is teaching history and politics in Weston-Super-Mare, Brian is teaching chemistry and involved in administration at the Convent School in Grays. Peter McAlear is a Principal Consultant BAeSEMA Marine Division in Glasgow and Roy Field is a Senior Engineer with Ford at Basildon.

I graduated in Mechanical Engineering at Liverpool in 1961, together with Peter and Roy, and I initially worked in aircraft propulsion research at the National Gas Turbine Establishment (NGTE) in Hampshire for which the locals interpretation of the acronym was "Never Get Too Energetic"! It was actually quite a technological powerhouse in those days. I left after an invitation I couldn't refuse to return to Liverpool for my PhD which I gained after some 4 years.

Still interested in aircraft engines, in 1967 I joined Rolls-Royce working in the newly developing technology of noise reduction. We were quite successful and subsequent aircraft have become ever quieter. The RR Noise Group won the Queen's Award to Industry for its efforts.

In 1980, I was appointed Director of Research at a new Engineering Facility set up by Rolls-Royce in the USA, in Atlanta Georgia. The transition to living, not only in the USA but in Georgia was, to put it mildly, an interesting experience despite many previous business trips to the USA. I was very interested to discover that Georgia was settled by James Oglethorpe, from Essex, who lies buried in Cranham Church.

I became Vice President Engineering in 1983 and ran the Group until moving to Los Angeles in 1989. Here in LA I have responsibility for all Rolls-Royce activities with the aircraft constructors including Douglas, Lockheed, Rockwell and Northrop. LA is quite an interesting place to live, particularly with the

quite frequent earthquakes, not to mention the recent riots and fires throughout the city. I quickly came to realise that only the really big earthquakes hit the headlines, the smaller ones are occurring constantly. The angle of the pictures on the wall on arriving home each day is a reasonable indicator of the magnitude of the most recent!

To return to Palmer's, I graduated in 1961, and along with many of the correspondents to the OPA, have great memories of Gally and Dai Davies. What happened to Steggles, the Chemistry master does anyone know?

I would be delighted to hear from any of my old classmates, they know who they are. While in Grays at Christmas, I was helped by the College library to obtain copies of the old Speech Day programmes which has given me delight in remembering those listed therein.

I still wonder how I came to miss signing up for OPA in 1958, Perhaps nobody asked, perhaps at that time the fee was just out of reach, or perhaps, I just wanted to rush off to University free finally of "School". If only we had the sensitivities when we are young that we have later on, although then youth would never be the same either. Thank you friends and colleagues for accepting me into your world of OPA. I am sorry not to be able to get back to England for your regular functions.

With fond memories, and thanks Les for getting me started back into this."

WYN PHILLIPS (STAFF 1962-1992) is enjoying his retirement and has been on a cruise on the Q.E. II.

KEVIN BROADBENT (1968-1975) has written:- "Since leaving Palmer's, I have tried to keep in touch as much as I can, and have noticed recently that more names I recognize have started to appear in the Old Palmerian Magazine. This must mean that I am getting old enough to make my contribution, so here it is.

I left Palmer's (being one of the boys who joined a School and left a College) in 1976 with reasonably good A level results and School Colours for rugby football and woke up three months later at Southampton University. At the time I was not conscious of making a decision to go into further education, and today I still think of it as an evolutionary process-it seemed to be the next thing to do. Where else could I play rugby three times a

week and not have to work for a living? Adrian Jones went down there at the same time to do Maths, and while we were there we met Phil Blower and Michael (Mick) Saxton, who appeared to be there for the same reasons as myself. In fact during my tenure a number of Old Palmerians came and went, the most memorable from my point of view being Peter Saxton. Peter and I played together in the College XV for a number of years, then both joined the same local club in Southampton, and then finally both came back to Grays and became founder members of the Old Palmerians RUFC.

In fact, Peter and I (in our youth!) travelled much of Europe together, going backwards and forwards regularly to visit Mick where he was working in Switzerland, and we also made a three week visit to Trinidad and Tobago, to stay with the parents-in-law of Bob Brudenell, recent Biology master, who was bribed (under threat of physical violence) to come out of retirement and resume his rugby career with the OPRUFC. One summer when Peter was not available for some reason or other, Mick and myself with Paul Clarke and Ian Bradbrook decided it would be a good thing to drive to Biarritz for a few weeks, so we did. As we were pulling out of my road, Steve Rance saw us and asked us where we were going. We told him to get in the car, and it was not until we got to Dover that he found out he was going to spend two weeks in France without any spare clothes and with no passport (he never had any money so this aspect was no different to being at home). Amazingly enough, we left the country and got back again with no problems whatsoever! All of us were drivers, and we managed to get from Grays to Biarritz in 16 hours, including the ferry crossing time. Another memory I have comes from another of our visits to Switzerland, where Kevin Bryant got his lips so chapped skiing that they split whenever he laughed - you can imagine how sympathetic we were to his plight! Having just read back over what I have written, I notice that I have not mentioned beer at all. We were always very careful not to drink while we were driving, but that was the only time we didn't.

But there comes a time when you have to grow up, and I have nearly reached it. Susan and I got married in August 1984 with a lot of the rugby club in attendance, as was Ken and Mrs Smetham. Ken gave us a bottle of 1976 Chateau Palmer as a present, and I am pleased to say that it lived up to its expectations. We soon moved to Elm Park where we still live, and our son Phillip was born in July 1989. His brother James was born in 1992 on April 14th, and subsequently we have concluded that we have both done our bit for the human race and will be very surprised to see any expansion of the family.

Shortly after leaving Southampton I found myself in "computers" for a living, being too lazy to have to work for a living. I am now the UK Product Manager for an American commercial software company called Global Software, and this letter was originally written in Raleigh, North Carolina in the United States, in November 1991, and is now being revised before onwards progress. This is the fourth time I have been across here on business, and have managed to bring Susan and Phillip three times. Phillip is just over three now, and by the time he got home for Christmas 1991 (we were here for three months this time round) he will have flown the Atlantic six times and have been on seven other flights. Times are sure different now to when some of the other correspondents were growing up. We like it here in the Carolinas, but not enough (yet) to move permanently. Now that James is born, we will probably try to come back for another six to twelve months, but Susan's home is definitely in England.

I have been in touch with Steve Woolley who, last time we spoke, was an Adjutant at a Naval Harrier base in Exeter, and was trying to double the world's population with his wife's assistance. I have tried to contact Jon (Jesse) James, who is apparently masquerading as a teacher some where on the south coast, but, whereas he never stopped talking at school, it would appear that marriage and parenthood has finally shut him up! Chris Houillon at the time of the last Old Boys' Dinner (where the attendees had the misfortune to listen to me speak) is working with Marconi Defence systems. Nigel Lowe is now a real architect, and is getting to the size that the floor needs reinforcing! Paul Clarke and I wonder each time we see him how we ever managed to hold him up when he was the 1st XV hooker and we were the props. Wayne Morris finally retired from proper rugby at the end of the season 1992. He has been a good servant of the Club from its first season, and will now be able to spend more time with his wife Sue Cornell and their children.

Anyone who may remember me is welcome to drop by or write to 51 Laburnum Walk, Elm Park, Hornchurch, Essex, RM12 5RP.

Kevin also produces the OPRUFC "Very Old Old Boys' Newsletter"

SUSAN LIGGINS (1987-1989) was awarded, in 1992 a 2-1 degree in Pharmacy by Portsmouth Polytechnic. She is now employed at Boots in Southend and working for her Pre Med. to become a member of the Royal Society of Pharmacists.

JANE WHEATLEY (1987-1989) was awarded, in 1992 a degree in Mathematics by Warwick University and this year has been doing a Post Graduate Certificate in Education at the Institute of Education in London.

SEAN MC CARTHY (1986-1989) was awarded, in 1992, a B.Sc. Honours degree in Environmental Chemistry with Management Studies by Royal Holloway and Bedford New College of London University. He has now gone to Sussex University to do a Ph.D.

JOANNA DAWES (1986-1988) was awarded, in 1992, a B.A. Honours degree in French with English, also by Royal Holloway. She is now taking her P.G.C.E. at St Mary's College in Strawberry Hill. Joanna is the daughter of Doreen Rust (1960-1966) who keeps contact with Janet Hall (1960-1966) who was her classmate and who is the aunt of Ivan Kimble mentioned in last year's magazine.

DOUG RILEY (1939-1942) has left the Tea firm that he had worked for, for the past three years and has rejoined Boots Co. PLC. in a part time capacity. He is 64 years old and is still fit enough to participate in cycling 50 or 60 miles in a day, when the weather is reasonable!

PETER YOUNG (1966-1972) is now employed, as Area Surveyor - North East, covering Tyneside and Teesside, by the Leeds Permanent Building Society which he joined in 1989 when he left Abbey National. He is married to Frances and they have three children, Alexander, Dorothy and Patrick who all go to school in Lanchester, where they live. Peter only occasionally sees Bob Dewar (1966-1972) because he lives in Chelmsford, Essex.

Peter always passes his magazine on to his father Andrew Young who went to Palmer's in the 1930's.

TERRY BLAKE (1951-1953) is married to Valerie and they have two daughters Julia and Angela. Terry is a Chartered Accountant and he was a Day Boy at Palmer's.

JULIA BLAKE (1984-1986) is a Treasury Analyst in the City and is studying to become a Corporate Treasurer. She is marrying David Moore (1976-1978) who is a firefighter at Brentwood, in September 1993.

ANGELA BLAKE (1987-1989) will have just completed her final year at Reading University, studying for her B.A. Hons. in Archaeology.

NICOLA DUNN (1986-1987) AND MARK PERRY (1981-1984) are engaged to be married in September 1994.

ROSEMARY DUNHILL (1955-1959) left Palmer's in her fourth year, when her father was moved to Manchester. She used to know Isobel Bramald (1955-1962) Mrs Ind in her early teens because they were neighbours in Hornchurch. They were both at Palmer's together, but in different forms and whereas Isobel travelled by train, Rosemary travelled by bus and these two groups were really quite separate. Rosemary met up with Isobel by chance when she moved to Hampshire ten years ago and then again in the summer of 1992. Rosemary also knew Jennifer Hayston, Mrs Legge quite well, even though she was two years older.

DENNIS G. MABEY (1942-1949) has retired from the Royal Aerospace Establishment at Bedford and is now visiting Professor in the Department of Aeronautics at Imperial College, London. Sadly his wife Gill (nee Warren) died from cancer in 1991.

Dennis was awarded the Bronze Medal of the Royal Aeronautical Society for 1992. It is awarded for work leading to an advance in Aeronautics, in this case for his contributions to steady and unsteady aerodynamics leading to an understanding of buffet, and particularly his methods of predicting and alleviating buffet, which have been applied very successfully to a wide range of aircraft. Dennis is a Fellow of the Royal Aeronautical Society.

When Dennis left Palmer's, he was awarded a Clothworker's Scholarship to Imperial College, where he won the Henrici Medal for Mathematics in 1951 and the Finsbury Medal for Aeronautics in 1952. He graduated with first class honours in 1952, received the College's diploma the following year and achieved his M.Sc. (Eng) in 1955, having studied at Brown's University, Providence, Rhode Island during 1953-1954. In 1954 he joined the Royal Aerospace Establishment at Bedford, in the aerodynamics department, and worked in the team responsible for the development of Concorde.

Dennis has two married daughters and has been a Reader in the Church of England since 1956. His hobbies include swimming, for which he is an ASA qualified teacher, and writing poetry.

ROSALYN BUTCHER (1987-1989) was awarded, in 1993 a 2-2 Batchelor of Education Degree by Bath College of Higher Education. She started at Chadwell St Mary County Primary School in July and will take the first year infants' class in September.

ALLAN STANLEY HOWARD (1951-1956) was in Priestley House while at Palmer's. He left England in 1961 and worked on construction sites in the Mechanical Engineering field, with the intention of seeing the world. He now lives in Australia :- 193 Alger Road, Alger 4115, Brisbane, Queensland, is married with a daughter of 19 who is employed by the Australia Defence Department. During his extensive travels several copies of his collection of "Palmerian"s have gone astray. Can anyone send him a copy of the 1955 term in which he won the middle group cross country and also the copy containing his departure from the school "Valete" 1956. He would also like to obtain a blazer badge.

EDITOR'S NOTE If anyone has ANY items of memorabilia, books, magazines, programmes, photos, blazer badges, ties, caps etc. etc. that they or their family no longer require, we will store these for exhibitions and to help out in requests like this. Please send to Mrs R. Hunwick, Palmer's College, Chadwell Road, Grays, Essex, RM17 5TD.

SHEILA BURNETT (1970-1977) MRS WALL wrote:- "I was pleased to receive the latest copy of *Old Palmerian*. As usual, I flicked quickly through to see which names I recognised - not too many. There seemed to be a lot of information pre- 1965 and lots of 1980 onwards. I guess I am as much to blame as anyone else as I have not written in before. However, I have kept in touch with quite a few names from the seventies so can up-date you a little. On leaving the Sixth Form in 1977 I started work as an insurance technician. I worked my way through until only 1979 when I married Steve Wall (1975-1976). Steve was an officer in the Merchant Navy and so I was able to travel with him, which I did for three and a half years. Steve left the Navy at this time and he bought an Estate Agency franchise. Seven years ago our first son, Jack was born. Just a month before his birth I discovered that Janey Gray (Mrs Burroughs) lived just along the road and we quickly renewed our friendship whilst we were both at home with the children. We are now godparent's to each other's children. Janey married Mike in 1981 and they now have three lovely children, Hayley 7, Rosalyn two and a half, and Douglas 7 months. Janey and I have kept in touch with Susan Cornell. Sue married Wayne Morris (1970-1977) and they have two daughters, Katie and Emily. Sue is very close to Irene Wikindon and the four of us have been meeting up once a year for several years now. We have also kept in touch with Marie Laverick, now Mrs Fisk and living in Langdon Hills, Lynn Baker, Frances Evans also married. Frances taught disabled children before having Thomas and Nicholas and now works in Southend on a part-time basis. Lorraine Spenceley (1975-

1977) also keeps in touch, as does Linda Murphy. They also see Sandra Leonard, who now works as a buyer for River Island.

Janey moved to Bristol two years ago but we still manage to see each other 5 or 6 times a year and the phone bills are phenomenal.

Three years ago when our youngest son Alex was two and a half years old I returned to work. This time as a secretary at the London Stock Exchange. I initially worked for the Head of Information Systems and after a year moved on to work for the Managing Director of Settlement. When he finished his secondment at the Stock Exchange and returned to Barclays I continued working for him and since September 1992 I have been working for Barclays de Zoete Wedd. (BZW).

Steve and I also keep closely in touch with Glenn Philips. Glenn has recently moved from Shell UK to Mobil and is still living in Stanford-Le-Hope. We also see a lot of John Seal, Mick Trundley (both now teachers), Steve Shulver, Martin Harris (in the Royal Navy and just coming to the end of his term) and Martin Smith, now living in the States.

Martin Savage lives in France. Last Christmas Glenn helped instigate the arrangement for a party and there were a lot of Old Palmerians there. Roger Key and Clive Williams are still in touch. Christine Maguire was there and Winston - he complained when I called him that, but I can only remember that his christian name is Adrian. Karen and Julie Snowden were also there. Karen is married now with a little boy, Fred.

I have also seen Sharon Lindsell from time to time over the years. She has a son Ostyn who is 9 and they have recently returned to living in Stanford-Le-Hope.

I have very fond memories of my time at Palmer's, both the school and the college. I certainly did not appreciate how lucky we were as the youngest pupils moving up through the school with the same number of teachers to support us. I vividly remember many of the Display Days, particularly watching the brilliant synchronised swimming performed to 'The Ugly Bug Ball' and washing cars parked on the front field. I remember the day decimalisation arrived, standing in the queue trying to work out how much a flake now cost! I remember my first day when Mrs Barcz (then Mrs James) had her arm in plaster and a sixth former had to write on the blackboard for her. So many memories and all of them good. There

must have been some bad times but I cannot remember them! I do remember how we threw Sandra Leonard in the fish pond though, and she had to sit in her raincoat all afternoon. Janey has all that on cine film and keeps talking about having it converted to video.

Talking to friends now I realise that not everybody has such fond memories of being at school. We were privileged and I can only hope for the same for my children.

I should also mention my brother, Phillip Burnett who plays rugby for the Old Palmerians and cannot decide whether to live here or in the States. At the moment it seems to be a 50/50 split. However, he is well and trains at the Sports Hall on a Thursday when in England.

KATHLEEN MINETT (1932-1938) MRS YOUNG keeps busy playing golf, playing bridge, painting, being Treasurer of the Women's Institute and Secretary of the Village Hall. Kathleen lived abroad for ten years in Germany, the Middle East and Africa and so has lost touch with everyone. She would particularly like to hear from Joan Tokeley, Norah Lanham and Lilian Wade. Her address is The School House, Willingale, Ongar, Essex, CM5 0SN.

FRANK HARRISON (1915-1919) lost his second wife in 1991 and suffered a slight stroke in 1992, but still manages to look after himself, walk about and keep the home tidy. He is 89 now and was taught by Col Loftus.

MAJOR (RET'D) HAROLD LIMER, R.T.T., FIMgt., (1931-1936) left Palmer's, a prefect in Priestley House, in July 1936 aged 16 years and 9 months having gained School Colours in Soccer and Cricket and an Essex Football Association Badge for representing Essex Public Schools at soccer, versus an Essex County XI in Spring 1936. He also represented the School in the High Jump in the Essex County Under 19 Athletics in 1936 and then represented Essex Under 19's in 1937 and 1938 after he left. On the scholastic side he obtained his School Certificate, but then came the war and like many others, spent what should have been his best sporting years 20 to 26 fighting, four of them abroad. After retiring from the Army in 1959 aged 39, he spent the next twenty four years in commerce, twenty of them with Initial Services Ltd., in General Management, being the Director for its Southern Region for the last five years, to 1983. He is now 73 and had a Triple Bypass operation in 1991.

In October 1992 Harold attended at Alamein, Egypt, the 50th Anniversary of the Battle of Alamein, in which he had taken part as a young Subaltern, commanding a Troop of Tanks. After the battle Winston Churchill said "Before Alamein we never had a victory. After Alamein we never had a defeat". Harold travelled with members of the Eighth Army Veterans' Association on a tour organised by Holt's Battlefield Tours, with a contingent from the Royal British Legion Pilgrimage Department, there were about 450 of them, in all. Harold has since written the following account of his experiences of the battle.

THE BATTLES OF ALAM HALFA, ALAMEIN AND BEYOND

BACKGROUND

Entered army 5th February 1940 aged 20 and 4 months and despite expressing a wish to join the Royal Armoured Corps, I was put into the Royal Signals where I was designated a potential officer. Two applications to transfer were refused until, after Dunkirk in 1940, an Army Council Instruction asked for volunteers with names not to be withheld. I was transferred and entered Sandhurst R.A.C. Wing in November 1940 on a four month course and was commissioned into 23rd Hussars on 28th March 1941. Of that troop, number 38, only 16 of the 31 who started the course were commissioned. Posted to Middle East, I arrived there in late July 1942 after a six weeks sea voyage around the Cape, was at the R.A.C. Depot Abbassia for about three weeks when I was posted to the 40th Royal Tank Regiment, 23rd Independent Armoured Brigade. I was one of ten reinforcement subalterns urgently required after their first battle on 23rd July 1942 when they had a disastrous time - C.O. and many killed and heavy loss of tanks.

Lt. Col. Jim Finigan promoted from 2 i/c and a T.A. officer was C.O. and interviewed me stating in his blunt but kindly way, "if you are any bloody good, we'll keep you. If not, you can go back and get promotion in the rear!" I remained with the regiment until it was disbanded in June 1946 in Greece by which time I had been a Squadron Commander for over six months, having fought in the campaigns, Alamein to Tunis; Italy - invasion of Salerno, capture of Naples, river crossings of Volturno and Garigliano 1943/44 and the landing in Greece in October 1944 including the communist revolution in December 1944-January 1945.

ALAM HALFA BATTLE

I had number 2 troop, A Squadron, 40th RTR for only ten days before 30th August 1942 when the battle started. We had rehearsed our role and movements so knew exactly where to go when we were moved onto the western end of the Alam Halfa ridge. In fading light, I fired my first two shots of the war at a German Mark IV tank (75mm gun) and watched the two puny 2 pounder (37mm) shots bounce off. As the enemy traversed his gun towards me, I rapidly ordered "driver reverse" down the slight slope and watched a 75mm A.P. round hit the ground a few feet to my right. At least we had spoiled his aim!

When the enemy withdrawal began, I was awakened at 0300 hours and told that my troop had been selected to advance due west at first light and harass the retreating enemy. To accompany me, I had a 5th Royal Horse Artillery (R.H.A.) subaltern as a Forward Observation Officer (F.O.O.) in his Stuart Mark VI tank known as a "Honey" plus an anti-tank gunner subaltern equipped with a 6 pounder (57mm) anti-tank gun mounted on a "Portee" which, as I recall, was an adapted 15cwt truck. I was put in charge of the operation. The anti-tank gunner had doubts about the ability of his truck to stay with us as the ground ahead was stony, uneven and difficult. He was right and I did not see him again from shortly after we started. I had been instructed not to wait for him as time was important. The F.O.O. in his tank stayed about 50 yards to my right rear throughout the day and fulfilled his function well. We were shelled at intervals including air-burst (uncomfortable for tank commanders who normally function with their heads out of the turret) in our final position on some relatively high ground. With the 25 pounder gunfire from 5 RHA and our tank fire, we were able to cause some discomfort to the enemy which, of course, was why he shelled us. On our return, each to his own regiment, my C.O. Lt. Col. Jim Finigan, congratulated us and expressed his pleasure with our effort. The 5th RHA officer who had been almost part of my troop all day received a Military Cross. I did not know this until I met him again by chance near Tunis in May 1943. I asked him where he got his M.C. and he replied "For that job we did together at Alam Halfa."

ALAMEIN

We trained and rehearsed extensively our role with 9th Australian Division. I was away for a few days in September with Sandfly Fever and continued with my troop on my return. An

example of the Aussie sense of humour was a box containing small wooden crosses mounted on a pole by the side of the road near their forward positions with a notice which said laconically "If you are going any further, take one of these!"

Our Valentine tanks had been equipped with a wood and hessian superstructure to resemble lorries. At last light on 21st October 1942, we moved into position to spend the last 48 hours before the battle. We eliminated all track marks and did not wear our black berets. The enemy did send a plane over to look at us on the morning of 23rd October, coming in low from the sea. We were near the coast.

My tank was 200 yards from the northernmost 25 pounder when at 2140 hours, the barrage began. It truly was an awesome sight and the vibration made my 16 ton tank rock gently on its suspension as we waited to advance at 2200 hours. I had an Aussie soldier on my tank to lead me to the infantry we were to support. As we moved off, he said, "tyke me back to Melbourne" to which I could only reply, "tyke me back to London". When the enemy artillery fire landed around us, he said, "I'm off and I never saw him again. One could not blame him as tank noises attract shell fire and sitting on the outside of a tank was not "healthy"! There were shouts from the infantry on the ground saying we were too close to their slit trenches but in the dark with the noise, dust and confusion, it was impossible to see them.

Bofors anti-aircraft guns were firing tracers at intervals to assist direction finding and that was very useful in the murk and the all-pervading dust. It was a long, very difficult night with tanks nose to tail in the confined space waiting for cleared gaps in the minefields. The Sappers were doing heroic work in extremely difficult circumstances but we were well behind schedule and could not marry-up with our infantry until we got through the minefields. The Royal Military Police also performed their traffic control tasks in sterling fashion, as though they were on an exercise. Our soldiers that night formed a different and much higher opinion of the Redcaps from that formed in other, more peaceful circumstances. Eventually, after much frustration and much reconnoitring on foot, just after first light, we got through the minefields and I (number 2 troop) turned left to take up my position as the left hand troop of the squadron with Bill Malley (no. 3 troop) on my right. He moved onto a small crest, together with one of his other tanks and both were instantly knocked out by an anti-tank gun. He and the other tank commander were killed. They were not able to fire a shot.

We were in the former enemy Forward Defended Localities (FDLs) which the Aussies had taken. Whilst there, 18 Boston Bombers whom we called the "Australian Football Team" flew overhead at a great height and dropped their bombs. Unfortunately, we got the lot though surprisingly little real damage was done due to the sandy ground. One, fortunately empty, Bren Carrier looked like the proverbial sieve afterwards. They hit the former enemy FDLs alright but we were there by then.

The dog fight continued and we were switched from sector to sector until, on 27th October when going through a cleared and widened minefield for the third time, in as many days, all my three tanks were blown up. Ratchet mines were the problem, going off after a certain number of vehicles had gone over them. No casualties fortunately but much dust and dirt with the crews, especially the drivers, shaken up somewhat. The enemy had the location pin-pointed and shelled us intermittently but within a few hours, the three tanks were moving again. The squadron fitters, helped by the crews, performed extremely well in difficult circumstances. Sergeant "Waffer" Anderson, later a Warrant Officer, who was in charge of the squadron fitters exuded confidence in his ability to cope with such events. No. 2 Troop rejoined the squadron.

On 31st October, a bad day for the whole Regiment, we were ordered with the Aussies, to stop at all costs for 24 hours, 15 and 21 Panzer Divisions from making any progress in the north while the Army Commander (Monty) carried out his final switch to achieve the break-out a little further south. 21 Panzer had been moved from the south to join 15 Panzer in the north immediately opposite 9 Australian Division and were expected to attack.

Early in the morning, my Squadron Leader, Ken Philp (whose grave I visited together with that of Bill Malley and others on the 50th Anniversary visit in October 1992) went on a reconnaissance in his Daimler Scout Car to an Australian infantry battalion. He had not even had time to brief any of us, which he would have done on his return. He was killed by shell fire as he walked from his scout car towards the infantry HQ. Ken Philp was Adjutant on 23rd July when the 40th in their first battle suffered extensive casualties including the commanding officer. He was awarded the D.S.O. for the part he played in that battle. Incidentally, it was usual then to leave seconds in command (regiments and squadrons) out of major battles (called L.O.B.) to facilitate re-forming if casualties were high.

Ordered then to join the rest of the regiment in another sector near Tel El Eisa Station, we made our way through the minefields to find the area littered with knocked out Valentines. The Germans with their 75mm tank guns (some long-barrelled) could knock us out at 1500 yards with ease whilst we had to get within 800 yards for our 2 pounder (37mm) to penetrate their armour.

An incident to record the chivalry that existed between the opposing forces at the time concerned a Valentine knocked out near Tel El Eisa station which was being used by both sides as a casualty station flying the red cross. The driver, Corporal "Tancy" Lee, after the tank had been knocked out, climbed out of his seat, sat on the turret and helped the badly wounded gunner/operator out of the turret (both hands damaged), got back into the driving seat and drove over to the station where casualties from both sides were being treated. Not another shot was fired at his tank. Later in the campaign, one heard tales of mines being placed under the dead but I never came across this dastardly practice, if it ever happened.

However, many more shots were fired and tanks damaged but by the end of the day, when we received orders to withdraw behind the minefields, the aim had been achieved, but at great cost. The few of us with tanks still functioning, gave a lift to our less fortunate comrades. On my tank, we had a wounded Australian and a wounded 40th Tank Crew who had to be laid on either side of the driver's hatch. We were still being shot at from Thompson's Post and my tank was hit on the turret when going through the minefield on the cleared track. It gouged out a lump of armour but did not penetrate though small particles of flakes flew off inside the turret plus much dust and dirt. I lost radio contact and the intercom to the driver and my power traverse would no longer work. With the 2 inch smoke mortar mounted in the turret, I fired off some smoke bombs and with that and the failing light, we got away.

Sadly, when I reached the Regimental Aid Post to hand over the two wounded men, the doctor, Guy Wilson, turned to me after looking at them and shook his head.

That night, including my damaged tank, I counted 9 tanks left but by first light on 1st November with repairs and replacements, we mustered 16 to form a composite squadron. My radio and intercom had been repaired but I still had only hand traverse for the turret. The power traverse had been damaged beyond immediate repair. Once more, the fitters had worked wonders. We were not called on again and we watched the heavy armour move through us to

the eventual breakthrough and break-out on 4th November after further hard fighting by all arms.

AFTER ALAMEIN (a brief account)

When the battle moved on we, not in the pursuit, had the opportunity to see some of the destruction on the battle field. In particular, I recall walking over to a large number of Italian M13 tanks which had been knocked out and abandoned. They were very flimsy vehicles and I sympathised with their crews.

By easy stages, we moved to El Agheila where we spent Christmas Day. We then joined 51st Highland Division in the several battles along the road to Tripoli, which we entered on 23rd January 1943. Bob Leon, an officer in his first action with us in A Squadron, was killed. During this advance, against time, troop leaders had to take it in turn to lead along the road at night until contact was made - an onerous task and Bob was doing this when he was killed. What is now an amusing incident happened when I was waiting to move off in the moonlight, taking my turn to lead up the road. The leading tank (mine) carried no infantry but the two remaining tanks in the troop had a section of infantry mounted on them. I was waiting for the infantry to arrive when, in the dark, a jeep came to a screeching halt about 50 yards away and an angry voice shouted, "Who is in charge here and why the hell haven't you moved off?" I replied (we were all very weary from lack of sleep by this time), "I am, and I am waiting for the bloody infantry to arrive." The jeep turned round and screamed off and the infantry arrived very shortly afterwards. Someone called out, "D'you know who that was?" I replied, "No." - Answer: "It was General Wimberley (Commander 51st Highland Division)." I asked if he knew who had answered him and the reply was, "No." So I said, "Thank God for that!" Of course, he understood the tension that existed. We had had only a few hours sleep in three days.

After Tripoli, around Zuara, a Reme Lt Col. came to the squadron with three 6 pounder (57mm) Valentines from which the machine gun had been removed to provide space for the larger gun. In lieu, we were given the option of a Bren mounted on the turret or an aircraft 0.30 Browning which had to be inserted into the barrel of the 6 pounder. The ammunition stowage was on the floor of the turret and not secured. "Heath Robinson" was hardly the word for it. However the 6 pounder was welcome and as we were going into action the next day, we motored to the seashore nearby to test and adjust sights (T and A) and fire the gun.

My muzzle-brake flew off with the first shot, the gear box in another seized up (iron filings found inside) so we were left with one. Next day, that one had to fire at infantry first; the machine gun expanded in the barrel of the 6 pounder and when enemy tanks appeared, the crew had to wait until it had cooled down before being able to extract the machine gun and fire the main armament! So ended the experiment and we continued with 2 pounders all the way to Tunis. Then came Medenine, Mareth and Wadi Akarit (6th April 1943) where I was wounded in the head - a tank commander's vulnerable spot as tanks were normally fought with the head out. Fortunately for me, as we were moving up to the Wadi, the C.O., Jim Finigan, watching us go by, called out, "Hal, put your bloody tin hat on" which I did, so reducing the damage. Five minutes before I was hit, Captain Mason Fisher 2 i/c Squadron was killed with bullets in the forehead, again head out. At the Casualty Clearing Station (CCS) my Troop Sergeant, Steve Harrison M.M. appeared, having been shot through the jaw - again head out. Sadly, he died in hospital, having had his M.M. for only a few weeks. A very fine N.C.O. from the pre-war regular army.

I returned to the regiment after 3 weeks, asked for my troop back and was informed that my other tank commander L/Sgt. Bull and his driver Tpr. Cowley had been killed. The Colonel told me to stay where I was as the campaign was nearly over and "you've done your share." The fighting ceased a week later. I was promoted and became Squadron 2nd Captain.

A tank squadron had a complement of 7 officers (Major; Captain 2i/c; 2nd Captain and four Troop Leaders). We had four officers killed and one wounded from Alamein to Tunis. Valentines were three man tanks so there were 9 of us in a troop and in my troop three were killed and two wounded. Another original member was killed later in the Salerno bridgehead. As Mason Fisher said to me a few days before he was killed and I was wounded, "Hal, we can go to the well once too often." In a tank crew, those (very few) who could not "take it" had to leave so all the crews were good soldiers for whom one retains great admiration. Troops and crews became very closely knit in such adverse conditions.

The Valentine with only two men in the turret presented problems. The operator/gunner could not do both jobs at the same time. The commander had to direct the gunner onto the target, act as loader, control the driver on the intercom, respond to instructions on the wireless and fight his tank. If in addition, he was the troop leader, he also had to control and give orders to

his other two tank commanders apart from reporting to his Squadron Leader. In battle, it became, of course a matter of priorities and the fact that well trained and experienced tank commanders conformed to the movements of their troop leader and knew what to do without being told in normal circumstances. It was easier when we were issued with Shermans for the Salerno invasion in Italy (5 man crew with 3 in the turret).

(From here, the account is a very brief outline, inserted only to round off the activities of the Regiment in its four years abroad).

ITALY (As part of the American 5th Army)

The Regiment was involved on the first day at Salerno and took apart in that difficult bridgehead battle but the infantry took the brunt of the fighting. For the tanks, it was a tremendous change from the open places in North Africa. My tank received a direct hit from a High Explosive shell (not A.P.) which did little damage but airbursts were a problem.

Then came the capture of Naples and the crossing of the rivers Volturno and Garigliano in which we took part. For the former, we went round the mouth of the river in Landing Craft Tanks (LCTs) but when we tried it again at Garigliano, the enemy had learned his lesson and had mined the shore where we tried, unsuccessfully to land. We then had to cross in the more conventional way. This had become much more of an infantryman's war and they took a lot of casualties. I became Squadron 2nd-in-command at this time. That winter of 1943/44 in Italy was very cold, very wet and thoroughly uncomfortable, belying the popular conception of sunny skies. In the early summer of 1944, we moved from the Minturno-Camino-Cassino area back to the 8th Army on the east coast. From there, we moved back to Egypt and Palestine for a rest and to prepare to go to Greece.

GREECE

After some rather cursory training as infantry, we landed unopposed in October 1944 in Piraeus, the port for Athens. Initially welcomed, we became involved in December 1944/January 1945 in fighting the communists. It was a very difficult situation until reinforcements came from Italy and some of our own tanks arrived in the Brigade. it was particularly unpleasant, nasty form of warfare in which it was very difficult to tell friend from foe. The thugs who formed the hardcore of this

communist bid for power killed mercilessly and indiscriminately. The 40th, stranded in the Peloponnese at Tripoli and Sparta, had to return to Athens by sea.

- During this period, the lady who became my wife in September 1945 was in charge of the Physiotherapy Department of 97th General Military Hospital. During the fighting, the hospital was, for some time, cut off and isolated in enemy territory. We married in the English Church in Athens, using as the wedding car, a captured Mercedes, escorted by three Staghound armoured cars with which "A" squadron had been equipped.

After a three day Regular Commission Board, I was granted an immediate regular commission in the Royal Tank Regiment in November 1945 from which I retired in June 1959 aged 39, after further overseas service in Hong Kong, Korea (after the war had ended), Japan and Germany.

The 40th Royal Tank Regiment was disbanded in Salonika (Thessaloniki) in the summer of 1946. They acquired the unofficial title of Monty's Foxhounds, reputedly given to them by a member of the 51st Highland Division during the advance to Tripoli. He is said to have commented to the effect that, "there must be another attack due as here come Monty's Foxhounds again" when we joined them for another battle. A not entirely inappropriate title for a regiment of small Valentine tanks concentrating on infantry support. The commanding officer at the time, Lt Col James L Finigan DSO, wrote to Monty requesting permission to use it as an unofficial title with which the Army Commander agreed."

GORDON APPLGATE (1932-1937), whose first wife Audrey Shelley died in 1989, remarried in 1992 to Margery and lives in Knaresborough, North Yorkshire. He still visits Thurrock at regular intervals as they both have families in the South.

LESTER MAY (1962-1967) has been job hunting for nearly four years since he left the Navy and was unemployed for two of those years. In January he started at the London School of Economics as Deputy Director of the L.S.E. Foundation, newly formed to raise £40 million over five years.

DAVID ELMORE (1938-1944) said that the list of staff in the last magazine brought back memories. "Edwards - did we call him Teddy? Barker Jones - didn't he always start class by saying "Close that window" (Or was it "Open that window")? Christie - he who tore his gown in strips? (I see he went to Aberdeen University, where one of my sons has just obtained a Ph.D.) Cramp - swimming lessons, red bikini trunks for non-swimmers, blue for the swimmers (have I got that right?) Hughes F. - how smart he looked in his Cadet Force uniform (I see he had the M.C.). Jones - I think he had specially tailored trousers with his uniform, to accommodate his ample waistline."

VALERIE HIGHAM (1954-1959) MRS HAMMOND has been a friend of Horace Carter for thirty years. She lives in Devon at 30 Charles Road, Kingskerswell and would dearly love to hear from any of her contemporaries. She is the Manager of the Teignmouth Branch of The Alliance and Leicester Building Society.

SIR BRYAN NICHOLSON (1943-1950) writes:- "I think the last time that I wrote to anyone was either at the time when I was Chairman of the Manpower Services Commission (MSC) from 1984-1987 or perhaps it was when I became Chairman and Chief Executive at the Post Office. Anyway, I performed those roles at the Post Office from 1987 until the end of 1992 - and I hope everyone saw an improvement in the postal services!

Whilst doing the Post Office job for the Government, they asked me in 1990 to become Chairman of the National Council for Vocational Qualifications, a position I continue to hold. NCVQ, as it is known, is charged with bringing order to the chaos of vocational qualifications and is doing this through introducing NVQs (National Vocational Qualifications) which cover all occupations and operate at every level up to and including professional qualifications. It is about a ten year task of reform, and the process should be completed by the end of 1995. We are also introducing so called General National Vocational Qualifications (GNVQs) for use in full time education. A GNVQ Higher Level is designed to be equivalent to two A levels and will provide a high grade vocational alternative to A levels and which, like A levels, can lead onto University if people want to go down that route. The first GNVQs are being tested in about 90 schools and colleges at the moment - I expect Palmer's will be introducing the first of them this Autumn.

A lot of my interests outside my main work centre around education and training and young people. I chair the Confederation of British Industry's (CBI) Education and training Affairs Committee, the Council of the Industrial Society, the largest training charity, and I have just been elected President of the Association for Colleges, which represents the 600 Further Education and Sixth Form Colleges in the country (including Palmer's) and I am Vice President of the National Children's Home (NCH).

Since leaving the Post Office at the end of last year, I have become the Chairman of BUPA and of a company called Varity Holdings Ltd, which owns Massey Ferguson and Perkins Engines. Then in May 1993 I was elected Deputy President of the Confederation of British Industry (CBI) and will become President for two years from May 1994. It will be quite a demanding task speaking for British industry and commerce. But perhaps the nicest new role I have been invited to perform is to become Chancellor of Sheffield Hallam University. I shall be able to dress up in Robes when we confer Degrees!

All the above keeps me out of mischief, and is not what most of my friends consider to be retirement. Anyway, I enjoy it all and will keep going for as long as it remains fun, people want me, and my health permits. I had triple heart bypass surgery in 1989 so I try to be a good boy as far as health is concerned - diet, weight and exercise and so on, but I am not always successful.

Apart from being very supportive in all my public duties, and there are lots of nice occasions to attend, my wife Mary keeps up her amateur singing and acting, does some charity work from time to time and interests herself in local affairs in the village (Tadworth). Our daughter Julia is about to get her Doctorate in Mathematics from Oxford University and our son Edward is at Nottingham Trent University studying Estate Surveying.

I still have the fondest memories of Palmer's although it is now 43 years ago since I left to go into the Army to do my National Service. I was invited back to the College on an official visit during my time as Chairman of the Manpower Services Commission but sadly only retain contact with one or two Palmer's contemporaries. By an unusual coincidence, when I became Chairman of BUPA recently, I discovered that Bryan Hawkins, a fellow Governor of BUPA, was also a fellow Old Palmerian and we had overlapped."

SIMON GREGORY (1982-1984) writes:- "After leaving Palmer's in 1984 I went to St Bartholomew's Hospital, London. I had a wonderful time there and was fortunate to be able to go to America to do some research and to South India for my elective. After gaining a first in physiology I went on to qualify as a doctor in June 1990. After surgical jobs at Bart's I went on to Northampton where I am a general practitioner trainee. I have been Hospital Mess President and am currently the local BMA representative and the GP trainees representative for the Oxford region of the Royal College of General Practitioners.

In between working long hours and studying I have found time to marry Janet who is a nurse in the Special Care Baby Unit in Northampton, and we have a beautiful baby daughter, Alice."

JAMES PETTIGREW (1950-1955) has written the following article.

Monumentum Aere Perennius - Mr J Smith (1930's)

I thought that other Old Palmerian's might like to read the following anecdote which seems to me to exemplify the School motto.

I used to be employed as an internal management consultant by Bryant & May Ltd. Most people will associate that company with the production of matches in the Bow area of eastern London. B & M was very much more, associate and subsidiary companies were to be found around the world, usually in what used to be called the "British Empire" and large tracts of forest and factories were owned in Brazil. Whilst many of the activities were connected with the production of matches some efforts at diversification had been made in the mid fifties. Companies in such diverse industries as pyrotechnics, mechanical engineering, forestry and packaging had been purchased and I was one of the very few people in the company to be involved in some way with all of the UK and Irish companies during my career.

In 1968 or '69 I was sent to a subsidiary company called "Gough Packaging" in Norwich, with the broad brief of "assisting wherever possible". The main product of that company was a mushroom basket made of cardboard with a metal handle.

The first task was to meet the Management Team starting with the Managing Director. Almost without exception one was required to meet the prime executive for the first time on his own home

ground rather than back at Head Office. At times this could be a bit of an ordeal for I was usually half the age of the person I was to meet. One had to quickly gain the confidence of the Managing Director to appreciate the sort of problems he was experiencing, so that together one could put the case for extra funds, manpower equipment or specialist services to the accountants and main board of Directors back in London.

At that time the Managing Director of "Gough Packaging" was a Mr J Smith. We had not met prior to my first day in Norwich and once the initial introductions were over we began tracing the development of the company over the last five years and possible plans for the next five years. At the end of an hour and a half Mr Smith had covered the necessary points. Something in the way in which Joe Smith had told the story of his company struck a familiar chord. I asked him if he came from Thurrock, he replied in the affirmative, so I asked him if he had been to Palmer's College. Much surprised, he replied that he had attended Palmer's in the 1930's and he was intrigued to know why I had asked that question. I replied that he had told the story of his company in the way I had been taught to write an essay! Joe had attended the school some twenty years before me yet as can be seen on page 24 of the 1992 issue of the "Old Palmerian" many of the masters who were members of staff in 1938 were still there in the mid 1950's. Eight of the twenty-eight masters in the 1938 handbook were still there in 1955 when I left the school. I always thought that one's time at Palmer's left an indelible mark and the above episode did bring the motto "A monument more lasting than bronze" to life.

During the following months Joe and I spent quite a lot of time together and one evening over dinner in the "Maid's Head" hotel Joe told me of some of his experiences during the Second World War.

Joe had escaped from Singapore and had avoided being captured by the Japanese. Somehow, with a number of other members of the three services Joe arrived in Sumatra. Everything seemed to be in absolute shambles but about two hundred allied troops gathered together around an old steam powered boat using a wood burning boiler. The only way to avoid capture was to set out across the Indian Ocean to India. For some weeks the men worked together gathering wood and provisions for the long voyage (about 1200 miles). Throughout this time life was pretty tense for no one knew whether a Japanese destroyer would hove in sight leading an amphibious landing force to capture that part of Sumatra or whether during the voyage they would be torpedoed or shot at. At

last they set out and quickly learnt that they had underestimated the appetite of the wood burning boiler. The weather, Joe said, was reasonably kind and eventually they sighted the coast of India.

A launch containing an extremely smart British Army officer put out from the shore and approached the old ship. The officer announced that everyone on board was under arrest! The men, who had been at sea and by then had burnt all the furniture aboard in the boiler, and who had been unable to wash or shave for some time, were amazed and demanded to know the reason for this unexpected treatment. The officer in the launch, confronted Joe and his companions with a statement which was reputed to have run as follows. "You men are from Singapore and will be Court-Martialled for directly disobeying the orders given to you to lay down your arms and surrender!"

The men on the old ship, who had obviously not eaten a decent meal for days, could not believe their ears! The Japanese Army was over-running a tremendous amount of south east Asia at that time and some doubt was expressed as to the ability of the Allied Forces to keep the Japanese out of India. Without much delay more wood was fed to the boiler and the old ship set off on a northerly course up the east coast of India.

After a couple of days the ship put in towards the shore for the second time at a point further north. Joe told me that by then not only had they burnt all the furniture as fuel but some of the deck planking as well. Another British officer came out in another launch from the shore and told the men that if they landed they would be arrested for disobeying a direct order to surrender at Singapore. By now many of those on board the vessel felt that they were getting a pretty rough deal. No one seemed to appreciate what they viewed as their determination to return to duty, nor to take account of the hardship they had already undergone. No one aboard was willing to be arrested for refusing to surrender, with the likelihood, however ridiculous it may seem, of serving a jail sentence for fulfilling that other military duty of a captured serviceman, to escape if possible.

The northerly voyage continued, by now the men on the ship had no deck planking to walk on and made their way about the ship by means of the girders which had supported the deck!

Meanwhile the Japanese had advanced into Burma and British and Empire Forces were being hurriedly mobilised and rushed north from India into what is now known as Bangladesh.

Once again the old ship nosed into the coast, more of a leaky skeleton and becoming less seaworthy each day. This time their reception was quite different. The person who greeted them asked. "Are you the reinforcements?" "That", said Joe, "was how I became a Chindit!"

Joe died suddenly of a heart attack in the early 1970's."

DOROTHY MCARDELL (1945-1950) who joined Palmer's in the fourth year, went to Royal Holloway College to read History when she left and there obtained a 2-1. Then she did a Postgraduate Teacher Training Course for a year at Reading University. Her first teaching post was in Stratford-upon-Avon at the Hugh Clotton School for Girls, one of the first bi-lateral schools, teaching history until 1957 when she became Head of History at Brentwood County High for Girls. Then in 1964 she moved to Berkshire, (Oxfordshire now) to become Head of History and Careers at Didcot Girls' Grammar School. Finally in 1972 Dorothy moved to Reigate and spent the next twenty years as Head of History at what was originally, Reigate County School for Girls and which then became Reigate Sixth Form College (mixed) - officially opened in 1977. In 1992 Dorothy retired from teaching. She is much involved in Church affairs at Reigate Methodist Church, where she has various duties, including being Treasurer of Overseas Missions. She also does voluntary work on Tuesdays during term time at "Drop-In", a kind of snack bar run, three lunch times a week, by her Church. Dorothy is also learning French and Local History and is a member of the Historical Association, the National Trust and the Surrey County Retirement Association, whose activities she attends whenever possible. Dorothy sends her best wishes to any Association members who remember her.

ANTHONY NOCKLES (1953-1959) recently joined the Association after he met Christopher Green by chance in Budapest and then spoke to Chris Faulkner. He has written the following:-

"I can give a brief 'potted history' of events following my departure from Palmers which was, in itself, a less than auspicious start to my career! I recall that in the balmy days around the end of the Summer term in July 1959, a small group of colleagues, who will of course remain nameless, decided to mount

an "attack" on the Girls' School up the hill during which one of our merry band, who obviously had no fear of heights, dangled himself from the inner quad parapet and scrawled in white chalk the simple message "BEER IS BEST BUT GIRLS ARE BETTER" all over the red brick wall, such that virtually every classroom had a view of this early attempt at graffiti. To top this off, we hung two tennis nets (which had been carelessly left drying between two posts on a tennis court) over the front portico of the Girls School and made some weak attempts at humour in greek letters all over the Greek Ampitheatre. Needless to say our exploits did not go unnoticed and I am sorry to admit that several of my co-conspirators and I, were suspended for the final two days of our life at Palmers, even though we had grovelled before the Headmistress promising our complete remorse and horror at the unseemly conduct we had perpetrated on that august institution. I have often regretted missing those last two days at school but as a friend of mine at the time quite wisely said; "After you've been gone from here for a year or two, those two days won't mean a thing". Probably he was right, but I won't forget it either!

After going up to Leeds University, armed with my three A levels, a County Major Scholarship and the princely sum of £16 a year with which to buy books, courtesy of Essex County Council, I settled into my course in Civil Engineering and in the process of getting a Private Pilots Licence, getting numerous hangovers, surviving countless love affairs, taking up Rugby having injured my back representing the University at Judo, I emerged in the Summer of 1962 with an ordinary degree in Civil Engineering. I might add that a sage of the time commented that for the first time in many years there were no failures on the Civil Engineering course and it might have been something to do with the fact that I was the Student President of the Engineering Society!

After about 18 months working on construction sites in various parts of Essex, I rose to the giddy heights of "Site Agent" and was promptly headhunted to work for an American Company which was setting up in the UK. Very briefly, I stayed in the UK for a few months and was then asked to "help them out" by going to the USA for "a couple of months" to fill a shortage of engineers. Two years later I returned, having spent all of that time travelling around the USA doing feasibility studies and site location studies. Having visited 35 US States I think I have seen more of the USA than most Americans! BY the way, I returned to England on the last voyage of the "Queen Mary"!

The main part of my career followed my American experience

when I worked for an associated company of the Wimpey Group called British Smelter Constructions Limited. This job came along following a lunch meeting with my old friend, and old Palmerian, Howard Turner, sadly no longer with us, who was one of BSCL's first employees. I stayed with BSCL and its' associated companies for about 15 years during which I travelled all over the World and had a lot to do with the construction of an aluminium smelter in Dubai and a copper mine in Peru. The latter part of my involvement with the group came with Project Directorship of a company with the unlikely name of Programmed Neuro Cybernetics Limited which used satellite imagery and infra red remote sensors to recognise ore deposits from space and from the air. Unfortunately, the specially designed aircraft which acquired the data had a non-fatal, but physically damaging crash which tipped the scales of economic viability and I was made redundant.

There followed what I would describe as a "plateau" in my career which involved a frantic period of seeking work while having three children in private education, working up to 18 hours a day driving a mini-cab and ending up working for an Australian Mining company. This latter culminated in an Industrial Tribunal which I Managed to "win", but the long-term financial implications are still with me.

Activity in the past couple of years has had its' lows but I am pleased to say that for the past year I have been employed by the British Water Industries Group, based on Harley Street in London where I was recently promoted to the position of Assistant Director. I now organise overseas trade missions and seminars and act as an intermediary between the water industry in the UK and overseas. I am in a job which is tailor-made for me and I am getting very involved with DTI/DOE activities and sit on several technical committees including one at the BSI dealing with environmental protection.

On a personal note I have two sons at University (Manchester and Bournemouth), a 13 year old daughter and, if we make it to September 7th, we will have been married for 25 years! I am a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts (FRSA) and the Institute of Directors (Finstd), Chairman of The Ember Clean-Up Group, Vice-President of the Sinners Rugby Football Club and Chairman of a property holding company called Will O'the Wisp (River Mole) Limited. My family and I live on the banks of the River Ember near Hampton Court in Surrey and we cycle, sail, play golf (I run an annual Golf Day at the Royal Wimbledon Golf Club) and generally try to survive the recession."

BEVIS CLAXTON (1964-1968) is an architect who specialises, among other things, in the repair of historic buildings and has a practice based in South West London. He is also a freelance writer and has sent in the following article:-

PALMER'S BOYS' 1964-68

A big green 370 bus brought me to William Palmer's Endowed School for Boys in 1964. Having successfully jumped through the hoops of the eleven-plus exam someone, somewhere, had decided that Palmer's was the school for me.

In attempting to convey the 'Palmer's experience' as it appeared to me, it is relevant to sketch my primary school education: At junior school the atmosphere was bright with new buildings open to the sunlight in the 'Festival of Britain' style. Teachers of younger children being mainly encouraging and benign and the subject broad and tinged with the social and scientific optimism of post-war Britain. My school photographs had me grinning under muzzed hair and above a rather relaxed school tie.

By contrast, the Palmerian style of architecture seemed to have been copied from television adaptations of Dickens, with carefully designed shadows and rainswept areas. I should probably now think it all very proper, tasteful... romantic even. but at the time, no. There was more than a hint of antiquity, too, in the prevailing educational regime: Many text-books were antediluvian and had long since been overtaken by events. There were no teachers but instead Masters who glided through windswept open-sided corridors with black gowns flapping, occasionally swooping down on some trembling victim with a cry of "You boy! No running in the corridor!" or some other admonition.

To give added emphasis to their power, the masters were endowed with fearsome terror-weapons such as The Slipper, The Board Duster, The Bench Polishing and - worst of all - Sarcasm. Not all masters chose to foster such 'deterrent' reputations and some managed to get by on hard-earned respect; others relied upon the covering fire of the more authoritarian, one or two simply had to brave the 'innocent' torment of their cherubic charges.

In my infancy education had been through the media of interest, discovery and achievement. The concept of learning in order to avoid something unpleasant happening was new to me and not totally welcome. A picture paints a thousand words, they say: my school photographs from Palmer's show a smile for the benefit

of the photographer. My tie and hair comply with regulations.

However, I must have weathered the transition to Palmer's reasonably well for I was amongst those put into the 'A-stream'. In the light of then-prevailing exam-oriented conditions the idea was not without its logic: Facts are crammed into reasonably vacant brains quickly and trodden well down, to be regurgitated whole, and hopefully in the right order, when O-levels strike in the fourth form.

Whilst this system worked extraordinarily well in achieving O-levels, it did not automatically encourage a full understanding of the subjects. I still wonder if any system of teaching can do this at such an age, but in my experience many doors were left unopened as we plummeted along the corridors of learning: Historical events were just dates. Mathematics was just formulae. Latin was just a mystery. I have had to re-learn many subjects later in life to make useable sense of them. Ironically, I found that I became most proficient at University in those subjects which had been least comprehensible at school.

I was too young, and perhaps therefore not cynical enough, to appreciate the disparity between exams and education. As a result I was frequently puzzled when my own extra-mural interests - which ought to have borne some relationship to school subjects (eg chemistry sets to chemistry; photography to physics) - appeared only to belong to some to some parallel universe and not to the one in which I went to school. There was no point bouncing into a chemistry class announcing that at home you had copper-plated a set of fish knives, when what mattered at school was the exact number of hydrogen atoms in sulphuric acid (no conferring). Without such knowledge one was written off as "a moron, or no use to man nor beast".

Those words are well remembered and not just by me: Some twenty years after leaving Palmer's and, being at the time in Suffolk, I figured that it was safe to mimic this phrase complete with accent in a public place and escape bench-polishing. Imagine my surprise when the words conjured another Old Palmerian from the throng. Chemistry hadn't been his forte either!

Whilst much of the old regime is, with hindsight, open to criticism (and the sixties were - according to earlier articles in this magazine - a peach compared to the thirties) I would not presume to write it all off. It helped me towards the exams I wanted and its, now unfashionable, disciplinarian approach taught

strong lessons in self-determination. Even if school was not particularly comfortable, one could become galvanised against its worst excesses by developing, as many boys did, a robust sense of the ridiculous. Such armour is not without it uses in later life, though it can confuse the uninitiated.

Miscellaneous memories of Palmer's include the 'coal hole', careful employment of which by the third form ensured that a first former's uniform never outshone that of his seniors. The outside loo-block which was guarded by a zealous caretaker clad in a blue boiler-suit whose bounden duty was to clear all boys off his chlorinated ceramic and spot malingerers who were simply trying to get out of the rain. The swimming pool, where one was 'taught to swim' by being stood under yards of deep blue water. Naked.

Also the Science Block: Memory has this as a huge and ornate red-brick palace adorned with mahogany and brown-glazed tiles and having low mezzanine floors where the staff were kept. Chemical balances which little boys must not touch due to the weight (or was it the corrosive properties?) of grease from their nasty fingers. Bottles of powders from which we could - but for the tight security - have made exotic fireworks. The Van der Graph generator with which 4a administered an electric shock to the innocent Mr Jesson by forming an electrically-charged human chain to his favourite gas-tap.

The art room, a curiously out-of-place modern oasis of light and colour. Next door the wooden Tuck Shop where, inter alia, cream buns and addictive imitation chocolate were sold and consumed on monastic benches.

Prefects, who had icing around the periphery of their blazers, were lifted from the pages of John Buchan: Though few carried revolvers in my time they were nevertheless pillars of honour and fair play who could be relied upon to protect younger boys out of school - provided only that they were wearing their school caps. Or so it seemed.

Two opportunities presented themselves to me, one of which enabled me to see Palmer's better from within, the other - which I will describe later - from afar:

The first was that, due to a parental job transfer, I became a boarder during my fourth year. My father assured me that this was to be a rare and valuable experience and he only wished he could have boarded, etc etc. What! Live one's whole life at

school!? It was not as awful as I had expected and I even found boarders remarkably genial towards a converted 'day-bug'. There were of course pillow fights, dawn raids, midnight feasts - the usual hum-drum of antique schoolboy fiction. And the kitchen made the best macaroni cheese I have ever tasted.

The down-side of boarding included the morning alarm bell which unleashed a horrifying decibel-shock well before dawn and was the call to an enervating trudge around parts of Grays whose existence I had not previously suspected. Another inconvenience was the infrequency of laundry - although this was in the days when not wishing to smell like a ditch would have been regarded as a suspicious affectation. Besides which there was little opportunity for the fair sex to make comments about our personal freshness, they simply didn't exist: As boarders we were certainly never allowed out other than in school uniform and that was not, in those days of purple flares, ever likely to turn a pretty head. When some major catastrophe on home ground dictated that the boy's school had to swim or play football on the girls' ground, then all the girls appeared to have been dissolved into locked classrooms.

So, despite the attractions of the macaroni cheese, I elected to move to a school in Norwich for my sixth form - in order to live at home and rejoin the white-heat of the sixties social revolution. On my first day at my new school I witnessed a pupil address a master by his first name. I instinctively took cover and braced myself for the invective, but there was none. This shocking familiarity was a practice encouraged by some masters. In fact the pupils all had first names too. No one at Palmer's did. Even more peculiarly there was no initiation torture to be endured, apparently no corporal punishment. Even the masters' pithy wit seemed impoverished when deprived of deep menace.

No doubt Palmer's wanted to be seen as a school in the old British tradition, and perhaps it was this. Many of its former pupils wish to remember it as a minor public school. It was not technically that in my time but there were sufficient vestiges to add colour to a state education. I have not yet visited Palmer's College but I hope that it will have been able to distinguish what was of value in its male parent.

As for my contemporaries: Adams, Austin, Bain, Baker, Ballard, Bullock, Burton, Claxton... My name answered I did not need to concentrate so intently, the heavy board-rubber was being levelled at someone further along the alphabet whose concentration

might have lapsed. But I do remember more names and would be interested to know what has become of them and, of course, those masters.

SHIRLEY MAPLE (1950-1953) MRS MACLEOD started at Palmer's in the fifth form and went to Teachers Training College in Southampton before teaching at St Thomas' School in Grays from 1956 to 1958. She used to play hockey for the Old Girls with Mavis Hall. She emigrated to New Zealand in 1961 and then married a Scotsman in New Zealand in 1967. They have two daughters, Louise 24 and Sally 22. She has been back to the UK for a number of holidays. Her parents retired to Broadstairs in 1964/5 and her mother is 91 years old and in a residential home now, but is keeping well. Shirley's brother Bill died in 1985 and she has a brother Jim and a sister Joan who live in London. Her husband Kenny got early retirement from the Sea three years ago and they moved from the capital Wellington up the coast to a small community, Otaki. Shirley still keeps in contact with Ann T Herington (Mrs Cravinho) who lives in Portugal and Chris and Sheila Hawes. However she would particularly like to hear from Beryl Crooks (Billie) who she knew at school and who she worked with one holiday (1955/56) at the Inland Revenue office in Grays, putting away files. Can anyone help with news or an address for Beryl. Shirley lives at 78 Marine Parade, Otaki Beach, Otaki, New Zealand.

GEORGE WILDING (1933-1939) was in Addison House and enjoyed the article by Hugh Bone and the copy of part of the year book for 1938. He writes:-

On leaving school I joined Barclays Bank at Stanford-le-Hope but soon like most of my age we found ourselves in the services, in my case the R.A.F. After the war I rejoined Barclays Bank and continued in their employment until retirement in 1982 finishing up as District Inspector of the South West Region. During my time in the services I met several Old Palmerians who were contemporaries of mine at school. In July 1945 Crick (Walpole House) who was a Staff Pilot at the R.A.F. Station Squires Gate Blackpool, and recorded in my flying log book is the time he flew me on a navigational exercise. Then in July 1946 I met Bristow (Shaftesbury House) on the steps of the Heliopolis Hotel in Cairo - he was on R.A.F. flying duties around the Mediterranean. I also met two members of staff - in 1943 Mr G.H. Gilbert who taught us Maths at school but meteorology at an Air Navigational School in Canada and in 1945 Mr Urry who was in the R.A.F. and we met in a pub in Oxford!!

I am enclosing a photograph taken of the Old Palmerians football team in I think 1947 or 8 - we played at Blackshots."

[We have had a copy made for our archives and it shows Stan (?) Roberts, Archie Wakefield, Bob Hollands, Bill Outterside, Jones, Cousins, Arthur Bugler, George himself and one or two others.]

JOHN TARLTON (1938-1945) has heard, after almost 30 years, from David Elmore who was at school, 2 years above him, and in the Church Choir and Scout Troop with him in 1938 onwards. John has also contacted Dicky Rath and learnt that Bill Grayling, who is no longer alive, was instrumental in starting the OP Leg of Mutton Supper at the Orsett Golf Club. John has written:-

"The revitalized OP Magazines of 1991/92 stirred my interest and I must congratulate the committee for the hard work that has sustained the Association! The arrival of the list of members is further proof of their excellent work and has finally spurred me to action.

I commenced in the Prep in 1938 with John Hayston in charge. In 1940 I became a drummer in the Corps Band - complete with 1914-18 uniform, puttees and moth-holes! Being short in stature and deep-chested I must have struck a formidable sight! For the records the Corps was Royal Artillery as previously reported but the Band was Royal Engineers. I know this only too well as I 'kept' my hat badge and wore it with pride during seven years in the CRE including service in Malaya during the Emergency (real Virgin Soldiers stuff). My recollection of the last annual Cadet Corps parade before the war is of 'Chick' Henderson and his gallant crew of intrepid firefighters putting out a blazing 'shed' made of timber framing and canvas/paper - to loud applause!

The war years were not the easiest by any means! On many occasions the push-and-pull train from Upminster to Grays did not run and I had to cycle the 9 miles each way - complete with steel helmet and instructions to get into the ditch if things got too bad. Wiltshire, also from Upminster, was a good companion. The 370 bus also had its tribulations. It drew a trailer with a gas-making boiler aboard and the Conductor had to jump out at the bottom of Stifford Hill after crossing the Mardyke to stoke up and get up enough power! The other memory of the Mardyke was throwing empty ink bottles from the train and trying to gauge the correct trajectory! We should all have joined the Royal Artillery!

By profession I became a Chartered Quantity Surveyor and have spent most of my professional life travelling and working overseas. From 1983 I spent 4 years living and working in Jordan (with a major French Cable company) and then 6 years in Madrid. I attended the OP Dinner this year and enjoyed sitting with contemporaries Dick Collen, Brian Simpkins and Arthur Vincent. The last OP Dinner that I had attended was held at the Palmerston restaurant! I used to take my next-door neighbour Albert Parish, retired farmer who left school in 1905!

News of OP's...

Whilst in Madrid I met up with Bill Outterside with whom I shared my final year at school in Upper VB. Back in the late 60's when I opened an office in Malta I took on Bill Cummings (1941/45) as Manager.

- Frank Grave (1941-46) became a doctor from the London Hospital, served in the RN for a while where he met and married the Governor's Secretary in the Falklands and then practised in East Africa for most of his career. Frank ('Gravy') became one of the youngest ever surgeons admitted into the Royal College. I tracked him down just before the Dinner this year, only to find I had missed him by three days! He became fed-up with retirement and went on assignment for the Ministry of Defence as Surgeon in the Falklands for three months.

- Peter Tongeman (1938-45) with me from Prep days went on to become one of the Senior Clerics of the Baptist Church and lives in Tunbridge Wells. We were both given 6 of the best by Bunny in 1945 a couple of months before leaving (for having popped across the road at lunchtime for an apple!) Bunny rubbed his hands in glee and said he had waited 7 years for the privilege!

- A.C. (Tony) Todd (1937-243) apart from being an excellent trumpeter, matriculated at 13 and went on to qualify as a Chartered Architect at around 18 and had to wait till 21 before he could use the qualification!

- John Harvey (probably about 1958-63) Capt. RN, LVO formerly Commander in charge of the Royal Yacht Britannia. Currently living in Dorchester and based in Plymouth before a forthcoming posting to New York.

- Ken Rawlingson (1930-36) who is a member but only became known to me this year gave a most interesting talk to our Rotary Club on Family History. Ken attended one OP Dinner just before the 39/45 War when Sir William Strang made his last appearance before his death.

After the OP Dinner this year I did ask why the Chairman of the Association had not been invited (loaded question!), to which

I received the anticipated howl pointing out she is a woman! Nevertheless I do think it bad manners that an invitation was not even offered.

- Long may the OP's flourish!"

CLARE MARTIN (1951-1956) MRS MARFELL-HARRIS has sent us a copy of her recently published book of selected poems, "The Web of Enchantment", in which is included "The Old Palmerian", published in last year's magazine. Clare says that it is doing pretty well down in Cornwall and that she has heard that many people once they have picked it up, find they cannot put it down, and they keep on dipping into it. A review of the book has appeared in The Cornish Banner, The West Briton Newspaper, the Cornish and Devon Post and the Old Cornwall Magazine. The following review was written by the Writer, Broadcaster, Critic and Cornish Bard, Joan Rendall, M.B.E.

"A delightful book of poetry by a former Launceston resident has just been released and is worthy of the close attention of all poetry lovers.

Clare Persephone Marfell-Harris at one time assisted Phil and Penny Harris when they had the Southgate Gallery in Launceston. Now a resident of St Agnes, Mrs Marfell-Harris devotes much of her time to poetry and contributes to a number of poetry magazines.

In a foreword to her book, "The Web of Enchantment", the editor of "The People's Poetry" pays tribute to her skills of rhyme and rhythm and describes her poems as "having the vital quality of being accesible to ordinary people".

Many of the poems demonstrate a deep love of nature and the universe; some are quasi-religious, perhaps a plane which is not always appreciated by the average person, for Clare is a Qabalist and she rises to spiritual heights in some of her poems which relate to a sphere beyond which not everyone can communicate, but they are so lovely that they will not fail to enthrall.

A number of the poems have been inspired by Cornwall, its Celtic mystery and its unique beauty. Her poems about Cornwall are highly evocative.

There is no doubt that Mrs Marfell-Harris is remarkably talented and deserving of a far wider readership than a privately printed book of her work can achieve.

The book is illustrated by black and white drawings by Penny Harris, better known in the art world as "Matrix" for her paintings on glass which have gained worldwide appreciation. Mrs Marfell-Harris' poems will almost certainly get the same recognition.

This is a book with which to sit down quietly and into which to immerse oneself. If you like poetry, don't, whatever you do, miss this one."

You can obtain a copy of the book for £5 plus £1 p&p from In Letters of Gold, PO Box 1, St Agnes, Cornwall, TR5 0YR.

Clare is also busy with a new business venture, which is all about the Prints of her famous cousin, the reverse glass painter, Penny Harris. She says it is a brilliant network marketing scheme - that can make lots of money for those participating. It costs £10 + VAT (£11.75 altogether). If anyone is interested, please contact Clare on 0872-552599 or at the address given above for the book.

Clare has also written a new poem about Palmer's.

CORNFLOWERS

The spirit of a School like ours,
Will rise up and extol
Tradition, as we Cornflowers,
Are petals of the whole ...
The dream of William Palmer, borne
Across the years, we'll see -
The fabric and the brick have worn -
Not the integrity ...

I feel it as I write and know
Each Old Palmerian
Has felt it too; our lives must show
It every way we can -
A pride in all we do - an urge
To learn and seek and be
The impetus for knowledge - surge
With bright vitality.

Our seeds we leave behind and they
Will be the better for
Our teaching. Palmers paved our way

And left us fruit in store.
Nothing can ever dim our pride
Or thankfulness. We know
Those other Cornflowers walk beside
Us still, as years ago;

We are the spirit of the School -
Past, present, future heirs
Of knowledge and we pass it on
Through them, to them - and theirs!

Clare Persephone Marfell-Harris 24.5.93.

Joyce Launder is not a Palmer's Girl, but she has a great interest in Palmer's, since three of her cousins, her brother and one of her sons all went to Palmer's Boys. She writes:-

"The three cousins were Arthur Hayes (about 1928-33), Henry Hayes (about 1931-36) and Frank Hayes (about 1934-37). Arthur became a Major in the 1939 war, and was decorated with the Military Cross. Harry was a Staff Sergeant and after the war was a teacher in Birmingham, and Frank was a Corporal and an engineer. All have since died, but I do know that they were very proud of being Palmers Boys.

My brother was Henry Joyce who was a Flying Officer in the R.A.F. (also known as Harry by the way). He had been married for just three weeks in 1943 when he was killed, nearly twenty-two years old. Now his name is on the Roll of Honour which is in the Sixth Form College. He was at Palmers from about 1933 to 1938 and did very well. Bunny Abbott was headmaster at the time, and I know his popularity wasn't extreme, but he did write a very touching letter to my parents after Harry was killed. Never to know if it was all meant, but I do like to think so anyway. I would love to know if anyone remembers my brother Harry.

Last, but not least, my son Nicholas Launder (1964-71). After Nicky left Palmers he went to Middlesex Polytechnic and got a B.A. with Honours in Social Sciences. Then he went on to study for his chartered surveyor diploma, which he got in 1986. He has since married Jane (also a chartered surveyor). So we now need not fear our house falling down over our ears. By the way, they live in a charming cottage in Hertfordshire, and I'm sure would welcome Old

Palmerians who happen to be in the locality. Phone number 0763 288379. My son, among others, is proud to wear his old school tie."

JONATHAN MARTIN (1988-90) was awarded, in 1993, a first class honours degree in Mathematics and Computer Science by Southampton University. They also offered him a place to do a Ph.D. in Computer Science and he has been granted an Award by C.E.R.C. the Engineering Research Council so he can continue.

KATHY WARNE (1957-64) was awarded an Open University Pass BA Degree in 1989 and attended the degree ceremony at Ely Cathedral in 1990. Her subjects were Mathematics, Computing and Systems. She then went on to convert her pass degree into an Honours BA degree, lower second, which she obtained in 1992.

SUSAN AGASSIZ (1988-90) was awarded, in 1993, a 2-1 degree in Geology by Leeds University. The job situation at the moment is very bad and only 1 out of the 47 in her subject has one, so Susan is going to take a year out. She will work over Christmas at a ski resort in Europe and then maybe do V.S.O.

SIMON DEWERTSON (1987-90) is now looking for employment, having been awarded a 2-2 English Degree by Lancaster University, Edgell College.

MICHAEL CARMODY (1985-88) graduated in Modern Languages in June 1993 with a 2-1.

LOUISE QUAY (1988-90) was awarded a Second Class Honours degree in Mathematics by Sheffield University this year,

DR NICHOLAS KINNIE is the Admissions Tutor for Management Studies and Languages at Bath University and he came to Palmer's this July to talk at the Higher Education Conference organised there.

CHRISTOPHER HOUILLOIN (1968-75) is currently working as a Bid Manager for Marconi Defence in Chelmsford. He was always keen on fitness and ran in the London Marathon in 1988, and a number of half marathons to raise money for Multiple Sclerosis. Unfortunately, in 1990, while on an Essex Climbing expedition in North Wales he was in a car accident and damaged his pelvis which has caused him to give up most of his athletic pursuits. His interests now include following Formula 1 racing, and he is still single.

PAUL CLARKE (1974-76) took voluntary redundancy from Mobil in Stanford, and currently works for a part of Cornhill Insurance in Risk Services. He visits sites applying for insurance and makes a guess about whether it will blow up, and how much damage it will do if it does. He has recently visited Milton Keynes, Aberdeen, New Zealand, Pakistan and Italy in the course of his work, and on the way back from Pakistan met Ricky Duncan, who was on his way back from Saudi, in one of the lounges at Bahrain Airport.

DR IAN HOLWELL (1971-76) is a partner in a general medical practice in Burgess Hill, and has two boys aged 5 and 2.

MARTIN JONES graduated from Southampton University and still enjoys driving flashy cars.

DEREYK MARTIN (1967-74) now lives in Preston and works for Shell.

GARETH HARRIS (1965-72) married GILLIAN CORNELL and they have two boys and girl, aged 5, 4 and 2. Gareth works for the IBM Systems Management Consultancy based in Bristol.

JONATHON "JESSIE" JAMES (1968-75) has a son who is 8 and a daughter 4. He is now teaching in Hastings.

STEVE RANCE (1978-81) married CAROLE BOTWRIGHT (1978-80) and they have two daughters aged 3 and 1. Steve gave up racing cars as a hobby when he lost a sponsor about three years ago. He is self-employed as a Business Consultant.

DIARNUID BOLGER (1977-80) has been driving tour buses across the continent for the last six years.

LT CDR STEVE WOOLLEY (1968-74) was home for Christmas as HMS Britannia was back in port. He lives on the Royal Yacht, and in January went out to the West Indies. He now has four children. During the Falklands War Steve was at sea on board HMS Fearless, the Assault Landing Ship which was one of the major targets for the Argentinian Air Force.

PAT "PADDY" COUGHLAN (1974-75) works at Tilbury Docks now, where he is responsible for some of the site clearance.

IAN CLOGG (1964-75) has moved to Norfolk, to be near his family after his father retired there. He spent nearly nine years

with Esso, but left to get a job with Norwich Union in the computer division, where he has been working for four years.

FLAVIO ROMANO WALKER (1970-77) is still working in Kent as an Administrator in an educational establishment. His twin sons, who are nearly 4 years old, are the joy of his life.

SIMON VILLE (1974-76) lectured at UMIST (Manchester) for six years before looking for a post overseas. He then spent two years in Auckland, New Zealand, and enjoyed several afternoons at Eden Park, watching the All Blacks Rugby Team. In 1991 he moved to the Australian National University, Canberra, where he lectures in Economic History. Simon keeps fit by running, sessions in the gym, and squash.

GRAHAM GREEN (1969-74) was married in 1986 and moved to Cambridgeshire. He has two children and possibly three by now. He has his own business, dealing with radar systems, under contract with the Government, and does some work for Marconi.

SIMON BROWN (1968-73) is still working in the Office of the Official Liquidator.

ANDY CORNELL is married and one of his children has just graduated from Imperial College with a degree in Chemistry. Andy is working for an Industrial Water Treatment Company.

CARWYN OWEN (1975-77) is doing a course at Swansea, leading to a Diploma in Social Work, with an option on a M. Sc. in Economics. Most people will remember that Carwyn has been confined to a wheelchair since breaking his neck playing Rugby for the OPRUC in the mid 80's in an Essex Cup Fixture against Basildon.

IAN BILLINGHURST (1970-77) is a free-lance photographer and now does mainly corporate communications work, but at one time was on the staff of the Thurrock Gazette.

JEFF BOWIE (1966-72) became a pilot when he left Palmer's and worked first in Jersey for two years and then returned to Essex, with his wife and family, to Stanstead. He is currently a senior Captain for Monarch Airlines, so gets all the choicest flights, like Venezuela and Florida.

STEVE BOWMAKER (1977-79) lives near St Austell where he works for English China Clays (Paper Division), a job which he got while he was on holiday there, years ago.

JACK ELLWOOD (MID 70'S) is a partner, with his brother and father, in a Breakdown Service in Great Warley. He lives next door to his family home, which is now owned by his brother.

MIKE STEER has been married for about ten years to Elizabeth and has two daughters, one aged 4 years and the other 2 months. Mike works for Ford's still, as a Business Manager, striving to encourage dealers to expand their spares operations.

ALBERT WINBOLT (1920-25) writes:-

"I began at Palmer's School with a scholarship from Arthur Street School. Having an older brother already a pupil, and two of my friends from the council school joining at the same time made the change over less traumatic than it otherwise might have been.

I began in Lower Remove, with Form Master Mr Cramp. He must have had the longest service of all masters as he was still working there when the school closed down in 1977.

Most of the subjects taught were new to me. Algebra, geometry, languages, chemistry, but music, woodwork and swimming lessons, which began in this form, were not continued in my second year.

I didn't waste much time clashing with the authorities. During a wet "break" we were confined to the classrooms. Another boy and myself fastened a paper target on one of the classroom cupboards and we scored points using darts made from pen nibs. This went well until Cramp walked in and we were marched off to the Head, Rev. H.A. Abbott, and we suffered the next day after the morning assembly. The experience with the Head's cane made me fight shy of any further 'larking about', the end result being too drastic.

Some of the masters were recently returned from the Great War (WW1). One I recall was a Mr Hughes (Major Hughes MC), a tall man and broad to match with a curiously soft, sibilant voice. This master was the idol of the smaller boys (Forms 2A and 2B) and was nicknamed "Bulldog Drummond" after a local book hero of the time.

Another well-liked master was a Mr Morris, who used to arrive in the morning on a motorbike with sidecar, the only motorised transport in the school.

During a lesson with Mr Morris he could be persuaded to tell us about his war experiences. Sitting himself on one of the front row of desks. We would hear of rats, as big as cats, flooding into the trenches during the heavy German bombardment. All hands had to set to work with gun butts, iron bars and treading on them, before they could get rid of the food. I can't remember whether we were given homework in this form or not. Probably letting us "off the hook". We most certainly got plenty in the following years. As someone else has described it "Palmer's was built on its homework".

Another teacher(French studies) was a Miss Hall. Rather temperamental. If she was coming down a corridor and boys were around you would hear a cry of "Messieurs, derangez vous", or if talking during a lesson "taisez vous".

Another lesson was devoted to singing. This master was a Mr Fabian, a Frenchman (his son was put into Lower Remove). This consisted of singing what I believe are called 'Roundels', where one third of the class begin, and after the first line of music the second group would join in, then the third group. The end result was usually chaos. The tunes were "Sweet Chiming Bells" and "Down in a green and shady bed, a modest violet grew" etc.

It was about this time that we were introduced to the Palmer's School Song. For both boys and girls it was:-

"Boys (Girls) of Palmers, there's an honour
In the duties we fulfil,
As we rally round the Banner of
The school upon the hill" etc

There were three verses. Apart from learning the tune, I don't recall it ever being sung on any occasion.

Major Hughes MC retired and took Holy Orders and was ordained priest of a church in N. Essex. He died in the mid 80's. A great man in every sense of the word.

At the end of 1921 (beginning of Michaelmas term) I went into form 3A. This was quite a leap for me. Now it was homework plus. Form 3A was a large wooden army hut built as one of the two huts joined together, the other being 3B form. This form 3A had something (or should I say someone) that all the other forms didn't have - a girl pupil. The girl was Rev. Abbott's daughter, Audrey. Apparently the Rev. Abbott thought he could do better for his daughter than putting her in the girls section (Headmistress

Miss Wren). What it did was to make form 3A the best behaved form in the school. The masters who took 3A for lessons were the last word in politeness (toujours la politesse), all day and every day.

But I didn't have to endure this rarefied atmosphere for very long. Just before Christmas 1921 I contracted diphtheria. Today diphtheria is almost non-existent. At the time there was a countrywide epidemic.

There was, under the National Health Scheme, provision for sick benefit for fathers of families, but not women and children, so naturally one didn't dash to the doctor for the odd ache or pain. But we soon realised this was something more serious. The doctor was called in and it was diphtheria. The doctor informed my mother that it was the sixth case he had seen that day.

By the time I reached hospital I was in a bad way, partially paralysed, and remained on the danger list for some time. In the same ward as myself were 2 of the school boarders, one master named Hughes (not Bulldog Drummond) and several small children, two of whom did not survive the week.

I remained in hospital for about 8 weeks, learning to walk again, and was then returned home, though far from being absolutely fit.

I returned to school during Trinity (1922) and back into form 3A. I had been absent from school for 15 weeks. At the beginning of Michaelmas (1922) I went into form 4B and soon realised how much ground I had lost.

Mr Thorpe, one of the older masters, nicknamed "Porky" on account of his frequent remarks about pigs (Yorkshire Saddlebacks), was extremely helpful but I finished the year pretty low down the list and in the next year (Michaelmas 1923) I went into form 5B.

After a very short time I crossed swords with a Mr Gallimore (Latin and Mechanics). He had a peculiar method of marking homework. 10 plus if all correct (to his satisfaction), 10 minus if one mistake (or if not satisfied), then nought. Yet in Latin I did very well. For homework we were allowed to use a "crib" (English translation) which surprised me, but made the work a lot easier. I must say that "friend" Gallimore was a very good tutor, even if we didn't see eye to eye on his marking methods.

Before the 5B year ended , and possibly because of the above, I was transferred to form 5C, in the New Building (as it was called). During that year I took the MATRIC (short for Matriculation) and managed a pass (just). At this time boys who were studying for the University became form 6A. Most of the rest of what was 5C had reached school leaving age.

Notice of a job was made available, at a local cement works (Lafarge's) and a number of boys went for an interview. I went with them. I believe the job was a clerk. I failed the interview, and with others waited outside until the lucky person came out. While waiting, I looked round the surrounding area which was grey with cement dust and decided then that facing that atmosphere every working day wouldn't have been very agreeable any way. Since then I believe this state of affairs has been rectified.

One boy, Scrivens, stayed on using the chemistry laboratory for work in connection with his ambition, to be a doctor, which he eventually did, joining the Army and becoming Major Scrivens. For some reason my parents wanted me to stay until the New Year (1926) so I joined Scrivens and took an interest in what he was doing. It was probably this that gave me the incentive to take up my future career.

In time I realised the value of my Palmers Education. It has been described as ideal for producing "middletype management" people, but it must not be forgotten that it also produced people like Lord Strang and one or two others whose names escape me, who made their contributions to Government, and as overseas representatives of their Country.

I have pleasant memories of two other events whilst at Palmers, Cadet Camp in 1923 and Belgian Battlefields tour in 1925.

Cadet Camp, Southwold 1923

In 1923, cadets from Palmer's, together with other cadets from Essex schools, went to camp. The camp on Southwold Common consisted of rows of "bell" tents (5 persons per tent) and one or two larger ones (ex WW1 material), When we arrived it had been raining so we had to dig a small trench round the tent to cater for any that might seep under the side.

One of our first functions was Church Parade. On another occasion we filled the local cinema, to see "The White Sister" a film starring Lilian Gish. One morning 4 of us were detailed to

fetch a load of fruit pies from the local bakery. I think the baker must have used every tray he possessed, all shapes and sizes. We loaded them on a sort of "trek-cart" then two of us pulling, two behind pushing, back to camp. It was a pity there were no small ones, as it was, the consignment arrived intact.

There were five of us in our tent Steele, Wilson, Holness and myself, in charge of an N.C.O. This lad used to exert his authority at Reveille by the use of a "swagger" cane. On one's pyjamas this could be painful. One morning we decided enough was enough. He was held down by 3 of us while being well and truly treated with his own medicine. Thereafter, we had no further bother at Reveille.

The highlight of the holiday was manoeuvres. We marched to a large area of ground away from the town, trees, bushes but mainly open ground, with hillocks and mounds here and there. Six "men", one with a "machine gun" (this was a very noisy wooden rattle) and we had to make our objective without being seen by the "enemy". When it was all over, decided and adjudicated upon by the officers at the far end of the field, on a higher bit of the area, the decision was - we had failed to take one objective. Well we can't all be winners. I still have a good photo taken outside our tent, of Steele, Wilson, Holness and myself.

Belgian Battlefields 1925

About 3pm one afternoon the Palmers Cadets set off for Grays Station. Complete uniforms, brass buttons polished, peak caps, rifles and bayonets (not fixed). I think we looked very smart. Our destination was Hounslow Barracks, arriving about 5-6pm.

We were billeted above a long line of stables. Piles of "biscuits" were stacked (palliasses filled with straw, about 3ft square). Three of these constituted a bed, on the floor with a brown blanket, and a second blanket to cover oneself. The floor area was large: there were a lot of boys (and noise), none of us got much sleep.

Next morning we travelled by train to Dover, crossed the Channel to Ostend, travelled by train to Brussels, and arrived late afternoon, then "stood easy" in the Grand Place. It was getting dark and very quiet. In spite of the large number of cadets (others as well as Palmerians) it was very quiet, almost eerie. After a long wait, we got going, to a Caserne (barracks) called "Prince Albert".

The long wait in the "Grand Place" was probably due to the arranging of accommodation for the various cadet contingents' sleeping quarters. After a hot meal, bed. Almost immediate sleep, we had had a very busy day.

Next day we paraded on the barrack square. It was to be an inspection by the King of the Belgians, Albert I. An hours wait. It was a warm day and quite a number of cadets fainted. Eventually the King appeared, with a bodyguard and fronted by a tall man with a plumed helmet and a red jacket. I thought he looked very impressive for a king; it turned out that the king was the man behind him, a small man in a khaki uniform!

The following day we "bussed" to Waterloo to see the site of the famous battle and the panoramic replica of the battle in the nearby wooden tower, also the model of a huge lion on a mound overlooking the site.

The highlight of the tour was a trip to what was left of a town called Ypres. Its most famous building was the Cloth Hall, the ruins of which had been partially cleared for people to view the inside the ruined building. Notices requesting visitors not to remove mementos were generally adhered to, but a few broke the rule.

Although the Great War had been over for about 7 years, little had been done to rebuild, possibly money and labour shortage. We had gone to Ypres on a small railway, consisting of wooden carriages and returned in same. The Menin-Gate was in the process of being built. As we passed what was originally the Market Square there were three tanks half buried in the ground (no doubt this was thick mud originally).

On the way back to Brussels looking out we saw crowds of people gathered round the Memorial. This was Vimy Ridge and the Memorial was the Canadian War Memorial being unveiled. The train stopped and we were invited to join in the Service. I still have the programme from the Service. This memorial was blown up by the Germans in the 1939-44 war but has since been restored.

This whole area for miles around was just barren earth and at certain places where we had left the train to view trenches etc. metal relics were found. One boy returning to England on our boat was carrying a very rusty machine gun, on his shoulder, but he did not belong to the Palmerian lot - the Rev. H.A. Abbott (Lt. Col. T.D.) wouldn't have approved.

Just one thing I forgot to mention earlier. Whilst in Lower Remove, one afternoon we voted in a school election. I think the whole school was involved. In the run-up to the actual election there was a lot of electioneering and talks. The people we were to vote for were prominent politicians. I recall only one - Bonar Law - I don't remember the end result.

I left Palmer's School in 1925 returning only once. In 1940 with others involved in a study of war gases, likely to be used by the enemy (1939-44). The others were personnel from a local chemical firm and other places. The lecturers included a Dr. Balfour-Barrow (the school doctor, I believe) and were held in the New Building."

NEWS FROM MISS BROWN

CHRISTINE HEMPSTEAD (1945-1952) MRS GAMESON moved in August 1992 to Shoburyness as her husband Brian is now the minister of the Methodist Churches at Shoburyness, Thorpe Bay and Great Wakering. Christine is the minister of 'Thorpe Bay'.

We were sorry to hear of the death of John the husband of ANNE BAKER (1949-1953) MRS CUNNIGHAM which occurred while they were on holiday in Australia. He was fond of bagpipes, so he was piped from the Church and his ashes scattered in the hills behind Kati Kati in New Zealand.

HELEN LITTLE (1950-1952) MRS LITTLE STRASSER retired after a 45 year teaching career in 1992, from the Bishop Strachan School where she taught Maths, Physics and Chemistry. She was remembered particularly for her patience and advice "to thine own self be true", "let your conscience be your guide" and "keep your sights high". The Old Girls of B.S.S. have established "The Helen Little Strasser Bursary" in her honour and it will be used to help the daughter of an Old Girl attend the school. Helen lived in the boarding school when she first taught at BSS and for 5 years she lived among the students as House Mother. Then in 1953 she married Imre Strasser.

ALISON FOWLER (1987-1989) obtained her LLB in 1992 and is now studying at the Law School in Guildford for her Law finals and working towards qualifying as a solicitor by doing Articles at Hatten's in Grays. Alison is the daughter of Reginald Fowler (1950-1956) and Margaret Preston.

We are sorry to hear of the death of John Ping on the 4th November 1992 aged 82. He was the husband of EILEEN RUTLAND (1924-31) MRS PING and together they always supported the Old Palmerian functions with Mr and Mrs Hemens.

ENID BOND (1943-48) MRS BYFORD wrote to tell us that her husband Bill had died in late 1991. Bill's death had been expected and was a merciful release. An old friend of Bill and Enid's, who is 82 and lives in Sri Lanka, had promised to help Enid get over the grief of parting and took her first to the Azores in May 1992 which is a marvellous place for fruit and flowers and then to Russia, Siberia and Mongolia in June. They visited Moscow, Suzdal (where they stayed in a former monastery), Yaroslavl, Ovanova, St Petersburg and several other old cities founded in the tenth and eleventh centuries. When they went to Siberia they stayed in a hunting camp by Lake Baikal which contains 22% of the world's fresh water, is 400 miles long, 50 miles wide and 5 miles deep in places. There was a wealth of alpine flowers all growing in profusion and the people, although they had few possessions of the kind brought in a shop, were well nourished. The children were bonny and dressed in home-made clothes and each wooden house had a good-sized garden well-stocked with a variety of vegetables - so unlike the Russian towns. They then took the Trans-Siberian train from Irkutsk in Siberia to Ulan Bator in Mongolia which was an 'experience'. They stayed in the Gobi Desert in two 'ger' camps, (a ger is a tent, a development of the teepee, with a wooden latticed frame covered on the outside with animal skins and lined inside with fabric and furnished with orange painted wooden beds, tables, stools and storage boxes, everyone having the same pattern. The tents take 30 minutes to erect or take down, so they're ideally suited to the nomadic peoples). They visited Karakorum, one-time centre of the world, when Genghis Khan founded the city, but now nearly all buried under sand. They also went and saw the shifting sands, the Valley of the Dinosaurs where they saw dinosaur eggs, and the Valley of the Condors, where gigantic rock formations made Cheddar Gorge look small, and where the passage between the rocks narrows so much that it becomes cold enough for ice to form in winter and not to melt properly until the end of August.

Enid then went back to Canada where she had worked on Canadian Geographic, for an eleven week holiday. She stayed some of the time with Betty Cole (Mrs Bayley) and reminisced about Palmer's. She also went up in a Cessna aircraft with her former flying instructor and found she could still fly and land well.

PAMELA SCOTT (1950-57) MRS ADAMS now lives in a flat close to the centre of Stockholm, as her husband has been working there since February 1992. They have still kept their home in Shenfield though. Pam has joined the British Women's Club and the International Women's Club and teaches a group of pensioners English Conversation and has made many friends. Their son Julian is still working for BBC Enterprises; son Jonathon is at Cambridge doing a PhD in Chemistry and married Lisa (also a PhD student) in April; and daughter Penny has completed her degree course in Education.

HELEN NICHOLSON (MRS GAULT) lives at 3555 Cote Des Neiges, 612, Montreal, Quebec. H3H 1V2 and has had a successful hip operation.

SHIRLEY JOHNSON (MRS IRVING) now lives at 4 Scott Avenue, Mangere Bridge, Auckland, New Zealand. Her husband Peter has been made redundant for the third time, but Shirley is still teaching after 20 years. They still have their children Paul and Wendy living with them.

MARGARET WINSER (1935-40) MRS LEWIS has heard from Mary Browne, Vera Smith, Daphne Hepburn, Grace Jenkins, Joan Loath and Gwenda Mogg.

When JUNE MILLS was in England in December 1991 she and her husband Joe visited Miss Leworthy who gave them an oil painting as a wedding present. Joe also bought a watercolour landscape of Dorset. June also sent greetings to Miss Brown from Doreen Yerlett (Mrs Suttling) and George her husband.

MARGARET PEARSON (1935-40) MRS VICKERS sent sad news. John, the husband of her friend from Palmer's Days, Ginette Haugenaur Mrs Patuzzi, died last year. John was an American and they married after World War II and lived in Long Island until they retired to Williamstown, New Jersey in 1981. Betty Hepburn has also died.

MARY PIRRIE (1940-47) MRS RICHARDSON now has six grandchildren and has retired.

BETTY MYALL (1945-51) MRS PUGSLEY has moved, with her husband Ray and two dogs, to Mandurah, Western Australia, which is 70kms South, down the coast from Perth. Here their daughter Joanne with husband Dean and children Brendon (8) and Aaron (6) can keep an eye on them! Their son Mark with wife Janice and daughter Chloe (1) have not long returned from three years in England. Mark has

landed a job with a Stockbroking Firm. Their third child Emma (27) returned to Australia in December after working in Tokyo. She has been transferred back to the Perth Branch of the Accountants for whom she worked. Sarah (24) has trained as a P.E. teacher and is keen on hockey, and their fifth child Liz (22) has finished her last year at Computer Science whilst working part-time.

We were very sorry to hear of the death in July 1993 of ANN CRIBB (1953-1958) MRS ALLEN, who had been suffering from cancer. She had been in the process of arranging a reunion and had sent the following news of her contemporaries. Margaret Couling (Mrs Hawkins) and Rosalind Clark (Mrs Webber) had moved and not sent their new addresses. Anne Rogers (Mrs Poskitt) became a grandmother when her eldest daughter had a son in January 1992 and her daughter was pregnant again, at the time of writing. Diane Syred (Mrs Styles) has two children, Hugh who is at Portsmouth Polytechnic and Sally who goes to Dover Grammar School. Janet Steel (Mrs Porter) lives in Poole, Dorset, is still nursing and also tends several aged ladies. Pat Gaines (Mrs Markham) who has three children, a boy and two girls, was expecting to become a grannie for the second time in January. Gwen Taphouse (Mrs Papamichalis) became a grandmother when her grandson was born in December 1992. Brenda Newing (Mrs Warwick) says that her son is enjoying life at Oxford at St Anne's College. Meriel Thomas (Mrs Iverson) spent a holiday in Orlando and took her grandson to see Disney World. Valerie Hunt (Mrs Brown) had a busy 1992, she has four children, Derek whose wife had another girl in June, Sharon who had her third son in May, Melanie who was married in June and Peter who bought a house and moved in April. Unfortunately Valerie's husband was made redundant at the end of the year. Ann had also been in contact with Janet Lynn (Mrs Lloyd).

COLIN HEMPSTEAD (1945-52) and his wife Jean (Hurrell) both still work and intend to do so until their retirements in 8 and 7 years' time. Colin lectures in History and Philosophy of Science at the (new) University of Teeside and Jean teaches 3-5 year olds in a City Centre School and enjoys the management responsibilities. Four years ago Colin had a coronary artery "rebored" by angioplasty and since then he has taken up running, exercise and riding a bike. They have 7 grandchildren, 6 girls and a boy, with an eighth on the way. Colin and Jean also enjoy travelling.

SISSY SANDERS (1933-38) MRS INA MEARES has move to 525 Salt Spring View, Cobble Hill, BC, VOR 1L1, which does have a lovely view. It is on Vancouver Island overlooking Salt Spring Island.

BETTY JONES (1940-48) MRS JUDGE became a grandmother when her son Peter and wife Alison had a baby girl Rachel in March 1992. Betty's daughter Elizabeth became the Deputy Head of a comprehensive school in September. In May 1992 Betty and her husband Roy went on their first helicopter flight to the Isles of Scilly for a strenuous week of bird and flower watching with the Field Studies Council. Tresco Gardens were magnificent, and they saw four cuckoos flying out of one tree. Then later, in the summer, they both went on a week's morris and country dance tour of Dorset with the London Pride group, staying at Springhead. Betty is still doing all the usual things like tracing her family tree and also reviving old skills like fruit-picking, jam-making and making 'bespoke' baby clothes.

MARIA PETRUSKA remembers Miss Brown helping her to prepare trips to the Scillies and Scotland. She and Miss Brown went with Miss 'Botany' Smith and Miss A.E. James on many of the holidays they organised for Palmer's Girls, to Italy, France, Germany and Switzerland. Maria now lives in Germany.

JAN & RIGTZE VAN DER BURG-ZANTIMA live in the Netherlands and doubts whether they will visit Grays again. Rigtze is eighty-five and she and Jan have been married for 55 years. 1992 was not a happy year, as their eldest son William died, and both of them were ill.

HILDA SIMONDS lives in Canberra, Australia and has four children. She came to England in April 1992 to be at the party, organised by her sister Molly (Mrs Willis), to celebrate Rosemary's 65th birthday. Hilda remembered being taught Mathematics by Miss Brown.

CHRISTINE AGASSIZ (1985-87) is enjoying teaching mathematics in Zimbabwe even though one of her classes has 58 pupils. This is easy compared with one of her friends who has to teach a class of 110 pupils!! Her mother Fiona, who teaches Mathematics at Palmers will visit her in August taking log tables with her!!

MRS H.W. BONE has moved to The Brundell Nursing Home, Blofield Road, Brundell, Norwich, and enjoys the very pleasant garden. She is quite comfortable and is able to see her son Max every day.

SYLVIA TAYLOR (1950-55) MRS RISK's daughter Valerie has graduated from Exeter University and has just completed her first year at a comprehensive school in Hockley. Her other daughter

Melanie has been awarded a degree in Drama from Bristol University and is going on to do her P.G.C.E. year.

E. T. Brown

THE STORY OF THE "DEERHOUND"
by Nellie Brown

In 1907 the people of the Isles of Scilly decided to sell their boat, "The Deerhound", no 109680, 39 tons, because she was too open for their rough weather. They sold her to the Canadian Government and the Orient Co of Tilbury, Essex obtained the contract and appealed for volunteers to crew her. My father, George Brown, jumped at the offer and, although he had his "Chief's Ticket", he preferred to sail as 2nd Engineer so that he could work in the engine room to see that everything was OK down there. He rushed off by the 7.30pm train from Grays to catch connections to Penzance. But unfortunately he went without his "sailing papers". We discovered them on the table, just after he had gone. So I had to cycle two miles to his mate Joe Rice, who was going to be his stoker and who was travelling down on the midnight train and who reached Penzance at 8am the next morning.

The weather was bad with fog and gales, and they had to put back three times before they finally sailed to Scilly. Father heard the "May Day Horns" (for the first time), in Penzance and saw the "May Day Festivities" there. The voyage was "run by contract" and the engagement was from St Mary's, Isles of Scilly, on 1.05.07.

When they got to Scilly they had to batten her down against bad weather and refuel for the voyage. Father always spoke of the kindness shown to them by the Islanders of St Mary's who invited them for refreshments. At Tregarthen's Hotel he was given a cigar, which pleased him immensely, and other kind folk gave them such a warm welcome which he never forgot. They slept on board but came ashore during the day.

As soon as their "boat" was ready they set sail for Canada. Father was afraid that they would run out of fuel before they got there. There was "No Smoking on Board", of course, and this notice had been left on but underneath 'accidentally' no doubt, they had left a "No Dogs Allowed" notice. So Dad always laughed and said it read as "No Smoking Dogs Allowed". However, they did eventually reach Newfoundland and were able to refuel. While this was going

on they were able to come ashore and look around. They saw a man leaning over a wall and went to chat with him, thinking him to be able to tell them about the island, but he only told them about the wrecks that had happened and the dead bodies that had been washed up!!!

Refuelling completed, they went on up the St Lawrence and handed the "Deerhound" over to the Canadian Government at Quebec. There the Canadian Government renamed her the "Lady Evelyn". The crew travelled home first class on the "Anchor Liner" which had been commissioned by the Orient Company. This was much more comfortable than on the outward voyage.

As the "Lady Evelyn" together with the "Eureka" a Government Steamer, they went to the assistance of the "Empress of Ireland", which they thought had collided with an iceberg, 30 miles east of Father Point, and which sank so fast that it was impossible to get many lifeboats out. Captain Kendall was saved, being picked up from some wreckage, as was both the wireless operator, the assistant purser, the chief engineer and the chief steward. Afterwards it was confirmed that she collided with a collier.

There were 1,200 people on board. Later Captain Kendall was sailing in command of the Montrose and on July 20th 1910, was sailing from Antwerp to Canada, when two passengers Mr and Master Robinson came on the Montrose. His suspicions were aroused when he saw Master squeezing the hand of Mr Robinson. He watched very carefully because he suspected that there were Dr Crippen and Miss Le Neve wanted by the police on "Charges of Murder and Mutilation". He kept a close eye on them and when they were two days out he sent a wireless message to England, telling them of his suspicions and Inspector Dew hurried from Liverpool, caught a boat (he was a good navigator) and reached the other side before the Montrose. When the Montrose arrived Inspector Dew and McCarthey came on board the Montrose and said "I arrest you in the name of the King". So Captain Kendall was responsible for capturing Dr Crippen and Miss Le Neve.

The postcard of the "Deerhound" which George Brown took to Canada reads "Dear Diff" (a pet name for my mother), "arrived here May Day after a long and tedious journey - all safe - now having dinner before going down to ship. Will write if time". Address to Mrs Geo. Brown, 50 Parker Road, Grays, Essex. The postmark was Penzance 1.30pm April 30th 1907. PS. I haven't discovered exactly where Father Point is.

Some years ago I went to Mousehole and I saw a very old man leaning over a wall. I went over to him to ask him where the buses for Newlyn and Penzance went from. He told me and then said he didn't know why so many visitors always came to this place. So I told him that my father took the "Deerhound" to Canada. "Oh", he said, "I never thought she got there, I thought she was lost at sea!!". So I told him the story of the "Deerhound" and he was interested.

A LETTER FROM MR ROGER JENKINS

Dear Miss Brown,

I have just read your interesting article about the "Deerhound" and the voyage from Scilly to Quebec, Canada. Crossing the North Atlantic on a ship of that size cannot have been a picnic for your father, but they made it.

I am writing because I may be able to enlighten you about the whereabouts of Father Point. It is not marked on any map that I can find, even in the Public Library, but during my deep sea days we made at least one trip up to Montreal, and I have dug out my old work book in which Father Point is quoted as a measuring point in the voyage.

According to my measurements it is close to the town of Rimouski, on the S.E. side of the St Lawrence Estuary. Rimouski is about 155 miles-down river of Quebec, and about 30 miles down-river of the Saquenay River, which is a large tributary, discharging into the St Lawrence on the N.W. side. Father Point has always been well known to seafarers. My memory told me it was where the first pilot for the St Lawrence was picked up, but I see my passage distance continues a further 35 miles to a place called Escoumain, so I cannot be positive just where the pilot station is. Escoumain is not marked either although there is a place called Les Escoumains at about the sight distance interval on the N.W. bank.

I have read accounts of the loss of the "Empress of Ireland", but cannot lay hands on them at present. There have been a number of disastrous collisions on the St Lawrence, a really huge geographical feature rather than just a river. The downstream flow can be six knots or more, and fog and ice are common in their season. The buoys have the mooring eyebolts towards the edge of the bilge, rather than in the centre, so that they sit upright in any current.

We used to belong to Grays Yacht Club when we lived in Woodford, and I worked on ferries running from Tilbury. One gentleman, now deceased, we remember with affection, was Bert Pearce of 106 Cromwell Rd, Grays. You will find something about us on page 135 of the same "Scillonian" in which your article appears.

I hope this has answered one query which must have been bothering you for a long time.

MISS BROWN'S CORNER

Nellie Brown thanks all the Old Girls of Palmers for giving her such a delightful time at the Open Day on June 26th, 1993. She hopes that they enjoyed it as much as she did.

They set her many puzzles when they said "Do you remember me? You taught me mathematics and I was bad at it!" Miss Brown says she must congratulate you on the good use you put your mathematics to in later life.

It was sad to realise how many of the Old Girls had passed on in the last two years.

God bless you all.

Nellie Brown

WEDDINGS

Congratulations to:-

ALISON GARRARD (1983-1985) and DAVID MAYGER (1982-1985) who were married in East Tilbury on the 2nd May 1992.

ANNE SUNDEBERG (1983-1985) who married Liam Downey of Malahide, Co. Dublin at St Giles and All Saints Church, Orsett in September 1992.

KRISTIAN JONES (1988-1990) who married Kara Mann on 1st August 1992. At the time of writing Kristian was studying Radiography at Ipswich and was in his final year.

DAWN ARCHER (1985-1987) and TONY WALTERS (1984-1986) who were married in 1992.

ROBERT SACH (1980-1982) who married Lesley Clare on 31st October 1992, when a few former students joined them in their celebrations.

BIRTHS

Congratulations to:-

JANE PEASE (1981-1982) MRS TYSON and Dave who have a son Lewis Percy Keith who was born on August 9th 1992 at Orsett hospital.

SIMON WATKINS (1980-1982) and DENISE PIGHINI (1980-1982) MRS WATKINS who have a son Robert William James, who was born on September 1st 1992. He is their second child.

PAUL STOCK (1982-1984) and Gillian who have a son Jack Thomas, who was born on the 2nd November 1992 in Stockport.

BEVERLEY LEWIS (1979-1981) MRS GARNHAM and JOHN GARNHAM (1977-1979) who have a son James David, who was born on the 1st December 1992. John works at Gould Electronics as a Development Engineer in charge of the department and Beverley teaches Maths. at Aveley Comprehensive.

GAIL NICHOLLS (1980-1982) MRS COOMBES who gave birth to her daughter Emily Sarah on the 24th January 1993.

OBITUARIES

We are very sorry to have to report the deaths of the following Old Palmerians and we extend our sympathy to their families.

RON GARRARD	1942-1947	April 22nd	1992
EDWIN LENNARD	1939-1945	April 1st	1991
JAMES TRAIN	1916-1920	August 2nd	1992
AGNES FISHER (MRS HEMENS)	1926-1932	October 4th	1992
MICHAEL FORD	1950-1956	January 12th	1993
HERBERT DIXSON	1919-1925		1992
ARTHUR BUGLER	1932-1937	December	1992

DORIS PIKE (MRS HEMPSTEAD)	1918-1923	May	1992
FREDERICK HEMPSTEAD	1914-1918	January 28th	1993
MARTIN GARDNER	1951-1958	January 22nd	1993
FRANK ANDREWS	1925-1935	July 19th	1991
LILIAN BAILEY		October 31st	1992
ALICE BURLS (MRS JONES)		February 14th	1993
KENNETH GOSHAWK	1942-1947	October	1990
P. A. LUCKING	1936-1941		
LEONARD WILLMER (STAFF)	1948-1977	June 15th	1993
ANN CRIBB (MRS ALLEN)	1953-1958	July	1993

MARTIN JOHN GARDNER

Martin John Gardner, Professor of Medical Statistics, University of Southampton, died of lung cancer on January 22, 1993 aged 52. He was born on July 25, 1940, and was educated at Palmer's School for Boys (1950-1958) after which he obtained a First class Honours degree in Mathematics at King's College, Newcastle, University of Durham and then an MA in Statistics at St. Catharine's College Cambridge. Martin obtained his Ph.D. in 1971 and was awarded his Chair at Southampton in 1985.

Martin's work with the Medical Research Council (MRC) brought him into the public limelight with the publication of the famous "Gardner Report" in 1990 which sought to explain the incidence of leukaemia clusters in children around Sellafield. Martin's research led to his hypothesis that the cases of leukaemia were linked not to radiation in the environment but to exposure of the children's fathers in the months before conception. His findings, the result of fastidious research which aroused immense public interest and scientific controversy, echoed around the world and made him a figure of both national and international standing in his chosen field.

His professional life was devoted to a combination of medical research and to teaching and guiding others involved in the world of medicine. His own research work was constantly driven by a desire to identify causes of disease, thus enabling preventative processes to be established.

In addition to his work for the MRC and the University of Southampton, Martin had a long association with the British Medical Journal which led to his appointment in 1980 as their main statistical advisor. As well as contributing articles on his own behalf, he participated in evaluating submissions by others where he creatively searched out strengths and scientific importance

rather than dwell on weaknesses. He and his colleagues reviewed some 4,000 papers a year in this capacity, an onerous task which he always contributed to willingly.

Martin was known as a gifted teacher, where in the course of his work he taught medical undergraduates and post graduates the subject of statistics, and was able to always bring out the most important key points. He also lectured extensively in the national, and towards the end of his career, the international forum.

It is perhaps fitting that his final public address in October 1991 was on behalf of Tony Hendry, one of the many highly respected masters at Palmer's during Martin's schooldays. When Martin addressed the Rotary District 1120 Conference at Eastbourne on 25th October 1991 he had already stopped work due to his illness, and had cancelled all his other speaking appointments, including a trip to Australia. He was driven to Eastbourne by his wife Linda, gave his address to Tony's Rotarians, and Linda drove an exhausted but contented Martin home again. Only Martin and Linda knew how his indebtedness to Palmer's gave him the strength to undertake that appointment.

Martin married his Texan born wife Linda in 1967 at the end of a year's exchange visit to the University of Berkeley in California, where Linda had been one of his final year students. Linda returned to England with Martin, and they settled in Chandler's Ford in Hampshire, just a short distance from Southampton where Martin was based at the University. Martin and Linda have three children. Stephen is studying to become an actuary after graduating from Oxford in 1991, and Kevin is currently reading Geography at Cambridge. Martin's daughter Tina, equally talented academically, is also making a name for herself as a sportswoman having recently helped her school win the English Schools mixed doubles badminton championship. Tina regularly represents Hampshire in this sport.

Martin's funeral was held in the Methodist Church at Chandler's Ford on 28th January 1993, and was attended by nearly 250 people. This included a large representation who knew him from his childhood in Upminster and his days at Palmer's, all of whom have remained very firm friends throughout Martin's life.

In a moving address the Minister, Rev. Bryan Coates, reflected on Martin's work and preventative measures that would be implemented in due course for prospective fathers whose work

exposes them to radiation. He closed his address with the statement *"in future generations there will be many parents, especially those involved in the Nuclear industry, who will give thanks to God both for the health of their children and for the life of Martin Gardner"*.

Whilst at Palmer's, Martin made an outstanding contribution to school life. Although one of the youngest boys of his year, he was consistently at or near the top of his class, resulting in 4 'A' Levels, two with distinction, and the award of a State Scholarship. Alongside his academic success he demonstrated many other talents particularly in the sporting arena.

Martin was awarded full School colours for both cricket and football, and represented his House at nearly every sport. He was a leading member of both the school and house chess teams and was a regular performer in the annual Gilbert & Sullivan operatic production. In his final year Martin was School Prefect, and was House Captain of Marlborough House.

The Medical Research Council and the British Medical Journal are jointly organising for later in 1993 a Memorial Scientific Meeting to honour and celebrate the work and life of Martin John Gardner.

Alan Gardner (1954-1960)

MRS LILIAN BAILEY

We were surprised and saddened last Autumn (1992) to hear of the sudden death of Mrs Lilian Bailey, widow of Major R.L.J. ('Les') Bailey, a former chairman of the Association and for very many years in charge of all the arrangements for the Annual Dinner and Dinner Dance, Mrs Bailey supported her husband in all his work for the OPs especially in organising and running the New Year Dinner Dance so effectively for so long. With her outgoing personality she entered with great vivacity into this, as into all she did; and, as the wife, mother and mother-in-law of Old Palmerians, took a keen interest in all the activities of the Association. Despite hip replacement operations in recent years, she was her usual cheerful, vigorous self, right up to the end. One could say her death was 'in character': after a sudden heart attack at home on Saturday, 31st October, she slipped peacefully away. In her son's words: "She died exactly as she would have wished - we are all quite certain of that in view of all her

activities". A service at Grays Parish Church was followed by cremation.

In an exchange of correspondence at the time her son, Adrian, now Lieutenant Colonel in the British Army in Riyadh, has the following interesting comments:-

"Although not an 'Old Girl' herself, my mother was to us very much an .O.P, having married one, begot one and had one 'forced' upon her when my sister Ann married Jonathan Weymouth.

During the long period my father was active in the Association she was equally dedicated to the task and enjoyed arranging the Dinner/Dance for what must have been a good ten to fifteen years as I recall. These events were always special because they meant a gathering of the Bailey clan with family and friends. The Dance became an important family occasion which we believe reflected the mood of the Association in those days in the late 50s, 60s and 70s. She was particularly touched by the presentation of a string of pearls from the O.P.s when they handed over the running of the event....Looking back over the list of Past Chairmen, I see all their friends were there, all of whom I (and my vintage) saw as the guiding lights and mainstays of the O.P.s and Grays as a social entity in those days. They were both true Grays folk and they and ourselves always thought of Grays as home in spite of all the Service moves. I was always amazed by her knowledge of O.P.s and the goings on of the Association....It was this that made me and her family view her as an honorary 'Old Girl'."

EDWIN CHARLES LENNARD

Edwin died on the 1st April 1991, at the age of 62 years. He was then Company Secretary to Colt International, being both a Chartered and Certified Accountant. He worked with Jim Holt who was also a pupil at Palmer's.

JAMES TRAIN

James died on the 2nd August 1992, at the age of almost 88 years. He was at Palmer's during the First World War and could remember his German lesson being stopped and him having to take Latin instead.

AGNES FISHER (MRS HEMENS)

Agnes diéd on the 4th October 1992 at home peacefully after a 12 year battle against cancer. Fortunately the end was mercifully brief. She had been a pupil of Miss Brown's almost seventy years ago. Agnes and her husband always supported the Old Palmerian functions and she was so cheerful; she will be sadly missed.

FREDERICK HEMPSTEAD

Fred died on 28th January 1993 peacefully at the home of his daughter the Rev. Christine Gameson. It was discovered that he had cancer when he broke his leg and was operated on, to pin it, at the end of November. He was discharged from hospital early in January and Christine and Brian were glad that they had him with them for the last three weeks of his life. Fred had spent the last few years of his life caring for his wife Doris Pike (1918-1923) who died in May 1992. Fred's son Dr Colin Hempstead had hoped his father would travel North to Cleveland to visit his grand children and great grandchildren after this, but it was not to be. Colin will miss the fierce, but friendly arguments on every subject. Fred's funeral was well attended by family, neighbours and friends from his Masonic Lodge.

ALICE AMY BURLS (MRS JONES)

Alice died on 14th February aged 95 years and was a school contemporary of Miss Brown. She lived with her daughter Shirley Jones (1939-46) (Mrs Dolman) after her sister Dorothy Burls also a Palmer's Girl, died in 1990. When Alice left Palmer's she worked in the Check Office of the Grays Co-operative Society, and met her husband-to-be, John, when he entertained with the Pierrots in Grays Park. John used the stage name Johnny Lindon. During the First World War, Alice and her friends organised dances for the troops. Then during the Second World War she worked in the office of Wouldham Cement Works, where her husband was the Chief Cement Chemist. Alice and John, who became President of the Grays Co-operative Society were very interested in the Co-operative movement and worked voluntarily for them. They also devoted much time to the Labour Party in Grays and always took a keen interest in Current Affairs.

MR LEONARD R. WILLMER (1921 - 1993)

It is with great regret that we record the death of Mr. Leonard Willmer, Art Master at Palmer's Boys' School from 1948

until the closure and subsequently Head of Art at Palmer's College until the mid-seventies. he died in Sussex, aged 72.

After serving in the R.A.F. and teaching in his home town of Romsey, Mr. Willmer came to Palmer's in 1948 as Boarding House Master and Art teacher. Despite periods of ill health beginning in the late sixties, he continued to teach full-time whenever possible; but eventually (as reported in the 'Old Palmerian' for June, 1978) took early retirement in March, 1977.

Len Willmer probably taught every boy who came to the school between 1948 and 1970, the last intake before secondary reorganisation. He was both a rigorous and inspiring teacher, insisting that work of the imagination depended on intellectual understanding and disciplined draughtsmanship. The highly original projects he and his students carried out for stage productions and the school magazine will be vividly remembered by those who saw them. A highly gifted artist in his own right, he exhibited at the Royal Academy summer exhibition and left a body of work combining integrity and insight of a high order.

One of many characters in the school in those days, his ebullient personality bubbled with merriment and irony; but behind it lay a very serious, thoughtful and reserved person, at times almost a recluse.

Partly for family reasons, he retired to Mayfield, Sussex. There, despite recurrences of ill health, he enjoyed some happy times until, following major surgery earlier this year, he went into the Hospice of Saint Peter and Saint James, Lewes, dying there peacefully on Tuesday, 15th June, 1993. A small but sufficient company gathered at Tunbridge Wells crematorium a week later to pay tribute and, in the carefully chosen words of the vicar of Mayfield, make a 'painting of prayers' for 'a very private person'.

Edward Moorhouse

To the families of all these we extend our deepest sympathy.

THE COLLEGE YEAR: 1992-1993

On April 2nd, the College's incorporation plan came into effect. A special supplement in the Thurrock Gazette and an Open Day for the general public, the new governors and friends of the College celebrated the inauguration of Palmer's, Inc., now independent of the LEA.

The "New Palmer's" takes over a going concern with a record 1215 students on the roll, marking an increase of 63% over the last five years. A target of 1310 students has been set for 1993, with a steady increase envisaged in succeeding years. Despite the growth in student numbers, last year's June exam results broke records again with 90.2% pass for A-level and 76.3% for GCSE. This is a most auspicious beginning for the new College and it is hoped that these results can be sustained as the College grows.

To cater for increased student numbers it has been necessary to appoint new staff, notably in English and Humanities, which acquired three new teachers each. A less welcome aspect of expansion is the pressure on accommodation. Demountable classrooms are being used and the main buildings are extremely busy, especially during the cold weather, with particular pressure on the student social areas, the canteen and the library. The building programme, however, is nearing completion, which will improve matters next year. The extension to the library (a "conservatory" type building in the quad) is almost complete. The carpet was being laid on the last day of term. A similar extension to the canteen will provide 30% extra dining space. The hall, which now has a pitched roof and a mezzanine floor and contains much-needed extra toilets, is being carpeted and equipped as a study and social area for student use. Other building alterations include an expanded Careers Area and the refitting of the old Nursery building as the Higher Education Centre. All of the building work has been financed by the William Palmer Trust, whose continuing generosity makes an indispensable contribution to the amenity of the College and to the educational experience of its students.

Incorporation has brought a new governing body with an increased number of 'business' governors. Mr Coker continues as Chairman, and four governors represent the Trust. They have been joined by a further six business governors (plus Mr Norman Harris who continues to serve), two 'co-opted' governors, Mr Kelly and two governors elected by the staff. Vice-Chairman is Mr George Semain, retired Chief Executive and Town Clerk of Thurrock Borough

Council. The new governing body and its sub-committees have already met more than once and promises to be directly involved with the College's management.

Perhaps the most exciting curriculum innovation this year has been the preparation for teaching Degree Modules in English and Sociology to adults, and the setting up of a Foundation Science course leading to a degree. The Franchising process has been successfully completed, with a sigh of relief from all concerned in compiling the bulky documents and attending the many meetings and courses. Students have been recruited and staff look forward to the official opening of the new HE centre on 22nd September and the beginning of the courses on 29th September. Some of the students are Old Palmerians who remember certain of their tutors in their previous incarnation as teachers at Palmer's Girls' School. Others are parents of College students, past and present. Ages range from seventy to eighteen. Some intend to go on to degrees, others simply want to see if Higher Education is for them. The classes promise to be very interesting, with such a stimulating range of experience, and tutors welcome the opportunity to engage in a more co-operative kind of learning activity.

The College will also be offering GNVQ (General National Vocational Qualification) courses at levels 1 and 2, to replace the current Diploma in Vocational Education. Level 3 courses will follow in 1994, though these are not expected to compete with the "work-specific" courses offered at Thurrock College. The courses will be taught in the old Home Economics room, which has been re-equipped for this purpose.

Other new courses include A-level Electronics (if numbers permit) and a special one year A-level English course for students in their second or third year. It is hoped to open this course to adults.

The Alternative Studies programme continues to flourish, with, this year, the addition of a popular course in journalism.

Increased student numbers have meant larger classes in some subjects, particularly English and Humanities. In order to offer learning support, drop-in workshops have been developed. This year the English workshop has proved very effective and Humanities are providing one from next year. Study skill sessions involving use of the library and access courses to enable students to make use of the increasing IT provision have also been started.

The proportion of computers to students has increased this year from 20-1 to 14-1 and it is hoped to achieve 10-1 next year. This provision is a key element in flexible learning schemes and is vital for students who have difficulty with written communication as well as enormously improving the standard of presentation of coursework and essays. All students will have the opportunity of an introductory "hands-on" course.

News from individual Faculties and Departments: the Science Faculty reports an active and productive year with Philip Lisgarten collaborating with Anglia University to prepare for the first year of a four year Modular Science degree course. Students may progress to Canterbury H.E. College, Writtle College or Anglia campuses at Chelmsford or Cambridge.

The Biology Dept. ran a Field Course at Orierton, Pembrokeshire taking 25 students and 2 staff. They also carried out a scientific investigation at Kew.

Environmental Science/Geology students once again braved inclement weather, attending courses on the Isle of Arran and the Isle of Wight, and extensively used local facilities at Wat Tyler and Thorndon Country Parks. The staff enlightened visiting Spanish students with a talk on the environment of Grays Thurrock.

Eight students this summer are giving up a fortnight of their holidays to take part in a course run by Orsett and Basildon Health Authority. This is run annually for potential medical students.

B.A.Y.S. enjoyed another successful year. The students received many interesting lectures on varied topics including Forensic Science, Age of the Earth, Magic and Medicine. A special lecture, given to celebrate independence and entitled Colourful Chemistry, was attended by over 200 students including visitors from our partner schools.

Finally, the Science Faculty wishes to mark the retirement of Mr Iqbal Toor, Head of Physics and Electronics, after 28 years service. The new Head of Department, Dr Richard Williams, begins his duties in September.

The Physics Department also lost its Senior Technician, Mrs Jean Warren who retired after 23 years service. The Faculty welcomed Mrs Janet Goodyear as her replacement in January.

The English Faculty also reports a busy year with six members of staff involved in the preparations for teaching Degree Modules to adults from September.

The English Department is delighted with the successful launch of its new A-level English Language course. Four large classes were enrolled and the teaching has proved stimulating. The standard of creative writing is high and students have chosen interesting projects, ranging from studies of child language acquisition to examination of the language of religion in present day songs and sermons. No users of language are safe from study. M.P.s are pestered for copies of speeches and infants' first words are recorded.

The Drama Department has mounted three public productions, the harrowing "Fuente Ovejuna" in December, "Women of the Trojan War" in February, a thoughtful production whose proceeds were donated to a charity for the victims of rape in Bosnia, and in July, the sell-out "West Side Story", directed by Dave Langley.

The English Faculty has acquired three new staff this year: Dan Jenkins and Sarah Di-Girolamo joined the English Department, and Dave Langley the Drama Department, in September 1992. We will be joined in September 1993 by Debbie Andrews and Thyrsa Leyshon, who is covering during Sue McFahn's maternity leave.

Three new staff have been appointed in the Humanities Faculty: Michel Mason to teach Media Studies, Emma Jones, Sociology and Danny Ferdinand, Psychology.

College sport has had an average year, apart from the outstanding success of the soccer teams. The First XI was undefeated all season and came top of Div 1 in the Sixth Form Sports League, a newly formed league including teams from sixth form colleges, school sixth forms and HE colleges. Competition is stiff and both the first and second XI teams are congratulated on their success. The Second XI were runners-up in Div 2. The strength of the First XI side is indicated by the fact that seven players appear for the Essex under-19 team.

The Netball team was also highly placed in its league. Rugby and Hockey teams were less successful than in previous years, winning only 50% of the matches played.

Athletes attending College this year include: Karen Crooks, County Senior Girls 200m champion (Karen reached 6th place in the All-England finals in Hull); Keeley Ravenscoft, Essex Senior Girls 1500m champion; Ben Nicholson, very highly placed as a squash player in his age group; two athletes of international standard, Paul Spires, decathlete, currently training with one of the national squads; and Helen Gillard, England International in Archery.

The usual array of exchanges and visits, too numerous to mention individually, took place this year, with the addition of Business Studies trips to Paris and to Belgium to study the working of the EEC.

Finally, some items of staff news. Two senior appointments were made this year. Mrs Maria Williamson, full-time careers specialist, assumed her duties as Head of Careers; Mrs Liz Short was appointed Director of Finance and Administration. Sue Boyd has taken over responsibility for the College's pastoral service.

The College says farewell to Mike Riley, who leaves the Maths Department after 5 years, and Mrs Betty Cocks, our Bursar, who retired after 10 years; and extends congratulations to Sue Thompson who has left following the birth of her second son, Carl.

Two long-serving members of staff are retiring: Mr Iqbal Toor, Head of Physics and Electronics, leaves after 28 years, and Mr Gordon Etter, Head of German, is taking early retirement after 30 years, but will be returning in September to teach part-time. Both were held in great affection and esteem and will be much missed. Separate appreciations of their careers and of their great service to the College follow.

All those leaving take with them our warmest good wishes.

Most of us at the College would agree that it has been an eventful and challenging year with the winds of change blowing somewhat bracingly and showing no signs of moderating yet. How will Incorporation change Palmers? To be continued in our next.....

Margaret I.J. Andrews

RETIREMENT OF MR IQBAL TOOR

Iqbal Toor joined Palmer's Boys School in September 1965 as an Assistant Teacher in the Physics Department.

His interest in Electronics led him to start an Electronics Club and also establish the first Electronics Course at Palmer's.

In 1967 he obtained his M.Sc.(Electronics) at London. Then Mr Toor was promoted to Head of the Physics and Electronics Department on the retirement of Mr Jesson in 1977.

Mr Toor has been married for 40 years and has one son, aged 38 and two daughters, and he has lived at Ilford for 21 years. His son works for Siemens (the German Electronics firm). He is married with three children. His two daughters, both working, one for a Swiss Bank and the other as a Speech Therapist are also married.

Mr Toor began his teaching career at Murray College, Sialkog, Pakistan, then at Forman Christian College, Lahore, before coming to Palmer's.

His pastimes and hobbies include playing bridge; watching sport, especially Cricket; and his grandchildren.

On his retirement he is hoping to travel, as well as spending some time, each year, in Pakistan.

Ken Jones

RETIREMENT OF MR GORDON F ETTER

July, 1993 saw the partial retirement of Mr. Etter, Head of German and Deputy Head of Faculty, and for thirty years a mainstay of modern languages at Palmer's. He will, however, return part-time in September and intends to continue teaching on that basis "for a few years to come".

Before joining the staff of Palmer's Boys' School in 1963, Mr. Etter, a graduate of Sheffield University, had taught in Switzerland and done his national service as a Swiss national in the Swiss army. He also had some experience in this country teaching English as a Foreign Language. At Palmer's Boys' he took French throughout the school and was in charge of German in the

Sixth Form. On the formation of Palmer's College he became head of German and later Deputy Head of the Faculty of Languages.

During this time Gordon Etter has made his mark as a popular and highly effective teacher of his subject and a congenial colleague with a reassuring mixture of helpfulness, wit and mildly ironic humour. Students find his lessons both entertaining and thorough; he is an expert judge of their capabilities; and they achieve excellent results. As a tutor, he takes great interest in the individual welfare and progress of all members of his tutor group, as well as keeping 'open house' for student work and discussion in his tutor room at break and lunch-time. For many years he has devoted much time and energy to organising exchanges and work experience abroad for individual students. More recently, as an individualist imbued with the best of both English and continental teaching traditions, he has made a distinctive contribution to staff and curriculum development programmes, as well as doing some effective liaison work with the partner schools, especially through language intensive days.

Characteristically, Mr. Etter has chosen a gradual and inconspicuous mode of retirement by stages. For stage one, may we wish him continued success in his part-time teaching and every happiness in the increased leisure his part-time retirement will afford.

Edward Moorhouse

We would welcome some feed-back on the magazine and its contents, especially on particular items. Equally, along with your views, we would be glad to receive news, letters, articles or contributions of any kind. Please send them to:

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