

OH Notes

THE OLD HABERDASHERS' ASSOCIATION

FOUNDED IN 1888 AS THE
HABERDASHERS' OLD BOYS CLUB

NO. 216 // WINTER 2022



Foreword

From Our President Colin Blessley



The overriding introductory message to this brief report is that, thank goodness, for the first time in 3 years, I can report that things have returned to some semblance of normality on most fronts, particularly for our sporting activities. On the social front, it seems that a combination of post-Covid concerns and the cost of living crisis is proving to be something of a drag on attendance at organised events.

This year has been marked by the loss of a number of our distinguished members and friends, the most recent being David James in October.

Brett Rolfe ("Bertie", to his OHRFC brethren) was a contemporary of mine at school, leaving a few years after me. He was a very enthusiastic member of the rugby club from the time he left school, right through to his untimely and premature passing. After he hung up his boots, he was one of the most assiduous supporters of the club and attendees at rugby and OHA social events. Earlier in the year, his OHRFC friends organised a trip to Paris for him with his mates to watch some international rugby, which I think was a wonderfully kind initiative. The photos of that trip speak for themselves. Bertie will be sorely missed.

Early this year, we lost Alan Phipps. Alan was one of that special class of OH for whom no club responsibility was too much. As a prolific and elegant batsman, he was closely involved in the OHCC, having been its President from 1998 to 2001 and spent a lot of time carrying out the responsibilities for overseeing the maintenance of the grounds and clubhouse, as well as being a long-serving member of Harold Couch's

Relocation Sub-Committee. Until the onset of his illness, he was an active member of the Association's Executive Committee, having been OHA President in 2001-02.

John Hanson was one of the first OHRFC team captains with whom I played and, among my particular recollections are his lined scrum cap and mischievous sense of humour. In 1965, he clocked up his 200th appearance for the 1st XV and was captain from 1965 to 1967. He was probably one of those players from whom I learned much of my skills on the pitch. It was wonderful to see Liz and her sons, David and Michael, and family members at a commemorative lunch in the clubhouse back in May, which was attended by a good number of John's player contemporaries.

In March, we lost Ken Maddocks, who was a regular attendee at the Old Lags' Lunches with his son David, following his return to the UK in 1969. He had worked for many years overseas with Shell Oil. Prior to his foreign posting, he appeared regularly for the 1st XV in the early 1950's. He was also a member of a lunch club of distinguished OH who met a few times a year in suitably elegant establishments in central London. This group, as well as Ken and David, included such eminences as Michael Milner, Tony Woolf, amongst others, and was originally joined by my father, Ken Blessley. Latterly, Rodney Jakeman and I were admitted to this exclusive gathering.

We received the news that Tony Pettet had passed away in Canada, where he was living, also in March. I seem to remember Tony as being something of a non-conformist rogue, as well as a bit of a ladies' man. My recollection is that he was a very useful cricketer, who holds the all-time club record for Best Bowling – 10 for 46 against Pinner in 1963.

Our most recent loss is David James, who was OHA President in 1983-1984. He turned out regularly for the OHRFC in the fly-half position, captaining the ExA XV for four years from 1952, but continuing to play thereafter. In total he made 224 appearances for the club and was Club Treasurer for a number of years, as well as Vice-President. In retirement from a long career with Coutts Bank, David was a regular attendee at clubhouse functions, having run these with Peter Vacher until 2017. My personal recollection is that David was a delightful and warm character.

In July, two retired members of the school staff passed away – Barry Goater and Geoff Hickman. I remember Barry as being the master who oversaw our cross-country runs around parts of the Aldenham Estate, which are now out-of-bounds for current pupils. I certainly owe my woodworking skills, which have served me well over the years, to Geoff.

OHRFC

Following the encouraging results from the 2021-2022 season, there have been a number of changes in the player line-up, with a number of regulars retiring, changes at the captaincy level and a re-shuffling of administrative and support responsibilities.

With regard to the competitive environment, there have been changes to the league structure by the RFU, which mean that the fixtures will be with more local opposition clubs, which is helpful.

Player recruitment and availability continue to be aspects with which the club is

grappling, holding a number of supporting events over the summer recess.

Also, in September, two sides were entered in the Wimbledon 7's, with each team reaching the semi-finals.

The initial home games this season were held at the School, due to the issues with our cracked playing surfaces, mentioned elsewhere, for which many thanks to Roger Llewellyn and the ground staff.

OHCC

During the season recently ended, the club regularly fielded two XIs in the Hertfordshire League, playing more matches than in previous seasons and achieving commendable results. The 1st XI won 10 of their 18 matches, finishing in 4th place in their league. The 2nd XI won 14 out of their 18 matches, resulting in a 2nd place in their division and promotion for next season. The annual Devon tour resulted in 4 wins out of 6 matches.

The club was successful in both matches against the school on Old Boys Day, retaining the Nobbly Tanner Trophy. A number of school leavers have been playing for OHCC, which is encouraging.

OHFC

The footballers have been enjoying playing at the school, for which, many thanks Roger Llewellyn. The team had a mixed season and are looking to achieve a more consistent line-up in the forthcoming campaign, having had 37 OH for them in the last year. Having a more stable squad should help improve future results.

I would like to thank all members of the Executive Committee for their ongoing support and labours. There is a lot that goes on behind the scenes, of which members may not be aware. We continue to enjoy an excellent relationship with the school leadership team and we should be grateful to Gus Lock and Roger Llewellyn for their ongoing collaboration. The school stepped in to receive the rugby club when Croxdale Road was unplayable and hosted the Executive Committee's recent meeting.

The most visible activity has been our communications with membership, for which we should congratulate Richard Carlowe. David Heasman has had an extremely active year, with all the work going on in relation to the grounds, for which many thanks.

Looking forward

It is clear from the overall economic panorama that we are going to be facing challenging times for the foreseeable future. This means that we will need to enhance our efforts to maximise revenue and contain costs wherever possible, in order to weather the storm.

If anyone can think of revenue raising efforts, that would help greatly.

Editorial

Richard Carlowe



It is good to be back again with another jam-packed edition of OH Notes. A huge thank you to everybody who has contributed. It makes my role so much easier when I am provided with such good quality material to publish.

Sadly Peter Peretti (1946) passed away a week or so before going to press. His son's article, written about his wife, Alina, is a fitting reminder of him.

As Colin has stated in his foreword, it has been fantastic to see some semblance of normality return to the Association.

Sports fixtures, Clubhouse (Old Lags) Lunches, Remembrance Service Parades, an in-person AGM and various other events has seen the Clubhouse spring back into use.

Working alongside the Foundation and Careers Department at the School, we now need to step up and arrange lots of new events. This will need your support. Haberdashers' alumni work in every sector possible, so the networking opportunities are one that we really should utilise.

What would be fantastic is the offer of facilities to host events, such as breakfast gatherings, with relevant speakers and with them being open to Old Boys (and Girls perhaps) as well as current pupils and staff at the School. Please get in touch should you be able to help in this regard.

Sponsors for these events, which will bring extended coverage in OH Notes, our Newsletters and on Social Media, are sought. If that isn't possible then just taking out an ad in the next edition of Notes, which can also be replicated in the Newsletter, would be much appreciated.

Let's all work together to really grow the Association over the next few years. The Sports Clubs are great and a real asset to us, but it is time to make the Association so much more than that.

Please do not hesitate to get in touch. Any help, articles, sponsorship/advertising will be welcomed with open arms. Any suggestions for future events too.

Please email admin@oldhabs.com. Thank you.

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THE OLD HABERDASHERS'
ASSOCIATION

PRESIDENT

Colin Blessley

colin.blessley@oldhabs.com

OHA ADMINISTRATOR,

OH NOTES EDITOR & DESIGNER

Richard Carlowe

richard.carlowe@oldhabs.com

Tel 020 8445 6639

CLUB HOUSE

Croxdale Road

Borehamwood

Hertfordshire

WD6 4PY

CORRESPONDENCE ADDRESS

73 Oak Tree Drive

London

N20 8QJ

WEBSITE

www.oldhabs.com

Front Cover Photograph:

The new Taylor Building. Thanks to Ian St John (staff) for the picture.



OLD HABERDASHERS' ASSOCIATION

C/O 13 Marshal's Drive, St Albans, AL1 4RB

admin@oldhabs.com

www.oldhabs.com

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Events

Remembrance Parade 11th November 2022



Gus Lock, Habs' Headmaster



Our President, Colin Blessley
laying the OH Wreath

Events

Clubhouse Christmas Lunch 6th December 2022



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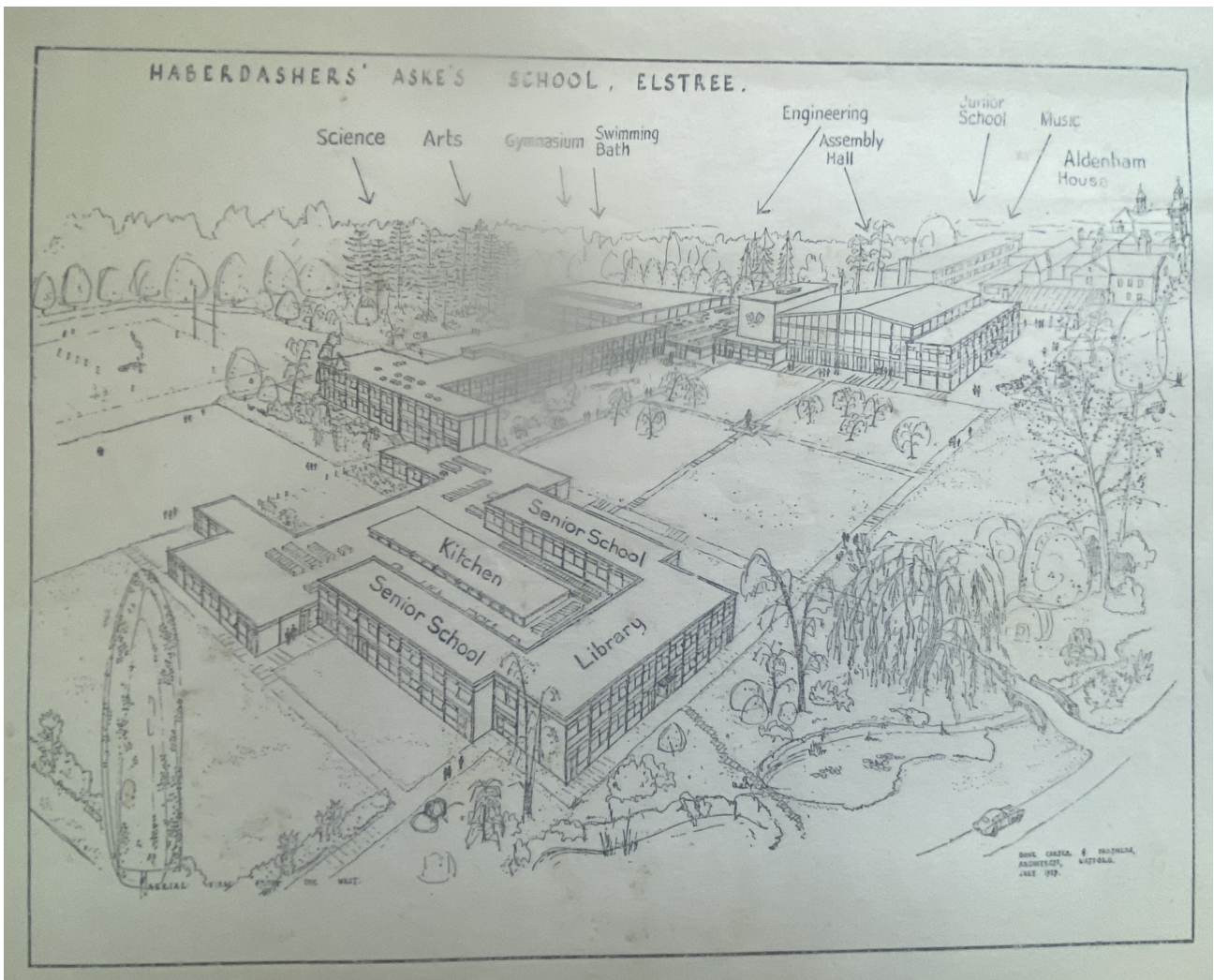
Letters to The Editor

Please email admin@oldabs.com or write to us at 73 Oak Tree Drive, London, N20 8QJ

Dear Sirs

You may be interested in the attached photograph of the architect's line drawing for the new school buildings dated 1959. I'm not sure where I got it from!

Yours faithfully
David Riddle ('66)



Dear Sirs

Eight years ago I finished my first novel: 'Just Now and Then' Now I've finished my second: 'Three Score Years... But Then?' It's about a couple who celebrate their retirement by going on a pilgrimage - walking along the Camino de Santiago in Northern Spain In their month on the Camino, their relationship changes slowly but surely By the end, it has changed in ways neither of them could ever have imagined.

This second novel is now available as a paperback through Amazon.

Yours faithfully

Peter Udell ('58)



Dear Sirs

Many thanks for the last edition of OH Notes – always a pleasure to read.

In Richard Carlowe's reflections on School life in the 1980s, he mentions the new Prep School block and the 'inexplicable opening thereof by Arsenal's Tony Woodcock and Graham Rix'. In fact the reasoning was very simple.

The Prep Head at the time was Basil Flashman, remembered by many. Two of my sons - Andrew ('92) and Grant ('93) were in the Prep School in the early 1980s, and in Andrew's year there was also one Darren Dein (also '92). His father was David Dein, at that time Vice-Chairman of Arsenal FC. Basil, always keen to encourage the fantasies of young pupils, clearly felt that they would be most encouraged to meet such luminaries and made the necessary arrangements.

Not so inexplicable then.

Best wishes

Ian Smart ('58)

Dear Sirs

The new issue arrived in my computer this morning, and will afford many hours of reading in the next week or so.

I did read the interesting piece by Nigel Wood on Flower Lane for the years after I moved to Westbere Road. I had been at Chase Lodge and Flower Lane earlier (1948

to 1952) and some of the staff, that taught Nigel, had been there when I there. Undoubtedly the event that still stands out in my memory was 6th February, 1952. We had all been taken to the assembly/dining room, and Mr. Lewin stood up and said that he had some sad but important news to impart. He told us that the King had died and Princess Elizabeth was now our Queen. He may have then said 'Vive Regina,' and that was it.

And one other thing. The last day of my education at the Prep School, my father had a rented car and said he would give me a ride to The Burroughs, and I could catch the 113 from that point. At the bus stop Mr. Manning, "Eggo," was waiting for a bus. I was getting out of the front seat – and the inevitable happened – "Eggo" thought I was getting out to let him in. At which he thanked my father and settled into the front seat. I moved to the back seat. And that was the only school day from 1948 to 1952 that I did not travel both ways on the bus.

Funny what us old folks remember!

Yours faithfully

John M Davis ('59), now in Wichita Kansas

Dear Sirs

Sorry to hear of the passing of these two old friends, Ken Maddocks and Tony Pettet.

Tony and I started at Westbere Road in 1948 and sat together through forms 2B and 3B, vying for 20th and 21st in class during those two years. Though neither of us shone academically, Tony at least redeemed himself by excelling at sports both at school and later as an OH.

Be it at Rugby, Cricket, Swimming or Athletics he was a true all rounder, a talent I believe inherited from his father.



Tony (centre) competing for OHAC

Having played rugby with Ken under "Nobbly" Tanner, I got to know him better when I joined a small group of OH on a skiing trip to Austria which he and Claudia organised in 1958. With Ken acting as choirmaster the trip swerved in the après ski direction with some members falling by the wayside when Huntley Norman was hospitalised with a shoulder injury and Robin Matthew "excused boots" in favour of slippers half-way through.

Ken always cut a suave and sophisticated figure and I believe had an unsurprisingly distinguished career. I have fond memories of both of them.

Yours faithfully

Ian Powell ('53)

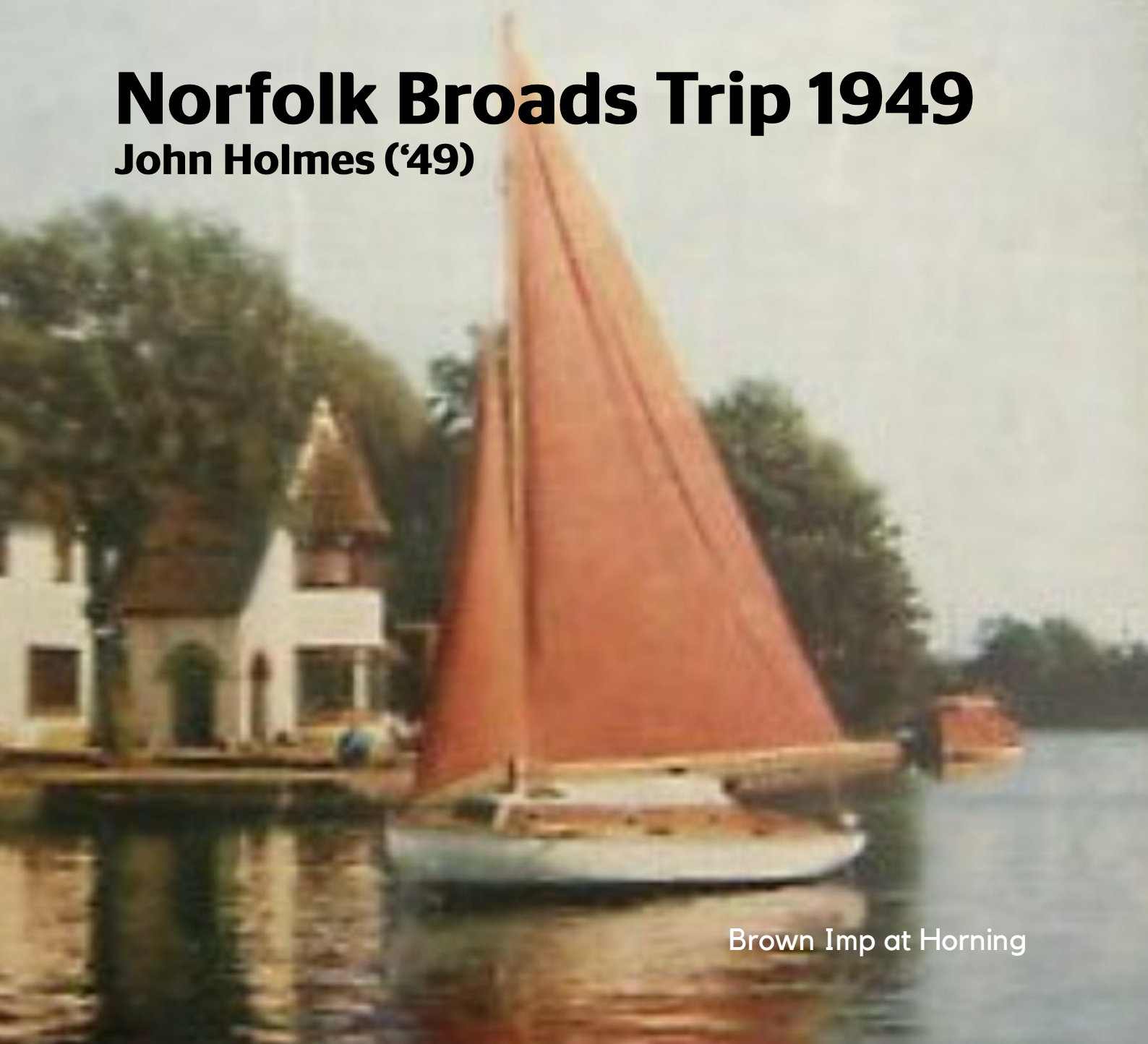
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Norfolk Broads Trip 1949

John Holmes ('49)



Brown Imp at Horning

The early post war years were very bleak, with yet even more severe rationing and shortages. But in spite of that, Haberdashers were able to introduce new ideas and new ventures. The first inter-school dances, arranged by the Headmaster in 1947, were a huge success, the Kleine Scheidegg skiing holiday and then the sailing and canoeing initiatives of John Dudderidge provided adventures for youngsters whose early lives had been dominated by the War. The reopening of the school swimming bath at Westbere Road was memorable too, especially for those of us who could not swim, but were anxious to learn. The powerful chlorine content of the water was noteworthy, as it made for the quick breakdown of woollen bathing trunks.

And so in the summer of '49, Mr Dudderidge plus eighteen of us, (six from the sixth form and a dozen fifth formers) with four kayaks, tents, provisions and all our personal gear, were squeezed into a very large canvas-topped lorry and trucked off to Norfolk, where Mr. D had pre-arranged our base camp for the week at Hospital farm on Wroxham Broad. There we quickly established our base camp & later on the same

day, he & the 6th formers, Cox, Stares, Johnson, Hoare , Chism & I set off by moonlight in the kayaks to nearby Salhouse Broad, to establish a second camp, in a field which was shared with a group of Red Cross girls. With them we enjoyed a noisy sing-song before retiring.

[I note in passing, that we only referred to, or communicated with) each other by our family names; indeed I can recall rather few Christian names of my old school friends. Is that still the same?].

The week was to be divided into two parts. The kayak exploring and camping took place in two three-day periods and the sailing (requiring two vessels, see below) was similarly divided. All our food and personal belongings were contained in rubber bags which could be stowed fore and aft in the kayaks. These craft were made by the German Co. "Klepper" and were from pre-war days. (Mr. Dudderidge had competed as a canoeist in the 1936 Berlin Olympic Games –see Wikipedia for his life story). They were two-man kayaks, with a rubberised skin that stretched tightly over stout laminated wooden frames. Each kayak could be completely dismantled, framework and all, and stowed in a big canvas bag. With two paddlers, they proved to be fast, and so we covered surprising distances each day before returning to camp for the night. One of the kayaks also sported a sail, but I do not recall rigging it. I also note that we did not wear life jackets, as would be mandatory nowadays. We were however fit and unaware of any dangers, such as they were.

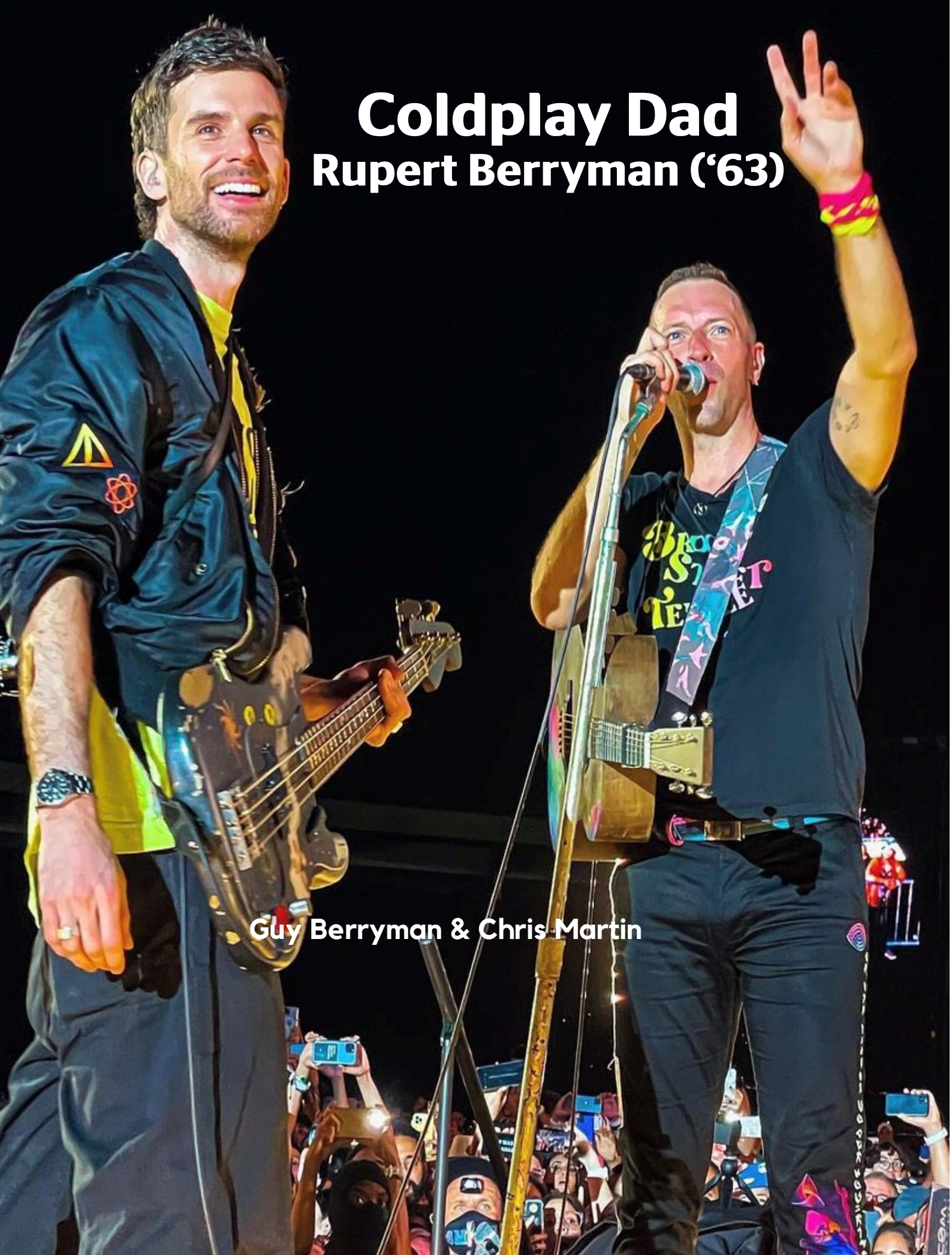
In the previous year I had spent a week on the Broads with Alan Woolford and his father, sailing "Brown Imp" a fast and handy gunter-rigged sloop from Chumley and Hawke at Horning, a yard that used to provide excellent yachts for hire (now, 2022, alas extinct). We three were then complete novices at sailing, but the Arthur Ransome books had provided us with plenty of theory!

The sailing in the school's week included three days with a pair of chartered yachts from Wroxham. One was "Nimrod", a slow, beamy, gaff rigged sloop which had a relatively poor performance, being very slow to windward. I, Cox and Hoare sailed her for three very long, damp days, getting as far as Potter Heigham and back, with considerable hard work using the quant.

The week was pronounced a great success and was repeated the following year, but by then I had left school and joined the work force. These Norfolk Broads excursions provided the beginning of my life-long association with sailing; cruising & racing in many parts of the world, including a (family) crossing of the Atlantic when in my seventies.

For the record: I believe that Cox joined the Navy, a long held ambition; Phillip Hoare became a Doctor and Chism had a fine career in the law, becoming a judge in Hong Kong and later in the UK I tried to contact Michael Chism in 2015 and found to my dismay that he had only recently died after his long life in the Law.

Coldplay Dad Rupert Berryman ('63)



Guy Berryman & Chris Martin

Coldplay recently performed six consecutive shows in front of ninety thousand fans in Wembley Stadium. The performances were spectacular. Our son Guy plays the bass guitar in Coldplay and most of our family attended two of the performances.

Guy became a competent trumpet player whilst at school in Edinburgh. The family moved to Kent in 1990 when I was working on the channel tunnel. After a short while at his new school in Canterbury, Guy considered playing the trumpet to be a bit naff & took up the bass guitar. He developed his guitar technique through free expression rather than set lessons, but with guidance from his music teachers. He would often practise in a school band on weekend afternoons. He was a normal teenager, earning pocket money as a checkout assistant at Sainsbury's and working bar shifts at a local pub.



Good A level results gained Guy a place at UCL to study mechanical engineering. The most important item he took to university appeared to be his bass guitar. After a short while living in Ramsey Hall of Residence, he met three other undergraduates all of whom were expert at their instruments, and they formed a band. However, mechanical engineering was not for Guy and he changed courses to architecture, which allowed more scope for his artistic talents. The band continued to practise to-

gether and played gigs at small venues in the local area (normally in a room at a pub licensed to hold 100 people or so). They started to become known, and one or two talent spotters noted they had potential. Guy's three band mates graduated in 1999 but Guy's architecture course was due to last several more years. The band had begun to establish itself in a small way and there was no doubt in Guy's mind that he wanted to remain with the band rather than continue with architecture. It did not take Elizabeth and me long to fully support Guy in what he wanted to do, with only minor regrets about him not gaining a degree.

The band continued to play at small venues travelling around the UK in a minibus with their instruments, two instrument technicians and their manager of a similar age, also from UCL. The manager had some access to finance which kept the show on the road. They experienced some trials and tribulations during their travels but managed to keep everything going while trailing the country and living hand to mouth.

They made two extended play (EP) discs under little known labels and were then discovered by a talent spotter from Parlophone. Signing with Parlophone gave them funds which enabled them to produce their first album 'Parachutes' in 2000. They were perfectionists and the album took much longer to produce and was more costly than Parlophone expected. However, the result was amazing and propelled Coldplay to fame instantly. They were well received by Radio 1, which was referred to as Radio Coldplay by one commentator during the summer of 2000, as the Coldplay tracks were never off the air. Jools Holland spotted them very early on and invited them to give performances on his television programmes.

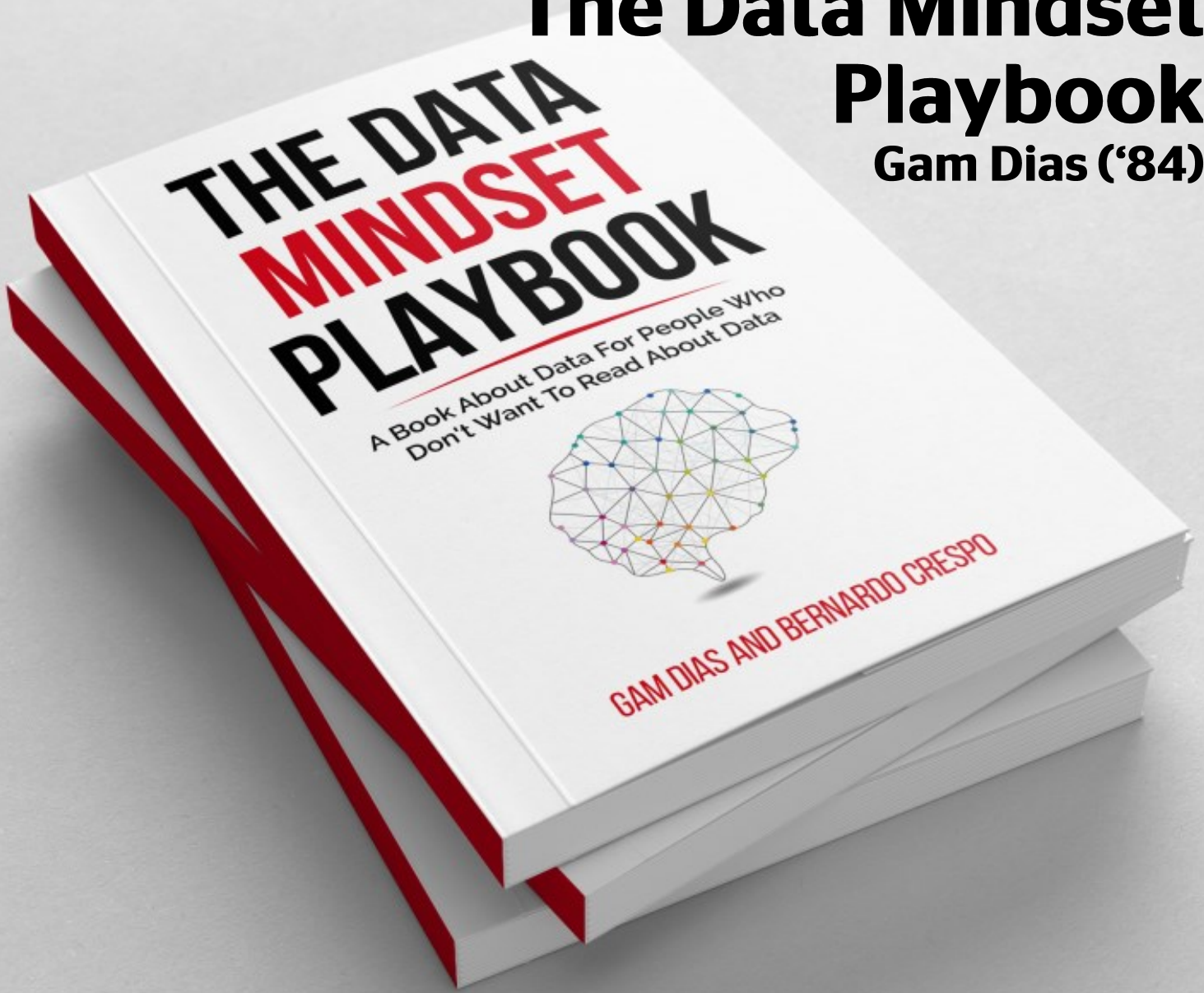
Coldplay have been one of the biggest bands in the world for 22 years now. They have sold over 100 million albums the latest being 'Music of the Spheres'. They tour and are immensely popular on a world wide basis. They put on awesome shows and always develop a very good rapport with their audiences.

A lot of people say we must be very proud of Guy for his achievements. Yes - we are proud of Guy, however put in perspective, no more proud than we would be if he had become a successful architect, and no more proud than any other parents who have children leading a successful life. We have three children and are equally proud of each of them. Guy has musical talent, was lucky enough to meet three similarly minded people all of whom made tremendous efforts to become successful and have found their niche in life. Despite his high profile Guy has no desire to be in the limelight. When we are together we enjoy a very normal family life, which is the way we all like it. As parents we keep in frequent close touch with all three children and their families.

When on tour abroad Coldplay are very good ambassadors for the UK, for which everyone can be thankful and proud.

The Data Mindset Playbook

Gam Dias ('84)



I remember a damp autumn morning in 1977, my first day of school standing outside the music block with the fresh 11-year olds of 1/9 and 1/10. I knew my past, felt an apprehensive present, but lacked a vision of my future. Yet without today's computer power, I had already been narrowly segmented and my trajectory in life mapped out.

Fast forward to San Francisco in 2017 with Amazon's ex-Chief Data Scientist who asked, 'If we can use data to predict the academic and professional success of students, should companies identify and sponsor students at 11 years old?' My response, 'Of course predictive models can use exam results, attendance, participation, school, and relative age. But can we account for gender, demographics, neighbourhood, parental support and other factors that silently bias our careers, our lives and our happiness?'. The ethics of A.I. is still an open question to educators and employers alike.

In early 1977, after my 11+ entrance exam, my parents elected to pay for my education. They are not data scientists, but they *intuitively* knew how to bias the outcome. Over the following years I was tested, evaluated, examined, and interviewed, before I stepped onto a career conveyor belt. My early jobs involved finding answers to other people's questions, questions that failed to create unique value. I began to ask different questions, naive, uncomfortable questions that took me off the conveyor belt.

Over the last 20 years, under the guise of data strategist, I've helped organizations ask better questions. Analytical questions that lead to fundamentally different answers than everybody else's, that prompt change and cause disruption. I credit Habs with giving me the confidence to be an awkward contrarian when I want to.



Gam Dias

For the last 10 years, I've been sharing quirky views of everyday observations when I teach executives and work with clients. I've now published these stories as a book for people who don't care

about data but should. If that's you, you can read the first twenty pages of the Data Mindset Playbook on Amazon Kindle <https://amzn.to/3E1dNAR>.

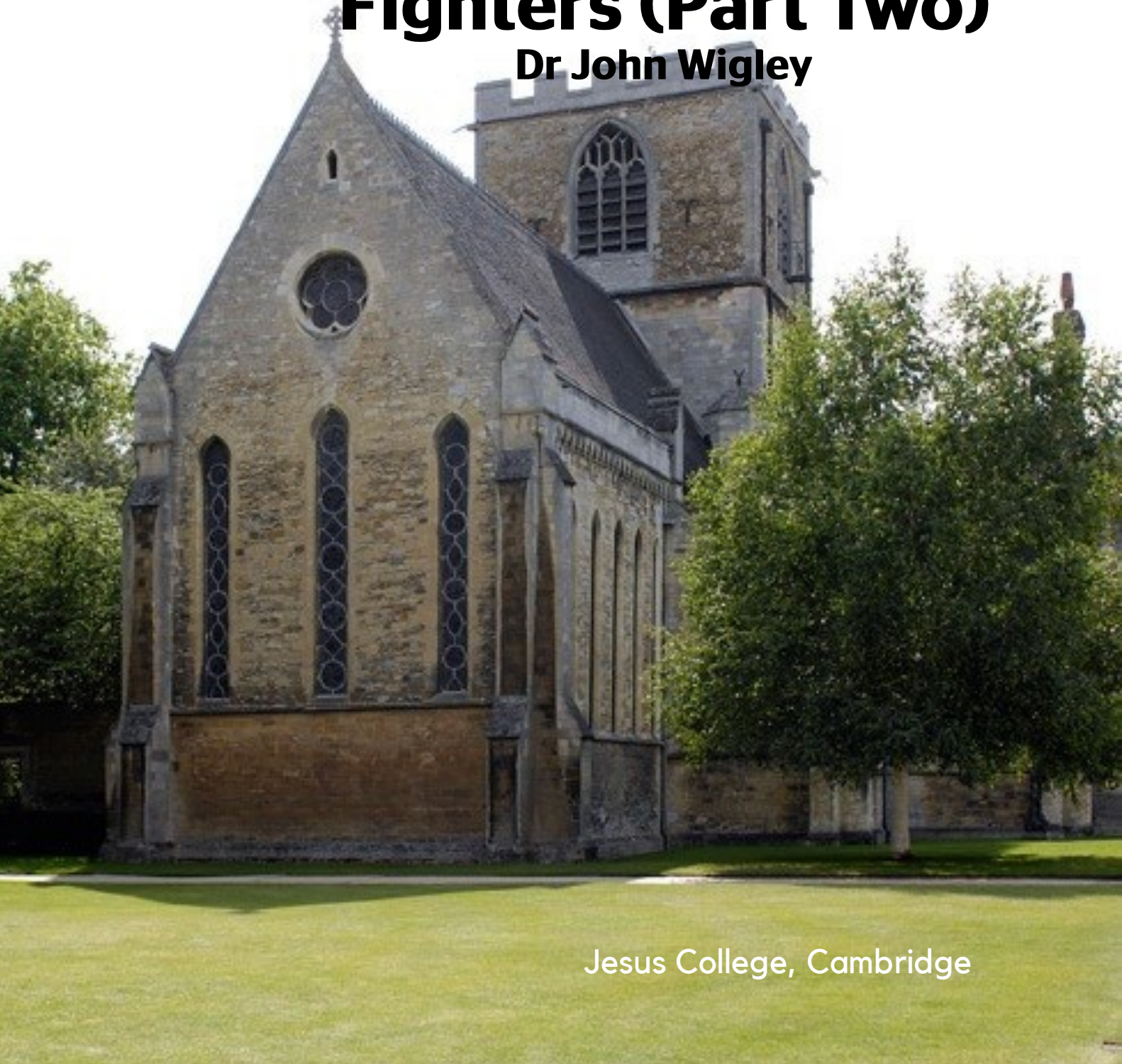
Gam Dias is a partner at UK-based Digital Transformation consultancy, 3PointsDIGITAL where he helps organizations understand and leverage data as a corporate asset.

He teaches Data Strategy at IE Business School in Madrid and previously co-founded the ecommerce consultancy First Retail in Silicon Valley. He began his career in the UK as a Management Information Systems developer, he went on to become a product manager for BI and Analytics vendor Hyperion, and he managed the product and research team for a text analytics startup.

As a consultant, he has helped write the data strategy for Fortune Global 500 companies, innovative startups, and ambitious non-profits. He has a degree in Computer Science from the University of Liverpool and an MBA from Warwick Business School. Gam has lived in London, Leeds, Salt Lake City, Santa Cruz, San Francisco, and he currently lives in and works from Madrid, Spain.

Haberdashers: Freedom Fighters (Part Two)

Dr John Wigley



Jesus College, Cambridge

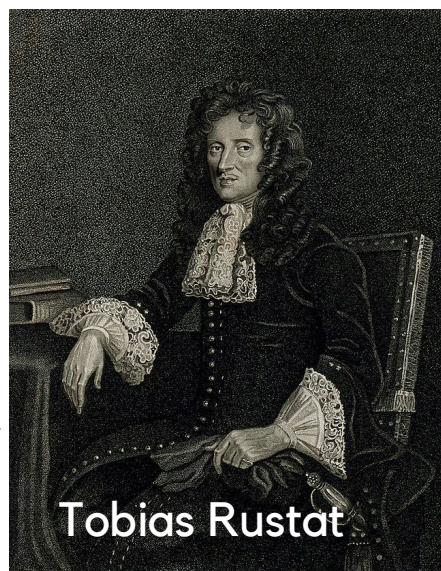
"Happy is the country which has no history." Attributed to Montesquieu (1680-1755).

On 23 March 2022 David Hodge Q.C., Deputy Chancellor of the Diocese of Ely, dismissed a petition from Jesus College, Cambridge, for a faculty to remove a memorial monument to Tobias Rustat from a prominent position on the west wall of the college chapel. From Wednesday 2 to Friday 4 February he had heard the college's case in the Consistory Court of the Diocese, convened in the centre of the chapel, where he had sat facing the memorial in dispute. So many of the sixty-odd opponents of the

college's petition, and so many representatives of the media, attended the arcane event that the hearing was live streamed to a viewing room nearby.

The opponents were represented by a barrister, Mr. Justin Gau. Professor Lawrence Goldman (Habs 1975) who had studied at Jesus, appeared as an opponent-in-person. Dr Aaron Graham (Habs 2003), who had studied history at Oxford and now lectures in history at UCL, provided him and the court with expert advice on the vexed issue of Britain and the trans-Atlantic slave trade, with which Rustat had been connected, and which provided part of the emotional impetus to the Black Lives Matter movement, that in 2020 spread from the United States to the United Kingdom.

Tobias Rustat (1608-1694) was the son of an obscure Leicestershire vicar but during the 1640's used his aristocratic contacts to become an attendant to Prince Charles who as Charles II (1660-1685) rewarded him with several lucrative posts in his notoriously louche Restoration court. Rustat was also a shareholder in the Royal African Company and one of its Assistants (directors) in 1676, 1679 and 1680. From 1672 to the early 1720's the company shipped some 150,000 men, women and children from Africa to their fate of life-long exploitation and servitude in the Americas.



One way and another, Rustat became a wealthy man.

A bachelor without a direct heir, from the mid-1660's to 1686 he gave away more than £11,000, including in 1671 his largest single gift, £2,000 to his father's old college,



Jesus, to fund scholarships. Fifteen years later he commissioned his memorial from the studio of Grinling Gibbons, one of the greatest-ever English sculptors, and kept it, bearing his self-composed inscription, in his house whilst awaiting his death. The date of his death – 16 March 1694 – was added to the memorial and it was moved to the chapel. Several feet high, it is a portrait in marble, showing Rustat's head and shoulders, his round cheeks flanked by the curls of a wig, with tubby cherubs hovering on each side, surmounting the inscription, itself surrounded by a garland of Gibbons' characteristic naturalistic carving.

In 2019 the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University, Professor Stephen Toope, had appointed a Legacies of Slavery Advisory Group and its investigations became part and parcel of the "culture wars" being fought in Cambridge. Radical undergraduates demanded "safe spaces" to protect themselves from views which they

found "offensive". The university responded by suggesting that its members should respect others' views, to which traditionalists riposted that some radical and conservative views did not deserve respect, not only racism and sexism of all types but religious fundamentalism and the advocacy of terrorism for example. The resulting battle about what was and was not acceptable "free speech" led to some bitter clashes. At the start of one week Gonville and Caius's social media site had stated

“The Progress Pride Flag is flying above Caius to mark the first day of LGBT History Month.” By the end of the week a meeting of the college’s fellows had ordered that the flag be hauled down, ostensibly in case it caused political divisions in the college. In June 2020 the toppling of Edward Colston’s statue in Bristol had drawn national attention to the commemoration of merchants and others involved in the slave trade, and the prosecution and trial of four of the perpetrators during 2021 had caused controversy in Cambridge. The author, historian and TV presenter David Olusoga,



who gave evidence at the trial and called Colston “a murderer”, was referred to by Professor David Abulafia, a fellow of Caius who welcomed the demise of the Pride flag, in words which a radical Cambridge academic deemed condescending and perhaps racist. Anticipating that the memorial controversy might take a more practical form in Cambridge,

early in 2021 Professor Goldman had pointed out to Professor Toope that if Rustat, who had given £1,000 to the university library, a gift commemorated by a statue in the Old Schools, were to be “cancelled” for being a director of the Royal African Company, another benefactor of the library and director of the company would also deserve cancellation – king George II.

Held barely a month after the controversial “not guilty” verdict in the Colston statue trial in Bristol, the Rustat hearing caused further controversy in Cambridge besides generating reports in most of the country’s national newspapers, leading to disputes about and re-examination of Britain’s history. Reports in “The Times” seemed to favour the opponents’ case, and a letter repeated accounts that undergraduates had called them “racists”, its writer ridiculing the college’s Master for claiming that she “feels unable” to enter the chapel because of the “presence” of the memorial.

Mark Hill, Q.C., who represented the college, introduced its case by arguing that its petition was simply a request for permission to carry out a relatively minor change in the chapel. It did not require any general excursus into the morality of slavery, Christian ethics, culture wars or “woke-ism”, virtue signalling or “cancel culture.” He hoped that the court would confine itself to the case of whether the memorial could reasonably be removed without detriment to the Grade 1 listed building of outstanding architectural merit in which it was situated.

However, the college’s witnesses did not follow his tactics and based their case on the argument that the memorial created an obstacle to the chapel’s ability to provide a credible Christian and pastoral ministry and witness to the college community and a safe space for secular college functions and events – an argument that concentrated on personal feelings and led directly to accusations of “woke-ism” in the sense of a pejorative “politically-correct” term.

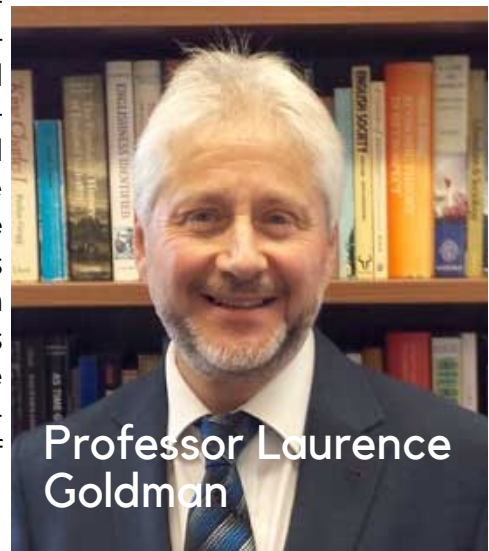
The college’s Master, Sonita Alleyne, O.B.E., the first black female head of an Oxbridge college, said in evidence that it was not intended to “cancel” Rustat from the

college's history, since his memorial would be placed in a proposed exhibition space, but its retention in the chapel implied that it was acceptable to ignore or condone his role in the slave trade, and that its presence was of particular objection to the 36% of the students who identified their ethnicity as other than White: "Each time I go in it feels as though my presence says that it is OK to ignore Rustat's role in the slave trade."

The Dean, the Revd James Crockford, testified that he "had a growing sense of discomfort" when performing his liturgical duties "under the gaze of the memorial". He claimed that it caused students "disquiet" and cited one who had been "very, very active" in chapel affairs but had stopped attending because of it, and who had explained "It was shocking seeing the memorial ... the scale and the height and the text; I was very angry ... I didn't want that to be the ... taste in my mouth ..."

Mr Justin Gau opened the case for the opponents of the memorial's removal by affirming that nowadays it was "a Christian truism that slavery is abhorrent and ought to be condemned, but, in the past, Christian churches around the world had failed to condemn slavery." He suggested that proponents of its removal had created a "false narrative" which ascribed much of Rustat's fortune to the slave trade, that it was money from that source that he had used to benefit the college, whereas in fact he had other sources of wealth which might very well have been used, and that his life should be examined in its entirety, rather than condemning him for one aspect of it. "The Times" recorded him as claiming that the college wanted to retain and benefit from Rustat's money but conceal its own claim that the money was derived from and tainted by slavery.

Professor Goldman took up Mr Gau's truism that "The past is a different country." Lawrence advised against "judging the past by the standards of the present" and argued that it was "intellectually and morally illegitimate to convict figures from the past for transgressing principles that we now uphold", since they "lived in a different age, acted according to different conventions and believed different things." It would compound errors of scholarship if Rustat were to be "cancelled" and removed "because Jesus College wishes to assault carefully selected aspects of its past." He implied that the college was hypocritical in selecting Rustat for opprobrium since others of its alumni had behaved questionably in centuries gone by: in 1536 Archbishop Cranmer had supported suppressing a Catholic rebellion and the execution of queen Anne Boleyn, knowing her to be innocent.



Whilst cross examining the Dean Lawrence emphasized Rustat's qualities of duty, fidelity and loyalty to his king which, he claimed, should not be entirely discounted because of one aspect of his life, his investment in the Royal African Company. It was a bravura performance which Deputy Chancellor Hodge "highly commended" remarking that "academic history's gain was the legal profession's loss." The case made by Justin Gau and Lawrence, and the historical evidence provided to the court by Aaron Graham, impressed him and influenced his ruling that the memorial should not be moved.

Thus the Deputy Chancellor ruled that they had shown “that the widespread opposition to the continued presence of the Rustat memorial within the College Chapel is indeed the product of the false narrative that Rustat had amassed much of his wealth from the slave trade, and it was moneys from this source that he had used to benefit the College” whereas the evidence showed that most of his fortune was derived from other sources and that no part of his generous gifts to the college was derived from the slave trade.



Dr Aaron Graham

His “limited degree of participation” in the Royal African Company ought to be set in the context of his time, his qualities of duty and loyalty, and his charity and philanthropy, so his memorial could be interpreted so as to cause us to examine our own behaviour and see if our own consumption and own investment decisions could be “contributing to, or supporting, conditions akin to modern slavery, or to the degradation and impoverishment of our planet.” The Deputy Chancellor concluded his ruling by musing that since

God's “forgiveness encompasses the whole of humankind, past and present ... it extends even to slave traders.”

The arguments used by the college and its opponents, and by the Deputy Chancellor, had their strengths and weaknesses. By stressing feelings and offence the college's witnesses opened it to accusation that the college had allowed the feigned, imagined or genuine feelings of vocal, self-convinced students to determine its policy. By failing to consider giving up the money which it believed to be morally tainted the college also opened itself to the charge of hypocrisy. Doubly so when “The Times” alleged that since 2016 it had received money from sources close to the leaders of the Communist Party of the People's Republic of China, well-known for its disregard of human rights, notably in its contemporary treatment of the Uigurs. The college might have done better to have taken the high ground and argue that the memorial was emblematic of a part of British history so inherently evil that it should be removed from such a prominent position, as had been symbols of Nazism and statues of Communist leaders when those regimes collapsed, & even pledged itself to provide an explanatory memorial to the victims of the slave trade.

By arguing that we should not use the values of the present to judge individuals in the past, that we should consider their age's assumptions and beliefs, and the more deserving aspects of their character, Justin Gau and Professor Goldman placed themselves on the brink of a slippery slope. First, their argument might imply that moral judgements were illegitimate, and inhibit us from exercising any such judgements about the past. Second, it would blunt our condemnation of the horrific deeds committed by the many malign and megalomaniac leaders in the past. Doubtless even Genghis Khan and the Emperor Nero had their good sides, however small.

Deputy Chancellor Hodge was probably correct to observe that Rustat had a “limited degree of participation” in the slave trade, but by doing so risked being charged with excusing the moral obloquy of being involved in a trade that was inherently evil. It could be argued that everyone connected with the trade shared in the resulting guilt. Moreover, it could be said that an able and literate man, a director and shareholder, advised by his own banker and well-connected, bore greater re-

sponsibility than did the ships' captains and sailors who did the brutal day-to-day work. The Deputy Chancellor's conclusion about forgiveness doubtless vexed proponents of moving the memorial but it is theologically unsound: God forgives those who repent but since Rustat, in the context of his time, did not regard the slave trade as evil he would not have repented. The arcane oral hearing had produced a written ruling that had ended on a very arcane topic indeed.

The dispute about the Rustat memorial is open to several interpretations. It was a battle in the culture war being fought in Cambridge. Opponents of moving the memorial saw themselves as liberal-minded men defending freedom by opposing the tyranny of the minority, which they saw as an absolutist, demanding, dogmatic group which had gained the support of the great and the good in Jesus College. It was a battle about attitudes; between students who saw issues in stark moralistic terms which they believed should influence behaviour, and an older generation of graduates happier with intellectual analysis and discussion rather than action. It was a battle within the academic and social establishment; a more diverse intake of students, in terms of ethnicity and gender, had less respect for the conventions of the university than had their forebears, but both groups were privileged, the first just entering the promised land, whose milk and honey the second had long enjoyed. Perhaps radicals in their day, were they now part of the establishment?

The Rustat dispute raised fundamental issues. Better knowledge of British history is slowly challenging our self-image and identity as a heroic, honest, just and righteous people. However, the misdeeds of Britons in the past were not confined to territories beyond their borders. As the first part of "Freedom Fighters" showed, the Anglican landed elite which ruled Britain for so many centuries imposed a draconian system of discrimination which long-denied Catholics, Dissenters and Jews membership of the House of Commons, and denied most men and all women the right to vote. Some left-wing commentators therefore think that the current emphasis on diversity in the sense of ethnic identity is a distortion of British history which risks splitting the ranks of reformers, preferring a slogan used by radical students in the 1960's: "Black and white, unite and fight!"

A more acceptable stance might be to avoid emotional history-based controversy and to accept Deputy Chancellor Hodge's advice to examine the effects of our own behaviour. How many of those involved in the Rustat hearing are currently taking part in attempts to reduce modern slavery?

In fact, one of Lawrence's exact contemporaries, Sunil Sheth (OH 1975) is leading the fight against modern slavery. Sunil is the chairman of Anti-Slavery International, the oldest human rights organization in the world, founded in London in 1839 as the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. Google it and sign up as a supporter.



To be continued.....

The views which I have expressed are mine and not those of the OHA.

The Circle of Life

Ian Swingland ('65)



I was watching the Coronation when I was told that I was going to Haberdashers following my father and uncle. It had no effect on me whatsoever as I was glued to the television watching the extraordinary process unfolding. It was only afterwards I wanted to tell my parents but they were at the Coronation.

I commuted to Haberdashers' Aske's Preparatory School in Mill Hill on the little single-decker 251 from Totteridge Green for 6p (also one sown into my trouser waistband

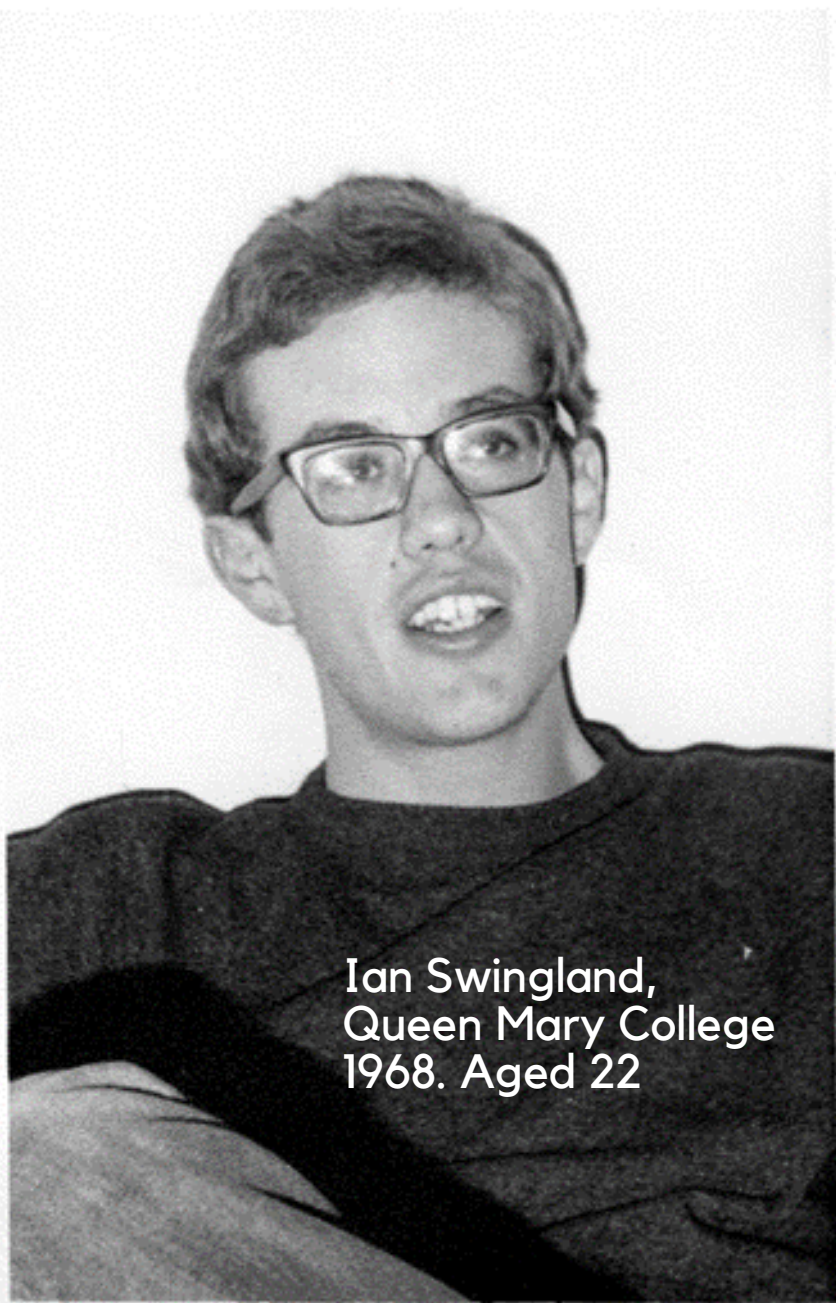
for an emergency) and had a wonderful four years of real help, kindness and support which inspired me to become an ecologist. The caring headmaster Roy Lewin, the maths teacher Mr Manning or 'Eggo' (his bald head was a perfectly egg-shaped and always used a sharp pencil for everything), and Miss Mary Geddie especially set the mould of what I have become.

Miss Geddie was a tall, elegant, maidenly lady of some erudition and discipline. She inspired me as my natural history teacher and used a small simple microscope which I still have. *"Ian, we've looked at lots of things through the microscope like beetles, butterfly wings, soil, and anything else that looked interesting. Come over here and look at this snowflake which I caught on a slide. What do you think?"* What I saw was a beautiful geometric pattern which was designed by some mathematician using a laser. *"Now look at this other snowflake I caught."* This time it was the same beautiful shape but of a totally different geometric pattern. So I immediately asked the obvious question *"Why are they different?"* She was ready for the perpetual questions of a 9-year-old: *"Most are six-sided shapes, but others are much more complex in their*

shape. Snowflakes have intricate patterns and designs because of their exposure to different atmospheric conditions falling through the sky, almost all snowflakes are unique."

From that day on Miss Geddie had me trapped into a lifelong love of nature and its amazing diversity. I invited her nearly 30 years later to attend The Royal Society meeting about Aldabra Atoll when I presented the results of my work. I wanted to thank her but I think she was somewhat overwhelmed by the invitation and, in her usual formal way, declined but said, *"I'm so very pleased that my modest efforts and your enquiring and perceptive nature and love of natural history has given you a lifelong pursuit. Thank you so much for your invitation but I shall be thinking of you when you stand up and speak."*

I became School Vice-Captain and was House Captain of St George's according to The Skylark, the School's magazine, while also playing Lotus Bud in a production of The Hungry



**Ian Swingland,
Queen Mary College
1968. Aged 22**

Tiger. I had learnt how kindness, taking an interest in others and acting (as bad as I was) were vital for the future.

Then I went to the Main School at Westbere Road in Hampstead, a trolley bus ride from home with amazing acceleration while grasping on to rail on the rear platform as they took off from the stop. A very different kettle of fish but endowed with some inspiring teachers. Barry Goater and John Creedy taught botany and zoology respectively with a passion and humour that was infective. John revelled in the more gory aspects of parasitology and how the gut works while Barry led us on expeditions for example to the Cairngorms which gave me a real feel for how ecosystems function. Otto Pask played honky-tonk and ragtime piano and was always perfectly dressed while John Carleton taught chemistry and always wore blakeys on his shoes so we could hear him coming. Another chemistry teacher was popular from the time he threw a knob of potassium into water and was blown through the two swing doors backwards proving how a performance rivets the audience!

Simon Stuart proved you cannot teach someone to be a good teacher; they are born not made. If you engage with humour and intellect, like Simon, you engage the audience and they listen. Simon was a brilliant English scholar and he dubbed me with the nickname 'Ironside'. He could be found on occasion teaching Shakespeare, sitting cross-legged on his desk with a chair over his head. He nearly kidnapped me to the arts and English by his riveting performance most valuable when I copied him (without the chair) teaching in adult education classes and audiences of varied educational backgrounds and skills, not dissimilar to the students from 109 countries across the world in the Institute I founded much later, DICE. Most school teachers and university lecturers generally have to be survived lacking sufficient intellect, humour, empathy and not adjusting to their audience.

I got bored after 11 years at Habs exemplified by my final report "*seemingly near the limit of his learning and understanding ability*" but I was briefly hired by Harrods's Zoo the summer of 1964, while still in the sixth form, and asked to dissuade local glitterati from buying exotic pets which could kill them. I remember a jaguar, leopard, lion and an anaconda all residing in the Kensington and Chelsea area of London. Why Harrods sold such exotic pets defeated me!

Haberdashers' Aske's moulded me especially when we moved to Aldenham but there was much more to come in the wider world some of which nearly killed me.

I had left it rather late for UCCA (University Central Council for Admissions now UCAS) but I was interviewed at Queen Mary College (QMC) by three academics; Mike Walkey (who became my closest friend and I appointed him Executive Director of my Institute, DICE, which I created 23 years later. Much later he decided to give up the drugs that were keeping him alive and died 2018.), Davis a theoretical physicist, and a lady called Dorothy who was an organic chemist whose wig was askew.

I had one of the best times of my life at QMC, or QMUL as it is now, being involved in subjects I loved. The atmosphere between the zoology staff and students was exceptional and although we were in grotty dirty old buildings in the tired old Mile End did not matter. One of Mike's *tour de force* was his Christmas lecture about turkey lunch which, as an expert parasitologist, he managed to destroy and put us all off for life; together with another lecturer who could put on a rant in a Northern Irish accent identical to that of the crazed priest and politician Ian Paisley. Spine chilling!

Just like Haberdashers it was the camaraderie, friendship, intelligence and preparedness to be at one with the students by the staff that so impressed me and influenced me in terms of the choices that life offered. Mike Walkey was a first-class rugby player whose neck was as wide as his head and the powerhouse in the scrum. All of the zoology staff liked entertaining in the bar where many feats were accomplished & many jokes were told that couldn't be today.

I use to gather up as many sandwiches on their sell-by dates as I could carry, which the staff let me have gratis, and go down Cable Street and do the rounds of the bomb sites handing out food to all the inhabitants crunched round fires they built, many half gone on meths. One day there was a passing African who had a most educated accent. I gave him some sandwiches which I thought, given his obvious respectability and bearing, might be rejected but he accepted them saying, "I'm sure my wife will be grateful as she has quite a number of youngsters to take care of. Thank you so much. Good night." Later I got to know him as Freddie and would give him what I had. I learnt much later that Freddie Mutesa died of supposed alcohol poisoning in his London flat, just across the river, in 1969. Many claim that Freddie may have been force-fed vodka by agents of the Obote regime in Uganda since he was interviewed in his flat only a few hours before his death by the World Affairs Editor of BBC News, John Simpson, who found that he was sober as usual & in good health.

Freddie was certainly an embarrassment to the British Government trying to maintain reasonable relationships with Uganda during the Obote and Amin reigns, and had not afforded Freddie any special comfort. Sir Edward Frederick William David Walugembe Mutebi Luwangula Muteesa II was the Kabaka of the Kingdom of Buganda, in effect a king and I had great pleasure in meeting the current Kabaka, Freddie's son, Ronald Muwenda Mutebi II, or Ronnie, on 20 November 2007 in his Palace for whom I have great respect, as do his people, since it can't be easy holding a hereditary kingdom together in modern Africa especially within a Republic ruled by a long-standing President.

We also organised a Rag which invaded the Mile End and raised considerable amounts of money for kidney machines with the help of ransom money having kidnapped most of the University of London College mascots including a concrete gorilla and the mummified body of Jeremy Bentham the founder of University College. A Trojan task undertaken by our heavyweights in the rugby teams.

They were also useful during our Friday night gigs in the People's Palace I helped organise. We had many famous bands and I can remember that we had the stunningly good-looking Françoise Hardy ("I only identify with ecology...") one night and she requested some protection which the rugby team were only too willing to supply. When the Modern Jazz Quartet (MJQ) was playing I was standing at the back and realised that Humphrey Lyttelton was beside me, a friend of Milt Jackson whose group it was. We also had Procol Harum, The Kinks, Joe Cocker, Cat Stevens, The Small Faces, The Who ('fresh from the Marquee Club' as PR people put it where I watched Peter Townsend go crazy and smashing things up), and Cream. They all had their particular needs; MJQ wanted a specially tuned Steinway, Joe Cocker's team wanted free beer, Ray Davies of the Kinks, I was told, wanted white wine, Cream wanted mineral water (virtually unheard of in those days in Britain), and The Who wanted to be protected as did we and our equipment! Humphrey Lyttelton

played at the Pizza Express Maidstone 2007 where we met again and reminisced about Barnet where he lived close by me and had to build a soundproof room to practice as small-minded neighbours complained.

The Marine Field course led by Mike Walkey was held in what was the Royal Native



Oyster Stores Whitstable (now a restaurant) and The Prince Albert pub next door, together with field courses in Wales on algae, and a Field Studies Centre called Slapton Ley, Devon, established by the Whitley Wildlife and Conservation Trust. The Whitleys created Paignton Zoo whose animal catcher was Gerald Durrell and later were involved in DICE insofar as its alumni have won nine Whitley Awards, the 'Green Oscars' of conservation.

For the first year and a half at Queen Mary College I pretty much coasted, enjoying the subjects I found fascinating such as social anthropology, parasitology, marine ecology, and behaviour. But in 1968 I thought I'd better concentrate and apply myself more seriously. In particular I worked with George Savage on vertebrate memory which was published in Nature 1969 which insured I was not going to be a neurobiologist but an ecologist, finding out why animals did what they do, not the physiological process of how.

With all this I had some role models to follow!

The Law of the Wild

An Ecologist's Life



Ian R. Swingland

*In *The Law of the Wild*, Ian Swingland offers a unique window into his life as a world-renowned conservation biologist. Captivating the reader with his adventures, exploits and near-death experiences, as well as sharing insights gained from advising powerful individuals in government and commerce, this is a book for those who are passionate about wildlife, biodiversity and its conservation. It is also a cracking good read as he shares stories from his close relationships with key figures in academia, business, charities and the bush.*

From modest beginnings to worldwide authority, Ian has been at the centre of conservation for half a century - working with exotic (and humble) plants and animals, such as giant tortoises and komodo dragons - and setting up world-class institutions training future conservationists.

The book describes how our relationship with wildlife affects our behaviour and vice versa. This book is an inspiration to conquer the many threats to life on Earth and to take better care of the natural world.

The Law of The Wild available for £12.99 at Amazon and all good book shops.



Little Bird of Auschwitz

Part Two of an extract from the book written
by Jaques and Alina Peretti (son and wife of
Peter Peretti '46)

1 August 1944
Warsaw Uprising

Olga sat quietly by a window, peering out at the chaos in the street below. People were starting to build barricades and attach flags to lamp posts. Kazhik and Pavel had gone to help with the resistance. Olga had stood in the hallway as they pushed past; she knew she couldn't stop them.

Olga watched from the window as the SS and Gestapo drew closer. They pulled out families from a nearby building and shot them, then moved quickly on to my mother's apartment block. Olga was frozen as figures in jet black uniforms arranged a firing squad in the street, then started smashing the door on the ground floor with an axe. Juta was the one to act. She pushed Alina and Olga down the stairs, into an empty flat that had been looted when the Jewish family who lived there were removed to the ghetto. The door was unlocked and they rushed in, as the door to the street caved in and the SS clattered through the hall.

Alina and Olga crammed into a tiny larder. Juta was last in, careful to leave the front door of the flat ajar, not to raise suspicion.

The SS guard moved through the flat and stood in the centre of the room listening for breathing or whimpering. Nothing.

Alina, Olga and Juta survived, staying in the kitchenette in the empty flat till nightfall.

12 September 1944

Warsaw

Olga, Alina and Juta were hiding in a basement. The plan was to stay one street ahead of the killing squads, so they moved every few hours. They had run out of food so they drank hot water to fill their stomachs.

At 5am, a man crashed down into the basement. 'Leave now!' The Wehrmacht were in the next street, moving block by block with flame-throwers. Olga began weeping silently. She told her daughters they were all going to die. Juta stroked her mother's face and assured her that they were getting out alive. Before they could reach the stairs, a kerosene mist descended the steps. Three elderly women on their way up the stairs were engulfed in fire. There was nothing left of them but a black oily lake. German guard dogs skated on the flagstones above. Then there was a familiar shout. 'Raus! Raus! [Out! Out!]

Alina, Olga and Juta emerged blinking from the kerosene-stinking cellar on to the street. It was strangely quiet; no gunfire, no planes. Alina would never forget the SS officer, shabby and heavily stubbled. His look of boredom was almost worse than anything else Alina had seen. The sheer tedium of having to massacre these people.

Before the prisoners from the cellar had been sorted, the men were shot. A heavily armed soldier told the women to sort themselves into two groups, left and right. The order caused confusion and the women began shuffling in circles. Olga stepped out of the chaos and pulled her daughters with her. The guard seemed amused that she had defied him and another soldier began firing at the women. They lay motionless, a couple of the bodies still moving slightly. The soldier powered up his flame-thrower and incinerated them.

The SS officer gestured to Olga. 'Prosze [Please].' He was almost polite, directing them to stand against a wall. Olga, Alina and Juta arranged themselves in a line, as if posing for a photograph. The Wehrmacht soldiers herded a new group of women to stand with them. The soldiers reloaded, and Olga told Alina to shut her eyes. Some women were praying. Olga was cradling Juta's face in her cardigan. Why isn't she holding me? Alina thought. She saw a small bird sitting on a wall, blue and yellow on its chest. Tomorrow morning, she said to herself, I will be dead and this bird will still be flying around Warsaw.

The Nazis fired, and a portion of women directly in front of Alina fell to the ground. Olga pulled her daughters hard down on to the ground with them, lying in the dirt with the corpses.

There were dead bodies all around and there were living bodies in amongst them and somehow, Alina thought, there was no difference between any of them. It only meant that they would die tomorrow. Or maybe be lucky again.

23 September 1944

Pruszków Camp, central Poland

Alina, Juta and Olga were crammed in a train wagon filled with human bodies. They had been standing for three days; several people had died from thirst and exhaustion, but remained upright, held in position by the living. Suddenly, the heavy doors

were pulled open. Floodlights surrounded a marching square. There were dogs and machine-gun posts, and people stood between chalked lines with belongings – prams, typewriters and birdcages. They were prodded with a stick by a Ukrainian guard. Men were told to go left, women and children to go right.

Pruszków was a place of formalised terror. One Ukrainian guard was seen lurching into the mass of people and biting a woman in the face. Blood poured into the woman's nose and eyes, but she stood resolute.

In the centre of the large gravel area was a desk with 2 chairs, an oddly cosy set-up, like a doctor's surgery. A German SS officer sat behind the desk with a translator. It was here that it was decided whether they would go to Auschwitz-Birkenau II & the gas chambers, or the hard labour camp at Auschwitz I.

He gestured delicately for them to come forward.

'Where is the children's father?'

'In London. He's involved with the Polish government.'

The SS officer began scribbling in his book.

'He's dead,' Olga blurted, suddenly changing tack.

The SS guard pointed at Olga's daughters, trembling in summer dresses.

'Do they speak German?'

'My oldest, Juta, yes sir. She speaks fluent German and French.'

The SS officer looked her up and down.

'Age?'

'Osiemnascie,' Olga said. 'She's 18.'



Alina and her parents, Olga and Michael

'Over there,' the SS commander said to the translator. The translator ordered Jutta to join a group of women standing apart from everyone else. 'Perhaps I shouldn't have said that,' Olga whispered.

The women chosen were cordoned off, guarded by three Wehrmacht soldiers with a machine gun on a tripod. Some were sobbing quietly. One was applying lipstick, as if preparing for a night out.

There was a calm resignation on their faces as they hitched up their skirts and clambered on board a carriage. Olga stared at Jutta as she got on the train, tears streaming down her face.

'You did this,' Alina said. 'You told the guard Jutta could speak German.'
It was the last time my mother saw her sister alive.

My grandmother, Olga, and mother, Alina, arrived in Auschwitz on a train from Warsaw, carrying close to a thousand people. The place was in chaos, and the advancing Soviet army was less than 20 miles away. There was a lingering smell of thousands of corpses being dug up and burnt in pyres, as the Nazis sought to erase evidence of the Holocaust.

Though the camp was entering its final days, it was as dangerous as ever. That October, 6,000 people a day were being gassed and burnt – the highest death rate since the camp had been built.

Olga and Alina were taken to Auschwitz I, the camp's oldest section, to a hut run by a Ukrainian kapo – a prisoner forced to become a supervisor. All around, prisoners were carrying out different tasks. Some sifted through ash looking for human bones to be smashed with hammers. A group of women were wearing moth-eaten rags that had once been smart middle-class outfits.

Inside their hut, Olga found a place on some wet straw close to the bucket used for defecation. When she had tried to get space on one of the bunk beds, she was punched in the mouth by a Polish man. At 5am, they received watery soup in a metal cup and a stale piece of bread: their daily ration. As soon as the kapo left, the other prisoners pounced on Olga and Alina, stealing the food. No one spoke to them for six days.

Dec 1 1944

One morning, a female SS officer came to the hut. She was dressed like a nurse with a clipboard and asked the women if their daughters had been inoculated from the deadly diseases. She stressed the medical urgency. Less than ten minutes later 15 girls, including my mother, were standing awkwardly in a group.

Alina was taken to Block 10, a concrete building in the men's camp. A female nurse took her into a room with a cotton curtain and a bed with a brown rubberised cover. Alina was struck by how much it resembled a real hospital.

A young, handsome doctor came into the room. "He was very nice to me. Very polite. I didn't think he would do anything bad," my mother recalls. "He told me that he was going to give me some injections that would stop me getting ill. His voice was

very soothing. He held my hand and the nurse injected me in my stomach." My mother was injected nine times over three weeks. On some occasions, it was followed by a brutal examination. But Alina looked forward to seeing the handsome doctor. He didn't come very often, but when he did, he made a point of paying her attention. He would ask how she was feeling and on one occasion, held her hand. He told Alina that she was his "little bird".

"I found out later he gave it [the nickname] to every girl who came in to be injected," my mother says. "He had the same routine for all of us to make us feel reassured and calm. There were thousands just like me, all thinking they were the only one."

Every concentration camp had a specific area of medical research. In Block 10, doctors removed the ovaries and cervixes of young women, and used radiation, electric shocks, blood coagulation and injections of iodine and silver nitrate, as part of a mass sterilisation programme.

The doctor who experimented on my mother was following the instructions of the Auschwitz infertility specialist Dr Carl Clauberg, who injected formaldehyde into the uteruses of young women. Alina had no idea what she had been injected with, but the suspicion – voiced years later by a gynaecologist at Hammersmith Hospital – was that it had been one of many ineffective drugs. The Nazi doctors had failed to make her infertile. Had they succeeded, I wouldn't exist.

Dec 25 1944

"Do you know what day it is?" Olga asked my mum. She didn't.
"It's Christmas Day."

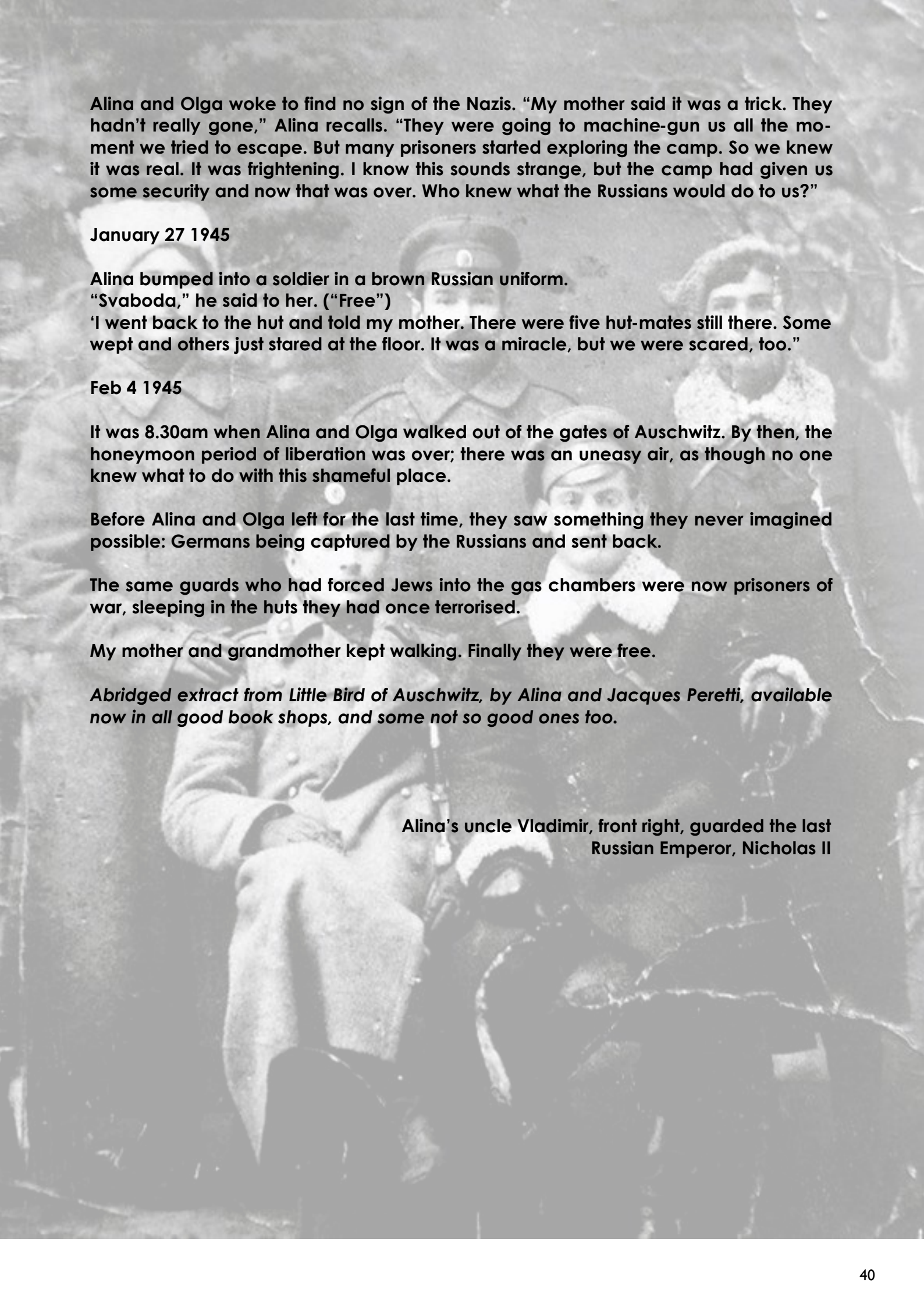
Alina perched on the edge of their bunk. It was dark and silent. She scrunched her eyes and tried to remember the Russian Orthodox church they would go to on Christmas Eve, with its bright onion spires, but it seemed a million years ago.

She stared out of the icy window and Olga held her hand. "I'm sorry you have no presents," she said. She had only one thing left – a tiny gold ring she had hidden in her vagina when they arrived. She had decided to give it to Alina, for who knew if they would have another Christmas. She told her to keep it hidden under a blanket. They would be killed in a second for such a valuable object.

Jan 5 1945

The camp was beginning to unravel. Olga and Alina stayed in their hut, terrified of the constant gun fire. One morning, the kapo came and told them the shooting had stopped and the kitchens were abandoned; food was everywhere, waiting to be taken. In the SS quarters, prisoners discovered meals abandoned halfway through. Soup on tables, now frozen; beer tankards half-drunk; a cheeseboard with rats on it. Prisoners loaded up with vodka and schnapps, then were violently sick, because they had not eaten proper food or drunk alcohol for years.

Jan 25 1945



Alina and Olga woke to find no sign of the Nazis. “My mother said it was a trick. They hadn’t really gone,” Alina recalls. “They were going to machine-gun us all the moment we tried to escape. But many prisoners started exploring the camp. So we knew it was real. It was frightening. I know this sounds strange, but the camp had given us some security and now that was over. Who knew what the Russians would do to us?”

January 27 1945

Alina bumped into a soldier in a brown Russian uniform.

“Svaboda,” he said to her. (“Free”)

‘I went back to the hut and told my mother. There were five hut-mates still there. Some wept and others just stared at the floor. It was a miracle, but we were scared, too.’

Feb 4 1945

It was 8.30am when Alina and Olga walked out of the gates of Auschwitz. By then, the honeymoon period of liberation was over; there was an uneasy air, as though no one knew what to do with this shameful place.

Before Alina and Olga left for the last time, they saw something they never imagined possible: Germans being captured by the Russians and sent back.

The same guards who had forced Jews into the gas chambers were now prisoners of war, sleeping in the huts they had once terrorised.

My mother and grandmother kept walking. Finally they were free.

Abridged extract from Little Bird of Auschwitz, by Alina and Jacques Peretti, available now in all good book shops, and some not so good ones too.

Alina’s uncle Vladimir, front right, guarded the last Russian Emperor, Nicholas II

Those Who Have Sadly Passed Away Since our Last Edition

Rest in Peace

John Slate (1946). Died November 2022

Alan Woolford (1951). Died 28th November 2022

Peter Peretti (1945). Died 20th November 2022

David James (1947). Former OHA President. Died 28th October 2022

David Scott (Staff). Died 21st October 2022

Barry Goater (Staff). Died 29th July 2022

Kenneth Pearce (1949) Died 22nd July 2022

Geoff Hickman (1945 and Staff). Died 7th July 2022

Dick Newman (1937). Died 29th June 2022

Brett Rolfe (1969). Died 13th June 2022

John Wade (1948). Died May 2022

Vince Williams (1981). Died 7th May 2022

Howard Chesney (1967). Died March 2022

John Henry (1960). Died 4th May 2022

Michael Jack (1944). Died 30th March 2022

Ken Maddocks (1944). Died 30th March 2022

David Griffiths (Staff). Died 23rd March 2022

David Bowers (Staff). Died March 2022

Tony Pettet (1955). Died March 2022



David Scott (Staff)

David Scott was Chaplain and Head of Religious Studies 1973-1980.

David Scott, Habs much-loved Chaplain and Head of Religious Studies, died on 21



October at the age of 75. He had been suffering from dementia for several years, and since 2019 had been living in a care home in Kendal.

As David's successor as Habs Chaplain, David Lindsay, has said

'David will always be remembered by former pupils and colleagues with huge affection. More priest and pastor than schoolmaster, he endeared him-

self to just about everybody in the school - a gentle, caring, and most lovable man, who was also a fine wordsmith.'

As Chaplain, David led the school assemblies for seven years, often dealing with tricky and controversial subjects, but always with good humour and wit. Famously, at the start of one such assembly he jumped out of a large cardboard box to illustrate a point. Depending on which of the students who were present that day are relating the tale, this unexpected turn of events either amused or horrified the Headmaster and Second Master, Dai Barling.

As Head of Religious Studies, David initiated and encouraged discussions with students on a vast range of topics and his influence should not be underestimated. His five-minute crash courses for new students in learning each other's names are legendary and his lessons could sometimes be at odds with more senior members of staff who sadly mistook for impropriety the loud sound of laughter and fun from his classroom. As a counsellor, David was always approachable to students and staff of any faith or none, with any advice he was able to give being both positive and thoughtful.

At Habs, along with Richard Brett, he was the instigator, writer and producer of the first Junior School Plays, also writing the celebrated Captain Stirrick (later filmed by the Children's Film Unit) and after his time at the School a number of plays for the National Youth Music Theatre, - including Bendigo Boswell, which was televised in 1983. He, himself, was a very accomplished actor, appearing in a number of Habs Staff plays to great acclaim, in particular Hay Fever and A Penny for a Song.

David also became a very active member of the Friday afternoon Special Service Unit (now called School Community Service), taking groups of students to visit people with learning disabilities at Leavesden Hospital, where his gentle and attentive humour was greatly enjoyed by all.

Meanwhile, David's poetry attracted national notice when his 'Kirkwall Auction Mart' won the Sunday Times/BBC poetry competition in 1978. This was to be followed by A Quiet Gathering (1984), his first collection of verse, and then by Playing for England in 1989 and, among other works, How Does It Feel? (1989), a collection of poems for children. It was no surprise that his talents made him an ideal speaker for Radio 4's 'Thought for the Day' and was very much in demand as a preacher and speaker outside the School.

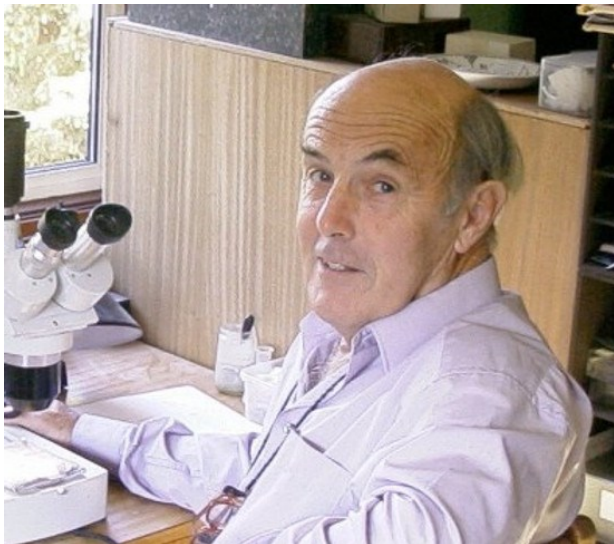
Leaving Habs in 1980, he became vicar of Torpenhow and Allhallows in Cumbria, and in 1991 moved to Winchester to become the Diocesan Warden of the School of Spirituality and Rector of St Lawrence with St Swithun-upon-Kingsgate.

He was made an Honorary Canon of Winchester Cathedral and an Honorary Fellow of the University of Winchester and continued to publish volumes of outstanding poetry. In 2008, he was awarded an Honorary Lambeth DLitt by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Rowan Williams - himself a fellow poet.

Roger Llewellyn November 2022

Barry Goater (Staff)

The bare facts state that Barry Goater (who has passed away shortly before his 92nd birthday) taught Biology at Haberdashers between 1954 and 1988 and was Head of department for 30 years between 1958 and 1988. However, these facts could never fully pay tribute to the influence Barry had over generations of Habs students enthused by his love of the natural world, athletics and most especially running.



Barry was born in Southampton and attended Peter Symonds School in Winchester from where he went to study for a BSc in Botany at University College, Southampton. He already had a fervent interest in the study of Lepidoptera (moths and butterflies) as this had been a family hobby shared with his beloved grandfather, who would allow the young Barry to accompany him collecting specimens.

Leaving Southampton in 1952, he then spent two years in the Royal Air Force completing his National Service and while there in 1954 had the accolade of being the Corps' Half Mile running record holder and champion.

Shortly afterwards, Habs' Headmaster Tom Taylor appointed him as a master teaching Biology, the first of his many roles at Haberdashers. Within four years he had been made Head of Department, while also taking over from Geoff Hickman as master in charge of cross country. The Goater Cup, the major inter-school cross country race, which was first held in 1963 and continues to be run to this day, remains a lasting tribute and reminder of his devotion to this sport. He spent 21 years as a Senior Officer in the School's RAF section and set up the School's Ornithological Society, taking boys and staff to nature reserves up and down the country in search of rare and sometimes exotic birds.

In 1988, Barry took early retirement, having spent 102 terms at Haberdashers, thereby qualifying him to be respectfully called a 'Termite', being one of the few Habs staff to have completed 100 terms at the school. (Although unable in recent years to attend the annual Termites celebratory lunch, he always requested that his very best wishes be given to his fellow members of this august fellowship.)

But this early retirement was not so that Barry might improve a golf handicap or take an academic interest in carpet slippers, but rather so that he might devote time to the study of European Lepidoptera, travelling widely in Europe between Portugal, Lapland, the Czech Republic and Bulgaria - but mostly in Spain and France. In 1989, he was made both a Freeman of the City of London and the Haberdashers Company and from 1992 was appointed a Visiting Fellow at the University of Southampton. He was the President of the British Entomological and Natural History Society and having written and co-authored hundreds of learned papers on Lepidoptera he was awarded the Butterfly Conservation Marsh Award in 2005 for services to Lepidoptera Conservation.

Former colleagues have said that the four things Barry held the most dear were

'Family, Habs, Cross Country and Moths'. There was never any doubt that 'Family' held sway, but there might be considerable disagreement as to the following pecking order. Visitors to the family home in Bushey found rooms bedecked with family cross country and athletics trophies and nets hanging with moth pupae. At times he was able to combine all three interests when leading a cross country practice run, as recalled in a recent tribute provided by the son of Vincent Williams (OH 1981) whose own death sadly predeceased Barry by a few months:

"My father, Vincent Williams, spoke of a man called Barry Goater. Barry was his running coach at secondary school, whilst on the side being an expert on butterflies & moths. He'd take the kids to the south coast for pre-season training and have them run along treacherous cliff tracks under the pretence of 'improving coordination'. On one of these death-defying jaunts, my dad spotted a particularly striking butterfly. Barry, giddy with excitement at my dad's discovery, improvised a container with a pinched pint glass in which to take it home. Barry left a lasting impression that spawned a lifetime love of running."

In the early years (1955 to 1962) of his time at the school, Barry took parties of Habs students to the Beaulieu Road Station area of the New Forest to work on biological research projects. These were then written up by the students and detailed accounts, called 'The Beaulieu Tomes' were kept by Barry which have recently been archived in the Hampshire Record Office, in Winchester. In Barry's clear hand The Tomes record the factual details of these projects, ranging widely from all the boys present flora to bird distribution, to butterflies, moths, newts, leeches & bryophytes (mosses, liverworts & hornworts). Barry has since been hailed as the first person to bring biological field work into the national curriculum, as well being the inspiration for the careers of many a Habs student in nature conservation, ecology, and environmental concerns. One of the many students who benefited from these residential trips to Beaulieu Road was the celebrated author of 'Waterlog' and 'Wildwood', Roger Deakin (OH 1961). In 'Wildwood', Deakin wrote "A formidable lepidopterist, ornithologist and all round naturalist, Barry infected us all with his wild enthusiasm....he was the instigator of an extraordinary educational experiment."

This infectious enthusiasm also bore along many students who initially had no great interest in things scientific or the natural world. For a curious Habs student there could have been no greater pleasure than to accompany Barry on a walk around the school's grounds as he pointed out the plants and trees unique to the vestigial remains of the old Aldenham estate (once said to have rivalled Kew Gardens for its wide variety of flora) or to sit in a bird hide with him at Fen Drayton trying to spot a Red-necked Grebe.

Fiercely competitive, Barry was a demon player on the Staff billiards table. His noisy playing would sometimes annoy not only those in the rooms below in the Craft workshops (Geoff Hickman, Dick Benbow, John Lear & Charlie Dinsdale among them) when a hard ball landed on the parquet flooring with a thud, but also Laurence Broderick next door in the Art Printing room.

Our thoughts are with Barry's sons and their families at this sad time. Generations of Habs staff and students have much to be grateful for, to a truly inspirational man whose enthusiasm expertly and kindly carried others along with him.

Roger Llewellyn August 2022

Kenneth Pearce (1949)

Kenneth Walter Pearce died earlier this July at his home in Cumbria, aged 89 years. He left HAHS in 1949 to attend University College London for his BSc and PhD degrees in chemical engineering, graduating in 1955.



He had a distinguished career in his science, starting with rocketry research in lieu of National Service and then working for many years at Steetley Magnesite in Hartlepool, until its closure in ca 2000. Thereafter he was at Windscale, the Cumberland nuclear plant.

He lived alone, nearby in the Lake District, in a fine old rebuilt barn, elegantly renovated by himself. He was a great traveler, cycling over almost all of western Europe with his schoolfriend John Holmes in the 1950's and later joining him in many sailing adventures in the UK and Canada, and in retirement they made very long trips together by campervan in the Australian outback and in arctic Scandinavia.

He leaves his children Jonathan, Patrick and Anna, the latter with his four grandchildren in Brisbane.

John Holmes August 2022

Geoff Hickman (1945 & Staff)

If the only legacy to Geoff Hickman, who peacefully passed away on 7 July 2022 (a month before his 95th birthday) would be the numerous small tables, magazine holders, trays and picture frames made over the space of thirty years by generations of boys in the School's Woodwork shop, this would surely be enough to justify his position as a celebrated and fondly remembered teacher at Habs.

However, Geoff occupied a more unique role in the history of Haberdashers Boys School, as pupil, teacher and Housemaster

Geoff joined Habs in 1937 at its Westbere Road site in Cricklewood. When part of the School was demolished by a bomb in 1940, he moved with the other junior boys to the Chase Lodge playing fields in Mill Hill where the changing rooms were used as classrooms - only returning to Westbere Road one day a week when the senior boys swapped places and went by tram to the alternative school accommodation.

Before Geoff left school in 1945 to do his National Service in the Royal Navy, he played for the 1st Cricket XI and was a Calverts House platoon sergeant in the Junior Training Corps - the precursor of today's CCF. Returning to 'civilian life' in 1946, he

returned as a pupil for a further year, becoming both 1st Cricket XI captain and Captain of the School.

After two years' training at Trinity College, Carmarthen, Geoff was invited to join the School's staff in September 1949, with responsibility for teaching woodwork, metalwork and 'small bookwork'. Outside the classroom, he devoted his time to the development of cross-country running at Habs, coaching the 2nd Cricket XI and helping to run the School's CCF Naval section, initiating training courses in Gibraltar and Malta .



Following the move to Elstree, in 1966 he was appointed Calvert's Housemaster, a role he held for eleven years and which greatly benefited from his quiet, kind and unassuming nature. One of Geoff's last actions as Housemaster, before handing over to Paul Hayler, was to appoint his successor's first House Captain, Deputy House Captain and House Recorder. Paul was told by Geoff " They aren't necessarily the ones I would have chosen for my own House officials but they are the three I think will work best with you. I think you will get on well with them and that they will fit in best with your style of leadership".

As Paul reports, this judgement was absolutely right, and the team was just what was needed to ease the transition of Housemasters.

Meanwhile, Geoff was not idle in the Woodwork shop. He constructed and transported the stage-sets required for the annual tour of the senior School play to cities in Germany; was official supervisor of the School printshop for nearly twenty years; and, as the needs of the School developed for precision craftsmanship, he made various tables (especially for the Brett Study Hall), furniture for the Staff Common Room, cabinets, memorial woodwork, library tables and the altar in the School chapel. He was a superb craftsman, even if he had managed accidentally to 'plane off' a part of one finger.

He struck up a notable friendship with fellow legendary staff member, Eric 'TEC' Carrington, and they regularly lunched together discussing the inadequacies of modern youth. They had cleverly worked out how to get quicker waitress service in the Staff Dining Room and their table was therefore where younger colleagues would also gravitate, but with the knowledge that they would be assailed with strident opinions on hair length and drainpipe trousers.

After a bout of ill health, in 1979 Geoff was offered early retirement by the then Headmaster, Bruce McGowan, which he gratefully accepted. He then relocated to Suffolk, and finally moved to Oxfordshire to be closer to his son, David (OH 1973) and

daughter-in-law, Ann. Throughout the last 40 years, he maintained a great interest in the life of Habs and was frequently in touch with the School, visiting when able and taking great delight in the new equipment available in today's equivalent to his Woodwork shop – the Design and Technology department.

Geoff's steady influence over generations of Habs students should never be underestimated. The time and space afforded in the Woodwork shop, allowed pupils to benefit not only from Geoff's sound advice on technical matters, but also life-skills. I also suspect that many reading this will still have the small table made in that workshop, well over forty years ago...

Roger Llewellyn

Dick Newman (1937)



Richard Harry Newman, more familiarly called Dick, was born on 8 January 1920 and lived with his parents at 79 Wembley Park Drive, Wembley Park. His father bought a laundry in Acton (Schoolbreds) and it was assumed that Dick would follow his father into this business.

Dick's earliest memory was of being taken in a pram by his mother to the 1924 British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. From 1927-1931, he attended The Gables Primary School in Wembley which was run by a Rev. J.H Kerridge. On 29 September 1930, his father registered him for a place at Haberdashers' Aske's Boys' School then situated a short walk from Cricklewood Station on Westbere Road. His first day at Habs was on

21 September 1931 (he was placed in Calverts House) and he then spent the next six years there before leaving on 31 July 1937 without many qualifications (he described himself as not a model pupil).

Dick enjoyed his time at Habs, particularly the co-curricular life of the school. He was in the School Shooting Team helping win tournaments at Chase Lodge (the School's Sports Ground) and also enjoyed archery. To get to school involved getting the 8.31 train from Wembley to Kilburn and then, with a number of other boys, walking for just under an hour to get to Westbere Road in time for Assembly and Prayers at 9.30am. At weekends, as there was Saturday school, to get to the Chase Lodge Sports Ground at Mill Hill for Saturday sport or shooting involved getting two buses from Wembley. The school day ran from 9.30am and stopped at 4pm, after which many stayed until 6.05pm when the school officially closed (in order to get their homework out of the way for the evening).

Dick was in the first cohort of the newly formed Cadet Corps at Habs, joining in 1935.

Looking back he reflected that if he had his time again, he wouldn't have joined the Corps as they did too much drilling and marching, and in hindsight Dick felt very uncomfortable with militarism. But not quite as much as those boys who wrote in paint in large letters on the School's front steps 'The Corps means War' – which proved very difficult to remove. The Corps was run by a Sergeant Major from the Guards Regiment (who used choice language Dick had not heard before!) while the uniform they wore was from the Royal Signallers Corps from the Great War.

Dick's favourite teacher at Habs was Mr Knight who taught Chemistry. He was noted to be very patient, never gave the answers to questions, but coaxed and encouraged the boys to get to the right solution on their own. He remembered Dr Henderson (who gave his name to one of the school's houses) dying during the time he was at Habs, and camping on the South Coast with Head of the Lower School, Rev. Blunt. Getting pocket money on these trips was referred to as 'visiting Blunt's Bank'.

Dick asserted that there was never any bullying during his time at Habs, but on one occasion the school's boxing champion decided to 'take him on' during a lunch break.. As a younger member of the school, his knocking to the floor of a larger, older and more practiced protagonist raised his profile and earned him the respect of the school community no end.

Dick left Habs on 31 July 1937, his father having agreed to pay for his ticket on a trade ship going through the Mediterranean (with the proviso that he then join the family laundry business on his return). Leaving England, on board he soon found the ship skirting Spain and the Spanish Civil War's naval blockades and also looking after the ship's accounts. (He couldn't believe how little the ship's apprentices were being paid.)

In November 1937, Dick returned to England and joined his father's laundry business as planned. However, the lure of the sea was too much and before war broke out in September 1939, Dick had trained as a ships' Radio Officer and joined the SS Voco as a paid employee. On his first voyage, the first port of call was Philadelphia and on the way there saw his first floating mine in the North Atlantic.

He spent one year on the SS Voco, still not officially called up, and then joined SS Glazedale where he was one of three radio operators on a vessel transporting cargoes of wheat from the US to UK.

He then joined the 'coaster' SS Adjutant (which had a lovely, friendly crew) initially transporting cargoes of beans. The SS Adjutant sailed to the Clyde and was loaded with naval ammunition, then went in convoy to Gibraltar. On the morning of the invasion of North Africa, Dick's ship was sent to Algiers, then travelling on to Tripoli and Malta in convoy with a tanker and two destroyers.

The SS Adjutant then went to Palestine and Egypt, - on the way Dick witnessed the British preventing Jewish refugees in their small vessels disembark at Haifa - before being sent out to the Pacific in a big tanker and completing three or four more trips across the ocean.

At the end of the War, Dick returned to England and his father once more wanted him to take over the laundry in Acton. This, however, did not work out, so Dick began

his own business.

In 1951 he married 'a wonderful girl from Ealing', Audrey Venables, whom he had met at the Badminton Club. They had four daughters Jane, Sally, Mary and Vicky in the space of six years, of whom he remained very proud. He said he had 10 grandchildren and 'too many great grandchildren to count'.

At the age of 54, and then living in Southgate, Dick's wife spotted an advertisement for Blue Badge Guides required in and around London. This piqued Dick's interest and having completed the required training, Dick was a Blue Badge Guide for the next 17 ½ years, being employed by travel agents to take groups of tourists around London or beyond. He was equally at home with small or large groups and when requested would take them by car (which he drove himself) or coach to the likes of Salisbury, Winchester, Oxford and Cambridge - where longstanding forged relationships with the porters allowed him and his groups special access to parts of the colleges closed to others.

Dick's relationship with his alma mater, Haberdashers, continued to the very end of his life. He was frequently in touch with the Director of the Habs Foundation, Roger Llewellyn, by email or phone, with whom he shared the biographical details stated above. Having had the new developments around the School explained to him, he admitted to being 'very impressed' by the direction in which the School was travelling. Having suffered a fall, it was much to Dick's regret that he was unable to drive and collect Roger from the local train station for his final visit in June 2022.

Completely attuned to modern technology, Dick not only emailed regularly from his iPad, but also played online chess with opponents around the world. When Dick sadly passed away on 29 June, on opening his iPad the chess board popped up – in the middle of a game with one of his older grandsons.

Brett “Bertie” Rolfe (1966)

I'm very pleased to say that I knew Bertie for 60 years I even used to know him when he was called Brett!! I don't even know where the name Bertie came from??

Over the years I have shared my bed with a number of Old Habs....on various rugby , cricket and walking tours. This was inevitably the result of my lack of skill at spoof a game that Bertie loved to play but also wasn't very good at (or maybe we were just unlucky). Surprisingly I think we only ended up in a bed a couple of times and on each occasion I can report that (unlike many other losers) he accepted this uncomfortable situation with grace and good humour and obvious fatalism just as he did with nearly everything in life including his devastating diagnosis just before Christmas.

As you know Habs in our days was a rugby school but most mornings before school and during mid morning & lunch breaks we all played football in the playground. It was highly competitive and very combative and this was enough to spawn the birth of our very own football club...Elstree Hurricanes. It was also, possibly, the start of

Brett's love of sport and especially team sport . Brett immediately claimed the left back position for himself with his robust tackling & a "you will not pass" attitude which soon earned him the nickname of Chopper Rolfe at least I think that's why he got that name.

We were to football what Eddie the Eagle was to Ski jumping. Playing in this team



provided a great introduction on how to deal defeat... heavy defeat... with and still come back for more it was a great precursor for playing for OH rugby club in the 70's and early 80's where victories were often hard to find.

It was even the beginning of a life long habit of leading with his nose . . .a part of the body which over the years suffered a disproportionate number of injuries. I can't imagine why.

Brett was a scholarship boy at Habs which by definition means he was brighter than the average. That's why I always found it

strange that he ended up in the same form as me (one of the certified thickos) once the classes were streamed . On reflection it's blindingly obvious why he just loved having fun and that tended to get in the way of school work, and homework. There was only ever going to be one winner. Any opportunity to put a smile on his face and those around him & he was up for it. A trait that was to stay with him throughout his life. I don't really know very much about his career at work with firstly the Admiralty but mainly with Cable & Wireless who he was with for over 40 years???) but I have no doubt his manner, his approach, his man management skills, his good humour and sense of fun were always on display there too.

I can honestly say that I have never seen him lose his temper with anyone and he invariably had that wry grin on his face.

Bertie & Maggie (in comparison with the rest of us) were relatively young when they got married. Brett was always very keen on his creature comforts and I think that the thought of sharing a flat with a bunch of hairy arsed blokes, doing his own cooking and washing wasn't on his agenda.!!

Fortunately living at home until marriage enabled him to save money and buy himself some relatively flash sports cars of the day....

Triumph spitfires & MG's His love of stylish cars remained throughout his life. But the arrival of Ollie & Guy put a stop to this passion for a while It was a small price to pay for the pride, the enjoyment and the fun that he discovered through family life he loved spending time with the boys and really enjoyed their close company Never was this more appreciated than at the end where their

support and presence was fantastic for him.

Luckily a group of us shared a number of family holidays with the Rolfes when our children were young. These were always fantastic fun for both the younger and older members of the party the human pyramids, the Dad's dancing, crabbing on the quayside, body painting quad bike riding, digging for lugworms and of course heavy drinking & the farting that was just the children!!! By the way, a little known fact which was revealed recently by Ian MacCarthy is that it was Bertie & Maggie who first discovered The Swan in Bushey and put it on the map among our group that in itself is a notable life achievement as will attest many of the people here today.

He was a family man at home & also an integral part of the OH Family. Much as he loved his fun he also cared deeply about others and their families when they experienced their own misfortunes & tragedies. Being part of a family and community is obviously a two way street so When his own illness was diagnosed I know for sure how much it meant to him to be part of that Community and to receive all the good wishes, the videos, the jokes and in particular the Christmas video messages. Just a look at the Yo Bertie WhatsApp feed will show the fun, the laughter and the love.

We are here today to both pay our respects to a fantastic friend, a true gentlemen and to celebrate his life. I have never heard anyone have a bad word to say about him and would suggest that the number of people here today is testament to that.

He would not want a lot of glum faces, but loads of banter, reminiscing and encouragement to live for the moment DJ passed me a phrase that he found on a condolence card which says it all "Although Bertie can't continue to travel with you, the memories of the shared fun times will always be your companions" Michael Brett Bertie Rolfe....may you rest in peace. We loved every minute of your company.

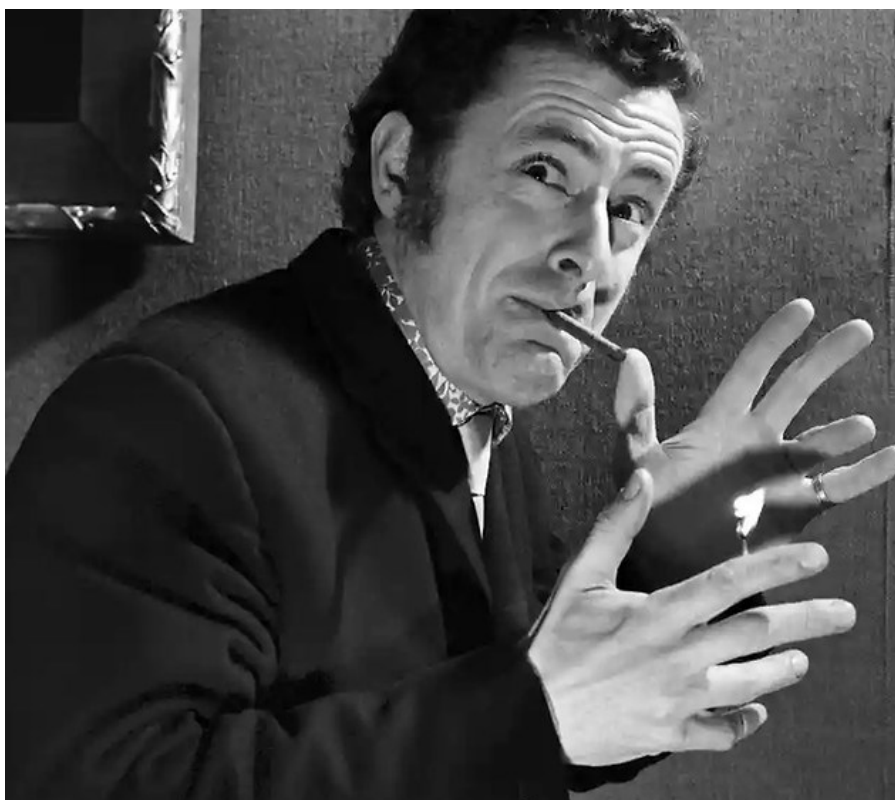
OHRC has been at the centre of his social life both as a player and as supporter and administrator. His administrative duties included being on the ground committee for many years and also being A15 captain in his early years with the club. He just quietly went about these duties in his quiet unassuming but very efficient manner even the organisation of the infamous and legendary A15 dinners which usually descended into mayhem and with a distinct possibility of arrest was accomplished with the minimum of fuss and NO arrests!! I don't really know very much about his life at work with firstly the Admiralty but mainly with Cable & Wireless who he was with for over 40 years) but I have no doubt his manner, his approach, his man management skills, his good humour and sense of fun were always on display.

Peter MacKie (OH 1969)

John Wade (1948)

The key to my friend John Wade's consistent showbusiness career as a magician was his capacity to adapt to changing times. John, who has died aged 91, contrived to broadcast on radio more than 200 times, something of a record for a magician. He also "closed" the Windmill theatre, being the last act to appear on the Windmill's

London stage in 1964, and he crossed the Atlantic 22 times, entertaining on the Queen Elizabeth II. In addition he was involved in television as a consultant, and made occasional appearances on screen in the 1970s, on the David Nixon show and



as a co-host alongside Paul Daniels and others in the For My Next Trick series.

His card display was central to the closing credits of the sixth series of The Avengers in 1968. He performed his famed invisible pack of cards illusion on The Good Old Days in 1979, and footage from the show can be found on YouTube.

John was born in London, at Barts hospital, and was brought up in suburban Eastcote. He was the only child of

George Wade, a civil servant, and Amy (nee Smith), a housewife. John attended, with scant affection, the King's preparatory school, Harrow, and the Haberdashers' Aske's school, Elstree.

His rather sober parents were not enthusiastic about John's early interest in trickery, but, after intermittent jobs and RAF national service, during which times he pursued his delight in magic, he made his full-time debut as a conjuror. This was on the variety bill of the Tonypandy Empire for a week and with a £12 salary in June 1953.

A smiling and resourceful wizard, John was a welcome addition to summer seaside concert parties, among them the Sunshine Follies at Torquay in 1955, and, later and more famously, seasons with Sandy Powell and Billy Cotton. He also figured in panto: for example, he was Abanazar in Aladdin at the Sunderland Empire in 1976.

He was stoutly recognised by his confrères: he was made an honorary life member and Gold Star of the Inner Circle of the Magic Circle and an honorary member of the Academy of Magic Arts and Sciences, Hollywood. At the time of his death he was the longest-serving member of his beloved Savage Club, which he joined in 1962 and chaired from 1991 until 1993. In 2002 I wrote his biography, *As One Stage Door Closes ... The Story of John Wade; Jobbing Conjuror*.

John was married in 1955 to the singer and music teacher Elizabeth Gordon, who died in 2008; and secondly, in 2009, to the singer and harpist Blanche Birdsong, who died in 2021. He is survived by David and Lucy, the children of his first marriage, and by two grandchildren.

Thanks to Eric Midwinter The Guardian, 3rd June 2022

John Henry (1960)

Born in London and the family was living near Marble Arch whilst he was at Haberdashers' in Westbere Road from 1952 to 1960. Went from school to the University of Bristol where he graduated as a pharmacist. Started working with Boots at their branch at Harrow Road and retired in 2011 as consulting pharmacist with a group of 15 privately owned pharmacies northwest of London. At that time he moved to Whitsable, Kent. Diagnosed with motor neuron disease in December 2019, he was quadriplegic by early this year.

He was in many ways a renaissance person. He loved music, particularly Jazz, at various times played the piano accordion, the trumpet, and always the piano. Did quite a lot of painting and travelled extensively. Also, after moving to Kent he took up birding. Dancing was one of his great pleasures particularly the tango. He met Yvonne at tango classes, and they even went to Argentina to gain expertise in the intricacies of the dance.

Following on his father he was an avid Freemason, and led many of their fundraising efforts in Kent. At various times was a volunteer leader in various positions in the Scout movement. Yvonne said that he lived life to the fullest.

He is survived by a brother, Roger, wife Yvonne, two sons, a daughter, and two step-children.

John Davis December 2022

Michael Jack (1944)

Where do I begin? Michael had so many things going on in his life that one hardly knows where to start, what to include and how to finish.

There are several themes I will develop and revolve around Family, Friends, Sport, Work and Military service, and voluntary work and other interests

And each of the themes has many legs, not surprising when you have led a full life for over 95 years.

- Second son of Constance and Arnold Jack
- Happy childhood on Chicken farm with cricket and (sailing boats & aircraft) model building with brother Laurie
- Punctuated by fathers farm going bankrupt and moving to St Albans – Family included Aunt Ida Biggs, sister of Constance
- Went to Haberdashers' Aske's school in Cricklewood where he captained the Cricket Team, and House (Joblings)
- WW2 ruined the family with the loss of (Major) Arnold to a heart attack in October 1940 and (Lieutenant) Laurie to a German torpedo in November 1940 – went from third male and youngest son to the only male in the household at the age of 13. Not surprisingly, Constance never really recovered from these family tragedies and Mi-

Michael was very reluctant to talk about these events for understandable reasons

- Was engaged to another lady who broke off engagement and sadly committed suicide



- Met Vivien (Bing) at the 134 Bus stop on Friern Barnet Lane while commuting into London for work.

- Married Bing at St James Parish Church on 8th September 194X

- Moved into 54 Church Crescent with support from Sydney 194X

- Vivien born in January 1955

- Anson born in October 1956

- Anson followed Michael to Haberdashers and St Edmund Hall, Oxford

- Bing (Vivien) died in 2012 Aged 83 having celebrated 60 years marriage to Michael with many friends and relations at

West Lodge

- His third great grandchild tragically passed just a day before her birth and eight days before Michael passed

- Michael made friends with people he met in all walks of life – family, neighbours, business, sport, bridge, charity and other interests.

- Love of sport started with playing cricket with his brother, and then captaining the Haberdashers School 1st Team.

- As an adult he played cricket for Brondesbury and then Ashridge Cricket Clubs in North London.

- He played Rugby Fives for Oxford University and many other sports for his college.

- After University he played Badminton and Tennis, briefly playing at the Occasionals, before joining All Saints (Badminton) where he and Bing played for many years, introducing Vivien and Anson to the sport

- Totteridge Tennis Club in 1952. He and Bing had a brief spell at Oakleigh Park LTC before rejoining Totteridge where he remained a member and senior statesman until his passing. In his time at Totteridge he was a member of the mens team, mens singles champion, mens captain, chairman, Life President and Trustee. All of his immediate family have held positions of responsibility there including Vivien who has been joint Chairman and is now a life Vice President

- Golf – like all good North London tennis players, he continued playing well into his eighties, but also took up Golf – becoming a prominent member of North Middlesex Golf Club and captaining the club. He was also a prominent member of the London Captains and the Truants Golf Society – where he took Barry Green and son Anson around Woburn with him, Barry winning the visitors prize and Anson winning the number of lost balls prize

- Joined up in the Navy as soon as able to before the end of the war

- Trained and had brief command of a small naval vessel before the end of the war – did not see direct action but led the successful rescue of an allied crew in difficulties during a storm

- Joined the Royal Naval Voluntary Reserve and participated for several years after the war
- Went to Oxford as a sponsored ex military serviceman and studied English at St Edmund Hall
- After the military service joined associated newspapers – initially working for the Daily Mail in all sorts of project jobs associated with the Ideal Home Exhibition
- Subsequently Joined the London Evening News in the circulation department, which involved working Saturdays – the biggest sale of the week being for the classified football results
- In 1964 Joined The Guardian as the national circulation manager, and in 1967 joined the Board as Circulation Director – a post he occupied until retirement on his 60th Birthday in 1987. During his time at the Guardian he managed several important changes in production and distribution of national papers, significantly increasing the circulation and taking on the Times as a serious competitor, he created Guardian Business Services, a business consultancy, created the Guardian Young Businessman of the Year Award, he project managed and delivered the 150 year celebration of The Guardian which was attended by the Chancellor of West Germany, Willy Brandt, Prime Minister Ted Heath and the Archbishop of Canterbury and many others at the Mansion House in 1971. Championed the Guardian Golf Society and Old Ben (The newspaper industry benevolent society) as well as being a prominent member of the Association of Circulation Executives (ACE)
- Baxendale – Trustee for many years – negotiated with council over the development of Ever Ready House. Only his passing in March 2022 prevented him personally trying the care facilities of Baxendale during the first week of April
- North Finchley Round Table

Anson Jack (Michael's Son)

David Griffiths (Staff)

David Griffiths, the much loved and inspirational Habs former Head of History and Head of Sixth Form passed away peacefully on 23 March aged 85 in Watford General Hospital. He had suffered a serious fall last week at home in St Albans from which he never recovered.

David grew up in the suburbs of Cardiff and while showing himself to be a natural academic all-rounder at his boarding school, Malvern College, his passion for the study of History led him to win a place to study the same subject at Queens' College, Cambridge – which he duly took up after spending his two years of National Service in the RAF.

He might have become a full-time academic but the lure of imparting his enthusiasm and joy to others for all things historical and after a year's PGCE took him firstly to teach at Embley Park School in Hampshire, closely followed by his appointment as Head of History at Silcoates School, Wakefield while still only on his 20s.

At the invitation of the then Headmaster, Dr Tom Taylor, David joined Habs in September 1968 and very early the true width and depth of his vision and interests were rec-

ognised when he was approached to assume responsibility for 6th Form General Studies (now termed Enhancement & Enrichment) and the Special Services Unit (known now as the School Community Services). He also coached a Rugby XV and led numerous school trips to West Africa, Italy, Eastern Europe and - a much celebrated one closer to home - to Northumbria & Hadrian's Wall in 1969.

In 1977, Bruce McGowan appointed him not only Head of History but also a Boarding House Master and it was his job ultimately in 1983, along with David Davies, to oversee its closing. He remained Head of History until 1989. In these twelve years, David is said to have been widely regarded by Oxford and Cambridge tutors as the finest Head of History in the country. Indeed, in 2000, soon after he was appointed to Habs, our current Head of History, Stephen Clark, wrote to his Oxford History tutor to thank him for his reference. The tutor wrote a note back that simply said "Haberdashers, well done! The one with the buses and the brilliant Welshman."

In 1989, David became Head of Sixth Form - a role he imbued with wisdom and great sensitivity until he retired in 1996. Many a Habs boy who passed through Sixth Form in this time has commented on David's sympathetic ear, his thoughtfulness, sound advice as well as being a source of endless support. One Sixth Former simply summed him up in two words, saying David was a 'diamond geezer' and no-one could gainsay this estimation.



In the short time since his passing, the Habs jungle telegraph has been alive with tales of David's endless kindness, wit, friendship, intellectual curiosity, generosity of spirit and, most of all, humanity. There have been reports of his prowess as a musician, singer and composer; rave reviews of his performances in Habs Staff plays (his *Governess*, *Miss Prism* in 'The Importance of Being Earnest' was a particular triumph) and the Griffiths' family's assistance in the organising and running of the annual residential holidays for children with learning disabilities (the precursor of today's annual Habs Men-Cap Days) which cemented him long and affectionately in the memory of the many dozens of participants.

Many generations of Habs students and staff owe so much to him. All who were taught by David at Habs, or who were fortunate enough at some time to have been in his orbit, will have their own special memories of him, and while remembering these we should be thankful to have known a truly wonderful man - a gentle man and a gentleman.

Our thoughts are with Flora, his ever supportive and wonderful wife and their children, John and Fay, and grandchildren Zuzanna, Matthew, Helen & Oliver.

In retirement, David was a popular and much sought-after volunteer guide at St Albans Cathedral, and it is highly appropriate that his funeral took place there.

David “Danny” Bowers (Staff)

David grew up in Iver in Buckinghamshire and his happy family included two younger brothers Robin and Paul. He had early memories of being a toddler playing (no doubt quietly and sensibly) at the back of his mother's classroom – she being a teacher of the youngest children at the local primary school.

David proceeded to Slough Grammar School where his academic prowess led to him taking Lower School Certificate (the equivalent of the GCSE today) a year under-age. Two years later he won a place to read French and Spanish at Balliol College, Oxford. He remembered his student days with great affection and was regular in attending reunions. He subsequently did his PGCE year at Oxford with a term's teaching at Colchester Royal Grammar School where the following year Mike Anderson did his teaching practice with both student teachers remembering Dick Norton as a pupil there. All three became Mod Langs colleagues at Habs.

As a linguist David had a fine ear, a natural precision and a remarkable memory. He was also very musical. Early involvement in a church choir led to commitment to faith – a quiet but deep experience which stayed with him throughout life. He was a fine pianist and played the church organ for many years. He was a composer and had works performed in concerts by amateur orchestras. Teaching took him to grammar schools in Hitchin and Portsmouth, to the Licensed Victuallers' School and Harrow School. At Habs there was a time when the timetable worked only because David taught all four of the main languages: French, German, Latin and Spanish. He subsequently taught at Mill Hill School – and then kept his hand in with supply positions in various schools.

In his private life he was known as a caring friend and neighbour – and he showed great dedication in patiently supporting his wife Penny through a long period of illness. He looked forward to family reunions when brother Robin would come over from the USA. He was an active and loved member of St. Michael's Church in St. Albans for over 40 years. He reached the age of 80 years in reasonable shape but a stroke shortly afterwards led to a loss of activities and independence. He gave up driving and the piano. He said goodbye to the beautiful garden he had created with such diligence. In all this he never complained. Finally he moved to a Care Home in Thame where he was regularly visited by Paul. His last few months were very hard but he bore it all with gentle dignity.

David's self-effacing honesty and peaceful nature may reawaken memories of gentler times. A faithful servant rather than a self-promoter, he expressed loyalty and acceptance at every stage of life

Stephen Wilson March 2022

An obituary for Ken Maddocks and David James will appear in our next edition.

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Clubs and Societies Rugby



The current 2022/23 season is proving to be somewhat of a watershed for the Mighty BW&M and perhaps grassroots rugby too

Personnel changes were necessitated into the season as both teams came under new captaincy. The 1XV Captain is Harry Briffit, a mainstay in the centres for many years. He replaces James Clark who hopes to continue being a player while he studies for his Masters. In order for Harry to focus on the playing side, Tom Jackson has been made club captain to oversee some of the more club-wide admin stuff. After Gareth Jones' awful (season-ending) injury, Thomas Marsh has stepped into his boots to captain the AXV/2XV

League changes were also implemented. While the 1XV will continue to be playing at the impressive Level 6, the regionalisation of the league structure will ensure the opposition will be of a more local bias, so no more awayday trips to deepest and darkest Essex! It will also introduce some new teams to OHRFC's unique brand of "we don't train", champagne rugby. The AXV/2XV has continued in the Middlesex Merit Premier League

Unfortunately the pandemic has led to some seemingly entrenched issues at grassroots rugby. Aside from the significant financial impact, time out has seen playing bases age and OHRFC is no different with many established players hanging up their boots. Recruitment over the summer was active and new players have been buying

into the BW&M mantra. However, this will clearly take time to get embedded and established. Allied with acute availability issues, especially in key positions such as front row, this has meant results have not always fallen in our favour.

The 1XV has so far P10 W2 L8, but as alluded to above, this is not really an accurate picture of the effort put in by the team. Along with many of their league peers, availability has meant the AXV/2XV has only managed two outings. Notwithstanding, I think the following stat perhaps most represents the fantastically selfless and all-inclusive nature of OHRFC. In scoring four tries in their first game vs. London Cornish, at one point the front row age totalled 173 years and this was only after the 53-yr old was banished to the back row to be replaced by a 63-yr old who trotted on straight from the PPL. Add to that the 51-yr old scrum half (normally a 10) put in a full 80-minute shift and scored to boot. Availability is starting to look up, so hopefully this will start to bear fruit in both sides' results

Socially the club continues to encompass the fun side of the game. Regular beers in the city have been augmented by some socials at the clubhouse. We are also two PPLs into the season with the last being a tribute to lost magentamen, notably Bertie Rolfe, where over 70 lunchers convened to raise (a few!) toasts.

Paddy Hughes November 2022



Clubs and Societies Cricket

The 2022 season has been another positive one on the field for the cricket club, with more matches being played this season than in recent years owing to the dry summer we've had.

In the Hertfordshire Cricket League, both the 1st XI and 2nd XI put some impressive performances. For the 1st XI it was a mixed season. After winning their first 2 games of the

season, they lost their next 3 matches. This was the story of the season for the 1st XI where they couldn't quite string together a run of wins, but nevertheless some notable wins against Bishops Stortford, Northwood Town and Tewin helped the 1sts end the season in 4th place with 10 wins and 8 losses from their 18 matches.

For the 2nd XI, it was a much more dominant season, winning 14 out of 18 matches to secure 2nd place in division 10 South & promotion to division 9B next season.

It was encouraging to see a number of recent school leavers turn out for the Old Boys during Saturday & Sunday matches. Naturally the boys are still drawn to the larger clubs in the county but they still enjoying playing some cricket with us.

Elsewhere, OHCC and the School put two sides out for Old Boys' Day and it was yet again another great occasion. The Old Boys triumphed in both matches and retained the Nobbly Tanner trophy. IN addition to the cricket, we were finally able to plant a tree in Simon's memory at the school. It now takes pride of place on the southeast corner of the grounds in front of Aldenham House. Our thanks again to Roger for coordinating the day (including ensuring that the willow tree was sufficiently watered!) and providing us with a fantastic lunch, and to Stuart Haring for his help with organising the day.

The annual cricket tour down to Devon was another great success and enjoyed by all who attended. We played 6 matches during the week at Kilmington, Heathcoat, Whimble, Exeter, Paignton and Sidmouth, coming away with 4 wins, 1 draw and 1 loss.

Shajeen Shailendra September 2022

Clubs and Societies Football



2022 has been a somewhat breakout year for Old Haberdashers' FC. We've recorded wins against rivals St Albans, Harrow & Alleyns (amongst many others). We also achieved promotion into Division 4 of the Arthurian League. However, most excitingly, for the first time since its incarnation, Old Haberdashers' FC were present at the Arthurian League's 'Super Saturday', as finalists in the David Woolcott Trophy. It was a hard-fought battle, but we overcame a strong Old Shirburnians with a solid 4-2 victory (some choice photos below). Our first Arthurian cup trophy ever!



We've (pretty much) kept the good times going in the 2022-23 season, sitting second in the league, and only having lost one game. In fact, we've only lost one game in our last 11 and hope to go from strength-to-strength (and even, potentially, another promotion). We will begin our cup defence in early 2023.

Old Haberdashers' FC have had over 30 Old Boys play for it in 2022. We are delighted to see an injection of youth, with some key additions to the squad coming from the 2018 leaver class.

We are delighted to be able to continue playing our home games at the School. Huge credit, as ever, goes to Roger Llewellyn whose support with the School - and on the side-lines - is invaluable.

Big thanks also go to our sponsors Latep Capital and Hyman Capital.

Joe Stoleran November 2022

Clubs and Societies

Golf



The first OHGS event was the Spring Meeting at Brookmans Park on 12th April, which was hosted by Peter Mackie - thanks to Peter for arranging the meeting. Subsequently, we played our annual match against Old Millhillians and Old Lyonians at Moor Park on 12th May. The Old Millhillians won (which has been quite common in recent years) - with the Old Habs in third - but it was a very good event once again on an excellent course.

The OHGS then played a quadrangular match at West Herts golf club on 16th June against Old Aldenhamians, Old Merchant Taylors and Old Fullerians. Eight players formed each team and (despite the heat) it was an enjoyable afternoon, followed by a meal. The Old Habs ended up fourth, with Old Aldenhamians the winners. There followed our Summer Meeting at Harleyford on 15th July hosted by Marshall Lawton, playing this picturesque course located near Marlow. Derek Woolerton was the winner. Thanks were extended to Marshall for running the afternoon.

On the 22nd September we played our annual match against Old Cholmeleians at Porters Park. This was scheduled for eight players a side (playing as 4 pairs), but one of the Old Cholmeleians players had to drop out at short notice. The OHGS played well and won overall by 2.5 points to 1.5 points, rounded off with a good meal.

Andy Ward from the school hosted the annual school golf day at Mill Hill Golf Club on 25th September, which had quite good attendance from current pupils, parents, staff and past pupils.

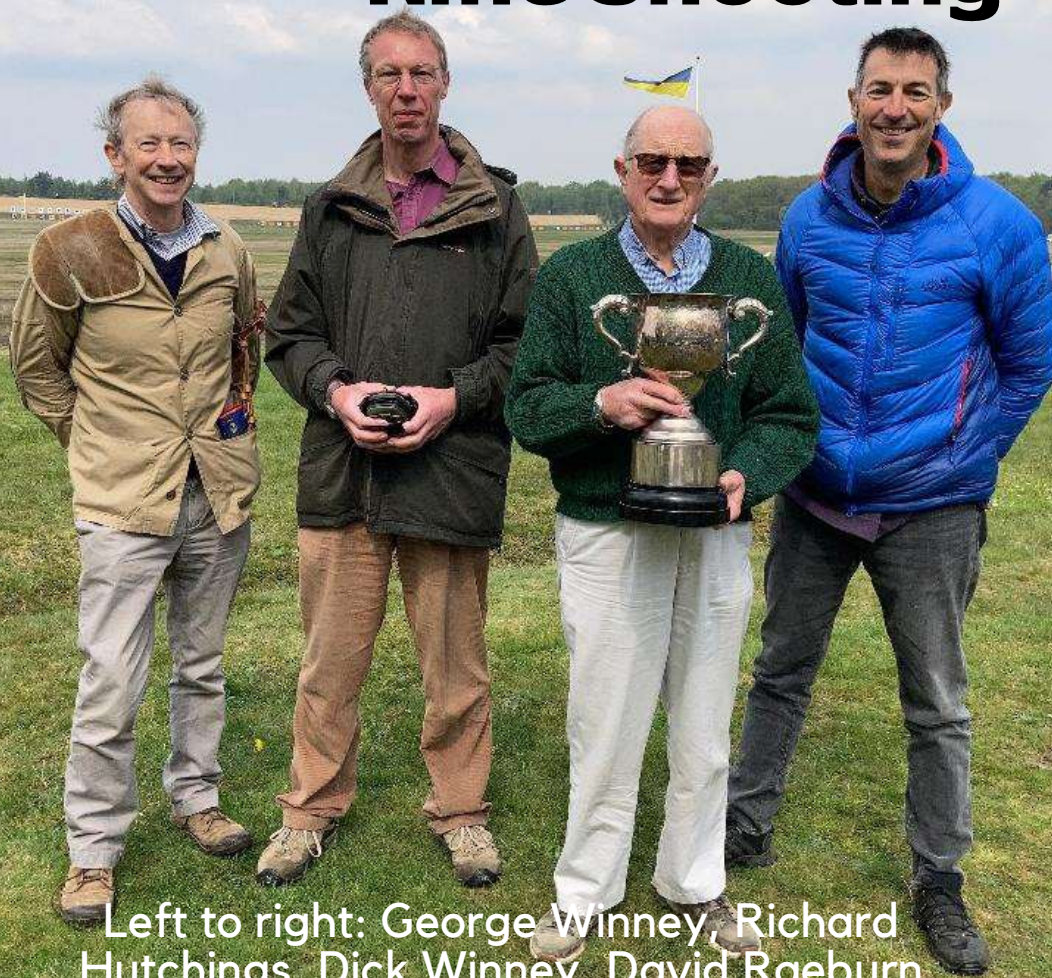
The final event of the season was the Autumn Meeting at Gerrards Cross on the 14th

October. Always enjoyable and we had some good weather for golf in the morning, preceding the lunch. Peter Mackie was the overall winner with the highest number of stableford points.

Similar fixtures will be planned for 2023 and we welcome new players of all standards to get involved. If you would like to play in this enjoyable Society then please contact the following:

Peter Mackie (Captain) peter@petermackie.co.uk and Robert Clarke (Treasurer / Secretary) robertc.clarke@btopenworld.com

Clubs and Societies Rifle Shooting



Left to right: George Winney, Richard Hutchings, Dick Winney, David Raeburn

The Rifle Club meets once or twice each month from March until October each year and this year has been no exception. Because we always shoot in the open air at the National Shooting Centre at Bisley in Surrey, we go into hibernation for four months in Winter!

During the shooting season we intersperse practice shoots, which are open days to

which all are welcome, with more serious team shoots. We enter two teams in a league organised by the London and Middlesex Rifle Association and one or two teams in other matches as they occur. We didn't do very well in the LMRA league this year, though a couple of members picked up prizes for being the top shooters in two of the rounds. The highlight of the year was in the schools' veterans match, organised by the LMRA, where we won the Whitgift Cup.

The exceptionally hot summer this year had a major impact on shooting. In July there was a serious fire in the range safety zone, which severely damaged some targets and the target numbers on the 1000 yard range and the Match Rifle championships were cancelled at short notice. The rest of the NRA's national championships went ahead, but on the hottest days the shooting was severely restricted. The TV experts are very good at telling you to seek shade in hot weather; they don't warn you that putting on a thick sweater and a leather jacket and going to lie down in the sun for 45 minutes is likely to make you sweat somewhat! The NRA's approach was to reduce the number of competitive shots from 10, or 15 to seven, which roughly halved the time exposed to the full force of the sun. It was also easier on the butt markers who have to pull the targets up and down for hours at a time!

The club championship this year had to be postponed from September, as the NRA couldn't provide markers on the day, so the event was delayed for a couple of weeks and we employed a private marker. There was a good attendance and the results were as follows:

Lyle Cup (Club Championship).

Posn.	Name	300y	500y	TOTAL
1	David Raeburn	47.4	49.3	96.7
2	Dick Winney	49.6	46.3	95.9
3	Peter Holden	47.5	47.4	94.9

Note: where there is a tie for score these are "counted out" by the number of V-bulls (shots in an inner carton half the size of the bull). Not necessary in this case, but recorded for completeness.

Pairs Cup (handicap event with competitors naming their own target score, the object being to get as close as possible to the nominated score)

Posn.	Name	300y Target	500y Target	Variance	Total Score	Score 300y	600y	Diff
1	Peter Holden	47.5	47.4	47.4	47.4	0.1	0	0.1
2	Charlie Freeman	47.2	47.3	46.3	47.3	0.1	1	1.1
3	Richard Hutchings	46.2	47.4	47.3	47.4	1.2	0.1	1.3

I like to include a picture in these reports, so the picture above is the winning team for the Whitgift Cup.

Dick Winney November 2022



Past Presidents

1888-93 R.W. HINTON	1934-35 L.P. BATSON	1976-77 L.F. BROWN
1893-96 W.J. JONES	1935-36 J.E.G. MOODY	1977-78 J.A.R. BEAUMONT
1896-97 W.C. WITT	1936-37 P.G. MACDONALD	1978-79 B.H. MCGOWAN
1897-98 S. PHILLIPS	1937-38 D.L.I. EVANS	1979-80 P.J. STEVENSON
1898-99 A.S.K. SCARF	1938-45 L.J. GOOCH	1980-81 A.G. BUCHANAN
1899-1900 W.H. BARKER	1945-46 H. NORMAN	1981-82 A.T. WHITE
1900-01 H.K. SELMAN	1946-47 W.R. CLEMENS	1982-83 C.R.B. JAKEMAN
1901-02 H.G. DOWNER	1947-48 W.H. CROSSMAN	1983-84 D.A. JAMES
1902-03 C.E. NEWBEGIN	1948-49 F.H. YALE	1984-85 B.A. GOODMAN
1903-04 H.M. WAYNFORTH	1949-50 A.G. JENKINS	1985-86 G.T. WHEAL
1904-05 J.H. TOWNEND	1950-51 DR T.W. TAYLOR	1986-87 J.G. STAGG
1905-06 H.A. HARMER	1951-52 A.N. BONWICK	1987-88 P. ALTERMAN
1906-07 W.A. LYTHABY	1952-53 S.H. BEAN	1988-89 N. FORSYTH
1907-08 G.J. FREEMAN	1953-54 S.E. PHILLIPS	1989-90 A.F. COOPER
1908-09 H.F. BROOKS	1954-55 T.N. MCEVOY	1990-91 P.J.S. VACHER
1909-10 V.J. MOULDER	1955-56 G. BATCHELOR	1991-92 A.J.S. ALEXANDER
1910-11 E.J.G. SMEE	1956-57 P.C. BROOKER	1992-93 P.J. EGAN
1911-12 C.J.L. WAGSTAFF	1957-58 G.G. LLOYD	1993-94 M.J. BOVINGTON
1912-13 W. PADDOCK	1958-59 F.A. JACKMAN	1994-95 A.K. DAWSON
1913-18 W.C. BRETT	1959-60 L.J. MILLER	1995-96 R.M. KIPPS
1918-19 W. PADDOCK	1960-61 REV. A.M. MANN	1996-97 C.R.B. JAKEMAN
1919-20 H.B.P. HUMPHRIES	1961-62 C.G. GARDNER	1997-98 J.R. WHITTENBURY
1920-21 REV. F.J. KEMP	1962-63 K.H. BLESSLEY	1998-99 A.E. MORRIS
1921-22 REV. W.H. BRAINE	1963-64 M.J. JACKMAN	1999-00 A.M. NEWTON
1922-23 K. MCMILLAN	1964-65 J.B. BLOWFELD	2000-01 H.E. COUCH
1923-24 J.N. GREEN	1965-66 D.A. BLESSLEY	2001-02 A.J. PHIPPS
1924-25 H. PARKER	1966-67 D.W. WELLS	2002-03 D.J. BROWN
1925-26 H.H. CHAPLIN	1967-68 E. CINNAMON	2003-04 G.J. MACFARLANE
1926-27 S.H. NORTON	1968-69 J.S. ALEXANDER	2004-05 D.J. HEASMAN
1927-28 G.C. LUNDBERG	1969-70 E.T. PURCELL	2005-08 A.P.S. NEWMAN
1928-29 H.E. DULCKEN	1970-71 N.A.H. JAMES	2008-10 H.A. HYMAN
1929-30 L.J. HASKINS	1971-72 E.H. AMSTEIN	2010-12 J.A. CORRALL
1930-31 A.C. MANN	1972-73 R.A. BENGE	2012-15 C.P. BLESSLEY
1931-32 S.E. WAVELL	1973-74 P. ALTERMAN	2015-16 M.S. BAKER
1932-33 W.F. SERBY	1974-75 C.J. ROBINSON	2016 - C.P. BLESSLEY
1933-34 J. LUCAS	1975-76 D.G. KENWARD	