

KILBURN GRAMMAR SCHOOL

THE WAR YEARS

(A Personal Reminiscence)

The day the War started, 3 September 1939, was my 9th birthday. It was also the day that my mother, sister and myself were evacuated to Northampton, with my sister's infants school. There followed in quick succession a move to Haywards Heath, back to London, to Colwyn Bay and then to Hemel Hempstead. This meant that from the day War broke out, I had attended four primary schools.

I sat for my 11 Plus scholarship examination at the Hemel School, seated alone at a desk in front of my mixed class of fifty pupils. When I passed, I went to Hemel Hempstead Grammar School for two terms, before we finally returned to our home in Dollis Hill and I went with my father for an interview with the Acting Headmaster, I think, W. G. Bowden, at KGS. I had chosen KGS over Haberdashers (in Kilburn in those days) because two of my boyhood heroes, neighbours, one a medical captain in the army, had attended there.

I remember a tall austere man with a wing collar and gown coming into the meeting - this was Bill Bentley, who subsequently took me for music and mathematics.

I was accepted into KGS, in the Spring Term of 1942, but unfortunately the syllabuses at Hemel Hempstead and KGS had not coincided and so I was left with big gaps in my initial education, such as formulae for diameters, circumferences, etc., which had already been dealt with at KGS before I arrived.

The boys in the second year were also in their first year at the school as the remainder of the school had been evacuated to Northampton and with no older boys to keep them in check, they were a rough, undisciplined and bullying lot!

I became friendly with a pupil called Marshall who lived nearby and we used to cycle together to school in the morning, whistling away to the annoyance of passersby. When he left school, he fought in the Korean War.

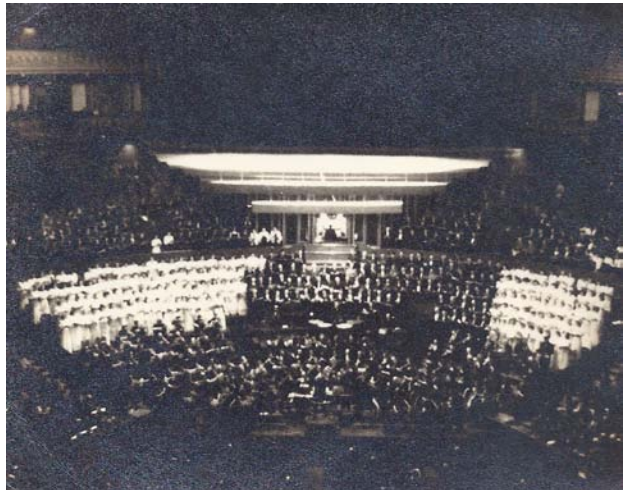
The first meeting of the boys in Saxby House, to which I was allocated, was presided over by Wee Willie Williams, so called because of his excessive height. He impressed upon us that we should engage in all sporting activities on behalf of the House and that House Colours would be awarded to those who showed a willingness to support the House, regardless of their individual abilities.

I did not need this exhortation, for I enjoyed all sports and my involvement in the 27th and 40th Willesden Scout Group had given me an entrée into immeasurable interests through its proficiency badge programme.

Accordingly, I represented the House in just about every sport and every activity in that sport, swimming, diving, athletics, boxing, rugby and cricket and regularly participated in the many extracurricular activities offered by the school - The Music Society stimulated my interest in music and was held at lunchtimes, under the guidance of Miss Doyle-Davidson, who was a music teacher and was rumoured to have been associated with the Dutch Resistance.



Stalwarts of the Music Society were pupils called Reynolds and Reuter. We were played 78" vinyl records and I was introduced to March Slav, the Italian Symphony and the thunderous music of Wagner. With the Music Society we went to the Royal Albert Hall, where from the dizzy heights of the top floor, we followed Handel's Messiah with the massed choirs, orchestra and thousands of people in the stalls and lower tiers spread out before us.



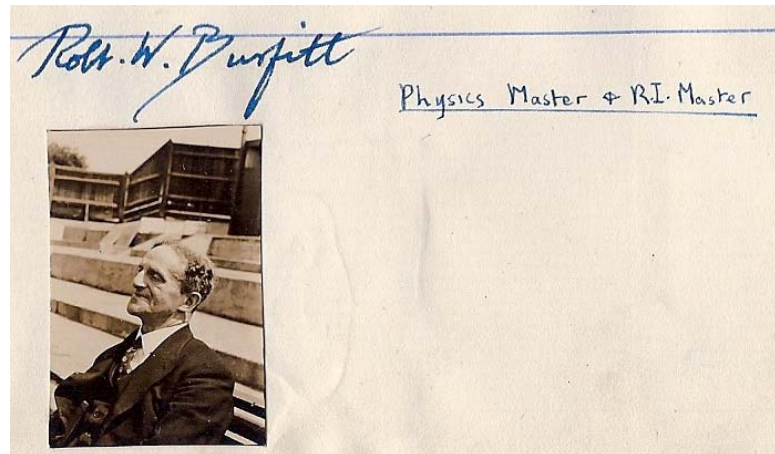
I later bought my first 78" records, surplus to the school's requirements, for two pence (old money) each!

I have always been grateful to KGS for the multitude of extra curricula activities it offered to its pupils. I was a member of the Chess Club, the Debating Society and the Science Society.

The higher form pupils returned from their evacuation to Northampton and this made a great difference to the behaviour of the 2nd year boys. These tall young men, some moustached, made a big impression on we young 'uns.

In those War years, we had to use the Brondesbury Girls High School playing fields as ours were being put to use as allotments to grow vegetables as part of the War effort. As many of the masters were away in the forces, we also had a mixed bag of teachers, some excellent and some exceedingly bad.

One of the worst was Mr. "Beefy" Burfitt, the physics teacher who was a real eccentric, who could not control the behaviour of the boys in his class. Most did not bother to turn up for the School Certificate exam in



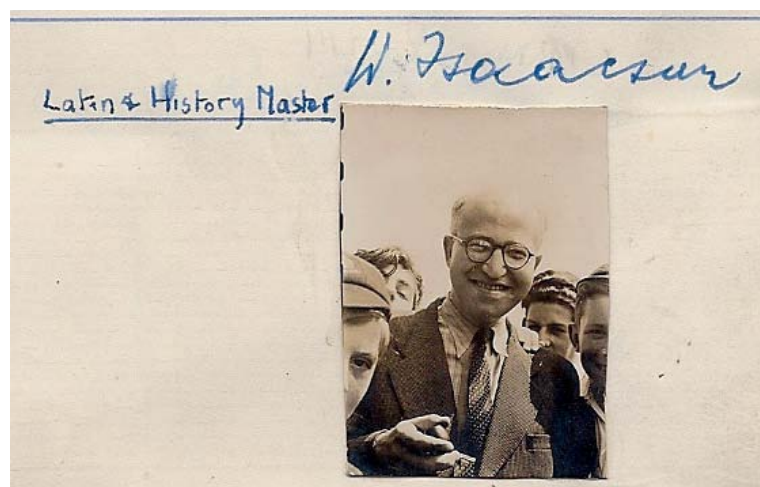
physics because they had not gained any knowledge in his class.

Music consisted of singing from the KGS songbook under the tutelage of Bill Bentley, who although stern, I really respected. He taught us to "never just accept anything you read, always question it". In other words, have an enquiring mind. I never forgot this.

Early in the War, we were given the opportunity to sit for the entrance exam to a public school in Devon. Three of us took it, including myself.

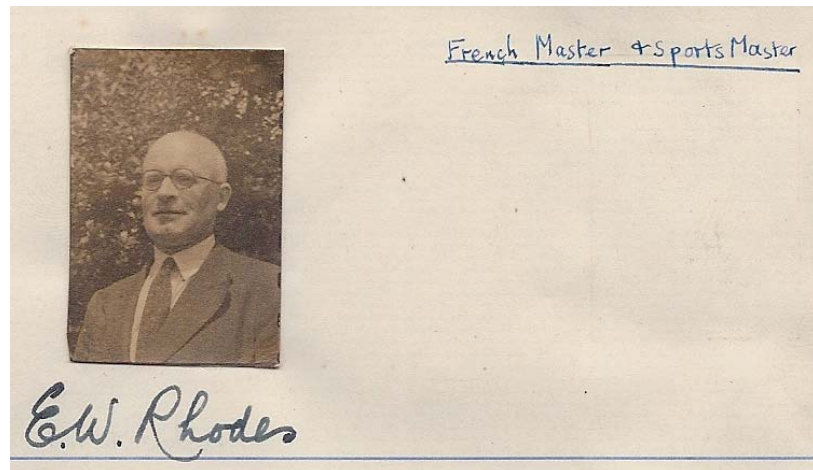
I was very naïve and uneducated (I was only eleven years old) and when one of the questions which followed the words of the song "Jerusalem", asked me to describe what they meant and to illustrate the answer, I took it literally and drew a desert fort with palm trees, minarets and camels as my "illustration". When "Izzy

Isaacson" who was invigilating, asked me what I was doing, he had difficulty in restraining his smile. I nevertheless passed the entrance exam, as did Gordon Myers, a second year boy who also won a bursary. We both



decided to stay at KGS, but the third boy who also passed, actually took up the offer.

Mr "Bunny" Rhodes took us for French and later when I went to France, I marvelled at the small children who spoke perfect French, while I, who had been tutored by Mr. Rhodes and then Mr. Corrin for five years, could only speak "pidgin" French.



Mr Rhodes also took us for rugby. I was small for my age and quite underdeveloped and he only really took an interest in the bigger boys in the first team (I remember in particular "Bulgie" Reynolds so called because of his muscles), leaving the rest of us to pick up the rules as best we could. After I left school, bigger and tougher, I joined Hendon Rugby Club and played every Saturday afternoon, but my lack of knowledge of the basic rules, meant that I had a lot of catching up to do.

After the second year, we had to choose the subjects in which to specialise and which to drop. My first choice was mechanical drawing - I did not really know what it entailed, but my father's family were all extremely talented in painting and drawing and I had enjoyed drawing from a very early age. My second choice was chemistry and my third Latin, which I hated.

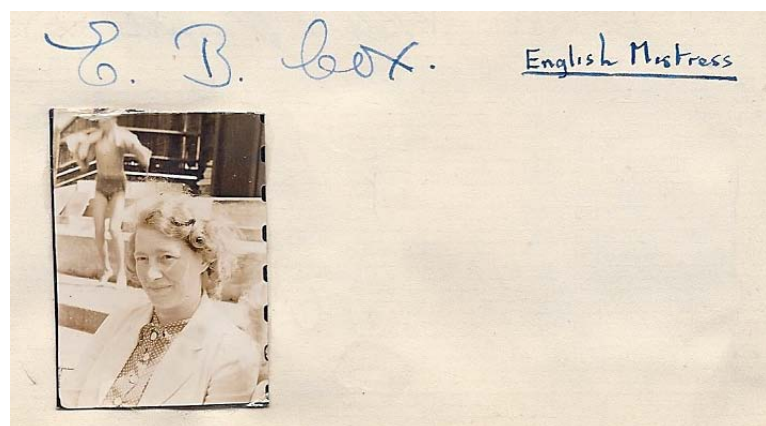
The mechanical drawing course never materialised, so naturally I was put in the first stream, Latin, which I persevered with and continued to hate until I managed to get a pass in the matriculation exams. I also chose the art class, which meant dropping modern history. The art class was presided over by Miss Vincent who, although very nice, never taught me anything about drawing or painting.



Mr. Burton was the Geography master, who used to walk up and down the rows of desks, intermittently hitting the nearest boy on the head with his wooden pointer, while intoning "wild, wet, westerly winds in winter" or "when I say Africa is a plateau, I don't mean its like a billiard table, I mean it's a series of plateaux".



Mrs. E. B. Cox taught us English. I must say that I had always enjoyed reading books from an early age, but dissecting and analysing each paragraph of the current term's book took away all the enjoyment.



Mr. Corrin who taught us French and I had a mutually fractious relationship. He sent me out of the room to stand in the corridor for some minor offence so often, that in the end I went to the corridor of my own volition when he entered the classroom.



Around 1942-43, a stick of bombs aimed at Dollis Hill Research Station straddled my road and adjoining roads causing much damage. As our house was one of the only ones to have some of the roof left, most of the neighbours came in to spend what was left of the night.

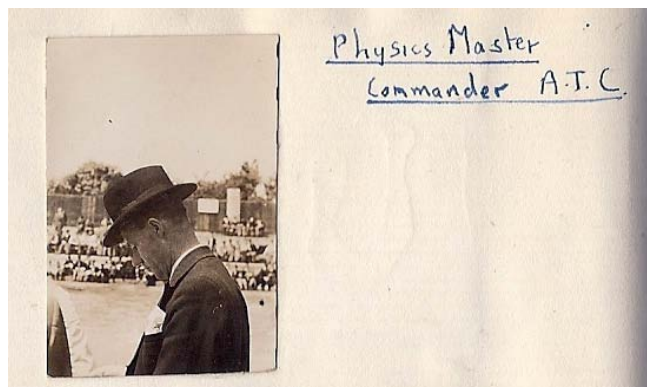
We experienced many air raids in these years and the sound of the siren still gives me goose bumps. My mother used to drag me out of bed when the sirens went to go reluctantly into our shelter at the back of our garage.

Listening to the distinctive intermittent drone of the approaching German aircraft was a very unpleasant experience, with the 3.7" guns in Gladstone Park firing at the enemy aircraft regularly causing the windows in the house to smash.

On the mornings after the raids I used to scour the surrounding streets to augment my collection of jagged pieces of shrapnel, silver paper (dropped by the bombers to foil our radar) and the cones of rockets.

As the War years passed, some of the masters returned from the forces. Mr. Whitmore supplanted Miss Vincent as Art Master. I never really appreciated his portraits, which seemed to me to be too flat and one-dimensional.

Mr. Yarwood, a saturnine looking man, was a Chemistry master, but as I never took that subject, I only came into contact with him through the Air Training Corps of which he was our Commander. I was always about one year younger than my contemporaries and so it took quite



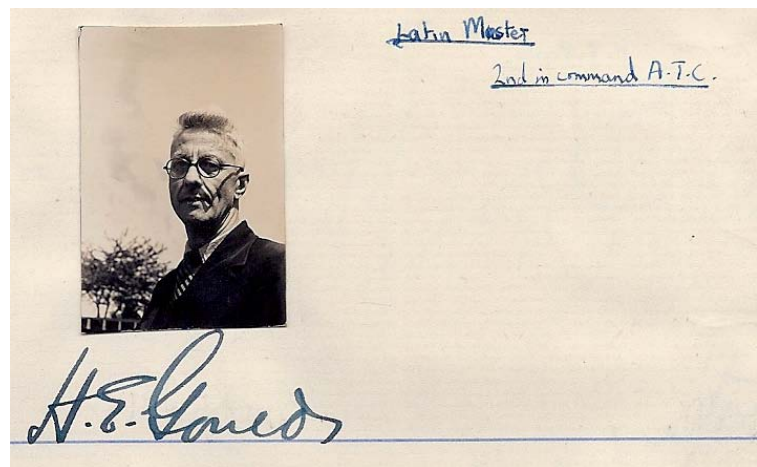
a while before I was allowed to have my ATC uniform. I remember dropping my rifle on parade, for which I was told that I should have "died" with it, it being a terrible thing to do.

I also took the squad in drill for my proficiency badge and my mind went blank as they marched towards the coal pile in the playground. The words "squad halt" did not come out of my mouth as they marched toward and up the coal pile and "piled up" against the wall.

I used to suffer from bad migraines about once a week when the only cure was to lie down, take two codeine tablets and rest for half-an-hour. On the evening we

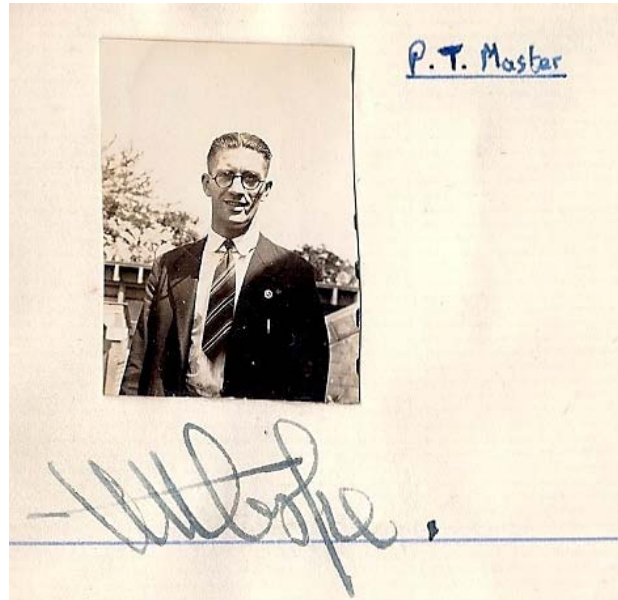
were to take the Air Ministry set Calculations exam, I had a particularly bad migraine. I asked Mr. Yarwood if I could go home and take the exam another time, and he replied that this was my only chance this year. So I sat down, rushed through the answers, made my excuses, rode home on my bicycle (about two miles) and was lying down in a darkened room at home before the three-hour examination was over. To my astonishment I scored 92%, the highest mark in England and I never really knew what I was doing! I passed my proficiency exams, became a leading cadet and finally got to wear my uniform.

Mr. Gould was a kindly, if introverted man, who taught Latin and was the second in command of our ATC squadron. He gave me private tuition in Physics, when I realised that if I relied upon the knowledge (or not as the case may be) imparted by Mr. Burfitt, I would, like all the other boys in his class, stand no chance at all in the Matric exam.



I boxed for the house and beat my classmate Frank Girling. We were both featherweights!

I never really experienced any anti-Semitism at school, apart from a ginger-haired boy, a Roman Catholic and professed communist (!), one year above me and his sidekick, who used to corner me by the bike shed and subject me to some bullying. As I got older, I boxed the sidekick and beat him, giving him a bloody nose. As I grew and put on some muscles, I came to the attention of Mr. Pope, our Physical Training master. He was a small, wiry martinet and wanted to enter me for the ABA championships at the Albert Hall. I thought to myself that I, who trained maybe once a month, would be coming up against boys who trained regularly at boxing clubs and decided to forgo the pleasure. Mr. Pope however, had organised a boxing match at Willesden



Drill Hall and I was paired with a classmate called David Segalov. We developed quite a formidable display with lots of aggression, but with a tacit undertaking not to hurt each other! The day before the boxing match, I had a return match against the boy who I had in a prior year given a bloody nose. I felt shivering and cold and did not feel at all well. Mr. Pope thought it was nerves and made me go into the ring, but I could hardly lift my arms and was soundly beaten, receiving in return a bloody nose. I went home, to bed, the doctor was called and flu was diagnosed. Naturally I could not box in Mr. Pope's match the next day as I was in bed and sent my apologies. Segalov refused to fight anyone else! I don't think Mr. Pope really believed that I was ill and our relationship soured after this.

In June 1944, we were in the playground when wave after wave of airplanes, each bearing the distinctive black and white stripes which identified them as ours, passed over on the way to support the Allied Forces invading Normandy. I'm sure we all said a silent prayer that our troops would safely reach the French shore and begin the long battle to rid the continent of the German forces, which had threatened us for so long and brought terror and devastation to most of Europe.

Shortly after this, England was attacked by Hitler's first secret weapon, the V1. This horrible "flying bomb" could be heard approaching with the distinctive drone of its jet engine and when the noise stopped, so did our hearts, as we waited for the explosion which meant that so far we had escaped, but some poor wretches had not.

Once a V1 pursued by a Spitfire firing its cannon to try to explode it before it dropped on unsuspecting victims, passed directly over the school and we cowered down under our desks.

Then came the night when a V1 landed on our school, hitting and destroying the Art block and gymnasium. My classroom was in the Art block and I lost my geometry set, my cricket bat and my bottle of OK Sauce!

As the school could not continue, we were sent on a three-week harvest camp. We stayed in a large old house. It had no running water, which had to be brought in a tank mounted on a lorry. The fields in which we collected "stooks" of wheat were full of nettles and every day we had scratches and sores on our arms and legs. As water was limited, I remember that I had just the one bath in a tub, vacated by Bunny Rhodes. By the time that the camp ended, I was full of boils and sores. As there was no school, I joined my mother and sister in a boarding house in Blackpool, where I spent a happy winter fishing from the end of the North Pier and honing my rifle skills in the Pleasure Beach stalls.

On my return to London, I found that lessons were being held on half days at Willesden County School.

The V1 and the new V2 rockets were falling indiscriminately. One never heard the V2 coming, just the whoosh and explosion after its descent.

Stalingrad was one of the great battles of the War, where the Russians finally inflicted a terrible defeat on the Nazis. That stands out in my memory as the turning point in the War.

I used to follow the progress of the Allied Forces by sticking pins into a map of Europe attached to my bedroom wall, from the invasion beaches in Normandy, via a heart stopping pause at Caen, to the breakout by the Germans in a counter offensive in the Ardennes , the heroic fiasco of the parachute attack on the Arnhem Bridge and the relentless march to Berlin, where the British and American forces met up with their Russian allies.

The War in Europe finally ended, with the unconditional surrender of Germany, the suicide of Hitler and Eva Braun and the revelation of the horrors of the concentration camps and the Holocaust.

I found time in the French June 1945 Examination to draw this picture.



After VE (Victory in Europe) Day, there were great preparations for the July 1945 election. At school there was a fever pitch of excitement, with pamphlets and posters for the different political parties being freely distributed. As it transpired, Labour swept to victory despite Winston Churchill, the great and inspiring War leader being universally venerated.

It is difficult to forget the sense of relief and exhilaration which possessed the general populace, at finally being released from the prospect of invasion,

occupation and oppression and the bombings to which we had all been subjected and the general rejoicing of the freed peoples of Europe.

The evening of VE Day I went to the Houses of Parliament, where I became lost in the jubilant crowds coming to celebrate the end of the War in Europe and to see the Houses of Parliament and other buildings illuminated for the first time in my memory, ending the long period of "blackouts", where it was against the law to show any lights from the houses which might inform the bombers overhead of their whereabouts, where there were no streetlights and where cars and bicycles had to have shades on their lamps. It was a truly great lightening of the atmosphere in more ways than one.

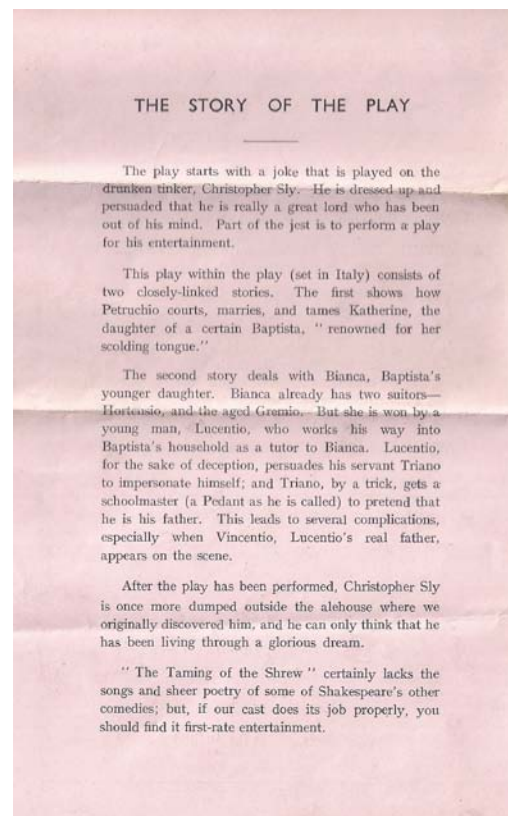
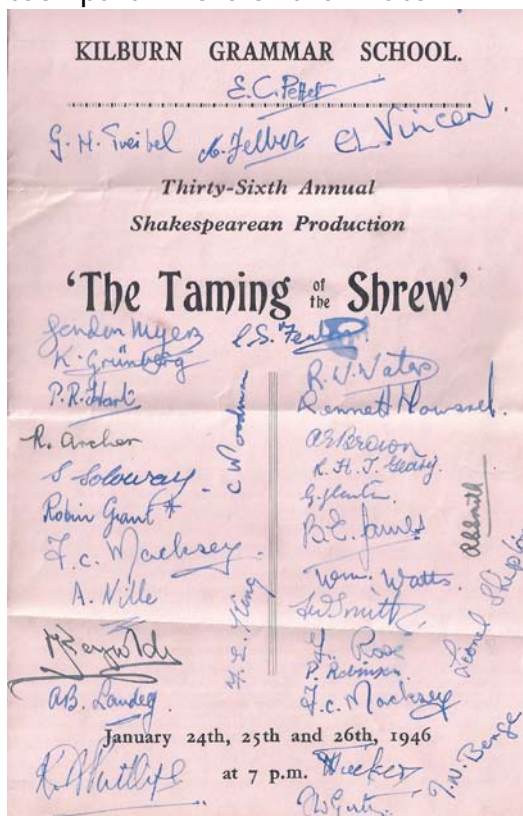
What with all the school changes, the poor quality of some of the teachers, the interruption to lessons because of the bombing it is surprising that we imbibed any education at all. Nevertheless, imbibe it we must have, because the Matriculation results were not at all bad and I passed in four subjects, with credits in another four and a distinction in Art.

The school did not have any orchestra or choirs in those years. I remember very early on auditioning for the music show, playing the first few bars of the "Flight of the Bumble Bee" on my harmonica. As these bars were the only ones I knew, naturally my services were declined! I remember Reynolds playing the piano and a boy called Wilmshurst singing.

The school play was the main cultural event and I played the part of a servant in "The Taming of the Shrew" in January 1946.



As can be seen by the list of "The Characters", both B and H Archer and Peter Hart took part. More of them later.



THE CHARACTERS

(In order of appearance)

Christopher Sly	F. SMITH.
Hostess	J. CHILTON.
Lord	A. BROWN.
First Hunter	A. VILLE.
Second Hunter	P. ROBINSON.
Servant	B. ARCHER.
First Player	K. GRUNBERG.
Second Player	R. WATERS.
First Servant	F. GIRLING.
Second Servant	B. ARCHER.
Third Servant	P. HART.
Page	E. MACKSEY.
Messenger	P. ROBINSON.
Lucentio	R. WATERS.
Tranio	R. GRANT.
Baptista	K. PHILLIPS.
Katherine	M. FELBER.
Bianca	R. GEARY.
Gremio	B. JAMES.
Hortensio	W. WATTS.
Biondello	J. HOWARD.
Petruchio	K. GRUNBERG.
Grumio	G. MYERS.
Servant	A. VILLE.
Curtis	J. CHILTON.
Petruchio's Servants	H. TUCKER. L. FENTON. A. CHAPMAN.
Pedant	A. LANDEG.
Tailor	G. CARTER.
Vincentio	M. REYNOLDS.
Officer	L. SHIPTON.
Widow	S. SOLOWAY.

Lighting—N. Parish, D. Garrod.

Prompters—F. Rose, G. Treitel.

Assistants—A. Watson, J. Bengé, F. King, J. Jay,
R. Savinson, K. Scroggs, D. Martindale.

SCENES

Induction 1 Before an Alehouse.

Induction 2 Bedchamber in a Lord's house.

ACT I. Scene 1. { Padua. A public place in front of
Scene 2. { the house of Baptista and
Hortensio.

ACT II. Scene 1. Inside Baptista's house.

ACT III. Scene 1. Another room in Baptista's house.
Scene 2. Before Baptista's house.

INTERVAL.

ACT IV. Scene 1. Inside Petruchio's country house.
Scene 2. Before Baptista's house.
Scene 3. Inside Petruchio's house.
Scene 4. Before Baptista's house.
Scene 5. The road on the way to Padua.

ACT V. Scene 1. Padua. Outside Lucentio's house.
Scene 2. Inside Lucentio's house.

Epilogue Before an Alehouse.



Incidental Music: "Comedy Overture, Scapiro"
(William Walton); "Suite for Strings" (Purcell);
"Rondeau, Suite No. 2 in B Minor" (Bach).

Smoking is not permitted in the Auditorium.

My speaking part consisted of saying "Yes Sir" and being knocked over for my pains by Petruchio, played by K. Grunberg.

I attach a critique of the play by Mr. D. W. J Woodman in which, for the princely sum of one penny (old money), the cast could read about themselves - fame indeed!

THE SHREW TAMED

Briefed by the Editor of this Journal to attend the School Play as Critic, I went along purposefully with pad and pencil, let it be known in Row C that I wanted elbow room for scribbling Critical Remarks, and sat with pencil poised. Shortly after, I found myself energetically clapping. It was all over. Three hours had flown, and all that I, the Critic, knew, was that I had thoroughly enjoyed myself.

This boisterous comedy should be played with gusto, and the cast flung themselves into the job. There was a cheerful infection about their enjoyment of the play, which reached Row C in the first minute, and was afterwards seen rolling rapidly row by row in the direction of Salusbury Road. The spirited entry of the Players set the ball of merriment rolling. I liked that. In fact, it was the teamwork of the performance that appealed to me. Mr. Pettet's Players have learned to pass the play to each other. We were not treated to a few stars twinkling in an empty sky. Big parts passed the ball neatly into the hands of small parts, and all together carried the rollicking movement forward. That is the essence of a good show. How do they play together? What are the others doing when Petruchio is dominating the scene? Are they the children of Shakespeare's mind, or merely pawns in Pettet's production?

K. GRUNBERG's "Petruchio" was a magnificent piece of work. This jubilant Tough Guy captivated the audience, and actually had them in the coils of anticipation. The perfectly judged Grunberg Laugh brought the house down. His interpretation of those slow emphatic lines showed a sense of comedy one would look for in none but experienced actors. A few of his rapid lines were difficult to make out, and occasionally his voice was too high. But when he deliberately holed the roof with a top C, the effect was riotous. Grunberg led the way with the infectious enjoyment that ran through the show. Now I want to see him stay on for several University scholarships (winning them all, of course), and playing many more Shakespearean parts. M. FELBER showed fine fury as "Katherine", and played up well in the later scenes, when the author takes too much wind out of her sails. I liked his looks, but found the voice unmusical, and the movements rather boyish, even for such a tom-boy. R. GEARY was a handsome and restrained "Bianca", whose words were spoken clearly in a voice which unfortunately was more masculine than her suitors'. The problem of the voice of R. WATERS ("Lucentio") continues. For audibility - and an audience does want to hear what it has paid to hear - I give Waters, with Phillips, top marks for the evening. I do like actors who remember the back row. As the dandy Lucentio out to have a good time and smacking his lips over a glucose infatuation he had a voice perfect for the part. But at the end, when his love affair should enlist our sympathy, it still raised our mirth. His comic touches (for example, the use of his eyes) were very effective. The schoolmasters' scene was magnificent, and revealed a range of voice and acting ability which make one expect great things next year from young Waters. B. JAMES certainly identified himself with the doddering "Gremio", and carried through his back-aching job with conviction. At times his naturally resonant voice became too thin to be audible, but his speech to Baptista, on the wealth with which he would endow Bianca, was one of the best pieces of English heard in the evening.

W. WATTS carried two burdens - the responsibilities of "Hortensio" and the 'flu. It was a gallant effort. His voice was much too thin at times, unavoidably. He was often left with the baby - the ticklish job of finishing off a scene when everyone's gone - but he carried it off with a gentle courage. With great verve, G. MYERS sustained the long part of "Grumio". He had his master's spirit and, like him, infected the audience. He, too, remembered the back row. He didn't always remember the next line, but his sheer joie de vivre carried him buoyantly through, and he was popular with the audience. The remarkable epilogue, written by witty Mr. Rhodes, was a triumph for Myers, who held the audience with every line. J. HOWARD had, in "Biondello", a meaty part for one so young, and carried it off with coy gaiety. A good dramatic career is now expected from Master Howard of 11b.

A. BROWN's "Lord" was dignified and well-spoken. I was sorry not to see more of him. J. CHILTON made convincing little studies of "Hostess" and "Curtis". F. SMITH scratched his way through "Christopher Sly" with

great success. His fleas were too numerous, but his spores were very well timed. The hunters and servants were effective. F. GIRLING and E. MACKSEY, who had a little more to do, showed acting ability; P. HART had a gay smile and confident manner; A. VILLE, P. ROBINSON, B. ARCHER lent life to their brief but picturesque scenes. Petruchio's servants, H. TUCKER, L. FENTON and A. CHAPMAN knocked up a merry little scene together. A. LANDEG was entertainingly tiresome as the "Pedant". G. CARTER's haughty "Tailor" was a very neat performance, and his triangular scene with the two principals was a gem. M. REYNOLDS ("Vincentio") spoke with smooth dignity and convincing wrath. S. SOLOWAY's hauteur as the hurt "Widow" amused the house, and L. SHIPTON made a brief but imposing visit as the local constable.

The exacting role of Prompter was undertaken by F. ROSE, who, (on Thursday night) held a wobbling Myers firmly to his course on one occasion. On others I thought he prompted too early. (No doubt the Editors of the Gazette have to take it out of each other somehow). N. PARISH and D. GARROD apparently denied themselves School Dinners for many days, spending the time rigging the excellent lighting. G. TRIETEL was responsible for the prompt appearance of the stage properties, which included many of the School Cups (the gorgeous goblets in the banquet scene). Particularly impressive was the swift movement of the Play, impossible without a good stage staff, so all honour to A. WATSON, J. BENGE, F. KING, J. JAY, R. SAVINSON, K. SCROGGS. King's large grin was plainly visible at the beginning of one scene. He swiftly withdrew his head, but, as with the Cheshire cat, the grin remained. The timing of the knocking on Lucentio's door was very good. Small points like this can spoil a play. A pat on the back to the AUDITORIUM STAFF who so cheerfully visited the Girl's School for chairs and actually came back with them. Under the piercing eye of Mr. Corrin- the Business Manager with a knack of selling out and packing his house- war-scarred Creighton Hall looked itself again, filled with neat rows of smiling faces.

MR. WHITMORE's skilful hands piloted us to Padua, whilst his make-up of the Players was a triumph. He "went to town" with some of his creations notably Gremio, Grumio, the Cook and Dr. Joad the Pedant. He was assisted by our ever-helpful ladies, Mrs. Churgwin (Miss Willis to you), and Miss Vincent. Mrs. Doyle-Davidson arranged the well-chosen incidental music. It was greatly regretted that illness prevented MR. REES from seeing the show on which he had worked so hard as Producer's Right-hand Man.

So hats off to the Man Himself, the producer, MR. PETTET. I hope you called for him on Saturday night in the ancient manner. There were many deft touches of production that gave life and laughter to the show, and the whole play pounded along with hilarious pace. Best of all, it's a joy to see this fine old tradition being not only maintained, but enriched. Some people do not enjoy the Bard. Sportingly they come because it's the School Play, it's a tradition, and they're such nice boys. But this year they had a surprise. They enjoyed themselves. Three hours flew by, spurred by the splendid achievement of a gifted company of players.

D. W. J. W.

Editor's Note:- Mr. Woodman and many others will be pleased to know that Mr. Pettet was called on Saturday night in the "ancient manner", and presented with a book of Hazlitt's essays. In his short curtain speech, Mr. Pettet said that, apart from the book, the Cast's performance that night was ample reward for his labours. He paid tribute to all who had taken part in the production, and said that, as this was the 30th. performance of Shakespeare given by the School, the only person present who had much chance of being present at the 100th. performance was little Howard, probably in a bath-chair, at the age of eighty or thereabouts. However, he added, we would all be there in spirit on that memorable occasion. It was to be hoped that the 100th. performance would come in its proper time without any further interruptions.

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Seen on a blackboard:

The Rising Generation

My List

No Can Do

As I reached the age of 15, I continued my participation in the School Sports Days, competing in diving, breaststroke, backstroke and freestyle (becoming very exhausted at the end of the last race) and in the hurdles, discus and mile race in King Edward's Park stadium.

I easily won my heat in the hurdles, beating the then current Willesden youth champion, only to be told that the winner of the second heat had taken first place with a better time. I felt cheated, as we were not informed beforehand that it was a timed race. I had never previously hurled a discus, but I tried it before the games started and the discus spun an enormous distance, nearly out of the ground. So I entered the Discus Competition, but could not repeat that first fluky throw!

I then worked out that if I struck out as fast as I could in the mile and then settled into a medium pace, no one could catch me. Wrong! After leading the field for about ½ a mile, nearly everybody passed me!

I was on good terms, but never great friends with my classmates. I had a wide circle of cousins of my own age and neighbouring boys with whom I spent my leisure hours and every weekend was taken up with the Scouts, where I started as a Cub Scout just before the War and then went through the age groups to Scouts (King's Scout), Senior Scouts and then Rover Mate of the Rover Crew of the 27th and 40th Willesden Scout Group.

Later in 1947, I was selected to be part of the English contingent to the World Scout Jamboree in Moissons, France, which was the most life-enhancing experience that I have had. Forty thousand Scouts from all over the world, after the most terrible War in history, united as brothers, and then in 1949 I went to Norway for the World Rover Moot.

I was also active in our local Youth Club, where evenings of table tennis interfered with my evening studies, which really only began at about 10:00pm when I returned from the Club. I also played soccer for the Club.

So that although I visited Frank Girling's home in Pinner, then being taken with him by his father to Kew Gardens, I never really associated with any of my classmates outside of school during my years at KGS.

I remember two really academically brilliant boys in my class, cherubic and jolly. Cohen and a pale and introverted boy called Frank Wagner. I don't know what happened to them after I left KGS nor do I really know what happened to the other boys in my year - including some names that I remember - Tobe, J Frankel, the Cohen twins, Reuter and Reynolds. Where are they now and how did they fare?



FORM VB 1945-46

Some of the names that I remember.....

Back row	Mildred, Wagner, - - -
4 th row	Tobe, Frankel, -, Jackson, Segalov, - -
3 rd row	- - - - Marshall, - -
2 nd row	- Reynolds, Renter, Mr. Gould, Collis, - -
Front row	- - Archer, Fenton, Girling, Cohen

I know that David Segalov (my sparring partner) became a solicitor, that Marshall fought in the Korean War, that Frank Collis became a chartered accountant and that Archer (the older brother of Barrie) was an enthusiastic amateur thespian, but of the others, I know little.

We must have acquired some qualities at KGS because although there were only four old boys at my Golf Club (Grims Dyke), Barry Archer and I became Captains and Presidents, while Peter Hart, a past captain, is presently Vice-President. Not a bad record!

An enduring memory of school was the revolting lunches, usually consisting of salads and spam, followed by rice pudding or tapioca pudding. Only one or two boys liked the puddings and it was usual to see a line of rejected plates lining up in front of them.

At the end of my 5th year, I was 15 years old and wondered what to do with my life.

I duly went up into the 6th Form, but the thought of having to spend another two years before taking the next set of pre-university exams (the Higher School Certificate) horrified me. None of my immediate family had attended university and the thought of going never entered my mind. In those days only the really brilliant boys who could win scholarships or bursaries, or whose families were rich, expected to go. I can only think of one pupil, I believe named Maurice Sassieni, who won a scholarship to (I think) Oxford and his name was put on the honours board. He became an actuary and worked for Unilever in Operational Research.

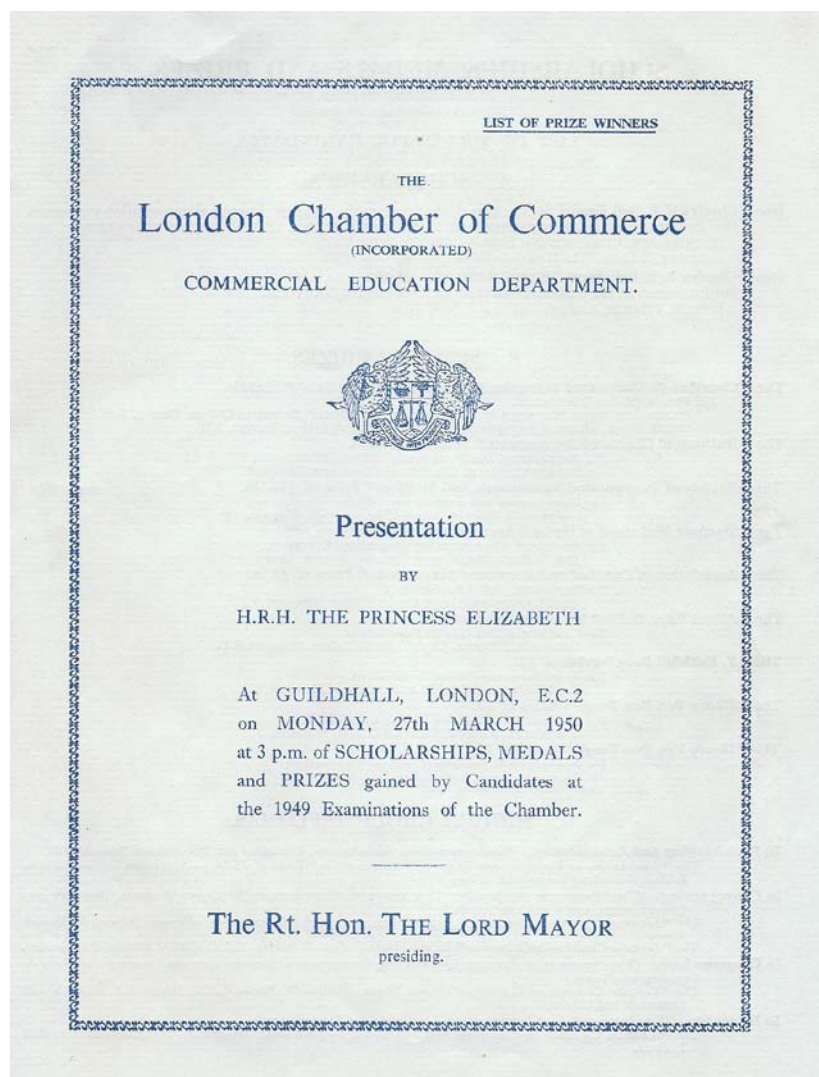
I went to see Mr. Carpenter who acted as Careers Master, who gave me booklets about the various professions. None seemed attractive. My father suggested that his accountant, Nat Harper, needed an assistant and would I like to try it during my summer holidays. I did and really enjoyed it, so I decided to leave in September 1946, when I had just turned 16.

When I informed Bill Bentley that I was leaving, he said to my amazement that I was one of the most promising pupils he had had. I knew that I found algebra

really easy, but I wished he had made that comment earlier, before I had decided to leave. I also told Wee Willy Williams and I personally was upset that after all my efforts at supporting the House thorough my school years, I had not been awarded house colours.

AFTER SCHOOL

After I left school, I endured the bleak snowy winter of 1946-47 working for Nat Harper, who was a Certified Accountant, who then introduced me through Wentworth Rowland, with whom he had served in the RAF, to his father Sir Frederick Rowland, Senior Partner of F. Rowland & Co. Chartered Accountants and shortly to become Lord Mayor of London, with whom I entered into a five years' Articles of Clerkship. Nat Harper had made me attend Kilburn Polytechnic night school for classes in Economics, basic and higher Accountancy and typing and I found them all easy and enjoyable, winning several first places in London Chamber of Commerce exams and even getting presented with the Society of Incorporated Accountants and Auditors prize for Higher Bookkeeping and Accountancy, at the Guildhall by Princess Elizabeth, presided over by my Principal, a surprised Sir Frederick Rowland (the Lord Mayor of London) himself.



SCHOLARSHIPS, MEDALS AND PRIZES.

EXAMINATIONS, 1949.

LIST OF SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES.

A. SCHOLARSHIPS.

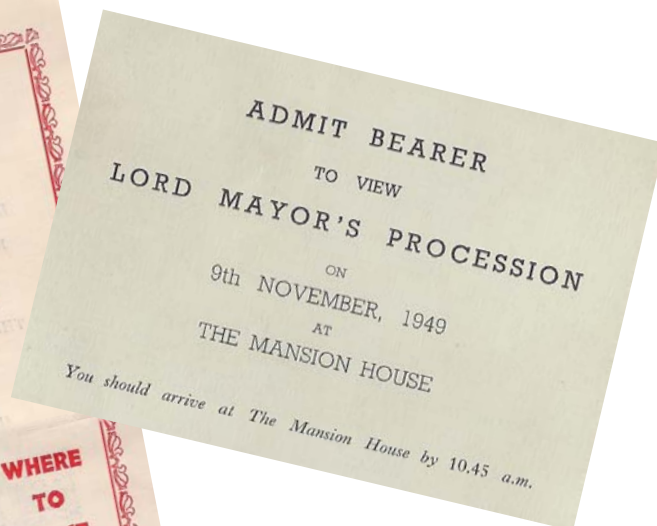
- One "Charles R. E. Bell Fund" Senior Travelling Scholarship. (£30 per month plus travelling expenses).
For Proficiency in the BOOK-KEEPING AND ACCOUNTANCY HIGHER GROUP DIPLOMA (BOOK-KEEPING AND ACCOUNTANCY, COMMERCE AND FINANCE AND ECONOMICS).
ALBERT E. DAVIS, The Grammar School, Luton.
- One "Charles R. E. Bell Fund" Junior Scholarship of £60.
For Proficiency in the SCHOOL CERTIFICATE OF COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.
JOYCE E. PIDGEON, County Technical School, Grays.

B. SPECIAL PRIZES.

- The "Chambre de Commerce Française de Grande-Bretagne (Inc.)" Medals.
For FRENCH (Higher Examination).
SILVER-GILT MEDAL, ELIZABETH M. GLENDINNING, Mrs. Hoster's Secretarial College, Victoria, S.W.
SILVER MEDAL, MURIEL I. KINNISH, Mrs. Hoster's Secretarial College, Victoria, S.W.
- The "Institute of Chartered Accountants" Prize of £10 10s.
For BOOK-KEEPING AND ACCOUNTANCY (Higher Examination).
NORMAN G. WILLIS, City School of Commerce, Liverpool.
- The "Society of Incorporated Accountants and Auditors" Prize of £10 10s.
For BOOK-KEEPING AND ACCOUNTANCY (Higher Examination).
LAWRENCE S. FENTON, School of Accountancy, Glasgow.
- The "Viscount Wakefield of Hythe" Annual Prize of £10.
For the SCHOOL CERTIFICATE OF COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.
JEAN E. RIDGEWELL, County Technical Schools, Grays.
- The "Association of Certified and Corporate Accountants" Prize of £5 5s.
For ECONOMICS (Higher Examination).
BASIL J. COUPLAND, City of London College, Moorgate, E.C.
- The "Albert Kaye Rollit" Memorial Prize of £5 5s.
For COMMERCIAL LAW (Higher Examination).
DONALD H. J. LESTER, City of London College, Moorgate, E.C.
- The "F. Faithfull Begg" Prize of £5.
For STOCK EXCHANGE (Higher Examination).
ROY T. MACKESY, City of London College, Moorgate, E.C.
- The "Henry Van Den Bergh" Prize of £3.
For COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY (Higher Examination).
KENNETH H. B. FRERE, Technical College, Plymouth.
- The "Henry Van Den Bergh" Prize of £2.
For COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY (Certificate Examination).
MICHAEL GREEN, Clark's College, Romford.

C. HIGHER GROUP DIPLOMAS.

- In Book-keeping and Accountancy.** (BOOK-KEEPING AND ACCOUNTANCY, COMMERCE AND FINANCE AND ECONOMICS.)
The "ASSOCIATION OF CERTIFIED AND CORPORATE ACCOUNTANTS" PRIZE OF £5 5s. :—ALEXANDER LISTER, Glasgow & West of Scotland Commercial College.
- In Conveyancing.** (THE PRINCIPLES OF ENGLISH LAW AND THE CONSTITUTION, REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY AND CONVEYANCING, AND WILLS AND TRUSTS.)
The "LONDON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE" SILVER MEDAL :—DORIS E. HOWELLS, North-Western Polytechnic, Kentish Town.
The "LONDON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE" SILVER MEDAL :—JACK E. JEWELL, L.C.C. Catford College of Commerce.
- In Common Law.** (THE PRINCIPLES OF ENGLISH LAW AND THE CONSTITUTION, COMMON LAW AND PROCEDURE AND LAW OF EVIDENCE AND TORTS.)
The "LONDON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE" SILVER MEDAL, ARTHUR W. ROUSE, L.C.C. Princeton Street College of Languages and Commerce.
- In Insurance.** (FIRE INSURANCE, LIFE ASSURANCE AND LIFE ASSURANCE SALESMANSHIP.)
The "LONDON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE" SILVER MEDAL :—THOMAS C. WILLISHAW, The Chartered Insurance Institute.



Annual Presentation of Scholarships, Medals and Prizes

AWARDED BY
THE COMMERCIAL EDUCATION COMMITTEE
OF
THE LONDON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
(INCORPORATED).

Order of Proceedings

1. THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR will take the Chair and open the proceedings.
2. THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD LUKE, T.D., M.A., D.L., J.P. (Chairman of the Commercial Education Committee) will report on the work of the Committee.
3. H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH will present the Scholarships, Medals and Prizes, and will then address the Meeting.
4. SIR FRANK NIXON, K.C.M.G., C.B. (President of the Chamber) will propose the following Vote of Thanks :

"That the best thanks of this Meeting be and are hereby accorded to H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH for presenting the Scholarships, Medals and Prizes, in connection with the Commercial Education Examinations of the London Chamber of Commerce."
5. H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH will acknowledge the Vote of Thanks.
6. MAJOR J. C. POOLE, C.B.E., M.C. (Chairman of the Council of the Chamber) will propose a Vote of Thanks in the following terms :

"That the best thanks of this Meeting be and are hereby accorded to THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR for his kindness in presiding, to the Sheriffs for their support and to the Corporation of the City of London for the use of the Guildhall."
7. THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR will acknowledge the Vote of Thanks.

27th March, 1950.

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As I left school in the middle of a term, I had no knowledge of the Old Boys Association until in 1950 when I met Mr. Gould by chance while cycling to my tennis club. I was introduced to the Association, who did not have any Rugby team then, but I played in two of the hockey games, understanding that the object was to hit the opposition's legs before he hit yours! I didn't take to the game.

I enclose "The Creightonians" News Sheet No 15 dated September 1950.

THE "CREIGHTONIAN" NEWS SHEET

SEPTEMBER 1950

No. 15

"Here and There" with the Kilburn Grammar School Old Boys

EDITORIAL

A few weeks ago I had a friend. I say "had" because our friendship stopped when he suggested that it was about time another News Sheet was printed. Cutting my week's holiday down to seven days, I returned to London to see what could be done about producing News Sheet No. 15. On shewing the proof to my late friend, he said I should have stayed on holiday for a fortnight and not returned to London at all, however "press" on!

At the A.G.M. on June 22nd, few changes were made on the Committee, but one change should be brought to the notice of all Old Boys. Taking over the responsible position of Registrar is Peter Hart. I believe I am right in saying that Peter is the youngest O.B. to hold this office and we wish him luck in his job—may he collect subs. at the first time of asking!?! Peter is quite a leading light in the Association for his age, for he also took quite a large part in the Variety Concert recently.

It will be noticed that Alan Lewis has resigned from the Secretaryship of the Hockey Club. Alan has held this position for over two years and must be congratulated on his good work for the Club. Thanks a lot, Alan, and welcome to his successor, Victor Moon.

In these pages one can find a letter from our Chairman, an article on Mr. "Sammy" Burton's retirement, a report on the recent Concert, and several other articles and letters of interest.

Well, as there are many more interesting articles in the News Sheet than the Editorial, I'll conclude by saying "Good luck, Old Boys," and all the best.

B.W.O.

A MESSAGE FROM MR. J. LEMON BURTON

Now look here, men—just a word from your Chairman. By the way, Cliff Symes did not mention this duty when he sold me the job. "You just come along to the meetings and sit at the table, you know," and "see the Head now and then," etc.

Well, we are now in an important year—big changes are taking place. We have seen the retirement of Messrs. Burton and Yarwood, who, together with Mr. Bowden, must have moulded the souls of half the male adolescents of N.W. London. Yes, indeed, we are lucky to have learned the way of life from such men. Looking back, one can now see that School is not just a question of cramming formulae, figures and verbs, but a period of learning how to live, how to become men. Not that I was particularly dull or dense. For example, I can remember quite well being asked: "How many beans make five?" My answer came like a shot out of a gun, clear, and sharp, without pondering or hesitation—"Three."

The School is progressing well, and taking shape. The builders are pressing on with the reconstruction and at the helm, Mr. Williams is guiding the good ship, K.G.S., with accuracy and strength. I hope to hear shortly that the School Fifteens are winning the Rugby games in true Kilburn fashion.

Blake, J. W. (1930) are Professors of History and Geography, respectively, at the new North Staffs. University, which opens in October. Congratulations, Stan and John.

Bowden, C. H. (1939) got his B.Sc. last year and was married as well. Expects to be a father in October. Congratulations.

Brown, L. (c. 1918). Leslie is still playing tennis and cricket for Pinner. Both daughters are now married, and he is now a proud grand-dad.

Burman, N. P. (1933) recently moved to Surrey. Says that until recently his garden was a site for storing water-mains. Would welcome volunteers for digging.

Clark, J. A. (1920) wrote in to say he was awaiting an operation after a long spell of illness. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Cook, A. E. (194-). After we related how he was stung for a sub. in Carey Street in our last issue, he wrote in to say that he actually had to go into the Bankruptcy Courts later that day, but only in connection with his work.

Cooke, R. (1948). 'Cass' tells us he is a Corporal in the R.A.F. at Cranwell and asks to be remembered to all his School pals.

Cox, G. (1948). Geoff is now serving his time in the R.A.O.C. at Aldershot.

Cozens, B. S. (1949). Brian is a R.A.F. type stationed at Compton Bassett, near Calne, Wilts. We were pleased to see you at the concert, Brian.

Elias, P. (1949). Citizens of Willesden Green will be pleased to know that Peter is now living in the Croydon area.

Fenton, L. S. (1946) is doing well in the exam. line. Passed his Intermediate of the Institute of C/Accountants and took a prize in the London Chamber of Commerce Exam. Congratulations and best wishes for the final.

Gibb, F. R. (1945) is now in London again working as a Civil Engineer on Power Station construction.

Goodfellow, J. (1939) was married this year to the sister of C. H. Bowden's (see above) wife. The four are setting up house together.

Harrison, D. W. (1948). Doug. is now at the R.N. Hospital, Haser, but fortunately not as a patient.

Hayman, M. J. (1949) is in the R.A.O.C. at Bramley. He says he is looking forward to being a civilian again.

Horwood, R. J. (1946), who wrote a farewell message in our last issue, has sent his address in case anyone cares to write to him. It is "The Cottage," Luncarty, Rhodes Avenue, Claremont, Cape Town.

Lane, D. came along to the concert and decided to join the Association. Good show!

Lea, N. J. (1932). Promoted to District Manager of N.A.A.F.I. Still has his home in Bury St. Edmunds. Plays soccer and has now gained a referee's certificate.

Luft, C. (1929). Plays cricket for Pinner. Has two kiddies, and his brother Eddie has one.

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The News Sheet records the untimely death of John Jay, in a motor accident, while on holiday in France. John was the Senior Patrol Leader of my Scout Group, the 27/40th Willesden, and I well remember the shock felt by all of us. It also mentions that Peter Hart took over the position of Registrar - still a stalwart!

I took my final examinations for the Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales in May 1952 aged 21 and while waiting for the results of my exam, decided to continue my studies by working in America, and armed with the maximum amount of £25 which we were allowed to take out of the country, I set sail on the Queen Mary to New York and then made my way to Boston, where I lodged with an uncle and worked for a local firm of Certified Public Accountants, and made lifelong friends with my co-worker, a newly qualified CPA, Murray Herscott and his wife Norma. When I had saved enough money, I travelled by Greyhound bus along the entire Eastern Seaboard to Miami, encountering the terrible discrimination against black people in the towns of the South.

I received the welcome news that I had passed the Chartered Accountancy exam by cable early one morning in Charlestown, South Carolina. Returning to New York, having spent six months in the States, I returned to England on the Queen Elizabeth.

Now an ACA, I joined Touche Ross in 1952 as a Senior Auditor, travelling all over England and Wales, ending up as their first Management Consultancy assistant, then a spell as manager of a City firm, W. A. Browne & Co., with responsibilities for the audit of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China and many rubber and tea estates throughout the old colonies, before I took the plunge to start my own practice in 1955 from my bedroom in Dollis Hill. I progressed to a separate room when I married in 1956 and moved to Stanmore. Good relations with bank managers and solicitors coupled with my experience of both small, medium and large firms, my expertise in accountancy, aptitude for systems, costing and management information and structures and a good dose of luck, led to a rapid expansion and a series of office moves and intake of staff, until by 1967 I had offices in Grays Inn Road with about thirty staff, two other partners and several public company clients. In 1968 I joined Stoy Hayward, a well-respected firm, to start their Management Consultancy Department. I became the eighth partner and they had about 150 staff. When I retired at the end of 1986, we had fifty partners and 1,000 staff in the London Office.

I was Chairman of the European Region Management Advisory Services Committee of our International firm Howarth and Howarth International for many years and my wife and I made many friends with our partners and their wives throughout Europe and the USA.

I wrote/edited the book "Hotel Accounts and their Audit", published by the Institute of Chartered Accountants, which went into two prints and from which I still get royalties, mainly from European universities, which do not exactly keep me in the style to which I have become accustomed, but are still a recollection of past glories, and also wrote "Charities and Voluntary Organisations - the Honorary Treasurer" also published by the Institute of Chartered Accountants, drawn from my many years of experience of being Honorary Treasurer of several national charities.

After I retired from practice at the end of 1986, I took up Executive and Non-Executive directorships with many of my old clients and in particular, became a Co-Trustee of a Charitable Trust I formed for the mother of my Co-Trustee, John Apthorp, the founder of the Bejam Group Plc and later Chairman of Majestic Wines Plc.

On Milly Apthorp's death, the Trust inherited all her property and over the years, has distributed over £25 million to charitable causes.

Deciding to cut back on my activities, the Trust is scheduled to be wound up by April 2015 and I am now able to devote my time to travelling, painting and golf. I am able to swim nearly every day as I have an indoor pool and keep myself pretty fit, even though I have just broken my fibula, falling down a slippery slope from the 18th tee at Grim's Dyke, which has somewhat restricted my activities for now, but has at least given me the time to write this screed.