



oldARDINIAN

Number 29 - Michaelmas Term 2009

OA WEBSITE

Web Managers, **Hugh Letheren** (E 58-63) & **Michael Nash** (JH & H 60-67) report:

James Mason-Hudson (AB 01-03) has created an OA group on LinkedIn (see article). At the time of writing it has 17 members including the current OA President, Vice President & Newsletter Editor – please remember the site is open to all, so you may find non-OAs there.

Stuart Eu (JH & M 76-83) has posted a great discussion topic within the group... What did you actually enjoy about Ardingly? Worth keeping an eye on!

We would like to include more OA activity on www.oldardinians.com - please could any OAs who are organising events ensure we are copied in so that we can add the dates and link on the site?

OA Ties... you're not dressed without them!

To find the OA Memorabilia section, go to www.oldardinians.com then click on "About Us" and there should be a menu link to OA Memorabilia. Or you can cheat and use this link www.oldardinians.com/public/about_us/oamemorabilia.aspx

You do not need to be a registered user to access this page, but as you are there... it's as good a time as any to join the other 360 OAs who have!

OA Lodge Meetings:

Tuesday, 8th December 2009
Wednesday, 3rd March 2010

Meetings are held at Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, London. If you are a Mason, do come.

From your President

Dear Old Ardinian,

I know that there are other articles about Andrew Greves in this issue but I would like to record my personal praise and thanks for the dogged way Andrew continued to keep the OAFC afloat despite his illness.

When I left Ardingly my brother introduced me to the world of OA football and to Andrew. That's a slight lie. I had been down sampling the ale at Whitley Village, where the home games were played for a couple of seasons before with the school 1st team, I hasten to add as an official and not a player! Andrew made you feel very welcome from the beginning and when I started playing regularly for the thirds (or veterans as I think we were called then) he could not have been more helpful. It is amazing to think that we were able to put out three teams some Saturdays! I ended up running the clubhouse for a few seasons and I like to think that I may have taken a bit of the pressure off a gentleman who strove to get 33 'fit' men on the pitch most weekends.

There are many reasons why a football club loses its players. My excuse was work and moving to Scotland, but hopefully we now have two young OAs who have taken over the administration of the

club. It would be a fitting tribute to Andrew if we could get a regular eleven together after he did so much just to keep the club going.

There is not much more to report from the President. I am still trying to arrange another meeting with the Headmaster, Peter Green, so if you have any points you would like me to discuss with him please e-mail me.

The website goes from strength to strength and my continued thanks to all those who keep it going. If you have not signed up yet - why not?

I joined the Master of the OA Lodge together with other Lodge members, school staff and families at the first of what we hope will be regular occasions after the Lodge meeting in June at the College. My thanks to the chef and waiting staff that stayed on to look after us. The food has certainly changed since I was a pupil. While mentioning the Lodge please remember that you do not have to have been a pupil at the College to consider joining. Parents of OAs are most welcome as candidates or joining members.

Finally, once again at this time of the year I wish all OAs around the world a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

Chris Wilson, OA President

Breaking (wind?) News...

Following the success of the OA Curry Clubs in Crowborough and London, we would like to establish one in Haywards Heath. Anyone interested in coming along should contact **Fenella Holmes** (C 83-85) tel. 01444 831119 or e-mail fenella@fenellaholmes.com.

Ardingly Annals Archive

The OA Society is indebted to Hilary Fairbairn who has donated a collection of The Ardingly Annals from 1935 – 72 that her father, **Andrew Fairbairn** (D 35-40) amassed. Andrew died in 07 aged 85.

OAs can now link up on LinkedIn!

James Mason-Hudson (AB 01-03) writes: Just to let you know that I have created an OA group on the professional networking site LinkedIn, which may be of interest to OAs interested in business networking. The group is called "Old Ardinians (Ardingly College)" and can be found at www.linkedin.com/groups?gid=1644607&trk=hb_side_g

LETTERS

Ed's Comment: I would like to start this section of our newsletter by expressing my personal sadness at the loss of **Andrew Greves** (D 58-62). He was a true friend to the OAs, a champion of the OA Football Club, former OA President and loyal OA Society supporter. I well remember the passion with which he spoke about OAFS to the "6th form leavers" on more than one occasion. I am sure he has touched the lives of many OAs from numerous generations, leaving them richer for the experience. Our best wishes go to his family.

Paul Phillipson (G 66-70) has written: I am shocked and indeed very, very sorry to hear the sad news of **Andy Greves**.

He and I have not been in touch for many years, however I have clear memories of countless OA football games that he organised. In the early 70s he roped me in to play as often as I could (I was studying at Loughborough back then). I seem to remember that he usually played at right back and I played left!

Since retiring from professional cricket with Sussex CCC in 1986 my family and I have been living in Cape Town, in fact **Max Elwood** contacted me just the other day and we are arranging to meet up soon.

I am sure there will be a large number of loyal OAs at Andy's funeral tomorrow. Please pass on my best wishes to anyone that may remember me. Andy served the Football Club with huge distinction and will be sadly missed, of that I'm sure.

Peter Hufflett (E 41-46) writes: **Chris Wilson** asked if there were other books on OAs. I imagine everyone knows of DOUBLE BILL (80 years of entertainment) by **Bill Cotton**. About himself and his father, Bill was of course, head of Light Entertainment at the BBC for many years, and his father had the most famous band for years. On page 17 he talks of Ardingly when he and his brother were there. On page 72 he mentions **Mike Hawthorn**.

The fun part for me was to do with the Army. Bill and I left school in '46 and met at primary training in Norwich, this was easy after the School Corps. Then we met up at the OCTU, Mons Barracks Aldershot under RSM Britain, Coldstream Guards. A famous and frightening character! Many OAs must have been through this OCTU. The fun part is on pages 25 & 26 - Bill mentions the fact that one day on parade he felt a bit dozy (not a good thing to do), RSM Britain said to Bill "Are you a spiritualist Sir?" Bill "No Sir". "Well you have your head on an ethereal plain, your body in the West End and your feet in Aldershot - put him in the guardroom!"

Years later RSM Britain came to the BBC for some event and Bill said to him: "Stand there and do not move until I tell you!" which Bill and Britain must have both enjoyed. Maybe some of you have read it.

Michael Bryan (JH & A 46-54) observes: Have read the latest issue and want to say it is a fabulous one. The emasculated pelican has stirred very

strong feelings and rightly so. Maybe this "thing" should be placed in the Head's Garden (or whatever name it has these days) where it cannot blight the view.

Peter C Benner (G 1950-56) has written to add some information about two items in issue 27.

MICHAEL WATTS (27 p3) who had also been my housemaster, sadly died some years ago aged about 73, when I was in touch with his widow Gill. After leaving Ardingly, Michael went to a Headship at a state-subsidised boarding school at Woolverstone near Felixstowe, and then to a Headship at Yarm Grammar School near Stockton where he stayed until retirement. I recall him with affection as an inspired History teacher who did much to promote my career at Cambridge (and my abiding interest in the works of Dylan Thomas). Michael's sister Helen, a noted contralto famous for her interpretation of the choral works of Bach, is, I think, still alive.

THE KENYON FAMILY (27 p7) I can add something to the item by **Keith Hawes** (organiser of our splendid 150 year celebration in my "local" last year). On coming down from Cambridge in 1959 I, for some forgotten reason, found myself on the OA Committee which then used to meet in the Public Schools Club in Piccadilly. The Society could then have been said to have had a "Double Bill" - **Bill Kenyon** as President and **Bill Ellingsworth** as Secretary. As a result I was recruited into my first association with the Southern Division Committee of the Woodard Schools Benefit Fund, a body still existing and of which I have twice had the honour of being Chairman, the second of which is hopefully about to end! I became what was known as "Bill Kenyon's runner"; investigating welfare claims on the Fund.

Bill Kenyon and his brother **Tom** (also an OA) were partners in a firm of solicitors, Tickle & Co, who had offices off Southampton Row. Unfortunately their company logo on their envelopes was not very distinct and my dear mother erroneously assumed that Tickle & Co were my bookmakers (not surprisingly in view of the name) and that I was perhaps having too many a tickle and spoke earnestly to my father about it!

I have an enduring memory of Bill Kenyon presiding over Dinners/Balls at the Grosvenor House - a substantial figure prone to leaning over backwards when talking to you and who was apparently only kept in balance by a very large cigar!

Graham Kenyon was the son of Tom and was also a solicitor, practising in Tunbridge Wells but after I was there in the early sixties. I actually then married a Kenyon, but not related, as far as I know.

Tony Morton (B 49-54) adds: Many thanks for the Annals, just arrived. I was particularly interested in the reminiscences about **'Taffy' Watts**. I remember him with great affection. As mentioned, his sister, Helen, was an often-heard

contralto in the concert halls and on the radio. I think she came and sang the alto solos in the B Minor Mass for us at Ardingly one year. Taffy himself was no slouch, having a delightful tenor voice. I think he sang the tenor arias. He was the 'Evangelist', too, in a fine St Matthew's Passion we did at Ardingly in the early fifties. **Robert Carrington** (father one of the first King's Singers, Simon) was the bass. We also sang the Passion at Lancing and Hurst in the same year. **Robin Miller** was the superb Director of Music then who got all this going among a great deal of other music (the Brahms' Requiem comes to mind.) Many thanks again.

And finally, from the man who started the search for info on "Taffy" Watts...

Richard Crosby (G 55-63) sent the following sad postscript: The Times today (22nd October 09) carried an obituary of **Helen Watts** CBE, the internationally famous contralto and sister of Michael (Taffy) Watts. She was 81. She sang in Messiah at Ardingly together with her brother.

ALL ABOARD... **Iain Paxton** (A 63-67) responds to a Presidential plea: Chris Wilson asked, in the last Old Ardinian, for information on the steam locomotive "Ardingly". In fact two steam locos have carried this name, the first was built in 1881 by the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway and was scrapped around the time of the First World War. The second "Ardingly", the one to which Chris refers, was built at Eastleigh in Hampshire by the Southern Railway in 1933. It was one of the "Schools Class" 4-4-0 express passenger locos and was numbered 917. Sadly it was scrapped in the 1960s. However at least two identical locos have survived; No. 925 "Cheltenham" is in the National Railway Museum here in York, but better still for steam 'buffs', No. 926 "Repton" has been restored and can be seen working regularly on the North Yorkshire Moors Railway between Pickering and Whitby.

I hope that this does not make me appear too much of an 'anorak' but steam transport has been a long term interest of mine.

Ardingly Beati Mundo Corde letterbox – where has it gone (on strike with the post office)?

Simon Williams (H 60-65?) needs help: My brother and I spent last weekend in Tavistock and looked very carefully for the Ardingly Beati Mundo Corde letterbox. We identified - we think - the lone rock described, and the bearing and distance took us to a very likely hiding place but it was empty. Clearly we may have failed, but also the box may have been removed! I want to write a piece for the Annals or website about our attempt but really need to know which it is. Do you have any contact details for the 'Old Man of the Moor' who presumably first placed the box or Andrew Alsop who last found the box sometime during the last two years? Despite our 'failure' we had an excellent if rather wet walk.

I would be most grateful for any help with this. If the box is still there (and confirmed to be) we will try again!

And following on...



John Deane (A 68-73) With a couple of spare days of holiday left, I decided to try to find this elusive letterbox on Dartmoor. Below is my account.

The challenge laid down in the last newsletter from The Old Ardinian, I decided that a trip Westward was called for to seek out this elusive letterbox on Dartmoor. Armed with no more than a copy of a map printed off from the internet of the appropriate location taken from the Ordnance Survey Landranger map series, and a trusted new iPhone, I set off to the Hamlet of Peter Tavy. On the map, indicated with a huge blue "P" in a box, which I took to mean a car park. What I found was a small gravel circle off the left of a single track road, with a granite rock face as a backdrop, perhaps large enough to accommodate around five cars - not

quite the regulated variants we are used to in urban society. I made a quick survey of the surrounding features and was satisfied that I had indeed arrived at my intended location.

I had originally intended to pitch a small tent and rough it overnight, but since my arrival time was delayed somewhat by my car breaking down on the journey, I arrived at sunset. With the light fading away fast, and the sight of a huge black beetle scurrying across the footpath, the idea quickly receded, and the invitation of one of the local public houses seemed much more appropriate. I ventured into the MARYTAVY INN, which advertised rooms etc., however they were all being renovated at the time. Having just purchased a full pint, I spent the next few minutes joining in a conversation with the landlord, who asked me why I was visiting. Explaining that I was looking for a letterbox on White Tor, he promptly disappeared for a few seconds and produced another letterbox! Letterboxes are scattered all over Dartmoor apparently, though the one I was looking for wasn't behind the bar of the Inn! With a recommendation from the landlord, I made my way to the Fox & Hounds. The time was 10:30pm and all I could see through the window was someone clearing. I attracted his attention by knocking, and was let in. Fortunately there were plenty of rooms available and was pleasantly surprised with the well-appointed accommodation. (The breakfast served up the following morning was a delight, and was so satisfying that I didn't need any more food until I returned home in the evening.) Returning back to the "car park" previously

found, I set off on my trek. It is not a particularly challenging walk, unless the weather be angry. It took approximately 45 minutes to reach White Tor. I could give detailed directions, but then that might take away some of the challenge. However, having located what I believed was the "Large lone boulder with a horizontal crack" (see photo) as described by the "Old Man of the Moor", I tried in vain to locate the letterbox. I spent a total of one and half hours around the summit of White Tor, turning over as many boulders as were turnable, but in vain. I suspect the letterbox has been found by someone, and "relocated" or pinched. However, I really enjoyed the experience, and although the wind was a trifle strong on the summit (see my YouTube video clip by typing in WhiteTor in the search field), I left knowing that I would have to return again to attempt to find this elusive letterbox.

Can the "Old Man of the Moor" or anyone else who has previously found it please revisit and let me know whether it is still there? If not, then I will be more than happy to revisit and replace it with a new one. The GPS on my iPhone told me that I was at location 50°35'21"N, 4°3'39"W. I hope that this is the correct location.

Ed Comments – the "Old Man of the Moor" is more of an enigma than the Stig! His whereabouts are known only to a few and our only hope is that he will make contact again. On that bombshell... **Old Man, are you out there? Please call!**

OA CONFESSIONS...!

Peter Hufflett (E 41-46) took advantage of a loophole... I believe it is now safe to mention this. During my last two years at Ardingly 45 & 46 I had two short visits into the San (which was over the kitchens in those days). I realised when you were dismissed by Sister Fell (Battleaxe) there was no further check on you. You just returned to the dorm about 7.00 pm and then joined normal routine. The first time I persuaded Abele to join me and the second Hammond and Clayson. We crept up through the swimming pool woods (there were no buildings at all in that area) then to the garage on the left in the village taking their old taxi to Haywards Heath station. We then took the train to Brighton where my mother ran a hotel. We enjoyed a three-course dinner and comfortable night, spending the next day on recreational activities in Brighton, later returning to Haywards Heath. Taxi to Upper Upper, through woods again and into dorm by 7.00 pm, very enjoyable, considering the travel restrictions we all had on us.

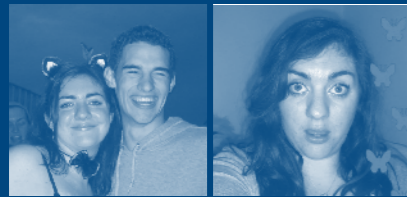
David Kelsey (E 46-50) provided the following: In common with several farmers' sons at College post war, I kept a single barrelled 12 bore shot gun. Together with the cartridges, it was looked after by one of the head 'Gobbos' in the School House boiler house adjacent to the squash courts. I believe that the rent was a packet of cigarettes plus rabbits! Prior to myxomatosis, rabbits were rife in the farmland around the school. My mother had sewn a tube inside my trousers to take the barrel and a pocket inside my tweed jacket to accommodate the stock. I well remember on one occasion walking down the farm hill and meeting Bill Cree, the Science master, coming up from his house at Saucelands. I was having to walk with a stiff leg due to the barrel in my trousers and Mr Cree enquired as to whether I had

an injury, to which I replied that it had happened on the football field! I would imagine that any pupil committing such an offence at the present time would make press headlines and it would not do the school too many favours either! I also recall having a double Biology period when the master, Mr Banbury I recall, came into the lab with a shotgun and told us to revise in the first period. He then returned with several rabbits for dissection in the second period.

Lastly, there was the occasion when **Tony Gibbs** (E 45-49) and I decided to hitch hike to watch county cricket at Hove after we had finished our School Cert exams. We were picked up outside the College gates by a flat bed lorry with a tarpaulin-covered lump on the back. We held on to the front boards behind the cab. However, we found it rather disconcerting when the lorry swerved, to reveal the horned head of a dead bullock leering out from under the tarpaulin. Yes, we found that we were on the back of a "knacker's lorry". I bet the driver laughed to think that he had two College boys on the back, although I must admit that coming from a farming background I was not too bothered, being more interested in getting to the cricket.

John Foster (E 42-44) adds: In wartime Ardingly food was just a little on the short side (for me anyway). The only solution to occasional hunger was to do some cooking for myself. So I took a portable stove, a few ingredients and cutlery to the woods across the road for some much-needed munching. Sadly, on the way back, just past the gates, clanking noises from my carrier bag alerted someone to report this outrageous behaviour. Needless to say later that day I was called from Prep in the Under to receive six of the best from Tilt. So that put a stop to my illegal feeding habits.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?



Larissa Hunter (JH & J, K, T & WG 96-03) When **Mark K-P** asked me to submit this piece, I had absolutely no idea of what to write as I feel I'm still really at the beginning of my life. I decided to look to the previous two editions

of the Old Ardinian for some inspiration and my fears were confirmed as all the previous authors had a plethora of life experience to draw from.

Despite this, after having left Ardingly a mere six years ago in 2003 I feel like a whole lifetime has flown by. When I first left, I spent a year working in London which in itself was a massive life experience, before starting my four year slog at The University of Kent in Canterbury, however this did result in a Masters degree in Drama and Theatre Studies, so I suppose there is a slight sense of pride and accomplishment, who am I trying to kid. On graduation day I was grinning like a Cheshire cat.

Whilst at University, my love for performing developed and despite a creative degree (including producing my own one woman show which was made all the better by having some of my fellow Old Ardinians in the audience supporting me) I spent a lot of time performing in extra curricular shows. Two particular highlights were recording my 12-track demo and performing at Her Majesty's Theatre in a West End variety show.

Life hasn't exactly been an easy ride since leaving University - with work being sparse on the ground. I'm happy to say that Jeremy Kyle and the Loose Women did not become my new best friends, however I've had some great opportunities. Last Summer I worked for the BBC and I have just finished working at the Arts Council, these have at least given me some great baby steps into the arts world.

Ardingly memories for me have always had that 'post D of E type feeling' - when you're doing it there are moments that make you question what on Earth possessed you to do it, but afterwards you wouldn't change it for the world!

I went to see Ian Hislop give a talk at St Katherine's and one of the most interesting moments for me was when someone brought up "Ardingly ghost stories" and Ian mentioned the Green Hand! It was hysterical to know that the story came from so long ago but still had such an impact when I was there from 1996-2003.

When I look back at Ardingly the memories are always a combination of pink glitter, fairy wings, rifles and a CCF uniform; and one of my favourite quotes will always be Clare Jarmy saying to me, 'Baz, whenever I think of you I will always remember you in your CCF Uniform with your pink sparkly lip-gloss in your jacket pocket'. I think this not only epitomises the eclectic person I was back then but could still be used to describe the person I am today. I am striving towards that West End stage once again and I'm sure that in fifty years time when I am an aging Diva dripping in Tiffany's diamonds and mink stoles I will have a lot more to say so stay tuned.

Ed comment: House letters... Larissa was in the Senior School during an interesting phase in house names! She was, pre 07, in Toynbee (J) & Aberdeen (K) then post 07 Toynbee again but now (T) then finally Woodard (WG) - all clear now?

Our thanks to Larissa for agreeing to become a Year Group Rep - do get in touch with her (see back page for contact details)

Tony Morton (B 49-54) Remembers: Early Days... 1969!

Well, early for me, anyway! Our first few months in Australia are still fresh in my mind - the 'rose-coloured spectacles' perhaps, everything was brightly coloured. Sun warmed - no, hotted! - buildings at midnight; agapanthus growing on tips of garden soil, not in a greenhouse; the 'curator' planting couch grass on his cricket pitch whereas I had, only a month previously, seen the 'groundsman' extirpating it ruthlessly from his.

We were here for two years. One of the last of the 'ten-pound Poms' to come out by ship, we'd had a wonderful five-week cruise on the Chandris lines' Ellinis. Great food, our first taste of Australian wine (Hamilton 9/4d a bottle), delicious ice-cream ('It's Peter's' said the waiter, when I asked him who the on-board

genius was who'd made it). The children were looked after and taught to draw koalas and kangaroos, we visited Las Palmas and Capetown, saw several species of albatross, sat with strange people who put hair rollers and teeth in for dinner and never came up on deck.

Disembarking early one morning in Melbourne, Customs confiscated my copy of Updike's *Couples* (or was it Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint*?) and let us out into the city. One immediately felt at home. There were fish and chip shops and the letterboxes were red. Policemen wore blue (a French teacher, I approved of their motto 'Tenez le Droit' - now translated). Happily, this was not the rule of the road, however. I felt even more at home.

It was about a week before Term 1 started so, being keen, I wandered round the school. Grim and efficient, I thought. Shoehorned into a city gym, but everything seemed to be there - hall, music school, tuck-shop, gym, swimming pool etc. It was all locked up so I couldn't get into anything. The three or four cricket nets on what I discovered later was the Steele were concrete strips with rubberized matting. I strolled over. In England, in a school with half the number of pupils, I had been used to twenty nets on grass on a small part of the huge grounds (featured in the Guinness Book of Records as being the largest piece of mown grass in the U.K. - Longbowmen came there on Midsummer's Day to try to beat the long distance record).

I approached the nets. On one was a notice bearing the legend 'NO SPRIGS ON MALTHOID'. All thoughts of feeling at home in Australia fled. What did this mean? I had taught at a school where the year's new boys had been called Sprogs. Could this be a colonial corruption? What, or who, was Malthoid? Was he one of those New Australians I had heard about? Did this edict mean that no new boy could bully Mr Malthoid? I imagined a doddering retainer grown old in the service of the school. Were you then allowed to torment Mr Malthoid in your second and subsequent years? Even I could see that this didn't make sense. Fortunately for my sanity a splendid blond bloke hove into view. Another keen master (apart from the delightful Librarian we were all male - or at least maleish - then) was casing the joint. I found out that we'd be taking (sorry, coaching) the under 16s cricket between us. He was able to explain the shibboleth. This relieved me considerably. All it meant was that you shouldn't wear studded boots in the nets because they would damage the matting.

Term started. On average, the MGS boys seemed huge compared with the puny Poms I was used to, even though the latter left school at 18, having had two years in the sixth form for their A-levels. (I'm talking about 1969, don't forget. Things have changed!) Sporting records, too, were far better than most of the English equivalents, especially in swimming. I came to realize that in all sports the participants had an optimism, a confidence, a determination and a will to win that was often lacking in England.

The converse to this was that even the coaches became rabidly one-eyed in their longing for their team to win. I also had to get used to crazy parents on both sides galumphing down the touchlines abusing the umpires. Among the boys, I felt that there was an arrogance, an inability to lose (or win) gracefully, a lack of 'sportsmanship', an unwillingness to accept the 'umpire's decision', a desire to trample the opposition down and jump on them. Heaven forbid that the teams should mingle before and after the match! I found this distressing, for surely, in school sport anyway, it is to teach exactly the opposite that we play these games. Isn't it? Otherwise, what is the use? O tempora! O mores! I blame it all on Australian Rules Football! Perhaps we need different life skills nowadays, however! Certainly the crowd-led, Channel 9-fed spectacle that purports to be cricket in the 21st Century implies this. A game I loved has been completely ruined - for me, at any rate.

Having gone to school in India in the 40s, it was great to come across echoes of the Raj in vocabulary: veranda, togs and togroom, flywire, waterbag, Coolgardie, gymshoes, gumboots, kit, rig. As in India, the sun always had warmth in it. The flora and fauna were different and fascinating. Once in Australia, a wonderful feeling of freedom came over me. Arriving at Breakfast Creek after dark one Friday, to do a recce for the Corporals' Course, awakening in the bush for the first time, the next morning was absolute magic. We went camping every holiday, once right up to Cooktown. We're still here. We never saved up the return fares!

Ardingly College Lodge

Lodge Secretary, **Paul Wolff** (JH & G 54-62) reports:

The Lodge held its 2009 Summer meeting at Ardingly in June, and we followed it up with an excellent dinner at the school with members of staff. This was a first, as far as anyone can remember, and we are looking forward to repeating it next year. We owe many thanks to Mike Sinfield and his team in particular for providing us with a first class meal, to Gesa Paulfeierborn for her constant help with our requests and requirements, and to all others from the school who made it work, including Sarah Fricker, Andrea King, Patrick McGahan and Neville Barker. We really enjoyed our evening.

We don't meet between June and October, when our new year starts again. This time around, Mike Byford-Bates is staying in the Master's chair for a second year. There are a number of other Masonic orders supported by the Woodard schools, including the Woodard Royal Arch Chapter, which was originally sponsored by the Ardingly College Lodge. Last year the Woodard Chapter was privileged (dare I say it) to have had Ardinians in each of the three Principals' chairs.

As always, we would like to keep in touch with all Freemasons in the Ardinian community, and also those who would like to know more about Freemasonry, who are connected with Ardingly in any way, whether as Old Ardinians, present or former staff, parents, and others. Our easiest point of contact is through me, **Paul Wolff**, the Lodge secretary, via the email address: paul@wolff.co.uk.

The next Lodge meeting dates at Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, London, are Tuesday, 8th December 2009, and Wednesday, 3rd March 2010. Our next Summer meeting is scheduled for Saturday 19th June 2010, but the date is subject to confirmation.

Our Master, **Mike Byford-Bates**, writes:

It doesn't seem a year ago that I explained my objectives during my time as Master of the Ardingly College Lodge. At our June meeting I was elected to serve for a second year, which gives me a little longer to attempt to achieve the goals aimed for.

Our first goal is to widen membership of the Lodge, and we continue to welcome both potential members' enquiries and actual new members. Meanwhile apart from yourself, if you have a brother or father who is interested in learning more please put them in touch. We would also be pleased to hear from old boys of other Woodard Schools residing in the environs of London who are interested in Freemasonry.

The second goal was much easier to achieve and has led to making new friends from other Woodard Colleges and their visitors. To date I have visited Old Lancing Lodge who are also London based; Hurst Johnian Lodge at Hurstpierpoint College; Old Denstonian Lodge at Denstone College; and Old Aluredian Lodge, formed from past pupils of Kings College, Taunton. They actually meet in Taunton, not at the school. In October I am planning to visit Ellesmere College, and Denstone, who will be celebrating their 75th anniversary.

I also visited a number of the Public Schools Lodges meeting in London; however, to keep this short, I will not list them all!

To which I add that I myself enjoyed Ellesmere's hospitality in September, and that a number of us were present at the 2009 Public Schools Lodges Council Festival, this year held at Eton College, and enjoyed a glorious Summer's day there with many old and new friends. The Festival has been allocated to Ardingly in 2022, our Lodge centenary - if your 2022 diary is handy, do make a note!

OLD ARDINIAN GOLFING SOCIETY

- from **Chris Greenacre** (JH & F 53 - 62)
on behalf of **Bill Maingot** (C 52-56)

2009 Results

West Sussex GC - Holloway Cup

First	Gary Holloway	36pts
Second	Bill Gibbs	35pts (On count back)

School

First	Marie Gruger	31pts
Second	Ben Henning	30pts

Match v The School

OAs	4	School	1
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Piltdown GC

First	Chris Abbott	41pts
Second	Colin McBride	36pts

The Berkshire GC - Lee Cup

First	Neil Mather	34pts
Second	Gary Holloway	31pts (On count back)

Guests

First	Peter Morley	34pts
Second	Andy Weddell	33pts

Walton Heath GC - Captain's Prize

First	Simon Chapman	38pts (On count back)
Second	Gary Holloway	38pts

The Walton Heath and our final meeting of the year took place recently and it was reported that the Captain's Prize was played in exceptionally warm sunshine on a true Indian Summer's day. Unfortunately we failed to qualify for the finals of the Grafton Morrish, coming up against some very stiff opposition at Knowle Park in May. However we did fare better in The Public Schools Putting Competition at Royal Wimbledon in June and although we did not make it through to the final, we will be returning in 2010.

Dates for 2010:

West Sussex GC and School Match - Thursday 22nd April 2010

ARDINGLY IN KENYA NDOGO PRIMARY SCHOOL

Colonel Harry Vialou Clark (A 53-58) Eight lucky 6th formers and staff members visited the school in July as part of a trip set up by **Gesa Paulfeierborn** to see the new school we have built and that Ardingly has funded. It was a tremendously successful and happy visit.

Ed comment... a little background for you: Kariandusi School Trust (KST) is a charity set up in 2003 by Old Ardinian, Harry, for the advancement of education amongst children in rural Kenya. KST constructs school buildings and facilities and provides educational materials in those schools. KST was originally conceived to build just one school but has successfully continued to raise enough funds and support to commit to building a total of nine schools, all of which will help transform lives, provide relief from poverty and give hope for a brighter future for countless Kenyan children. Visit www.kariandusi.co.uk to find out more.

Harry also founded the Langelanga Scholarship Fund (www.langalanga.org.uk) to provide scholarships 'for the bright and poor' from KST schools, and others. 176 scholarships have been awarded since 1999. The first scholar, Hosea Ndung'u, has just graduated from Nairobi University with the top 1st Class Honours degree in Electronics and Electrical Engineering.

Links to the charity can be found on www.oldinginians.com (or cheat... www.oldinginians.com/public/about_us/charities.aspx)

OBITUARIES

Andrew Emmerson Greves (D 58-62)
President of the OA Society 90-91
Born 15th January 1944, died 3rd October 2009.

Jonathan Pennington (G 57-62) writes: Andrew was born January 1944 and brought up in Surrey. He went to Ardingly in the Spring Term 1958. He played Soccer for 1stXI and was school hurdles champion, competing in several county matches. Despite an unpleasant and rare viral illness, which kept him in Cuckfield Cottage Hospital for several weeks in his last year at school, he passed his A levels well (with particular help from his history tutor, Michael Watts), and left in December 1962, to attend St Andrew's University where he studied Economics.

After graduating with a 2:1 in 1966. Andrew worked at TUC headquarters, including a spell as Vic Feather's PA. He then worked in HR at London Transport where he built a reputation as a good negotiator and a fair arbitrator. During the disputes between the unions and the management in the 80s, Andrew was respected by all through his ability to see both sides of the argument.

His last formal job was at Unipart, where many changes took place during his time in Personnel. Characteristically, he managed difficult decisions with integrity and fairness.

Throughout his working life, Andrew was a dedicated sportsman, playing squash, golf and above all soccer. He was the mainstay of OA football for many years, often seeming to keep the Club running almost single-handedly at times, especially during recent years when Old Boy football seemingly lost its appeal to school leavers. He was Hon Treasurer of the Arthur Dunn Cup competition from 76 - 86, and held various positions for the Arthurian League. From 1970 he was on the Committee, he became Chairman in 1971 and Vice-President in 1980.

Andrew married Ruth Fitzgerald; they lived for many years in Eynsham and, latterly, in Old Headington, with their daughters, Katie and Caroline. His sporting enthusiasm ensured the girls received total support for their chosen activities, culminating in Katie rowing in the women's eight at the Beijing Olympics, a moment of great pride for Ruth and Andrew.

Andrew suffered from various illnesses throughout his life, which he bore with great fortitude and considerable, if at times dark, humour. He suffered a brain tumour eight years ago, which was treated at the Nuffield; he made a pretty good recovery but then... he was diagnosed with a form of leukaemia about three years ago, suffered ups and downs, and lately seemed to be getting on top of it when it suddenly became aggressive, and he died in the Nuffield on 3 October with Ruth by his side.

Andrew was quite a mix of personalities: he was clever, intelligent, very hard-working and a great organiser. He was quick-witted and laconic. But his outstanding characteristics were his thoughtfulness, thoroughness and dedication.

All who knew Andrew send their condolences to Ruth, Katie and Caro; and we shall remember

Andrew with great affection and not a little smile. He was one of the good guys.

Peter Tuck (JH & D 37-41) who was also a President of the OA Society and a predecessor of Andrew as President of the OA Football Club writes from Vancouver: A wonderful friend and a great OA. I first met Andy when we joined up on the OAFc, he as Secretary and myself as President for 14 years. He made a perfect, hardworking Secretary and a very keen footballer and I can say in all truth he **was** the Club for many many years. A very popular chap with a wonderful sense of humour. It was mainly through him that for a while we had our own ground and pavilion, enabling us to entertain three elevens from the school. As you can imagine when you get 66 footballers showering after the games the Pavilion was filled with hot smelly odours and at the start of the next season Andy was heard to say 'this festering Pavilion'. We opened all windows and doors! In closing I would like, on behalf of all OAFc members, to say thank you Andy for all your hard work. We shall miss him.

A lifelong colleague of Andrew, **Ian Phillips**, composed the following tribute: Andrew became a friend of mine in September 1969 - the day I joined London Transport. He had been brought in as PA to a new member of the Board appointed by the Minister of Transport to shake the place up - it was a hostile and unfriendly deep end into which to be thrown.

Our relationship began with a shared role of attempting revolution, and very soon became a friendship for life based on shared values and aspirations. But it was a wonder we survived at all, given our behavior in what was an austere and very formal place. There was the time that Andrew saw the Chairman's silver tea tray on a trolley outside his office - what could be more natural to Andrew than to sweep up the biscuits and to eat them - only to find to his subsequent embarrassment that the tray was on its way in and not on its way out! There was the evening Andrew and I were walking down Petty France - probably to the pub - and both of us were demonstrating the limping action of the then Chairman, only to find when looking round that he was following us ten paces behind.

It would be easy to remember Andrew for some of his more irritating or idiosyncratic ways: he was always running late - ringing from central London to say he was just leaving, at the moment he was due for supper in Beckenham, or asking as he departed about midnight if there was a 24 hour garage nearby as he was running out of petrol, or arriving at the golf course without his golf shoes and having to play in a downpour with slippery desert boots!

There was the time when he was living in the mews in Kensington when his mini was stolen - only to turn up minus its front seats in our local police station - I remember him coming down to supper (late of course) and then taking him round to collect the car - to be driven back by Andrew sitting on an orange box and left at our house for repair. Andrew loved his sport, and with football, cricket and golf he had something for all periods of the year. As many here know he became a

mainstay of the Old Ardinian team - both in a playing and in an administrative sense. He was a stalwart of their central defence and kept playing, at least from time to time, until he was over sixty - indeed he once told me that as he got older and perhaps lacked the pace of his earlier days, he could make up for this by becoming both dirtier, and cleverer at keeping it from the referee.

I attended many of those games, particularly when Old Ardinians played their home games at the London Transport sports ground at Eden Park. When they got their own ground at Whiteley Village, I was there again at that great opening match where the opposition included Ray Wilson and George Cohen from the England World Cup team of 1966. And yes, I was there when John Pennington crashed in a late winner from fully thirty-five yards of unstoppable brilliance to win an Arthur Dunn cup game.

Andrew became a Chelsea supporter when he lived in Kensington and he and I were at Euston together in Spring 1970 when the Chelsea team returned in triumph from the first ever midweek replay of a Cup Final at Old Trafford. Incidentally, that was when Chelsea had a real team and not just a bunch of overpaid mercenaries.

Andrew loved his cricket, and in his later years became a regular umpire in the Oxfordshire league, often heard to be deploring the worsening standards of behavior on the field. Over recent years I enjoyed many games of golf with Andrew at Studeley Wood or at Cirencester - they were always close games because we were both about as bad as each other. My son in Los Angeles wrote to me saying that his memories of Andrew were of a wildly varying golf game, played in desert boots, and accompanied by profuse swearing, and our other son suggested that I should wear desert boots to the funeral as a mark of respect.

We all have our special memories of Andrew - some from football, some from other sports, some from business, and some from family contacts. I always felt that Andrew was dealt an incomplete set of cards - his redundancy from Unipart hit him very hard, although they kept taking him back when they realised that they couldn't do without him. In his working life he was contemptuous of those who valued the effect of cost cutting on their share options more than the importance of the individuals involved. He was a decent, concerned, and generous man.

His illness in 2001 began a slightly downhill process. But Andrew never complained about his lot, and he was lucky enough to be supported by the three wonderful women in his life. Behind a sometimes slightly abrupt manner was really a shy man who sometimes found it difficult to express his emotions. But what marked him out was: his loyalty to his friends, his integrity, his belief in high ethical standards of behaviour, the courage and good humour that he showed over the last eight years of failing health, and his love for his family and pride in their achievements. We will all miss him a great deal and will never forget him.

James Thomason (D dates unknown) has asked us to mention, in case any of his contemporaries are able to read it, that his brother, **Hugh Thomason** (C dates unknown), passed away in

August. He too was an OA - Lewington under a housemaster called Maloney!

Jill Button has written following the death, in 07, of her husband **Nigel Christopher John Button** (H 59-66?): Ardingly was a very large part of his life and he always spoke very fondly of his time there. It was through his friendship with another Ardinian - my cousin John Osmaston - that we met and were married in 1973.

Précis of the Eulogy:

Nigel was universally acknowledged to be of the old school but he was never old fashioned. To those who met him in business he displayed all of the traditional virtues of courtesy and integrity yet he never allowed time to dull his curiosity and enthusiasm for new or better ideas.

In a career that spanned 40 years Nigel worked for some of the best-known firms of the day, including De Zoete, Pidgeon and Quilters. He became a member of the Stock Exchange in 1979 and it was during his early career as a stockbroker that Nigel developed an instinct for the behaviour of markets that was to be a hallmark of his style as a professional investor.

A few weeks ago we had lunch together near his home and we talked about what he had achieved over the years. We talked about the challenges we had faced, the innovations he had made and his major contribution to giving Close Brothers' a serious presence in private client fund management. Nigel had the innate confidence required of any successful investor but he also had the modesty and self-awareness too. I recall asking him to take on the role of Chief Investment Officer. With typical candor he pointed out his strengths and weaknesses but said that if I needed him to do the job he would do his best. For five successful years he used all his experience and leadership qualities to steer our investment process through good markets and bad. Nigel, thank you, your best was more than good enough.

As a colleague one of the things I will remember is his creativity. And of course, as you know, there was a bit of the showman in Nigel. He enjoyed communicating with an audience whether it was speaking at a seminar to explain an issue of the day or composing Close Perspectives our in-house newsletter, which he designed and edited.

Forty years in any profession is a long time. In the City it is an age and from the early years Nigel saw much change. I did not know him then, I wish I had, but I suspect he did not change much. I suspect he always loved a challenge, the stimulation of the markets and the company of the many City people who became his friends.

I think it is fitting to close with the words from a letter written by one of Nigel's clients: *'he was a man for whom I had considerable respect, one whose judgement seemed always based in considered background and although he knew he had a health problem he carried it with dignity. His colleagues will carry his memory with affection and respect as I do.'*

As we all do.
Chris Boon, Colleague and Friend

OA Mission at St Katherine's

David Driscoll (A 57-61) writes: Following the success of the "Evening With Ian Hislop" last January, we are delighted to be able repeat the event with another OA: Sir David Manning will be in the hot seat on Monday 22 February for our second Ardingly Evening. He'll talk about his life in foreign affairs although I expect there will be some Ardingly anecdotes thrown in!

Sir David was a scholar at Ardingly, read modern history at Oriel College Oxford and subsequently went on to study at the John Hopkins University School of Advanced International Studies. Sir David joined the Foreign and Commonwealth Office in 1972 and after early postings in Warsaw, New Delhi and Paris and spells in Whitehall held a senior position at the British Embassy in Moscow in 1990. Three years later he returned to London holding key posts in the Foreign Office and represented the UK at the Conference on the former Yugoslavia in 1994. He was appointed British Ambassador to Israel in 1995 returning three years later to become a Deputy Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office and later Foreign Policy Adviser to Tony Blair in the period post 9/11, advising, among other things, on the conflicts in Iraq and the Middle East. In 2003 Sir David was appointed to Washington, the highest-ranking British diplomatic posting and on retirement was awarded the Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St Michael and St George (GCMG) in the 2008 New Year Honours. Since leaving the diplomatic service Sir David has joined the BG Group (formerly British Gas) on a part-time basis and at the beginning of this year was appointed by The Queen to a part-time, advisory role in the newly-formed household of Prince William and Prince Harry.

Please contact me to be put on the emailing list for further information to be sent to you.
DDriscoll@rfsk.org.uk

News from Our Regional & Sports Reps

The OA Society & the College have very few email addresses and we are very keen to use this medium for communicating with OAs. So...

...could we please encourage ALL OAs to get in touch with the reps in their region, preferably by email, in order that they can communicate any events they are planning?

FOOTBALL:

Prior to the recent and sad death of Andrew Greves, **Patrick Griffin** (JH & H 92-00) & **Luke Hultquist** (H 94-00) had been working with Andrew to help build up the OAFc numbers. On behalf of the OA Society I would like to thank them for the help they gave Andrew during his illness and for agreeing to step in to continue their good work in the future. Please do help support their efforts by getting in touch and better still, brushing the cobwebs off those boots and get onto the pitch!



REGIONS:

USA/CANADA (East) **Chris Ellis** (JH & H 68-76) reports: He is very hard at work!

SOUTH AFRICA (Cape Town)

Max Ellwood (G 46-51) reports: I have been in touch with the two other Western Cape based OAs and we're having a get together, probably on Saturday 14 November, this has to be finalised.

I have been going through the list of all Southern African OAs and there are only eleven of us, ten in RSA and one in Botswana. Altogether there are thirty-two on the whole continent, so representation is a bit thin!

Letters are going out to all the others in Southern Africa, very shortly, I hope that I get a reasonable response, but it's unlikely that we shall be able to arrange much socially owing to the geography!

OLD ARDINIAN SOCIETY WHO'S WHO 2009



ACTIVITY

President of OA Society
Dep. President of OA Society
Change of Address
Facebook Group

Llangalanga Scholarship fund (Kenya)
Lodge Master
Lodge Secretary
Minutes Secretary
Music
OA Newsletter Editor
OA Trust
OA Mission (St. Katherine's Trust)
OAs Photographer
OA Scholarships
School link
School Outfitter
Treasurer
Veterans
Web Managers

Year Group Rep

SPORTS

Cricket (President)
Football (President)

Bill Maingot

Hockey
Netball
Shooting
Tennis & Squash

REGIONS

Australia / New Zealand
Germany
Hong Kong
South Africa (Cape Town)
USA (Mid West)
USA / Canada (East)
USA / Canada (West)
UK - East Anglia
Northern
South East
South West
West Midlands

CURRY CLUBS

London
South East – Crowborough
– Haywards Heath

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Antonia Moll
Harry Vialou Clark
Mike Byford-Bates
Paul Wolff
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David Driscoll
Emma Duggan
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Lucy Tardrew

John Beaty
Max Lobermeyer
Mark Sharp
Max Ellwood
Timothy Day
Chris Ellis
Peter Tuck
Peter Newnham

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CONTRIBUTIONS WANTED! OAs have your say...

- Letters • Who's Who Feature • Births / Marriages / Obituaries • Sport / Events / Music
- Regional & International gatherings • Nostalgic memories / Photos (300dpi minimum)

Readers who have contributions to make to the newsletter should send them to: oa@sycamoredesign.co.uk
or call Mark on 01892 511165

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