

1

JULY, 1962

NUMBER 1.

OLD BOYS'

SUPPLEMENT

King's School,
Sherborne Park,
Northleach, Glos.

Secretary & Treasurer:
J.A.Chadwick,
** York.

EDITORIAL

Never in my wildest nightmares did I expect to occupy an Editorial Chair. I haven't got a green eyeshade and my blue-pencil is red. Also, I do not possess cold and piercing eyes – or so my girl friends of forty years ago gave me to understand.

Personally, I usually skip the Editorial but I am told that intelligent people set great store by it, and as I know that you are all intelligent people – no, it is not in my cheek – I will give my nearly all and hope to inform and interest you and generally give satisfaction.

To begin with, then, this first Supplement is experimental – like nearly everything else about the Association – and it will doubtless change, grow and mature in the light of experience. Also, my job is not to contribute but to select and arrange, and unless I am given the material to work on, I am rather up a gum tree. And if you have ever been up a gum tree you will know that there are more desirable eminences!

We do not seek to pry into your private affairs, nor would the humdrum 'common round and trivial task' – worthy and essential as it is – be of compelling interest to other Members, but the most of us at some time manage to crawl out of a rut and do something a little different – even if it is only getting married – only!

The slightly strange and unusual is what captures the interest, and so, if you go into orbit, or to prison, have a flower named after you, make an improbable journey, or win a vast sum of money on the Pools, just let me know the details and I will do the rest.

The second Reunion Dinner will again be held in the evening following the Old Boys' Hockey Match on Sunday, 18th November. As before it will be at the School, by what appears to be a majority wish, but also because no reasonable local hostelry can cope with us at a weekend. Again we shall assemble in the Hall at 7:15 p.m for a 'how-do-you-do' and a snatch of gossip until the gong calls us to a higher destiny at 7:30 or as soon after as the Fatted Calf is done to a turn.

This year, however, there are some changes.

Last time, I circularised you all at great monetary expense to the Association and time and expense to me, for that was the only way of notifying you all of the details. This year, however, this will not be necessary, for you have just been given the details. All you have to do is to note the date and time in your memo or engagement book and notify me that you wish to attend not later than 29th October. It is not that we want to be awkward or 'red-tapeish' but for purely organisational reasons this date must be absolutely final. After all, more than three months to think it over should be long enough and you don't HAVE to wait until the last post before writing!

Last year we enjoyed – and ‘enjoyed’ is the right word – a really smashing dinner, as many of you were kind enough to remark. Unfortunately, it was partly at Mr. Mosey’s expense, for the 12s. 6d that we tentatively fixed proved to be distinctly too optimistic. Well, if we are wise we learn from this experience! This year, therefore, the Dinner subscription will be 15s 0d but even at that my fingers will be permanently crossed until the Higher Mathematics has been done and the profit and loss known! A P.O. or cheque should accompany your notification to me that you wish to attend – of course.

Several Old Boys commented last time that, in some cases, they had great difficulty in recognising their late associates. Well, like Topsy, I expect that you have all ‘growed’, and I, in common with all schoolmasters, know how tantalising a vague familiarity to which you cannot attach a name, can be. The very good suggestion was made by more than one frustrated diner last time that at future reunions everyone should come with a piece of cardboard pinned to his jacket lapel with his name printed on it in large capitals with the years at school below. This suggestion I personally applaud for, being on the verge of senility, names become increasingly fugitive!

What I think may prove to be a very popular idea amongst all you plutocratic car owners (or borrowers of the family wagon) came from Mr. Coville. He suggests a special King’s School Old Boys’ car badge and enclosed the name and address of a firm making them. Mr. Coville is a Member after my own heart for the address was in York and so I slipped on my galoshes (it was raining at the time) and went to see them. The many samples I saw were most impressive and calculated to elevate the humble Morris well into the Upper Class. Each is hand painted and I should say very good value at 32s. 6d plus 2s. 3d for the bumper or bonnet attachment. They would execute any design that was decided upon and they gave me a couple of dozen illustrated pamphlets to bring away with me. Well, you cannot take up an hour of someone’s time and then walk out without something!

If you would like one of these pamphlets, just drop me a line and enclose a stamped and addressed envelope, and I will post one to you.

Quite a lot of my time has been taken up with the job of re-directing letters from one Member to another, or supplying sought after addresses, and this I have done quite willingly. However, this is a labour-saving, do-it-yourself age and who am I to be out-of-step with the times? Hence, the full list of names and addresses printed elsewhere in this Supplement. Many of you have asked for this and if anyone objects to his whereabouts and present occupation being known, I apologise to him in advance.

And now I think I have taken up enough of your time and space in the Supplement and, anyway, this Editorial Chair grows wearisome, and so like Lady Godiva, I will draw towards my ‘close’! I hope that this first effort will prove to be fully up to your expectations and I shall welcome constructive comment and suggestions for future editions. Farewell and good – luck.

THE INAUGURAL DINNER OF KING'S SCHOOL O.B.A.

On the evening of 19th November, 1961, a new part of King's School was born; a part that we all hope will become alive and vital, the King's School Old Boys' Association

The twenty Old Boys who were able to come, the Founder Members of the Association, were welcomed in the Great Hall by Mr.Mosey and Mr.Chadwick. After much lively discussion and reminiscence the dinner gong, which itself brought back a flood of memories, was sounded and after Grace, said by Mr. Mosey, dinner was served in the Dining Room. The meal was excellent one of soup, roast chicken, fruit salad and cream, all cooked by the School Chef and served by the ever-faithful Stanley, known to all except the very oldest of the Old Boys.

After dinner, several toasts were proposed: The Queen; Mrs. Mosey, who unhappily due to her father's serious illness was unable to be present; Absent Friends; Mr. And Mr. Mosey and Mr. Chadwick; and last but not least, the King's School Old Boys' Association.

Mr. Mosey then spoke briefly. "I have always insisted," he said, "that we are simply a large family learning how to live together whilst we are at school and taking that experience out into life to give 'that little extra' that a school like King's should teach us to do. Therefore, we should keep in touch with as many of the family members as possible. In this way we would have more friends, might possibly be able to help each other and could provide a unity of mutual trust and friendship – something rare and difficult to find in these days of selfishness and strife." Mr.Mosey also said that he wanted with all his heart to see the Association grow from this good beginning into something large and well-organised, and to this end was prepared to put in all his effort and all necessary money. He was not disappointed in the small number of people present; on the contrary, both he and Mr.Chadwick were well satisfied with the response to their first appeal to Old Boys. He made the point that great things often have small beginnings and it was now up to each Member to enrol as many new Members as possible.

It was then the turn of Mr.Chadwick to present some facts and figures concerning the Association. Out of approximately 400 letters sent out, some 60 replies were received and of those 42 actually became Members. So far the Association is financially self-supporting thanks to a generous initial donation by Mr. Mosey. Costs in the future could not be assessed as there is no precedent.

Various suggestions were then made by Members.

- (a) That in future Re-union Dinners might possibly held elsewhere, locally, at Bourton-on-the-Water, for example.
- (b) That the School Play be put on for an extra night especially for the benefit of the Old Boys.
- (c) That a magazine be printed giving names of Members, their present addresses whether married and, if so, whether there are any children. It was also suggested that a brief resume of their careers after leaving King's School would be of considerable interest.

(d) That during the summer the School be opened for a weekend for Members to come and enjoy the facilities of the School.

(e) That sub-centres of activity be opened in big towns and cities to give Members a chance to get together when they might not otherwise be able to do so.

When most of the port had been consumed and everyone had had his say, the meeting was adjourned to the Great Hall for a last cigarette. Some Members were allowed to look round the School and see the changes that had taken place over the years during which tour they were guided by the School Captain. The final farewells were said and the Members then left, thus bringing to a close the Inaugural Dinner of the King's School Old Boys' Association and surely the first of many happy re-unions.

R.H. Statham

KING'S SCHOOL OLD BOYS ASSOCIATION

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 30th APRIL 1962

To: Postage and Stationery	13	10	0	By: Grant from King's School, Sherborne	20	0	0
Printing	15	18	3	Subscriptions:			
Telephone		12	0	10@5/-d	2	10	0
Travelling Expenses		8	0	43@10/6d	28	7	0
Dinner Expenses	11	0	0	Dinner Subscriptions			
Balance being excess of income over expenditure	22	0	11	20@12/6d.	12	10	0
	<u>63</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>2</u>	Bank interest		2	2
					<u>63</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>2</u>
Accumulated fund:							
Excess of Income over expenditure	22	0	11	Cash at Bank	20	14	11
	<u>22</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>11</u>	Petty Cash in Hand	1	6	0
					<u>22</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>11</u>

We have prepared the above Income and Expenditure Account and Balance Sheet from the books and vouchers produced to us, and certify, according to the information and explanations we have received, that in our opinion these show a fair view of the state of the King's School Old Boys' Association's affairs for the year ended 30th April, 1962.

(signed) Ogden & Co. (Chartered Accountants)
Hon. Auditors

SUBSCRIPTIONS !

The Membership subscription is due each year on 1st June, a fact that will quite horrify most of you because you have forgotten all about it – at least, I hope that it will horrify you!

Two subscriptions came in the day before they were due but then every flock has its shining white sheep as well as its – well, the others!

What about it?

RIDDLE

When is an Old Boy not an Old Boy?

When you have given it up, forget it until the Dinner when, I hope, the answer will be forthcoming.

ENRIQUE ARTURO FABREGA

Old Boys who were at the School between the years 1949 to 1952 will certainly remember Fabrega. It could hardly be otherwise. He was the kind of boy that you do remember. It cannot be said that he distinguished himself scholastically for his main efforts were reserved for out-of-school activities – mainly illicit ones!

When he left in 1952, to return to Venezuela he passed out of everyone's ken and his further doings became matters only of speculation tinged with some misgiving.

It will come as a considerable surprise to everyone, therefore, to learn that he is now Doctor Fabrega, with a Doctorate in Pharmacy and that he is in charge of a large chemical concern in Caracas.

His road to success was no easy one, however, and the telling of it filled many closely typewritten pages. Not only had he to learn to burn the midnight oil and work but he had such distractions and difficulties as political upheavals, closed Universities and domestic and personal problems to cope with.

However, he has made it to the grade handsomely and we can only hope and believe that the seeds of this success were sown on the playing fields of Sherborne (figuratively speaking) for it certainly owes little to the Sherborne class – rooms where he rested and recuperated between visits to the Study or the Staffroom.

We are all delighted at his success and congratulate him most sincerely on it. May he proceed from strength to strength.

THE ROAD TO ISTANBUL

In the summer of 1960, we decided to have a holiday that was different. These days, as most decent-minded people realise, holidays and cars go together, but when too many people are taking too many holidays on too few roads – well, we all know the result!

So our holiday jaunt had to take us to somewhere different, off the beaten track and right away from the madding crowd! So someone suggested – “Well, why not go to Turkey?”

For most of us, Turkey is somewhere we did in Geography, a mysterious and remote land of hookahs, veiled ladies, harems, and other Eastern delights, and reference to an atlas did not make it seem any less remote. However, it was an idea and presumably roads ran all the way there, once the Channel was crossed.

And so we inquired and planned and grew bleary-eyed studying maps and planning our route. The Standard Vanguard Estate car had special attention for there is nothing more trying than a magic carpet that won't work somewhere in the remoter parts of Asia Minor!

Finally, the day came and we set off from Cheltenham, loaded to the roof – in fact, well beyond the roof – for as there were six of us, much of our luggage had to be accommodated on a roof-rack.

We crossed to Calais and there the real dash started for we had decided to copy what's –his-name in Macbeth and stand not upon the order of our going, but go! We had over 2,000 miles to cover and we intended – or at least hoped – to do the journey in six days, or less if possible.

We left Calais about noon for Ostend and then on to Brussels, Liege and Aachen, and so into Germany. We continued to slice the hours of darkness along the magnificent autobahn, stopping only at Limberg for breakfast and Stuttgart for lunch. Munich was reached at 5.0 p.m, where the rush-hour slowed our swoop to an irritating crawl, but that behind us we drove on and, as darkness fell again, we entered Salzburg.

Apart from the Channel crossing, it had been an almost non-stop run from Cheltenham of 946 miles in 31 hours, and so we decided to stop the night in Salzburg. Never, until then, had I realised what a blissful luxury mere stationariness can be!

However, next morning – a little late – we were on our way again as far as the Austrian autobahn served us, and then along twisting but well surfaced roads to Graz and then on, crossing the Yugoslav border, to Mariber where we stopped for the night.

The next morning and on to Zagreb – a most impressive city where we would have liked to loiter – and then along the Yugoslav autoput to Belgrade. This was a magnificent stretch of road and we covered the distance of 300 miles in five and a half hours, including a stop for petrol. Since leaving Zagreb the petrol guage had become a much more essential instrument with filling-stations becoming scarcer and scarcer and often 60 miles or more apart.

The next morning and on to Nis, still on good roads, but then came more than fifty miles of the most – well, shall we say ‘atrocious’ ? – roads imaginable. I took us five agonising hours to undulate over them in low gear and frequently at such a pace that one could have jumped out to pick the wayside flowers, if one had felt like it, which one didn’t!

As dusk was falling we reached the Jugslav / Bulgarian border and had our first experience of the Iron Curtain. There we had to wait for two hours to be interrogated, and the period of examination and deep suspicion on their part and uncertainty and exasperation on ours which followed, seemed unending. However, they let us through at last and we headed into the darkness, passing through an apparently completely deserted Sofia at 2.0 a.m.

We kept going for another and then stopped by the roadside to make and drink coffee, which was very illegal and carried all sorts of penalties – stopping, not drinking coffee, I mean.

Dawn came at 4.30 a.m and we had our first glimpse of Bulgaria by daylight. It seemed a poor and backward country, with slow oxcarts handling most of the transport and cars and lorries few and far between. Tired, hungry, unwashed and unshaved, we stopped at an hotel in a place called Haskavo for breakfast and were served with a small loaf, a knob of what may have been butter and six cups of quite undrinkable coffee for which the bill was the equivalent of twenty-five shillings. This, and the fact that the streets were stiff with tatty and rather undisciplined looking soldiery prompted us not to loiter there and we hurriedly departed and made a bee-line for the Turkish border.

We reached this without further incident and here the Turkish authorities were most welcoming and helpful and by 3.15 p.m we were traversing the streets of Istanbul. We had arrived. The speedometer distance was 2,165 miles and the journey had taken five days and two and a half hours.

Thanks to the good time we had made on the outward journey (and the equally good time we hoped to make – and did – on the homeward run) we had nearly a week to spend in and around Istanbul.

We ‘did’ all the usual things that one is supposed to do when visiting Istanbul – the world famous bazaar where we tried our hands at bargaining with the traders there and where, I suspect, we got the worst of the exchange, the Blue Mosque, and so on – but as this is not a travel guide I will not catalogue them.

There was a Turkish boy named Israfil at King’s School during my time there and, having his address, I called on him. He remembered me at once and his surprise was comical to see, for he just stood there and said – well, what he said was good colloquial schoolboy English such as is not learned in the classrooms at King’s School – but he could not have been more pleased to see me and he took us to all sorts of places which the uninitiated traveller never sees. And when the pace became too swift and the heat too oppressive, there was always the Black Sea to bathe in.

For those who are interested in figures (when they concern cars, I mean), the following may be of interest. The total distance covered was 4,500 miles and we spent £40 on petrol, the consumption working out at 30 m.p.g. This, considering that we were loaded to well above the Plimsoll Line and bearing in mind the high speed we maintained, was quite amazing. We had no car trouble of any sort and the only anxiety was once when we had to take some rather doubtful-looking petrol – transferred with considerable difficulty from a forty-gallon drum – in Bulgaria.

A.G.Hanks (1955 / 58)

55/60	ABBOTT, M.L.	** Margam, Port Talbot, Glam. Civil Engineering
54/56	ALLEN, L.P.	** Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire. Commerce
53/56	ARIAS DE LA CANAL, F.	** Republicana Mexicana Business Administrator
54/57	ASHWORTH, D.C.N.	** Stoke Bishop, Bristol 9. Engineer
48/55	BARTLETT, B.J.	** Willersey, Broadway, Worcs Merchant Navy Officer
57/61	BATCHELAR, J.A.	** Eggington, Leighton Buzzard, Beds. Farming
54/57	BEACH, J.H.	** Twyford, Evesham, Worcs. Commerce
54/58	BENT, S.J.	** Shoreditch, Taunton, Somerset Motor Engineering
54/60	BOLTON, B.	** London W.1 Banking
51/56	BOWEN, R.	** Alcester, Warwickshire. Commerce
48/56	BUNTING, J.C.N.	** Alcester, Warwickshire. Commerce
50/55	CARTER, J.M.	** Basingstoke, Hants. Canvas Goods Manufacture
53/58	COVILLE, J.P.	** Steeple Aston, Oxford. Estate Management
58/61	DAVIDSON, J.R.	** Lichfield, Staffs. Student
44/54	DAVIES, R.H.	** Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos. Technical Representative
57/60	EVANS, M.D.	** Charlton Kings, Cheltenham. Motor Engineering
49/52	FABREGA Y SAUREZ, E.A.	** Caracas, Venezuela. Production Chief

11		
58/61	FRENCH, A.C.	** Oxford. Director (M/cs. & Scooter Sales)
53/59	GAY, R.	** Shaw, Swindon. Farming
49/52	GAZE, D.W.	** Send, Surrey. Building and Farming
51/55	GLYNNE, N.J.	** London N. W. 6. Electrical Engineering
50/53	HADLEY, J.F.	** Kenilworth, Warwickshire. Mechanical Engineering
55/58	HALL, D.J.	** Stoney Stratford, Bucks. The Royal Marines
55/58	HANKS, A.G.	** Naunton, Cheltenham, Glos. Quarry Management
49/58	HAYMES, J.	** Earlsdon, Coventry, Warwickshire. Industrial Photographer
57/60	HITCHMAN, J.L	**Cullompton, Devon. Farming
47/48	HUDSON, P.W	**Kensington, London W.14
48/51	HUNT, S.W	**Biddestone, Chippenham, Wilts. Export Executive
47/50	HUTCHINSON, R	**Sandal, Wakefield, Yorks. Sales Superintendent
57/59	JONES, M.A	**Ham Green, Redditch, Worcs. Farming
40/45	JONES, R.E	**East Claydon, Bletchley, Bucks.
52/55	JUDD, D.G	**Rugby, Warwickshire Commercial Art
46/51	KING, C.J	**Soberton, Southampton, Hants Design Draughtsman
58/61	KING, C.J	**Chippenham, Wilts. Commerce

12		
55/60	MARSH, J.M.E	**Bath, Somerset. Student
47/54	MARSHALL, R.T	**Perry Barr, Birmingham 22. Auctioneer
47/50	MARSHALL, W.J	**Perry Barr, Birmingham 22. Civil Engineering
59/61	MARSHALL, R.K.M	**Weston-super-Mare, Somerset. Student
52/57	MORLEY, J	**Claverdon, Warwickshire. Hydraulic Engineer
54/61	MOSS, D.H	**Birkdale, Southport, Lancs. Accountant
55/58	MOSSMAN, D.J	**Surfleet, Nr. Spalding, Lincs. Merchant Navy
46/51	MURRAY, K.G.	** Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire. Director
53/56	PULFORD, R.W	**Bristol 9.
55/60	READER, J.C.R	**Wenvoe, Nr. Cardiff. Farming
51/57	ROE, C.L	**Walsall, Staffs. Dental Surgery
57/61	RUDDLE, N.D	**Wells, Somerset. Royal Navy
50/55	RUNHAM, J.L	**Hemel Hempstead, Herts. Commerce
53/60	RUSSELL, P.L	**Hove 2, Sussex. Student
58/61	SHEPPARD, R.J.W	**Hinckley, Leics. Farming
49/53	SMITH, T.R	**St. Albans, Herts. Mgr.: Photographic Business
58/61	SPILLER, P.R	**Easton-on-the-Hill, Stamford, Lincs. Student

13		
57/59	SPRATT, M.C.L	**South Kensington, London S.W. 7 Commerce: Sales Dept.
46/52	STATHAM, R.H.G	**Bristol Royal Air Force Officer
52/57	STEAD, R	**Warton, Nr. Tamworth, Staffs. Agriculture
57/58	STEIN, V.A.G	**Heilsberg, W.Germany. Student
58/60	STEVENS, R.H	**Harcombe, Nr. Sidmouth, Devon. Student (agriculture)
56/60	SWEET, N.A	**Doddington, Chipping Sodbury, Glos Auctioneering
60/61	WARD, K	**London, S.W.5 Student
54/59	WILGROVE, F.C	**St. Mawgan, Newquay, Cornwall. Royal Air Force – Radar
53/56	YATES, D.O	**Ansdell, Lytham St.Annes, Lancs. Catering Manager – Airport

** denotes information missing to the left of the asterisks - I have this information and even though it is unlikely Old Boy's or family still live at these addresses I have taken the precaution of removing this as the document is accessible on the internet. If anyone of our Old Boys requires this information please contact me. Conrad Roe, King's School Archivist.