

Old Raineians' Association NEWSLETTER



Raine's Foundation School
Approach Road
Bethnal Green
London
E2 9LY
Tel: 0181 981 1231
Fax: 0181 983 0153

Sandra Johnson
9 Goddington Lane
Ovington
Kent
BR6 9DR
Tel: 01689 826854
Fax: 01689 873115

Richard Harris
34 Briery Gardens
Royston Street
London
E2 0TE
Tel: 0181 981 5315

Bill Richards
26 Shandy Street
Stepney
London
E1 4LX
Tel: 0171 790 9235

Gwynneth Jackson
Glevum
Kirkby Malzeard
Nr Ripon
North Yorks
HG4 3RS
Tel: 01765 658825

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This present edition of the Newsletter is very downbeat because of the news of a number of deaths from the membership. Among these is Mrs Weingarten who will be known to a number of you, especially the ladies. An appreciation is included inside.

There is also an interesting and thought provoking article from Tony Fuller, a new member, which shows that not everything was 'sweetness and light' to everyone at Raine's. So read on.

NEW MEMBERS

Kay Ferguson (Smith, 72-77) would like to know who left a three inch high plastic doll, in German traditional costume, wrapped in tissues, inside a brown paper covered Maltesers box, on Valentine's Day?

"The box was left inside my flip top desk in the classroom on the balcony during the third year — Mrs Auerbachs tutor class 3W in 1974-75. This doll has been of great consolation during many ups and downs — at least someone loved me. Just to let the person know it was, and still is, appreciated. Thanks."

Kay went on to say: "My mother bought my blazer in the first year, a little bit bigger than was needed at the time. The blazer still fits and I'm thirty-seven, as does the beret and PE top."

• Tony Fuller (58-63) writes of the darker side of Raine's and I am sure it will generate some interesting correspondence.

"After I read the back numbers of the ORA Newsletter which Bill sent me I realised how much Raine's meant to me but

it also made me remember how much I hated the school and, to some extent, still do.

There were a number of things that really stood out for me whilst reading the Newsletters. One was that most of the people that are still involved in the ORA appear to be the people that achieved at school academically. I have now read through the newsletters twice and cannot find any references to the people like myself that were in the 'c' stream. I wonder whether the people who did not achieve academically — and if you didn't, it did not matter how good you were at sport — are involved in the ORA?

"I still feel the horror when I think about that first day..."

My problems with Raine's started before I went to the school. I had, until then, led a rather sheltered life, brought up only with adults and without many school friends. Around the time of my eleventh birthday I was dressed up, taken to the school and interviewed by Dr Goode. My parents just told me that this was a good school and that I would do well there. I never wanted to go to the school. I didn't have a clue where Stepney Green was and what few friends I had were in my local area.

So, on the first day, my mother and I caught a Greenline Bus (721 route) which ran from Romford Market Place to Stepney Green, she delivered me to the school,

left me there and I was on my own. I still feel the horror when I think about that first day and the fact that I would have to make my own way home.

The fortunate thing for me at the time was that I was in Form 1A, Alec Aldridge's class. He was one of the greatest characters that I ever met and if there was ever an example of somebody that cared about his charges, it seemed to be him. My first two periods of teaching were double maths with Terry (You Boy!) Harding, whose approach and manner of talking to pupils quickly put me off maths for good. However, because of my total disenchantment with the school, the travelling backwards and forwards every day, my total lack of empathy with most of the other people in the school, by the end of the first year I had given up on the school and the school, through its masters, had given up on me.

For the next four years, I just did my time, enjoyed what I liked, avoided what I did not, including the masters, and waited for the dreaded mock 'O' levels to come round. I can vividly remember being sent to the Headmaster as I had expressed an interest in doing domestic science because I wanted to be a chef. I was quickly disabused of that idea and left his study feeling a complete fool. I failed my mocks miserably and ten days after being told so in front of my classmates in 5C, I started work as a Police Cadet with the Essex Police.

Having said all that there are some warm memories and some less than warm memories. Despite my resisting their efforts to do so, some of the masters left an indelible mark on me.

My first music teacher was Richard



A rare staff (Boys' School) picture taken on the roof in 1960 - Snowdon, Clynick, Reynolds, Lewis, Evan, Harrison, Murnfine, Russell, Wiles, Calvert, Harrington, Camissar, Morgan, Torode, Howard, Ashley, Harding, Loughborough, Roden, Heryet, Spooner, Shivas, Aldridge, Goode, Lyons, Broughton, Lambert, Miss Garrod, Simmons, Miss Ringer, Edwards. They are almost in order but there are two names missing from the back row. Can anybody put the missing names to the faces?

Sinton, who left at the end of my first year, allegedly to teach in a public school. He showed me how enjoyable music could be, especially what used to be called country music, now folk music, a love which I still have. Does anybody else remember the music room at the top of the school with the 'Non nobis domine' painted round the top of the walls?

My first history teacher was, I think, called Ramsden, who worked with 'Biffer' Broughton to give us some idea of history. I loved history and still do. Despite Raines efforts, I now have a history degree and work for myself as a historical researcher and writer.

Bill Edwards, who was my art teacher, showed me that art could be fun and could be enjoyed. I think he was also my form master for two years, our form room being the art room on the top floor.

Rusty Ironmonger and Mr Edwards showed me that long and triple jump were fun. I actually won a couple of school awards for these events. My great rival was Keith Armstrong and we both competed in the East London Championships at Eton Manor.

There were a number of Raineians that travelled to school together from my area. We used to catch the last carriage of the 7.50am train from Romford and would just about make it to the school on time.

Michael Masters, who went into banking and who I met on Waterloo Sta-

tion a couple of years ago, got on at Gidea Park, as did Lawrence Trister. After he left school, Lawrence went to Israel to fight in the six-day war. I bumped into his father a couple of years ago who told me that Lawrence had followed into his profession as a chiropodist and that he lived in the Molesey area of SW London. Unfortunately, his wife had died, leaving Lawrence with two children to bring up.

Andy Phillips, who was the year after me, lived near me in Mashiters Walk, Romford. Angela ?Heighton, lived in Gidea Park and her father was Director of the Warley Mental Hospital in Brentwood. There were the two flame-haired Perkins brothers who lived in Harold Wood, the most easterly point of the Raines compass. Andrea Simmons lived in Cecil Avenue, Hornchurch and she was the only person from the school that I remained in contact with after I left. Christine Sinclair lived in Adelaide Road, Chadwell Heath. Edwin Dodwell lived in Seven Kings and was a talented artist. Chris Waring lived in Ramsgill Drive, Newbury Park. Gillian ?Roadknight lived in Hornchurch and her father owned a cycle shop in Hornchurch Road.

Pupils in my years included Colin Brown and Brian ?Grinhey, both good rugby players. Gerry Carpenter lived in Birdcage Walk Barracks because his father was in the Guards. 'Jaffa' Farrell, so called because he ate oranges!! John

High, who used to row for one of the Thames' rowing clubs.

In my own class I remember: Jack Gilardi, Tony ?Etherton, who was a mad keen fisherman; Brian Cox, who also fished; Brian Willis; Robin Webb, who seemed to cycle to Southend just about every evening after school; Robert Prentice and Alec Hughes and Derek Abrahams, who lived in Bow. I also remember Ken Hutchins, who lived in the Peabody Buildings next to Bethnal Green over ground station and Ken Montague whose dad was a laboratory technician at Queen Mary College. There were also Frankie Lewis; Raymond ?Krishman and Melvyn or Mervyn Hughes who lived in Blackheath. John Whelan lived in Mile End. From the girl's school I remember Susan Skipper, who always seemed to be in trouble, and her friend Glynis who lived in Hornchurch. Jackie Oakley, lived in Dagenham.

I have saved my recollection of the masters until last. I have found revisiting them the most painful part of joining the ORA because I just do not recognise some of the kind and caring people described in the past newsletters. I remember, in no order of anything, Donny Lyons, Alec Aldridge and Wally Spooner. For a long coincidence, Wally Spooner went to the LSE after the War. Never in his wildest dreams would he have thought that I would ever have gone there, let alone

taken a good degree. Bill Simmons (German) and John Roden (Physics) were the form masters of 1S and 1R respectively, all three first form rooms opening onto the hall. Biffer Broughton was almost legendary because of his rugby exploits. Both Jim Shivas, one of the most gentle men that I have ever met and Basil Dowling, who I always regarded as one of the better teachers, taught me English and instilled in me a regard for the written word. I was at the athletics meeting where Basil was hit by a discus. His passion for poetry has stayed with me. In later life I worked with Basil's son, Christopher, at the Imperial War Museum.

There was also Revd. 'Fluff' Loughborough who I always saw as eccentric, the reason for which totally escapes me now. I went on the school trip to Edinburgh with 'Fluff' and I remember having to sleep on horsehair palliases in a smelly school hall. What 'Fluff' managed to do, as did his successor, was to convince me that religion was not for me and by the time I left school, I was a confirmed atheist.

Keith Torode tried to teach me maths. Miss Ringer — was her name really Bertha? — taught biology to classes of pubescent boys and Mr Evans (rather obviously 'Taff') who taught Geography and had a slight speech impediment. I still remember his "g wound mowain." Mr Spencer, who replaced Mr Bawden in Woodwork lived in Slewins Lane, Hornchurch.

I also remember Peter Reynolds (French) who humiliated me in front of 5C by telling me that I had failed most of my mock exams and that I was leaving — his exact words were "Over, bowled and out." I remember Peter Wiles (Chemistry), of the explosive temper and handlebar moustache, 'Basher' Bawden (Woodwork and TD), who like Peter Wiles seemed to beat boys almost at will. 'Big' Bill Whittacker (Geography), was rumoured to have kept goal for Blackpool and who was known to beat boys with a cut down cricket bat. A trainee geography teacher called, I think McKenzie, slapped a pupil across the face with his hand and got one back, and a nameless Art teacher hit me across the head with a piece of wood and got one back.

My regret is that my main memories of Raines are of a dark, lonely and violent, sometimes almost sadistic, place. I never saw the kind side of many of the masters that many people describe in the Newsletters. Whilst I may have contributed to their

attitude towards me, it does not detract from the fact that being beaten, with a variety of weapons, was not then, nor is it now, acceptable. Whilst I appreciate that the rules on corporal punishment were much different then, time has not lessened the feeling of violation that I felt over being held down and beaten because I would not bend over voluntarily. The conduct of some of the masters — their violence towards pupils and their humiliation of pupils — would now rightly be regarded as abuse and should be remembered along with the positive side of the Raines's regime.

Having said all that what Raines's really did was taught me how to learn. I started an Open University degree, aged 26, went to University (LSE) full-time aged 32 and now have two degrees, the first in history and politics and the second in sociology. I was also registered for a PhD at the LSE but gave it up when my marriage broke up and I had to look after my children. Not bad after being thrown out for not passing my mock 'O' levels!

After 20 years working in the charity sector, I took early retirement last year on health grounds and now work for myself as a historical and genealogical researcher. Since retiring I have been given membership of the only professional genealogical research body in the UK.

Perhaps some of the lessons of Raines sank in somewhere after all."

- **Julian Reed (45-48)** contacted the Old Raineians' Association through Ann Tauber (see 'Other News' from Sandra Johnson) and the Family Tree Magazine (thank you Ann). Julian lost contact with the School over the years and could not establish its whereabouts after the move from Arbour Square until he contacted Ann.

Julian hopes to compile some memories in the near future, but was keeping nine grandchildren happy during the school Summer holidays when he joined! (Please do - ed.)

- **Philip Wright (70-75)** mentioned that his best mate at school was Dennis Cashman.

Philip works in the Lloyds insurance Market and regularly sees Constantinos Kostas (also 70-75) and asks that you visit his 'UK Strongman' web page (<http://btinternet.com/~philip.j.wright>) and see another Old Raineian, Adam Waldron,

who won the Docklands UK Strongest Man 1997. (*Who said school dinners are not good for you! — ed.*) Philip is Adam's manager and says Adam is 27 years old, which would mean he was at Raines's about 1981-86.

Philip promises to write an essay on all his old memories. (As of yet still not received so get writing Philip — ed.)

- **John Chart (63-67).** More details and news please.

- **Sarah Dudley (67-74).** More details and news please.

- **Karyn Thienal (79-85).** More details and news please.

- **Kevin Young (71-77).** More details and news please.

OTHER NEWS - 1

From Sandra Johnson

We would like to thank Lesley Jensen for all her hard work organizing the Bancroft Library Archive records. The contact at the Library is Malcolm Barr-Hamilton, Archivist, Local History and Archives, Bancroft Library, 277 Bancroft Road, London. E1 4DQ. Tel: 0181 980 4366.

Apparently there has already been some interest in the ORA collection. Anyone can visit the library and take copies of the ORA documents at a cost of 10p. or 20p. for A4 and A3 respectively. For copies for people who cannot visit in person, the library charges 30p. (A4) or 40p. (A3) which includes postage.

- Through the library and Lesley we have been put in touch with Ann Wilkinson Tauber who lives in California.

Ann was at the School 1927-1933. She would like to get a copy of the page for her admission to Raines in the register, also one for Winifred Wilkinson who was 2 or 3 years her senior. Teachers thought they were sisters because they looked alike. Winifred was a prefect then (maybe also Captain — vague memory) but Ann was too shy to talk to her. Ann believes she went to Oxford. Maybe her name was on one of the College graduate boards that was engraved every year — does anyone recall her or have any information about

LILIAN WEINGARTEN

I was extremely saddened to learn of the death in May of Mrs Weingarten.

I was a pupil at Raine's between the years 1946-1953 and Mrs Weingarten taught us History as well as being our form teacher for two of those years. We found her to be far more than a subject teacher as she taught us about LIFE (today's equivalent in education of 'Pastoral Care').

Mrs Weingarten was a friendly, warm-hearted person, full of good humour and generosity. She was never happier than helping others. She loved to be with children and Raine's was her family life.

She inspired us by saying that she was unfamiliar with failure in her given subject, yet always had a cheerful word of encouragement for even the slowest. Following the war years our needs were great and Mrs Weingarten did not fail us. We loved her.

I can clearly recall how she would always commence her lessons by perching on the lid of a front row desk and, from this height, would survey us all with her bright eyes. She had a wonderful way with words and was a born story teller, bringing past events to life and yet always with a sense of humour. On

several occasions some pre-planned question from one of us would lead her astray from the lesson that was due to take place and even prevent the setting of homework. Whilst we thought we had succeeded I am sure she always knew what we were doing as there was a knowing twinkle in her eye as she left the room!

We girls felt that she knew each one of us as individuals and we were privileged to be part of her large family, whose lives and interests she shared with us. Her talented pianist husband, Joseph, was a regular visitor to Raine's, giving us the wonderful opportunity of hearing and being introduced to classical music played by a professional artist for the first time in our lives.

I was privileged to visit Mrs Weingarten on the occasion of her 92nd birthday last year with Jean Chapman (nee Smith, who was a teacher of German at Raine's at that time). It was 55 years since we last met and yet her mind was still very alert and her powers of recall perfect. She will be greatly missed by everyone and our thoughts are with her family.

Thank you Lilian for allowing me to share your experience, for your patience, your encouragement and your belief in a 'Cockney East-End kid' who went on to join the teaching profession and become a Headteacher herself.

Margaret Paish (nee Norman)

her parents as Ann thinks they could be related - but did not think about checking in those days.

For many years Ann kept in touch with her French teacher, Doris M. Grafton and used to meet her in London when she came home for a visit. Ann found out that the School records are held at the London Metropolitan Archives, but apparently they do not send any information and suggest a researcher - any offers please? Ann also has a few signatures of staff in her autograph book, now sixty-five years old having been bought in Woolworth's for 6d. in the thirties!

Ann recalls a girl called Pearl Schrieber from 1927-1932. They had an almost unbelievable incident happen on an underground train when going on a field trip with Miss Devonshire and maybe other classes. It involved four of them as witnesses and Pearl who was rescued after falling out of the train twice!! Is there anyone else who remembers this incident? Doris Beveridge and Maisie Clark were two of the other witnesses.

East Ham was being built up after the First World War and this was where Ann lived when she was at the school. She recalls one of the girls came from Gravesend, 40 miles away and whose father was a dock master. Her friend Edna Gilham was also a dock master's daughter from West India Dock, Isle of Dogs and Connie Mapperley was a dock master's daughter (Wapping Docks).

Other classmates, Sarah and Esther

Joel lived where Aldgate Station entrance begins and was once a large public house. The living quarters over the public house were preserved. Iris Levy was the daughter of another publican who operated The Bakers Basket on Leman St. (That covers 6 in the same class).

Ann now keeps busy searching for her relatives and ancestors. After she had put advertisements out for several family names replies came from England, Australia, Canada, U.S.A. and New Zealand. She also writes to people with information to help them with their enquiries. She has read a lot of the Local History of London and can generally send information and pictures or maps which connect with their interests.

Ann also had a letter from another Old Raineian, Annie Lubin (nee Lefcovitch), after advertising in the Family Tree Magazine, who did not know whether Raine's had even survived the war. (Lesley, I believe you have another letter winging its way to you!). Ann's teachers were:-

Miss O. Foote (Geography); Miss Twells (Big) (Maths); Miss Twells (Little) (K. G.) - the Twells were twin sisters and even suffused 'Big' and 'Little' when speaking about them; Miss Grafton (French); Miss Treagear (French); Miss Still (Art); Miss Montgomery (PE) - She was gorgeous, like a film star; Miss (later) Defty (PE); Miss (later) Snell (PE); Miss Foxen (History); Miss Devonshire (History); Miss Pannett (Chemistry / Physics); Miss Monkton

(English); Miss Pickles (English); Miss Ruegg (History / English); Miss McGrath (Accountancy / Typing / Shorthand); Miss Stevenson (Laundry / Cookery); Miss Foxen (Music).

Head Mistress was Miss Maude Grier until 1930 who was succeeded by Miss Margaret Haugh.

Mr. Seargeant was our school custodian, answered the bell and took care of visitors by announcing their presence to the Principal.

• Following his efforts last year Adrian Giles again ran in the London Marathon with a time of 3hrs 57mins. Our congratulations go to Adrian for collecting £1,500 for the Farleigh Hospice in Chelmsford.

OTHER NEWS - 2

From Gwynneth Jackson

Barbara Donovan (Page) is cultivating the musical tradition in her sons. The eldest sings in the junior choir at Blackheath Conservatoire.

• Congratulations to Deena Osborne (Gardiner) on her 1st Class Honours degree and, as her PGCE course has finished, good luck with the teaching.

- From the same form Gerlinde Leinwetter (Bennett) was over from Vienna at the beginning of the year visiting Annette Rood.

- We are pleased to know that Reff Reffold is safely re-established in his East End home after the cultural delights of Thailand.

- Robert Connolly has a new job and he and wife Jackie are happily settled in Loughton, Essex.

- Anna and Roger Beck (ex German department) are blissful living in a Surrey village and have memories of an Anglo / German hostelling trip in Derbyshire.

- Jack Lowe has a job which entails travelling to Canada and therefore has not been seen at a reunion for several years. He has two sons now both at school.

- Joanne Marshall visits snow clad mountains at least twice each Winter. This year it was USA and Austria.

- Mr Stanney (Headteacher 64-79) appreciates receiving newsletters and says they are happy reminders of past times.

- Grace Whu (Lee) is living in Reading.

- Congratulations to Carol Smith (present Head of English) on the arrival of second child and returning promptly to keep the flag flying.

- Steve Johnson (Carol's predecessor as Head of English) is still teaching in Watford but has moved from the Isle of Dogs to Buckinghamshire.

- Barbara Collin's (Newton) two daughters have left home. Sister Cheryl is in Canada whilst Janet is still in London.

- Tommy and Barbara Thompson (ex staff) are enjoying retirement in Bognor Regis. Barbara had met up with a former member of the Home Economics department, Sarah Bedborough (now Petroff) who was over from New Zealand where she teaches in Okhuna.

- Ros and Viv Nicholas (ex staff) went skiing in Italy this season and they also enjoy sailing as their other holiday activity. Viv still manages to fit in some timpani playing.

- Maggie Bell and family live near York but we still have not met up since my 'removal' to Yorkshire.

- Rosemary Lawton (ex Geography department) is retired at the end of the Summer term.

- Hazel Fosbraey (Paul) is living in Salisbury and has just completed her second year of a teacher training course.

- Susan Wyburn (Brahame) has a son at university with the younger one concentrating on a career in Basketball!

- Ione Hoskins writes very interesting cheerful letters from her retirement home in Camberley and keeps in touch with several former Secretarial Sixth pupils.

- Iris Tomlinson (Lyddon) is now living in New Haw near Weybridge and nursing handicapped children.

- Anita Merker (Smith), living in Basingstoke, is working full time to help with university fees for her two older children.

- Peggy and Gavin Adlington are enjoying being residents of Arnhem, although Gavin in his consultancy work seems to spend his time in areas ranging from Vietnam to Ghana; Khazakstan to Zimbabwe, sampling various culinary delights! Peggy is teaching full time and produced 'Hosanna Rock' with 30 children aged 4-12.

- Congratulations to Cinzia and David Spencer of the birth of their daughter in Maine, USA. They just happen to be in Switzerland when I am there on holiday, so I look forward to seeing them all.

- Congratulations to Ching Fun Wong (Lee) who has had a son and is finding motherhood harder than being a solicitor!

- Apart from my visits to the Alps, including a very snowy skiing holiday, and weeks in the Lake District and Scotland much time is spent in the Dales. Here I help keep the footpaths up to scratch; the visitors happy; making sure that trees, which had grant-aid to plant them, haven't been devoured by sheep or rabbits. I also check that Land Rovers and motor bikes are not causing havoc on fragile ground. I have recently become a Parish Councillor,

so I am the recipient of various complaints about local matters. As you can see it all keeps me busy, interested and I also meet a wide range of people.

The Baltic Exchange was an enjoyable evening especially as I met up with folk not seen for a long time. These included Lynne Dawson (Bryant) and Sharon and Sarah Dudley (Cooper) who promised to send me news (censored) of several former pupils - **where is it!!**

I am sure all who knew her are very sad to hear of the death of Mrs Lilian Weingarten. Miss Joan Mangold had been a close friend for many years, so we extend sympathy to her.

Everyone will wish Wallie Spooner continued care and in the nursing home in Buckhurst Hill.

OTHER NEWS - 3

From Bill Richards

As I mentioned in the previous Newsletter, **Tom Bennett** had some recollections of Arthur Smith and their times at Raine's.

"It is with great sadness that I have to tell you that Arthur Smith died on 14th December 1997 after a battle against cancer which he bore with great fortitude. It is on these occasions that one regrets not having seen more of Arthur personally these last ten years, but we always traded Christmas cards and I was particularly pleased that, having finally persuaded him to join the ORA, he made such an excellent contribution to a subsequent Newsletter.

Arthur and I became firm friends during our first term at Raine's in September 1930. I called on him each schoolday morning and we commenced the walk to Raine's from Poplar, picking up Dougie Jewson quite quickly en route, and then perhaps Eddie Onions, George Coplen or Jimmy Batt once we'd got beyond Stepney East Station.

We managed to survive in the A Form throughout our school years, and were members of successive School Rugger XV's and Cricket XI's until we became established members of the first team in each sport. There is no doubt that Raine's was in the doldrums of Secondary School sport when we arrived at school but at the pinnacle for educational achievement.

With such stalwarts as 'Alfo' Evans, Doug Jewson, Ginswick, and others who

have slipped from the memory, the school teams began to turn this round, ably backed in later years by the Bird Twins, Ron Onions, Ron Cridge and the like, until Raine's had become a sporting force to be reckoned with, whilst retaining its scholastic supremacy. I'll never forget that magic day when, as the First XV, we beat Tottenham Grammar 6-3 for the first time in history...And on their own ground! 'Alfo' was a colossus that day! I guess that is why any report of sport achievement of the

present day Raineians in the Newsletter always warms the cockles of my heart. I was delighted to learn about a year or so ago that the Birds and Ron Onions had also gained Gold Medals for all-round sport during their tenure at Raine's. There weren't too many of them awarded, I can vouch!

My wife and I attended the Memorial Service held for Arthur in St Andrew's Church, Hornchurch in the afternoon of Friday January 12th. There must have

been over 200 people in attendance. Gwen (nee Kidd), Arthur's wife - one-time Head Girl at Raine's - and all of his family and close relatives were naturally present and it was a thanksgiving service rather than a solemn and serious one. Many tributes were paid to Arthur by Church dignitaries, who lauded the unsparing effort he had put into fund-raising and finance management; by one of the representatives of the Dunkirk Association present; by family members who gave us an insight into Ar-

FIVE BUILDINGS WALK

On Sunday 28th June 1998 several Old Raineians met to go on the 'Raine's Walk'. This involved a tour of the past and present school buildings (still standing) occupied by Raine's since 1719. It also presented the opportunity to visit local historical sites along the way. This included several 'hostelries' of historical importance...well it wouldn't be an Old Raineians' reunion without them!!

Armed with the 4½ page 'guide' prepared by Bob Philpott, former Head of History and local historian, we started at the Lower School, in Old Bethnal Green Road, which is home to Years 7 and 8 (first and second years to us ancient ones).

Reading the guide we were informed that the white flats opposite the school building were apparently built by German and Austrian prisoners of war before they were repatriated. According to John Ferguson (the school's Media Resource Officer) the railings around the top of these flats are metal stretchers which were to be used in the event of massive air raid casualties. There were even small ones for children!

Our first port (*alcohol again!* - ed.) of call was to be the Upper School in Approach Road. Crossing Cambridge Heath Road we walked along the side of the old town hall where we noted the Blind Beggar motif on top at the front of the building. This can be seen on a number of buildings in Bethnal Green. From here we continued on to Russia Lane which at the turn of the century was gang land and even the police always went in twos!

After reaching the Upper School and walking for so long (at least 5 minutes!) the assembled decided it was time for some liquid refreshment in the Approach Tavern. We were served by Harry who has had some connection with the pub in one way or another since before the Second World War.

From here we walked towards Victoria Park crossing Bonner Road and passing the London Chest Hospital. This was built on the site of an old palace of the Bishops of London who included Bishop Bonner. Going into the park the group headed towards the towpath of the Regents Canal which, from here to the Limehouse Basin, had been built after the Napoleonic Wars by demobilised soldiers. Continuing along the towpath we passed over the entrance to the Hertford Union Canal and under the Roman Road Bridge.

As it was now time for another 'refreshment' stop we arrived at 'The Palm Tree' just as the 'heavens opened up'. Of course we congratulated ourselves on our foresight and timing!

After being suitably refreshed, we walked along the canal passing under the Mile End Road and finally exiting at Ben Johnson Road (named after the Elizabethan poet). Walking down

the road along the perimeter of the Stepney Gas Holding Station we passed a plaque to Dr Banardo above the 'Owl and Pussycat' pet shop. As the clouds were again beginning to look threatening (or was it the sun being too hot - I cannot remember) the party decided to 'shelter' in the 'Little Star' which is directly opposite the 'Fish and Ring' (now boarded up) in White Horse Road. Obviously, as things are in the present day East End, two pubs within 15 yards of each could never thrive but even in the heyday of pubs how could these two make a living in competition to each other?

From the 'Little Star' we entered the side gate of St Dunstan's Churchyard, passing the church and out again where we crossed Stepney High Street. After walking down Bromley Street and following Walter Terrace we came out to the junction with Copley Street and finally found our way to Arbour Square. To many Old Raineians the Arbour Square building will always be the home of Raine's Foundation School and although not a pupil at this building (I only went there for my interview) I must admit that it is truly a magnificent and imposing building.

Leaving Arbour Square we crossed Commercial Road and turned into Deancross Street passing (yes we did walk pass some pubs!) the Dean Swift, once run by an Old Raineian and Winter-ton House (*always the best at school* - ed.). Making our way into Bigland Street we could see Cannon Street Road at the bottom and getting closer we could see a building housing a couple of shops. As we looked up we could make out the words 'Raine's Boys School' in gold on blue high on the facade of the penultimate building on our walk.

The group then turned left into Cannon Street Road and followed Cable Street until we entered St George's-in-the-East. Although a memorable place for all Raineians, the tomb of Henry was looking 'a little worse for wear' being covered in graffiti, etc. It is rumoured that the council will be repairing the tomb although we have not heard anything officially.

Despite the condition of the site we posed for a group photograph and moved on before we became like the tomb i.e. 'a little worse for wear'. We decided to end our trek in 'Babe Ruth's' as all of us had seen the very first school building in Raine Street, off Wapping Lane.

The committee would like to thank the people who participated in the walk and special thanks are extended to Bob Philpott for organising the route and for the excellent guide of the walk. If anybody requires a copy of the walk, which contains much more information than I was able to include above, please send a SAE to Bill Richards.

Richard Harris

thur's devotion and support for his family and his extended family.

As I listened to all this, I realised that Arthur had indeed lived the life initiated by the motto over the main entrance of Raine's in Arbour Square - "COME IN AND LEARN YOUR DUTY TO GOD AND MAN". Once again I appreciated how fortunate we all were to have gained the privilege of attending this wonderful and inspiring school. Mr Wilkinson-Dagger was our Headmaster throughout and beyond our school careers. A very firm but fair disciplinarian I always found. He assembled a staff of university graduates who were truly masters of their subjects and keen to disseminate their knowledge to their pupils, but always with a leavening of humour and understanding. Discipline was paramount at all times, especially the wearing of plimsolls during the school hours, but never rigorous, although 'six of the best' was always available as the last resort - don't I know!!

What I most remember about the Staff was their ability to keep all of us working. In maths and the science subjects they were able to keep the ultra-bright ones at full stretch whilst keeping the main pack moving forward. They were always en-

"Discipline was paramount at all times..."

couraging and never abandoned those who struggled.

Perhaps the greatest gift imparted to us naturally as members of this School was tolerance of others. The large proportion of Jewish scholars in the School during my tenure was such that Friday working was "double session". Everyone brought a lunch which was devoured in the form classroom between 12 noon and 12.30 under the supervision of a school prefect, whilst the masters adjourned to the Dining Room. Lessons began at 12.30. Two one-hour periods and the school was dismissed at 2.30. This arrangement ensured that the Jewish element was home in good time to prepare for their Sabbath. The 'Friday lunch meal' ensured that we 'goys' were introduced to, and tasted, matzos and occasionally 'hooomentashers' (I trust my Jewish friends will realise that

I've resorted to my own brand of phonetic spelling to get this across). There were the odd Hindu, Muslim and Chinese pupils dotted around the school, too, and they also gave us insights into their own cultures. Therefore we developed tolerance and understanding automatically as we progressed through the school.

I have quite a few Jewish friends and acquaintances in the Westcliff area who are always amused and delighted by my knowledge of their culture, the Yiddish words and phrases I can occasionally throw out and my appreciation of the 'Jewish' jokes they tell me and hear from me. This is the one of the rewards that my tenure at Raine's has given me. My intimate acquaintance with the Stepney district, Whitechapel Road and Whitechapel itself is also a lively bond with the older local Jewish fraternity. In the old steam days on the London Tilbury and Southend Line, the best train of the day was the 9.15 am from Westcliff, non-stop to Fenchurch Street, arriving at 10.00 am. The reverse service left Fenchurch Street at 4.00 pm, non-stop to Westcliff, arriving at 4.45. These services were both well patronised by the 'schmutter moguls' of Westcliff and the trains were known as 'THE PALESTINIAN'!

We derived such character building education and moral standards from our time at Raine's! How lucky we were and are! I've tried to set down the thoughts triggered by Arthur's Memorial Service. Perhaps they are set down somewhat muddled but if the gist of what I am trying to put across finds echo in the hearts of members of the Old Raineians' Association, and all Old Raineians, then I am content.

Whilst I am writing I recently read an updated history of No 49 Squadron, Bomber command, the squadron on which I completed my first tour of operations. Quite unexpectedly I came across an entry that caused me a deal of sorrow, even over the passage of some 56 years.

It concerned an Old Raineian, Robert ('Bobby') Cridge (1930-35 or thereabouts). Hampden aircraft, Reg No. AE-132, Sqn letters EA-U, was shot down into the North Sea by an enemy fighter, possibly a Me 109, during the later stages of the 'Scharnhorst' and 'Gneisenau' daylight passage from the French harbour of Brest, on 12th February 1942. Sgt Cridge was the Wireless Operator/Air Gunner aboard this aircraft. None of the four crew

survived and their names are commemorated on the magnificent RAF Memorial at Cooper's Hill, Surrey along with the 22,000 aircrew who lost their lives in North West Europe and who have no known graves.

I remember Bobby as a very speedy left wing three-quarter, both for Winterton House and the First Rugby XV. He was a bit on the short side, but very sturdily built and quite impressive when flat out for the opponents line. He took a great deal of stopping in the Inter-House matches, I can personally vouch! He was a great and unassuming lad in himself and once again I was reminded of the great price paid for the freedom we all should hold dear today.

As usual I intend to be at the Air Crew Association's Family Day Service at the Memorial on Sunday 16th August and will lay a floral tribute at the foot of the plinth on which Bobby's name appears."

JOHN

• ~~JOHN~~ Masson wrote to us with some sad news:

"As a fellow Old Raineian (60-67) I thought it was about time I put pen to paper (no computers in our house, yet) and give you a bit of news. I should have done this months ago, but as I always excelled at procrastination, I've just made it.

First, some sad news; my father (Stanley Masson), who was also an Old Raineian, attending the school in the 1930s, passed away last year at the age of 81. He was a life member of the Old Raineians' Association and looked back on his days at Raine's with affection, both for his teachers and fellow pupils. He was a bit of a clown in those days and I think regretted later that he did not do as well academically as he could have done. I am pleased to say that my parents were able to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary the Summer before he died - I believe he'd been living for that.

I am still working at Woking Borough Council as Senior Traffic Engineer and have a very energetic 5 year old son, Simon. He came along relatively late in life but is a source of great joy to my wife, Wendy and me.

News of other fellow pupils are as follows:-

Doug Willment is married and living in Surbiton with his Thai wife Poi and their son Timmy. Another baby is due in October. Doug works as a purser for British Airways.

Ian Thurston-Moon has moved back

to Perth, Australia where he lives with his wife, Barbara and their three children.

Roy Catley is to remarry next year and plans to retire from the Civil service in October this year. He and his fiancée are currently living in Woking but will be moving to Cornwall next year.

Finally I must apologise for my appalling handwriting. As Mr Harding, my maths teacher, would have said "the quality of your handwriting is inversely proportional to your age boy!"

• Wallie Spooner has had a number of people contact him at the nursing home, either by post or by phone. Here are the pieces of news 'gleaned' from these contacts:

Michael Robinson (51-56) has visited Wallie and kept in touch by telephone. When Mike originally phoned Wallie, he had not seen or spoken to him for 30 years - Wallie recognised his voice!! Wallie reminisced with Mike about when he first joined Raine's as a teacher, himself and another new teacher were asked to move from the chairs reserved for teachers and sit with all the other sixth form pupils. Mike had spent a month on his son's kibbutz and had met Professor Simon Godfrey and Harold Fenton at the University of Jerusalem.

David Hart (60-66) wrote to Wallie not certain if he would remember him. David has decided on a change of direction in his working life. At Lewisham College he is doing a NVQ course in Carpentry and Joinery and is now halfway through level 2 despite believing that he was "useless with his hands"! David is also on a two year community refurbishment scheme run in Lewisham. This entails attending college two days a week and the rest of the week is spent working for Lewisham Directeam as a carpenter.

During his free time David is involved in a Tenant Management Co-operative which took over the running of 196 council properties in October 1995. The Co-op employ a manager, finance worker (part time) and two maintenance staff. They also collect the rent, carry out day-to-day repairs and maintenance of the properties as well as handling various contracts. David is Vice-Chair of the Management Committee and Chair of the Repairs and Maintenance Subcommittee. Somehow he also manages to be involved in a local

youth project!

David has been married twice with a 26 year old daughter and 18 year old son from his first marriage and a 12 year old son from his present marriage. He is in constant contact with the two older children and enjoys watching his youngest son, Matthew, play football - over 90 goals last season! Matthew is also a karate brown belt 2nd Dan (one belt away from a junior black belt).

A letter also arrived from **Roy Powney (60-68)**:

"...I'm still down in Portsmouth heading up the Commercial Environmental Health Team. Food Safety and Health Safety continues to maintain its high political profile. Recent EC Directives have ensured a continual stream of new legislation and work to ensure that the commercial sector understand and implement requirements

Just as my peer group were becoming grandparents, I became a father and have two wonderful children (Sarah six and Michael four) to cope with. At 49 I sometimes wish I was 20 years younger (so does Sue. Thought I should mention the wife as you have failed to do so! - ed) but then I was probably too immature at that stage to deal with parenthood.

In recent years I have taken an interest in education and, as well as presenting in my own specialism, I'm also a parent governor at the local infant school. As a governor it has given me quite an insight in to the problems of education in modern times and with National Literacy and National Numeracy programmes to cope with, the infants seem to have little time to develop into 'human beings'. It's interesting that my daughter now takes great delight telling me that I don't do sums correctly - whatever happened to learning tables wrote! Hopefully this late contribution will go some way to make up for the disruption and time wasting in my own education."

Brian Chaperlain (63-71) sent the following:

"I doubt that anyone has as many endearing memories of Raine's as you. I'm certainly not as good as you at recalling them and I'm barely over half your age! Some things do remain with me such as how you were always ready to encourage us in School House in the inter-house activities and how proud you

were of our achievements, even when we thought we could have done better. One of my memories is the Geography/Geology field trip to Fort William area in 1969 and how we scaled the dizzy heights of Ben Nevis.

I can remember my first House meeting in the Woodwork Room in the boys school and how I was nearly blown over by the response to your call of "The best House is?" Of course in those days it was Dagger!! When the amalgamation of the

"Of course in those days it was Dagger!!"

two schools was announced you told us that we would be uniting with Nightingale House in the girl's school. When it came to the end of the meeting there was a lad called Campbell (he bore an uncanny resemblance to Mick Jagger) who out shouted us all with the response "Nightingale-Dagger!!"

I still recall how in awe I was of the school, the staff and the older pupils when I started at Raine's and how fortunate I felt to be part of it. As indeed I am still. The world has moved on but I am sure there are many of us who experienced schools such as Raine's that we wish we could be certain that our children will benefit from such schools."

Wallie last met **Peter (73-79)** and **Melanie (73-80, Ford) Corrigan** at the House of Commons, Christmas 1996:

"...We have been living in Melton Mowbray - land of pork pies, Stilton cheese, fox hunting and considerable quantities of rain - for over seven years. Peter is still working full time as a Legal Executive, whilst studying part time at Nottingham University. He is now two exams away from fulfilling his ambition to become a solicitor. It has certainly been a long, hard struggle but we hope the end is now in sight...

Our son Glenn is now 8 years old. His favourite subjects are computers and maths and his teacher is amazed when he asks for homework.

As Glenn is now at school during the day I am currently 'working' as a volunteer classroom assistant at Glenn's previous

primary school. I help out with a class of 8-9 year olds, listening to them read and assisting with computer projects, etc. It is enjoyable but can also be stressful at times, especially as I have only ever been used to having one child to look after! How do teachers cope with 30+ pupils - is it sixth sense or radar?

My brother Keith (72-79) is currently a Grade 1 flight steward for British Midland airlines. He is based at Heathrow and mainly does European flights, where he makes use of his language qualifications (French, German and Dutch).

Peter's brother Michael (74-80) has been living in Switzerland for the past seven years and works 'in computers' for a Swiss bank. He is married to a German girl and so he is unlikely to remain abroad for the time being.

Both sets of parents are well and can avidly recall the interviews with Mr Stanney to ascertain whether we were

should you wish to move into upper management, but that does not make the decision to stay a wrong one. No one collects the 'fly-by-nights' who pass briefly through a school on fast track promotion. From my own experience long serving teachers, like yourself, who show interest and commitment, are the ones remembered with affection. For staff loyal to a school help shape the school ethos and can develop a house / school esprit de corps in a way that is impossible with a rapid staff turnover.

Right. Now for news of the Chappell clan in East Anglia. Barry is enjoying life as a company secretary for Anglian Windows and as a happily married man with wife and four children. He is still playing jazz piano for the Jonathon Wyatt Big Band and has appeared locally on Cromer Pier, Oxburgh Hall and the Theatre Royal, Norwich.

Geoffrey and Lorraine (Sims, 68-75) are in business together - mainly asbestos removal. Their daughter and son are studying a level and GCSEs at Wymondham College.

As for myself, I have found new challenges (*other than looking for red cross parcels? - ed.*), by developing a new Classical Civilisation course, booking theatre companies for Greek tragedies, organising tours of Italy and Greece and generally furthering the cause of Classics in Kings Lynn. I'm also taking more wickets each year at cricket. I get slower, the arm gets less straight but the brain works more. I just wish I had a youthful body to go with my current expertise!

Married life with Jackie (Geography graduate I met at Exeter University), Matthew 10 and Naomi 8 is fulfilling. Both children are musical (filling the house with sounds of practise and rehearsal) and in the Scout movement. Gwyneth Jackson and Richard Tillbrook have been decisive influences on the interests of my life which have now been channelled into my children.

Alan Russell, a teacher at Raine's 61-68, also managed to write from Glossop, Shropshire, where he moved to after leaving Raine's to teach at Glossop School. When he first arrived he noticed that the pupils could not understand a word he was saying unless he reduced the rate of his speech! Peter Landau, also a former teacher at Raine's arrived in the early seventies to become a deputy head before

moving on five years later to take up a Headship.

Alan retired at the 'ripe old age' of 52 in 1987. Before and since then he has been involved with the Institute of Advanced Motorists and gives tuition as one of the specially trained volunteer 'observers'. He is also trying to find a publisher for a book he has written on safe driving.

Helen Kostis (72-79) wrote to Wallie recently and said that she keeps in touch with Diana Hockley who lives in Keirington and is a Nursery Nurse. Helen also keeps in touch by sending and receiving Christmas cards from the following: Simla Singh (now Nijren) who lives in Birmingham with her husband and children; Alison Harvey (now Smallbanes) who has four children; Maddalena Pettenati (now Brown) lives in Islington with her husband and 2 children, and Carol Day who lives in Hackney (at least she used to but Helen has not heard from her for some time).

Helen is still working in the same Greek Shipping Company that she joined after obtaining a Secretarial Linguist Diploma (German) in 1981. She could not find a job that required a German linguist at the time but luckily her present Company were very happy with her Greek!

Helen's brother Constantino (70-72) obtained a Degree in Physics at Hull University but was unable to get a job involving physics, so he entered the world of re-insurance, studied for the relevant exams while working and is now a re-insurance broker. Our congratulations to Constantino who got married at the end of August.

Harry Roberts has been in contact with Wallie as well, via the telephone. Harry lives in Canada and motorcycled across Canada recently to meet up with one of his children! Obviously an adventurous family, one of his cousins rowed at Henley and won the Skulls! Harry also got in touch with and met Dr. Malcolm Boyce.

John Francombe, who was a student / teacher at Raine's visited Wallie recently.

Laurie Dalton says work has been hectic and has been flying to Toronto, New York, Munich, Singapore, Amsterdam, Dubai, Madrid and the list goes on! (*I bet his arms ache! - ed.*)

Bill Everett has visited Wallie quite often

"Our son thinks it very strange that we..."

suitable candidates for Raine's. They were supportive on Speech Day at Queen Mary College, sporting events amateur dramatic productions, etc.

We had some very happy times at Raine's and it is great to be able to share memories of the 'good old days'. Our son thinks it very strange that we talk about events that happened twenty years ago - but that is really where it all began. Peter and I first on the school trip to Russia in 1978 so, in a way, Glenn is part of Raine's History too!"

John Chappell (67-75 "includes 'lap of honour' in the sixth form!") sent the following 'missive' from Kings Lynn:

"Just received an epistle from Richard Tillbrook telling me of your stay in a very up-market hotel in Essex where you thrive on letters and red cross parcels from ex-pupils. I have looked everywhere in town for parcels with red crosses but couldn't buy one for you so you'll have to make do with this letter!

Like Richard and yourself I have remained at one school for my teaching career. It seems to count against you

and gave the sad news to Wallie that Gordon Hutchings had died earlier in the summer.

Julius and Amy (Kahan) Ginswick telephoned Wallie from Australia and had a long chat. They live in Parramatta in New South Wales and have offered lunch for anyone ever visiting that area. Julius was a Professor of Social History, and is now retired. Amy's twin sister, Evelyn Pear also wrote to Wallie after she had seen a copy of the March 1998 Newsletter. This had been passed onto her by the twins brother, 'Dicky' Kahan who, with his daughters and grandsons visited the school in Approach Road in July. Dicky had been on his way to Victoria Park when he noticed, to his surprise the school. He had not realised that the school had moved. He was at the school 1930-1937.

Evelyn attended Raines from 1928-1935 and went on the London School of Economics and The Institute of Education where she met Wallie before he came to Raine's. She asked to be put in touch with Wallie and said that her sister Amy would most certainly want to contact him as well - hence the unexpected but delightful call for Wallie from Australia.

Lesley Jensen (Tear, 62-69). Lesley keeps regular contact and has been keeping herself busy by taking on the job of advertising the Tiffin School Fair (her sons attend). Apparently it was a great success after a lot of hard work on Lesley's part. Lesley has recently enjoyed a trip with her family to the French Alps.

Wallie would like to thank everyone who has visited, written to or telephoned him, almost 70 Old Raineians over the months he has been in his new home. Please continue the contact, a phone call now and then, another letter and particularly visits. Wallie talks constantly of how thankful he is for all of you who have contacted him and feels that it is this contact that is keeping him going!!!

- **David Spencer (75-82)** will be making an attempt in Spring, 1999 to climb the world's highest mountain, Mount Everest (29,028 feet / 8,848 metres). As part of a British Expedition, he will aim to climb Everest by the South East Ridge, the route originally climbed by Hillary and Tensing on their historic first ascent in 1953. Commonly known as the South Col Route,

it climbs to the summit via the 8,000 meter high South Col between Everest and the nearby summit of Lhotse (4th highest mountain in the world). Currently, over 700 people have reached the summit of Everest, more than three quarters of them having done so by this route.

The expedition leaves on the 21st March, 1999 and will last over 10 weeks. It will be lead by Dave Walsh, one of Britain's most experienced high altitude mountaineers. Dave Walsh made the first British ascents of Nanga Parbat and Cho Qyu (both over 8,000 meters high) and was a member of the successful DHL Everest expedition which put the first British Woman, Rebecca Stephens, on the summit of Everest in 1993.

In spring 1997, David Spencer reached the summit of the world's 6th highest mountain, Cho Qyu (26,906 feet / 8,201 metres), without the use of supplemental oxygen. Contact David by e-mail (DSpencer@maine.maine.edu or DASpencer@erdw.ethz.ch) if you would like to be kept informed of the progress of the expedition.

Currently resident in the USA, David recently travelled around Scotland, Canada and Iceland. During the Summer of 1997, he attempted a traverse of three of the most famous peaks in the Alps: Eiger-Mönch-Jungfrau, reaching the summit of the Jungfrau and Mönch. The conditions for climbing the Eiger were poor and so the attempt was abandoned, although he did manage to climb a few pitches on the famous North Wall of the Eiger. His daughter, Francesca Louise Spencer was born on 13th April, 1998 at Eastern Maine Medical Centre (Bangor, Maine, USA) - she has British, Italian and American Citizenship!

David recently became a Certified Professional Geologist (CPG), European Geologist (EurGeol) and was elected as a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society (FRAS), Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts (FRSA), Fellow of the World Literary Academy (FWLA), Graduate Member of the Institute of Physics (GradInstP) and Corporate Member of the Institute of Science Technology (MIScT). His biography has recently been published in numerous reference volumes, including "Who's Who in the World", "Who's Who in America", "Who's Who in Science and Engineering" and "Who's Who in European Research and Development".

- The following is the second instalment of the article from Colin Biggs (50-54) - the first part was in the March Newsletter:

"When I was about 14 years old, I was selected, with one or two others, to serve at the masters' table at lunch. We waited, during the first sitting, when nearly all the masters would sit at a long table together. I think one of my partners was Joe Yallop and perhaps Alan Johnson was another. We received a free lunch, as payment, value about 6d, which we would eat during the second sitting. While we were serving dessert to the Headmaster (Mr Shutt), he said, with something that looked distinctly like a simper, things like:

"No paving, stone for me, today, please!"

He was referring to the pieces of very hard, square-shaped pastry, which I suspect were inspired by ship's biscuits from the time of Captain Bligh (and probably the real cause of the mutiny). I wish I could say that we said something flippant or witty, to match his biscuit spurning, but I can only recollect that we clanged the biscuits onto the other masters' plates and they were then able to serve themselves with custard or rhubarb, from the containers which we had placed on the table earlier.

I can still remember being outraged to discover that a person of his age, stature and status (he was about 50 years old, every bit of 6ft 5in tall, a Doctor of Philosophy and a Justice of the Peace, as well) should still want to make jokes or even be allowed to! He was, of course, a figure of authority, for me, for a number of reasons. I can also remember him, however, sobbing, uncontrollably, when he should have been giving his farewell speech, on leaving the school. This, of course, made him again more human, but in a completely different and even less known direction. The head boy, I don't remember his name, was quick-witted enough to call for: 'three cheers for the headmaster' but that seemed to make it worse. He tried to say something else but failed to get restarted and had to leave the podium.

It might surprise some of my classmates that I have become interested in sport, especially so late in life. They will recall that I had an undistinguished sporting career, at Raines. Someone who knows me well enough, however, will also notice that none of the mentioned sporting activities, skiing, climbing, running, canoeing, require a bat or ball. The truth is

that I was, and still am, ungifted with all such games. I now know that this was because I couldn't see the ball well enough, particularly on the right hand side, where I saw double, but I think it was also because my family could not afford to buy any of the equipment, apart from inexpensive items such as swimming things, gym shorts and trainers.

Since people are particularly interested in sport and expect something, especially in school recollections of this type, I will try to describe some of my sporting experiences. Who knows, perhaps some hitherto unknown fans expect it of me? It is not even hard to do this because, in all honesty, there were really only three or perhaps four such events, depending on the way you count them.

I swam for the school once, at backstroke, without being placed. I also took part in two inter-house, cross-country runs. The latter were usually once around Fairlop Airfield and back to the Old Blues rugby ground. I think I was entered for two of these and I finished, each time, closer to the front than to the rear but there were still quite a few in front because most of the boy's school took part (if you could walk, you were in). I can recall someone collapsing very convincingly, about three hundred yards from the finish, and I stopped to help him - at least to see that he wasn't dying. I think his name was Janus, he was in one of the parallel classes and, I think, in Taylor house. I received a reminder from a teacher that I was still in a race and shouldn't let anyone else pass me - I was in Mann House and he was one of the house masters for Mann.

Lastly, to finish off my sporting activities, I was pressed, very much against my will, into batting in an inter-house cricket match where there were not enough players in Mann House to make a full team. I was out for a duck, after only two or three very frightening balls from a good fast-bowler from Taylor House, whose name I have forgotten.

"A bas, Monsieur Bique!! What you teeenk??"

This is the way Doc Lambert (or Zonk, as we called him), our Belgian chemistry teacher, would address me when he was annoyed at something I had done or more often had not done. I debated with myself whether to write something about this teacher. We really seemed to have had a mutual aversion for each other; there was also a description of him, fairly recently. I

was also unsure of whether there are really three or more likely four e's, in teeenk. That was the way he used to say it and, on reflection, I feel certain that I had time to breath in and out two or three times while he was pronouncing this last syllable, so there were probably a lot more than four. These confrontations were frequently eyeball to eyeball and rather loud, so that I felt as if my hair was flapping in the wind. He gave us huge amounts of chemistry notes which we were expected to copy out again, at home, into a systematic set of notes from which we could later study for tests and exams.

His idea was that we should write everything twice to make it stick in our memories. This probably worked if you were interested and industrious enough, but it did not work at all for me, because I

*"...we probably never
slept the whole of the
long weekend."*

was neither of these, so I only wrote the notes once and with increasingly worse handwriting. Fairly soon, I stopped taking any notes at all. I was a little afraid that he would want to see my supposed best book and that there would be some form of retribution but he never asked.

If I had continued to try harder, as I believe I did at first, my notes would have still been imperfect and unreliable because I understood only half of what he said. He made me write out Avogadro's Law fifty times. This was the only thing I really learned in two years of chemistry - I will not bore you by quoting it but I still know it, complete with Zonk's pronunciation of the word gases to rhyme with daisies. In the end of term exams, I would write it down in my answer for every question I answered, even if it wasn't asked, perhaps three times for each paper. I really didn't know anything else and it is very boring to sit for an hour doing nothing at all (and it can stimulate you into unknown creativity).

I was not the only one who did so badly. I remember one year when I was joint bottom of the class in this subject, with Maurice Stevens. We each received six percent - which was probably the going rate for Avogadro's Law, even when written three times. To be fair on myself, it

was the only subject that I was ever bottom in and it was cancelled out (arithmetically, almost exactly) by being top once, in Art. Still, I was very glad that we were allowed to drop the subject when we reached the fifth form because I did not really like being so bad and it kept my average down.

I can remember a camping trip over a long-weekend, when I was about fifteen, with a sort of renegade group (or perhaps an ungroup) of scouts at the village of Langdon Hills; this was very near to where I later worked at the Fords Research Centre, Laindon. There were only four of us: Wag Williams, Brian Nodroum, Moe Stevens and myself. I and Moe Stevens cycled there, along the Southend Road. The camping was in a field in the above mentioned village and it was organised (or permission was obtained from the farmer) by one of the teachers. We made a lot of noise with our singing and scuffling - we probably never slept the whole of the long weekend. The master apparently said afterwards, I think good-humouredly, that we kept the whole village awake. I am afraid I can't remember who he was, so he was probably not one of those who actually taught us. Perhaps one of the other participants will be able to say who he was. I would love to hear from any of these or anyone else I knew.

Brian Nodroum came from East Ham like myself, although he moved to Elm Park, before he finally left school like me, at 16. He left to attend the N.E. London Polytechnic to learn to be a chef. I ran into him once, after he had qualified, near the town hall in East Ham. He was then working, I think, for Tate and Lyle, at Beckton. I can remember that he married quite early as did Wag Williams.

They and others from the class played in various, traditional jazz bands. Wag played clarinet and Chicken (Brian Nodroum) played trombone. Frizz (or Moe) Stevens was a particularly gifted musician, playing piano and clarinet in various jazz bands - he also played piano and sang in the interval at a well known dance hall, in Ilford. He was last heard of in Paris where he seems to have disappeared, more or less without trace, in the early sixties. I tried to locate him by looking in the Paris telephone book, on one of my earliest and relatively rare business trips there, many years ago; I harassed a few Stevens' families but I was unsuccessful in locating Frizz.

Is there such a thing with the ORA, as

a 'year's reunion' - where everyone from a particular school year meets, after twenty, thirty or even forty years. This occurs quite often here in Germany. You can read advertisements in the local newspapers to inform everybody, well in advance, and they are also reported, after the event; my wife also took part in one, quite recently. If such a thing exists, please put my name down for it. I would be prepared to pay cash in advance and, if I lived in the UK, I would perhaps even offer to take part in its organising, but this is easily said from here.

Looking back on my school years, I believe that we had good teachers and a good standard of education. Of course, it's absolutely true that I have to be positive with the given audience. It could even be argued that this is also a sort of self praise: if the teachers were good then we couldn't have been too bad ourselves, either. Some of it must have rubbed off, despite subjects like chemistry which many of us could not absorb at all! There is a German proverb, that says self praise stinks; but I am inclined to give everyone - teachers and pupils, myself included - the benefit of the doubt.

Kindest regards to everybody - those I know and everybody else - from Colin Biggs"

• It is with great regret that we report the death of **Dr Simon Wernick (14-21)** in April 1998 a few weeks after his 95th birthday.

Simon Wernick was a founder member of the Electroplaters and Depositors Technical Society (which in 1951 became the Institute of Metal Finishing) and its Honorary Secretary General for over 50 years. He was President of the IMF twice, in 1945-47 and in 1981-82. He also received the two most prestigious awards given by the IMF - the Gold Medal, in 1951 and the Hothersall Memorial Award, in 1961.

In the late 1970s the International Union of Surface Finishing honoured Simon Wernick by initiating the 'Simon Wernick International Achievement Award in Surface Finishing', an award presented every four years.

• Those of you who read the March Newsletter may remember that **Geoff Gilson (59-64)** was going to a reunion at his infant / junior school. Geoff explains:

"My infant / junior school reunion was an outstanding success. If you have access

to the Internet you might like to see the follow up - it has captured the imagination of complete strangers. Go to <http://www.imagine-it.co.uk> and you will see directions to it (William Torbitt School reunion).

Patricia Dixon and John Cairncross from my intake year at Raine's both attended with Anne Byers from 1958 intake.

If any one wishes to make contact with any of the above three please send any letters to Bill Richards who can arrange for them to be forwarded via myself."

Geoff also sent me an old, slightly brown, press cutting from the News of World from 1961. It is the obituary of Sir Basil Lucas Quixano Henriques who was one of the school's governors although this is not mentioned in the obituary. A short version of the obituary follows:

"Basil Henriques was born in London in 1890 and educated at Harrow and Oxford. (Typically the News of the World got it wrong and said he was educated at Eton

**"I prefer to pronounce
the word in true Cockney
as 'deprived'."**

- probably easier to spell! - ed.) He came to Stepney, never leaving it, in 1913 and lived at Toynbee Hall. In March 1914 he opened the Oxford and St Georges Club in Cannon Street Road. The club moved to Berner Street, now Henriques Street, in 1930.

He remained Warden there until his retirement in 1947. For many years he was Chairman of the East London Juvenile Court and was an acknowledged authority on delinquency and never afraid to be controversial. He was once quoted:

"I do not believe the youth of today is depraved. I prefer to pronounce the word in true Cockney as 'deprived'."

Sir Basil was President of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs and a member of the House Committee of the London Hospital 1920-1940. He was knighted in 1955 and two years later he lost the sight of an eye but still went on lecturing and writing.

His last fight was last month when he sought to reform court procedure where a child was involved in an improper assault case.

"I want," he said, "to reduce the frightening ordeal a child has to suffer."

He lived his life for that aim. Sir Basil, 6ft 3in tall, was a big man in every way."

• Back in May **Tom Watkins**, the pop star manager whose clientele includes East 17, was trying to sell his four-storey house in London's Little Venice for £1.5m. The house has a 40 ft basement pool but only two bedrooms! Tom was at Raine's 1961-66.

• **John Blundell (former Head of Art)** was one of five people presented with Mayor of Bromley Awards in April. These awards are given in acknowledgement by the Borough of outstanding voluntary service to the community. In John's case it was presented for many years service as a member of the St Mary Cray Action Group.

• Sometime back the school received a letter that had been posted without any postcode. On the envelope had been written the following:

"Best School!
1981-1986!
N-class! In School house!
Best day's of my life!
Job: Postman
Formteacher: Mr. Croom"

If any one has any idea who it may be could they please contact us.

• Finally I am sure that all Old Raineians wish all the best to Linda Linnett who left Raine's in July after over 25 years at and for the school. Linda, who decided to make a break from teaching, is going to do consultancy work.

Well that is the completion of another Newsletter. I will apologise now if there are a number of errors but because of forthcoming jury service the Newsletter production timetable had to be fore-shortened. This also meant leaving out some photographs and the promised article from Paul Hollingum, Headteacher at Raine's.

Having said that I do believe the content is varied and interesting. As I previously stated there is plenty to comment on. So get writing, typing, etc. and send it by post, fax, e-mail or even pigeon!

Bill Richards