

Obituaries 2021

Compiled with the help of families, friends, colleagues, the College archives and published sources. We are always grateful for contributions, so please do contact us. If you are aware of any OJ or former member of staff who has died please let us know so that we can update our records. Contact details can be found at the front of the newsletter.

Richard Hurley (Member of Staff 1980 - 2021)



Richard Hurley (top right) at an ICT Masterclass 2001

Richard very sadly and unexpectedly passed away in October. He was an integral part of Hurst for many years, having joined the College in September 1980, and will be greatly missed by all his colleagues at Hurst.

He introduced Computer Science to Hurst, set up the Creative Design Technology Department and was responsible for many ground-breaking digital initiatives at Hurst, not least of all our 'Challenge Grade Review' academic assessment and tracking system.

Messages from the Hurst Foundation Community:

"Mr Hurley was the inspiration for me to get into computer studies and has been my chosen career ever since."

- **James Gosney**

"So sad, a very funny and good maths teacher as well as DT. Enabled and encouraged me to take A level maths!" - **Simon Cross**

Academic and Careers Notes

Setting Up a Department

Richard Hurley in a designer interview

When did Hurst decide to introduce CDT?

Within six months of the Headmaster arriving, some two and a half years ago. It's a timely introduction since the National Curriculum has focussed attention on this area.

My initial brief was to set up CDT at Hurst using existing sources of manpower, existing buildings and with a budget limit of £60,000.

Are you happy with this level of investment?

At present, yes. Of course, it will need to develop. We were lucky enough to have spare room at the College, so we haven't required any major building — though I can envisage a small link building joining what is now the main workshop and the Art Room. This has meant that hitherto all the money has been spent on equipping the centre. Ideally we will need to double up on some machines, such as computer controlled lathes and polishers to avoid boys having to queue to use them.

It has been a costly operation, as you might have expected. The desks in the Design Room, for instance, cost nearly £300 each (plus £50 for a chair). A basic polisher costs £200 — a computer-controlled lathe sets us back £5,000.

Penny Hopkins



901ST EDITION



Richard Hurley at work

It has been an exciting challenge. Nine years ago I arrived to set up computing at Hurst. Now I relish the opportunity to set up a new department. We began teaching the integrated course in September 1988. By September '89 we will be running courses for the Shell, Remove and Lower Sixth. The Junior School as well will be making more demands upon the Department.

How extensive now is the CDT Department?

The Woodwork room has always existed, which Jim Combe looks after. (He also helps out with work on plastics.) Woodwork, as a single subject, no longer exists. It is part of our Shell Foundation Course, which is the basic introduction to CDT. Basically, woodwork is now an option that is covered from within the CDT course.

Then we have the Technology room, which is where we have installed the old BBC computers to do technology work, linking computers to electronics in order to perform certain tasks. It has been christened *Legoland* because of all the technical Lego equipment that's used in there.

The old Science Lecture Theatre has become the Design Room; the new multi-media workshop is a conversion from the old Projects Lab — it was this that proved to be the most expensive. During the Summer holidays, we have a new conversion from the old electronics lab to the new Sixth Form Technology room, though this will very much be a shared facility between CDT and the Physics Department.

What does a Shell boy do in CDT in his first year here?

In his first year he will follow our Foundation Course in art, computing and CDT. Every boy will have four periods a week over the year which is divided into six 'modules' (which is two periods a week for one term).

Firstly, there is computing. Up until recently, the emphasis in a computer course was on programming, an aspect which is disappearing. Since we can buy far more sophisticated programmes than any boy here can write, it's sensible to concentrate on areas such as word processing, desktop publishing and computer art packages and design.

I see this as being a secure stepping stone for getting boys interested in running *The Grapevine*, the school newspaper. This requires a certain amount of

David Hopkins



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The 1988 Hurst Johnian magazine contained an interview with Richard about his work in those early days of IT and we reproduce it here.

"I had so hoped to catch up with him to thank him so much for, against all the odds, helping me to pass 'O' Level maths. Condolences to his family. He will be sorely missed." - **Andrew Claringbull**

"God bless him. He was a very good colleague and I enjoyed our chats very much. Love to Jennie and family." - **Andrew Wood**

"Prayers and condolences to his family. A really pleasant and genuine man." - **Pete Smith**

"Mr Hurley had such a passion for the subjects he taught that walking into

the CDT suite felt exciting. It was a pretty giddy moment when the first Apple computers were unboxed. One could tell that Mr H was convinced he was in charge of a superior department!" - **Jon Byers**

"He was and still is one of my favourite teachers of all time. He made such a big difference in my journey at school. Sending my best wishes to his family and friends." - **Amy Harris**

"Very sad news... great teacher. He was kind enough to write a glowing reference that helped me get into teaching. And I've been teaching ICT

and Computer Science for 19(ish) years." - **James Fielden**

"Very sad to hear this. He was a great teacher. As a beneficiary of the IT scholarship, he was probably the biggest reason I went to Hurst." - **Harry Aldridge**

"Great man, loved every minute of his classes." - **James Elliot**

"A great man. An inspiring teacher who went above and beyond and also the reason that I started working at Hurst. I owe a lot to him and he will be sorely missed." - **Ollie Mitchell**

Air Marshal Sir Roy Austen-Smith (Shield 1937 - 1942)

Air Marshal Sir Roy Austen-Smith, who has died aged 96, flew on operations during the final weeks of the war in Europe, saw action in Malaya and later held senior appointments overseas.

He trained as a pilot in Canada, and in March 1945 joined 41 Squadron based at Eindhoven flying the Spitfire XIV. For the next six weeks he flew almost every day on armed reconnaissance sorties and fighter sweeps into Germany. The squadron moved frequently and was near Hanover by mid-April. On March 2, during a patrol over Schwerin airfield, he shot down a Fiesler Storch and damaged a second. Austen-Smith remained with the squadron until the end of March 1946.

After a staff tour, he returned to flying duties and in 1950 joined 33 Squadron as a flight commander at Butterworth near Penang. The squadron, the last to operate the Tempest, was heavily engaged in the Malayan Emergency mounting ground attack sorties against the communist terrorists (CT).

Austen-Smith had an unusually long period on operations, and when he left the squadron in June 1953, the squadron record book commented:

"During his extended and noteworthy tour, Flight Lieutenant RD A-Smith obtained a wife, a son and a Distinguished Flying Cross." His DFC, for "gallant and distinguished service in Malaya", was announced in March 1953.

Roy David Austen-Smith was born on June 28 1924

in Melbourne, two years after his parents emigrated to Australia. Ten years later the family returned to England, where his father managed the family fruit farm in Kent. Roy was educated at Hurst College and joined the RAF in 1942, spending a year at St Andrews University.

After returning from Malaya, he served as a squadron commander in the cadet wing at the RAF College

Cranwell. In 1956, he assumed command of 73 Squadron in Cyprus. Initially, the squadron flew the single-seat Venom fighter-bomber before converting to the Canberra medium bomber in March 1957.



Roy Austen-Smith in Eindhoven with the No 41 Squadron in 1945

After an appointment in the MoD and attendance at the Joint Services Staff College Course, Austen-Smith returned to flying duties in 1964. He assumed command of a Victor bomber squadron, No 57, based at Honington in Suffolk, which formed part of the UK's strategic nuclear deterrent force with some aircraft maintained at a high readiness state.

In 1966 he left for Germany, where he served in the operational plans division of the Second Allied Tactical Air Force based at Rheindahlen, near Monchengladbach, where officers of the Belgian, German and Netherlands Air Forces, together with RAF officers, were on his staff.

On return from Germany in 1968 he took command of RAF Wattisham in Suffolk, the home of two Lightning squadrons providing air defence for the UK. One of his squadron commanders described him as: «The perfect example of gentlemanly behaviour. No matter whether dealing with his superiors, or subordinates, he carried an air of affability and commanded complete respect.»

In 1970 he served at the MoD as the Director of Personnel (Air), responsible for the postings and career management of aircrew officers. In September 1972 he became the Air Officer Commanding and Commandant of the RAF College Cranwell.

In November 1975 Austen-Smith was appointed senior air staff officer of the Near Air Force (NEAF) in Cyprus.

With the disbandment of NEAF in April 1976, Austen-Smith became Commander of British Forces Cyprus and Administrator of the Sovereign Base Areas (SBAs). The sensitivities following the partition of the island prevailed and the resident United Nations Peacekeeping Force was expanded to supervise the 180-mile ceasefire line and the buffer zone between the Turkish Cypriot zone in the north and the Greek Cypriot forces in the south. While Austen-Smith was very familiar with the military and operational aspects of his appointment, the complex political situation on the divided island presented very different issues, requiring all his diplomatic skills and tact in the delicate negotiations with international and local parties. "It was a difficult but very interesting time," he recalled.

After leaving Cyprus in the summer of 1978, Austen-Smith headed for Washington to become Defence Attaché and head of the British Defence Staff, before retiring in November 1981 after 38 years' service, 15 of which were spent overseas.

Austen-Smith was appointed CB in 1975 and KBE in 1979. In 1994 he was made a Gentleman Usher to the Queen, a post he held for 12 years until 1994, when he was appointed CVO. After leaving the RAF, he worked as a consultant for the US aerospace company Boeing.

Roy Austen-Smith married Ann Alderson in Singapore in 1951. She and their two sons survive him. Roy Austen-Smith, born June 28 1924, died March 27 2021

D E S Dearle (Master 1954 - 1968)

Educated at Bradfield College and New College, Oxford, David Dearle joined the staff of the Junior House in September 1954 to teach History and Latin. He arrived at Hurst at the same time as Harry Maxwell and Michael Bickmore. It was also the start of Ken Heslop's 18 years as Master of the Junior House. In addition to his teaching responsibilities David coached games, ran the Scouts, presided over the library, and from 1960 was responsible for running the boarding house when he and his family lived in the house at the west end of the Junior School buildings. He

left in 1968 to become Headmaster of Portora Royal Junior School in Northern Ireland. A few years later he moved on to become Headmaster of King's House School in Richmond where he remained until he retired.

He was very well-organised, and I found that when I took over from him in September 1968 everything in the Junior School History Department was in perfect order as was the Library even though it was being used as a classroom.
Roger Moulton

Peter Lee-Smith (Red Cross 1962 - 1967)

Peter had a very aggressive form of liver cancer and died peacefully in February 2021 with the family around him in the local Hospice. Only in October 2020 he was leading an 11 mile hill walk as Chairman of Evesham Rambling Club. The overwhelming opinion of friends

was that he was a lovely man, a true gentleman, kind, considerate and who led by example.

I learnt new things from Peter every day. A close friend said, "I have lost my Google, Google Maps and Wikipedia in one foul swoop" and

that is how I feel. I'm sure it was Hurst that gave Peter such a love of learning and knowledge. We have had a long and very happy marriage and the children (Richard and Katherine) and I will miss him greatly.

Sue Lee-Smith

Roger Summers (Shield 1945 - 1947)

The death of Roger J Summers on 28th September 2020 was sadly reported to us.

Capt Christopher Malcolm Keith "Chris" Deas-Dawlish, CD (Ret'd) (Red Cross - 1959)

Chris was born in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, in 1943 and moved to Dar-es-Salaam and then Nairobi, Kenya. He spent a short time at Hurst College, between September 1957 and December 1958, and then returned to Kenya for high school from where he gained a Royal Air Force (RAF) scholarship to Aberdeen University in Scotland in 1963. Chris began his full-time training at Leeming RAF Station in Yorkshire in 1966 where, as a Pilot Officer, he flew Jet Provosts. Following an injury that precluded further piloting of jet aircraft, Chris left the RAF, married and then emigrated to Canada in 1968.



worked out of Militia District Headquarters Vancouver where, as a Staff Officer, he commanded the District Intelligence Section. During that time he organized the Summer Youth Employment Program at CFB Chilliwack.

In 1985 Chris transferred to the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada as a recently promoted Captain and served as the Finance Officer. He was heavily involved as a volunteer in much of the refurbishing program for their Officer's Mess. In 1987 Chris was awarded the CD and in 1989 he retired from the Primary Reserve. Chris was awarded the 125th Anniversary of the Confederation of Canada Medal in 1992.

Chris joined 6th Field Engineer Squadron in Vancouver in 1979 and served in various administrative positions until October 1980 when he transferred to the Logistics Branch as a Lieutenant. He

Chris died on 12 November 2017 in Vancouver, BC after a battle with cancer.

Paul Christopher Haigh (Fleur de Lys 1958 - 1960)

Paul Haigh, the long-standing Racing Post writer and former racing journalist of the year, died aged 76, in January 2021.

Haigh was one of the high-profile signings made by the first Racing Post editor, the late Graham Rock, and wrote for the newspaper from its launch in April 1986 until 2009. Prior to that, he had made his name working for the monthly Pacemaker magazine as someone who, by racing standards, was a left-wing, anti-establishment writer.

Haigh won specialist columnist of the year for a trade publication in the Magazine Publishing Awards in 1984, when the Publisher magazine said: "Haigh's reporting, whether on the mysteries of Shergar's disappearance or on impressions of a day out at



Deauville, was always interesting even to the layman. The judges enjoyed the way his writing informed and entertained at the same time."

Upon joining the Post, Haigh wrote a column two or three times a week until 1993, the year he was named racing journalist of the year at the HWPDA Derby Awards. Having decided by that point to become a

freelance journalist, Haigh continued to contribute to the Post until his resignation in 2009.

He also wrote many books, including The Racehorse Trainer, which was published in 1990 and included 21 detailed chapters profiling some of the greatest international trainers, ranging from Henry Cecil to Bart Cummings

Graham Lambert-Matchett (Red Cross 1945 - 1950)

The death of Graham Lambert-Matchett in March was sadly reported to us.

‘Charles’ Peter Kimble (Shield 1955 - 1960)

Peter died on 13 October 2020, having succumbed to Covid19. He was both House Captain of Shield and School Captain. He went to Queens’ College Cambridge and became a Civil Engineer.

George (Paddy) Newbery (Master, Junior School 1985 - 1991)

Paddy Newbery, who died in December 2020, was a highly successful Master of the Junior School between 1985 and 1991.

He was educated at Hill Brow School in Somerset and then at Lancing College before undertaking teacher training at Redland College, Bristol. He was a housemaster at Millfield and then at Framlingham College before becoming Head of Brandeston Hall - Framlingham’s prep school. He taught Maths and was a highly competent games coach, hockey being his forte.

He was appointed Master of the Junior School in 1985 taking over from Robin Paul. He inherited

several problems. Boarding numbers nationally were starting to decline, and this was reflected in the Junior School with three dormitories having been closed. The long boarding school day- 8.30 am to 7.30 pm - adhered to by day boys was becoming unpopular. The fact that day boy fees were higher than rival prep schools did not help.

He arrived to find a school of 112 boys. His ease of manner, his ability to strike up a conversation and find common ground with anybody soon attracted parents and the numbers had increased to 115 by the following September. By this time a new daily routine was in place which was attractive to potential parents. Day

boys could now leave at 5.30 pm and, apart from appearing in matches, they could leave by lunchtime on Saturday. By 1990 numbers had grown to 169. He also began taking seven-year-olds on a proper footing. Thanks to his many administrative improvements the school became very well organised. In all this he was very well supported by his wife Judith.

To the regret of many, Paddy left in 1991. He had been successful in what he set out to do. He filled the school, he ran it efficiently and parents, boys and staff were happy. It was a good period in the history of the Junior School. He deserves to be remembered. **Roger Moulton**

Peter Ross (Fleur de Lys 1944 - 1947)

We have been advised that Peter Ross passed away peacefully on Monday 15th March 2021. He is survived by his children, Nikki, David, Emma, James and Seb.

His career was largely in construction although he initially joined the Forestry Commission in 1948. Between 1948-1950 Peter was in

the Royal Navy before training in Civil Engineering at the College of Technology. He worked for the Brighton Corporation between 1950-1955 and then became a Civil Engineer at JL Kerr Ltd. In 1957 he set up Ross Partners house building, which then became Ross Construction Ltd in the early 60s. From 1964-1968 he was at Walter

Llewelyn, Eastbourne and then 1968-1975 PH Smith where he was Building Director. In 1975 he became MD at Peter Ross Ltd though at this time, between 1978-1983, he was also farming in Oxfordshire. From 1983-1988 he worked as a consultant engineer in Sussex. Peter also played Rugby for Sussex in his youth.

J. S. Young (Star 1947 - 1951)

John Sinclair Young died in 2021 after a long illness. He was a resident of Henfield for many years where he and his wife ran a traditional ‘Tea Shoppe’ at Norton House in the High Street.

Dr Norman Simmons, CBE (Star 1946 - 1951)

Dr Norman Simmons, the renowned microbiologist who tackled superbugs and food scares, successfully avoided Covid-19 but died of the effects of a stroke on November 27, 2020, aged 87.



Dr Simmons collecting his CBE in 2000

Even in his late eighties, Norman Simmons understood better than most the potent nature of Covid-19 and the threat posed by the virus. While his family fretted about his vulnerability, no one had to tell Simmons why they all needed to take great care. His knowledge of infection control was deeply embedded and had often been far ahead of its time. He had been head of clinical microbiology at Guy’s Hospital, London, for more than 20 years from 1972 and had an international reputation. When it came to dealing with viruses and dangerous microbes, Simmons was nearly always summoned. He helped to find answers to the antibiotic-resistant “superbug” known as MRSA that blighted hospitals in the Nineties and the Noughties, as well as proffering advice in the Eighties after the panic over salmonella in eggs and listeria in soft cheeses. He was also involved in safeguarding beef in the wake of “mad-cow disease”, the containment of strains of E. coli, and the development of policy on Aids.

He was an irreverent man who used his pen as a formidable weapon in battles over health policy. His call for radical action over MRSA in 2005 resonates perhaps even more strongly today. “To be truly effective, measures to contain MRSA must block airborne transmission,” Simmons said in a letter to The Times on March 4 of that year. “This can be achieved only by the physical separation of carriers and infected patients from uninfected patients. Every major hospital should urgently be given isolation units.”

In another letter, he added: “It is going to be expensive to bring in proper, effective infection control. For doctors, it will mean a huge change in the way they work, but if the government really wants MRSA to be tackled, these are the kind of plans they need to be considering. Hand-washing and cleaner floors is good, but it is not going to be enough.”

Only physical separation of those who tested positive for the bug, he said, would ensure that airborne transmission was blocked.

Norman Alan Simmons was born in Hackney, London, in 1933, the youngest child of Annie Simmons and her husband, Louis, who, together, ran a textile business. After attending Hurstpierpoint College with his elder brother Stanley a prominent doctor who was later knighted, Norman later studied medicine at St Mary’s Hospital Medical School in London, graduating in 1958. From early on, he developed an interest in microbiology and pathology. He joined the Department of Clinical Pathology at Guy’s in 1961. A year later he moved to Edgware General Hospital, where his work had a profound influence on the practice of clinical microbiology in Britain and the rest of the world. In 1971 he became one of the founders of the British Society for Antimicrobial Chemotherapy.

A gregarious man known for his sense of humour, Simmons enjoyed genealogy, skiing and listening to an eclectic range of vinyl records, from Ella Fitzgerald to S Club 7. At home, he had two offices. There was the messy one indoors where he hoarded material. Then there was the one in the garden, a glorified shed where he had a big desk and shelving, kept his working papers and record collection, and occasionally made Airfix models.

Stephen R M Todd (Fleur de Lis 1969 - 1972)

The death of Stephen Todd was reported to us by his brother, Andrew. Stephen was a practicing dentist in Chichester and Bilingshurst and also undertook consulting work for BUPA. He is survived by his two brothers, David and Andrew (who also attended Hurst, Fleur-de-Lys) and by his two children.

Obituaries

David Hughes (Chevron 1954-59, Staff 1965-2000)



There are famous names of people with long connection with Hurst; Maurice Pitcher (OJ) with cricket week and P.W.Scott as housemaster of Chevron for forty eight years, and now David Hughes. The stark statistics are that David was a pupil from 1954 to 1959 and then on the staff from 1965 to 2000 but numbers never tell the full story.

As a pupil, David was captain of Chevron, and vice-captain of Rugby in the vintage season of 1958 when only one first XV fixture was lost.

He retained his love of the game playing for Hove RFC at which time he also represented Sussex. While at Cambridge he became a top referee.

Also while at Hurst he nurtured his love of music as secretary of both the choral society and the gramophone club. He had a fine voice and later in life sang with Heide, his wife, in the Brighton Festival Chorus. Together they slipped off to Glyndebourne as often as possible in their pursuit of their love of opera. He was a man of faith; as senior sacristan at Hurst this was undoubtedly fostered.

in 1964 David graduated from Magdalene College, Cambridge with a degree in economics. A year later, having completed his teaching qualification, he returned to Hurst. After short house-tutorship in Star and Fleur-de-Lys, David was appointed housemaster of Martlet in 1975 where he and Heide proved to be the ideal couple for the post. Their happy tenure lasted until 1990. During these years David set many young people on their way in the world with his advice as Hurst's careers master. He also spent many hours coaching rugby and athletics. He was second master from 1993 until he retired.

In 1967 there were three memorable events in England. Foinavon won the Grand National at 100 to 1, Sandie Shaw triumphed in the Eurovision song contest with Puppet on a String and Heide accepted David's proposal of marriage. Thus began fifty three years of happy union which included the births of Gesine and Dieter (OJ). In 2000 when David retired, the college's loss was the gain of others. As top organisers, both David and Heide were heavily involved in the early years of the Hurst Festival which has grown and flourishes to this day. Their house always seemed to be filled with the music for the Brighton Festival Chorus along with the happiness one always found there. David also worked tirelessly for the local Probus Club.

David never knew his father who was killed in the war serving in the RAF, but he was lucky to have a devoted mother who could so easily have spoiled him. But she didn't and maybe that is why we have sadly lost such a fine man.

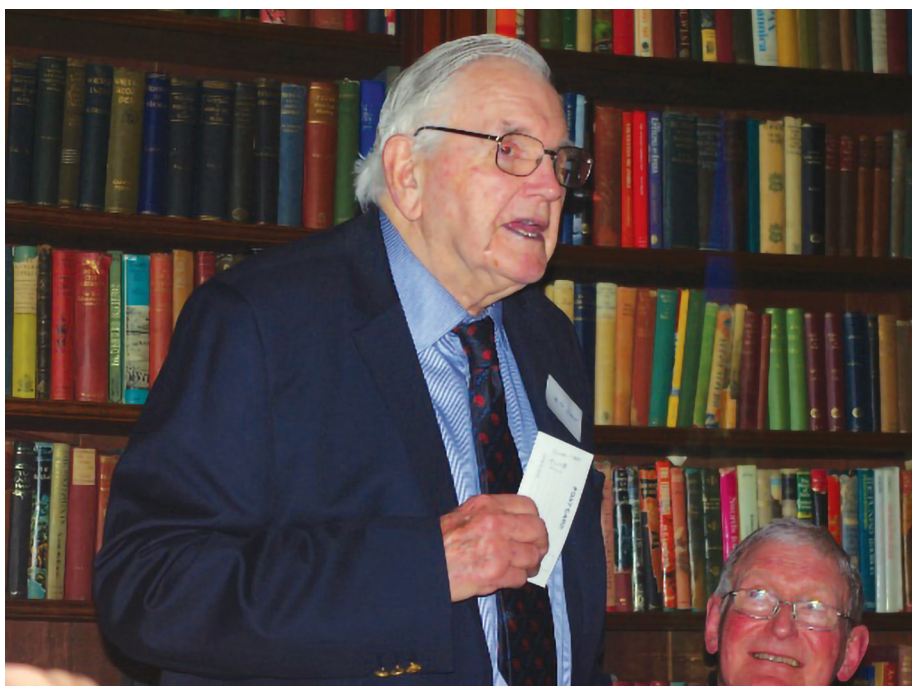
George Hill Chevron 1945-51

Keith Robert Jenkin (Fleur de Lys 1949)

It was with great sadness that the "OJ family" heard of Keith's death in late March as a result of contracting the covid virus. Only five weeks earlier many of us had met him at the great occasion of the Cricket Week Centenary Dinner in the Long Room at Lord's. It seems appropriate now that that was his last big Hurst event, for he had been a huge contributor to The Week from the moment he left school as both player and more

recently supporter. He also played in 3 three Brewers' Cup winning finals for the OJs, captaining the side in two of them. Over the years his skills were also on show for Ditchling, the MCC and the Sussex Martlets for whom as Brian O'Gorman, the current President in another tribute, pointed out he had a prodigious record. He struck a dominant figure at the crease. I was umpiring one of his later Cricket Week games. I've always

contended that the umpire has the best seat in the house (without a seat, of course!) for not only do you get a close view of the skills at work but catch the humour of events along the way! Keith pulled a fetlock and called for a runner. A young Peter Stock was sent out to do the job. Keith dominated the proceedings by calling all the runs including some very sharp singles, while he sat on his bat and watched the batsmen build



up a sweat! Having mentioned young players, Keith has avidly watched the progress the young Hurst players who are making their way in the Sussex team. He was exceedingly proud of them. He was also a very enthusiastic member of the Golf Society as Graham Negus explained in his moving tribute; written the day Keith died. I think that in recent years he has been a great source of encouragement for the young players there too. The College Archivist too, has fond memories of Keith for much the same reason as the sportsmen. He was caught up in her enthusiasm and supplied her much material. The cricketers called him "Special K" years ago and that is who he remained: very apt really.

The family sent this and it seems right that the rest should be left to Keith.

I hope these notes may help anyone who says a few words at my funeral. As it seems the fashion now for people to write their own eulogies it might save a lot of time and trouble just to read it out, warts and all.

January 2013.

I was born in 1931 in Hove (actually) into a well-known farming family. My grandfather had "emigrated" from Cornwall along with his brothers and other Cornish farmers. They had responded to an approach from two big Sussex landowners. He settled

in Hurstpierpoint where the family farmed for over a century.

In 1926 he and my father bought a small Brighton dairy business which father developed into a much larger business up until the war. In 1940, after Dunkirk we moved to a remote workman's cottage outside Hurst (no electricity; loo down the garden) but we suffered our own bombing raid when a German bomber harried by night fighters, jettisoned his load all round us. Some of them eluded the disposal squad and are still there... I had originally followed my brother John to the Brighton Grammar School and then to Hurstpierpoint College.

I would not describe myself as academic, but I got by. My interests were mainly sporting, principally cricket and I represented the school at all major sports. I did however reach the dizzy heights of Captain of the School although Canon Howard may well have regretted it when I miserably failed Higher Cert scripture.

Sadly, father died suddenly one night on the farm. He had never enjoyed the best of health after suffering rheumatic fever in his youth. It had however saved him from the horrors of the Western front in 1916. I only recently came across a local paper report and was astonished at the breadth of his business and social interests. It confirmed my only

memory of the funeral; that the chapel was packed to overflowing with many mourners left outside on a very cold day. As a result, I had to abandon any thoughts of a University career. I probably would have devoted my energies to sport. (My interviewer at Oxford seemed more interested in my cricketing abilities).

I ran the dairy for a few years and in 1956 decided to explore fresh fields abroad and joined the mighty Unilever subsidiary The United Africa co. in Nigeria. I was married there in 1957 to Pat. Her parents and my mother also came out in a trip that lasted nearly five days. Many years later I saw an expletive ridden letter mother had written to the airline savagely criticizing the way they had been treated (like cattle). I didn't realise that she knew words like that! (She had incidentally remarried a very wealthy widower which probably saved my brother and I from likely penury as she had developed a champagne lifestyle on what she maintained was £5 a week! It was a cash business she ran)

In 1959 we came home prior to the birth of Neil and Stuart. We only had a few weeks warning that twins were coming...

Although we thought of Australia, I joined the United Dominions Trust on what I thought was a stop gap

but every time I thought about leaving, I was promoted and stayed for 25 years. The job required me to live nearer London and I have now been in Herts for nearly 50 years. My sporting career continued unabated, principally cricket and golf, with squash until I was 50. I had many happy years with my Old Boys cricket and golf societies, the Radlett CC and Porters Park GC. I have been an MCC member for nearly 60 years at the time of writing. I had thought about a professional cricket career on

leaving school but £4 a week did not seem terribly attractive at the time. I did play for the Sussex second XI as the obligatory amateur. Tamsin was born in 1965 and has two wonderful daughters Chloe and Molly whom I hope to live long enough to see succeed in their chosen careers.

I had left UDT in 1984, I had lost interest and the leaving package was sufficiently attractive. I worked locally for a few years for the DTI and a friend's motor business. Sadly,

my marriage had come to an end but in 1993 I married Judy after an introduction by an old army friend who subsequently admitted to match making. She has a wonderful family with whom I seem to get on with admirably; I have had no complaints anyway. We have now had nearly 26 years of a happy life...

I am nearly 82 now with a pacemaker and what my doctor describes as heart failure. I certainly keep the pharmaceutical industry going.

Derek Semmence (Staff 1975-2003)

In 1974 he became the cricket professional at Hurstpierpoint and gained a reputation as a popular, impassioned teacher with an ability to bring out the best in a boy. Within a few years he had started to take the cricket team on tours to India, a pioneering venture in the late 1970s.

It was a cold day when the 16-year-old Derek Semmence first played for Sussex County Cricket Club as a professional in 1954 and, asked to open the bowling in a practice match, he could hardly hold the ball. John Langridge, the great Sussex cricketer, was batting and yet Derek's first delivery headed towards the mid-wicket boundary.

By the age of 17 he had made his first-class debut against Warwickshire, and at Lancashire had faced Brian Statham, who was bowling flat out (which was rare in county cricket) because he was keen to be picked to play for England against the touring Australians.

Aged 18 years and 85 days Derek scored a first-class century against Nottinghamshire at Trent Bridge and became the youngest man to score a hundred for Sussex, a record that remains unbeaten.

During a lifetime involved with the game — whether in county teams, on the pitches of India or as the



cricket professional for 29 years at Hurstpierpoint College — Derek played with and against the cream of cricket: Ted Dexter, Denis Compton, Colin Cowdrey and Jim Laker as well as Indian Test cricketers such as the Nawab of Pataudi, Hanumant Singh and Vinoo Mankad.

He went on to Shoreham Grammar School which he left early to play

for Sussex — an academic loss that he always quietly regretted — and did his National Service with the RAF, joining the Combined Services cricket team at first-class level. He returned to Sussex for a year but left after strained relations with the new coach to play for teams around the country: Essex, Devon and in the 1970s for Northumberland and Cambridgeshire.

In 1959 a team-mate was the 21st Maharajah of Nawanagar, who was following in the footsteps of his cricketing forebears,

Sir Ranjitsinhji Vibhaji Jadeja (known as Ranji) and Duleepsinhji, who both played for England as well as Sussex. For Derek the encounter and ensuing friendship with the maharajah, Shatrusalysinhji (known as Sat), would greatly enrich his life. He was invited to India that winter as Sat's guest and spent the months playing cricket — on one occasion on the indoor tennis court of a palace —

driving an E-type Jaguar and being put up at Pratap Vilas. The Renaissance-style palace had been built by Ranji for guests in the early 20th century.

When Sat married a Nepalese princess in an elaborate week-long ceremony watched by a crowd of 350,000, Derek took part in the procession. He carried a sword and walked with the family alongside decorated elephants and lancers on horseback. At one of the many wedding dinners in Delhi he was introduced to Jawaharlal Nehru, the first prime minister of India.

Thereafter Derek would embrace an idyllic lifestyle, spending his winters playing cricket in India and his summers in Britain. He returned to India nearly 30 times, staying in palaces, joining maharajahs on weekend shoots including, with some discomfort, a tiger shoot. In 1971 he travelled around the country on a six-month honeymoon with his wife, Christine, whom he had met at a party in Worthing.

In 1974 he became the cricket professional at Hurstpierpoint and gained a reputation as a popular, impassioned teacher with an ability to bring out the best in a boy. Within a few years he had started to take the cricket team on tours to India, a pioneering venture in the late 1970s. The Indian spectators at the matches would run into the thousands.

Aware of the hospitality he had received in India, and keen to reciprocate, he arranged for young Indian cricketers to play as club professionals in Britain or to coach in schools. Many were housed in the family home in the school grounds where Christine and Derek raised their two children: Mark, who is the headmaster of Repton School in Derbyshire, and Jacqueline, a clothing entrepreneur.

In the 1990s Derek set up a company with another member of the Nawanagar royal family — Devraj Sinh Jadeja — to take school tours to India. Derek's name was well known in Indian cricketing circles, and he was asked to coach the Rajasthan junior teams for Lalit Modi, the first chairman of the Indian Premier League, in Jaipur in the mid-2000s. He had also been asked to coach the Bangladesh national side in the 1990s. His son relates how last year a friend travelling in India struck up a conversation with a fellow passenger. When the talk turned to cricket the Indian asked whether he knew Derek Semmence.

In retirement Derek captained the Sussex Over-50s, Over-60s and Over-70s, which he led to four consecutive championship trophy wins. Derek's interests were not confined solely to cricket. He was a voracious reader of current affairs, liked tennis and was a good footballer. Even so, his happiest moments in recent years were, as president of Worthing Cricket Club and vice-president of the Sussex Martlets, watching or playing cricket on the pitch used for county championships at Arundel Castle.



'Derek'

"Life is like an echo.

What you send out, comes back. What you sow, you reap.

What you give, you get. What you see in others, exists in you.'

To me these words perfectly describe the incomparable Derek Semmence; he was my coach, my mentor and my great friend, a man who never judged and always saw the positives. The beauty for Derek was never in taking, but always the giving and the inspiring albeit with a strong dose of humour on the side, and I am certain that his influence on countless peoples' lives will continue way after his passing.

Our story starts on a cold, damp evening in October 1978 in the cricket net between the squash courts at Hurstpierpoint College. I had just been selected for Sussex under 11s and my father wanted to get me extra coaching and so I arrived and nervously began to pad up. As I started Derek stopped me, "don't tuck your trousers into your socks, fold them, you're not riding a bicycle Martin" was his first pearl of wisdom. Every week Derek, with help from my father and on occasions the wonderful Sandy Ross, would bowl at me in the indoor net, teaching the basics of technique but all the time mindful not to over-coach ensuring that my natural ability was never stifled regardless of the latest coaching principles. Afterwards a coffee chez-Semmence was accompanied by stories of his love for the wonderful game. It is only in hindsight that I recognise that these times were as important as the training because this was where empathy, humility, respect and passion were bestowed freely and subconsciously, teaching me the values not just for cricket but for life itself.

For the next 40 years Derek educated, joked and supported me in every aspect of life. At 13 in a junior school middle practice, he flattened my off stump after I had planted his first two deliveries into the road, smiled and said “the time will come when the scales tip in your favour, but not yet.” Fast forward two years and I am nervously sat in the corner of a pub in Worksop whilst the rest of the senior school 1st eleven chatted up the bar staff. Derek invited me to join in and upon my refusal ensured I was carried to meet said bar maids having turned a certain shade of red! Not content with embarrassing me once, Derek delighted in recalling the story whenever the opportunity arose much to his delight and my embarrassment.

Many others tasted Derek’s humour, none more so that Matthew Lowndes on the 1985/6 school cricket tour of India. Derek arranged for the police chief of Surat to arrest Matthew in the hotel and cart him off to prison in front of all the guests for alleged inappropriate behaviour earlier in the trip. Possibly Derek’s greatest set up but there was also the serious side although far more rarely seen unless you happened to be a certain unsuspecting balding cockney-speaking maths teacher who rode his cycle over Derek’s cricket pitch one morning!

During that tour we finally defeated Rajkumar college, an ambition Derek had talked about on numerous occasions, and certainly a moment that I rank amongst my most cherished because that was the day I partly repaid the man who had given me so much. I will never forget upon shaking hands Derek whispered in my ear “cometh the hour cometh the man.”

Skip eight months and who should turn up but Derek, with my father and John Bettridge on the first morning of my First-Class debut against Somerset at Taunton . Upon scoring my maiden First-Class century the first call of congratulations was from Derek, quickly followed by “you still didn’t beat me as the youngest player to score a First-Class century for Sussex.” Three years later and I bag a pair against Australia and amidst my despair who should send me a message, but Derek “welcome to the club, you’re not a real cricketer until you’ve made a pair!” Four months later and after an August run-streak including several First-Class centuries and a 46 ball one day century against Somerset I arrive at Lord’s to play the NatWest final and Derek is commentating with John Lees. Many years later he told me “Martin, I wish I had taught you to be more selfish, if you had scored a century you would have played for England.” Just like Derek to see things through different glasses.

From that fateful evening in October 1978 Derek has been and will remain an ever-present but I am not alone. My guess is there are hundreds who have been irreconcilably influenced by Derek’s passion, respect and love of the game, his humour and his empathy for everyone he met. To quote Robert Louis Stephenson, Derek will be judged not by the harvest he reaped every day but by the seeds he planted, for they are many.

God bless Semmo, rest in peace my true friend.
Martin Speight (Fleur de Lys 1986)

A Reflection by Mike Harrison (Eagle 1996)

A place I have been fortunate to call a cricket home for over 30 years and a time to reflect on the sad news of the most influential cricket coach in my childhood passing away on Sunday. I learnt so much at school, as did generations of Hurst cricketers coached by him, and the many holidays courses over those ten years. He taught me more than I realised and in particular where my love of stats came from. I remember, vividly, him telling me to track and record my 1st XI bowling stats as it would give me an insight and overview of how I was getting on. He said back then two runs per over was good, 3 average and 4 poor, oh how times have changed with T20! It had such an impact I still have the figures from my first XI season...including



Martin Speight



the 64 dropped catches from April (school) to Sept (club), which I never remind anyone of and a trend which always followed me (I also have the 1996 1st XI fines book still too!). Enjoying the numbers laid the foundations for when I became a teacher and I have used the power of stats in sport to help and inspire in a way that can be relevant to anyone playing as it always tells a story and brings back a memory.

He was always interested in how my cricket was going and no doubt he was probably as surprised as I was that a very middle of the row (that is not an understatement, pure fact) school boy cricketer developed enough to be able to play 2nd XI and List A cricket for his county and captain a Sussex premier league club. He was always positive and interested and in cricket week would always want to chat after an innings or match, usually to tell me to keep the ball on the ground as I would score more. He was always very true to the fact I would always give a chance early on when I batted and I just needed to navigate past that. I always remember him having a record of being just 18 years old when he scored a first class century for Sussex (I am guessing a record which lasted a long time) and later in life was trying to score a century of centuries, think he got close in the nineties. I always wish I could

have batted like he coached and batted himself, I would have scored a few more for certain. My bowling was always given time and so much about what he coached was enjoyment and working hard. I was very lucky, and remember thinking it at the time, not too long ago to be sat at Arundel Castle with Derek and Brian O'Gorman discussing all things cricket for about an hour whilst play was going on, a special time. It just needed Sandy Ross (WF Rosco) to be there to complete the trio of influential cricket people in my young life who I never lost touch



with thanks to the Sussex Martlets, MCC and the schools I have worked at. John Bettridge also played a massive part in this at prep school too with enjoyment and happiness at the heart, a great foundation and to all of them a big thank you.

It is no coincidence that the longest standing cricket week in the country, which we celebrated at Lord's in February and its centenary year, had him at the heart of it for years watching from the boundary still offering sage advice having produced generations of schoolboys who became strong OJ players playing all over the county, country and world. Many of these players played at a performance level as well as many recreationally and of course so many playing in 'The week'. As I have learnt, the ultimate challenge and job for a coach/teacher is being able to positively affect the spectrum of players they connect with to keep playing after they leave school and into later life, something he most certainly did achieve.

Derek will be so sorely missed as will the recently departed Keith Jenkin. Big names and people of cricket week and OJ sport who will no longer be there but will be watching over the games played on this wonderful ground and old boys club.

Fingers crossed we get to play the centenary week this year with everything going on but even if we don't, we have certainly all been lucky to have been influenced by Derek and his dedication to the game and those who played with, against and were coached by him. Thoughts of so many with Mark, Christine, Jacqueline and family clearly seen by the tributes pouring in and the information on an incredible life and career in this, the greatest game of all.

Geoffrey Williams (Eagle 1957-1962)



Geoffrey Williams was born in 1944 in Edinburgh and entered Hurst in September 1957, joining Eagle House in its newly constructed premises under Housemaster Gari aka Bill Alban. He was an excellent sportsman and in his last year was Captain of Cricket, Captain of Hockey and Hon. Sec of Rugby. He had a great love for the theatre and performed regularly in Robert Bury's productions for the Shakespeare Society.

On leaving he went to Trinity College, Dublin to read law. He had wanted to become an actor but was persuaded otherwise by his mother and so, after graduating, began his legal career in the City as an articled clerk to Sir Peter Crisp at Ashurst Morris Crisp & Co (now Ashurst). He moved to Norton Rose Botterell and Roche (now Norton Rose Fulbright) in 1969 and became an expert in aviation leasing and financing. He was made a partner in 1975, but in 1982 he left with two contemporaries to found a new firm

Watson, Farley and Williams. The breakaway move was radical at the time but proved a great success and WFW is now one of the top law firms in the UK.

Cricket remained important to him. He was selected for the Surrey Young Amateurs in fixtures at the Oval, played club cricket for Oatlands Park in the Surrey Championship and wandering cricket for the Free Foresters, Sussex Martlets, Frogs and Grasshoppers. He also made forty four appearances for the OJs in Cricket Week between 1962 and 1987 and was a regular visitor in subsequent years.

In retirement he finally got his wish and went to RADA. Too old to train as an actor, he settled for a course in stage lighting design, which he then pursued, lighting a variety of dramatic productions. Opera, theatre and watching cricket from the pavilion at Lords remained his passion. His last years were sadly blighted by Motor Neurone disease. He died on 15 April 2020 leaving his wife Susan and their three children, James, Katherine and Edward.

Malcolm Williams Eagle 1961-1966

Robert James Perry (Staff 1972-1994)



Robert, family name Robin, and known as Bob in the Navy, was born in 1934 in Harrogate. He was pleased to be eligible to play cricket for Yorkshire if ever necessary!

His family on his father's side were very much involved in the Unitarian Church, and his grandfather was a retired Minister. When he lived in West Sussex, Robin was a trustee and treasurer of the Unitarian Chapel in Ditchling, known as The Old Meeting House, opened in 1743, and famous for hosting the wedding of conductor Sir Adrian Boult in 1933. Robin would fairly regularly take services there when living in Hurstpierpoint, as well as attending the village church and College Chapel.

During the war Robin, aged six, was evacuated with his younger brother to live with a Unitarian Lecturer and his family, in Massachusetts in America. His mother went with them to settle them in, but returned to the UK to be with her Bank Manager husband, and this proved to be a traumatic time to be parted from his parents. However, the highlight for Robin was returning after four years on the aircraft carrier HMS Speaker in a convoy of 30 ships, and this led to a life changing decision regarding his future career after leaving school.

The happiness of returning to his parents again, ended when a few years later his father was tragically killed in a road traffic accident. He declined the offer of training by the bank, and decided aged 15 to join the Royal Navy as an Artificer Apprentice in the Fleet Air Arm. Then followed fifteen years of service with postings and promotions to various squadrons living and working on land and at sea.

Robin met Ann in Salisbury, when she was working in a hospital there as an Occupational Therapist. Following their engagement in 1960, Robin went to sea for nearly a year on HMS Ark Royal, but with a ring on her finger, and looking after his Triumph Roadster car, Ann was fairly confident that he would return to her!

Robin and Ann were married in 1961, and then followed various postings, living in naval hiring's. Robin's favourite being in rural Dorset, where he could go night time car rallying, and also follow his interest in wildlife in the woods surrounding the house. Very knowledgeable, yet he was seldom far from his binoculars and bird books for accurate identification whenever needed.

In 1964 Robin decided to leave the Navy, when he felt his family would

benefit from a more stable lifestyle. The joy and satisfaction of sharing knowledge was very important to him, and he decided to take up teaching, with Physics being his main subject choice. He spent three years at Worcester College of Education, and during this time his interest grew in Geology, Archaeology, Evolution and Astronomy, and he always enjoyed studying.

Robin's first teaching appointment was at Eastbourne College in 1967, and the start of a new era, with five very happy years teaching Physics, developing a Technical Activities Centre, and becoming House Tutor of Blackwater House.

In 1972 Robin was 'head hunted' to teach Physics and set up a Technology Centre at Hurstpierpoint College. These were fascinating times, when many projects and innovative science and biological experiments proved to be very important to the boys. One such project was building the school's first large scale computer. On a more amusing note, a hovercraft was built that crossed over the cricket square accidentally due to a strong gust of wind, and over confident driver, luckily without doing any damage!

He took over teaching some astronomy with enthusiasm, but was

very distressed when the great storm of 1987 demolished the observatory in the College grounds.

Listening to and performing music was always one of Robin's greatest pleasures, his favourite instrument being the bassoon, but somehow his ambition to build an electronic one never quite got finished! However, he always appreciated playing in the College Orchestra.

Always enjoying the countryside and being outdoors, Robin looked forward to the annual CCF camp, and the company of cadets and fellow officers, with lots of stories of travelling and adventures in both the UK and Europe.

Having been House Tutor of Martlet, in 1980 Robin was asked to become Housemaster of Star House, and then followed busy but very fulfilling and interesting years for both Robin and Ann. Their Labrador dog soon became house mascot, giving home comfort if needed to new boys settling in, and she was never absent at house matches or events. She took fire practice alarms very seriously, making sure to herd the boys from dormitories and studies to safety. Robin continued teaching as usual when his house duties were over, and he was pleased to be asked to be Librarian and to have the time to install a computer system for the books.

After Robin's retirement in 1994 aged 60, Ann continued her hospital work as usual, and they both became guardians for children at various private schools in Sussex, plus Robin taking on some teaching of English as a foreign language to individual overseas students who were resident in his home. He had more time to pursue his interests of golf and sailing, and both he and Ann enjoyed choral singing, playing bridge, guiding blind people on holidays in the UK and other parts of Europe, coping with retriever puppies, and journeying to various African countries to visit their missionary daughter.

Robin and Ann moved to the West Country following Ann's retirement. Robin particularly loved Exmoor, (from his CCF Easter camp experiences), and they had a very active live together in beautiful Somerset countryside, and not too far from the sea. Robin's sailing boat 'Kittiwake' was towed down from Chichester harbour for a new life in the South West. Renting accommodation in Dunster for a year proved a good idea before choosing where and what to buy. With many new friends, but always keeping in touch with long term special friends in Sussex, they both continued with many interests and pursuits, including over 20 years as volunteers in both Minehead Lifeboat Shop, and guides for the National Trust at Dunster Castle. Their six grandchildren have always given them great joy and pleasure, produced by their three children, Catherine, Christopher, (Chevron 1979-1983), and Fiona (Pookie).

Sadly, Robin's health problems caused increasing disabilities and limited mobility, leading to downsizing to a bungalow in Wiveliscombe. A fortunate decision with family nearby, and a great welcome from a very friendly community. Coping with a chest infection and pneumonia with immense courage and gratitude to all the staff, he died in hospital on New Year's Eve 2019, surrounded by his family. His church service of Thanksgiving and Celebration of Life was attended by nearly 200 from near and far.

A gentle man to the end, with a great sense of humour, a scientist searching for knowledge in the natural world, the stars and beyond. He was a kind man, with skilled ability as a communicator, talent as an educator, a love of life and understanding of family values, and a good life well lived.

Ann Perry

Dr Ken Ralph (Staff 1970-2006)



The Hurst community was deeply saddened to hear of the unexpected death, following an accident, of Ken Ralph in the early Summer. He died, as did others, at a time when there was not the normal opportunity to celebrate a life, where skills, knowledge and common humanity that had been shared within Hurst could be remembered amongst friends across the generations.

Ken and Ann arrived at Hurstpierpoint in 1970. Having completed his first degree at Southampton University, Ken remained there to do research for his PhD, which famously involved snails' brains. He had a passion for his subject, which never left him and from which many benefitted over the years. Initially he and Ann lived in Western Road, which is where I first met them. A number of us, younger members of staff, shared an interest in curry and at that time you had to venture as far as Hove to find one! On one occasion Ken did reckon he could conquer the one that topped the fire-eater's chart. He rather suddenly left the table and spent some time walking up and down Church Road swallowing the cool evening air!

Ken devoted the whole of his career to Hurst, 36 years. Above all he loved his subject and conveyed that to his classes. Former pupils have remembered him as, "a great teacher,

so passionate", "a great teacher for me and my children", "one of a kind", "He helped me excel in biology and was a wonderful character". Someone described him as "wonderful maverick teacher"; probably true in this day and age of prescriptive education of which he didn't really approve allowing, as it is apt to do, little room for exploration. I don't think he was a fan of "sausage machine schooling!"

Ken was a tutor in several houses over the years and his work was appreciated in all, perhaps especially by Robin and Ann Perry in Star. He recognised that in a boarding house the adult to talk to informally is a vital cog in the wheel. The pastoral care goes a long way to deciding whether a pupil does or does not have a happy time away from home. Ken made a difference as was underlined by the many appreciative comments made of his time in the houses. As an academic tutor his forte was with the VIth form, where depth of discussion and thoughts about university courses appealed.

As time went on, he found he had a knack for administrative jobs. I suspect they appealed to the academic's ordered mind and certainly he ran the public exam system with aplomb. In fact, when he retired from that he needed to be replaced by three people! I suspect

running what was known as the "black dot" scheme (cover lessons) amused him. I can almost hear him talking himself through setting up any cover needed for the day and who went where!

Writing something like this sometimes makes it sound as if life is all sun-lit uplands, but of course it never is. Ken and Ann suffered one tremendous tragedy. Their only son Matthew, who went through Hurst, died not long after leaving school. I can only say that Ken took this with a stoicism you could expect from few people.

When thinking back about people it is snap shot visions that tend to come to mind. To me one is of Ken coming into Chapel; a splash of colour in his red doctoral gown of thick cloth. A practical man he said, "It does keep me warm in there in Winter!"

I think though that he was a splash of colour in our lives too. Pupils and colleagues alike are lucky to have known a kind, caring and wonderfully maverick teacher.

I will end with Ken's own words, which he wrote when he retired. They, perhaps, show life rewarded him because he had a gift to share with those he taught.

"Biology is a funny discipline. It begins as being a subject which appears to be a mass of unrelated facts but once you see the pattern emerging, it begins to fall together and it becomes beautiful. It is almost like throwing a box of jig-saw pieces in the air and watching them all fall to the ground with everything locked together. Everything matches. The trouble is that you have to have enough pieces to see this happen. It's great when you get pupils who begin to see the subject the same way you do."

JRB

Richard Robinson (Chevron 1969 - 1974)

In Remembrance

Richard Robinson, professionally known as Richard Harradine, recently passed away in his sleep after suffering from cancer.

Richard came to Hurst from a preparatory school in Rhodesia, as Zimbabwe was then called. He developed acting skills early on at Hurst nurtured by Bill Alban. He was of a generation of fine Hurst actors including Edward Hibbert and Robert Gilder. He was particularly remembered for his Macbeth to Edward's Lady Macbeth. Richard was also a good cricketer and was awarded his 1st 11 colours. Although a house prefect, he was also known to have had a rebellious streak and the late headmaster, Roger Griffiths,

after having dealt with the student rebellion known as FFBS (Fight for a Better School) which lobbied for flares, long hair and drinking and smoking in the 6th form, noted that 'Richard is a rogue....but I like him...'

Richard won a prestigious place at The Central School of Speech and Drama between 1975-1978, graduating from the Stage course. He enjoyed a successful television career, with credits including The Borgias, The Mallens, Robin's Nest and Bergerac. He also toured with several professional acting groups and appeared in a number of West End productions, most notably with Felicity Kendall and Alan Bates in Much Ado About Nothing, and as

Paris in Romeo and Juliet, working many times with the director, Elijah Moshinsky.

Richard moved to Poland in the 1990s where he met his future wife, Barbara. He went on to refine and develop his acting and communication skills and developed a business providing training to Polish ministers and professionals in English as a foreign language and presentation skills.

Richard leaves behind a beloved wife, Barbara, and a daughter, Carolyn, who has inherited a lot of Richard's creativity.

Philip Robinson

John Seller (Star 1947/8 – 50)

It is with enormous sadness that I have to announce the death of yet another OJ. My brother James (Star 1977 - 82) and my father, John Seller (Star 1947/8 - 50), died on the 17th December 2019, aged 85. He loved his time at Hurst, and it was his stories about the school, that convinced me to go to Hurst. As it turned out it was one of the best decisions I ever made, and I have my father to thank for that!

He was an extremely good farmer, not completely retiring until the year before his death, a wonderful father to both of us, and by general acclaim a gentleman to his very core.

In going through his photo albums, we found a number of photos from his time at the school. When I am able to scan them, I will upload them to this site. The photo below was taken less than a fortnight before his death.

Ralph Seller



John Carus Revill (Chevron 1944-51)

After National Service, John emigrated to Canada in 1957, initially working on a farm in British Columbia. In 1960 he moved to New York City and used his photographic skills working in a commercial photography studio. He took American citizenship and lived the rest of his life in the States. Deciding he wanted to develop his life-long interest in wildlife, he obtained a degree in Wildlife Management in California and followed that career for several years in various parts of California. He married Mary Allison Duncan in 1981 and then decided to concentrate on his long-term passion for Art. He obtained an Art degree in Austin, Texas, his speciality being sculpting in wood. He and Mary moved from Texas to rural Connecticut in 1985 where he exhibited and sold his sculptures until the onset of Alzheimer's in 2003 sadly removed his sculpting ability. They retired to Florida in 2010.

The photo shows John as a ranger for the California Department of Fish & Game at Niland, in the baking south of California near Palm Springs in 1974. He certainly had an interesting life!

Graham Revill



Anthony Thomas Paget Headland (Star 1950-56)



Anthony Thomas Paget Headland passed away on 10 October 2020, aged 83. He is survived by his partner Marie Thomas, daughter Louise Headland, stepsons Neil Forsyth, Ross Forsyth, Grant Forsyth, Craig Forsyth and 12 grandchildren.

Anthony was born on 29th September 1937 in Balham, South London. His early years were spent growing up in London and Brighton. In 1944 Anthony began his school life at preparatory school in Canterbury moving on to Hurstpierpoint College. Anthony attended Hurstpierpoint as a boarder though to the sixth form. His school days were formative and happy and in 1956, Anthony was honoured as Captain of the school. He continued to support Hurstpierpoint throughout his life and last toured the school campus in 2019, proudly showing Marie, Louise and granddaughter, Tegan, where he spent many joyful years of his life.

After leaving school, Anthony moved to London, working towards his articles in accounting at firstly Broads Patterson and then at The Rank

Organisation. He married Jill in 1960, and their daughter Louise was born in 1965. The family lived in Lee and Dulwich, south east London. In 1964 Anthony began working for Thomas P Headland Ltd, a company founded by his grandfather in 1923, which supplied the engineering industry with machine tools, equipment and engineered parts. Anthony worked up through the ranks, becoming managing director, while his father Leonard was chairman. For many years, the company was located in premises in Peckham, east London, and in 1976, Anthony orchestrated a move to new purpose-built facilities in Reading. He became actively involved in the engineering industry, becoming President of The Association of Engineering Distributors from 1973 - 74.

In the 1980s, the company grew and expanded to form The Headland Organisation. During this time, Anthony was remarried to Dee, living at first in Tilehurst, Reading and later in the village of Silchester, Berkshire. He lived here until Dee passed away in 2014. These were busy years, as their children all married and the grandchildren were born. Their home was always open and welcoming. Many family gatherings and parties were held. Anthony and Dee participated in local village events and Anthony volunteered as treasurer of the local church, St Mary the Virgin. Anthony's love of cricket began at Hurstpierpoint and in 1992 he became a member of the Marylebone Cricket Club. He continued to be involved with The Headland Organisation until 2016,

when he officially retired, having acted as managing director for 30 years. The organisation continues to be run from premises in Essex and the West Midlands.

In recent years, Anthony found companionship with Marie and moved to Streatley, Berkshire to be with her. They enjoyed a quiet lifestyle in their home by the Thames. Anthony's life was celebrated on 4th November 2020 at St Mary the Virgin, Silchester and he now rests in the church yard, under a grand oak tree overlooking neighbouring pastures.

Louise Headland

Donald Alan Dixie (Chevron 1940-42)

We are sad to report the death of Donald Dixie. He died on 22nd February aged 93.

Christopher John Bruton (Star 1958-63)

We are sad to report the death of Christopher Bruton. After leaving Hurst he progressed to Trinity College Cambridge where he read Biochemistry and Molecular Biology. Subsequently he became a lecturer at Imperial.

Later he became Head of Admin and Personnel Parke Davis Research Unit, Addenbrookes Hospital. WE convey our sympathy to his family and friends.

James Huelin (Red Cross 1981-85)

We are sad to report the death of James Huelin earlier in the year.

Thomas David Rose (Red Cross 1946-50)

David Rose (23 June 1933 - 4 November 2019) – An Appreciation

Thomas David Rose was brought up in Brighton and attended primary school in Worthing, then Hurstpierpoint College. After leaving school he worked in the survey office of Brighton County Council. He did his National Service at Warminster in Wiltshire and then went to Trinity College Dublin where he studied geology and geography and was editor of Trinity News for a few years.

He met his future wife, Patti Caulfield of Mayo, in the Crystal Ballroom, South Anne Street and they married in September 1960. They lived for a number of years in Hove in Sussex before returning to Ireland where he took part in several business ventures, among them a driving school and car wash. Later he and Patti ran a furniture shop and a wool shop.

It was David Rose who, about 1973, first put forward the idea that a philatelic federation should be formed in Ireland. After some discussion over the next two years, the inaugural meeting of the Federation of Philatelic Societies of Ireland was held in the Gresham Hotel on 14 November 1975, with David Rose acting as Secretary. There were 14 present at this meeting, of whom only five are still alive today (John Lennon, Tony Byrne, Brian Dyson, David Glass and Pat Casey). Dr Robert Towers was elected President, with David Rose and Pat Casey being nominated Joint Honorary Secretaries. The formation of the Federation led to the institution of a Roll of Distinguished Philatelists of Ireland, as proposed by Brian Dyson. The first three signatories were members of the IPS – Dr Stafford Johnson, Fred Dixon and Bill Kane.

After representing Ireland at the 45th FIP Congress in Philadelphia in May 1975, David suggested that we

should become affiliated to FIP and this was eventually achieved at the 1982 FIP Congress in Paris in 1982. As a result, many awards have been won by Irish collectors, ranging from Silver to Large Gold medals, and our small country has really made its mark internationally.

David was adopted and always took a strong interest in the legal ramifications for adopted persons. He brought a case against the Irish Revenue Commissioners because he was discriminated against under Irish law which would not recognise UK “foreign adoption”. This meant that he was charged a higher rate of tax as against a lower rate for Irish adopted children. He won his case after appealing for 30 years in the European Court of Justice and wrote a book on his struggle, *The Final Decision on Adoption Recognition in Europe* (published in 2002).

David’s mother, Constance Rose, was a nurse and the daughter of a Brighton hotelier, Thomas Rose. Constance had worked looking after wounded soldiers during and after WWI. After their house in Hastings was bombed during WWII, they had to move to a country village for some time.

David had a fine tenor voice and sang in his local church choir. He was also a wonderful dancer having attended dancing lessons in his youth. Throughout his life he supported Wolverhampton Wanderers Football Club (Wolves) and was a keen cricket fan, following the teams of Sussex County and of England.

To the man who came up with the ideas of a Federation and affiliation to FIP and was so instrumental in their implementation, we would like to say Requiescat in Pace.

David Glass, Héloïse Mitchell and Pat Casey

Albert Keith Parsons (Red Cross 1942-1947)

As his niece and next of kin, I am writing to inform you that my uncle, Albert Keith Parsons (always known as Keith) sadly passed away on 26 April 2020 at the age of 91.

Keith started boarding at Hurst in 1942, having returned home to Sussex after two years away in Cornwall when the threat of Nazi invasion was high. He became a school prefect and gained school colours in hockey and cricket. He left in 1947 and went up to Jesus

College, Cambridge to read Natural Sciences. Having gained his degree in Chemistry in 1950, he became an industrial chemist in the R&D department of the iconic plastics company Bakelite. He spent his whole career at the company which was taken over by the Swedish company Perstorp in the 1970s. Although by then long retired, in 2007 Keith gave a keynote speech on the manufacture of Bakelite laminates at Bakelite's centenary celebration that year.

Through an online search of former Hurst alumni, Keith forged a friendship with Patrick Grigsby, who also lived in the Birmingham area. Patrick was a few years younger than Keith but remembered him as a prefect! In later life when they got together with their wives, they shared many happy reminiscences of their schooldays at Hurst.

Penny Bigg

Timothy Stratford Howard (Shield 1948)

Born 15.08.1929, he arrived at Hurst September 1943. He became a House Prefect in Shield. He left Hurst July 1948 for London University to study for a BSc in Electrical Engineering.

He joined Westinghouse Brake & Signal Co in 1953. He was President of the Institution of Railway Signal Engineers from 1988-89. He died on 8th April, aged 90.

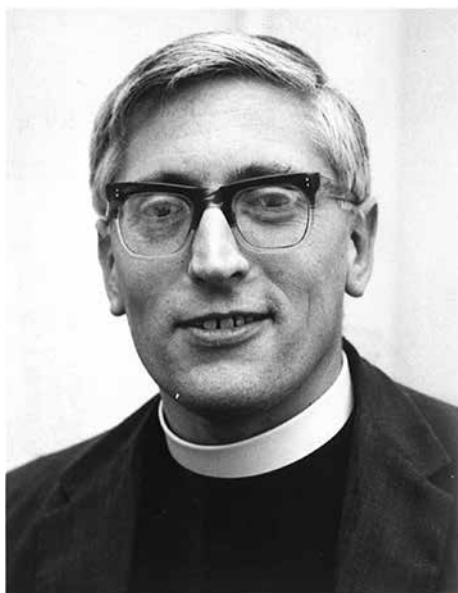
Bridget Sayers (School secretary)

Many who were at school or on the staff during the 1980s will be sad to hear of Bridget's death in Ladymead House during the Summer. She will be fondly remembered as an

ever cheerful and highly efficient member of the administrative staff. Our sympathy goes to her family, particularly her son Ian (OJ).

Obituaries

Rev'd Canon Patrick Appleford (Fleur de Lys 1939-1943)



Patrick was born in Croydon in 1925 and entered Hurst at the beginning of the school year in 1939. Leaving in November 1943 he joined the Navy for the remainder of the war. His academic achievements at Hurst gained him an exhibition at Trinity College Cambridge to read History and English in 1947. Three years later he came away with a second class honours degree and immediately moved to Chichester Theological College to train for the priesthood being ordained in 1953.

Initially he served in Poplar, East London before becoming Chaplain of Bishops College, Cheshunt. He met his wife Ann while working for the USPG as education secretary in the mid sixties. In 1966 the family, which now included a son, Mark, moved to Lusaka in Zambia via a 2,000 mile car journey from Cape Town. There he took up his post as Dean and Rector of Holy Cross Cathedral.

He returned to England in 1973 to a rural parish in Herefordshire, while continuing his educational training. Two years later he was invited to become the Diocesan Director of Education for Chelmsford, where he remained until his retirement. His work concentrated on schools, the youth chaplaincy and religious education. Throughout his ministry he wrote hymns and settings for the liturgy and was noted for his organisational skills. He saw his faith as a living thing. Of perhaps his best-known hymn, "Living Lord", he said: "I wrote it for the youth club in Poplar. I was trying to show Jesus was not a dead hero but a living Lord." So he was desperate to encourage such a growth. Of Patrick it was said, he was happiest at the piano, playing and encouraging joyful, clear communication of the faith.

Lord Jesus Christ I would come to you,
live my life for you, Son of God.
All your commands I know are true,
your many gifts will make me new,
into my life your power breaks through,
living Lord.

Michael P. Alston (Shield 1952)

It was with great sadness that we heard of the death of Michael Alston last December. Michael arrived at Hurst in the New Year of 1948. He was a school prefect and house captain of Shield when he left in 1952 to pursue a career in the army. Entering the Royal Corps of Transport after his training course at Sandhurst he rose to the rank of major before retiring in 1979. Subsequently he was service manager with Burton's Golden Biscuits before becoming Transport Consultant for the Sultanate of Oman. We extend our sympathy to his son **Stephen (Shield 1980)** and the rest of his family.

Charles Beauclerk (Star 1961-1966)

We are sorry to learn of the death of Charles Beauclerk (Star 1961-1966). After leaving Hurst Charles started almost immediately at Hill Samuel, the merchant bank, where he carved himself a successful career. Having performed in a number of plays at Hurst he pursued that interest beyond school with the Shell Players and appeared in many of their productions.

Charles took early retirement and enjoyed a busy social life in London and Somerset. He moved last year to Frome to be near close friends but sadly became ill and died in June 2019. His memorial service in Nunney in September was very fully attended: a witty tribute was made by Charles' niece Nicola and another of the eulogies was given by Richard Loe (Star 1963-1967). Charles' elder brother Nick Beauclerk (Star 1959-1963) was present with his family and also David Darnley (Red Cross 1959-1963). Both Charles and Nick started their lives at Hurst in the Junior School and their late father Aubrey Beauclerk was an OJ.

Christopher Clarke (Staff 1973-85)



The earliest picture I have found is of a slightly chubby one-year-old, wearing a dress and waving a Union Jack on the lawn in India. For India is where my Dad was born, in Abu Road, Rajasthan in 1926, the third of four children to Percy and Violet, who were stationed there – his father being something important in the Bombay, Baroda and Central India railway. Other photos from those early days paint a vivid picture of life in the colonies in the 1920s – smartly-dressed grown-ups with parasols taking tea on the veranda, fishing and shooting parties displaying the spoils of their endeavours, groups of servants looking on, with the occasional elephant in the background. (There is one photo of a group holding up loads of fish, with a dead crocodile in the foreground which someone presumably shot!) One

early memory shared by my Dad was when he was given his first air rifle – at the age of four – as a bribe for having a rabies injection in Bombay. To his own and his father's utter amazement, he shot and killed a bulbul bird in the garden – the ultimate trophy which he kept on a piece of string for four days, until the smell got too bad and it was ordered out of the house.

The family returned to England by steam ship when he was six and he spent the next few years with his mother and aunt in the Links House Hotel in Bexhill-on-Sea, which was to be the family home until the outbreak of war in 1939. Dad said these were happy days, despite long periods of separation from his parents. His father only came home for six months in every three years, and his mother would spend 18 months in England and 18 months in India. Different times indeed.

As was traditional for most children of his background, he was sent away to boarding school, initially Horris Hill near Newbury at the age of eight, then Sherborne School in Dorset at 13. His memories refer to the bullying he endured at prep school, but he emerged from it, thanks in part to his prowess on the sporting field.

Holidays in the 1930s were initially spent in Bexhill, until the family relocated to Belstone on Dartmoor ahead of the Second World War. Despite the absence of his parents for much of the time, he had the company of his three siblings and three cousins – the McCrum boys. Those holidays on Dartmoor were straight out of Swallows and Amazons – but without the boats – with the seven children able to run free on the moors, damming rivers, swimming in pools, catching fish, climbing the Tors, riding ponies – and not an i-pad in sight.

After Sherborne he was initially in the Royal Engineers, which sponsored his army short course at Cambridge, and was then commissioned into the 10th Gurkha regiment in India. Following Indian independence, he returned to England to join the Royal West Kents in Maidstone, which eventually became the Queens Own Regiment. He was then seconded to the Third Parachute Regiment in 1954 to become a qualified parachutist in Egypt during the Suez crisis, and spent the last years of his army career as an instructor in the Army School of Physical Training in Aldershot.

My Dad gave up his 19-year army career very shortly after I was born in 1961, to start his second career as a schoolteacher, returning to Sherborne school as master of physical education.

One of my earliest memories is of sitting in his office attached to the gymnasium, surrounded by medicine balls and boxing gloves. On his desk was a tablet-sized rubber, embossed with the message “I never make BIG mistakes”, which some wag had amended to read “I never make MAJOR mistakes”! They were my formative years and I remember them as happy times.

Then, in the early 1970s, Dad embarked on a new chapter in his life, when he met Alix, left Sherborne for good and moved to Sussex. There is no denying it was a difficult time for both families, and his decision attracted some condemnation. But I have always considered it to have been a brave decision, an indication of the power of the love he had for Alix, and undoubtedly the right decision. That deep love never wavered and was clear for all to see.

There are pictures of him with Alix on their wedding day in 1972, of their first home together – Greta Gate in Albourne – with their new baby Joanna in 1974. There are pictures of him on his motorbike riding to work at Hurst College, of him playing tennis at the Weald, of him walking the South Downs Way with a party of boys doing the annual “leavers’ challenge”.

(Comments from former pupils at Hurst, posted on the old boys’ Facebook page include:

“Chris Clarke tried in vain to teach me maths in class 4B in 1976. Bless him and his huge efforts. A truly lovely man.”

“I remember him teaching me to play football in about 1984 – weaving through a clutch of 10-year-olds while giving a commentary of his prowess!”

“He was a fine gentleman and a real sportsman of the old school. I remember opening the batting for the common room with him and wondering at the sheer style he possessed.”

“What a decent man.” “He had the patience of a saint.”)

We all have our own perceptions of him – as a father, husband, uncle, grandfather, teacher, friend.

My own reflection, for what it is worth, is that my Dad was an intensely shy man, who covered his shyness by being something of an extrovert. That may sound like a contradiction in terms, but he could talk effusively to people he had only just met, but was more guarded with people he knew.

He was certainly a very sensitive man. He was also a gentle man in both senses of the word. I remember being sent to my parents’ room as a small child by my mother for some misdemeanour, and told to “wait until your father comes home”, when he would reprimand me with a slipper. It was a long wait and, when at last he came into the room, I recall that he just told me not to do whatever I had done again, put his fingers to his lips to say ssshhh, and told me to come downstairs in five minutes, remembering to look sad. He was certainly a religious man. He was always involved in his local church, sitting on various parish councils despite his dislike for committees, and heroically delivering the parish magazine on his moped in all weathers. He could be spontaneous. My step-sister Emma recounts that, at the age of 65 and following his first Margherita cocktail in Santa Fe, he decided to do a hand stand on a chair in their sitting room – just because he could! and something he continued doing into later life! He was clearly a very literate man – classically educated, skilled at wordplay and prone to creating prose of his own. And he was competitive. I’ve mentioned several times his sporting prowess, although I learned only just recently that he actually played sport for three different counties – squash for Somerset, hockey for Dorset and tennis for Sussex over-70s – as well as boxing and running for the army, and playing cricket for Cambridge.

So, it could hardly be more fitting that his final resting place should be the burial ground, overlooking Ditchling cricket pitch. I don’t doubt that there will be plenty of future occasions when I will visit his graveside, sit down to watch a bit of cricket, and draw comfort from knowing that my very remarkable Dad is still close at hand.

Philip Clarke (Martlet 1973-76)

Sue Hill (1935-2019)



Sue Hill's association with Hurst began in 1957 when she was engaged to George Hill, and came to enjoy the delights of cricket week. Little did she know that it was the first of sixty "weeks" she would attend. She was born in Suffolk, the daughter of a country GP, and met George when her brother was a contemporary at Christ's College Cambridge. In 1967 she moved into the college when George was appointed housemaster of Martlet, and from then on was very much part of the establishment.

From 1975 to 1992 she played the vital role as the wife of a choir school headmaster, but every Summer she accompanied George to Hurst when he was manager of the cricket week. She had a love-hate relationship with "the week", organising teas etc., but complaining mildly that she never saw her husband! In 1992, on returning to live in Hurstpierpoint, she entered into the general community of the village and ran a mothers and toddlers group for the under-fives. This led to her being awarded a British Empire Medal for "services to the community".

Her love of children, including her own four and their offspring, dominated her life and gave her enormous satisfaction. She was a great advocate of "community" whether it was the various schools, the village church or wherever. This was echoed at her memorial service which was held in a packed parish church. But from Hurst's point of view her service was to cricket week and the family were overwhelmed with delight when the Hurst Johnian Club planted a tree close to the pavilion in her memory. This recorded the Club's gratitude for her "bringing the family touch to the OHJ cricket week".

Happily her great faith saw death as "just another step".

Peter James Messenger (JH & Star 1941-48)

We were saddened to hear of the death of Peter Messenger. He was born on 18th November 1928. He was a house prefect in Star and left Hurst in 1948. On leaving he joined the army and was commissioned into The Royal Artillery. After the army he went into the business world and became chairman of the MPI Group.

Hilary Ruddock, 8.4.1922 – 23.1.2019



Hilary was born in Dublin in 1922. This was a turbulent time in Ireland, shortly after the partition between North and South. Nevertheless she had a very happy upbringing in a loving family, although her father needed to be quite strict, because Hilary had something of a rebellious streak and she admitted to being quite mischievous at school.

Hilary and Reg were married for 67 years, but they knew each other much longer than that. Hilary met Reg around 1942, when she was 20. Reg recalls her turning up, on her own, at a dance at the King's Hospital School, his alma mater, where he was a teacher. In those days Catholic girls were excluded, but Hilary, who was from a Church of Ireland family, was allowed in, and they danced together. That was the start of their long romance.

Some years later, a friend drew Reg's attention to a teaching post at a faraway place called Hurstpierpoint College in Sussex, involving sport. Reg already had a good teaching job, and no-one in Dublin had ever heard of Hurstpierpoint. But Hilary wanted to move to England, and she was quite determined that he should apply. So Reg travelled to Sussex in the summer of 1951 and was interviewed by the Headmaster,

Canon Howard, who offered him the job there and then. Back he went to Dublin to give the joyful news to Hilary. They became engaged, and were married in January 1952. Straight after the wedding reception they boarded the overnight boat to Liverpool and the train to London. They cycled together across London from Euston to Victoria.

Hilary was welcomed immediately into the community of the staff families at Hurst and came to love her new surroundings. She played a full part in the life of the College. On Sundays the College wives had to sit behind the screen in Chapel, and hats were compulsory. She was proud to be part of Hurst and strongly supported Reg as House Tutor and Housemaster, giving Sunday afternoon tea to boys in Red Cross and Star. She also worked for many years in the doctor's surgery in Hurstpierpoint and made many friends in the village. Hilary was also proud of her three sons as they progressed through the school and it was a special joy to her when Bruce was ordained to the priesthood.

Hilary could be strict, but she was fun, and loving, and kind. People remember her as caring, cheerful and positive, always happy and laughing and looking out for people. She had a sparkling smile and a wonderful sense of humour, which could sometimes be quite wicked. Much to her dismay, she never quite lost her Irish accent. Reg looked after her in her last years, right up to her death last January. She is buried in Cuckfield churchyard, in sight of the familiar Sussex Downs which are visible from Hurst. We all miss her greatly.

David Ruddock (Fleur de Lys 1966-70)

Hemel Patel (1992-97)

We were extremely sorry to hear of the death of Hemel Patel in February. The Club extends its sympathy to his brother Amar and the family as well as his many friends.



Hugh Thomas (Staff 1968-91)



Very many of the Hurst community and those outside it were greatly saddened to hear of the death of Hugh in mid February. His funeral was held in the College Chapel, which was almost full for the occasion. That perhaps is some indication of the great fondness and respect in which he was held.

Hugh and his sister Helen were the fourth generation to be born in India to a Baptist missionary family. His grandfather founded a hospital in Palwal, which his father, also a doctor, later ran. The Baptist church they established is still there. One or two OJs may have visited with Hugh on cricket tours.

Hugh and Helen came with their mother to England for the first time in 1939, as war approached, and he attended Eltham College – the school for sons of missionaries. He recalled a particularly cold winter when a glass of water froze solid in the dormitory and they played “test cricket” in the geography room.

In his first year at Bristol University he shared rooms with John Peters, who is here today. John later recruited him to Hurst, was a colleague for 24 years, next door neighbour for 36, fellow rugby coach and Robert's Godfather. John also studied the same course as Rosemary at Bristol.

Married life started for Hugh and Rosemary in Shropshire, a place which remains close to Rosemary's heart today. Hugh played cricket for Wem and the County and perhaps achieved peak fame when *The News*

of World reported on his bowling. Usually a left arm bowler, he could switch to right hand delivery and had been doing this in a match to good effect. Around the same time his bowling also caught the eye of the Shropshire Minor Counties selectors.

They came to Sussex early the 1960s and he taught Geography and Economics at Collyers in Horsham and then here at Hurst. At Hurst he coordinated games and was Eagle housemaster. Amongst his sports coaching was numbered was that of the Under 14 cricket team. Under 14 cricketers of the time would tell you of Hugh's umbrella planted strategically at the edge of the nets that took many catches off his bowling. It was a poor year when he didn't take 1000 wickets in May! Outside Hurst he had a 58 year connection with Horsham Cricket Club and over that time serving terms as chairman, president and fixture secretary. He became increasingly involved at county level, serving on the Sussex Cricket Board, the Association of Cricket Officials and the Sussex League as well as with the Brighton Brunswick Cricket Club. Outside cricket Hockey was almost as important to him. He was a founder member of Horsham Hockey Club, playing in its first match in 1969, umpiring well into his 70s and narrowly missing its 50th anniversary celebrations.

Most people reaching retirement would be satisfied with a holiday home in Shropshire, the arrival of grandchildren, the odd bit of travel and perhaps a few trips to Lord's and the county ground at Hove. But not Hugh; he studied the more arcane rules of cricket to gain his umpiring qualification. He chaired the governing body at Downlands School for ten years. He umpired hockey and cricket for the college. And continued to go on cricket tours as umpire with Hurst, the OJs and the Forty Club and continuing his work with Horsham and Sussex. All with a hectic schedule of accompanying committee meetings and dinners.

Another consuming interest was the weather. The weather station set up at Goose Lease wasn't exactly a hobby as Rosemary and any neighbour will tell you. All the stats are fed to the Met Office. There was a rota and instruction for locals on how to take readings during Thomas holidays. He became the weather guru for the *Mid Sussex Times*. He followed significant weather events such as the Great Storm of 1987 with particular interest and would have been delighted that his equipment recorded a record February high for Hurstpierpoint of 18.0 a few days after his death.

He always eagerly anticipated the start of the cricket season, but umpiring his first match in 2011, I think here on North Field, he realised he could not see how the ball was moving. Sadly, this signalled the start of his progressive loss of sight which gradually curtailed his activities. Nonetheless he remained involved in all he could for as long as possible. He was honoured to be elected a vice president of Sussex Cricket and made good use of the board room on match days right up to last summer, following the game with an ear piece in the company of the many friends who gravitated towards him to enjoy his company.

Robert Thomas (Fleur de Lys 1975-79)

A postscript:

He was known to a lot of us as "Uncle" Hugh. No, not a relation, of course, but the name stuck really because people recognised he had all the attributes that make an ideal uncle; you looked forward to seeing him; he had a genuine interest and cared about what you and your family were doing or planning, the conversation was entertaining and all was interspersed with a smattering of wisdom and a dry wit.

To me he was, quite simply, a good man. Like many others I will miss his friendship beyond measure.

JRB

Michael John Webb (Eagle 1956-61)

Michael John Webb, passed away on the 5th June 2018 from Alzheimer's disease. The following will give you some idea of the intervening years of his life from 1961 when he left Hurstpierpoint to June 2018.

He then spent 2 years at the Cambourne School of Mines in Cornwall before working in various Canadian mines, which included gold and asbestos mines, for 5 years. We married in 1968. The following year he returned to Cambourne and graduated in 1971. After a 3 year spell in West Africa, he took a Master's degree in Durham. His path of life then changed and he attended a Bible College in Birmingham, where he subsequently worked as business administrator before working for 3 years as a Christian Development Worker in the mountains of Irian Jaya (now known as Papua) with Stone Age cannibals. A further return to university in Aberdeen brought him a M.Th degree and he returned to continue his work in Irian Jaya for 10 years until 1991. Returning to the UK he worked as Business Administrator with a Christian organisation (Link House) working with International PhD students (26 students from many different nationalities lived with us). In 1999 he returned to Sierra Leone to work as a Christian Development Worker. He went there during the war when it was the poorest country in the world according to the UN, was evacuated in 2000 before returning 5 months later. In 2012 he retired from active service and spent a few months in the UK before we moved to Adelaide, Australia.

His hobbies were reading and running. In Irian Jaya he ran 5 days a week on our 1500ft airstrip. In Sierra Leone he ran on the beautiful white sandy beach. He was always very fit and almost never ill. We retired from active employment in June 2012 when he was 69 and moved to Australia in April 2013 where our 2 daughters live. He was diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease in 2015 but it was mainly a bit of a memory problem then. It was only since February 2018 that we realised he was also having a mobility problem. We celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversary on the 24th May in a café about 10 minutes' drive away, and from the night of the 25th his condition began to deteriorate; we took him to a hospice on the 1st June and he died on the 5th. He was able to communicate until the Sunday before he passed away on the Monday. He died a fit man and with no related illness to the astonishment of the medics – he was 75.

He lived a full and happy life with a very strong faith in God and enjoyed telling others about Him. He leaves to mourn his 2 daughters – one is married with 3 little children – the other (who was born in Durham in 1974) is a widow, her husband died of a brain tumour when they were both 32 – he was a surgeon here in Adelaide. I will attach a copy of the Memorial Service for Michael, and also a copy of the plaque which covers his ashes in West Terrace Cemetery in Adelaide.

He enjoyed his time at Hurst immensely and talked about it constantly after we retired, and especially during the last few weeks of his life. I once asked him why he was so obsessed with Hurst and he said, "It is where I spent a very happy time of my life, they were like family."

Violet Webb

Obituaries

Bryan Renn (Shield 1943-51)



Bryan Renn was born in December 1931 and entered Hurst in September 1943. He was the youngest boy in the school and the reason for his early entry remained something of a mystery. He was understandably small and often related how he could not reach high enough to fix the obligatory black-out shutters! However, he flourished and became house captain of Shield and a school prefect before leaving to do his national service in March 1950. He was an excellent sportsman playing cricket and hockey for the school and winning his rugby colours. He had other interests and was the secretary of a thriving jazz club. His father manufactured pianos and Bryan assured the Model Aero Club that he could manage to have some balsa wood sent from the factory. Imagine the bursar's surprise when a lorry load arrived out of the blue!

Bryan was commissioned into the Royal Fusiliers for his two years service. He continued to shine as a Rugby full back and later played frequently for Streatham Rugby Club. Here he was lucky to meet Wendy who became his wife for over sixty years. He always denied the story that she actually fell in love with his sports car rather than him, but their marriage was a very happy one producing a daughter and two sons, of whom Paul followed him to Hurst.

Bryan was a great organiser. This became clear in his work for the BNEC and in his many activities. He organised squash tours to Belgium, social tours for members of his golf club and such ideas as bringing together Old Boys to put on record their memories of their times at Hurst during the war. He had a great sense of humour and was always excellent company ... if you could manage to get a word in! On the serious side he was the loyalest of OJs and became a valued member of the school council for many years, concentrating particularly on the development and marketing aspects of the school. At his home in Eastbourne he worked tirelessly for the Friends of Hampden Park.

In retirement he played a lot of golf; loved it but was never as good as his wife of whose success he was always very proud. She and the rest of us have lost a very fine man.

George Hill

Nicholas John 'Nick' Slavick (Shield 1957-61)

Nick was born in Stratford on Avon during World War II. His mother was a Shakespearean actress, and his father a much-decorated Czech War veteran.

After his parents divorced he went to live in Brighton and Hove with his mother, who became a successful businesswoman, and in 1957 he went to Hurstpierpoint College (Shield 1957-61). At Hurst Nick excelled at athletics, specialising in mid-distance and cross country running, often finishing first, or close to it. He did well academically and after school, instead of going on to University, took a job in the City of London to support himself.

As Nick was not progressing as fast as he wished in The City, a victim of a superior old boy network, he unloaded his 'British Racing Green' MG TC in France, and in 1966 emigrated to Canada, where he took Canadian Citizenship. He got a top job in Montreal in finance, with Greenshields, and this was his home for the next eight years. In the winters, he shared a ski lodge in Vermont, which saw a lot of winter week-end activity. He travelled extensively in North America on business, including trips to New York, where

he sometimes stayed at The Chelsea Hotel, much loved by wayward artists. He was one of the first to be dubbed a 'young urban professional'.

In 1973 tiring of life as an executive Nick left Montreal for Portugal, for a different lifestyle, perhaps realising that he could be missing out on the freedoms that had started in the 1960s. After four months in Portugal, he moved on to Spain, and finished up in Marbella, where he put down roots, and worked both as a sign-writer and decorator. It was simple work, and he loved it, and it was in sharp contrast to the work he had been doing in Canada. Whilst in Marbella he also spent time acting, and doing radio commercials.

Nick lived in Marbella for 17 years, and in Rhonda for one year. In Marbella he was a familiar site in the beach bars, pubs and hostelrys, having many good friends in all of them. He was usually in the company of his faithful street-dog called Noofie, so much so that he got the nickname 'Noofie Nick'.

At this time he became fascinated and delighted by India, and made many long trips there, travelling the length and breadth of the country. He was a real back-pack traveller, not, as he would forcefully say, a tourist. He started to learn Hindi, and his trips were as diverse as bicycling for three weeks around the back villages of Kerala in South West India, staying with the villagers, to solo hiking up to remote temples high in the Himalayas. He was clearly following a spiritual path, that included visiting many different Indian ashrams, especially the Osho ashram in Poona.

After one of his many extended trips to India his landlady in Marbella re-let his apartment. When he returned, he had nowhere to live, so he temporarily went to stay with Peter Clifford (Chevron 1957-61) (peterclifford@thewayfarers.com) and his family in Ferring, near Worthing; 27 years later, he was still staying with them. It was a delight for him, and for them, and, when they were born, he became 'special uncle' to each of Peter and Laura's three sons Brandon, Daniel, and Timothy.

Life was idyllic for Nick. He settled into an annual rhythm of six to seven months based at the 'The Coast' in West Sussex, and five to six months a year travelling to India, and the Himalayas, usually with a beach-break in-between to Thailand or Cambodia or both. Whilst in West Sussex, as a historian, he spent a lot of time doing research, especially into World War II; a subject in which he had considerable expertise.



After his many years of travelling around India Nick finally found a spiritual home at Cranks Ridge, a pine-covered ridge, above the town of Almora, in the foothills of the Himalayas, where he would stay at Khim's Guest House, with Khim a special friend. Here he took frequent hikes, often with sadhus, deep into the Himalayas.

Nick often considered that the perfect way to end life would be to disappear in the Himalayas, or merge with the mountain waters of the Ganges, but this was not to be. In his final months, back at sea level in Ferring, shortly before his death, and after his very last Winter trip to India, the Himalayas, Khim's Guest House and to Thailand, Nick wrote to a friend, from his room: "Lovely here by the sea in Sussex. I have a big balcony overlooking the garden and the sea, big moon last night, beer and very contented."

Peter Clifford

Vernon Walter Maitland OBE (Chevron 1939-44)

Vernon Maitland OBE was born on January 25th, 1926 in Bournemouth. He attended St John's College, Hurstpierpoint from 1939-44, where he was Vice Captain of the College, Captain of his House, Captain of Rugby, Swimming and Physical Training. Although preferring sports to academics, he attended St Catherine's College, Cambridge briefly before joining the RAF and earning his wings and Commission at the RAF College Cranwell. He won a 1939 Triumph Speed Twin motorbike with a £5 raffle ticket after an Instructor was killed, already being in possession of a 1939 Camshaft Norton. Since no more motorbikes were produced after war broke out in 1939, they were worth over £100 each, and were soon sold so that he could upgrade to a car.

In 1947, he resigned from the RAF to join the family business as his father who was awarded the Military Medal in the First War was well past retiring age. This was a coach company he started in the 1920s named Excelsior after a Motorcycle which had been frequently parked in his garage. It now owned 12 motor coaches. After spearheading the company's growth by starting coach tours to Scotland in 1949 and mainland Europe in 1950, Vernon received permission in 1957 to operate the first ever coach tour to Moscow filling two vehicles, driving one himself. The trips were staggered by one day as Minsk, a stop along the route, had only one hotel that could accommodate one full coach-load at a time. The first night in the USSR coincided with the launch of the first Sputnik on 1st October. By the following year, Excelsior was operating regular two-week tours to the Soviet Union, and continued to do so for 25 years.

Maitland's ambitions for the company went beyond the Iron Curtain, so in 1965 he undertook a reccie to India in a VW Beetle driving from London to Bombay and back in 7 weeks. The ultimate goal had been Ceylon (Sri Lanka) but the attempt was foiled by an outbreak of war between India and Pakistan, which meant a prompt return before the situation deteriorated even further. The same car then took him across Africa, first in 1966 on a journey that covered North Africa from Morocco to Egypt and then Beirut across Turkey back to the UK; and then in 1967 from Cape Town to Gulu, at the border between Uganda and Sudan. The aim was to travel to Cairo which was not possible because of political problems, so the car was shipped back from Mombasa, Kenya. He then managed to sell the Beetle for more than he had paid for it.

In 1968 in conjunction with Ford Motor Company to publicise a new coach chassis, Vernon organised a non-stop journey to Bombay was organised with three drivers. After an overnight the coach returned in 17 days and appeared on television. Shortly afterwards Vernon offered to take a camera crew to document the first London-Sydney Car Rally on the same route they had just travelled. He with the two drivers therefore travelled overland twice to Bombay in just over two months.

In 1970 Vernon and his wife Monika with three drivers drove a Ford coach and a Ford truck to Kabul, Afghanistan to pick up a pre-war Hawker Hind Biplane – a gift from the Royal Afghan Air Force to the Shuttleworth Trust. This trip, together with the publicity journeys to Bombay and back in 17 days covering almost 14,000 miles, resulting in the newly-rechristened "Excelsior Holidays" being awarded a contract with Penn Overland Tours to operate ten coaches a year to travel from London to Kathmandu every autumn. These routes proved popular with Australians as they followed the hippy trail, but came to an abrupt end after 10 years with the Iranian Revolution in 1979.

Inspired by the success with the overland route in Asia, in 1971 the couple spent six weeks surveying a proposed route across South America for Penn Overland in a motor home. The epic journey took them from Rio de Janeiro to São Paulo, Buenos Aires, Mendoza, Santiago, Lima, La Paz, Quito, Buenaventura, and finally Caracas. Having had to end the trip early because of the rough roads which caused them to run out of tyres, they recommended against the proposed itinerary.

In the 1970s and 80s, Vernon continued to explore and travel, much of it with the Skai Club, an international organisation for travel agencies. A member since 1947, he served as its National President from 1980-82 and was awarded the Skai Order of Merit.

In 1978-79 Vernon and his team took a coach around the world to promote Excelsior Holidays visiting South Africa, crossing the Nullabor Desert in Australia from Perth to Sydney, as well as the United States from San Francisco to New York. They covered 40,000 miles before the coach was shipped home. His trans-continental journeys did not end there, as in 1990 he took a coach with passengers on a trip that followed the Silk Route from London via Moscow to Beijing which took 45 days. The first Iraq War scuppered the chance to return the coach home via a southerly route and it had to be shipped back.

Throughout these years Excelsior Holidays continued to operate their normal programme of British and Continental Tours, as well as local tours and private hire which had been the backbone of the original business. At its peak the company carried almost 30,000 clients annually to over 80 different destinations. In 1981 Excelsior Holidays was the largest privately-owned coach operator in southern England, and Vernon Maitland as Chairman was awarded the OBE in the Queen's Birthday Honours list. In 1997 after 50 years at the helm of the business Vernon decided to retire and sold the company with 60 coaches, retaining the commercial properties from which the operations were run.

Vernon is survived by his wife, Monika, his daughter Amber Hamilton, son-in-law Dylan Hamilton, and grandson Byron. A memorial service was held on the 15 September, 2018, at Fuller Metz Funeral Home, 3740 Del Prado Blvd S., Cape Coral, FL 33904.

Barry Glazier (Star 1954-60)

Michael Charles Lloyd Gaiger (Red Cross 1947-51)

My father, Michael Gaiger, who has died aged 85, was a lawyer who showed courage and determination throughout his long career working overseas, nowhere more so than in Uganda, where he stood up to the dictator Idi Amin.

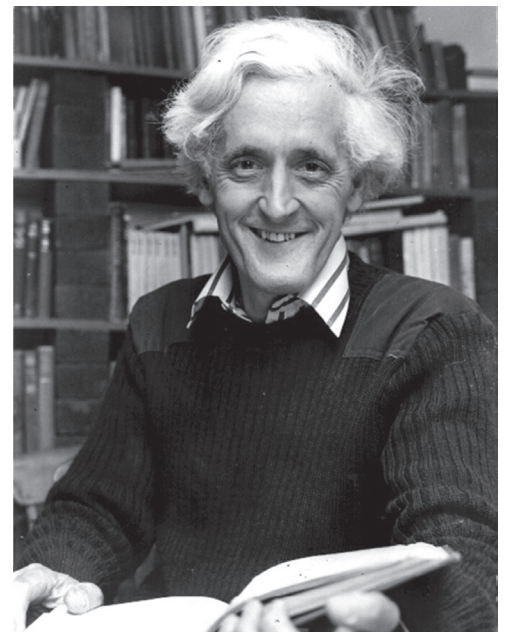
In 1965, as a young solicitor working in Banbury, Oxfordshire, he answered an advertisement for a job in the attorney general's office of the newly independent government of Uganda. He took his family to live in Kampala, but after Amin's 1971 coup the independence of the judiciary was increasingly tested.

The following year Michael was given the task of helping to trace two Americans, Nicholas Strohm and Robert Siedle, who had disappeared while investigating the deaths of 150 soldiers. After requisitioning a helicopter to locate the Americans' burnt-out car, Michael was instrumental in setting up an inquiry. When the investigating judge fled to Kenya in fear for his life, he entrusted the report to Michael to deliver to the attorney general intact – which he did, having kept a copy in case the original, with its damning evidence of the army's involvement in the killings, disappeared.

On another occasion, he drove a desperate man, disguised under a large straw hat, to the US embassy to claim asylum. After that our family was constantly followed, although that did not stop Michael helping others to escape. In 1973, following a personal warning from Amin, we left with the last group of expelled Asians.

After Uganda my father worked in Sudan, Papua New Guinea, the New Hebrides – as attorney general he helped take the country to independence as Vanuatu – and the Falkland Islands, where he was sent in 1982 to be the first attorney general.

He was born in Alton, Hampshire, to Richard, a director of a food company, and his wife, Dorothee (née Bradbury). After attending Hurstpierpoint boarding school in West Sussex he studied law externally, gaining his degree and qualifying as a solicitor in 1959. He worked in private practice in London and then Chester, where he met Joyce Nelmes, a fashion buyer, whom he married in 1964.





In Vanuatu swearing in the new president

After their overseas stints, Michael and Joyce moved to Bodmin, Cornwall, in 1987, where he worked as a consultant, including for the UN (1988-97), concentrating mostly on legislation related to fisheries, wildlife, plants and pesticides.

In retirement he gained an Open University degree in international studies (2004) and began writing his memoirs, sadly unfinished. Shortly before he died he said that he regretted putting his family at risk in Uganda. We told him that what he did made us incredibly proud.

Michael is survived by Joyce, by his children, Georgina, Simon, Emma, Oliver and me, and by eight grandchildren.

Matthew James Sawyer (Star House 1982-1987)

Dear Matt, brother of Richard Sawyer, also Star house, same years, passed away peacefully at home in Sunbury-on-Thames on March 12th 2018. With his family at his bed side. Matt was 47 years old.

Matt had battled pancreatic cancer for more than three years and almost beating it. He is a true hero to us all and we all continue to love him very much.

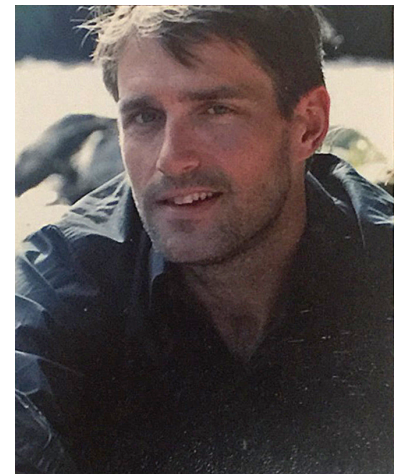
Matt leaves a lovely wife, Adriana and two beautiful young boys, Nathan (6 years) and Sebastian (4 years).

At Hurst he loved his music, sciences and beloved shooting on ranges and Bisley with major Tom. Always laid back with a wonderful smile.

Rest In Peace my bro ... my best friend.

Those that also knew our Dad, Ray Sawyer who would drop us off with loaded tuck boxes on a Sunday night and often sit watching Hurst cricket, will be sad to hear that he also passed away, two weeks after Matt on March 26th. God bless him too.

Rich Sawyer



RS Maples (Red Cross 1959-64)

OJs of a certain era will be saddened to hear of the death of Richard Maples. Richard died of an aneurism just after Christmas 2017. It was a very great shock to his family and friends, as there was no intimation of such an event.

I first met Richard in September 1959 when we were both new boys in Red Cross. We were not instant friends, but by the time we were in the VIth form a good friendship has been brought about by our mutual interest in railways, tramways and transport in general. From the time we left school we always kept in touch, often by postcards of railways etc.

After many false starts Richard decided on a career as a laboratory technician and for many years worked at the City of London School. Eventually he returned to his home town of Salisbury, where his father was a canon of the cathedral, and worked in schools there.

His funeral service was held in Salisbury Cathedral on 31st January 2018. It was well attended as Richard was deeply involved in the life of the cathedral, and was for many years was an official steward there. He very much liked the music of the cathedral and had been a choral exhibitor at Hurst and knew much about church music generally.

Those who knew him only casually may not have realised what a deep, dry sense of humour he had. I count it as a great privilege to have had such a good friend for so many years.

Richard Lockley (Red Cross 1959-64)

Simon Pothen (Martlet 1975-80)

We are very sad to announce the death of Rev'd. Canon Simon Pothen, Canon Precentor of Chelmsford Cathedral.

Stephen Cottrell, the Bishop of Chelmsford, has said: "Simon was an outstanding servant of the Chelmsford diocese and a wonderful priest, husband and father. We will miss him hugely.

"When I was first appointed as Bishop of Chelmsford he was one of the first people I met. He masterminded my Installation and did it with his customary commitment and imagination. He and Debs and their lovely family were also among the first people to welcome us to Chelmsford. Their friendship and support has been a blessing.

"Simon loved the liturgy and worship of the Church. We offer those prayers for him and his family now. Trusting in the promises of the Gospel, we commend him to the mercy of God."



James Duncan Craik (Star 1945-50)



It is with great sadness that we announce the death of John James Duncan Craik. Duncan passed away peacefully aged 86 in Canterbury on 15th October 2018.

Duncan was a student from 1945 until 1950 and was member of Star house and a Server in the school chapel. He played for the 1st XV rugby team 1st XI hockey team and captained the 2nd XI cricket team.

Duncan was then awarded a place at St Edmund Hall, Oxford to study modern languages after completing his National Service. Duncan finished his teaching career and was a Housemaster at Meister Omers at The King's School Canterbury.

Raymond Kahn JP B.Mus (Staff 1973-75)

We are sad to announce that Raymond Kahn died on 14th November and send our sympathy to his wife, Veronica and family.

Obituaries

Sir Stanley Clifford Simmons (Star 1941-46) Kt MB BS (Lond.) FRCS(Eng) FRCS(Ed) FRCOG (Eng) Former President of Old Hurst Johnian Club.



28th July 1927 – 31st May 2017

Sir Stanley was born in Poplar in the east end of London on 28th July 1927, but was living in Hassocks when war broke out. He became at pupil at Hurstpierpoint College in 1940, where his outstanding games ability and leadership qualities were nurtured and prospered to the extent that he became captain of rugby, cricket, hockey, athletics and squash and the school.

In 1946 he was accepted at St Mary's Hospital as a medical student because of his rugby prowess. St Mary's at the time had the best rugby side in the country with three of their team playing for England. He soon became a regular member of their first team and his county team, Middlesex. On two occasions he was selected

to play in the annual Barbarians match. Despite this he managed to qualify as a doctor and specialize in obstetrics and gynaecology. At an early age he was appointed a consultant at the Windsor group of hospitals, where he had a distinguished career in his speciality. In addition to this his leadership qualities were very much in demand. He was a founder member and first president of the Hospital Consultants and Specialists Association spending a great deal of time the current NHS problems with the government of the day. For many years he was a Council member of the GMC and on the council of the Royal College. In 1990 he was elected President of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists, which he led with great distinction representing the College all over the world and during which time he was elected chairman of the committee of all the Royal Medical Colleges.

Life was by no means all work for he was able to do so much more. He learned to fly early on in his career and would fly his single engine plane all over the country to medical meetings, being known by his colleagues as the flying doctor! On one occasion he heard that a colleague had a speaking engagement in Israel so he flew him there. He did it in stages taking five days but he loved the trip, especially Israel, to the extent that he went there the first day of both the 1967 and 1973 wars to work in surgery at the front line hospital for the duration of the conflicts. He was also an accomplished sailor and was at his most relaxed when out in his yacht on the Solent with family and friends. For over forty years he organised an annual dinner in Cherbourg for his many medical friends prepared to sail across the Channel to join him. Typically, he was one of the few to set off in the Azores race in a Force 8 gale. He and his fellow crew member (a senior surgeon at St Thomas's) were off the radar for three days but managed to complete the race successfully. There was a time he bought a boat in Majorca and he would fly his little plane out there to sail it, but after a couple of years he missed it being nearby and sailed it home.

In contrast, he was a talented amateur artist, naturally favouring seascapes. However, when the President of the Royal College who succeeded him refused to let the College pay for an official portrait and put up a photograph, Stanley was horrified – and offered to paint him himself. Now if you go to the College you will see the portrait of Lord Patel alongside his own in the Presidents' Gallery.

He was still playing golf at Wentworth, where he had been a member for over fifty years, a few weeks before he died aged 89 following complications from a minor operation.

He was predeceased by his wife, the Lady Ann, and his daughter Joanna and is survived by his daughters Louise and Emma and son Peter and five grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Dr Lionel Balfour-Lynn

Roger Griffiths MA, (1931-2017), Headmaster of Hurstpierpoint College 1964-86.



Roger Noel Price Griffiths was born in Barry, South Wales on Christmas Day 1931, son of a local solicitor. A happy childhood was interrupted by the Second World War. His father joined the RAF and was posted to Essex, while the family remained in Barry until the frequent bombing raids on the Barry docks persuaded Roger's mother to take them away to relative peace of Llandrindod in Mid Wales. At this stage Roger was 9 and his education, as for so many at that time, had been a somewhat peripatetic affair in the early days. The Dickensian prep school headmaster, who had nothing but scorn for boys who did not excel at games, left a less than pleasant lasting impression on him. Lancing, however, he said gave him some of his happiest days, lifelong friendships, an abiding love of music, drama and all the Chapel had to offer as well as understanding staff who offered him chances to avoid games! His Housemaster guided him towards King's College, Cambridge where he read Modern Languages. He moved to Oxford to study for his Diploma

in Education. While there he spent his second term doing his teaching practice at Westminster School, where he was asked to stay on for the Summer to cover lessons for the head of department who was unwell. His intention then was to improve his spoken French and broaden his knowledge of literature, so he began studying for a PhD in Paris. Fate, as so often happens in life, intervened and he was approached by the Head of Charterhouse for a post in the languages department on the recommendation of the Westminster Head. There followed a life of total involvement in the School; teaching, producing plays, tutoring in one of the houses and travelling with friends through Europe. By this time too he had found a sport that suited him. The social side of bowls appealed but he was no mean player and was selected for the Welsh under 35 team.

Roger was appointed to succeed Canon Howard as Headmaster of Hurst during the Easter holidays of 1964 and at the age of 32 became the youngest HMC headmaster. So began an increasingly positive time for both him and the College. He was determined as far as possible to follow the admirable line of evolution rather than revolution as a new head. Thus he maintained a stability within the community and established a loyalty from the senior staff, while still being able to make the subtle changes that he found necessary. He admitted that at first it was, as a bachelor, a fairly lonely existence. After marrying Diana in April 1966 that all changed and an outstanding team was born. One of his great achievements was to navigate the School with skill through the choppy waters of the sixties, when other heads became unstuck. With a positively committed core of staff behind him Roger with Diana gave the School a humanity that it has never lost. For Roger the Chapel was the centre of the School and encouraging families to attend the weekly services was just one way of creating the atmosphere he wanted for Hurst. Of course, the arrival of Elizabeth, Helen and Caroline on the scene helped too to establish the feeling of family. He encouraged pupil and staff dramatic productions, and musical events. He promoted links with prep schools and sporting tournaments and events that started in his time are still important features of the School calendar today. In short Hurst was and remains something special in so many ways. Notably a place where a "them and us divide" is not evident for pupils and staff have a mutual respect and collective aims. This "Hurst atmosphere" remains the School's infectious attraction.

After 22 years at the helm Roger retired from Hurst to become Deputy Secretary of the HMC, where he managed the running of the organisation, becoming in the process the confidant of many heads, who welcomed his sage advice particularly in times of trial. He was very amused when he was once introduced as "the man with the wettest shoulder in the HMC". He retired after 11 years only to give his time to voluntary work locally for the church, Chichester Cathedral and Petworth House. He was a member of the Wax Chandlers Company in the City for many years and was its Master in 1991. He remained a loyal

follower of Hurst's fortunes. He had a truly positive influence on his School and its pupils through his humanity, good humour and sensitive touch. His death on 17th January is a great loss to Hurst, as it is to Diana, his children and grandchildren to whom we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

JRB

David G Barber (Junior House & Fleur de Lys 1932-42)

David was born on 2nd December 1924 in the village of Bedmond, near Watford, to Louis and Mabel Barber. When he was 5 the family moved to Ceylon for three years where they dealt in cocoa and produced Barber's Chocolate, which was sold to Cadbury's. It was here that David developed his great love of curries. In 1932 they returned to England and David and his elder brother became boarders at Hurstpierpoint College in Sussex, where he stayed until he was 18.

From there he went to City and Guilds at Imperial College, where he studied engineering, graduating in 1945. Whilst there he captained the College hockey team and the Southern Universities. For his National Service he worked for the GWR inspecting lines in Gloucestershire and Wales. Following that he moved to Margate to work in the Borough Engineer's office. Further moves took him to Lincoln and Basildon as a roads and traffic engineer. He met his future wife Pauline, also a hockey player, while playing for Cliftonville Thanetians and they were married in St Peter's Church, Broadstairs in October 1956. By then he was working in London for Ministry of Transport dealing with roads and road safety. With the formation of the GLC he moved to become its Senior Traffic Engineer. He remained there until it closed in 1981 when he took early retirement. Amongst other things the "Yellow Box Junction" was his brain-child.

Retirement saw him captaining Bishop's Stortford Golf Club and later acting as secretary of East Herts Golf Club. In his seventies he took up the hobby of calligraphy and taught it for a few years in evening classes when they moved back to Margate. He and Pauline moved again in 2012 to Somerset to be close to their daughter. Sadly shortly afterwards he fell ill following a fall and was unable to return home and was cared for in a nursing home until he died on 25th December 2015 with his family by his side.

Denis Arthur Robert Bradley (Shield 1952-1957)



Denis died (aged 78) on 20th March 2017 in the Sussex County Hospital Brighton a few weeks after major surgery. I visited him there over several weeks and it seemed that he would pull through but it was not to be. His cremation was a private affair but it was followed by a relaxed but at times moving ashes scattering ceremony on the Downland slope below the Jack and Jill windmills at Clayton. There was a full gathering which included OJs George Hill, Dick Smart, John Hall and myself.

Denis was in the Prep School at Hurst (then called the Junior House) from 1948 before going onto the Senior School in 1952. He was always a very keen cricketer and he had an early influence on my life at Hurst. It went like this : in the summer of 1954 soon after I had somehow managed to hoodwink the Examiners and had passed Common Entrance and it was a question of making a decision as to

which House I should go into, I was watching a junior house Match on the Gym Pitch between Chevron and Shield (under 15's, I believe). Denis was playing for Shield. Chevron were removed for only 13! Denis opened the batting for Shield and hit 3 fours in the first over! The game was over rather rapidly. I made my decision there and then. I joined Shield!

After leaving Hurst, Denis was articled with Brighton Solicitors Gates & Co. His Principal was extremely accommodating when it came to allowing him time off mid week for cricket. Denis was a stylish top order defensive batsman and played a lot of club cricket. His weekend clubs were Keymer and Hassocks (where he played with OJs John Neal and Tony Lyne) and also Ditchling (where he was in “good company” playing with a number of former First Class cricketers and County Second Eleven players such as Keith Jenkin, OJ).

Particularly mid week he turned out for other clubs such as MCC, Sussex Martlets and Romany (for whom he had the temerity to play against the OJs and score 45* in 1967) to name a few, and he went on a number of cricket tours of Yorkshire. He also played regularly for the OJs over several years appearing in fact in 34 matches, including the Cricket Week, Brewers Cup and games against the College and the Common Room. He scored in total 480 runs for the OJs with a highest score of 88 against the Eton Ramblers in 1960. He made 52* against The Stoics in 1961 (sharing an unbroken partnership of 164 with Bob Schad). Another notable innings for the OJs was 47 (top score) against a strong Sussex Young Amateurs side in 1959. (I am indebted to Roger Moulton for these statistics and to Willie Welch, OJ for the photograph.)

Whether it was cricket or life in general he was always looking for something amusing in any situation. He particularly liked to reminisce not only about cricket but also about his time at the Prep School at Hurst and he always chuckled over the name of the Head Teacher (called Housemaster in those days), J. Russell Perry. He was amused at the ploy thought up at the Prep School to try and avoid punishment from J. Russell Perry. If any boy misbehaved in class, the class Teacher would send him to report to J. Russell Perry, which involved going into the waiting area next to the Housemaster’s study, the door of which was normally left open. The waiting area had bare floorboards so that the boy’s footsteps were immediately heard which prompted the call “Come in boy”. One had to explain what misdemeanour one had committed and suitable punishment followed. The ploy was to take off one’s shoes, tiptoe into the corner furthest from the Housemaster’s study door and stay stock still. If one was lucky the bell for the end of class would sound and one tiptoed out undetected. The class Teacher, because one was away for possibly a long time, assumed that at least six strokes of the cane had been administered!

Denis enjoyed recounting an amusing incident at the end of an OJs v. School match in about 1960 when the Headmaster at the time, Canon Howard, was watching the final stages. According to Denis, Keith Jenkin had hit a luckless School bowler for 2 sixes into the East Field to win the match for the OJs by 9 wickets. Keith started his walk back to the Pavilion (followed by Denis) whereupon Canon Howard exclaimed “Ah they have got Jenkin out at last.”

Denis changed professions and became a barrister. He was called to the Bar in 1964. From 1996 up to the time he retired he practised Criminal Law successfully from Chambers in Grays Inn. He had a fine speaking voice and was a respected Advocate and was a popular member of Chambers.

In the early part of this period, Denis was a pipe smoker and on one occasion turned his pipe upside down and tapped it on the rim of his waste paper bin as smokers very often do thinking it had burnt out. He suddenly realised that the bin was well alight and, although not noted for his speed between wickets on a cricket field, made a dash for it with the flaming bin in hand and fortunately was able to dump it outside without setting fire to himself or the building.

Denis is survived by his sons James and Nick, both now in their 50’s and both with a keen interest in cricket. James, now living in Australia, still plays cricket and confesses to being a somewhat defensive bat like his father.

Denis is also survived by his former wife Jackie who has always rendered great support to Denis particularly through his times of illness.

Denis was such a colourful character as well as being a fine speaker, raconteur and impressionist. His many impersonations including one of an Austrian born Barrister’s cross examination of a defendant in a raunchy criminal case entertained many OJs in the New Inn during Cricket Week.

Robin Carr (Shield 1954-59)

Clive Deverall (Junior House 1950-55 then Red Cross 1955-59) passed away on 11th March 2017 in Perth, Australia.



It is with great sadness this week that we learned of the passing of our former Executive Director and tireless champion of cancer patients and their families, Clive Deverall. Clive devoted more than twenty years of his life to our organisation – what we're able to achieve now owes much to the fact that we stand on the very solid ground he devoted a large proportion of his working life to building. Metaphorically, if not physically, he was a giant of a man and his loss will be keenly felt by many.

Our Education and Research Director, Terry Slevin, worked alongside Clive for many years, and has written the following ode to Clive's many achievements and qualities:

"Clive joined the Cancer Council in the late 1970s and departed late 1999. During that time he steered many fundamental reforms for the organisation. One was the shift to the original 'Cancer Council' which was heavily influenced by Government appointments to the Board, into the independent Cancer Foundation of WA – which ran via a membership structure and an independent Board. Clive was fiercely independent – both as an individual and in his aspirations for what the organisation could achieve.

"Clive drove the establishment of the Cottage Hospice, as a stand-alone Palliative Care facility in Shenton Park. He also led the establishment nationally of the sun protection merchandise that has become a staple of Cancer Council world around Australia. What Clive did not know about sunscreen was not worth knowing.

"When diagnosed with a rare form of Non Hodgkins Lymphoma in 1998 Clive stepped down from his role at the then Cancer Foundation, but remained a very active patient and consumer advocate. While wrestling his own disease and all the complexities that accompanied it, Clive served on many boards and committees in his 'retirement' including the state government Charitable Collections agency, which oversaw regulation of the not for profit sector in WA. He was an active member of 'Cancer Voices' and served on the National Health and Medical Research Council representing consumers' views.

"Of course Clive has given his name to our own important entity 'The Clive Deverall Society'. Clive was at once pleased and perplexed to have his name linked to what he liked to call 'The Nearly Dead Society'. But the use of his name was always driven by, and reflective of, the enormous regard and affection that he inspired.

"Clive was awarded, among many things, an Order of Australia Medal (AM) and the Honorary Doctor of Letters from Curtin University.

"But in truth honours and recognition did not drive Clive Deverall – making a difference did.

"Clive helped countless hundreds, probably thousands of people throughout his selfless life. For many in WA, Clive was the first port of call when it came to where to go and what to do when a cancer diagnosis befell them or someone they loved. And that was true of the rich or the poor, powerful or powerless.

"Clive was undoubtedly a kind, generous, thoughtful and caring man. He was also a rogue and a scoundrel and the best gossip I ever met. Many, many times I'd go to his office to discuss important matters of business for the organisation and leave roaring with laughter with one of his ear-singeing stories rattling through my head. Clive was as full of life as anyone could be.

“There are a small handful of us who were fortunate enough to serve this organisation alongside Clive. We will be particularly touched by his passing. But we should all reflect on the outstanding innovation, leadership and compassion that embodied Clive’s contribution to the Cancer Council and the people of Western Australia. This organisation was blessed to have benefited from his dedication, energy and his own special kind of genius. Western Australia and beyond will be poorer for his being no longer with us.

“Clive is survived by two sons Luke and Brett, step-son Jason, two grandchildren, his sister and his loving and devoted wife Noreen. Our thoughts and best wishes are with them at an awful time.”

John Hammick (Star 1952-55)

We are sad to report that John died on 18th October. He left Hurst after three years in order to attend a school in Switzerland for the final two years of his education. He spent his life working in business and latterly lived in Wimborne in Dorset.

Mrs Val Harvey (Staff 1995-2013)

It was with great sadness that we learned of Val Harvey’s death in April this year. The Harvey family arrived at Hurst in 1995 and it was not long before Val joined the matrons in the Junior School. This was at a time when there was still a boarding community of some size in that part of the school. She also worked on reception in the front office of the Junior School and after the boarding had been phased out move to the medical centre. Where ever she was based there was always an air of calm and care. She will be remembered with great affection and gratitude by many pupils from both the Senior and Junior Schools and by her colleagues. The Club extends its sympathy to her son **Tom (Star 2000-03)** at this time.

Tony Johnson (Shield 1946-50)

Tony Johnson passed away peacefully on Monday January 23, 2017 at Queen Alexandra Hospital, Cosham.

He was in Shield House, as were my brother Richard Johnson and myself. He loved his time attending Hurstpierpoint College. Not only did he excel in Rugby, Cricket, and Hockey, was the head of his house (Shield) but he also came away from boarding school with a select group of friends that he respected and was proud to know them for the rest of his life.

As passionate as he was in all the roles he played in our lives, his passion for our mother Jeanann Johnson, to love, protect, and honour her was his greatest passion in life. Tony and Jeanann celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary together last year.



On June 9th, 1956 he married Jeanann (our lovely Mum), and then started his journey to prove himself worthy of such an incredible lady by eventually becoming the powerhouse behind the Department Store Division of United Drapery Stores (UDS) which eventually became the department store chain ‘Allders’. Whether it was being the chairman of the Portsmouth Chamber of Commerce, being presented to the Queen and Prince Philip during the Queen’s Silver Jubilee, or simply wearing a chef’s hat and apron and carving the turkey at the staff Christmas party, Dad was proud of his career and what he accomplished. Tony retired at 55 and enjoyed the rest of his life with Jeanann living in Spain, Florida, and on Hayling Island.

Tony was a loving father and husband, and the best grandfather his nine grandchildren and two great grandchildren could wish for. He was always ready to help anyone with any need or project, and his friendship, magnetic personality, and genuine character was appreciated by all. Tony loved going out on his boats, playing golf, snooker and cards, working in the garden, and of course his love for philately. However, his greatest passion was the time he spent with his best friend and love of his life, Jeanann.

The following is part of a poem that Dad loved and was on his office wall for as many years as we can remember:

***'Yesterday is but a memory
Tomorrow is only a vision
BUT Today Well Lived
Makes Yesterday a memory of Happiness'***

Tony did live every day to the fullest, and we thank him for passing that passion for life on to us all.

Tony is survived by his loving family, wife Jeanann Johnson, his daughters Susan, Alison, and Amanda, and his sons Richard and Mark.

Mark Johnson (Shield 1978-83)

Janet Lyon (Staff 1969-1973)

The daughter of a schoolmaster who taught at King's School, Rochester, Janet Lyon arrived at Hurst in September 1969. She succeeded Virginia Lyon as First Form Mistress at a time when female members of staff were on a lower salary scale than that of their male counterparts. As Janet was not only a qualified teacher but also a graduate of Manchester University this posed something of a problem for the College authorities until it was decided to treat her as if she was a master and pay her accordingly. This early victory in the cause of equality soon ensured that both male and female members of staff were treated equally.

Quiet and unassuming, her gentle approach to everyone in her care soon won her many friends at Hurst. She was genuinely interested in all whom she taught and was a highly respected member of the Common Room. Unfortunately, she did not find the change of regime from Ken Heslop to Robin Paul particularly easy and it was a sad day when she left for pastures new at the end of the Summer Term of 1973.

She always kept in touch with us, sending an annual Christmas card with detailed news in her inimitable scrawl. She lived in Portsmouth for many years and took a great interest in all matters maritime – especially the Royal Navy. Sadly, her health began to decline and last year there was no Christmas card. In April we received news that she had died on 5th March.

Roger Moulton

Alan MacDonald (Star 1953-58). Died 28th August 2016 at Toulouse, France

Alan came to Hurst from Hollingbury Court Prep School in Brighton, and soon became a popular member of Star House. Academically he was above average having an aptitude for French, Maths and the scientific subjects. He was a useful member of any rugger team but excelled at athletics. To see him put the shot, throw the discus and above all the javelin, all with such ease, was a joy to behold. I have many happy memories of him as a diver, where he represented Hurst with aplomb.

He was a good school friend. In 1969 he emigrated to Australia, where he established an engineering company. Leaving Australia 19 years ago he moved to France where again he developed various business interests. Altogether he can be described as an entrepreneur.

He leaves a widow and five children. He had kept in touch with many of his school friends over the past sixty years and he will be missed.

David Savage

Michael Miller (Chevron 1944-47)

Michael was born at Mountsorrel, Leicestershire, on 14th July 1930 and moved to Sussex when he was two years old.

He attended Hurstpierpoint College and was in Chevron House. After Hurst Michael pursued a farming career, with a post-war course at Plumpton Agricultural College. He went to France in 1948 with the Marshall Aid programme helping to clear up after the devastation of WW2. Returning to England he worked on International Harvester's field trials in Suffolk testing their machinery.

In 1952 he started farming in West Hoathly, West Sussex with his father, continuing into the late 1970s.

In 1968 he took over his grandfather's workshop in Lindfield, West Sussex, specialising in arms and armour and general antiques. He exhibited at many Arms Fairs, in London, Scotland, Belgium, France, Switzerland and USA, becoming well known for his extensive knowledge. He had an impressive database of contacts around the world. For many years in August he would take clients to Scotland for the grouse season. He was working up to the day he went to the hospice, where he died on 16th May 2017.

Michael married Jenny in 1956 and had four children: Amanda, Alan, Seonaid and John. He lived in Hurstpierpoint for the last thirty-five years of his life.

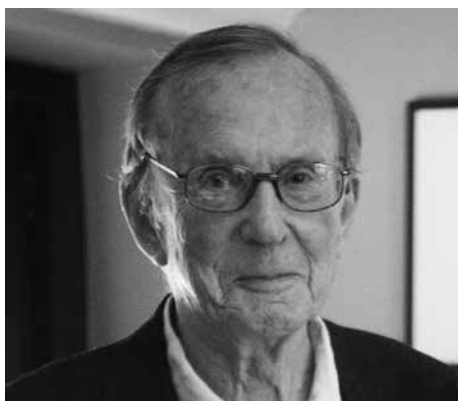
Professor Tim Rooth (Junior House 1958-53 then Red Cross 1954-58)

Tim Rooth was born on 9th October 1939 and was educated at Hurstpierpoint College. Before going to university he spent some time in Canada initially working for a Toronto bank and then as a fitter in a gold mine in the North West Territories. He then studied economics at Hull before qualifying as a teacher in Birmingham. He taught in Lewes before joining Portsmouth College of Technology (now Portsmouth University) as a lecturer in economic history in 1967. He remained there for the rest of his career, retiring as Emeritus Professor in 2005. Much of his research involved international trade and Anglo-Canadian relations in particular. He remained an active scholar well into retirement and was regularly seen in the university. He died on 2nd January and our sympathy goes to his wife Iris, daughter and grandson.

Peter Sharpe (Junior School then Red Cross 1980-85) aged 49

It was very sad to hear of the death of Peter Sharpe last December. He was the youngest of three brothers who passed through Hurst and is remembered as a friendly good natured fellow. He was married to Jo-ann and they had two children, Molly and George. He faced Motor Neurone Disease with great courage and stubbornness.

J. A. L. Sturrock (Staff 1961-1966)



Born in 1930 John Sturrock, who taught Modern Languages at Hurst from January 1961 to July 1966, died recently at the age of 87. He was appointed House Tutor of Star on his arrival, succeeding Nick Heath who had left for New Zealand at the end of the previous term and remaining in the post until July 1964. Teaching French and Spanish and coaching hockey and Under 16 Cricket, John Sturrock left Hurst in 1966 to become a full-time reviewer with the Times Literary Supplement and the London Review of Books specialising in French literature.

RHLM

*I have received a number of letters from OJs about John since his death and he was clearly a man held in high regard. There follows a memoir written by **Anthony Turner (Red Cross)** in the London Review of Books:*

Over the years I have often wondered if the John Sturrock listed as the LRB's consulting editor was the same John Sturrock who was senior French master at my old school, Hurstpierpoint College (only eight miles from his last home at Lindfield), in the early 1960s. In a staff-room replete with characters straight out of the works of Hilton and Delderfield, he belonged to a small group of exotics who seemed to have wandered in inexplicably from a wider and more exciting world. His open-top Sunbeam Alpine (I think it was) was considered very racy, as indeed were his trouser legs, which were much narrower than those we boys were allowed. While other teachers would bustle across, gowned up for action, from the main school to the classroom block when lessons began, J. A. L. Sturrock would approach at a dignified amble, hands in pockets and apparently deep in thought, his gown thrown casually over one shoulder. In class, his imperturbable seriousness and air of languid authority were relieved by an occasional wry smile.

My special memory is of a last-lesson-of-term talk he once gave my sixth-form Subsidiary French class on the Dreyfus Affair: lucid and compelling, delivered without notes, visual aids or hesitations for nearly forty minutes, either leaning on the lectern desk before him or half-sitting on the windowsill at his back. It comes as no surprise to learn that this keen, cosmopolitan intellect was destined not to remain buried in the depths of the Sussex countryside, but to enjoy an illustrious career in journalism, translation and authorship. I don't regret becoming a classicist, but I have always regretted the impermeable barrier between ancient and modern languages that existed at my school fifty years ago.

Bob Finch (former staff) also wrote in the LRB:

We left Hurstpierpoint on the same day in 1966 and remained in touch. Friendships are a kind of conspiracy between like-minded people against what the rest of the world thinks and I was lucky enough to have John as a fellow conspirator for over fifty years. I knew that we would be friends from the moment he pulled a face as he sipped the first (and last) cup of Nescafé we ever gave him. 'Oh dear', my wife said, 'is the milk off?' 'No, no,' said John. 'But you did invite me to coffee.'

John played, and liked to write about, cricket. In the only cricket match in which he and I both played, I batted one place above him. Having made my highest-ever score, I was glowing with happiness, and as he passed me on his way out to the wicket, I looked up, expecting congratulations. 'Not before time!' he grunted.

I admired John hugely. I liked everything about him, his sense of humour, the way he deflated the pompous and challenged the entitled. He was such a talented man, such a good friend, and I am so sad that we can have no more harrumphs together.

Richard Winton BSc (Staff 1985-2005)

It is with great sadness that we report that Richard Winton died in August of this year. Richard came to Hurst to teach Maths in 1985 and quickly made his mark with pupils of all calibres in his subject. He was a man with a wide variety of interests that spread beyond the classroom and the school. He was certainly a model rail enthusiast and his contacts in that sphere took him across the Atlantic. Closer to home he and Rosie celebrated their wedding at Sheffield Park station and that was followed by a wonderful reception steam hauled to Horsted Keynes and back! His amateur dramatic skills were regularly seen on the stage of the Hurst Players theatre in the village and he was possessed of a fine solo singing voice. Cricket too was a passion and he appeared not only for Common Room sides but regularly on the village circuit for Hurstpierpoint and then latterly for Westmeston. This sporting interest led him and Rosie into forming part of the staff supporting group that followed two of the School's India tours. The first of these consisted of the "Famous Five": Richard, Rosie, John Bettridge and David and Beryl Hopkins. As they tried to catch up with the cricketers across India; all the travel was by rail of course. He was in his element! In 2005 the onset of debilitating illness forced his retirement. He bore this stolidly but it was a very sad burden to carry for one who had lived a life of active interests. We send our deepest sympathy and kindest thoughts at this time to Rosie, who supported him steadfastly through good times and hard.

JRB

Major John Jeremy Wright BA RE 'JJ' (Junior School 1944 Shield 1946-51)

John Wright died in Exeter Hospital after a stroke on 22 December 2016 aged 83. He was born in Hove but the family settled in Burgess Hill in 1940 after some peregrinations brought about by the threat of invasion. He attended a prep school in Haywards Heath. In about 1944, while his father was serving in the Far East his mother took the decision to move him to Hurst Juniors. In January 1946 he progressed to Shield. He spent a term as a day-boy before his parents were convinced by John and his housemaster, 'The Hod', that to get the full benefit of school life he should board. In January 1949 he was joined by his younger brother, Tim. In his last year John became a school prefect, a sacristan and a sergeant in the CCF. He entered RMA Sandhurst and was commissioned in the Royal Engineers in 1953. He served in Germany, Aden, Belize and for two tours with the locally enlisted Malays of the Singapore Royal Engineers. As the last Officer Commanding the Singapore Engineer Squadron, he oversaw its disbandment in 1971. Although he never made the 1st XV at Hurst he remained a keen sportsman and last played Rugby on the Padang at Singapore at the age of 38. In December 1957 John had married Jean Warland, a Sussex-born teacher he had met when she was touring Germany. They had two daughters. In the interests of his family he chose to spend the last twelve years of his service based in England. Having prepared for civilian life by studies with the Open University, John retired from the Army at the age of 50 to become Bursar at St Michael's Petworth. John and Jean settled at Easebourne outside Midhurst but followed their daughters to Devon in 2012.

Adrian Wyles BSc, MEd, FRGS (Staff 2002-08)

Many friends within the Hurst community were deeply saddened by the tragic death of Adrian Wyles on 16th May at the early age of 49 and the Club extends its sympathy to his wife Dee and son Chris. Adrian came to Hurst in 2002 to succeed Chris Lambert as Head of Geography. He found a thriving department for it had enjoyed highly successful leadership continuously from the 1950s with Reg Ruddock onwards. Hurst and its pupils were exceedingly lucky for in Adrian they had a true enthusiast for his subject and someone who cared deeply about nurturing their development. I would add too that for me, running the geography in the Prep



School, it was a pleasure and fun to work with him. When Tim Manly wisely decided to abandon Common Entrance in favour of Hurst's own exam, we set about the task of redesigning the syllabus and exam with Adrian's words echoing round the room: "Well John, if the head wants a wacky exam, let's give him a wacky exam!" He was a staunch defender of his territory and his pupils too. Alex Matthews, destined for Oxford, was asked by a senior member of staff why was he was wanting to read Geography as it only involved "colouring in". Neither of them appreciated this! Having said that a mint condition set of coloured pencils from my cache was gift wrapped for the successful candidate at the end of the term! His company was fun, so it was natural that he, Dee and Chris rapidly became part of the Hurst Family. Beyond the classroom his influence spread to tutoring in Eagle House, cross country running, where he was no mean performer himself and to one of his major loves, music. A great supporter of the choir, he sang with them regularly and supported with true faith the work of the Chapel. The map of life had a new path set for him by 2008 and he left to become Director of Studies at Sutton Valence. Hurst lost a real friend then, although there were chances to catch up when he came to give touchline support to Chris when he returned for the VIth form. Even those chances are now gone but not the memories or the gratitude for having known a truly good man and good friend.

JRB

*The words that follow were spoken by his son **Chris Wyles (Star 2014-16)** at Adrian's funeral in June.*

"My father was an exceptional man. What he achieved in his life is nothing short of extraordinary. To go from a difficult childhood, living in a care home for four years with his brother, Julian, and then losing his mother at the age of 8, to becoming the first member of the Wyles family to go to University, and going on to become a highly-respected and much loved teacher both in the state and private sectors of education. He reached the top of his profession, serving as a Deputy Head and then most recently as Headmaster.

More than this though, it was his character and personality that shone through to everyone who knew him. A man of great passion for his vocation, immense dedication to his family and a deep concern for humanity and the environment.

It is rare to find a man of such integrity, compassion and humility. A role model to us all, he taught me more than he could ever know. A man of action not words, a man of truth not lies, and a man of love not violence. He never compromised on his morals, he never betrayed his sense of faith and service, and never put himself before others.

He was a man who carried the weight of the world on his shoulders, never complaining about the burdens he bore for others. He had a truly beautiful soul. He was, and is, an inspiration especially to those who may think that they are stuck with their lot in life, to believe that anything is possible, despite the odds and circumstances.

He was a devoted and loving husband, sharing 25 wonderfully happy years of marriage with my mother. He was a caring and supportive father, always encouraging me to pursue my dreams and ambitions. Among many, I will cherish the memories of our hikes and camping trips in the Lake District and summer table tennis championships, which he occasionally won. I'll never forget his energy, quick wit, cheeky smile and notoriously infectious laugh.

Dad, I will carry you in my heart wherever I go, I loved you so much as I know you loved me too. Thank you for being my father, I couldn't have asked for more. And now that you have gone on to the place where you belong, I feel privileged to have been able to walk the earth with you, and look forward to the day I see you again, in heaven."

Obituaries

Peter Salter (Red Cross 1936 to 1941)



Peter Salter was a life-long supporter of Hurst and a prominent member of the Hurst Johnian Lodge and died in May of this year. During his career he held various business appointments, which included being Commercial Director of L'Oreal of Paris for 12 years and after 1988 was Managing Director of Jardine International.

He received his 50 years in Freemasonry certificate in September 2013 and a year later was appointed by the President of France to the rank of Chevalier in the National Order of the Legion d'Honneur. This is the highest decoration in France and was awarded in recognition of his military engagement and steadfast involvement in the liberation of France during the Second World War.

Peter was in the 2nd Derbyshire Yeomanry, the Armoured Car Reconnaissance Regiment for the 51st Highland Division. This was extremely hazardous as they operated in front of the main line defences, gathering and reporting on enemy movements. On 7th

June 1944 (D Day +1) he landed on Sword Beach in Normandy. The Derbyshire Yeomanry fought their way through France, relieving paratroops at Escoville and being involved in the battle for Caen where they acted as infantry against the German 21st Panzer Division. They fought their way through France to Le Havre and then headed for Belgium and the Dutch frontier towards Eindhoven, guarding the famous bridge at Nijmegen. Christmas 1944 saw the Regiment involved in the Ardennes campaign supporting the 10th American Corp (known as the Battle of the Bulge). They crossed the Rhine and moved on through Germany to Cuxhaven at the mouth of the River Elbe and marched in triumph through Bremerhaven on 12th May 1945, the Germans having surrendered on 8th May.

The Legion d'Honneur was established by Napoleon in 1802. It cannot be applied for and is conferred only for gallantry in action or 20 years of service to the nation in a military or civilian capacity. Soldiers who fought with the Allies in two world wars have been recent honourees.



Dr. Stuart Kent : 1966 – 2016

Dr. Stuart J.H. Kent (Martlet 1978-1983)

Born 25th July, 1966, Stuart John Harding Kent was the second son of Lt. Colonel John and Mrs Sheila Kent. Stuart, and his elder brother, Andrew, attended the Junior School at Hurst and then the Senior School which he entered in 1978—joining Martlet House under David Hughes. A gifted musician as well as an academic scholar, Stuart soon made his mark as the lead treble and then counter-tenor soloist in the Chapel Choir which went on to win the National Schools' Choir Competition in 1983 under the baton of the College Director of Music, Nicholas Searls and organist, Christopher Moore.

Stuart was the leading student at Hurst in his era of Computing Studies which had only been started to be taught as a subject at Hurst in 1979 by Richard Hurley. Stuart left Hurst in the Summer of 1983 and went to Exeter University to read Computer Studies.

When he wasn't at the keyboard, he would be found singing in the choir of Exeter Cathedral where his counter-tenor voice was second to none.

In 1986 he moved to Imperial College, London to undertake a PhD in Computer Science and shared a student flat in London with fellow OJ, Robert Ebdon (Martlet 1979-1984). It was during this time that Stuart's truly brilliant counter-tenor voice was at its very best and he was appointed to sing in Her Majesty's Choir of The Chapel Royal at St James' Palace, London.

Stuart married Gabrielle McLellan (eldest daughter of David McLellan, a British Scholar of political science) in January, 1991 at The Chapel Royal. After a post as a Research Associate at Imperial College, Stuart moved to Hove to take up an appointment at Brighton University lecturing in Computing between 1993 and 1998. He moved to The University of Kent in 1998 as a Senior Lecturer in the subject before leaving academia in 2003 to join the research team at Microsoft in Cambridge as Group Program Manager. There he led a team developing software in India, The United States and in the UK. He edited two publications on Object Technology (1996) and Unified Modeling Language (2000) and most recently presented research into managing technical debt in agile and developing worlds.

Stuart was a brilliant mind, a gifted musician and a true friend to many. He had a great sense of humour, and a disarming and cheeky grin. He was blessed by a strong marriage to Gabrielle surrounded by their son and four daughters, living near Canterbury.

Tragically following a year-long illness, Stuart passed away on 19th September, 2016 aged just 50. His funeral was held at the family's parish church, St Peter and St Paul, Upper Hardres, Kent on 29th September. Hurst and the OJs were represented by Christopher Moore, and the Ebdon family. He is survived by his wife, children, mother, brother and sister to whom we extend our heartfelt condolences.

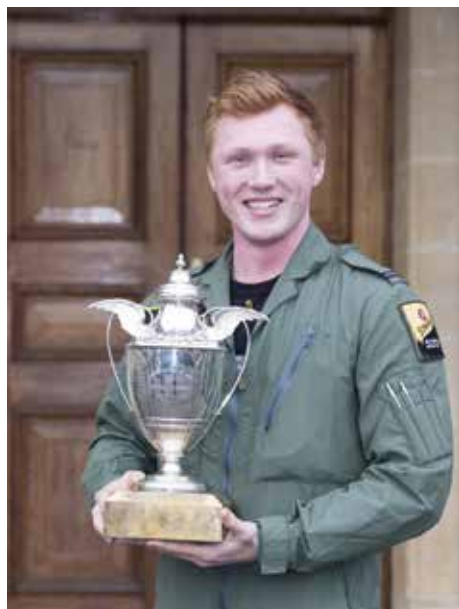
Cameron Forster (Woodard 2007-12)

An address given by Tim Firth, Deputy Head, in the School Chapel in April 2016.

He was ginger, he was pretty small as a child, he was always neat and clean, and he played a recorder.

So why was Cameron so cool?

Because, as his mother put it, he lived in an impenetrable bubble of happiness. Because, as his mate told me, he never sought the limelight but wanted to be a part of everything, often excelling without trying



when he did, and because it seemed to me he had such natural ease, such capacity to disarm and diffuse with the grin that always had things in perspective that saw that much that goes on in school isn't serious, doesn't really matter despite the straight face we all maintain. Teachers aren't comfortable acknowledging this. We fear anarchy if pupils are late or miss a prep or wear the wrong shoes. Teachers don't allow pupils to be exempt from these rules, as a rule. But we all allowed Cameron, allowed him alone in his year group, allowed him alone of the Prefects, to fly under our radar because of this intelligent twinkle he had, his endless good nature, his playfulness, his modesty and a lifetime supply of unforced and easy charm.

He didn't lock himself away to work. He didn't need to. But he got A*s in Maths and Physics. Difficult subjects. He chose them because he was interested in them and he was always lively in lessons about these subjects. He chose them because they were his and

not because, like many who choose, he had the imagination of a caravan site. Cameron's imagination was fertile. He related his subjects to his music. He related them to each other. He thought about them on his own. He talked about them out of school even. He was infectious about them. Did he care what people thought of this and his nerdy recorder? He didn't even notice, let alone care. And this was why everyone, and I mean everyone, liked him and knew he was cool. Cameron had such a gingam style.

Cameron didn't blow his own trumpet and not only because he preferred woodwind to brass. And what about that recorder? Cameron called it his screaming twig of delight and well aware of this double entendre would whip it out of his blazer pocket and produce surprising melofluidity, discourse most eloquent music, or as his mate put it, even more lyrically, he could play the shit out of a recorder. That recorder was more proof if we needed it that Cameron was his own man, a man in charge of his own decisions, one who danced to his own tune and not a pipe for fortune's finger to sound what stop she please.

Something very self-possessed lived in Cameron and whilst he was so playful he commanded respect and no one played upon him. My strong feeling is that Cameron's huge potential as both thinker and leader was untapped, but was finding a home in flying. You see pupils peak at different times, some at Common Entrance, some in the 1st XV. Coaches, teachers, employers are always on the lookout for people with headroom, those with something about them that suggest they have more in the tank, the capacity and capability to fly higher and higher. Cameron was one of those and it is sad we won't see the day he would, I hazard, have been decorated. If I am any judge of horseflesh, I would pick Cameron out as one who had it in him, not only to seriously succeed, but to do it in the right way. To take folk with him, all giving back the grin he infected them with.

I will end with a little Houseman who articulates so well for us the fact he's gone, combined with the fact that he has gone doing what he wanted to do, because for Cameron the sky was good for flying. I hope it brings you a little consolation among the growing gloom.

*Oh dark is the chamber and lonely,
And lights and companions depart;
But lief will he lose them and only
Behold the desire of his heart.*

*And low is the roof, but it covers
A sleeper content to repose;
And far from his friends and his lovers
He lies with the sweetheart he chose.*

Tim Firth, Deputy Head

Paddy Crawford-Clarke (Woodard & Star 2006-2009)

Paddy sadly passed in December 2015 after being involved in a road accident. A memorial service was held in the Chapel to celebrate an exciting, busy life cut agonisingly short.

Whilst at Hurst Paddy was a keen musician playing the trumpet in the College's Orchestra and Jazz Band. A truly carefree individual who was always making his peers laugh and smile. Paddy went onto Collyer's for sixth form before graduating from Sheffield University with a degree in Mechanical Engineering. Paddy lived life to the full and seeing the chapel as full as a Friday night Eucharist is a true testament to such a fine young man.

Nick Chadwell (Star 2006-11)

Edward King-Tours (Prep School 2005-07, Eagle 2007-12)



Tribute to Edward given by his brother James at the funeral.

Thank you Ed, for being our wonderful brother and son for almost 22 years. You have always been a character bringing a love of life, laughter, smiles and noise. Never a dull moment and you certainly kept our parents on their toes. Your individuality has shone through, in more recent years with your dyed hair, changing hairstyles, piercings and a colourful collection of vintage clothing and track suits.

From a small child your love of unusual pets was clear. This started with a passion for dinosaurs. You were an expert of every type and, with your quirky noises and fabulous impressions, you instructed us how to impersonate them. Norman the Newt survived for several months in the kitchen before Mum gave in and bought your first lizard. Nicky discovered a draw of lizards when you were on holiday in France with Max, all destined for the suitcase home. Luckily Nicky let them go.

Your sporting prowess started on the rugby field where you enjoyed chatting with your cousin Callum rather than playing the game. You always looked very cute when riding although you may not actually have been enjoying it. You had a mutual understanding with your pony Milligan to keep actual riding to a minimum.

Your skiing started with the straight down technique to Dad's and Mum's dismay. You progressed to a passion for tricks some of which were successful. You fell over so many times that we always thought it funny that your only fracture occurred while stationary on a green run.

I always enjoyed the William Penn School band with you when your euphonium was bigger than you. You were modest artistically and academically but always achieved brilliant results for absolute minimal effort. Both Oli and I were very envious of this.

You lived life to the full. Your friendships meant so much to you. You touched so many hearts. We will always love you and miss you. You will always be in our hearts. God bless you Ed.

Nicholas Edward (Nick) Heath MA 1927-2015, (Former Housemaster of Chevron and Head of Physics, at Hurst 1951-60 and 1974-87)

Nick was born at Mhow, India, where his father was stationed at the time with the Royal Artillery. Having lost Nick's elder brother Tony at a very young age in India, Nick's parents were advised to send him home. At the age of 2, he was brought home by his aunt to live with her and his grandmother in Parkstone, Dorset, while his parents remained in India. He went to school locally and on the Isle of Wight, where he made many lifelong friends. His passion for sailing and the sea began during his early years at Parkstone, and he would sail his small dinghy around Poole Harbour at every opportunity.



Nick subsequently attended Wellington College, where he decided that he wanted to join the Navy. This did not go down well at an Army school, but after leaving Wellington he eventually joined *HMS Cumberland*, a training cruiser. Whilst in Ceylon on *Cumberland* he met his father, entirely by chance. His father had recently been released after spending five years in a prisoner of war camp in Singapore. Nick became aware that there was a ship in port taking POWs back to England and he discovered his father's name on the list. He tracked down his father and introduced himself as his son: it was an emotional reunion, as his father had no idea that Nick was even in the Navy. Nick's mother and younger sister had escaped to Australia when the Japanese invaded Singapore.

Unfortunately Nick was invalided out of the Navy as he was unsuited to tropical climates. Instead he went to Trinity College Cambridge to read for the Natural Science Tripos, and joined the University Cruising Club. He also started an Archery Club at the university. He spent his summer vacations sailing, became a very experienced yachtsman, and was made a Navigator and Sailing Master. Attracted by the ability to sail during the school holidays he decided on a teaching career, and arrived at Hurst as a Physics teacher in Michaelmas Term 1951, at the same time as Reg Ruddock.

Nick became involved with many activities at the school, including helping with the staging of the school's annual Shakespeare play. He also went to Pembrokeshire several times to stay with the naturalist Ronald Lockley, where they carried out seal-ringing on the coast.

Nick met Esme in 1958 in Ditchling, where they were both keen dancers. They became engaged and were married in January 1959, a marriage which was to last for 56 years. Soon after they were married they moved to Christ's College, Christchurch, New Zealand, where Nick taught Physics and became a housemaster. He was also able to pursue his interest in astronomy, and joined the Canterbury Astronomical Society. He was instrumental in the building of the first observatory dome at Christchurch and carried out regular satellite tracking for the Smithsonian Institution on the flat roof of his house. In May 1956 he went to Whangaroa in the North Island and photographed a total eclipse: his photographs were published in the *Illustrated London News*.

After ten years in New Zealand, Nick and his family returned to England. Nick taught at the King's School, Worcester and at Bedales School before returning to Hurst in 1974 for the remainder of his teaching career, as head of Physics. He became Housemaster of Chevron. His sons Jonathan and Matthew attended Hurst as members. He also ran the shooting at a time when the school had many successes both locally and nationally. He was one of those men in whose company you felt comfortable and conversation was always interesting.

The family had thirteen very happy years at Hurst, where they all contributed fully to school life. They went sailing on Nick's yacht in France and Holland during the school holidays.

Upon Nick's retirement in 1987, he and Esme moved to his beloved Devon, first to Aveton Gifford and subsequently to Stokenham. He had a passion for the sea, but Dartmoor came a close second: he had always visited his family at Throwleigh on Dartmoor during the school holidays, and rang the bells at the family church at nearby Gidleigh. He updated a series of Adlard Coles pilot books for the Royal Cruising Club Pilotage Foundation, using his boat to update and chart the coasts of the Channel Islands, the Bay of Biscay, the Canaries and North Brittany for these books. He belonged to the Royal Institute of Navigation, helped to man their stand at the Boat Show in London every year, and was presented with an award for his service to navigation. He joined National Coastwatch at Prawle Point, near his home in Devon, as one of the founder watchkeepers, and was in his element looking out to sea and helping to prevent maritime incidents.

Everyone who knew Nick was aware that he was a man of strong Christian faith. He adhered to the Book of Common Prayer throughout his life, disliking the many changes that were made over the years.

Nick loved church music, and he had always taught at schools, including Hurst, which maintained a high musical standard. He had a particular love of the Psalms, and ensured the correct singing of them when choirmaster at Aveton Gifford. Nick's personal prayer was 'O Lord, let me not live to be useless.' He remained active right up until the end of his life, despite pleas to take things more easily. Sadly he died as a result of an accident in his garden, and whilst he fought valiantly against his injuries, it was a fight that he eventually lost. He is buried in the churchyard at Gidleigh.

David Ruddock (*Fleur de Lys*)

Rev'd. Gerald Buss PhD (former Chaplain & Housemaster of Star, at Hurst 1970-96)



Gerald Vere Austen Buss was born "a lad of Kent" in to a family of long standing in the county on 17th May 1936 and it was with great sadness that a huge number of the Hurst family, whether they be OJs or past or present members of staff, learnt of his death a month short of his eightieth birthday in April of this year.

His childhood can be described as nomadic partly due to the war but also to family difficulties. For a while he moved away from the family farm to live with his aunt in Devon but then to his grandparents who were living out the duration in the Cotswolds, where he found real warmth and care. After attending a prep school in the area he continued his education at Radley. Here school life was

not easy in the early years for a rather *laissez-faire* housemaster seemed to ignore much that happened in his house. I gather a lot of time was spent in cricket nets in the Summers to avoid the house. He did find life in the VIth form easier helped particularly by encountering two inspiring teachers. National Service beckoned as he left school and Gerald was commissioned into the "West Kents". Most of his two years he spent with the forces on the Rhine thoroughly enjoying his time in the army; as he did years later when he became a TA chaplain. Having a large chapel at his disposal in the '80s the Junior School Sunday Eucharist doubled for the battalion's annual Albuhera Day service for several years much to the delight of the boys, I remember. He was demobbed from National Service in time to miss the Suez Crisis of 1956. Taken on by a firm of commodity brokers in the City he was steered towards the option of acting as a rubber broker in Singapore. Gerald admitted that he hadn't a clue what that meant but Singapore sounded promising! I think he found the job exceedingly dull as there was no need to actually see rubber growing, probably rather against the grain for a farmer's son, but it seems to have involved shouting "buy and sell" down a telephone. While there he did become reacquainted with Maurice Oldfield, at that time head of the SE Asia section of MI6 and it was he and the Dean of Singapore who suggested Gerald should put himself forward for ordination on his return home. This is just what he did and was accepted by St Stephen's House in Oxford to study for the priesthood. He said studying after such a long time away from any sort of classroom was a slog and he spent his first year buried in books. I do get the impression that from then on he decided that Oxford was also there to be enjoyed! Having been ordained by Bishop Mervyn Stockwood, he spent 3 years as curate of Petersham. It was at this time that an Oxford friend introduced him to Viv and they were married in August 1964. There followed a further three years at Holy Trinity, Brompton and two daughters, Celina and Sophie.

It was at this point that Gerald and Viv entered the lives of all at Hurst when he arrived in January 1970 as assistant chaplain to Timothy Ganz and to teach History as well as RE. Although he had no classroom experience as such, his way with people made him something of a natural at the art, I suspect. Having had a life beyond the church and a family would have made him an interesting personality to the average schoolboy. He was cheerful, straightforward and he cared about people, young and old. You could not but enjoy his company. In short I think that he was ideal school chaplain material. It was a position to which

he succeeded in January 1974 and held for 16 years; the first married chaplain in Hurst's history. By way of celebration Chloe arrived two years later to complete the Buss team.

Many have written about Gerald since he died because they wanted to. He had made a difference. But what people say are always snap shots of a life remembered. Two comments were: "That is sad news indeed. Dr Buss led great discussions on religion and encouraged intellectual thinking and a healthy amount of scepticism in all things." And "Sad news. Happy memories include Gerald wicket-keeping and, even more memorably, marrying me (to my wife) back in 1982." That time in the nets was obviously not wasted! Gerald was a regular member of the Common Room side but as our occasional games were on a Sunday that posed a problem if we were fielding second; evensong beckoned! A cassock hides all, particularly cricket whites and the nifty moves of a quick change artist had Gerald following the choir up the aisle. Now, his undoubted skill at the game could be a danger. We had developed "common room cricket" in the Junior School; waste paper bin for stumps, tennis ball and an old stump for a bat. It was a game of finesse; impart spin, keep the ball down to avoid the tea things on the table and any staff not involved. Gerald joined us for tea one day, his eyes lit up at the sport on offer so we let him bat. Gerald in a matter of seconds invented the T20 style of batting. Nothing was safe; windows, walls, the ceiling all had a pasting. Staff fled with their marking and he made a terrible mess of the butter on the table! Equally however he would be on hand in time of need with balanced concern and advice. That pastoral care never left him. Long after he had retired he was at Wootton Bassett with a group of old boys when **Josh Bowman's** body was repatriated from Afghanistan after his murder.

Post revolution Russia became a special subject in the GCSE syllabus and for Gerald it became essential to see it if he was going to teach it. So started the trips he led to Russia and his fascination for place and people. Some of the more impressionable or gullible amongst the boys began to whisper KGB spy! The Cossack fur hat seen on Winter days almost confirmed their suspicions. Maybe that fiction was dispelled when Gerald disappeared for a term having been elected a Fellow Commoner at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge to allow him to research Christian belief and the Soviet State with a view to writing a book. Despite the hard work, he enjoyed the process of writing and "The Bear's Hug" was published in 1987. Apart from earning him a PhD from Lambeth, effectively the Archbishop of Canterbury, his voice surprised me one morning when he presented Radio 4's Thought for Day.

In 1990 he changed roles moving from the chaplaincy to become Housemaster of Star. It was a job that he and Viv tackled between them as she took on the duties of matron and between them created a superb family atmosphere. This, I saw at first hand as he caught me at the side of the cricket ground one afternoon and asked if I would become his assistant tutor. The JS staff never had anything to do with Senior School houses so quite simply I asked, "Why me?" The answer was just, "I think it will do you good." A clever man for he was right of course; I needed a challenge and looking back on it he offered me 16 years of great fun. He had a fixed term of 4 years in Star and then remained for a further two in the classroom. He planned ahead for he did not want to come to a complete standstill. So the idea of "Buss Tours" was born and for several years he took small groups of foreign tourists round places of interest.

I want to end with Gerald's words. In his autobiographic book he ends with the question, "What are my conclusions about life?"

First: Life itself is a gift from God to be enjoyed. Clearly to enjoy it properly we need to set ourselves boundaries and disciplines. Everything is good in itself, but not if taken to excess. It is only common sense to say that too much alcohol or drugs will lead to eventual disaster.

Second: I believe that it is important to ally oneself to our natural surroundings. To enjoy the countryside, the sea, the seasons, the sun, wind and rain. And to enjoy the fruits of the earth, good food, and of course wine! All this is part of a wonderful creation.

And third: To try to approach our fellow human beings with an open mind unencumbered by prejudice, as one might a fellow traveller journeying along life's path. After all everyone has his own unique story to tell. I grant you that this is not easy in a world where we find ourselves increasingly parcelled into different compartments! In reality, however, we all have so much to learn from each other. Together we could build a wonderful world. But if we remain divided from each other we are in danger of bringing the whole edifice crashing down.

If this has been long, I make no apology for Gerald was a good man, whose life influenced so many, and the good need to be heard. The OJs extend heartfelt gratitude to Viv and all the family for sharing Gerald with us and all our sympathy in their loss.

JRB

JF Reeh Taylor QC (Chevron 1938-40)

My father, J F Reeh Taylor, attended Hurstpierpoint College in the 1930s. I am writing to you to inform you of his death on December 2, 2015, in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. He was 91 years old; would have been 92 this January. He regularly received the HPPC magazine and the Hurst Johnian Club newsletter. He attended the dinner of the Club in 2014. His last visit to the school was in the September before his death.



The following appeared in the Canadian press.

J. F. REEH TAYLOR, Q.C. passed gently on the afternoon of December 2, 2015. He was predeceased by Pamela, his wife of 67 years, and their daughter Alyson Gail Taylor. He is survived by his children Paul, Judith, Tim and Mark and their families. He was born on January 13, 1924, in Forest, Ontario, but moved to the United Kingdom with his parents while still an infant. Just after his eighth birthday, he joined the Choir School at Westminster Abbey in London, singing at services of worship and special events such as oratorios, Christmas Eve services, royal weddings, and the coronation of King George VI. On Christmas Eve, after the usual services at the Abbey, the whole choir, men and boys, would walk in procession across the square to what was then Westminster Hospital, and go from ward to ward there singing carols to patients

and staff. Even as a child he could not help but be moved by the joy of folks sitting or lying in bed, tears of happiness on their cheeks, and the immediacy of those fond emotions stuck with him his entire life. After five and one-half years at the Abbey (during which time he became Head Boy), His voice broke and, as he said, "I was of no further use to the choir." He then attended Hurstpierpoint College in Sussex, eventually passing his Oxford and Cambridge School Leaving Certificate at 16½ years of age. Having set his mind on the practice of law, but too young to be articulated, he enrolled at the University of South Wales and Monmouth in Cardiff for a one year Course Before Articles. He then spent a few months articling with a London firm with the Dickensian name of Messrs. Bull & Bull. He enrolled in the Law Society's School of Law in the Fall of 1941, but completed only the first part of his course there before joining the Royal Navy on his 18th birthday. It was while "fire-watching" in London that Reeh came to know a man who was to become one of his best friends, Ray Vidler, from Winnipeg. Dad was posted initially to Chatham and Portsmouth, and later followed the first landing forces into Northern France. He spent the rest of his wartime service in India training to fight in the Pacific arena. Fortunately the war ended before he was called into harm's way. He decommissioned as a Sub-Lieutenant in 1946 and returned to the old firm in London. Before too long, he resolved to return to the land of his birth and, knowing only one person in Canada, made his way to Winnipeg, renting a suite at the Florence Apartments on

Arlington Street. Pamela joined him a few months later and they were married on August 2, 1947. Five children followed between 1948 and 1960, one in the midst of the 1950 flood, and at least one other during a blizzard. After arriving in Winnipeg he worked at Great West Life for a short time before starting law school. In those days the Law School was housed in the old Law Courts building. Law students attended classes in the morning and worked in the office in the afternoon and evening long hours, often seven days per week. He was articled with the firm of Johnston Garson Forrester Davison and was called to the Bar in June 1951. In 1966 he joined Charles Huband, Bill Norrie and Scott Wright in the firm of Richardson & Company, and spent many happy years there. In 1979 he and D'Arcy McCaffrey and a group of their partners and associates founded Taylor McCaffrey. In 1994 He was appointed the first Chief Commissioner of the Automobile Injury Compensation Appeal Commission, ultimately for a term of seven years. He was delighted to rejoin his friends and colleagues at Taylor McCaffrey in 2001 as Senior Counsel, and continued practising actively and enthusiastically until just a few weeks before his passing, typically working six days per week, accepting new clients, avidly attending continuing professional development seminars, with an abiding interest in the lives of the younger lawyers and staff. For him the word "profession" necessarily implies public service and no less a public service because it might incidentally be a means to a livelihood. Competence, honour, loyalty to one's clients and colleagues and fellow members of the profession were, for him, givens. But voluntarily contributing one's time, skill, passion not to mention money to one's community, these things he considered hallmarks of a truly honourable calling. And to these things he gave of himself generously. Throughout his career he dedicated himself to the twin causes of making the law more accessible to the people of Manitoba and improving the administration of justice. He played leadership and advisory roles on many committees relating to Legal Aid Manitoba, estate planning and medico-legal issues, and community legal education. He was appointed Queen's Counsel in the New Years' Honours List of 1971 and, to honour his active involvement in the legal profession and community, received the Manitoba Bar Associations' Distinguished Service Award in 1993. He was a Life Bencher of the Law Society, served terms as Director of the Manitoba Law Foundation and President of the Estate Planning Council of Manitoba, and was involved in many facets of the work of the Manitoba Bar Association. He marked 50 years of practice in 2001 and, along with a small group with the same tenure, was honoured by the Law Society of Manitoba. He was the Director of the Small Business Law Clinic at the Faculty of Law, providing mentorship and instruction to law students as well as advice and guidance to small business operators. He served as a Director and Member of the Community Legal Education Association and in 2015 (its 30th anniversary year) was honoured to receive CLEA's Advocate of Public Legal Education Award. He was Chairman of the Diocesan Council for Social Service of the Anglican Diocese of Rupertsland. He enjoyed a long association with the Winnipeg Executives Association, including a term as President, and was eventually made an Honorary Life Member.

Kenneth Alan Macnee (Fleur de Lys 1941-45). Born 25-03-1927. Died 29-09-2016

Alan was born on the 25th March 1927 in Twickenham, London. He was almost 9 years younger than his brother Hamish (Hurstpierpoint College 1932-1935) and a year older than his sister Medwyn. Alan very much loved his older brother and younger sister and they remained in close contact all of their lives.

Although the family lived in London, it was a very Scottish household that maintained strong links to the homeland. Alan was very proud to be able to boast of having 100% Scottish blood.

Alan went to Kindergarten and his first school in Twickenham. It was at Kindergarten that he met his great friend Raymond Lowe. They were to remain close friends and in close contact for the next 85 years, which is an outstanding record.

In 1940 he and Raymond went to boarding school at Hurstpierpoint College in Sussex. Whilst at 'Hurst' one of the set books he had to read and study in English was "Eothen" by Alexander Kinglake in which he

described his travels in Syria, Egypt, Palestine and Turkey. Alan recalled, interestingly, that at the time he was entranced by this book. Then in 1944 he was called up and was able to volunteer to join the Royal Navy. He was subsequently posted to serve on an aircraft carrier, a destroyer and landing craft in the Middle East. He spent some time posted ashore in Haifa where the naval base was the Stella Maris Lighthouse on Mount Carmel. He was demobbed in 1948 at the age of 21. He did work in a Corby Steel works but longed to get back to the warmth of the Middle East.

He was able to obtain a job in Iran with the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company for 3 years until it was nationalised. He was then able to gain employment with the Iraq Petroleum Company with whom he spent 7 happy years in Kirkuk. The company then sent him to the Lebanon to the Foreign Office School of Arabic for him to learn Arabic so he could act as an interpreter. Later he was sent to the company's operations in Qatar. Alan recalled his memories of Abu Dhabi and Dubai as places not much more than hut villages in the middle of a desert.

He returned to England in the late 1950s as he feared he might lose his job again in nationalisation of the industry. He was able to find employment with BOAC, the long haul British Airline as an industrial relations officer. An examination of his passports he had at this time reveal how he travelled all over the world whilst working for them. In January 1967 he fulfilled his desire to serve again in the Royal Navy by joining the London Division of the Royal Naval Reserves for 14 years where Alan eventually rose to the rank of Petty Officer Engineering Mechanic. He described it as one of the happiest periods of his life.

Alan resigned from BOAC in July 1987 and moved to Stradbroke on 22nd February 1988. He said he immediately felt very happy to live in Stradbroke and quickly made friends. Alan became involved in the refurbishment of the local Parish church flag mast. He further developed this by adding a yard arm and gaff to display signals. As he grew older he recruited several of the youngsters to assist in the breaking out of flags and signals on special days in the annual calendar. This greatly enhanced appearance of the village. Today four these youngsters who are now grown men in their thirties continue with the up keep of the flag mast and flag displays.

Alan was a character with a wonderful mischievous sense of humour and a bright intelligence that he put to good use. He was very keen on Naval History as the many books in his house confirm. His command of the English language and literacy were clearly demonstrated by the wealth of letters he penned over the years.

He was self-effacing and consistently denied the fact that he had done much in his life. This was incorrect. He has left a memorable legacy within his family and for all those who knew him in Stradbroke. It is a testament to his life that over a 100 mourners attended his funeral on 22-10-2016.

Rev'd Fr. David Jenkins (former Chaplain and Housemaster 1954-59)

His funeral took place at St. Nicholas Church Brighton on 17th December 2015. The following is an extract from the eulogy given at the service and sent in by **Chris Gillies OJ**:

"David's father died when he was two and he and his two sisters were brought up by their mother in Berkhamstead. Family and friends helped them through difficult times. He went to Rugby School and from there got a scholarship to Cambridge to read Agriculture but switched to Theology after a year, coming away with a first. He learnt his trade at Cuddesdon Theological College and life as priest began with a curacy in Northampton. Later he worked for the SPG, following in his father's footsteps, speaking in schools up and down the country about the society's work in Africa and Asia and organising placements for volunteers.

In 1954 David became school chaplain at Hurstpierpoint College teaching religious studies and biology. He was affectionately known as DNJ, his initials. Those here today from Hurst will remember a rather unconventional and robust young man of 29 years full of youthful energy and zeal.

Sentences from a letter written by a former pupil perhaps give a flavour of David the schoolmaster: “I have strong memories of you patience and generosity. My mind is full of great conversations I have had with you in the past. I think I have learnt a great deal from you and certainly feel that the build-up of my character was greatly influenced by your understanding and what I then learnt and experienced. I sincerely hope that one day I will have acquired some of the qualities that you have in talking to younger people so that they feel they are equally important in the conversation.”

“After Hurst he served as chaplain at Eastbourne College and this was followed by many years of devoted work as the Vicar of Jarvis Brook near Tunbridge Wells.

“David was a preacher and a teacher, vibrant, spontaneous, robust, fiery, difficult, passionate, complex, energetic, a good listener and a mentor to many. Hard working, spiritual, a seeker, a revolutionary, a rebel and liberal with conservative tendencies. A humanist, a kind warm hearted man, sensitive but not afraid to speak his mind and a friend. A gentleman and a gentle man. He was all these things and more. We were lucky to have known him and to have spent time in his company.”

Hollie Rawlins (Martlet 2003)



*The words set out below are extracts from the address given by **Jeremy Rawlins (Shield 1974)** at the thanksgiving service held in memory of his daughter Hollie Rawlins (Martlet 2002) who died on 18 March 2016. The service held at Holy Cross Church, Cowbridge was attended by some 400 people, including many Old Hurst Johnians and friends of the OHJ Cricket Week.*

Your presence here today means so much to Sarah and myself, as do all the many hundreds of cards, letters, emails and phone calls that we have received over the last couple of weeks. If anyone had told us just how much such messages of support could mean, we would not have believed them, but the comfort and strength we have drawn from your kind words has been immense.

Hollie suffered from anorexia nervosa for 14 years, and whilst I do not intend to dwell on Hollie's illness today, it cannot be ignored completely, given that she was ill for 50% of her life. Anorexia is the most ghastly, pernicious illness about which little is still known, and for which there is no certain tried and tested treatment or cure. It has been difficult over the years to try and explain to people, just how serious an illness this is—there are a lot of misconceptions.

Because Hollie had been so ill for so long, you will understand when I tell you that I have been contemplating what I might say today for some considerable time.

Hollie loved poetry both reading it and composing it. Hollie loved books and was an avid reader from a very early age and this was something that stayed with her throughout her life. Hollie loved crosswords and was very good at them. She would undertake the Daily Telegraph cryptic crossword every day and inevitably complete it. Remarkably even in her final days, weak as she was, she would still complete the Telegraph crossword.

Hollie loved knowledge and for one whose education was cut so short she had an extraordinarily wide understanding and knowledge of the world across a vast range of topics. Hollie was highly intelligent but not a brain box. She did well in her GCSEs getting all As and A*s but this was largely the result of hard work and her pedantic attention to detail. Her essays would often run to 10 sides when 2 or 3 were expected.

Tim Firth, Deputy Headmaster at Hurstpierpoint College, who taught Hollie in the sixth form for a short time wrote to us last week and if I may, I will share with you an extract from his letter: *“It was lovely knowing Hollie because quite simply she was lovely. I have not forgotten her gentle, reflective manner and obvious intelligence. I enjoyed my chats with her because she always made me feel comfortable.”*

Hollie loved sport and she was very competent at hockey, lacrosse, swimming, tennis and squash. She loved watching cricket and she loved watching rugby. She particularly loved watching Johnny Wilkinson—his only flaw being that he wasn’t Welsh!

Hollie’s love of cricket may have stemmed from her attending, from the age of one, the Hurstpierpoint College Cricket Week. Hollie loved Cricket Week and those eight days in mid-Sussex were the highlight of her year. Offer Hollie the alternative of a trip to Disneyland or Cricket Week she would choose Cricket Week every time.

In Hollie’s early years the older children and the young adults at the week would look after her, and in her teenage years Hollie would delight in looking after those younger than her. Again perhaps I could share with you two short extracts from letters we have received recently from Cricket Week friends.

John Bettridge who taught at Hurst’s Prep School and knew Hollie for all her life wrote: *“Thinking of her brings back so many happy Cricket Week memories, particularly the vision of her being trailed by numerous young camp site children. Her gentle magic was so clearly special.”*

Mark Semmence, another Cricket Week friend, and now Headmaster of Mount Kelly College in Devon wrote: *“I remember Hollie as an energetic, passionate, caring and generous young woman. The amount of time she spent with the other much younger children at Cricket Week spoke volumes about her and her values. I will never forget her disposition and wonderful smile.”*

As you will have gathered from the above comments, Hollie loved children. She loved them and they loved her. She had a natural affinity and a very gentle manner which drew children to her.

And finally Hollie loved giving. She had a very generous heart and was never happier than when doing something for, or giving something to, others. She would comfort anyone who was distressed, she would speak up on behalf of anyone who could not speak for themselves, even to her own detriment. She would willingly give away her last penny and I can remember several instances where she gave away her gloves and scarf to people begging on the streets of Cardiff.

In return she expected no thanks, praise or recognition—in her view the more low key or understated the better.

So there we are—we have reviewed all that Hollie loved which has hopefully reminded you, or provided those of you who did not know her with an insight, as to the type of person she was.

This is a thanksgiving service, and let us in conclusion thank the good Lord in whose arms we know with absolute, unequivocal certainty she safely rests at this very moment, for the life of our darling Hollie.

Hollie was the most wonderful daughter that any parents could wish for and more significantly than this she was a wonderful human being.

We will love her forever and we long for the day when we will be together again.

David G Barber (Junior House & Fleur de Lys 1932-42) passed away on 25th January 2016 aged 91. After leaving Hurst he studied engineering at the City and Guilds Institute. He lived in Shepton Mallet in Somerset. The Club extends its sympathy to his widow, Pauline.

Rev'd. Dr. Peter Trumper (Star 1948-50)

Peter Trumper died after a long period of illness in July 2015. He was born in Kent but was brought up in Cardiff. At his primary school he was taught by George Thomas, later famous a Speaker of the House of Commons. At the age of 11 he gained a scholarship to Llandaff Cathedral School, joining the cathedral choir. As a treble he made a number of solo recordings for HMV. On leaving Llandaff he came to Hurst. After school he returned to Wales and began to train as an actor but firm convictions turned him towards the church and he trained for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church. A very devout man, he remained in Wales and, despite ill health, gave much to many communities.

Roger Bilton Begy OBE (Star House 1957-62)



Roger Begy, a friend of mine in Star House, died in February this year after a short battle with cancer.

An outstanding scholar, he left Hurstpierpoint College in March 1962 and studied at St Edmund Hall College Oxford.

After graduation, Roger had a distinguished career in industry. He was Managing Director at Alcan Polyfoil and held senior board positions at Green Giant and British Sugar. He also had a keen interest in start-up companies.

Then followed a most distinguished career in County Politics, in which he was first involved in 1995 when elected ward member for Langham, when Rutland was part of Leicestershire County Council. He became known as the face of local government when, in 2003 he was elected as ward member for Greetham and became the leader of Rutland County Council, a role he held proudly until his death. He also held the position of portfolio leader for culture, and was closely involved in the re-development of Oakham Castle.

Even when in hospital, Roger maintained a keen interest in council business, and was intent on a return to work. Over the years he also held positions on various boards including those with a particular interest in helping rural areas such as Rutland.

He was the first chairman of the Lincolnshire and Rutland Skills Council in 2008 and was appointed regional chairman for the East Midlands for which he received the OBE for services to Further Education.

Roger Begy was extremely well thought of by very many people, but, above all, he was a loving family man with a great sense of humour.

Rutland MP Sir Alan Duncan, a great personal friend of Roger, said of him: "Roger was an exceptional leader of the council who was devoted to Rutland. He was a larger-than-life character with a keen eye for detail and a great sense of humour. His 13 years as leader and his many years as a ward councillor helped secure Rutland's future as an independent county. We are lucky to have had his service and he will be enormously missed."

R.W.Smart (Star House 1958-63)

Robin Eekhout (Shield 1955-60)

Robin passed away on 10th May 2016 aged 74. His cousin wrote saying that he had very happy memories of Hurst and his time there in the 1950s, which provide him with a stable environment that gave him self-esteem, courage and confidence. After leaving school he followed a career travelling the World in the Merchant Navy.

William Guise

We are very sad to announce the death of **William Guise**, son of **the late Christopher Guise** (former Housemaster of Shield).

William was born on 26 August 1967. He attended the Junior School at Hurst between 1965 and 1970 before going to Charterhouse. He later qualified as a chartered accountant. He died on 3rd October 2016 and his funeral was held at the Church of St John the Baptist, Clayton on Monday 17th October. The service was attended by a number of former members of staff, who were part of the close extended staff family of William's youth. The Club's deepest sympathy goes to William's sister Mary.

There are many names here and to all generations of OJs a name, a face, an incident may well have come to mind, which shows the truth of the famous words of John Donne, 17th Century Poet and Dean of St Paul's:

*No man is an island,
Entire of itself;
Every man is a piece of the continent,
A part of the main.*

*If a clod be washed away by the sea,
Europe is the less,
As well as if a promontory were:
As well as if a manor of thy friend's
Or of thine own were.*

*Any man's death diminishes me,
Because I am involved in mankind.
And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls;
It tolls for thee.*

Obituaries

Sir Derek Day KCMG



Sir Derek Day died in March aged 87. He was born in north London in 1927. He had a highly distinguished diplomatic career latterly serving as ambassador to Ethiopia and High Commissioner to Canada, was a member of the Great Britain bronze medal winning hockey team in the 1952 Summer Olympics and was a much respected chairman of the school governors in the 1990s.

By one of those strange twists of sporting bureaucracy it was not until well after his retirement, when in his eighties, that he actually received his Olympic medal in 2010. Only 11 had been produced and it was left to the team manager to decide who from the squad of 13 would receive one. Derek had been the first choice keeper through the competition but somewhat typically he suggested that the reserve keeper, Graham Dadds, should take his place in the play-off game as he had not yet played a match. Great Britain beat Pakistan 2-1 and the team drew lots for the medals. Derek was one of those who drew the short straws and had to watch the medal ceremony.

After school at Hurst he completed his National Service with the Royal Artillery and went up to St Catherine's College, Cambridge. He then joined the Foreign Service in 1951. He related later that he thought that the defection of Burgess and Maclean that year had probably created a vacancy for him! He also said that his training consisted of being told that you wrote on white paper for minutes and blue for draft work. Apart from that you learned as you went along. Postings in Israel and Rome followed and then a couple of years in a liaison office with MI6 before four years in Washington. On returning to London in the late sixties he worked in the foreign office and for a period was a private secretary to the George Brown until he resigned as Foreign Secretary. The early seventies saw Derek in a tricky posting in Cyprus at the time of the Turkish invasion. His diplomatic skills were tested here, but this was a forerunner of what was to come, for in 1975 he was appointed ambassador to Ethiopia. The previous year revolution had deposed Emperor Haile Selassie and the Russian aided junta was hostile to the British establishment. Life was not secure outside the embassy compound for much of the time and Derek's negotiating skills were required

to deal with British kidnap victims. He managed to obtain the release of 13 in his first year alone. Life was clearly somewhat claustrophobic within the embassy for all the inhabitants but Derek did create a small six hole golf course in the compound. One young boy, son of an embassy official and shortly to arrive at Hurst Junior School, growing bored with life decided to add sugar to the petrol tank of the ambassador's car! On being reminded of this many years later Derek laughed and, ever forgiving, quickly pointed out how brave and calm the lad and his mother had been on an occasion when out riding with Lady Day they had found themselves surrounded by gun toting bandits. The golf course incidentally still exists as Derek more recently discovered to his delight.

He was then briefly posted to another hot-spot, Rhodesia at the time of the elections that led to the creation of Zimbabwe. After that and a spell in London, he took up his final posting as High Commissioner to Canada. This he thoroughly enjoyed other than the friction between Britain and Canada over South African sanctions during his final official duty.

Derek served as vice-chairman of the British Red Cross and as a Commonwealth War Graves commissioner in his retirement, but most importantly for Hurst was an active, well-liked and respected Chairman of Governors of the College. Amongst other things he oversaw the arrival of girls in the School. Above all, the staff enjoyed his confidence and his company.

As editor, I would like to add a more personal story, for as Derek had such a varied and public life of achievement there is a danger of a story like his losing the essence of the man. While Derek was Chairman of Governors in the 1990s I received an invitation to spend some time at Rajkumar College in India, a school with which Hurst had forged a number of links, originally through cricket. I saw him in school shortly after the head and governors had given me permission for a term's leave. I thanked him. The reply was infused with the wisdom of a man who understood the value of overseas contacts, "John, I'd have thought the less of you if you hadn't wanted to go." Oh yes, and much to his amusement, he did know after I returned that the young man who covered my lessons for the term had been the boy who put sugar in the petrol tank of the ambassador's car!

Many will have their own stories that will bring a warmth with the memory for a fine and good man and that will make our sympathy for Lady Day and the family the more heartfelt.

Robin Lunn (Staff)

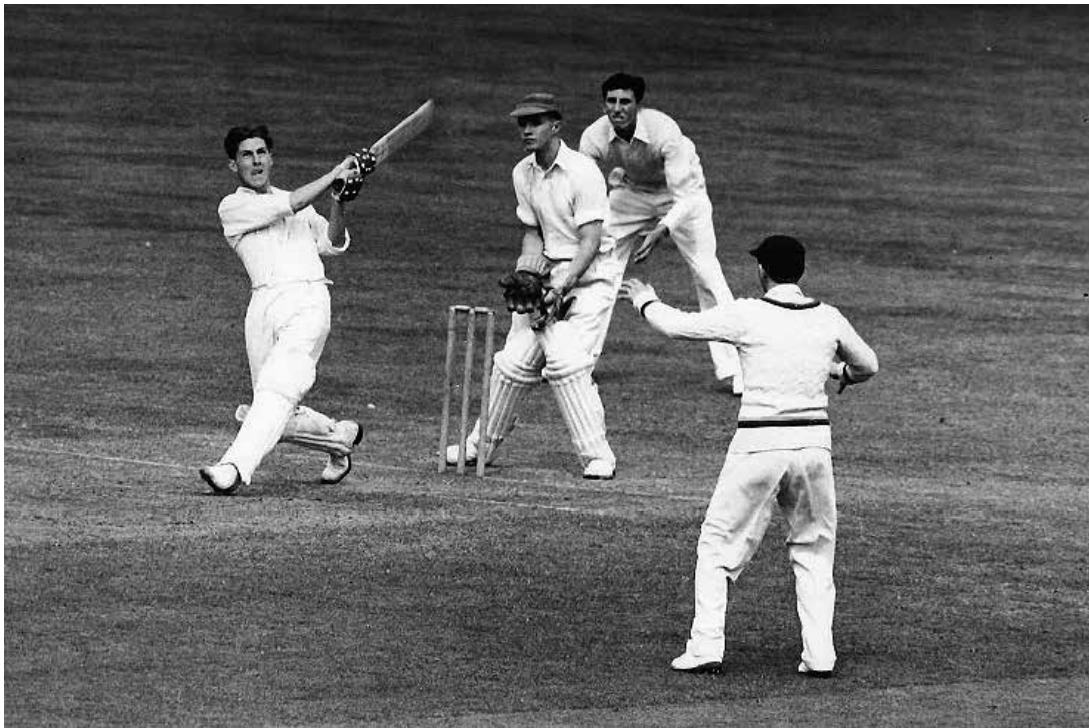
Robin, who was on the teaching staff at Hurst from 1960 to 1965, died last January.



He taught history in the Senior School and was also involved with drama and ran the History Society. He and his wife Jill had happy memories of their time in Hurst, both as part of the College and life in the village. Their two daughters were born during this time. Robin continued in education after his time at Hurst. He moved into the maintained sector in Gloucestershire and became Head of the Archway School in Stroud for 16 years. In the latter part of his career, he was involved in teacher training at the universities of Bristol and Bath and the Open University. In retirement, Robin was very active in the life of Gloucester Cathedral. He was secretary of the Friends for ten years, a Cathedral Guide and was then asked to become a member of the Chapter, where he chaired the Fabric Committee. The Eucharist in Thanksgiving for his life was held at the Cathedral. The Gospel Reading was read by The Revd Canon Jeremy Davies OJ.

He is survived by Jill who lives in Cheltenham.

Laurie Henwood 1923–2014 (Chevron, 1936-1942)



Laurie was born in Durban in 1923 – his parents were there on a three year assignment with the family firm, a hardware merchant trading between London and South Africa. He returned at six months old and was brought up in Sutton, attending school at Homefield before going on to board at Hurstpierpoint College in 1936.

Lessons were never a priority for Laurie, doing only just enough to get by, as was pointed out by his teachers on many occasions. Sport, though, was a different matter and he ended up as Captain of Cricket and Hockey at Hurst.

He left school in July 1942. There was just time to play a few cricket matches for Surrey Colts (including the one in the attached photograph) before joining the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserves for aircrew training. A year later he was on his way back out to South Africa learning to fly Tiger Moths and then Harvards and eventually becoming an Instructor and Flight Commander.

He returned to the UK after the war to find to his surprise that he had been awarded the Air Force Cross. Unsure what to do next, an old Hurst contact Bill Coley offered him a job with his firm of Scrap Metal Merchants in Hounslow.

Cricket and hockey dominated the next period of his life. He was regularly in the newspaper headlines as No.3 batsman for Sutton Cricket Club, and also captaining Cheam Hockey Club for quite a few years. 1953 seems to have been his standout cricket season – 1000 runs for Sutton that summer including 5 centuries and his best ever 174 against Reigate Priory.

He was a regular at the Old Hurst Johnian cricket weeks during this period, he went on to captain Surrey at hockey for a season when they were unbeaten, and subsequently he coached and managed the England Junior Hockey Squad.

He met his wife, Chris, at Cheam Hockey Club – the story goes that she deliberately hit the ball into his shins in a mixed hockey game, and not long after they were married on the only free Saturday between the hockey and cricket seasons in 1955. Three offspring, Mike, Sue and Dave came along, and as the years went by, four grand-daughters appeared ... Josie, Emma, Rosie and Amanda, who were always a great delight for Chris and Laurie.

Cricket and hockey gave way to golf until eventually a form of osteoporosis meant he couldn't play any more and he was limited to weekly lunches at the golf club with his old friends.

Sadly Chris died in 2004, their Golden Wedding year, but Laurie wouldn't let this defeat him, and the family were amazed as he treated himself to a new car, and kept up with modern technology, getting a mobile phone, texting his grand-daughters, and he was even persuaded to get a computer.

But in his latter years he began to need more and more help with all the day to day tasks of living. Despite this, an astonishing determination mixed with an increasingly mischievous sense of humour characterised his final years.

Laurie can be proud of what he achieved and, having reached the grand old age of 91, I think we can genuinely declare, as many others did in his younger days, that he had a really wonderful innings. Epsom Cemetery Chapel was packed for his funeral, including several OJs ensuring he had a really good send-off.

Mike Henwood

Hamish Ballantine Macnee. Born 09-09-1918. Died 13-10-2013

Hamish was born in September 1918 in Twickenham, London. He was the eldest of three children and was very much the caring and role model 'big brother' to Alan and Medwyn. Although the family lived in London, it was a very Scottish household that maintained strong links and support to this country north of the border.

Hamish attended the Mall School in London from where he won a scholarship to go to Hurstpierpoint College in Sussex. Within the last few years he began to write some memoirs of his school days which recalled the spartan life and very cold winters. Windows were left open due to fear of TB and at night when windy the picture of Queen Victoria would rattle loudly and keep him awake. He did, however, enjoy his school days and excelled both academically and on the sports field.

In 1936 he went up to Glasgow University to study Mechanical Engineering. This was a sandwich course whilst serving as an apprentice in an Engineering Factory and in papermills. Papermaking was later to become his career and passion.

In 1940 he graduated with a BSc with Honours in Engineering but not before obtaining a University 'Blue' for Hockey. In July 1940 he was working as an engineer at the Vickers Naval Yard at Walker-on-Tyne, Newcastle, when he received his commission papers to be appointed as a Sub Lieutenant (Engineering) on the Battleship *HMS King George V*. He later saw action in the pursuit and sinking of the German Battleship *Bismarck*. He then served on three destroyers during the war, being involved in the Atlantic and Russian convoy escort patrols and in the naval support of the invasions in North Africa, Italy and Normandy. In 1944 he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for his courage in extinguishing a fire in the boiler room of a destroyer.

The destroyer he most enjoyed serving on was *HMS Cottesmore*. Hamish was thrilled when years later he was contacted by the Royal Navy to attend the decommissioning of the 'new' *HMS Cottesmore* in July 2005 at the Faslane Naval Base near his home in Helensburgh. He was extremely proud to have been treated as a celebrity by the Captain.

During the war he met Joan, his first wife and they were married in 1943 with a honeymoon 'at the end of the railway line' at the Ballachullish Hotel, Glencoe.

After the war Hamish settled down to family life and began his career in papermaking in earnest. He and

Joan together brought up their three children Alison, Christine and Moray. On the career front he worked in several papermills in Scotland and England after commencing employment with Wiggins Teape Ltd, a leading paper manufacturer, in 1947. He became the papermill manager at Stowford Mill in Devon from 1950 to 1956. In 1957 he moved to become manager of the Hylton Papermill, near Sunderland. He was to work here until 1971. Hamish promoted innovation within the mill and during his time as manager one of the major successes was when the mill chemists were able to discover a way to efficiently remove print from paper so that it could be recycled as quality pulp. Unfortunately the mill was selected for closure by Wiggins Teape in 1971.

Living in Sunderland was the longest time that the family had stayed in one place. There are many happy memories for the family growing up at Hylton. Hamish was also able to pursue one of his favourite hobbies in model train making in earnest. Hamish being Hamish, this was no small project. It involved the commandeering of a complete large room within the house and then the planning using 'blueprints' for the layout and the building of the rolling stock. All the family were involved in some way, especially his brother Alan when he was staying. Tasks included laying track, electric power sources and circuitry, carpentry for bridges and the layout, soldering for trackside power and the construction of the model steam and diesel engines and painting of the coaches and other rolling stock. All of which equipped the rest of the family with some good and useful skills.

When the papermill at Sunderland was closed it did open the opportunity for Hamish to move to Scotland. He moved with Joan to become the proprietors of the Glenbryde Hotel at Seamill, West Kilbride. He built the business up and sold it in 1974. Hamish then was offered the post of Manager for Scotland for the Scottish Office of the British Institute of Management. He remained working for BIM until he finally retired.

Joan sadly died in 1993 and although she and Hamish had been separated for several years he cared for her up until her death.

In 1994 he married Sheila. Sheila bought a wooden hulled motor yacht they named Shemah and moored in Tayvallich, and together they worked hard on its improvement and maintenance. Hamish was in his element working with his hands using his skills in carpentry, electrics and mechanics. The boat was transformed and many happy hours were spent on her. As time passed on he realised he could no longer manage the physical demands of the upkeep of a boat. True to form, he reverted to another old hobby and again commandeered a room in his home for the new and smaller 'N' gauge model railway. Again he spent many hours building and perfecting the layout and rolling stock. Sadly as he grew older this became difficult for him to manage.

As a father, Hamish was lovable and caring and his constant support enabled his three children to become independent and pursue their careers. In their independence they always knew that he was there if needed. Hamish affected all those he met. He was universally respected, admired and loved. Testament to his popularity has been the many people who knew Hamish, even if only for a few weeks, who have said what a lovely man he was. He was a true gentleman.

Richard Charles Ensor of Modbury, Devon died on 7th June 2015 aged 82. We send our sympathy to his family.

Nicholas Edward (Nick) Heath (Staff, 1951-60 and 1974-87 and Housemaster of Chevron 1974-79) sadly died on 10th October 2015 aged 88 after a serious fall in his garden. All our sympathy goes to Esme and sons Jonathan and Matthew. A full obituary will appear in the next edition.

Obituaries

We are sorry to have to announce the passing of the following former members of the College during the last year.

Christopher, John, Vallance James

Died very peacefully after a long and bravely borne illness on 4th February at home in Charmouth, aged 77. Very much loved husband to Peggy and father to Jeremy, Paul and William. Deeply loved and much missed by all his family and friends.

I am the eldest son of Christopher James, who has sadly recently passed away.

Dad was a pupil at Hurstpierpoint in the late 1940s, early '50s and always spoke very fondly of his times there, in particular taking a very active part in rugby and cricket at the School. For many years he had been a member of The Hurst Johnian Club.

Jack Gee (Shield 1943-1947)

His prep school was Vinehall near Robertsbridge and the school was evacuated to the Killerton Estate near Exeter in 1940. He won the top Open Scholarship to Hurst, which helped our parents to fund his time there, and he continued his education at Brasenose College, Oxford reading Modern Greats. I followed Jack to Hurst three years later also gaining the same scholarship. However, my education was completed at The Royal Veterinary College in London, qualifying in 1954.

Jack's son David, who was brought up in Paris with his elder sister, was also at Hurst for a short time in 1974-76 (Red Cross).

Raymond Gee

I think that the piece in *The Baron* sums up Jack's working life quite well:

Jack Gee, a Reuters correspondent in France from 1953 and in Peking from December 1957 until his expulsion in 1958, has died in Paris.

He died on 29 July after a long illness, aged 85. His family announced the death in a notice in *Le Monde* today.

Jack covered France more or less for 60 years. His autobiography, published last year, was entitled *A Passion for Paris*.

After Reuters Jack worked in the French capital for such British newspapers as the *Daily* and *Sunday Express*, the *Daily* and *Sunday Mirror*, *The Sunday Times* and *The Sun*. He was Paris correspondent for Independent Television News (ITN) for over a decade. He was also correspondent in France for the *Jerusalem Post*. His daughter **Francesca** worked for Reuters in Paris for about a decade in the 1980s.

An Oxford graduate, Jack dated his passion for France to a visit to his British boarding school during the Second World War by Charles de Gaulle. Jack, like former Reuters editor **Jonathan Fenby** who wrote a highly successful recent biography of the general, and legendary Paris bureau chief **Harold King** who the



general famously once addressed during a news conference as “Mon cher King”, was fascinated by the late French leader. (So was I. Before joining Reuters, I was a member of a Gaullist militia later disbanded by the French government under socialist President François Mitterrand.)

Jack adored France and the French, some of them anyway. In his memoirs he recalled that one of his first assignments in Paris was to attend a news conference by Geneviève de Galard, a young army nurse who was the only woman at Dien Bien Phu, a French garrison in Vietnam whose fall in 1954 spelled the end to France’s presence in Indochina. Jack recalled that he fell headlong in love with Mlle de Galard at the news conference. He bombarded her with love letters for months afterwards, none of which ever received a reply. Jack was also self-admittedly besotted by film actress Brigitte Bardot.

He was extremely interested in aviation and was the author of *Mirage, Warplane of the World*, a successful book about the Mirage line of French combat aircraft produced by tycoon Marcel Dassault. It was published in Britain, France, Switzerland and Italy.

In his memoirs, Jack recalled how he “triggered fury (leading to expulsion) among the Chinese leadership for his critical reporting” during his brief assignment to China when he said he was the only Western correspondent there who was not a member of a Communist party. He added that “Reuters was anxious, too. The agency feared it could lose huge contracts for the supply of business news to Peking.” As the French saying goes: *Plus ça change, plus c’est la même chose*.

I first met Jack in the early 1970s, and the more I knew him the more I was impressed by his quick mind, his amazingly broad culture and his plain kindness. In the past few years, he was confined to his home by painful health problems. No one who knew him is likely to forget him. He was just an extraordinarily nice man.

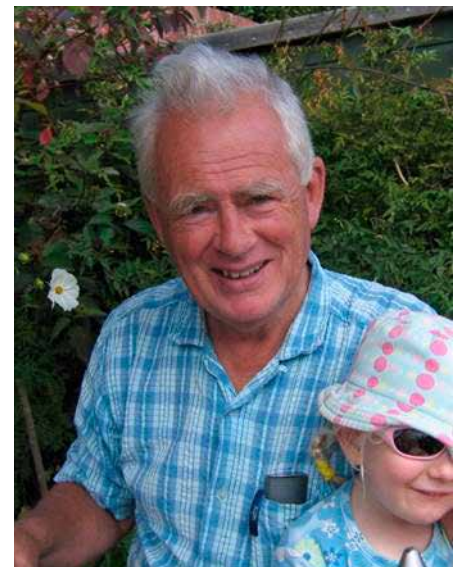
Charles Sydney Gibbs 1938-2014 (Chevron House c1950-1955)

Passed away at home on June 23rd 2014. Much loved father of Nicola and Francis (Chevron 1982-1987), grandfather to Fiona, Zoe, Pippa and Emma, father-in-law to Abi and widower of Judy.

Charles always held his time at Hurst very dear to his heart. Here he grew a love of Shakespeare, theatre, and tradition, and would often quote Mr Alban (or ‘Gari...’ as he’d refer to him). He was at the School at the time Chevron was gutted by fire and kept photos of the aftermath.



Charles Gibbs appearing in *Merchant of Venice*
– Hurst Dining Hall 1955



Charles Gibbs the proud
grandfather c2009

He progressed to study Natural Sciences at Cambridge and then worked in science for the rest of his life, in BOC, then Micron Asbestos, and latterly ITS testing.

Having left Cambridge, he settled in Guildford where he enjoyed family life, living there for the best part of 50 years, the last 46 of them in the same house. His love of Shakespeare and theatre endured, and over the last 15 years (after the children grown up and moved on) was a regular theatre goer, often making as many as 3 trips a week to see plays around the Guildford area. Charles also had a number of other passions – he was an ardent supporter of the Sussex County Cricket team throughout his life, a pet lover with a who was ruled by his cats and dogs over many years, and in later life discovered the delights of travel, with a particular love of Scotland and Cornwall, although he also explored places as far away as the Antarctic and the Galapagos.

He will be sadly missed by all who knew him.

Martin Rose

(Words spoken by Jonathan Pilgrim during Cricket Week)

I would just like to take a couple of minutes because I know many of you here, both Buccaneers and OJs, will know and will have remembered Martin Rose. Martin was a friend of mine when we were at school. We went all the way through the school together and he ended up playing three seasons in the 1st XI, captaining the School 1st XI and was a really fantastic cricketer.

He then went on and captained the School side to India and then also was part of the OJ side that went over to the Bahamas. He was a very successful cricketer both at school and for the OJs, and very sadly and unfortunately Martin died earlier this year and a number of us here present went to his funeral. The church that we went to was absolutely packed. There must have been 2 to 300 people there. One of the things that was most poignant about that service was that **Alistair Subba-Row** and I were sitting next to each other when the priest was reading out some of the letters of commemoration and some of the eulogies, and one of the things that really struck Alistair and me was when the priest told us that every day Martin would say to his two children, Matthew and Jessica – have you made a difference? And that was the thing: Have you made a difference? And the reason that struck Alistair and me was that it wasn't about, have you won? It was, have you done your best? It was really that thing of making a difference. So when we were driving back Alistair and I came up with the idea about how wonderful it would be if we were to have a kind of memorial to Martin, if



*Yvonne Rose presenting the
“Martin Rose I Made a Difference Cup”*

we could have a trophy or a cup that could be presented each year at Cricket Week to the person, not necessarily the cricketer but to the person who has made a difference, who has made the most difference during Cricket Week. So we formulated that idea and I got in touch with Yvonne, Martin's widow, and asked her permission as to whether she thought that would be ok, and I'm very glad she said that it was. So we invited Yvonne and Matthew and Jessica and Mr and Mrs Rose down here today to present a cup which we are going to get presented to Tom in a minute so that the OJs can award this each year to the person who has made the greatest difference.

Just before I do that I would like to read out a note **Michael Mance** wrote, who emailed Tom earlier in the week when he knew we were doing this. Michael said of Martin, "He was a fine cricketer and an excellent captain and most importantly a lovely chap." His wonderful innings at Rajkumar College lives in the memory.

Peter Carl Elliott – Deceased 2nd June 2012

Peter provided the following wording to be included in the OJ newsletter:–

"At Hurst from Lent 1947 until Summer 1951 in Shield House. Vice Captain PT; Coloured Sgt in CCF; Editor Hurst Johnian; 1st Rugby (XL Colours); (1st Hockey (1st Colours and Hon. Sec); Athletics team (½ colours); a house prefect. In National Service in the Royal Engineers, then Royal Sussex 1st Battalion as Commissioned Lieutenant 1951-1953; in the T A 4/5 Cinque Ports Battalion. Royal Sussex Regiment. Admitted November 1958 as a Solicitor. Assistant solicitor in a firm in Malmesbury and Tetbury, Wilts until 1962 when he started his own legal practice at Wroughton and Cricklade, Wilts until 1989 when he retired due to ill health. He served Wroughton Parish Council for 17 years, and Chiseldon Parish Council for 2 years. Married with three children – two girls and one boy. Played hockey as goal keeper for 44 years with 1st team Brighton and Hove hockey club and Sussex County; later other hockey clubs mainly at Swindon hockey club 1st team, Wiltshire County and The Veterans – he retired from hockey aged 57. Peter was in touch with **J Mikey Ellis** who was at Hurst in Fleur de Lys (later in Canada) 1946-1950."

Hugh Franks

Hugh was born in Richmond, Surrey. He followed his elder brother to Hurst in 1936 and was a member of Chevron. He played rugby, hockey and cricket for the School and ended up as Head of School, leaving in 1942. After Hurst he was at Sandhurst, and then joined his regiment, the 13th/18th Royal Hussars, with whom he took part in the Normandy to the Baltic campaign in World War Two. He was twice mentioned in despatches for bravery.

After the war he was part of British Army of the Rhine from 1945-47 and was then a lecturer and instructor for the Army, leaving in 1950. He became executive director of a small successful business. He also worked as a public relations consultant and director of a small recruitment consultancy, lecturing, recruiting and writing articles, before becoming a professional writer. He has over eleven works to his credit; these include "What's the Point of Acupuncture?" and a best-selling biography "Will to Live", which won a US literary prize in 1980. He also wrote *The Longest Night*, an ingenious study of the dangers of complacency. His output also included three plays.

He was a man who believed in truth and freedom and could never accept half measures, but above all he had a great sense of humour. A fine man who was married to his devoted wife Judith for 50 years and they lived in Hastings and then near Perpignan in France.

Peter Maurice Michael Sasson, 31st August 1948 – 5th March 2014, aged 65

It is with great sadness that I have to report the death of Peter Sasson.

Peter came to Hurst in Michaelmas 1962. He was one of a small intake of just seven in Star and is now regrettably the third to have died in the last year. By the summer of 1967, Peter became a house prefect, was a prominent member of the athletics team and was awarded his colours for his discus prowess.

He left in the summer of 1967 and went to West London University where he read modern languages. Thereafter, he became a true global traveller living initially in France and Italy. He then moved to Riyadh, Saudi Arabia and finally settled in Sydney, Australia. Peter specialised in insurance, initially in marine and latterly corporate health. In Australia, he was General Manager of FAI Health and President of the Private Intermediaries Association. He was a true bon viveur, a great cook, a keen diver and a world class skier.

Peter was diagnosed with cancer in October 2012 but never let the disease get him down and he continued to live life to the full until his sad death in March.

He is survived by his first wife Jean and his second Julie, to whom he was married for the last 26 years.

Richard Glass (Star 1949)

Was born in London and attended Hurst as a boarder although his family lived locally at Burgess Hill. After Hurst and with a love of good food cultivated by his mother he trained at the prestigious Westminster College, Hospitality Training School in London. After completing his National Service in the Royal Army Catering Corp, he first worked at the Criterion Restaurant in Piccadilly, and later at the George Hotel in Colchester where he met his wife Margaret.

To further his knowledge and culinary skills he spent a year in Paris at the Le Mediterrane, where he met and served many famous guests, including the then French President, Vincent Auriol and his wife and daughter. Marlene Dietrich, Ginger Rogers and Nat King Cole were but a few of the other famous patrons whom he served. At one private function he attended to the Duke and Duchess of Windsor (Edward VIII and Wallis Simpson). Whilst in France and

keen to learn as much about wines and spirits as well as cuisine he also worked at the Domino Hotel in Perigeux in the heart of the Bordeaux wine country, and also at the famous Martell Brandy distillery.

After the George Hotel, Richard continued his career in hotel management in Wisbech, Bath, and Bolton before finally running his own hotel in Blackpool, which he ran with Margaret. After her death he semi-retired to Northamptonshire in 1987 and took up his second love of gardening, attending to the gardens in his local village of Stanion and the surrounding area. Shortly before his death this year he returned to Bolton.

He is survived by his 3rd wife Josie, his eldest son Nicholas, grandchildren Lisa and Alexandra and great-grandson Cameron.



Roger Peckham, 8th March 1945 – 19th October 2013

The Old Smithy, The Green, Ashill, Norfolk

I am not sure of the years he was at Hurst College but I do remember him saying his house was Fleur de Lys. He attended the Junior School and for a short while the Senior School. After leaving school he worked as an Electronics Officer in the Merchant Navy. He was married with three children and four grandchildren.

Wendy Peckham

Terence Leslie (Les) Eadon, 23rd November 1948 – 22nd August 2013, aged 64

Les came to Hurst in Michaelmas 1962. He was one of a small intake of just seven in Star, including myself.

By the Michaelmas term of 1966, he was made House Captain and it was noted in *The Johnian* that he displayed “the right stamp of tyranny”. In fact Les was a thoughtful and diligent guy with immense integrity.

Perhaps these characteristics were recognised by the then Headmaster **Roger Griffiths**, when he made Les School Captain in the Lent term – a surprise to many but not to me. Les played an active part in the School's sporting endeavours in the 1st XV rugby and 1st XI hockey teams and was captain of swimming. He loved the guitar and was frequently heard playing in the Star shower room – excellent acoustics!

He left in Summer 1967 to read Botany and Zoology at Exeter University and graduated in 1971. He also took a DipEd to improve career prospects. Spending ten years in the Middle East, where his father was stationed, Les was a chemical engineer and often worked on oil rigs. He emigrated to Australia in January 1979, to ensure his father got the best hospital care – typical of the man.

After ten years teaching, Les set up his own company in the computing industry in the Margaret River region, where he assisted most of the winemakers in the area. Over the years, not only did this develop in to a thriving business, but he became one of the prominent members of the Margaret River community. In 2005, he contracted a very rare form of cancer, but kept fighting the disease until his sad end.

I caught up with him on Facebook in 2009 after many years. He seemed unchanged and he told me how much he valued Hurst. He described it as his “home” at the time. Peter Sasson, another of the Star intake of seven in 1962 and now living in Sydney, caught up with Les in 2012. They had not seen each other for 45 years and needless to say their reunion was very emotional. They spent the weekend reminiscing on their time at Hurst. Les was his usual happy self, full of life and as always smiling despite his ailment.

He leaves a wife Lynne and Olivia, his daughter.

I also have to report the death of **Jeff Steddon**, another of the Star 1962 intake, who died suddenly in February 2012.

Peter Marsh (Chevron). Left Hurst in 1944. Died 21st February 2014

Peter Marsh, a leading Dover and East Kent architect before his retirement, died in hospital at Ashford on Friday (21st) six days after his 88th birthday.

Mr Marsh, of Temple Ewell, was the Surveyor to the Fabric of Canterbury Cathedral from 1969 to 1991 while he and his Castle Street-based Dudley Marsh architectural practice was responsible for the design of a number of buildings at Dover's Eastern Docks.

Educated at St John's College, Hurstpierpoint and the University of Edinburgh, he served as a very young naval officer, in the RNVR, in the months immediately after the 1939-45 war.

In 1952 he joined the family architectural practice at Canterbury and Dover. He was chairman of the Canterbury branch of the Royal Institute of British Architecture (RIBA) in 1969 and later served on a committee of the European Cathedrals' Association. He was also called upon, as chairman of a panel, to advise on the fabric of Rochester Cathedral.

Mr Marsh was a Freeman of the City of London and a Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Masons. He was elected President of Dover Rotary Club in 1974 and, joining the club in 1958, he was the club's oldest member.

Mr Marsh was married twice and twice a widower. He had three sons and one daughter from his two marriages.

Peter May Died on 2nd October 2014

He entered Star House in September 1953 and left in 1958. Peter had a number of interests in school which made him a popular member of the House. He maintained his friendships established at Hurst for life. On leaving school he embarked upon a career as an Architect (Art had been one of his strong subjects at Hurst). However, architecture was not his vocation. A spell with an Industrial Catering Company followed, but that was not to be his calling. Within a short while he joined a small firm (later it became one of the City's largest) as a trainee solicitor. He enjoyed the work and took an active interest in the Newcastle Law Society. He was a trustee of a number of public trusts. Of his public appointments, the one that gave him great pleasure was that of Honorary Consul for the Netherlands in Newcastle. The tasks were many and varied from visa and passport matters to arranging for visits to the North East by members of the Netherlands Royal family. On his retirement from that office he was appointed a Knight in the Order of Orange-Nassau.

He was a wonderful and loyal friend for over 60 years. He leaves a widow, Sue and two daughters to whom we send out condolences.

David Savage OJ