

# The Egbertian

NEWS FROM THE OLD EGBERTIAN ASSOCIATION

see our website at [www.oldegbertians.com](http://www.oldegbertians.com)



INAUGURATED 1928

Winter 2012

## Editor's Comment

**W**elcome to the Winter Edition of EgbertNews.

**I have had a record number of contributions for what is our biggest newsletter to date, so many thanks to all those who have sent in articles. For many in the Association, who cannot attend any of the social events, the newsletter is their main link with the OEA so it is vital that it continues to flourish. However, it will only do so with contributions from its members so do keep them coming in.**

**Newsletters such as this however, do come at a cost so if you owe this years membership fee then we would appreciate you paying it now.**

**I hope you enjoy this bumper issue and on behalf of the OEA committee I wish you and your family an enjoyable festive period.**

**Jeff Thomas**

## My College Memories

**1950-1955** by Andrew McGovern

*Continuing a series of nostalgic articles from members of your committee, carrying on from last month's instalment by Peter Burke.*

Until the age of eleven I attended St Peter and Paul's Catholic Primary School in Ilford, which involved just a 10 minute walk from home. Come September 1950 I faced the daunting challenge of a one hour journey on my own on the 145 bus from the Ilford High Road to the Bull and Crown in Chingford, which cost the princely sum of 5 pence in old money.

As I climbed the stairs to the upper deck I was somewhat relieved to find there were already 5 or 6 other boys sitting in the back seats wearing the same red blazers with green braid. I soon discovered that the back seat itself was the prize possession. Amongst these fellow Egbertians were three other new boys, Donald Hinchin and the Walsh twins, who, it turned out, would all be in my form, and had actually joined the bus at The Princess in Dagenham. Then we were joined by a number of boys from the Romford area at Gants Hill where they had earlier alighted from a brown and cream smart-looking "City Coach", which operated a service from Southend to London. By the time the bus reached Gates Corner in Woodford there were some 15 or more Egbertians on board, plus a

sprinkling of boys from Bancrofts, and girls from St Mary's Convent and Woodford County High. We alighted at the Bull and Crown at 8.55, then there was a mad rush to reach the playground for the 9.00 bell.

On reflection the hourly bus journey to and from Chingford was always an enjoyable part of the day, with many interesting moments, particularly on the journey home. The lengths that some boys went too to ensure they got the back seat was renowned, and it was not unknown for boys to run up as far as the Chingford Station bus stop to achieve this goal. One regular but rather sad occurrence on the journey home was seeing a lady standing in a shop doorway opposite "The Castle" pub in Woodford, smartly dressed with her face always well powdered who we rather unkindly nicknamed "flour face". It was said she was awaiting the arrival home of her husband or son from the War, but sadly he had been killed, a fact which she could not, or would not, accept.



*Continued on page 2*

NEWSLETTER WINTER 2012

*Continued from page 1*

In my 4th and 5th years, during the summer months, I often used to cycle to school along with two or three other boys. We would all meet up at Gants Hill, cycle down the Woodford Avenue which had a its cycle path in those days, turn right at Gates Corner to Woodford Green by Churchill's statue, and then left by the Girls County High, down Chingford Lane where you finished up having to take on Friday Hill, which seemed very steep to a 14 year old, and then turned left along Whitehall Road and Kings Road for the last mile or so to the Bull and Crown. The main object was to try and beat the 145 bus that had left Gants Hill about the same time as us but whose route was longer, and we usually just about succeeded with enough time to park the bikes up in the bomb damaged "bike shed" at the back of the Chantry.

In September 1950 Brother Hugh was the Headmaster and my first form master was a newly qualified Mr Buckingham whose subjects were English and History. I think he was only there for a couple of years before moving on. Amongst the Brothers at that time Brothers Peter, Felix and Pascal taught the three Prep Forms. In the senior school I seem to recall Brother Aloysius who taught French, Brother Oswald: Maths and Sciences, Brother Celcus: Geography and English, whilst an elderly Brother Justus looked after the grounds and garden in company with Brother Felix's dog Nellie. One must not of course forget Joe Mason the cook who looked after the Brothers for many years and could often be seen working in the kitchen as one passed the Chantry en-route to the "bike shed".

In September 1952 Brother Columban joined us from Highgate as Headmaster, along with Brother

Fergus who taught Geography, Brother Hugh moved to one of the Orders Belgian Houses and Brother Celcus to Highgate. Then in September 1953 Brother (now Father) Jarlath joined us, and he was my form master in my 4th year.

Among the lay teachers in my years I seem to recall Mr Keegan followed by Mr McIntyre who taught Latin, Mr Looty followed by Mr Cresswell who taught English; Mr Richardson, Science and of course Mr Smith who was the part-time PE Master. I think Mr Cresswell also taught History and then, circa 1954/55, Mrs Creswell joined the staff and taught music in the "music room" at the far end of the ground floor corridor, which I understand was later extended and became the Gymnasium.

The School Captains during my time were Ron Fellowes, Brian Dawkins, John Hartnett, Mick Barry and Terry Bates. John Hartnett and Mick Barry were fellow travellers on the 145 bus, John was from Seven Kings and Michael from Clayhall. It always amazed me the distance some pupils travelled - John Noonan in my year came in on the 102 bus from Finchley, whilst Dagenham, Romford and Gidea Park were common starting points for the daily journey.

My parents thought it was a long day for me and that a hot lunch was needed and I remember a crowd of us would go to the "British Restaurant" for our lunch which was situated by the Chingford Laundry off The Green, near where the library is today. You paid your money at a kiosk as you entered in return for two tokens which were handed to a waitress at your table, one for the main course and the other for your sweet. The food was not brilliant but I guess rationing played its part in what was produced. However after a year or so most of us had persuaded our parents that

homemade sandwiches were a much better idea and this also gave us more time to go and explore Pole Hill via the footpath up beside the Police Station. Many an enjoyable lunchtime was spent in the vicinity of Pole Hill, and in later years I recall collecting "lost" golf balls for which the grounds man at Chingford Golf Club paid us a few pence, which was usually spent in Jack Pracy's sweet shop, once sweets came off ration. One winter during a particularly cold spell Warren Pond was completely frozen over and we were all able to enjoy a lunch-time skating session which unfortunately came to an abrupt end after a couple of weeks when a boy collided heavily with the branch of a semi submerged tree and the ice all started breaking up.

Due to hip problems I never really excelled at sport although I willingly joined in as best I could and always enjoyed the atmosphere of sports day. I remember in one particular year, as a detention, a gang of boys having to weed the track in preparation for sports day, under the ever watchful eyes of Brother Pascal, who ensured even the smallest weed wasn't missed. I also well remember the sight of Brothers Oswald and later Brother Fergus in their football gear joining us boys in the weekly jaunt down Kings Head Hill to Soper's field for football.

In the summer it was cricket and I recall in one particular cricket game I was the last to bat for our side with one run required for a win. It was a very close field as I stood at the wicket and bravely stuck out my bat to receive the first ball which was a fast delivery. Fortunately by chance bat and ball made contact only for the ball to hit one of the nearby fielders on the forehead and blood was drawn, and whilst the vital run was scored it was not a very sporting way to win a cricket match.

During the height of winter, on his weekly Wednesday visit, Mr Smith the PE master (known as Smithy) seemed to delight in seeing us boys shivering for 40 minutes in our compulsory shorts and singlets as he strutted around the playground in a thick grey polo neck sweater, with grey flannels tucked into his grey socks and sporting very shiny brown shoes as he waved his cane stick in the air telling us to carry out various forms of "physical torture". I believe he was ex-military, he was not very tall, never seemed very happy with life and a smile or a laugh seemed beyond him. I understand his successor Mr Gordon Spurgeon was a much more reasonable and popular PE master with the boys.

I thoroughly enjoyed my five years at St Egberts in particular the geography lessons with Brother

Fergus where, with the aid of his very detailed maps, you quickly learnt the main areas of the world for the production of grain, coal and iron ore, be it Australia, North America or South America. This knowledge was very useful a few years when I became a Chartered Shipbroker on the Baltic Exchange in London and was chartering ships for the carriage of such bulk cargoes all around the world. I also found Brother Oswald's way of teaching Maths very easy to understand and follow. However I found it difficult to concentrate on French as Brother Aloysius bent your arm behind your back as he tried to "persuade" you all about the French verbs and their pronunciation.

A lasting memory for me will always be the visit of Peter Sellers in 1952 when he extended the



normal 10 minute morning assembly and prayers into the best part of an hour, thanked us all for being a good audience and felt we had earned the afternoon off. Brother Columban's normal pink face turned bright red at the suggestion but he did concede to the request.

Thanks for reading,  
*Andrew McGovern*



From the left Michael (Spud) Murphy, Clive Boon, Steve Eastgate, Chris Farman and Ted Roche

So it came to pass that at 1pm on Tuesday 20th November five distinguished and only slightly aged gentlemen, met at the exit to Kings Cross underground station on the Euston road.

The occasion was the gathering of five veterans of the class of 1953-60 and despite ribald remarks to the contrary, the choice of venue was dictated solely by convenience of travel and had nothing to do with the well known extra curricular activities of the area.

## Together Again

The initial shock of people encountering each other, for the first time in over fifty years in a couple of cases, brought about the need for a medicinal beverage (or two).

Thus, after a brief discussion, wise counsels prevailed and we repaired to a local hostelry where,

after people regained some degree of composure, lunch was taken followed by more medicinal

support for the rest of the afternoon and early evening.

An excellent time was had by one and all with so much to talk about and so many memories. We intend to repeat the exercise next year and hopefully add to our numbers.

Apart from myself, Chris Farman, Steve Eastgate, Michael (Spud) Murphy and Clive Boon all attended.

Our thanks to the OE Association for helping out with contacts.

*Ted Roche*



Spud and Clive



Chris and Ted

# THE CLASS ★ OF ★ 62

Paul Freeman's piece prompted me to test the ol' memory: I can add a few names:

Mr C McNish, English  
Mr N O'Callaghan, Maths  
Br Aloysius, French  
Self, German  
Mr Carney, Maths  
Mr P. Utting (ex pupil), Art  
Fr Jarlath. Prep and RE

Br Fergus was a brilliant choice to be Head as he was universally respected and held in affection - I never came across a better one in 40+ years of teaching.

Not so his much un-loved successor, Br Edmund, whose lack of social skills depleted the school from a respectable 430 boys to a measly 150 in just 2 years.

The sale of the school to a developer, when another Catholic School was needed, was also a sad event and should have been prevented: *Sic transit gloria mundi*, as the saying goes.

Good luck,  
Erik Lindemann

*The last issue of the Egbertian prompted a wave of feedback about Paul Freeman's class of '62-67.*

I thought that it would be appropriate for me to add one or two names to the Staff and Students of the School between 1962 and 1967.

It was from September 1963 that I returned to the School to teach, initially teaching one of the Prep forms and the lower half of the school in Art and Design. In 1964, when Michael Evans left the School to continue his teaching career elsewhere, I took over teaching the whole School in Art and Design (as the subject is now known) and also worked as the School's Careers Teacher. The list of my colleagues is as follows:

Brother Fergus: Headteacher  
Brother Peter: Deputy and Form 1a  
Father Jarlath: Prep 1 & 2  
and French  
Brother Maurice: RE and Maths  
Brother Paschal: Form 1b  
Brother Aloysius  
Brother Celsus

In addition to the Brothers, the School had a number of lay staff, most of whom were specialist teachers in their own field.

Mr. Carney: Maths  
Mr. Moran: Science  
Mr. Dineen: Science  
Mr Long: Maths  
Mr O'Callaghan: Maths  
Mr. McNish: English (later followed by Mr MacSweeney)  
Mr. Utting: Art and Careers  
Mr. Hunt: Music  
Mr Spurgeon: PE  
(both Mr Hunt and Mr Spurgeon were always part time members of staff)

Pupils whom I first taught included:

Peter North  
Ian Lowe  
Paul Letchford  
Anthony Vane  
The Stacey twins

...and many others whose names escape me which isn't surprising after over forty years in the profession and service in seven schools during that time. I have no idea how many young people I have taught!

I am now seventy and still working with young people in the Air Training Corps, where I am Chaplain to two squadrons in Suffolk. I am also Assistant Wing Chaplain to the Norfolk and Suffolk Wing of the Air Training Corps. My other role is as a Reader in the Church of England which enables me to carry out my chaplaincy work.

Finally, you may be interested to know that my cousin, Donald Fitch has died. He was a pupil at the School before the last War, and from 1942 to 1946, served in the Royal Air Force. He was a favourite of Fr. Jarlath, who always used to ask after him.

Don died peacefully at his home on Anglesey last year on his 86th birthday. He will be remembered by a very few of the remaining 'Old Eggs' as his sisters knew us!

*Peter Utting*

I read with interest Paul Freeman's list of names from the 1962 - 1967 school years and I can add a few more to it.

Firstly the pupils, I remember all the names listed by Paul including himself. There is myself, David Bridgman (incidentally Michael Holt was my best man at my wedding in 1973).

John Brushwood (a very good friend of mine then and later went to ride in the Isle of Man TT races and GP races as a passenger on a sidecar racing team called British Magnum)

Keith Gidley

Martin Cummings

Roger Fish

Paul Mitchell (not certain of christian name)

Paul Dunkley

Mark Peplo

Michael Summers

Paul Grogan

A boy called Speed who was expelled and I believe later was badly hurt in a motorcycle accident.

O'Gara

Karasinski, who had polio I believe

Reardon

Shipton

Randall

Fitzpatrick (Fitty)

I cannot remember the last six christian names - we often only used surnames then apart from our close friends.

### Teachers:

Bro Fergus: Headmaster History and Geography

Bro Pascall: 1B

Bro Morris or Morrison: R.I.

Bro Aloysious: French

Bro Peter: 1A

Joe the cook

Mr Spurgeon: PT (excellent man but don't cross him... ouch)

Mr Carney: Maths & Tech Drawing

Mr McNeish: English & English Literature

Mr Callaghan: 2B

Mr Lindlemann: German

Mr Utting: Art

Mr Garland: Maths (we had a rude song about him)

I think the replacement headmaster to Bro Fergus was called Bro Edmund, sadly he was the beginning of the end for St Egbert's. I apologise to all those whose names I have misspelt.

I remember the Kings Head Hill entrance to the playground, very well, mentioned in Peter Burke's article and the goal posts in the playground, and being knocked out of the way by the footballers (I was not one). Pracy's tuck shop I well remember and Jublees for 6d I think. I also remember sneaking off into the woods behind the toilets at playtime and messing around in there, always hoping not to be caught. Behind the 'house' where the Brothers lived there was a mountain of beer bottle caps... LOL.

Once we were in 3rd form and Black Blazers we were allowed to go to the 'village' at lunchtime, there was a cafe there many of us ate at, and chips from the chip shop were popular.

Sports day was another great day, but the run up to it was best with Mr Spurgeon getting all the school to form displays and the best thing was to be in a pyramid. Those days



Sports Day (1956)

of practice were great and it got us out of class, for a while (never my favourite place).

After I left in 1967 I would sometimes bump into Bro Pascall in the Kings Head pub having a quiet pint.

When the new Gym was built, Michael Holt, John Brushwood and myself organised two or three school dances, with the object of meeting girls and breaking down the snob title that boys from St Egbert's had locally. They were great fun and I met my first wife at the very first one.

I hope this helps add to the list and maybe will jog a few more memories.

These are the only two pupils I can positively identify in this photo but I remember the faces of several of the 'black blazer' boys in that row as they were all in my year, but the names won't come back.

Hope it helps a bit  
*David Bridgman*



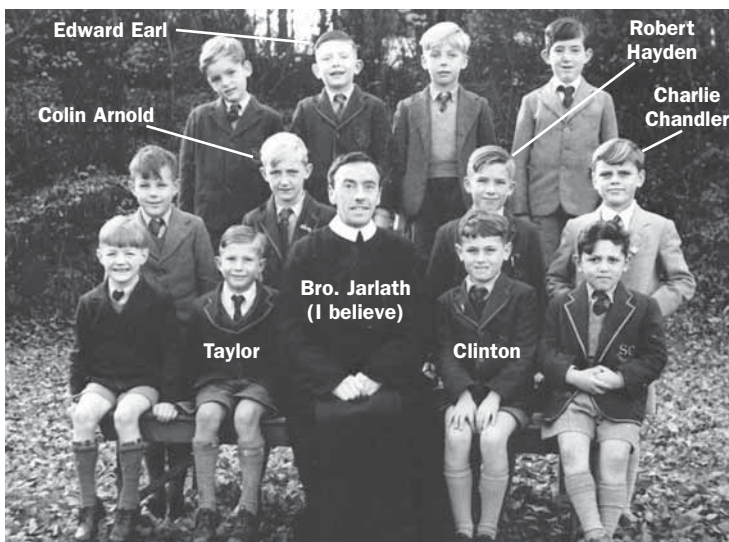
## College Memories *by Robert Hayden*

The recollections of John Willis are so accurate, it brought back lots of memories. The year he refers to in which Brother Felix was reluctant to pass over the cup was the year I received it, as school captain.

A week before sports day Brother Columban told me that the mayor could not come to present the prizes, so did I think my mother "as mother of the school captain" would take his place? I can remember now her look of horror and disbelief when I got home and told her, but she did the job! Some pictures of the occasion are shown, but as we were not using

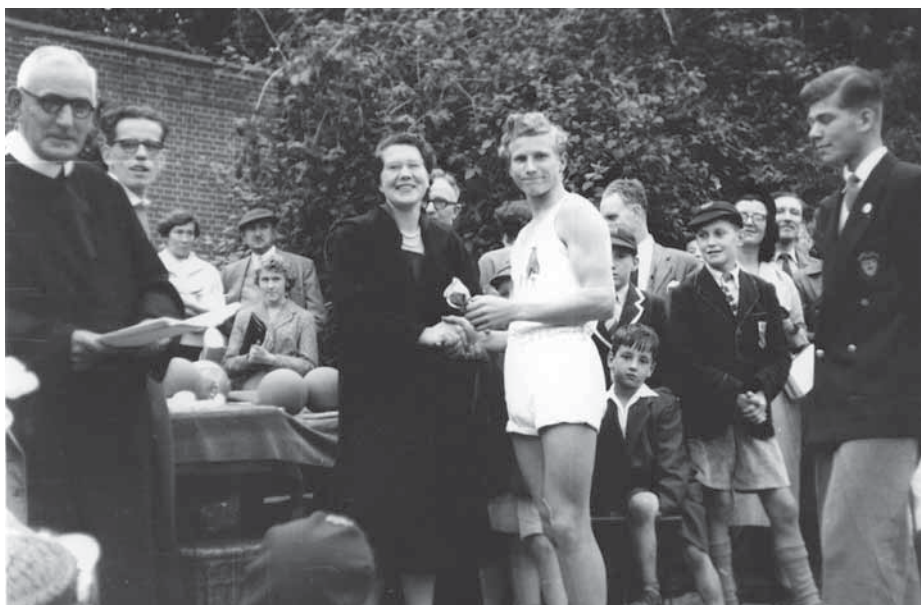


At left, Bro. Columban, Mrs Jessie Hayden presents a cup to Robert Hayden. At back, Bro. Peter



colour film. Brother Columban's face is just a dark shade, as red appears in black and white photography.

During my last couple of years at school I got very interested in chemistry, so much so that Brother Fergus who taught the subject gave me the keys to the chemistry laboratory. Now, ammonium tri-iodide is very simple to make and while it is wet there is no problem. There was a lunchtime when I made some and put small amounts on filter papers to dry by the windows. It did dry, but the draught blew all the papers on to the floor. Just before the afternoon lesson in school, I collected all the filter papers from around the room, but the chemical had spread all over the floor. Only one person knew what all the small explosions underfoot were as pupils and teacher walked round the room - I decided to keep quiet!



My cousin George Taylor won a track race

Leaving school I studied chemistry for many years, eventually working for the government in establishments which included UKAEA, AWRE and CWRE, all to be given up eventually to take up an easier life as a photographer, a job which I still do from our studio in Cheshunt, Hertfordshire - [www.carletonphotographic.co.uk](http://www.carletonphotographic.co.uk)

# The Class of '51 from David Attwell

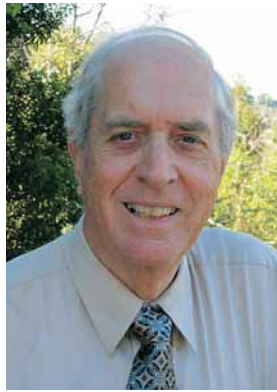


R. Dixon  
 B. Dawkins  
 M. Welch  
 J. M. ...  
 B. G. ...  
 S. ...  
 Peter A. Lesser.  
 D. Rose.  
 D. Attwell  
 B. T. ...  
 A. G. ...  
 M. ...  
 Roger G. Shaw.  
 W. Keane  
 B. Alcock  
 L. ...  
 Roy ...  
 A. G. ...  
 ...  
 ...

## St Egbert's and post-college experience *by E. F. (Bob) Nettmann*

During the past few years as Editor I have noticed that while many former pupils are happy to reminisce about their time at the College, very few then elaborate and include what became of them since they left. To a certain extent this is understandable as, without wishing to appear harsh, unless you actually know the person concerned it is very difficult to relate to them. I notice this when reading my own Alumni newsletter from Buckhurst Hill County High School, and while I can relate to many stories - even from pupils not in my year group - about specific teachers and places at the school, there is a tendency to switch off when the article covers their post-school years. However, from time to time there are articles from pupils who, without wishing to be too melodramatic, have made an impact on today's world, however small, which is of interest. This is one such story.

I am sure that we have all taken a photograph, moved the camera slightly and the resulting photograph has been blurred. Have you ever wondered how images from a camera perched on the back of a helicopter, or traveling parallel with an Olympic sprinter or sitting on the back of a car, which has to contend with all the lumps and bumps in the road, remain still? This is down to a former pupil from St Egberts. This is Bob Nettman's story. Ed



I left St Egbert's in 1954 at the age of 16. After nine years of schooling I felt that I was ready for the outside

world - but was the outside world ready for me? I always had an aptitude for electro-mechanical things which was discovered after my father had exposed me to many interests, such as literature; music; art and visits to the Natural History and Science museums. It was after my father tried in vain to teach me the piano, which was a hopeless endeavour, that he saw I enjoyed taking his piano completely apart and reassembling it. So there was the answer, young Bobby will become an engineer. I heard that Marconi Wireless Telegraph company in Chelmsford was offering five year apprenticeships to young lads like me. The interview included written, mathematical and practical aptitude tests, and I was accepted into the five year program at a wage of thirty-nine and sixpence per week.

During the apprenticeship I attended day release at the technical college, studying electrical engineering, and I was awarded the



Bob Nettmann circa 1947

Best Apprentice of the Year 1956. Subsequently at the age of 17 I was given the National Physical Society award for engineering craftsmanship. After my stint in the Marconi drawing office school I moved up to the level of designer. My final year at Marconi found me working on the design of a NATO missile defense convoy. As the London design office was closing down I left the company in 1964 to work for Smith's Aviation.

At Smith's my secretary at the time suggested that I should go to the United States as there was much more opportunity in that country for young engineering types like me. Considering this to be a good idea I went to the American Embassy and was interviewed, including a physical and background check. After a few weeks I was sent a work permit and travelled by the Queen



Bob's class circa 1949



Elizabeth ship to New York and picked up a new Volkswagen Variant and drove across the USA, mainly on the old Route 66 to Los Angeles. I was 27 when I left the UK in October 1965. What was intended to be a one year visit turned out to be a lifetime stay.

Once in Los Angeles I settled into an apartment in Glendale. I hired an executive placement agency and soon got work because at this time in the sixties America wanted, and John Kennedy insisted, that the USA put a man on the moon before the end of the decade. Lots of government money was pumped into the programme; today we call it a stimulus package. I started working with a NASA company that was designing 14 track digital recording devices for astronauts to wear during their moon walks.

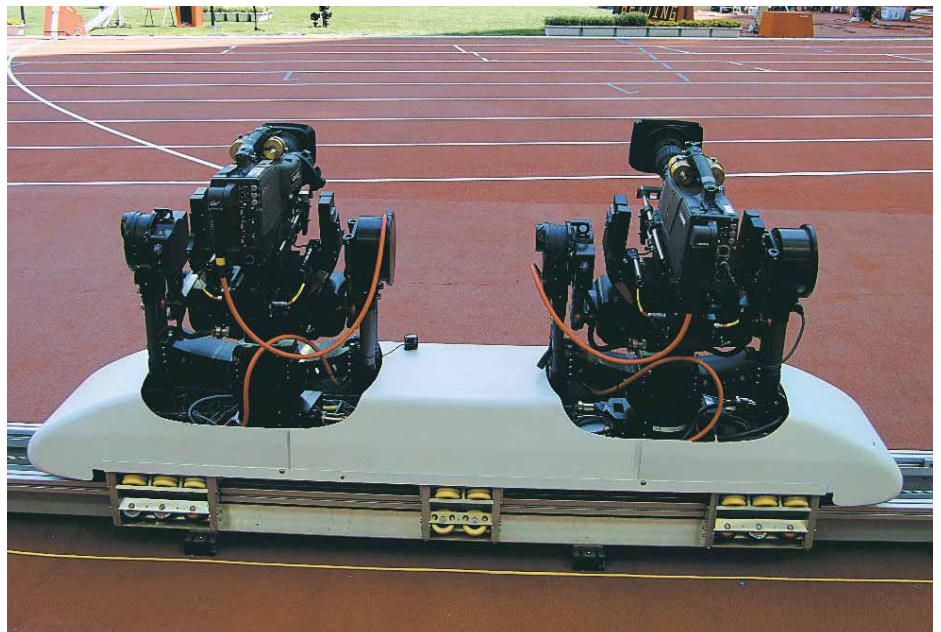
In 1971 I started my own company: Nettmann Systems International. When I first got involved with the Movie Industry in those early days, cameramen and their cameras were perched at the end of camera-cranes or very close up to the action that the director insisted on. Cameramen were being killed or maimed. My plan was to put the operator at a safe distance away - not replace him but displace him from the dangers of the action. To do this I had to make the operator feel comfortable being away from his camera, lens, zoom, focus and iris. He needed a closed circuit TV monitor to see the exact image that his camera was capturing. He also needed remote lens controls, and to remotely move the camera in two axis, pan and tilt, and have the feel as if he was right next to the camera. Most cameramen adapted to this new method; some resisted and caused some problems for me - a UK company included, within a very politically charged behind the scenes industry. I survived and

won an Academy Award for Scientific and Technical Achievement in 1986 for the first fully designed, stand alone, remote controlled camera positioner. The Society of Operating Cameramen (SOC) also honoured me with an award in 1996.

Since that time I have designed and built a range of robotic camera positioners, remotely controlled periscope systems for Learjets and five axis gyro stabilised camera positioners known as the Stab-C family. The term Stab-C means "Stabilised Camera Cradle".

These we used at the Olympics in 2004, 2008 and this summer's London Olympics when we had nine systems in use. The Stab-C Systems can be used on every type of vibrating, rocking, or shaking base from helicopters to ships, to give you rock steady film or video camera images. We supply the stabilising systems while the cameras and lenses are owned by the production companies.

The dolly track with the two Nettmann robotic cameras you see in the pictures below was my basic design and further developed by my friends of the German RTS company.



**Astrovision conquers the problems of the air-to-air cameraman**



The planning . . . the preparation . . . then 'Action!'



TEST RUN: The planners — (from left) Ian Mackersey, Alan Tanner and Harry Stewart — discuss the filming shots they want.



FINAL CHECK: (from left) John Dale, cameramen Robin Browne and Peter Allwork, Designer Bob Nettman in front.



THE SHOOTING: Harry Stewart takes still pictures through the Astrovision equipment with Robin Browne.

## Four hours—to do four days' work

EXPERTS in the photography and film business call them "magic shots". They are those striking pictures of aircraft in flight that look as though they were caught by luck but were really the result of hard work, research and the best equipment.

British Airways broke new ground last week when Manager Film Services Ian Mackersey organised the most complex air-to-air photographic mission yet, using revolutionary new equipment called Astrovision.

Astrovision is an aviation cameraman's dream — a camera periscope with a 360-degree pan that can be mounted on a Standard VC10.

Before Astrovision, air-to-air cameramen shot through open hatches or through the windows in the aircraft side and on the flight deck. Naturally, this meant that their view was restricted.

Piston-engine aircraft such as Mitchell B25s and Shackletons were used, and these caused further problems. The unpressurised, older aircraft were too slow and often could not climb above cloud level to film the modern jetliners. Astrovision has conquered all these problems.

The equipment was flown over from California last week where it had been designed by Bob

Nettman. Cameramen Robin Browne and Peter Allwork were engaged to operate it.

Three weeks of hectic planning by Ian Mackersey, Manager Photographic Services Harry Stewart and Senior Film Production Officer Alan Tanner produced a double-barrelled operation. "We wanted attractive airborne cine and still shots of TriStar for public relations, marketing and advertising purposes," said Ian Mackersey. "And we wanted to film TriStar cabin service in a 'live' situation for use in a BATL promotional film." The three worked out every shot and sequence before the filming by using model aircraft. During the flight, Alan directed the filming and Harry directed the stills.

More planning had to be carried out on the mission itself. Ian said: "We needed pilots happy to fly in exacting formation positions beside, ahead and behind each other. We needed a second film crew aboard TriStar, 70 volunteer passengers and full cabin service. Above all we needed good weather. And we got it all."

"Co-operation between the flight crew was tremendous," said Harry Stewart. Flight Manager TriStar Captain Doug Evans and Lockheed test pilot Captain John Wells piloted the TriStar, and

Flight Training Manager VC10 Flight Captain Tony Smith and Senior First Officer Curtis Orlebar and Pete Phillips flew the VC10, backed by Senior Engineer Officers Peter Hudson and Pete Phillips and Lockheed test training pilot Captain Ted Limmer.

The rushes were screened the following day and everyone was delighted — particularly John Dale, Advertising Services Manager Overseas Division.

He has worked closely with the Astrovision development team since the project was started and realised the need for the equipment when he took part in the filming of a 747 in the new livery in November 1973. A Mitchell B25 was used as an aerial camera platform but weather and speed problems delayed the exercise and filming was limited.

"Astrovision," said John, "guarantees that the filming will be successful and also saves a great deal of time and money."

The TriStar filming took only four hours. Previous exercises have taken four days!

Words: Anne Ainsley  
News cameraman on VC10: Jeff Allford



There are many Nettmann Systems out there and I could write a lot on the subject. One of my proudest moments was my first major design when I visited the UK in 1975 and made history for the folks at BOAC and BEA with my design of a periscope mounted in a jet aircraft for air to air, high speed, high altitude shooting. Prior to this shooting was done by converted B-25 bombers. *See article opposite.*

One of our customers is NASA Jet Propulsion Laboratory. With Learjet based systems, we filmed the first Concorde flights for British Airways and Air France. My designs and systems are in every major country in the world and we have a prominent presence in the UK.

One of our highest profile projects that we have worked on was in 2008 for the JPL Mars Lander "Curiosity". The shape on the front of the picture above is the "descent phase" antennae. We later mounted the real antennae and did simulated Mars descents in the Mojave Desert. Because of JPL cutbacks and because they missed the Mars 24 month year they finally made a very successful landing on Mars, this Earth year.

Life has been good to me and my wife Gillian, who is also from the UK. We live in the Hollywood Hills, have a lovely house in the forested hillside, and our two adult children are married and live close by. I should have retired at 65 but I am still going strong at 74. Staying at home would drive me crazy, so Gillian, who is kept very busy with the company accounts, and I spend about 20 hours a week at the office and we leave the running of the company to our son Karl. He joined my company about three years ago and together we are taking it to a higher level of digital control engineering.

So, I acquired my basic education at St Egbert's, left early, got wonderful training at Marconi and perhaps followed Brother Aloysius' advice when he wrote on my report card, "Ernest" (my real name) "should not hide his light under a bushel". At the time I had no idea what he meant.

There is one last comment that I want to leave with the reader. We, as a human race, are all good at something. Expose your children to all those 'somethings'. They will then choose one and make a career

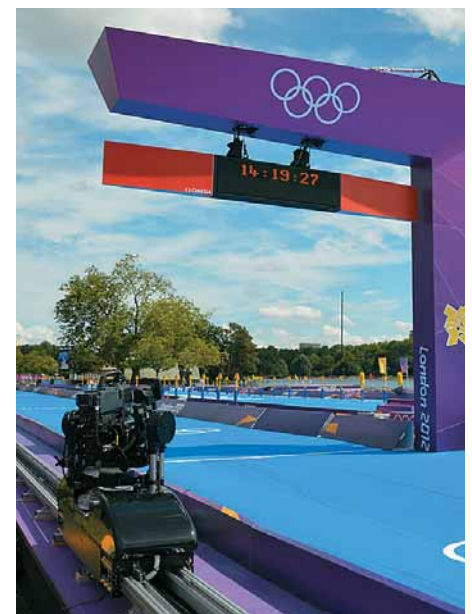


out of it. My dad did this for me, and it was the piano experience that set me on the path to an engineering career. Now 65 years later, I have won four Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences Scientific and Engineering Awards - God bless Dad, St. Egbert's and Brother Aloysius.

And God bless the students that had the good fortune to be Egbertians.

If you want to find out a bit more about what we do visit:  
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*Bob Nettmann*



## Buckingham Palace Tour *on Monday 17th September 2012*



As I am sure that you are aware Buckingham Palace is the working headquarters of the Monarchy, where the Queen carries out her official duties as Head of State of the UK and the Head of the Commonwealth.

The history of the site, where Buckingham Palace stands, can be traced back to the reign of James I, who was King from 1603-1625. However the buildings that you now see were not started in earnest until the reign of George IV (r 1820-30), who appointed John Nash as his official architect. During the last five years of George IV's reign the building was significantly enlarged into the imposing U-shaped building which was to become Buckingham Palace.

Our party of nineteen assembled in Buckingham Palace Road on the South Side of the Palace at 10 o'clock sharp for the ritual distribution of tickets, sadly not by Her Majesty but by myself.

At 10.30am we were ushered through the arched metal detector while our personal effects went

through the X-ray machine, which seems to be standard procedure these days at most public venues.

The tour consisted of an audio guide which gave comprehensive information and the history of every room and every notable object within, which were all numbered.

Your first view is of the interior quadrangle. This used to be open

on the Mall side but was enclosed between 1847-50. The original Caen stone was decaying in the smoky London atmosphere and was replaced with Portland Stone in 1914, which is the facade that you see today. We entered via the Ambassadors entrance and ascended via the Grand Staircase to the State Rooms of the first floor which are situated on the west side facing the gardens. The State



The Grand Staircase



The Blue Drawing Room

Rooms, of which there are nineteen, were designed and built as public rooms for the Monarch to receive members of the public and visiting dignitaries.

The State Rooms were completed between 1833 and 1834 by the architect Edward Blore, who succeeded John Nash who was relieved of his duties by the Prime Minister, the Duke of Wellington, for gross overspending as he had spent the considerable sum of £496,169 by 1828. Many of the fine objects in the State Rooms originate from Carlton House, which was George IV's London home when Prince of Wales and was demolished in 1827.

The Grand Staircase, again designed by John Nash, who designed many of the London theatres, is very elegant with a magnificent gilt bronze balustrade.

From the staircase you pass through the Green Drawing Room, which was a room of 15th Century Italian style, into the Throne room.

The Throne Room is one of Nash's most dramatic interiors with everything designed to focus on

the two thrones. Like many of the State Rooms, the Throne Room has a specific purpose and is used by the Queen to receive loyal addresses on very special occasions, such as Jubilees. It was also the setting for the formal photographs following the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge on 29th April 2011.

We then entered the Picture Gallery which has four marble

chimney pieces as its centrepiece. The displayed works of art change periodically as the Queen regularly lends art to exhibitions in the UK and overseas. However works by Titian, Vermeer, Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck and Claude are always on display. The Picture Gallery is always popular and is used for receptions - often in recognition of achievement in a particular walk of life and for dinners in support of charities or organisations with royal patrons. It is also used as a reception for the recipients of the royal honours which are presented in the New Years Honours List or the Queens Honours List, before going into the Ballroom for their investiture. There are about 25 Investitures held each year attended by about 120 people.

The Ballroom was completed in 1855 and was completed during the reign of Queen Victoria who was a very keen dancer as was her husband Albert.

The organ in the Ballroom was originally built in 1817 for the Brighton Pavilion, which was one of the Royal Palaces at the time.



The Picture Gallery

In 1846 Queen Victoria, who never liked the cramped conditions for her growing family that the Pavilion offered, sold it to the Brighton Corporation and all the contents and fittings were removed back to Buckingham Palace. The sale of the Brighton Pavilion funded the major building works that Victoria initiated during her reign which included the central balcony on the main façade where Victoria saw her troops depart to the Crimea war and later welcomed their return.

This year there was a display of the Queen's diamonds in the Ball Supper Room, which was dark and had a very impressive display of diamonds in the shape of necklaces and swords set on a black background.

The final part of the tour is to the state rooms which face onto the forty acre garden which has a large lake. These are the Blue Drawing room, the Music room and the White Drawing room. All three rooms are all very impressive - in fact I would describe them as breath-taking. The Blue Drawing room, which was the original ballroom, is probably the most startling, with thirty columns painted to resemble onyx. The White room, which some of our party felt was the grandest state room, has an exquisite plaster ceiling and serves as a royal reception room for the Queen and members of the Royal Family to gather before official occasions. All the State rooms on show display object d'art from the Royal Collection dating from the 17th century including paintings by Van Dyck and Canaletto, sculptures by Canova, exquisite pieces of Sevres porcelain and some of the finest pieces of English and French furniture in the world.

You leave the State Rooms via the Ministers' staircase into the Marble Hall which displays various sculptures. Finally from here you



The White Drawing Room

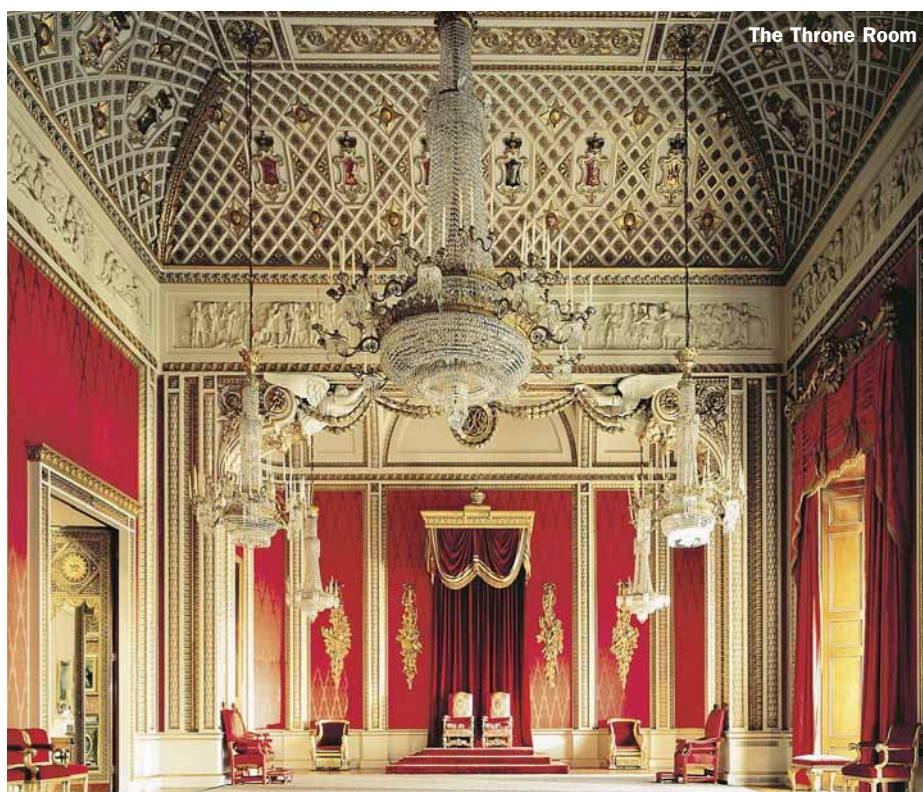
walk through the box room out onto the West Front which leads to the gardens where the Queen's famous garden parties are held. Three garden parties are held each summer and are attended by approximately 30,000 people.

A marquee on the terrace provides refreshments and a marquee you pass on your way out has many souvenirs which, being Buckingham Palace, are of an

excellent quality. As we walked towards the exit and glanced back across the lake and gardens the palace was in sunlight and we reflected on the amount of history the Palace has engendered.

All in all it was a fabulous tour, and certainly one of the best the OEA have arranged, which will long live in the memory.

*Brian Pieri*



The Throne Room

## St Egbert's Teachers 1947-1952 by Victor Mould

In retrospect I like to think that we, as pupils of St Egberts College, were fortunate to have had some excellent teachers in the post war period.

When I joined the school in 1947, Brother Aiden was Director and Headmaster but, before the year ended Brother Aiden, who later became Father Aiden, was replaced by Brother Peter until the Chapter in 1949, when Brother Hugh was appointed for the next three years.

My first form teacher, in Form I, was Brother Mark who was a very kindly man who made newcomers feel at ease. During half term in November 1947, Form II was split into forms IIA and IIB. As a result, some of the pupils in Form I moved into Form IIB under the care of Mr Kilcoyne. Mr Kilcoyne was the most knowledgeable person, on a myriad of subjects, that I have ever met. If memory serves me correctly, he was also a part of General Slim's Army in World War Two.

At this stage I first met Brother Celsus who was an excellent teacher of Maths and later, in Form III, I appreciated his ability to teach Geography. Brother Raphael, although mainly involved with Forms IV and V, was well skilled when it came to History and Latin.

Moving to Form III for the year 1948/49 Brother Celsus was the form teacher, Brother Oswald used to teach Physics and two layman

joined the senior part of the school in the persons of Messrs Donovan and Keegan.

Year 1949/1950, following the Chapter of the Brothers of our Lady of Mercy, was a significant one. Brothers Hugh Guerin, who was Brother Oswald's brother, was appointed Director and Headmaster and, in my opinion assembled a very solid group of teaching staff. In Form IV we had Mr Peter Lesser who was Anglo-Indian and a splendid English teacher. Brother Oswald taught Maths, Brother Aloysius taught French and a brilliant man from the north of Ireland by the name of Mr Richardson was the Physics Teacher. Brother Oswald was in charge of Sports, always ably assisted by Brother Paschal on the annual sports day.

In 1950/51 I spent the first of two years in Form V which was the very first year of the new GCE O-level and A-level exams following the abandonment of the School Certificate. Mr Lesser moved on during the summer of 1950 and was replaced by another Anglo-Indian, Mr Lewty, who taught English and History. He was a pleasant and most interesting man who has spent some years in South Africa where, amongst his pupils had been the former South African wicket-keeper John Waite.

1951/52 was my final year at the school but, because of the

departures of Mr Richardson and Mr Lewty, Brother Hugh had to make two big decisions. It was vital to get a teacher for English and History in the senior forms and to cover the loss of Mr Richardson in the Physics department. Fortunately a Mr Norman Cresswell came to teach English and History- he later became Editor of the Catholic Times. Brother Oswald assumed a very heavy workload by taking Physics in Forms III, IV and V in addition to Maths in forms IV and V and well as splendid coverage of Scripture in Form V in preparation for the GCE.

Finally, to conclude my piece, it would be remiss of me during this period not to mention Mr Smith, our PE teacher, who used to travel in from Hackney on a Wednesday for our PE lessons. He was a decent man who used to teach boxing as a separate lesson.

One sadness was the departure, after only one half term in 1949, of Mr Sam who was an excellent art teacher. I cannot recall art being taught in the senior forms between his departure and the summer of 1952.

Hopefully this has given you an insight into the teaching staff of St Egberts during my school years. My thanks to all of them for giving me an excellent education.

*Victor Mould*

### More reminiscences

I read with interest the piece by Peter Burke. It covered a similar period as my attendance which was approximately 56-61. The rear entrance from Kings Head Hill, Pole Hill, the tuck shop, football in the playground and

Henry Lee on page six, all brought back many memories.

The sports days are something I recall with a sense of pride, although they were probably not quite the Olympics I remember. Who could forget them?

I attended the funeral of Peter Hall, who was my sports nemesis. It was very sad and moving occasion when I had a long chat with Barbara.

Best wishes,  
*Marty Cox*

## Membership

We are almost at the end of this membership year and membership numbers are agonisingly close to the 100 mark which is what we always aim for.

We have about 20 members who let their membership lapse each year but then rejoin the following year so with this cycle repeating annually the membership numbers remain about the same. However if everybody rejoined then we would be well over the 100 mark!

If your membership fee is outstanding, and there will be a letter reminding you within this newsletter, then we would appreciate you paying by return. If you want to include next years fees as well then so much the better as it will be one less to collect next year, and we won't need to hassle you.

The Association relies on its membership fees (and donations) as it is our only significant source of income. Our costs are ever rising and the membership fees pays for publications such as this, which even with the heavily subsidised design and print costs that we enjoy, will cost in excess of £600 for this issue (which is the equivalent of 60 memberships).

*Hector Watts*

## Football Thoughts

You may have gathered from my last end of season report that the football club has not had a good time of it in the last few seasons.

Last season our first team were relegated and under league rules all of our teams in the divisions immediately below them were relegated as well. The outcome of this was that we are now playing to the lowest standard in the twenty years that I have been on the club committee.

We had high hopes for this season as pre-season we had five good captains in place, which is the key to the smooth running of the club. However, the fourth team jinx struck again with the then captain dropping out as the season started and at the time of writing we have not replaced him.

On the pitch the current picture is that our current first team are holding their own while our second, third and fourth teams are at the wrong end of the table with the fourth team likely to be relegated. I will update you more at the end of the season.

Jeff Thomas, EFC Secretary

## Snippets

The recent **London Transport Trip** in Covent Garden proved to be very popular - a report will appear in the next newsletter. The annual **Memorial Mass** and **Christmas Social** was once again well attended and it was good to see a few new faces this year. We are beginning to put together next years social programme so if you have any good suggestions then do let us know. Please contact Brian Pieri on 020 8524 0258.

### Missing Contact Details.

Does anybody know **Graham Rolph**? Graham joined the Association for the first time this year and paid by bank transfer but did not give us any of his contact details. If you know Graham and can pass on a contact number we would appreciate it.

### Email address

Do we have your email address? We have 78 verified email addresses which from an organisation of about 100 people is impressive.

If we don't, and you would like to be added onto our email mailing list, then do drop me an email to **jeffctomas@yahoo.com**. It is the OEA's most efficient way of keeping in contact with you so do let us know.

## The Old Egbertian Association

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