

The Egbertian

NEWS FROM THE OLD EGBERTIAN ASSOCIATION

see our website at www.oldegbertians.com



INAUGURATED 1928

Winter 2014

Editor's Comment

Welcome to the Winter Edition of EgbertNews.

Many thanks for all those who have made contributions to

this bumper issue, namely: Patrick Flood, Paul Buckley; Patrick Marchant; Howard Watling; Vic Mould, Ted Roche and former pupil and teacher, Peter Utting.

My stock of articles is now exhausted and I need to keep receiving articles to keep the newsletter going. If you can make a contribution that might interest the membership then please let me know.

Our membership year ends at the end of December. Enclosed you will find an application form to renew for next year. We rely on membership fees to keep the Association financially sound so your prompt renewal would be much appreciated.

NEWSLETTER WINTER 2014

OEA Matters *by Jeff Thomas, Secretary*

The Association is running pretty much as it has done so for the past few years. For every member that we lose we seem to gain a new one, and the membership number has been consistent at just under 100 for the past few years. We would dearly love to achieve 100 members and if everybody rejoined annually on a consistent basis then this figure would be very possible. At the moment we have 13 members who have let their membership lapse during the past two years and, if their previous membership history is anything to go by, will rejoin sooner or later.

We are in the process of cleaning up the membership list and removing all those who we regularly send newsletters to, but they don't respond either by joining or letting us know that they don't want to join. This includes one person who attended a past AGM, seconded the AGM minutes - despite not actually having been there, enjoyed our hospitality on the night and has since ignored all attempts to get him to join. All very bizarre behaviour!

The Social side of the Association has always been our strong suit

and Brian Pieri does a great job every year in sourcing different events. However, all ideas and suggestions are very welcome as it is your Association. Like all organisations of our ilk, our events tend to be attended by the same core members but everybody is very welcome and it would be great to see some new faces. An article on the recently revived Theatre Trip is within these pages.



The AGM was held at a new venue this year, which was the Bell Hotel in Epping, and we saw about the same number of attendees as the previous AGM and it was generally deemed to be a success. There were one or two teething problems with

the caterers at the hotel, which hopefully we can resolve before the next AGM, assuming that we hold it there.

My apologies to all those who sent in articles to be published in the Summer newsletter, which was not produced. On a personal note the period May - August is now the busiest time of my working year when my feet do not touch the ground so we will have to rethink when we issue hard copy newsletters as we will have

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to avoid that period. It is something to be discussed at committee level but Winter (December) and Spring (April) maybe the better times of the year.

We did send out one e-newsletter this year which was well received by those who read it but the problem with template driven e-newsletters is that the display rate (the number of newsletters that get through to the recipient) is quite low as they get caught up in various spam filters that many computers now automatically

adopt. The way forward maybe a simple text email as and when required. On this note if you have an email address and have not received an email from me before, I would appreciate you sending an email to jeffctomas@yahoo.com which will give me your email address, as I would like to add you to our email list.

The committee is aware that the Associations website needs updating which is very much on our to do list. The problem has been me finding time to do it in

amongst all my other OEA and EFC duties but we are aware that it is out of date and it has been given priority status. The website is our only real means of reaching former members of the Association so it is important that it looks as good as it can. Our first aim is to get the information updated and then long term possibly have it redesigned.

On behalf of the committee I would like to wish you best wishes for the festive season and thank you for your support this year.

The Class of '50

Vic Mould has been in touch about the class of '51 photograph which was originally published in the Winter 2012 issue and supplied by David Attwell.

With respect to David, Vic felt that this was actually the class of 1950 with the names as follows:

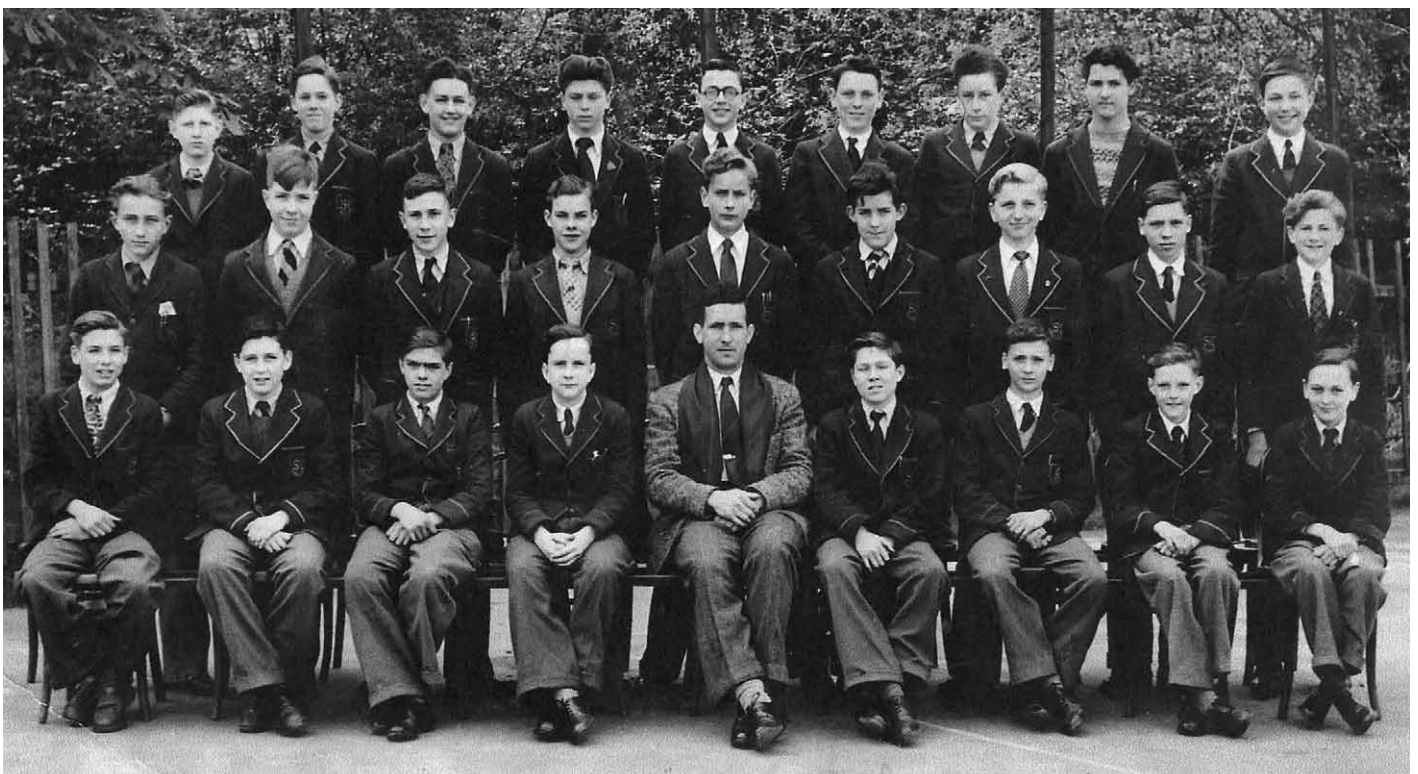
Back row: Peter Clarke; Michael Welham; John Mould; Barry Sampson; John Hague; Terence Howlett; Donald Rose; Guy Emery; David Attwell

Middle Row: Alan Geary; John Nicholls; Brian Dawkins; Patrick Ahern; Brian Harber; Michael Faraway; Unknown; Brian Alcock; Ray Woollvern

Front Row: Richard Dixon; John Hartnett; George Burn; Walter Keane; Peter Lesser (teacher); Brian Tanner; Adrian Caryesford; Roger Shaw; Victor Mould.

Victor's recollection of his peers names is very impressive but can anybody name the missing pupil, third from right in the middle row? He might be Hayward but Victor is unsure. Please do let me know if you know the missing name.

Victor added that Peter Lesser came to the College in September 1949 and taught until the Summer of 1950 and was in charge of form IV.



Football Thoughts *by Jeff Thomas, EFC Secretary*

You may recall that in my article in the Summer 2013 newsletter, I wrote that we had been approached by a disaffected captain from Old Parmitarians who wanted to bring himself and some of his team mates over to our club. This was very welcome as we had not had an influx of new players en masse for a long time and after some deliberation, as there was an argument that they should be our first team, we introduced them as our second team last season.

Apart from adding some quality players to our playing numbers, it also gave the club a fillip that it badly needed as the club has been in poor shape for the past few seasons, suffering a series of relegations which resulted in our first team playing in Division three, which was the lowest division in the 20 years that I have been on the committee. Indeed, the heady heights of ten years ago, when we were playing Senior football with six main teams (and one Vets) during which time we won our first cup competition and enjoyed several seasons of promotions, including four teams in one season, seems a long time ago. Moreover, I had my serious doubts about whether the club had a long-term future as I could not see any way out of our malaise.

Whilst last season our new second team, under Bayo Alaba, did not hit the heady heights in the league that we had hoped for, Bayo and his players were a breath of fresh air and introduced an air of professionalism that we had not seen before. It came as bit of a shock when they placed great emphasis on training, which we have always held but without taking it too seriously. This was in stark contrast to our first team,

who while gifted players, did not have the same ethos and rather played for themselves instead of the club. It was inevitable that a parting of the ways with them was going to happen.

At the start of this season they left us and set up their own club called Chingford Town and are currently doing well in the Essex Alliance Football League. This move was expected and we parted on good terms and moved Bayo's team up to our first team, which they had been hankering for. We had expected that we would need to drop a team but Bayo's colleague, Tim Griffiths who came with Bayo from Old Parns, stepped up to the plate and offered to run the second team. We also introduced Terry Stephens as our third team skipper and our retained our existing fourth team captain, Simon Parkinson. Apart from these significant changes we entered our Veteran B team as a fifth league team managed by Andrew Williams so at the start of this season he had five league teams and one Vets team, under player/manager Ewan Thomson.

For the first time in many seasons we now have six very capable captains instead of the usual five good captains and one captain who proves to be inadequate, which usually means that the committee spends 80% of our time dealing with the fall out from the one poor captain.

Things on the field are taking shape and it is probably fair to say that this season will be one of transition as effectively we have had to rebuild the second and third team from scratch which is no easy task and bed them in. Our first team will do well although I

can't them having the quality to gain promotion. Our third team probably have the players to finish mid table although they have started slowly. Our fourth team seem to have found their level after several consecutive relegations while our fifth team have started very well and we could be in trouble with the league as they are too good! League rules dictate that we are obligated to play our teams in strength order and I suspect that at present our fifth team is better than our fourth and third team and possibly our second team.

My only concern is the second team as while the younger players in the team are technically proficient they lack the will to win which is affecting morale and results and I can see it being a long season for them. Our Veteran team have added a few new younger players to their squad and thus far have won every game that they have played, except two.

So my summary on the playing side so far would be work in progress with hopefully successful times to come.

After several years of financial turmoil the financial side of the club is returning to a sound footing. This is in part to better financial management and to the generosity of the OEA, who always make a significant donation to the football club annually. This is in addition to the very generous donations that individual members of the OEA occasionally give us.

On behalf of the football club committee I would like to extend my thanks for your generous support. Obviously the financial contribution to us is very welcome, but it is equally the knowledge that you are there for us.

My Egbertian School Days 1964-1969 *by Patrick Flood*

I remember my Mum and Dad telling me I was going to a new school: St Egbert's College in Chingford. I cannot recall the exact reason why I went there, as my brother had gone to St Georges in Walthamstow.

I remember the day I first went to the school, walking down the drive passing the school and meeting Bro Fergus in a small office for my interview. Bro Fergus was sitting behind the desk; he was quite scary at the time, dressed in a black cassock with a cross on the front. I thought in my mind "what am I letting myself in for" and was almost waiting for a bolt of thunder and lightning to start at the same time and light up the room.



Crossing the Irish sea in my school uniform. I would say I was about 13 and I was crossing on an annual holiday to Ireland with my family

When my interview with him concluded I went home knowing I had been accepted to the school. I started off in class 1A, where my teacher during the first year was Bro Peter, who was a lovely man until you got on the wrong side of him and he went from a mellow nature to being very stern.

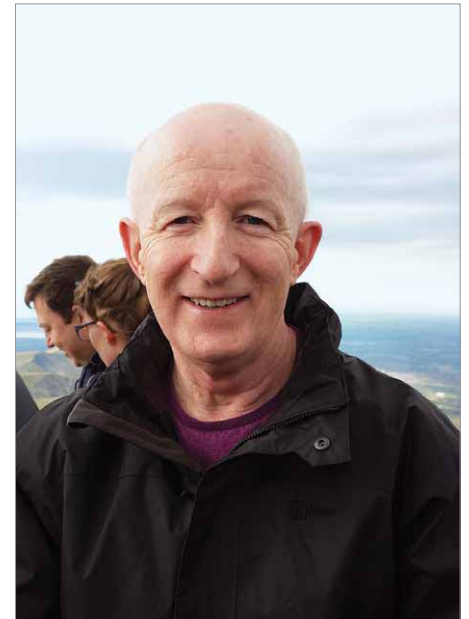
I always struggled with Maths and I did my best to keep my head

above water with the homework, which was always a battle. Discipline was always important at the school and one time I once forgot my PE kit, and Mr Spurgeon went mad; I thought 'I'm in for it now' but thankfully he calmed down. I never forgot it again!

Sports was always a big part of school life. We had the annual sports day in which I used to win my 100 metres heat, against a lad called Black, who I just managed to beat but I never used to finish anywhere in the final. We used to have gymnastics in the middle of the track and parents used to come for the day which was always a busy event. We played cricket in the summer and football in the winter. I was always a natural footballer and loved playing for the school. We used to walk down to the field in Sewardstone Road to play football on the muddy pitches in the winter and back up the hill feeling quite knackered by the time we got back to the school. One year an American lad joined the school. He was quite a big lump but certainly no slouch. We used to nickname him "Yank". He had only ever played American football and had never played soccer. We dreaded him being on the opposite side, as he never did quite get the hang of soccer. When you had the ball, you could hear him running behind you like Forest Gump and because he did not understand the rules, if you did not get rid of the ball quickly enough, he ended up running through you like a buffalo!

During my time at the College the teachers came and went but the brothers remained the same. The people I recall were Bro Maurice, Bro Aloysius, Mr Lindemann, Mr Utting and many others whose names I struggle with but can picture them in my mind. Bro Maurice always used to come into the class smiling, as happy as Larry,

but within five minutes someone would upset him and he would become demonic throwing chalk and the blackboard rubber at someone - normally missing them - and all hell would break loose. It's a wonder we are all still sane!



When I got to the top of Snowdon

One teacher that I have never forgotten was Mr Moran, who was an Irish lay teacher, who came to the school with seemingly something to prove. He managed single handed to put the fear of God into most classes, and for many years after I would have loved to have met him down a dark alley and meted out retribution - not very Catholic I know! I always thought most of the teachers were fair but he always seemed to go beyond the threshold of what was fair! I will say no more.

During this time Bro Fergus moved on and Bro Edmund became the Headmaster. He was Head for my last two years and although very likeable, he sadly lost his way and the school started to go downhill, with the one-time strictness and cohesion that was previously prevalent disappearing, with pupils started doing what they liked without intervention or being

taken to task for their actions. One example was the prefab building in the playground - which was the art room - started to be regularly damaged, and eventually went to wrack and ruin.

In my last year I took to cycling to school from Leyton and used to cycle over Chingford Mount without stopping, and then again up the smaller mount on the other side! The joy of coming home and going down that mount when I used to get up so much speed, and coast to the next traffic lights was immense.

I left the school in 1969 and went to live in Ireland, but came back three months later. I remember looking in the local paper a year later and reading about the school being sold for development and feeling it was the end of an era.

Many years later when I was working as a TV Engineer for Rediffusion, I was sent to a call in St Egbert's Way, Chingford, and drove down to where the school used to be but was now a housing estate. I came out of the house and spend a few moments trying to

picture where I was standing, in retrospect to the school layout and drawing on all those years that I had been in that vicinity. It felt very strange - a part of my life gone forever!

Have I any regrets about going to the school? I did regret not joining Mr Spurgeon's boxing club that he used to run at lunchtime. I always regretted not having a crack at boxing because at the time I thought myself as being too small and would get knocked about. Many years later I did Jujitsu and Judo and made up for it. I also wish that I had kept my school uniform!

I think going to the school gave me values for life and although sometimes it was tough, I am a better person for it compared to what I now see all around me in society. I count myself very lucky to have had a private education as my Mum and Dad were working class people and how they paid the school fees over the years, I will never know. My sisters reminded me for years that I was



With my son Christopher after a tandem parachute jump

indeed the privileged one in the family; much to my amusement! I will always be in my parent's debt, and although they are no longer with me, I have never forgotten that fact. The school lives on in the Egbertian Association which will last hopefully for many more years to come.

Saved by St Anthony *by Paul Buckley*

I arrived at St. Egbert's in September 1964. I was full of expectation at what I might achieve at this wonderful new school, which was so far away from where I lived at the time, which was near Gants Hill.

I remember my interview in July of that year with Brother Fergus. When he discovered it was my 11th birthday, he gave me a box of Black Magic chocolates. The College was very different to my old school in the heart of Ilford.(St. Peter & St. Paul's), but I quickly settled in to the routine in year one under the tutelage of Brother Pascal. I remember he had a stick painted in red and black stripes for those who stepped out of line!

Some foggy days during that November, we were allowed to leave early for the journey home by 179 bus.

It was the following Summer that I recall that a number of us had crossed the picket fence round the playground, into the 'out of bounds' area, when who should stumble along but none other than Brother Fergus, who demanded to know what we were doing there. Thinking quickly on my feet and knowing what grizzly punishment awaited such miscreants, I said we were looking for our ball which had gone over the fence. To which, Brother Fergus replied that he always prayed to St. Anthony when anything was lost which he

duly did. I remember thinking that now I really was for the chop. But then he picked up a stick and proceeded to help search for the fictitious ball. After a few minutes, he picked up a ball from the undergrowth and asked if that was ours. I must have taken all of one second to pronounce that it was in fact the said ball and we all returned to the playground with Brother Fergus beaming at the thought of the intervention of St. Anthony. I was just pleased that I lived to fight another day!

Paul Buckley



Life After St. Egbert's College *by Peter Utting*

I noted in the last issue of *The Egbertian* that the Editor has commented on the fact that many of us who have written articles about our school days, have written very little about our 'Life after St. Egbert's'.

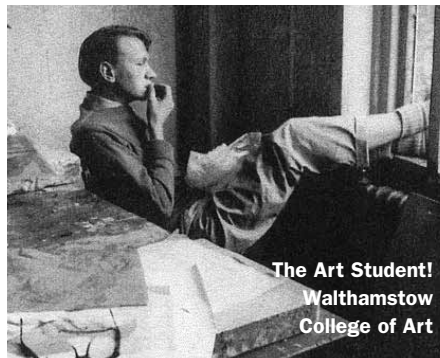
I left the College in July 1958 and in the following September commenced on a full time course at the South West Essex Technical College and School of Art - the latter Art School being my place of further/higher education.

During my five years as a full time student at the Art School I met a number of very interesting people. Fellow students included Ian Dury, Peter Greenaway and also Helen Goodrich, who was the sister of Martin, one of our Old Boys. I drew on many occasions in the Life room, none other than Quentin Crisp, who with many other models, both male and female, came to Walthamstow on a regular basis, as part of the round of London Art Schools.

I also met and was taught by a number of artists who are now Royal Academicians, including Sir Peter Blake, Ken Howard, Fred Cuming, Tony Eyeton, and a fellow student who is now an RA, Bill Jacklin.

During my time at Art School, I completed a teaching practice, and my lecturers recommended that I should seriously consider

joining the 'Noble Profession' as Stuart Ray, the Principal of the Art School called it. So I did and after qualifying I was invited to join the lay staff of St. Egberts by Brother Fergus, and did so in September 1963. Michael Evans was still teaching Art to the senior school, and I took over Preps 3 and 4 and teaching the junior part of the school Art.



I spent the next six years at the College and also developed the Careers work as well while taking two trips abroad with Gordon Spurgeon, accompanied by my wife Yvonne, to Lugano in Switzerland and Sperlonga and Rome in Italy. More about these trips in another issue, with photographs, if I can find them!

It became necessary to gain official Qualified Teacher Status, both for my career prospects and for pension reasons. I therefore successfully applied for the post as Head of Art and Craft at the King Harold School in Waltham Abbey.

Yvonne and I were married in the Abbey Church on June 3rd 1967, the day after my 25th Birthday, and already knew many people in the town. We moved to Little Hallingbury, just south of Bishop's Stortford and was there for two and a half years, after which we moved to a semi detached house in Upshire.

My stay at the 'Harold' as the pupils called it, lasted for three years, and in 1972, we moved to Stanningfield, a village in Suffolk, when I went to teach at Ixworth Middle School as Design Co-Ordinator, where I worked for seven and a half years. During this period I also taught adults at the local Evening Institute. It was when we first moved to Suffolk that our first child, James was born. He is now forty years old and an ex Gunner, having served in both the King's Troop RHA and also in 40 Field Regt. RA. He has also served in Iraq, Bosnia and Cyprus as well as the UK.

Our younger son, Richard was born in 1978 and is now a welder. Both are quite competent artists! Both boys are married and James and his wife are about to make us grandparents. Which has taken a long time!

After Ixworth I worked for a number of years in a residential special school and then went to Norwich as Head of Art in a Comprehensive school. Whilst

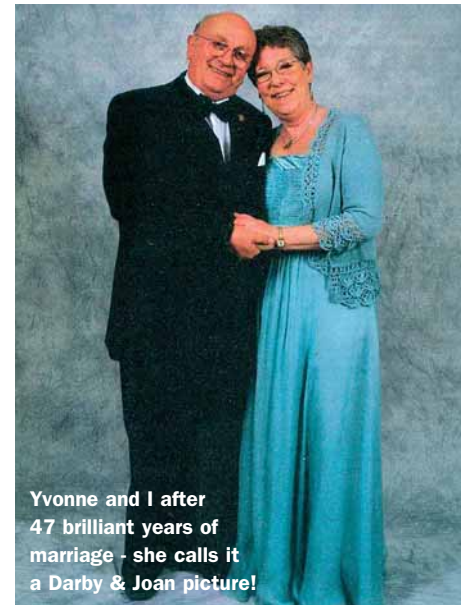


there I was responsible for the staff In Service Training and also carried out Careers Teaching. After Bowthorpe, I went to teach in Caister High School. I was only there for two terms prior to taking up my last full time teaching appointment at Mildenhall Upper School back in Suffolk.

I had had a major heart attack in July 1991, and after three years at Mildenhall, retired on health grounds, but kept up my teaching on a supply basis. I also became a Team Leader for Edexcel in Art and Design, organising and monitoring a team of ten Art Teachers as the moderated GCSE Art and Design examinations. Additionally I also had my own allocation of centres to moderate. I retired fully at the tender age of sixty five and at nearly seventy one, wonder where the time has gone. Yvonne and I now live in a large four bedroomed chalet in Cockfield in Suffolk.

We are now busy with activities in a local Nursing Home, as well as the Church of England. Some of you may remember that I was a cadet with 27F Squadron Air Training Corps and reached the exalted height of Cadet Flight Sargent. I trained and was admitted to the office of Reader in the Church of England in June 1976, where my licence allows me to preach and teach, to take services and assist at others. I am also licenced to conduct funerals, which I do fairly regularly. I am also still involved with the ATC, being a Squadron Chaplain, a position I have held since 1986, and I am also Deputy Wing Chaplain for the Norfolk and Suffolk Wing of the Air Training Corps. This is now the main thrust of my ministry in the Church of England.

As you can see, life has and is busy for both Yvonne and myself,



Yvonne and I after 47 brilliant years of marriage - she calls it a Darby & Joan picture!

and I am superbly supported by my wife of nearly forty seven years. So, that is where I have been, where I am and what I have done and am doing since the days of Mr. McIntyre, Mr. Lee, Brother Columban and all the others who taught me at 'Eggies'.

Theatre trip on Saturday 18th October *by Peter Burke*



Some of our group outside Queen's Theatre Hornchurch

By popular demand we reintroduced the Theatre Trip to our Social calendar this year. Twenty of us visited the Queens Theatre in Hornchurch to see the very funny play 'Lend me a Tenor' by Ken Ludwig. It was a production that even the rain outside could not dampen and there were many laughs around the auditorium throughout the performance in what was a highly amusing and thoroughly enjoyable show.

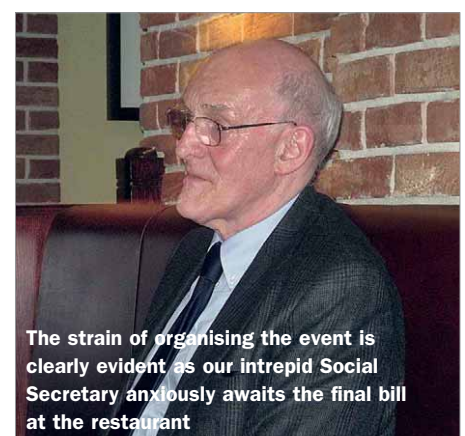
After the show we all went to The Dick Turpin Restaurant in Newbury Park for a meal and great conversation.

Many thanks to our Social Secretary Brian who organised this event. As you can imagine many telephone calls and a lot of time goes into promoting and arranging these outings and it is good to see so many people interested in coming along to keep up the friendships made through the Association.

A very enjoyable day was had by one and all.



Enjoying the meal!



The strain of organising the event is clearly evident as our intrepid Social Secretary anxiously awaits the final bill at the restaurant

A Brother Returns *by Patrick Marchant*

In the Summer 2011 edition of *The Egbertian* I wrote an article about the death of my brother Raymond during the Cyprus Emergency, as it was known, in the late 50's.

Raymond was killed in June 1956 and was one of 371 servicemen killed by members of EOKA (the Greek acronym for National Organisation of Cypriot Fighters) whose terrorist activities started in 1955 and ended in April 1959.

Raymond is buried in Wayne's Keep Military Cemetery just outside Nicosia. It is in the buffer zone enforced by the United Nations, between Turkey controlled area of Cyprus and the Greek side. It is 180 km long with

British contingent of the United Nations Peace Keeping Force who look after a 30 km stretch which includes Wayne's Keep. At the time of our visit the British Force was the Mercian Regiment who were doing a six month deployment.

I subsequently received an email from Sergeant John Whitmore and we agreed to meet on the 12th October at 1300hrs at Ledra Palace Hotel.

Our journey from Pathos to Nicosia was a two hour drive. Finding Ledra Street was another matter but by asking a couple of locals we soon found it. At the bottom of Ledra Street is a crossing point to northern Nicosia. In the



of a map we set off. Good luck took hold as we came across two United Nations soldiers who were going to the Hotel where we met Sergeant Whitmore. Going out into the car park we were led to a very large 4 x 4 Toyota painted white with very large UN on the front side doors and flying the UN flag. Both Sergeant Whitmore and his driver wore the blue beret of the United Nations. Asking us if we would like to go the 'Scenic Route', there was no hesitation as it involved going through the buffer zone which not many civilians get the chance to see. It was a real eye opener. Buildings with gun shot holes, derelict houses and shops which were looted of stock, a car still in the garage going nowhere.

Fortunately the tension between the two sides have eased over the years and guard posts which were manned just a few years ago now remain empty.



a minimum width of 3.3 metres in central Nicosia and a maximum width of 7.4 km.

As the years go on I said to my wife Jean if she would like to go to Cyprus for a holiday with the sole purpose of visiting Raymond's grave before we get too old. Sadly she never met him but I know she talks about him fondly as a Brother in Law.

To visit the Cemetery you need permission so I put the wheels in motion by contacting Mike Wright of the Foreign Office who is based in Nicosia. He in turn contacted the

conflict it was known as 'Murder Mile' because of the number of lives claimed by assassins.

Ledra Palace Hotel was a ten minute walk away so with the help



This was my fourth visit to Wayne's Keep, having already been there twice when I was doing my National Service and with Jean some 20 years ago. As far as I remember little has changed.

I pointed out to John where the grave is and slowly walked over to it. Words cannot describe my feelings as I stood at the foot of the grave. Knowing that he should have been with us at home with his family and not in this place all alone was over whelming. They say time is a great healer but it not as the sadness never goes away. War never solves anything with Cyprus being a prime example.

Laying a wreath and saying prayers was our act of remembrance. As I said to Raymond we shall meet again sometime.



Soon it was time to go but before going back to Nicosia Sergeant Whitmore took us to the Chapel used by the British Forces for Sunday Services. On the wall above the entrance to the Chapel is a board with all the names of the British Service men buried at Wayne's Keep. Then he took us on a tour of Nicosia International Airport in the buffer Zone which was Royal Air Force Nicosia in my day. There is not much there now except the Terminal Building, which is now occupied by birds and a Jet Airliner which was used to block the runway to stop the Turks from landing any planes.

All in all it was a sad but memorable trip.

Anyone for cricket?

Dear Editor

Please find enclosed a photograph of my class taken circa 1956 in the school playing fields - you can see the reservoir in the background. Our form teacher, Mr Hurst told us to bring cameras for photographs. You will see that Mr Hurst is smoking a cigarette, and I can't remember him not smoking apart from in the classroom.

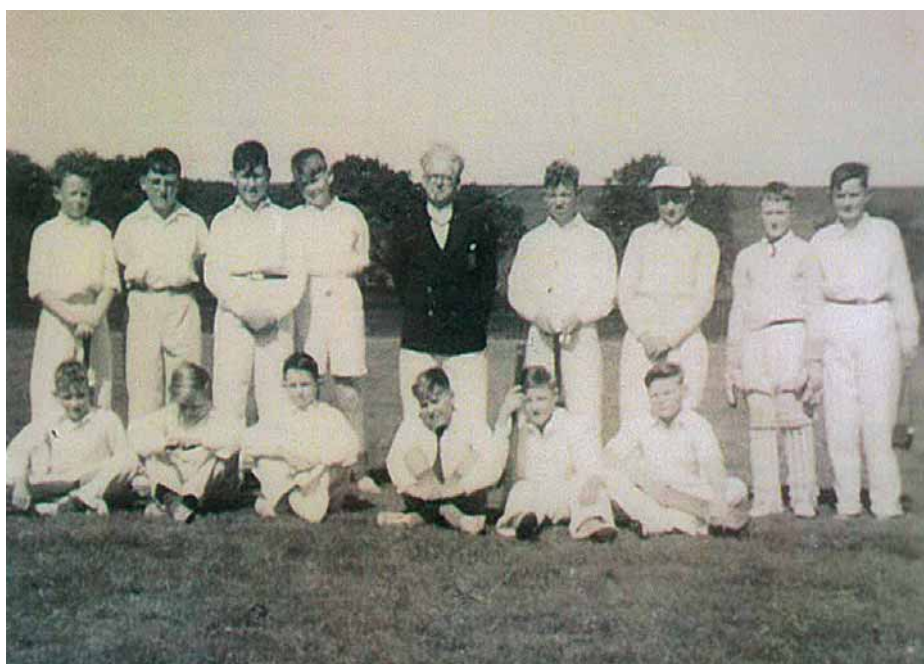
Top, left to right: James Lord; Steve Eastgate; Brian Haggerstone; Andrew Black; Mr Hurst; Pat Clarke; John Cook (with pads on); Andrew Morton

Front, left to right: John Byford; Kevin Dillon; can't remember first name but we called him Minnie; Dennis Ivor Brent; Anthony Wells; Nicholas Ridley

I know that Pat Clarke is deceased but if anybody has any information on any of the above I would be very pleased to hear from them.

Ted Roche

Indeed, all of the above names are not familiar to me so it would be great if anybody knows what became of them after they left the College - Editor



Obituary - Tony Parnell *by Howard Watling*

It is my sad duty to advise my fellow Egbertians of the death of my dear friend Tony Parnell in Llandudno on 1st of June 2014.

Tony joined St Egbert's College before me, as I have seen pictures of him in the prep classes. Like me, he was a non-Catholic, but thanks to the "all inclusive" caring philosophy of the teachers, being non-Catholic never made any difference to us in the choice of our friends or anything else. What a pity that all places in the world can not take the same view!

Tony was in the class above me and was never really academic at school. He was very musical and we first met when we were 13 when we were both trying to learn to play the guitar. We had the same guitar teacher and I remember taking our guitars to school for Guitar Club, along with others, to show Brother Oswald (or it may have been Hugh) some chords to play "skiffle". We both

used to try and work out how to play the tunes that we heard on the radio, like Bert Weedon's "Guitar Boogie Shuffle" which we played as a duet.

My first public appearance was with Tony and Roy Rhodes, his elder cousin, at the Shernhall Street Methodists Church Hall for a Gang Show. In about 1959 or 60 I went to Butlin's Holiday Camp at Clacton, with Tony, his parents and Aunt and Uncle and we won that week's heat of their talent competition, playing our guitars, which was very exciting.

Tony was more musically versatile than me and he passed various grades on the piano, as both his mother and his aunt May played. Indeed, May had played piano in Cinemas before there were "talkies". I remember one day dropping in and hearing Tony



practicing a piece by Berg Muller for a music exam.

Tony was also a very accomplished Banjo player and was influenced no doubt, by Roy who played in, and co-opted Tony into a semi-pro Jazz Band called The City Stompers. I also joined them on acoustic guitar for a while and we used to catch the bus from



Chingford Mount to Roseberry Avenue and then walk down to the rehearsal room above the Three Compasses near Smithfield. This was whilst we were still at school. Tony became such a proficient Banjo player that after Lonnie Donegan left Chris Barber's Jazz Band, Tony was first reserve, if their resident Banjoist (Eddie Smith) was unavailable.

Tony left School in 1960 which was a year before me and he joined the Midland Bank, where Roy also worked, in the City. He always "knew his own mind" and I remember meeting him one Saturday afternoon and asking why he had only shaved exactly half of his face? He explained that he had worked overtime, but when his employers had told him that they would only pay half a day's wages, in spite of him having to spend the same time travelling and the same fares for a full day, he had explained when they enquired that he had "only shaved the one half of his face that they were paying him for"!!

At this time he bought an old Rolls Royce and would sit his friends in the back and act as a chauffeur, using his Midland Bank messenger peaked cap as part of his costume. He always loved cars and driving.

When my Band "The Spartans" was asked to turn professional and go on a European Tour to The Star Club etc, I decided not to go and asked Tony if he would like to take my place, which he willingly did. The band changed their name to "The Riot Squad" and off they went and I subsequently lost touch with Tony for a long time. I believe that they played with the Rolling Stones several times, amongst other well known bands.

I gather that he eventually married a lady called Linda and had a daughter called Joanne, but sadly their relationship did not last. However, by then he was living in

Wales and became proficient in Welsh. He married his present wife, Joan and gained four children from her first marriage. He started doing long distance lorry driving abroad, which he really enjoyed, sometimes being away for some weeks all over Europe, before returning to the UK. He could speak conversational French, German and Russian, which was not bad for someone who was told at school that he was not very good at languages!

Unfortunately, whilst he was abroad a few years ago a French woman drove her car into the back of his lorry and whilst he was standing exchanging details with her, a drunken car driver mowed him down. He was flown to the UK with multiple life threatening injuries, from which he eventually made a partial recovery.

Having seen what smoking had done to his father, Tony gave up many years ago, and was fit enough to regularly walk up Snowdon but the damage had already been done to his lungs during his teenage years, and he suffered latterly with Emphysema.

Fortunately Tony had sought me out in the 1980's when I was running my Coffee Shop and we re-established contact. Meanwhile I had also qualified as a Masseur. When he came to visit one time he was complaining about constant pain from his back injury and he



asked me for a massage. He always declared that once he got off the couch, he felt no more pain, but I think that was his confidence in his belief; rather than my skill!

He was my closest friend and indeed when we both lived in Chingford, we would regularly get up from the chair and, when asked by our parents where we were going, we would say "to answer the phone to Tony (or Howard)" although the phone had not rung, but it would do so by the time we got to the phone! We put this telepathy to good use on stage, because we could both play Rhythm and Lead Guitar and would pass the lead in instrumentals from one to the other seamlessly, because we somehow knew exactly when we were going to swap parts without a word being said.

Rest in peace my dear friend,
I shall miss you.

Yours truly,
Howard G Watling



The Old Egbertian Association
Presents a

CHRISTMAS BUFFET

On Sunday 7th December
at the Queen Elizabeth
Public House, Forest Side,
Chingford, London E4
From 12 noon - 3pm

£8.00 per person

Call Brian Pieri on 020 8524 0258 for further details

"Eh... you turkin' to me?"



Membership

We are getting towards the end of the membership year (December 31st) and are only ten away from our goal of 100 members. At the time of writing we have 81 paid members, five Honourary members and four life members. For an organisation with a dwindling pool of existing and potential members we feel that 100 members is very respectable and we are very close!

If you did not renew last year and you are feeling generous enough to pay next years membership fee and last years at the same time then we might make that magic 100 number. If you do wish to pay both then please make it clear on the membership form which years you have paid so your payment does not get

confused with any donations that you may be making.

We included a membership renewal form in last years Winter newsletter for the first time. This proved to be very successful as we had many members renew during the first two months of the year so we have enclosed a membership renewal form in this issue in the hope that it has the same success.

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, the History of the Order booklet and the website so your prompt payment would be very welcome.

Social Events

Our last two social events for 2014 are both on Sunday 7th December. The annual **Memorial Mass** will take place at the Catholic Church of Our Lady & St Tera of Avila, Kings Road, Chingford at 10.30am. The **Christmas Social** will be on the same day from noon at the Queen Elizabeth Pub in Chingford (usual venue - see advert above).

Our final trip in 2015, before our social programme for 2015/16 is decided at the

AGM, will be a trip to the **Cutty Sark** which will probably be in March. Those who are felling energetic can also visit the **National Maritime Museum** and **The Royal Observatory** which are nearby.

Those who have intimated on their social form that they wish to partake in these events will be contacted in due course. However, it is not too late to get on board by contacting Brian Pieri on 020 8524 0258.

The Old Egbertian Association

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