

The Egbertian

NEWS FROM THE OLD EGBERTIAN ASSOCIATION

see our website at www.oldegbertians.co.uk



INAUGURATED 1928

Spring 2017

Editor's Comment

Welcome to the Spring Edition of EgbertNews.

Many thanks for all those who have made contributions

to this issue namely:

Ray Mitchell, Patrick Marchant, Bruce Williams, Peter Burke, Ted Roche, Tony Gregory and our guest contributor, David Littlemore.

Special thanks also to the family of the late John Steggles. John was a relatively recent member and was very supportive of the newsletter.

Unfortunately he passed before seeing his articles published within these pages. John's family kindly gave their permission to publish his articles.

Thanks for reading!

NEWSLETTER SPRING 2017

A Visit to the National Memorial Arboretum

by Peter Burke

Readers will be familiar with previous articles written by Patrick Marchant relating to the untimely death of his brother Raymond, who was a pupil of the College and was killed on active service during the Cyprus conflict that lasted from 1955 to 1959, which was often referred to as Britain's "forgotten war".

2016 saw the repatriation of a large piece of Cyprus rock engraved with details of all the regimental badges of the regiments involved in the conflict

for future generations to reflect upon and enjoy. It was eventually open in 2001 and is operated by the Royal British Legion and gives it purpose as follows;



Peter Burke and Patrick Marchant

and as a fitting tribute to the fallen, a service of commemoration was held on 21st August 2016 at the National Memorial Arboretum.

The National Memorial Arboretum is situated in Croxall Road, Alrewas, Staffordshire and was first conceived by David Childs in 1988. He believed that it would form a living tribute to our deceased service men and women

The National Memorial Arboretum honours the fallen, recognises their service and sacrifice and fosters pride in our country. It is a spiritually uplifting place and is emerging as a world-renowned centre for remembrance.

On behalf of the Association I was privileged to join Patrick on a visit to the site during October 2016 to

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show respect to a pupil of the College who was unable to enjoy the benefits of a long and interesting life that many of us have taken for granted.

There is a variety of exhibitions, walks, tours and trails with talks on various themes. During the Christmas period there are Christmas carols adding to the atmosphere of peace and reconciliation.

The site is spread over approx 150 acres with 50,000 trees. Apart from the main memorial, which is a striking feature of the site, there are nearly 300 memorials for the armed forces, civilian organisations

and voluntary bodies who have played a part in serving the country relating to the many conflicts that have and sadly are still taking place.

The whole site with its memorials, woodlands and careful landscaping gives a unique atmosphere and has extensive facilities within the modern visitors centre. If one has time the Arboretum is worthy of a visit particularly if readers have had family or friends lost in conflict.

Full details are given on the website (www.thenma.org.uk)



The Cyprus Rock Memorial Plaque



The grounds

Cyprus Memorial Rock *by Patrick Marchant*

My interest in a Memorial for those who died in the "Forgotten War" started on my return from Cyprus last year when my wife and myself visited the grave in Wayne's Keep Military Cemetery of my brother Raymond, who was killed in this conflict.

Having been to the National Memorial Arboretum a couple of years before, I wondered why there was no memorial to the 371 soldiers and Airmen who were killed. I contacted the Arboretum who subsequently replied and eventually put me in contact with David Littlemore who, much to my surprise, was thinking along the same lines.

David is a Cyprus veteran himself and felt that there should be a worthy memorial to the sacrifice that his colleagues made. His commitment in making it happen have been extraordinary and you can read more about his efforts separately.

He told me that plans were on the drawing board, but it would take some time to get everything in place, so over the past two years he has been working on it and visiting Cyprus on a regular basis.

In May of 2015 he contacted me saying that he had arranged for the chosen rock to be transported back to the UK by the RAF and in November 2015 he confirmed that

he had heard from the RAF saying it was on its way by sea.

David mentions in his article that there is a Memorial in Kyrenia which is in the Turkish side of the island which I plan to visit at some stage.

Finally, like all these things there has been insufficient money raised to pay for the cost of the memorial, so any donations would be gratefully accepted. Details can be found at the end of David's piece.

I am pleased to say that Woodford Green Athletic club, of which I am still and Ray was a member, have made a generous donation.

The Story of the Cyprus Memorial *by David Littlemore*

This is the story of the attempt to put right Britain's failure to honour the sacrifice made by the 392 men who gave their lives for their country sixty years ago on the island of Cyprus.

In November 2009 I was waiting to catch a flight to Cyprus to attend the unveiling of the Memorial in Kyrenia, North Cyprus to the troops who lost their lives during the Cyprus Emergency half a century earlier. On this flight I was surrounded by fellow veterans exchanging memories of our experiences of the conflict and of the friends that did not return with us, as old soldiers have done throughout time.

At the time I was shocked by the age and infirmity of my fellow travellers as they appeared to be so much older than myself. It reminded me that so much time had passed since my first flight to Cyprus as a young National Service Military Policeman, fresh out of the training depot at Woking in the Spring of 1956.

As a regular visitor to Cyprus I did not join them on all of the visits arranged for the visiting veterans, but the visit to the Wayne's Keep Military Cemetery, where most of the 371 British military dead are buried, was one that I could not miss.

Most of my time on the island had been as a member of the Commander in Chief's Protection Team and the grounds of his home, where we were based, was within yards of the Military Cemetery. This resulted in us hearing the bugles and saluting shots of the regular burials, reminding us of the high cost in young British lives during the Cyprus Emergency.

On our visit in 2009 we saw families of these casualties who were mostly young National Servicemen, crying at their graves, some of them visiting for the first



Cyprus 1956, David is on the right

time as the cemetery was, and still is, locked into the Green Line between the Greek and Turkish parts of the island. It was at that moment that I realised that if we did not have a memorial to these men in the UK then we should have.

Later at the Memorial dinner, when talking to Keith Rackham who was the Stonemason who had made the Kyrenia Memorial, I discovered that there was no Cyprus Emergency Memorial in the UK. I asked him about the possibilities and costs of providing one at the National Memorial Arboretum and after having all the challenges of such a project explained to me, I made my mind up to do what I could to try and put right this obvious wrong.

Looking back I am amazed at my naivety in thinking that I could find and achieve a simple solution to a very complicated problem that had been attempted and had failed before. It appeared that the problem was not just raising the funding, which in itself would be a major challenge, but equally the practical and political issues surrounding such a project.

I had always felt that the most

appropriate location for a memorial would be the National Memorial Arboretum (NMA) in Staffordshire, so I approached the Arboretum to see if they would allow a memorial to be erected, and was told that no 'individual' could build a memorial as it could only be done by national organisations. I subsequently contacted the National Royal British Legion without achieving any support so I approached the Kyrenia Branch of the RBL and, as a member of that branch, they were very helpful and gave me a letter of support which was accepted by the NMA.

The Memorial then needed to be designed and an application made with plans and a fee submitted, so I was then faced with designing the memorial and raising the funds. Not yet having started the fund raising, I paid the £1000 fee myself in the hope of covering this cost when I started to "rattle" a tin.

The NMA committee agreed the design and I was fortunate to find Brunel Engraving who were very helpful and produced a wonderful stainless steel plaque with the words "IN HONOUR OF THE BRITISH SERVICE PERSONNEL

WHO SERVED DURING THE 'CYPRUS EMERGENCY 1956 -1959' AND IN MEMORY OF THE 371 WHO LOST THEIR LIVES, WE WILL REMEMBER THEM" (image on page 2 - Ed).

The idea of finding a large rock in Cyprus and carrying it to the UK was easy but the practicalities of finding the appropriately shaped four tonne rock, transporting it from a quarry in the Cyprus mountains to the UK was rather

the fundraising was the passage of time since the Cyprus Emergency. The changes that have taken place since then in the armed services has resulted in many of the regiments that had lost men in the 1950s having since merged with other regiments, making contacting the 46 Regimental Associations very difficult.

I spent many hours trying to trace the current addresses of those old Regimental Associations whilst

able to contact were happy to make that donation and only one refused, but I was unable to make contact with many Associations. However, despite this the badges of all the regiments that had lost men during the Emergency were engraved on the base of the Memorial.

During the fundraising for the memorial, the question had been posed about the inclusion of the 21 civilian police officers who lost their lives in the Emergency.

When the Emergency was first declared by Field Marshal Harding, the Governor of Cyprus in 1956, British Police Officers were seconded to the island from many forces in the UK. The officers were promoted one rank above their acting rank in the UK and having often served in the armed forces during the war were used to carrying firearms.

In 2014 a memorial to the 21 police officers who had died had been erected next to the military memorial in Kyrenia and the suggestion of combining the police in the UK Memorial appealed to me having served in Cyprus in the Military Police, and as a Special in Birmingham City for about eight years after National Service.

As both military servicemen and civilian police officers had shared the dangers together, it seemed appropriate that they should be remembered together. Indeed in the Summer of 1956, I was on duty in a Military Police vehicle in Nicosia when a senior EOKA terrorist in custody, having falsely claimed illness, was taken to the General Hospital where an ambush had been set up. One of the two UK police officers escorting the prisoner was killed in the ambush together with two of the ambushers and a hospital porter. The police officer was one of the early civilian police casualties of the Emergency.

I decided to ask the Police what they thought about the suggestion



Dave Littlemore and Great Grandson Sebastian

more complicated. Fortunately with the help of the President of the Kyrenia RBL Branch, Air Chief Marshal Sir Michael Graydon, the RAF, and an organisation called 'Interserve', this complicated task was managed brilliantly.

During this time the fund raising process started via a "GoFundMe" website which was introduced to me by Cyprus Scene, who are a news agency in North Cyprus, who have been very supportive and have written several articles on the Rocks progress. The subsequent letters and messages from veterans and the families of those who had lost their lives during the Emergency have been very moving, and on many occasions the words of a bereaved brother or sister making a donation would bring a tear to the eye.

One of the main challenges in

trying to trace individual veterans, and concluded that it was an impossible task.

Regrettably the records of the trust who had organized the Kyrenia Memorial were not available to us so we had to rely on those who were keeping in contact with old friends and colleagues passing on the information. It was fortunate that there were a number of these informal networks that were active such as the RAF's National Service Association which is very well organized and was particularly helpful to me later in the organizing of the Unveiling Day.

We had requested from each of the regimental associations a donation of £100 to cover the cost of the engraving of their badge and a contribution toward the Memorial. Most of those we were

and without hesitation they said they were in favour of a combined memorial and they had in fact been following the project and were very keen to be involved. The suggestion met the approval of the NMA and it was arranged for some additional wording to be added to the plaque and the Memorial is now the first to combine both military personnel and civilian police from one foreign conflict. The inclusion of the civilian police casualty brought in increased funding from individuals and organisations such as the Police Mutual and my thanks goes to Steven Mann for their generosity.

The Unveiling of the Memorial took place on Sunday August 21st 2016, and had been left largely in the hands of Pat Honey, a veteran RAF National Serviceman, to whom I shall be eternally grateful, together with Neil Trotter who acted as the day's Parade Marshal.

We arrived early at the Arboretum to find it overflowing with veterans and their families carrying wreaths and standards. I was, I must admit, overawed by the turn out and had difficulty getting through the reception area to take the VIP wreaths down to the Memorial.

As the area around the Memorial filled with families and veterans I realised just how many people had

come to the Unveiling Day. I have to admit I was humbled by it all. Suddenly I heard pipes behind me, and turned to see three pipers from the Gordons leading the march through the trees. It was at that moment I knew beyond any doubt that what I had started back in 2009, which was being completed today, had all been well worth the effort.

From then on the event went like clockwork thanks to Neil Trotter and his team. Sir Michael unveiled the Cyprus Rock and we were all able to see what a fantastic Memorial had been provided to those military and police personnel who had lost their lives during the Cyprus Emergency.

Later I stood on my own for a few minutes and thought about the long road travelled to this event. I tried to remember why I had first started such a daunting project. My motivation had been mixed, it was partly seeing the families at the graves who had not previously been able visit the Waynes Keep Memorial, but primarily I believe it was the realisation that my long and fortunate life had been denied to so many of my young colleagues. The day was to give the families of those young men who did not return with us a memorial in the UK to visit and remember them. It was also in a sense a metaphorical way of

'bringing the boys home', and ensuring that we will always remember them.

David Littlemore.

PS: Since then...

A few weeks after the Memorial's Unveiling, the final invoices showed that we had not raised sufficient funds to cover all the costs. A major additional cost had occurred when we had unexpectedly to pay for the Cyprus Rock to be transported to the Arboretum from the stonemasons in Norfolk. Also one of the major shortfalls in raising the funds was not being able to contact all the regimental associations who had lost men during the Cyprus Emergency, to request donations towards the cost of engraving the 46 cap badges on the base of the Memorial. We must now again attempt to contact the regimental associations to ask for their contribution to the cost of engraving their cap badges on the Memorial to raise the funds to cover the shortfall.

Donations can be made as follows:

*By cheque, to: D Littlemore
Cyprus Memorial at Trem y Mor,
Borth y Gest, Gwynedd LL49 9UF.*

*Or on-line to: D Littlemore-Cyprus
Memorial, Barclays Bank
53103560 - 20 35 47.*

Ray Marchant *by Tony Gregory*

It is with great sadness that I remembered the 60th anniversary of Ray Marchant's death on the 12th June 1956.

At the time he was representing the Royal Engineers Dhekelia in a football match playing an away game near Limassol in Cyprus. The coach in which they were travelling ran over a landmine near Berengaria Village.

I was unable to attend his funeral at Wayne's Keep in

Nicosia as my Commanding Officer at the time deemed it too dangerous to travel from RAF Episkopi as there was heavy EOKA terrorist activity at that time.

I was in the College's First X1 football and cricket teams with Ray and it was he, being an excellent sprinter himself, who was responsible for seeing my potential as a high jumper on sports day and he encouraged me

into joining the Woodford Green Athletic where he was a member.

I went on to "great heights" thanks to Ray and became club champion as well as Cyprus Services champion and subsequently went to the Middle East Championships.

I have permanently felt, from nineteen years old, that I should try and lead an 'extra life' for him, dedicating many a memory to his honour. "This one's for you Ray".

The Rise and Demise of Stainsby House *by Ray Mitchell*



South aspect. The ivy was strong enough to support a climb.

In my *The Egbertian* Spring 2008 article on Stainsby House or Hall as it was often known, I finished by saying I would enlarge further on its history. I compiled this article a while ago and placed it on the back burner as I was ever hopeful that some of the story would clarify certain items. However, I have gone as far as I am able and herewith is my effort hoping that members may find it of some interest. There maybe some pupils from those far off days still around who can fill in any gaps.

The origin of the estate and house are vague and complex pre 1250. Around this time it came into the hands of the Morleys of Morley and then passed to William de Steynesby of Hardwick and thence to his grandson of the same name, who died in the year 1300. At this time the estate is spelt Stainsby.

Stainsby is not a modern name. The spot was so designated in 1676 and no doubt for centuries before. The name signifies "place of stones," or the "stone." This is a little incongruous as there is not a quarry to be found locally. However, some say it was built of rough rock from Horsley Castle quarry.

At this time the house was occupied by George Moore who was the second son of George Mower of Barlow Woodseats. His name is more often than not spelt More. In 1629 he married Mary, who was the daughter of Robert Wilmot of Chaddesden. This family exploited the coal underlying the estate. The house at this time must have been modest being taxed at three hearths in 1670.

The house then passed to the Fletcher family who were colliery owners and subsequently to the Barber Family. A John Barber was living in the house in 1767, who was the son of Francis Barber of Gresley by Elizabeth, sister of Robert Fletcher - one time of Stainsby and who died in 1731 and the daughter of Robert Fletcher of Kilbourne who died in 1711. The house passed into the hands of a Samuel Buxton who was a speculator who sold it to Edward Sacheverell Wilmot-Sitwell of Morley in 1782. Hence the connection of Stainsby House with this family.

At this time the manor and the estate of Horsley and Horsley Woodhouse was held by the Stanhope family who were the Earls

of Chesterfield which did not include Stainsby House. In 1785 the estate was purchased by Edward Sacheverell Wilmot-Sitwell from the 5th Earl of Chesterfield. The house that he acquired was built on the site of a much older house probably built by coal-master John Fletcher who died in 1734. In 1780 the house was enlarged by the conglomerate of Pickford and Gardner of Uttoxeter and further enlarged by Edward in 1795. In 1839 Edward Degge Wilmot-Sitwell went further with the erection of the portico on the north side, plus domestic offices with brewhouse, extensive cellarage, new stables and a coach house. In 1885 Robert Sacheverell Wilmot-Sitwell added a very spacious drawing room. The conservatory with ambitious Art-Nouveau stained glass was installed around 1860. The cluster of four substantial Doric columns was no doubt installed to counter the possible subsidence due to the extraction of coal directly under the building by John Ray of Heanor.

At some time the gardens were developed along with a Gothic parapet at the western end between the two fishponds. This originally adorned the court entrance of the Derby Nunnery situated on the Nottingham Road between Derby and Nottingham. The southern gardens held two tennis courts, a croquet lawn, a rose garden and had extensive lawns.

In the writings left by Edward Degge Wilmot-Sitwell, there are references to a lawyer who was employed to "look over" the large collection of records appertaining to Stainsby and belonging to the Wilmot-Sitwell family and going back to 1666. The result was a grievous act of vandalism as "two large cart loads" of them were committed to the flames.

The interior of the house was notable for the very thick north-



Aerial view of house, annex, stables and kitchen gardens



North aspect. The village cricket team played on the front lawn.

south wall immediately to the right as one entered the front door and pierced on the ground floor and first floor by squat stout Doric columns. The stairway ascended in three directions before exiting on the first floor. From there one had to turn left and walk east along the corridor for the continuation of the stair to ascend to the second and top floor. The servant's stairway was west along this corridor.

Readers of my two previous articles on Stainsby House will remember the circumstances that led to the acquisition of Stainsby in 1939 by the brotherhood. The incumbent in 1939 was Robert Bradshaw Wilmot-Sitwell who no doubt found that the death duties due on the estate of his predecessor Edward Sacheverell Wilmot-Sitwell (1862 -1936) could only be met by the sale of the

house. This indeed was the bane of many similar large estates at that time. I suppose that one might think that this was the beginning of the demise of the grand houses for titled families.

The Wilmot-Sitwells were at the forefront of the Smalley community for 150 years. Edward Degge donated land for the girls school, Robert gave land for extension of the burial ground, Miss Eliza installed the church porch and Wilmot gave a grant of £1440 to restore the fountain. Squire Wilmot-Sitwell built the church hall at Horsley. Edward Saucheverell gave the cricket club a new ground which is still played on today.

Rev Brother Kevin was Director General at the time when St Aloysius College took over the Hall for pupils and staff who had been evacuated from London

during the War. Local boys were also accepted as day pupils.

I rather think that over the next 19 years until its closure in 1958, its true value shone through. The love and care given by the Brotherhood to their charges in school followed by the Novitiate saw many hundreds of pupils who tramped its rooms and corridors meant that the old house saw much activity.

The Remaining Years

With the closing of the Novitiate in 1958 the brotherhood sold Stainsby Hall to a chicken farmer. Apparently the occupiers lived in a flat within the building, leaving the rest of the house to become derelict and overrun with chickens! In 1964 the smell was so bad that there was an inspection

Continued on page 10



Main hall. Open door into the senior boys refectory. Door to its left into the library.



Main hall. Door leading into brothers refectory. The door at end of passage between Doric columns into chapel. The plaque over fireplace commemorates opening of Novitiate



WEEKLY EGBERTIAN

BEATI MUNDO CORDE



VOLUME 2

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 7TH 1952

NUMBER 5

TARGET REACHED

LARGE SUM QUICKLY RAISED FOR FUND

The School has been swift to show two things. First that they appreciated Brother Hugh and second that when the cause is good they can be very generous.

The Presentation Fund started for Bro. Hugh has now reached the total required - £7-10-0.

This sum will be used to purchase the gift which will be the token of our respect towards him.

Many thanks to those who supported the "Egbertian" fund so well. More news of the gift at a later date.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

Some of you may think it early to be making resolutions for the New Year but Forms V and IV are already planning an outing to be held on New Year Eve. The planning is however in the hands of a third former, Lyons.

The outing is to the Garrick Theatre to meet "Mr Callaghan". After the show they hope to have the thrill of letting in the New Year in Piccadilly Circus. We are reminded of the last time St Egbert's ventured to that spot and the adventures of one Mould.

NEW PUBLICATION AT WOODFORD

The "Egbertian" is glad to announce a fresh rival in the sphere of our weekly journalism.

St Mary's Convent are to set up a weekly magazine. Any pupils in the School who would like to place an order for this can do so by seeing the "Egbertian" Editor-L. Lyons.

Why not place an order for your copy of the "Weekly Egbertian"?

JOIN THE SUPPORTERS' CLUB

NEW MOVE FOR BETTER SPORT

With a view towards Brighter Football, P. Hooton has become President of a newly-formed Supporters' Club. He is at present composing the new School Yell and boys should bear this in mind when they come within speaking distance of him.

Only one qualification is required of those joining - they must have a loud voice. Hooton will be glad to give aspiring members an audition in the playground at any time. The first meeting of this Club will be held in the Assembly Room at 1.00 next Monday.

SUPPORT YOUR TEAM

ANYONE PLAY CHESS ?

If you do and are keen on joining a Club then see Allen of Form 3 who hopes to start a club within the School

RAFFLE BOOKS

Brother Oswald would be glad if all the people holding Christmas Draw Books would give them in to him as soon as possible - preferable today.



A PAGE OF GENERAL TOPICS

CASH PRIZES

You are invited to enter for the cash prizes being offered by the "Egbertian". First prize is 5/- and second prize 2/6. To win the prize you have two choices. Either write an article entitled - "The Perfect School Newspaper" - or else write the words for a thing we have lacked for so long - A School Song. School Song or article - try your hand at it this week and turn your literary talent into cash.

CAMEO CUTS
"THE SENIOR"

His head is as big as he is tall. He has an amazing talent for composing "Odes" to a certain person who vents his feelings on their stiff limbs. That perhaps explains why the Juniors refer to them as "those big stiff". From December to March they follow the Ancient Tradition of Junior Scragging and for the rest of the year their grotesque contours become drawn and haggard as the final exam approaches. When not discussing how many links to a four speed they decide what to do with certain M.P.s. A virtue? Well, perhaps they have the right idea of what to do with the M.P.

EGBERT WHISPERS

x The chimes of a far off clock tower booms out the half hour and from classes all over the school issues a great sigh of relief. Yes, school is over for the day at least. Descending the stairs, thronging the corridors are streams of assorted boys - pug noses, spiked ears, all have one idea - home and tea. A slumped figure remains in the classroom tired out from the fearful incompetence of youth. Outside the school stands Bro. Just anxiously guarding his flowers and from the direction of the arena can be heard Bro Fergus crisply putting his footballers through their paces. In the playground two brothers can be smelt, by the fumes of petrol, as they put a motorcycle through its paces. In the Assembly Room the two lay masters perform weird movements as ~~xx~~ they ~~per~~play a type of table-tennis never to be seen again.

WE HEAR FROM YOU THAT -

Sir,
At the beginning of the term Goddard promised that all members of the Table Tennis Club would be entered for a tournament every fortnight. During the past seven weeks only one tournament has been played. Why? Bad organisation in my opinion. According to the "Beak" those who lost their tournament would not be permitted to play until the next round and this means that only the more advanced players, who usually win, would be allowed to practise, whilst the beginners were given no real chance to improve themselves. Why was the team picked secretly? According to the secretary the privileged members of this club were chosen by the one and only tournament. Yet, Stagg and Harvey, surely two of the best players in the school, are not even reserves. There is corruption, favouritism and bad organisation in this Club. Get rid of it Goddard or we'll get rid of you!

Disillusioned

Sir,
What has happened to the Music Club and the Stamp Club both started last term?

Dear Reader,
Both these clubs have died a natural death solely because of lack of support. Mrs Cresswell would be happy to form another Music Club if there should be keen AND consistent support.

(continued from last column)
In the kitchen can be seen the vague outline of huddled shapes grasping huge cups full of an essence not known to us.

ART CLUB

This Club held its first meeting last night and as only four boys arrived it looks very much as if it will also be the last one.

Mr Peacock's shop is at the bottom of Chingford Mount on the left. His shop has recently been redecorated and he has a stack of Christmassy things. Mr Peacock has done a great deal to help our paper and so we would like you to bear this advertisement in mind when Christmas shopping.



Above and below: The demise of Stainsby Hall

by the Medical Officer for Health. They remained in occupation until the early 1970's when it was bought by a Mr Robert Morley, owner of Alida Packaging at Heanor Gate. His intention was to renovate the house and he applied for planning permission to develop it into either a club or hotel. This was refused by the authorities and he subsequently demolished the building in 1972.

In the light of modern thinking it is doubtful if permission would have been granted to demolish a house of ancient lineage today.

The house that he subsequently had built won an award and included, apart from the usual

domestic facilities, a snooker room, bar, indoor swimming pool, marble floors and sauna. This was in addition to a helicopter landing pad at the rear of the building and stables (not the originals).

The builder was David Shelley of Nottingham and the house was of highly unconventional design with every room either round or oval, without



The new house on the site.

a single corner in it.

Mr Morley became a tax-exile and sold the house to the Sanhu Brothers who owned a chain of convenience shops. As far as I am able to ascertain they still live there.

To finish on a more light hearted note, I do not remember Cyril Selby who was at Stainsby at the same time as myself. I read his recollection of the boys attention to Brother Patrick's pipe - poor Paddy!

Our trick was to wrap the head of a Swan Sylvester match in silver paper and when unobserved surreptitiously install it in his pipe. As you can imagine the

pyrotechnic display resulted in uncontrolled laughter.

However, we were not to get away with this display of what I suppose was an ill-advised prank. The whole class was up before Bro. Gabriel and after a haranguing of some length we were sentenced to "walk" for three days. For the uninitiated this required the miscreant to spend his recreation time walking up and down the drive in front of the house with possibly the "Acts of the Apostles" from which to learn passages. As there were four breaks during the day this was hard graft.

Nevertheless Happy Days!

Ray Mitchell



Photo Gallery

*Pictures unearthed
by Bruce Williams*

1st XI 1949/50

Back row

David Smail, Guy Emery,
unknown, Bro. Oswald, Bruce
Williams, unknown, Roger Drew,

Front row

John Mould, Ron Fellowes,
John Webster (capt),
Barry Sampson, Brian Harvey



1st XI 1950

Back row

David Smail, Guy Emery,
Ron Fellowes, Bro. Oswald,
unknown, Brian Dankins,
Geoffrey Clarke

Front row

John Mould, Barry Sampson,
Bruce Williams (capt),
Brian Harvey, Dave Ashford,
John Webster

Fifth Form 1950

Back row

Bruce Williams, Brian Harvey,
Barry Harvey

Middle row

Terry Chapman, Frank White,
Geoff Clarke, unknown,
Roger Drew, David Smail,
Mike McKibbin

Front row

David Ashford, David Utting,
Michael Garrard, Ron Fellowes,
Mr Cook (Form Master),
unknown, John Nightingale,
Reg King, unknown



Nuffink in Particular Part Two *by Ted Roche*

You may remember, about three years ago, my threatening a follow up to 'Nuffink in Particular' (a collection of poems, anecdotes and written sketches).

Well, I'm afraid to tell you it has now come to pass, and 'Nuffink in Particular' Part Two is now available.

The money raised so far from sales of the book is £512.00, of which £112.00 will be going to the Pilgrims Hospice for books sold in the Deal and Dover shops.

The residual £400.00 was intended for Cancer Research but having recently become aware of the need for Kelly Turner and her family to raise funds for her cancer treatment, this would seem a more immediate and personal

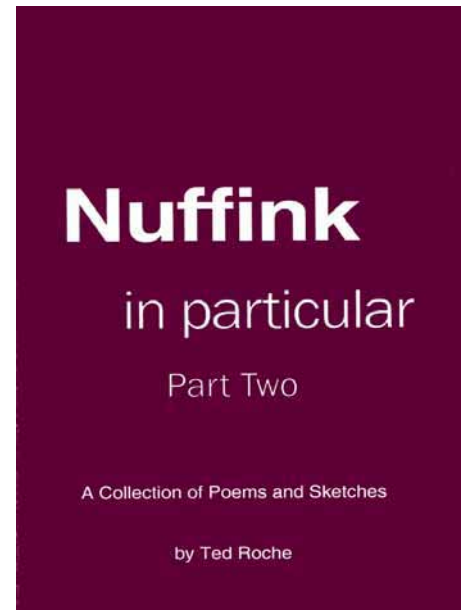
destination for the money (also for any further donations).

Kelly is a 16 year girl from Dover, suffering from a rare form of cancer, who needs to raise over £1 million (£500,000 up front) for life saving treatment in America. To date £500,000 has been raised so still a long way to go.

The book is still available from the author at £4.50 plus £1.30 for postage and package (email: ted.roche30@btinternet.com) or from Peter Burke at any OEA social event at £4.50 or from Amazon (£5.00) listed under Ted Roche or the book title.

Finally, many thanks to all those who have contributed so far and for your continued support.

Ted Roche



Top L to R: Dave Mangham, Chris Eastgate, Clive Boon.
Bottom L to R: Ted Roche, Chris Farman, Martin Bacon.

Class of 1960 get together

On October 19th a small group of the class of 1960 (leaving year) gathered at the house of Chris Farman in Westcott (near Dorking) and then retired to a local pub/restaurant for lunch.

We enjoyed an excellent meal plus, of course, wine and soon the years melted away with numerous "Do you remember when...?"

It was a very convivial day and one that we hope to repeat on a regular basis.

If any of our peers would like to join us next time, then we would love you to get in touch.

Please contact Ted Roche on ted.roche30@btinternet.com.

Thank you from the EFC Football Club

A big thank you for the generosity of the OEA, who always make a significant annual donation to the football club. 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 equally is the knowledge that you are there for us.

Jeff Thomas - Secretary



My first day as an Egbertian came in January 1938. During the previous summer my parents had taken me to see the Director, Brother Columban, at the age of eight. They showed him reports from my teachers at St Augustine's school in Barkingside, which seemed to satisfy him. The Director was quite imposing, at least to me, but he insisted that my dog, Billy, should be put in the temporary care of Bro Vincent. Billy obviously approved of the young teacher, and therefore so did I. However a whole term slid

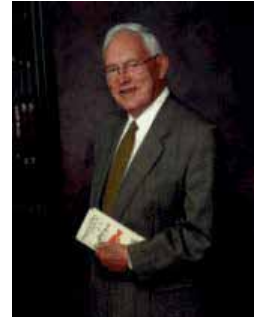
My school days *by John Steggles*

by before I joined the school; perhaps my parents thought the seven mile journey was too daunting for a young boy though starting the academic year one term late is less than ideal.

The school then taught both boarders and dayboys. The number of boarders had grown due to a recent influx from a sister school, Corpus Christi College, Leigh-on-Sea, whose buildings had suffered a serious fire. Our boarders lived in The Chantry building, as did most of the Brothers. The Chantry also had a small chapel, a sanatorium and the refectory.

I was to be a dayboy; on my first day my father asked one of the older boys, Tony Erhardt, to keep an eye on me. I had known Tony's sister Pat as a pupil at St Augustine's. All Tony had to do was guide me from the Bull & Crown to the back entrance in King's Head Hill until I found the form master of Preparatory II, Brother Peter. He greeted me and two other young boys who started with me that day: Derek Hansing and Maurice Tigwell. Derek

eventually left to undergo nautical training while Tig and I stayed together until we had completed the Oxford School Certificate in 1945. He was a talented artist but I lost touch with him when we left.



Alwyne Wheeler

Perhaps my most distinguished contemporary was Alwyne Wheeler who was already in Prep II when I joined. We stayed chums until our paths parted - I to commence a degree course in science and he to study for the Higher School Certificate at Chingford County High School. Sadly, much of my knowledge of him came from his obituary though I often heard his voice on naturalist programmes and read the occasional articles by him in *New Scientist*.

He died in the summer of 2005 at the age of 75 after suffering from Alzheimer's disease for some years, which demonstrates that even those with the most active brains can be struck down. I knew he was something of a naturalist but was unaware that he had joined the London Natural History Society at the age of 13. National Service followed his success in the Higher School Certificate when at 18 he joined the Royal Army Medical Corps. Army postings allowed him to pursue his natural history interests both in the UK and in Jamaica during those colonial days. On his release he applied to



1945 top class led by Bro Thomas. John Steggles is back row left. Alwyne Wheeler is seated on the left

join the Museum of Natural History in South Kensington, where he had been a frequent visitor to the department of zoology. The last time I spoke to him was in 1947 at a party held by Michael McGovern's family. He was thinking then of studying Botany and Zoology at university, but his obituary indicates that he

never took a degree. His reputation among fellow naturalists enabled him to walk straight into this prestigious institution and stay there, albeit as an assistant. In time he became an Ichthyologist and Fellow of the Linnaean Society; indeed he was the foremost authority on British fishes and the author of many publications.

From the early fifties, Alwyne Wheeler and I both lived in Theydon Bois but our career paths never crossed. In 1949 I had become an industrial chemist and finally left Essex at the end of 1965 to join the Central Research Laboratory of ICIANZ in Melbourne as a Senior Research Officer.

Eighteen Stone of Trouble by John Steggles

In a long and varied business career John held senior positions at several companies including working for Robert Maxwell. Often referred to by the satirical magazine Private Eye as 'Cap'n Bob', these are his reflections on working for the man who coined the phrase "The Customer is King". Ed

Robert Maxwell's body was found floating in the sea in November 1991 and for several mornings afterwards I woke feeling depressed. This was a puzzle to me because I had little love for the man. Indeed it was a relief to retire after a bellyful of his regime but perhaps working within kicking distance of a bully still leads to a sense of loss when his boots finally go for auction.

People started talking about suicide. But surely megalomaniacs seldom kill themselves and Maxwell was never one to give up a battle. Indeed he loved a fight. His favourite expression was 'let them sue' but it was the taunt of someone who knew that his adversary could not afford to take such action or lacked the stomach to do so.

He made a dawn raid for 29.4% of the British Printing Corporation in July 1980. BPC had employed me for three years as Technical Manager involving me in the choice of new technology to sharpen the edge of our production lines. The company was on its beam-ends and needed drastic action. For months the Directors had resisted his overtures until Maxwell formally demanded

a seat on the Board with the indication that his main company, Pergamon Press, could underwrite a rights issue under the Chairmanship of Lord Kearton. This much respected businessman had already agreed to become a non-executive director of a re-launched company.

Such was the size of BPC's overdraft that their bank (Maxwell also banked with them) took less than three weeks to have him installed as the Mr Big on BPC's board. This was his first directorship of a public company since the sixties when a Board of Trade inspector had declared him unfit to run one.

Thus a whirlwind hit Print House, which was BPC's head office in Covent Garden, London. The corridors leading to Maxwell's office were cluttered with people anxious to press their claims with the new chief - Trade Union leaders, suppliers, customers and others. Soon frenzied visits to many factories led to what Maxwell called his Survival and Prosperity plan. Top of the list for cost savings were closures and redundancies for over a thousand people. Perks for directors were cut out. There was a pension holiday for the firm



and we all had to pay more into the scheme. Some plants suffered wage cuts, while overtime was reduced and more tightly controlled. His final act before selling Print House was to set up a Tender Board to put tougher disciplines into purchasing. My boss became its Chairman and I became a member. Those head office staff kept on were shunted off to a wing of Headington Hill Hall in Oxford, which was the site of Maxwell's home and the HQ of Pergamon Press.

The whole set-up brought to mind a school run by a deranged headmaster. Tannoy loudspeakers barked from many corners so that the head's statements and commands could not be ignored. On my first day there I was astonished to hear a female voice inform us that it was now one o'clock and we could go to lunch.

The first Director to resign was the Head of the Business Forms division. My boss was moved sideways to clear up the subsequent mess and turn it into

something viable, leaving me to run the Tender Board. I joined the Managing Director's Executive Committee which met every two weeks. Directors and senior executives on site also met each morning whenever Maxwell was in. These so called briefing meetings had a valuable purpose but they also became a vehicle for insults, abuse and rage. To be fair, there were occasional flashes of humour – Maxwell had a very broad smile and occasionally there was praise for the favoured.

Our fortnightly Executive meetings included key central staff and the Chief Executives of divisions. Maxwell paid scant regard to the agenda, choosing instead to go round the table for each to report whatever he felt was crucial. It was a clever ruse enabling him to check who was being effective. Phone calls would often interrupt, mostly outward and of little consequence, showing us how many bigwigs would be polite to him. Meanwhile many of those in the boardroom would sit wondering why they were there. Ultimately Maxwell's vanity must have cost him dear.

In the factories Maxwell cut costs like outwork and overtime while investing in equipment to produce the goods wanted in the market. A simple formula but one that needed ruthless control. Financial directors owed total allegiance to the centre and it was too bad if they acted with excessive loyalty to the divisional boards where they sat. Transgressors were brought into Oxford to perform humdrum tasks under scrutiny. Most failed the test and were soon fired. By paradox if an executive showed signs of leaving, Maxwell would strive to keep him. In a way he was like a spoilt child whose discarded toy had been picked up by a playmate.

He made many grave errors dealing with his senior people. He seemed to go out of his way to

create organisational weaknesses as if to prove to his underlings that he owned them. Indeed he once publicly expressed contempt for all employed people in a lecture to Directors from the printing industry, saying that they were all vulnerable because they did not own their companies. He did not own BPC either but was the largest shareholder. The rest he regarded much as a bookie looks on his punters; there to be persuaded that their money is safe in his hands. In later years Maxwell's actions made it clear that no-one's money was safe in his hands.

For some years the stock market and senior people in the printing and publishing industry expressed great confidence in Maxwell. One notable exception in the eighties was the writer of the LEX column in the Financial Times who saw through foggy annual reports and warned readers that declared profits depended on inflated asset valuations. Indeed trading operations made only a lean return on total finance employed. Like others before him Maxwell was obsessed by size rather than honest returns on sound investments. Deals were the thing and 'long-term' meant next month. In the mid-eighties shareholders were promised that they would soon own the largest communications company in the World. The company name was changed to Maxwell Communications Corporation plc.

In 1986 he acquired two strings of printing companies in the USA. Then he grew hungry for American publishing companies but not before they had seen him coming. More than once he paid top dollar. At home Reed International unloaded two major headaches on to Maxwell – Odhams (Watford) Ltd and the Mirror Group. He used the site of the gravure printer in Watford to sort out the newspapers by providing premises for modern production. It also had space for a

supermarket and a light industrial estate. Together these paid for the investments in renovation and new machinery.

Maxwell had always wanted a newspaper. He now had a pulpit to preach from. His written sermons appeared in the pages of the Mirror. Executives were ordered to read them daily.

He loved property especially freehold factories. Those possessing playing fields were most desirable, offering sites for development. The company owned one in Aylesbury and bought another in Nottingham. Rich pension funds were also appetising, making potential acquisitions irresistible. In 1985 the Personnel Director approached me to put my name forward as a pension fund trustee. A few days later Maxwell turned me down in favour of one of his sons which sent me a clear message. Three years later I decided to retire early to take my pension while it was still safe.

Maxwell's Pergamon Press made a notable contribution as a specialist publisher. The books were valued by their authors, and technical magazines bought by libraries on subscription produced a positive cash flow. But consumer publishing was too big for him as he relied too much on hunches. The first of his magazines, Sportsweek, was to be a printed version of BBC's Grandstand. Their TV audience then rested on the absence of any real competition, but print was another matter. Another great flop was the London Daily News, up-dated four times a day, but few readers were prepared to cough up more than once a day.

Some very clever people worked in Maxwell's taxation department hence the registration of his companies in Liechtenstein. If his spirit moves anywhere it is in that Principality rather than the Mount of Olives where his huge body was interred in Jerusalem.

Socially speaking

We have a wide range of possible events for the forthcoming Social calendar.

Fuller details are on the enclosed Social Calendar form (to be returned to Brian Pieri) but brief details are as follows:

Theatre Trip to see Educating Rita at The Queens Theatre at 2.30pm on Thursday 27th April.

AGM/Social on Wednesday May 10th at 1pm.

London Walk on Saturday June 17th, entitled "London's East End".

Memorial Mass (date to be confirmed).
Aldwych Secret Station visit (subject to interest).

Theatre Trip in October (production and date to be confirmed).

National Gallery visit (subject to interest).

Trip from Southend to Whitstable on HMS Waverley.

Christmas Social on Thursday 14th December.

Contact Brian Pieri on 020 8524 0258 for further details or to express your interest in any event(s).

Membership

At the time of writing we have a healthy 65 paid members including five Honourary members and four life members.

For an organisation with a dwindling pool of existing and potential members, we feel that our target number of 100 members is very respectable and achievable. Indeed if everybody renewed every year then we would comfortably hit our target.

If you have not renewed, and if not

then there will be a membership renewal form within the newsletter, then we would appreciate your prompt payment.

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 and the website so your prompt payment would be very welcome.

Email address

Do you have an email address that we don't have?

The OEA committee is very keen to communicate with its members on a more regular basis than a physical newsletter allows and having your email address, if you have one, would allow us to do so.

If you have an email address and did not receive the recent March e-newsletter (which would have been subsequently posted to you for this reason) then it would be greatly appreciated if you could email jefft@otp.co.uk so that we can update our email contacts accordingly.

Website - www.oldegbertians.co.uk

The website domain name has recently changed (from .com to co.uk as above).

The reason for this is that the company who hosts our website and has our domain name has apparently gone out of business taking our domain name and website with them. To this end we have a new domain

name, and fortunately had an old version of the website that we have put on the internet on a temporary basis until we reconstruct a new one.

Long-term it may be a good thing as it will force us to redesign the website which has been on our "to do" list for a while. Please bear with us.

The Old Egbertian Association

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