

The Egbertian

NEWS FROM THE OLD EGBERTIAN ASSOCIATION

see our website at www.oldegbertians.co.uk



INAUGURATED 1928

Autumn 2019

Editor's Comment

Welcome to the Autumn Edition of EgbertNews.

Many thanks for all those who have made contributions in this issue, namely: **Patrick Marchant, Kieran Donnelly, Mike Fitzgerald and Patrick Flood. My apologies to you all for the delay in seeing your articles in print.**

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

Enclosed you will find a membership 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.

Jeff Thomas

Chairman's notes *by Peter Burke*

Similar to the intervals of our passport renewals, the initial reaction to any update of events is "where have all the ensuring years gone" and with those thoughts in mind a timely review of the Association's activities probably echoes these sentiments.

Bearing in mind the college closed some 50 years ago now, it is a credit to past Committees that we are still thriving, albeit at a slower pace

Our varied social programme is well supported and gives members an opportunity to meet up and keep in touch and we still retain the annual memorial mass tradition at Chingford as a reminder of the dedication of the Bros. who taught at college and in memory of those pupils who have now sadly passed away.

As Chairman I try to keep up personal contact with members on a regular basis, particularly those who have developed health issues in later life, and have enjoyed one or two lunches with old friends along the way.

The AGM and Christmas get togethers at our new modern venue at the Upper Clapton Rugby Club in Epping have proved to be extremely popular and probably form the high point of our social activities. Do try and attend this years Christmas Social which takes place next Thursday December 12th. Further details are on the back page. If you have

not been before then you won't regret it.

On a general note we are all still young at heart and in recognition of this fact I will always encourage members to link up locally or via class groups to keep our contacts going and our provision of a fully functional list of members is essential in meeting that aspiration.

So to the future, in a more modern age far removed from the times when the college was last fully operational, the Committee is undertaking a review of our website which is in need of an update.

As a result of this we are currently working on a project to publish a comprehensive record of our activities since the time the school started, taking the best parts from each decade including photographs, news items and various memorabilia. When completed the website should produce a permanent record of the Association which can be accessed by the membership but also used as a platform for attracting any new members that might still be out there.



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I have always found my time as Chairman rewarding, from keeping order at meetings (not quite as difficult as the House of Commons Speakers role recently) to a visit I paid to the National Memorial Arboretum with a fellow member to pay respects on behalf of the Association to his Brother, a former pupil of the school, who lost his life in a past conflict. The site, in

Staffordshire, is dedicated to the fallen, is worthy of a visit not least as a place of quiet reflection and in view of this will certainly leave the visitor with a lasting impression.

With the able support of the Committee it has given me much pleasure to reflect on the fact that we are still going strong in spite of our slightly advancing years and in

conclusion thank you all for your generous support with your membership, subscriptions and donations which keep the Association going.

May I now I take this opportunity of wishing you all, on behalf of our hard working and dedicated Committee, a Happy Christmas and Peaceful New Year.

Peter Burke, Chairman

A life on Bikes by *Patrick Flood*

I have always had a love of motorbikes and have been riding since I was 16 and have bought and sold numerous bikes in my time. One of my proudest achievements was being able to ride a motorbike for a living during my time in the Police Force.

Prior to joining the Police Force I started my working career as a TV Engineer for Rediffusion, which was one of many companies that I worked for during that stage of my career. I then worked in IT support, again for various companies with probably the best being Reuters. At 49 years old I decided to have a change of career and joined the Metropolitan Police Service.

During my career as a Police Officer I worked in the Borough Response Team, the Robbery Team and the Traffic Team where one of the more enjoyable things I accomplished was to pass my Police driving response course and subsequently, which was my main ambition, the Police motorcycle response course, which I achieved in March 2010.

There are very few avenues within the police service to becoming a motorcyclist, and the route that 95% of officers take is to join a traffic/transport unit. To be a Police motorcyclist you first have to pass the three week long police motorcycle course, including the feared and much talked about cone course.

On the first day of the course a class full of eager officers presented themselves in brand new Police motorcycle kit. We were all slightly nervous at the prospect of an hour long written exam on Roadcraft and the Highway Code. The pass mark is 70% and for those who fail to reach the required standard never get to start the course, although they may get another opportunity sometime in the future. The rest of the morning was taken up with administration and eyesight tests. A couple of people failed the eyesight test which again resulted in the end of their course.

The afternoon of the first day was spent introducing us to the motorbikes the police were using at the time, which were various BMW models. Basically the training school used the older models for training with the newer model used for the final test. We were shown various aspects of motorcycle techniques via diagrams.

The next part of the course was manual handling. This involved pushing your bike uphill, downhill, up and down kerbs, forward and backwards and learning how to put it on and off the main stand. Using the side stand was frowned upon so you also had to get on and off the motorcycle without using the side stand. We were taught how to pick

a bike up after having laid it down which is as much about technique as brute strength.

Finally we were allowed to ride the bikes which began with slow riding in procession around the roads on the Hendon Estate, standing on the saddle and using opposite feet on the pegs, which was very nerve wracking to say the least. The idea of this exercise was to instil full confidence in handling the bike.

One of the first things the instructors introduced us to was the much talked about 'full-lock turn'. When riding at speeds slower than walking speed, you control your speed by balancing the throttle, clutch and back brake. I say "balancing" but in those early days it was more like juggling! We seemed to practise these endlessly, clockwise, anti-clockwise, round and round until we were dizzy. This was all in preparation for the cone course which basically is a slalom around a series of cones. However, the cones are so closely placed together that if you did not complete a full lock turn around every cone then after about the third one you start going too wide to complete the course.

The end of the week came which gave us the opportunity to get out onto the road. We were split into four-man squads, with each squad made up of three pupils and one instructor riding in squad



formation. This is a staggered motorbike formation that is designed to keep the riders close together to only take up one lane on the motorway. In theory it sounds quite simple but in reality it is not!

It is worth bearing in mind that this is a police course where you're being trained to answer emergency calls thus national speed limits don't apply and you're expected to ride as fast as it is safe to do so. On a motorway that can easily be 120-130 mph but if you're doing 90mph when it is safe to do 120 mph then you'll fail the course through lack of progress. Basically people fail at various times during the three week course if you do not ride to the required standard.

Debriefing conversations took place in cafes with discussion on what you did wrong and how to improve which all leads up to your final ride, assuming that you are still up to the required standard. The course continued in the same vein for the next week or so and consisted of riding eight hours a day. At the end of every day, the motorbike had to be washed down which was quite tedious after a full day's training.

During week two we undertook a night run. The reality of life as a police officer is that you are going

to spend about two thirds of your time working in darkness and therefore it is crucial to practice all that we'd learnt in the daylight during the hours of darkness.

Also during week two we had the 'off-road' day. This was a day that everyone was looking forward to which consisted of a dozen or so Honda XR250s and 400s bikes being loaded on to a truck and we taken to the Aldershot off-road venue which is where the army use their military vehicles,

The day consisted of driving through big puddles and steep hills. I remember going up a hill too fast and ending up at least six foot in the air at the top. Of course whatever goes up must come down, and to my own amazement I managed to stay on. The instructor came over and said, "I would buy a lottery ticket tonight if I was you mate". One of the favourite instructor tricks was to get in front of you and rev his bike in the mud, covering YOU in mud! When we were all completely exhausted we went back to Hendon, where we had twelve bikes to clean.

Slow riding back at the school progressed as well as endless practice of the obstacle course and full lock turns. The obstacle course is designed to represent weaving in and out of traffic. You

started the course with 100 marks. If you hit a cone you lost ten marks, and if you put your foot down then you lost five marks. There were about 20 cones to negotiate and the pass mark was 75 so you could make a couple of errors and still get through. Saying that there were several very competent road riders who did not pass the cone test and dropped out of the course.

To my great relief I passed this section and undertook a mock ride in preparation for the final test, which was commonly known as the final ride. The mock basically just involved going out with one of the instructors,

The final ride day dawned with much trepidation. The final ride is like any other advanced driving/riding test. The examiner shadows you for about an hour, taking in all types of road and traffic conditions. You're being tested on safety, how systematic you are, your smoothness and how much progress you make. It only really differs from a civilian advanced test by no speed restriction - you are expected to ride as fast as it is safe to do so.

The test went without a hitch, and an hour later we pulled back into the school when following a debriefing I was told that I had passed and I was now a Metropolitan Police Response Motorcyclist. The afternoon was taken up with blue light runs so you could get a taste for the strange ways in which some members of the public react to sirens.

Of the twelve who took the course seven of us passed.

I completed four years as a traffic officer then finally taking a CCTV investigator role before retiring at 65.

My Police training was invaluable, and has stayed with me from that day, every time I ride my own motorcycle which still gives me a sense of excitement.

My walk to Rome along the Via Francigena by Mike Fitzgerald

Several years ago my brother Barry was diagnosed with Motor Neurones disease (MND) and within two years he had passed away. There is still no cure or treatment for MND and as many of you know I have been on several long walks to raise money for much needed research. This included walking the *Santiago De*



Top of the Great St Bernard's Pass

Compostilla which is an ancient pilgrimage two years ago. This walk was 500 miles across the top of Spain and raised quite a lot of money. So last year I looked for an even harder and longer walk and I came across an article about the pilgrimage from Canterbury to Rome called the *Via Francigena*. This route follows the path of Sigeric, Archbishop of Canterbury, who in 990AD travelled to Rome to meet Pope John XV to receive his investiture pallium. The full route consists of 1190 miles through four countries: UK,

France, Switzerland and Italy ending at the Vatican.

The Via Francigena is a far less popular route than Santiago De Compostilla but has become more popular in recent decades since its designation as a European Cultural Route by the Council of Europe in 1994 and a Major Cultural Route in 2004.

After a lot of thought and encouragement from friends and family I decided to walk the Switzerland and Italy sections so I booked a flight on Ryan Air and headed to my starting point in Lausanne on Lake Geneva. The route from Lausanne would take me into the mountains of Switzerland and up to the top of the Great St Bernard's Pass and then down into Italy and onto Rome which was a total distance of some 725 miles.

I arrived at the backpackers hostel in Lausanne and naively thought that the hostel would be full of hikers like myself. How wrong I was as it was a workers' hostel and I soon realised that I would be walking alone. Early next morning I walked down to the lake and started my long journey along the beautiful Lake Geneva. The properties along the lake are large villas protected by high fences, CCTV and security guards. I was told by a local that quite a few of the properties are occupied by former dictators and failed politicians.

Once I got past the lake the trail started to gently climb and I went into some lovely quiet countryside, walking through meadows filled with flowers. My first night was spent in Aigle which is a nice small town. The next morning I left my lodgings at 6.30am with renewed energy. As the days went by I was getting closer to the Italian border and the Great St Bernard Pass which was going to

be a very important milestone in my walk. One night I made it to a Benedictine Monastery at St Maurice and was made very welcome by the Brothers there. My room was more like a monastery cell but it was clean and warm with a shower that was heaven and after a communal dinner I was just about to go to bed when I was told that there would be Mass at 6.30am in the morning! I made it to the chapel in time and the experience did spur me on towards the summit of St Bernards Pass.

The St Bernards pass is the third highest road pass in Switzerland and connects Martigny in the canton of Valais in Switzerland with Aosta in the Aosta Valley region in Italy. It is notable for the Great St Bernards Hospice, which was founded in 1049 and later known for its use of St Bernards dogs in rescue operations.

After two more days I looked up and saw the Pass looming above me and I soon realised that this was going to be a tough section of my trip. Starting out early, which was becoming a habit, I made good progress but the route was getting progressively steeper which was slowing me down. The weight of my pack seemed to be getting heavier, the weather was closing in fast and I thought that the altitude was going to be a factor in getting to the top as the Pass is 8,100 ft above sea level. The climb was the toughest thing I have ever done and when I got over the wall at the Pass I was very pleased to see that my wife Maureen was waiting for me. However, I was so exhausted that I couldn't speak for a while but Maureen helped me into the Monastery, which has been open non-stop for over a thousand years, where they welcomed me with a warm, sweet herbal tea

which quickly revived me. An hour after I got there, the storm broke and the building started shaking, however the thick walls stood up to the storm as it has done for all these centuries.

I was glad to be leaving Switzerland the next day as, although it's a beautiful country, I found the people to be a bit unfriendly. My first week of walking was over and I had only 500 miles to go!

The following morning I walked over the Swiss border and the sun was shining. Walking down into the Aosta valley I was met with friendly greetings by Italian farmers and was given all types of fruit to eat and cool water to drink. I have been to Italy many times, but walking through the countryside is certainly the best way of seeing it.

My good experiences of Italy continued and I passed through several lovely towns and villages and finally made it to the beautiful town of Aosta where I found a B&B and watched traditional dancing in the town square.

The very hot weather continued as I slowly made my way south, through picturesque valleys and hills. These were littered with old churches and monasteries and I did stop a few times to visit these wonderful old buildings. After several weeks of continuous walking my mind did occasionally wander to being on a sunny beach with a cool drink but I knew that there was only one option, which was to keep going. I was averaging about 24 miles a day and once I reached the half way mark I knew that Rome was getting closer.

One notable town that I stopped at was Lucca, which is the birthplace of Puccini. Opposite my hostel in the church of San Giovanni where each evening for the past 13 years, they have held a nightly concert called "Puccini e la sua Lucca" where world class singers visit to sing the popular

arias of La Boheme, Tosca and Madam Butterfly. It was a truly moving experience.

Some days I marched across hot valleys and plains and would come across hilltop towns that were like film sets. Towns such as San Gimignano and Monteriggioni with castles and churches set on top of a hill were magical and those views spurred me on to reach my night's destination.

The next large town I came across was Sienna. This is the town where the crazy horse race called *The Palio De Sienna* is held twice yearly. I was once again pleased to see Maureen there.

The next few days involved hard walking and I really needed to find somewhere to do some washing. Fortunately I came across a lovely convent for the night and not only could I wash my clothes I could also iron them, making me feel really fresh again.

One of the best things about these long walks is that it gives you time to completely switch off from life. There are no phone messages, no emails or Sky TV to watch and it really is a peaceful experience.

After a few more days of hiking and I found myself heading for the town of Bolsena where I visited Lake Bolsena, which is the largest volcanic lake in Europe with a total area of 44 square miles. The lake is so clean it is called Il Lago CheSi Beve (The lake you can drink). It is such a beautiful place to visit and it is a shame that I could only spend a few hours exploring there.

As I walked through the Italian countryside I came across vast orchards of hazel nuts, walnuts and olives and it was an excellent opportunity to taste some of the produce of Italy. In fact I was surprised just how much food is grown in Italy.

I was by now getting closer to my destination of Rome and feeling that I might actually make

it. Along the way I met many interesting characters all of whom had a story to tell. When I reached each day's destination I was always met by the hostel owners and they showed much friendship to me. I was always asked why I was walking to Rome and when they heard that I was raising money for MND research then sometimes I was given donations which was very welcome.



The Village of Etroubles in Italy

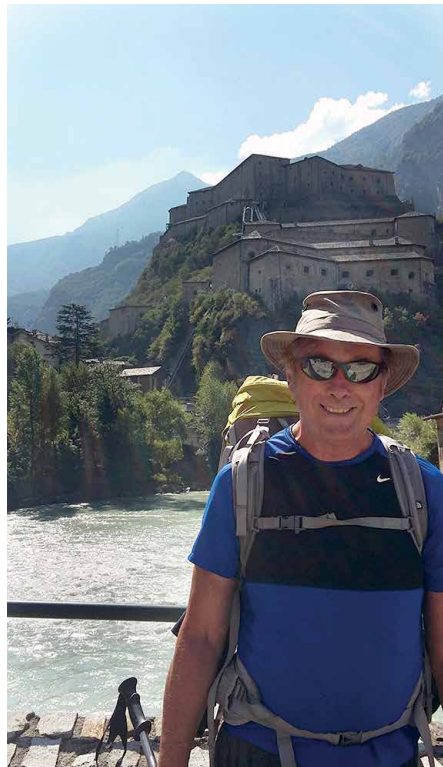
Another interesting town that I visited was Viterbo. In the middle ages the town was larger and more successful than Rome and several Popes lived there. Very few tourists go there now but you do find a lot of historians exploring there. I stayed in a lovely hostel where the owner showered me with dried meats and fruits from his parent's restaurant.

The weather was now really hot and each mile seemed to take me

longer each day. However one morning I awoke and turned a corner and saw a sign that said Rome 65 Miles and that really gave me the boost that I needed. Just three more days and I would be in the Vatican City.

As I got closer to Rome I had to climb some steep hills and eventually I stopped at a hillside and down below me, shimmering in the late October sunshine, I saw the eternal city. The last few miles through the Rome suburbs seem to take forever and I thought that I would never get to my final destination. However at 4 O'Clock in the afternoon I reached St Peters Square which was a very emotional moment for me. There were thousands of people from all over the world in the square and I took a while to take it all in. Thankfully my wife Maureen was again waiting for me and I was very pleased to see her.

The last thing I had to do was to find a guard who spoke English



The Aosta valley

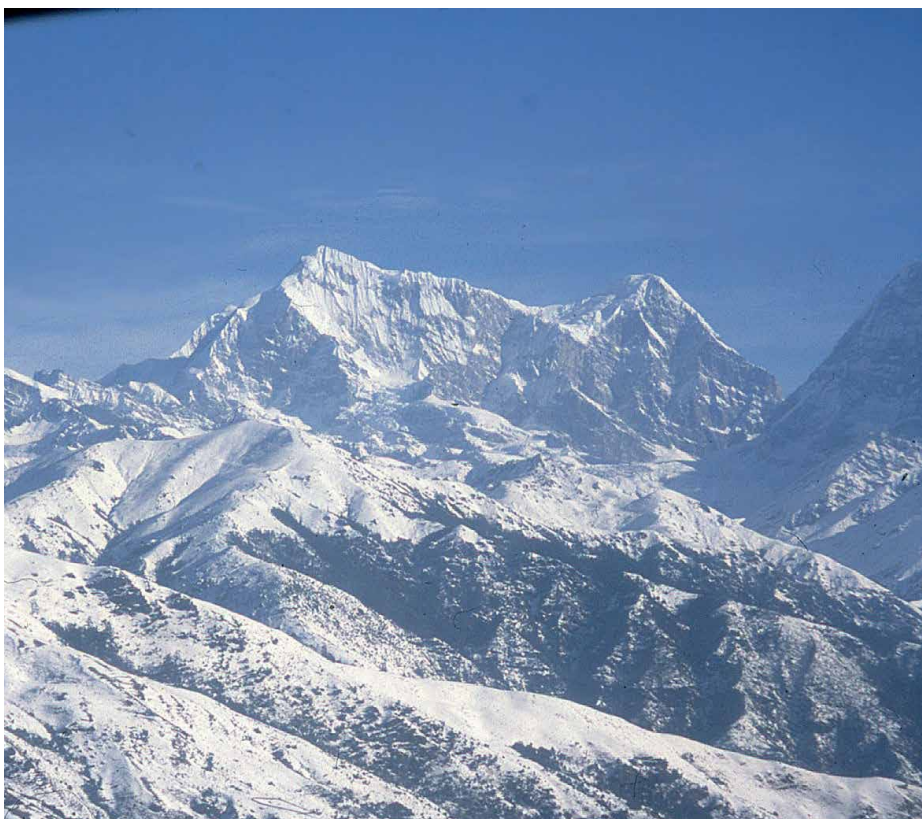
and I presented my pilgrims passport in the rectory in St Peters Basilica, which had been stamped in every hostel along my journey.

This entitles me to stay in churches and hostels. The guard was very helpful and took me through the security gates and into the inner offices of the Vatican. I was then asked to sit down and rest and my Pilgrims passport was taken away. After 15 minutes the official came back and presented me with my Testimonivm, which is a certificate in Latin confirming that I had completed my journey.

I was then invited into St Peters church and said a prayer of thanks for getting me safely through my walk. Whilst I was in the church I thought about the many people who have donated to my charity and I am extremely grateful to all of the Old Egbertians who have supported me and donated so generously to the MND research programme.

When I eventually left the Vatican my wife and I booked into a proper hotel and the first thing I did was to sink a couple of pints of Italian Beer!!

In the footsteps of Hillary and Tensing *by Patrick Marchant*

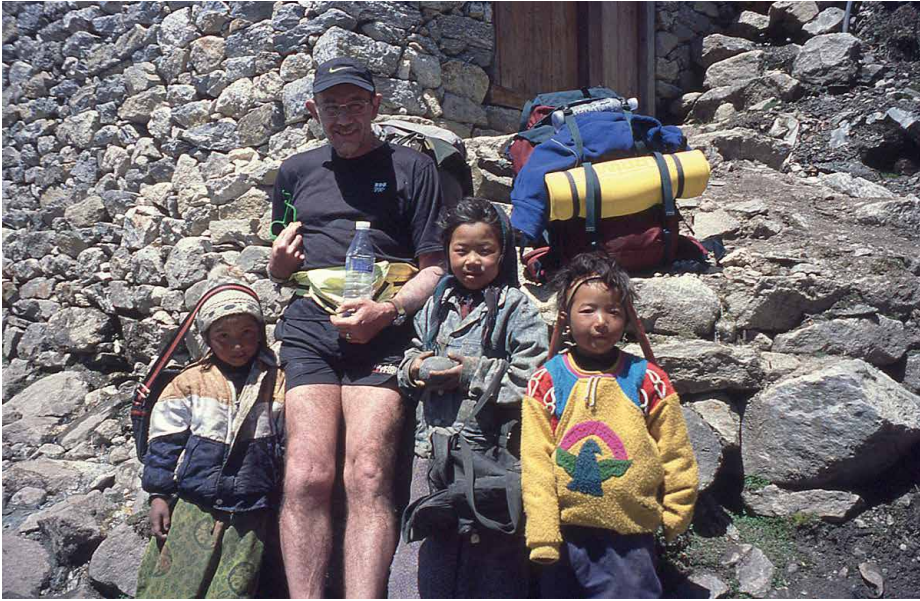


Everest from the helicopter

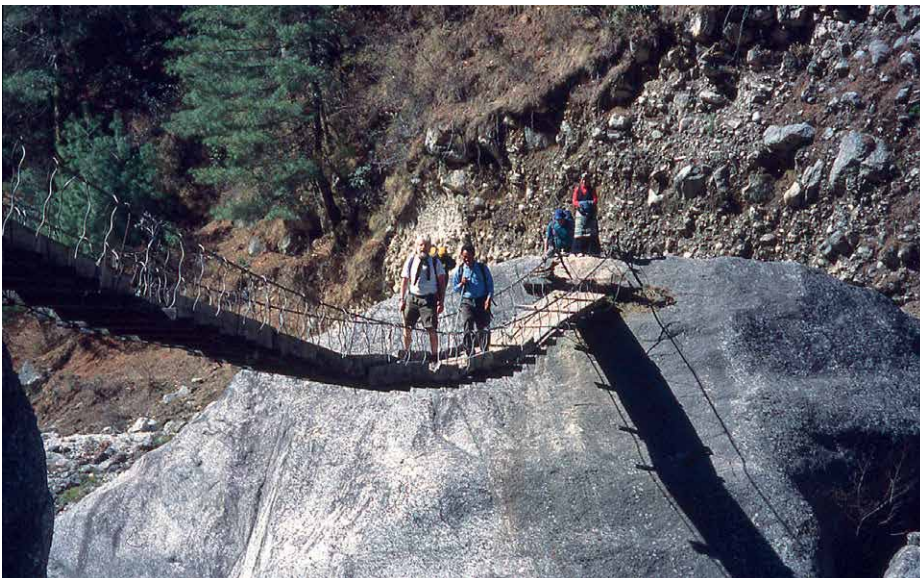
I fell in love with mountains when I went with a friend to The Lake District in 1961 whilst doing my National Service. The freedom I felt walking those wonderful mountains was to last with me for ever.

The following year I went with six friends to Belgrade to watch the European Athletic Championships in a minibus. To get there we had to traverse the Alps and I saw for the first time snow capped mountains and I was blown away with the beauty of this fantastic sight.

I wanted more so the following year I rode my 175 cc DKW motor bike all the way to Grindewald in the Swiss Alps and saw for the first time what I call REAL mountains. Seeing the Eiger and Jungfraul mountains for the first time captivated me so much that I



Pat and some new friends



Crossing one of many swing bridges

could not take my eyes off of them. I knew then that this is where I wanted to spend my holidays, rather than on coach trips or cruises or lying on a beach with hundreds of other people.

My wife, Jean thinks my middle name should have been 'Adventure' as most things I have done in my life have been a bit out of the ordinary. I am so blessed that Jean is of the same frame of mind and we have enjoyed many adventures together. Next time I shall write an article about the places we have been to and the things we have done but for now I shall concentrate on my Himalayan adventure.

A friend of mine Dr Roger Green rang me up in 1998 and asked if I would like to trek to Everest Base Camp the following spring on a boys-only holiday. Needless to say my answer was 'YES'.

However, the trip did not go according to plan. At Heathrow we were informed that our flight to Dubai was cancelled due to the fact the plane was damaged when it hit another aircraft on the ground. We hoped that this was not the shape of things to come.

However, within a short time we managed to get a flight to India and then on to Kathmandu in Nepal.

The taxi ride from the airport was to say the least pretty scary. Five of us plus rucksacks travelled in one car designed for three passengers. However despite a white knuckled ride we made it in one piece and booked into a comfortable hotel, which would be the last for a while. I found Kathmandu to be a very interesting city: filthy, polluted, chaotic and yet fascinating in its own way.

The next day we returned to the airport for our flight to Lukla which is reputedly the most dangerous airport in the world. It is only 1729 feet long whereby as a contrast the famous short and scenic runway at St. Barth's in the Caribbean is 2,133ft long. At one end of the



Ready for lift-off



Namache bazaar

runway you have a cliff with a 2,000ft drop and at the other end a stone wall. The runway has a 11.7% gradient which means that one end is 200ft higher than the other end. There are no second chances. All these factors and the cross winds has resulted in many fatal accidents over the years, although none since 2008 when only pilots with special training could fly special planes.

Checking in at Kathmandu airport we were told our flight was cancelled due to high winds. Back at our hotel the owner said he could arrange for a helicopter to take us to Lukla next day for \$1,100 which seemed a very good option so we paid up.

It was well worth the money as seeing the Himalayan Mountain range stretched out in front of us was just 'mind blowing'.

We were soon on our way heading for a village called Mondzo at 9,301 feet. Because of the altitude, walking was easy going down but hard going up due to lack of breath.

The next morning we were on our way to Namache Baazar at 11,306 feet which is the Sherpa Capital of the Khumbu region.

It was interesting to note that the lodge we stayed in had a memorial to Jimmy Carter, the former President of the USA, to celebrate his stay there during a visit in 1985. A days rest was enjoyed

here to acclimatize but a good days walk was required so we went up higher to visit two sherpa villages with a tea break at the Everest View Hotel and then descended back to Namache.

The following day we climbed to 12,687ft to the very famous



Lukla air strip

Thyangbouche Monastery where we were invited in to have a look around. It was wonderful to see silk banners and ornamental scrolls hanging from the ceiling plus carved statues of the Buddha.

From here we had incredible views of Ama Dablam, Everest and Lohtse.

The next two days were spent climbing even higher reaching a small hamlet called Duglha which was at 16,175ft. This was a very slow strenuous two days which I must say took a lot out of me.

During the night, due to altitude sickness, I was having a very rough time of it as I had to go out into the yard to the toilet in the freezing cold as my stomach was playing up bad. The next morning I was feeling no better so I decided to return to a lower altitude to recover. Failing to do this could have resulted in me getting worse which may have resulted in an unwanted evacuation back to Katmandu. However a days rest did me the world of good and soon I felt like my old self. If I had carried on I was only half a day from Base Camp.

Meeting up with my friends again later was good so we all decided to make a big push back to Lukla in one go where we were able to get a flight out the next day in a Twin Engine Otter plane. Waiting at the end of the runway

with engines going at full pelt as the brakes came off before we were hurtled down the runway was exhilarating. I can hear the excitement of our fellow passengers even to this day!

This was a holiday of a lifetime never to be forgotten. To see Everest, the highest mountain in the world, at 29,029ft close up was something I shall never forget.

As a matter of interest both Edmund Hillary and Tensing sons have both climbed Everest.

Further Recollections *by Kieran Donnelly*

Since writing my last piece of nostalgia I have had several telephone conversations with my contemporaries such as Pete North, Pete Pleydell and Pat Flood, all of which have given rise to yet more trivia and anecdote. In particular, we spoke of the staff that I had not referred to in my previous article.

The departure of Brother Fergus left an opening for a History teacher. For a year we were taught by an Australian teacher, Mr Atherton, who presumably was in what we would now call a 'gap year'. He was erudite, academic and had presence in the classroom. However, lessons consisted mainly of writing copious notes which were then, hopefully, regurgitated in the end of term test. Teaching methods have come a long way since those days!

The following year, Mr Strutt joined the staff. By contrast he was a very experienced teacher. He used what were, at the time, fairly modern teaching resources such as film clips, pictorial worksheets and photocopies of historical news bulletins. We got the impression that he had almost become the self-appointed deputy head as he began to take assemblies and was often seen in serious discussion with Brother Edmund. It was probably just his general enthusiasm that gave us this impression but everyone seemed to treat him very deferentially.

Prior to Brother Edmund's arrival at the school, RE was taught at GCSE level by Brother Maurice. He was also the form tutor for 2A which was where I came across him. I remember him teaching History and Geography. His teaching style varied from an extremely affable and jovial approach to the absolutely terrifying. He was a very popular

member of staff, nonetheless, as I recall.

Most of the boys in my year, as far as I am aware, passed GCSE RE. Brother Edmund made sure of it! He had a background in Classics and his knowledge of Ethics and the New Testament was impressive. He taught very much within a contemporary context and introduced topics such as racial and social prejudice. This slightly surprised us in some ways as many of us were still, perhaps unconsciously, bemoaning the loss of Brother Fergus. I remember meeting Brother Edmund some years later at Brother Aloysius's funeral in Highgate. By then he had left the Order and was simply known as John Southworth – some readers will know that he subsequently joined the De La Salle Community. He recognised me and we spoke of the final days at Chingford. He was pleased to hear that I had become a teacher and I recall him then turning to his other passion which was Preston North End F.C.

As I mentioned in my previous earlier article English was taught to us by Mr. MacSweeney. However, it was also taught to us by Mr. McNish whom we had for a year prior to his leaving the school. He seemed to enjoy the Scottish texts such as Macbeth and the poem 'Edward'. A very competent teacher as I recall but he made no secret of his disappointment that Brother Fergus had left the school and informed us that he too would be leaving at the end of that year.

I left the school one year before its closure. It has to be said that the general ethos of the school by that time was in stark contrast to the mood of optimism that was evident when I joined. School numbers had fallen and staff turnover was high. Sadly, as many of us were preparing for our



O' levels our thoughts had turned to attending 6th Form Colleges such as Waltham Forest, East Herts, or in my case Southgate College. The emotional send-off at the Annual Sports Day, which had been a long standing tradition, no longer took place.

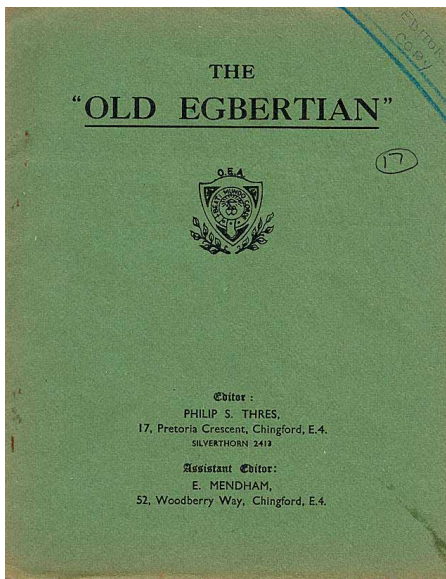
As I write I feel compelled to apologise for such a gloomy tone. I am again reminded of a conversation that I had in later years with Brother Fergus where he spoke, hypothetically, of a situation where the school could have survived and become a Catholic Co-ed high school under the control of the Diocese. Unfortunately History was not that kind to us!

Hopefully most of us will remember our formative years with warmth and affection.

I must add that as a teacher and a parent the benefits that our younger generation now enjoy in the classroom, such as Power Point presentations, Internet access, electronic White Boards and other high quality teaching resources that they have much to be grateful for!

From the Archives

This page is from the Old Egbertian Magazine dated October/November 1938, edited by Philip S. Thes, which covers the period before the Second World War when the prospect of war was very real. As we now know things turned out rather differently to writer P. Naidu's expectations.



"The Old Egbertian"

Page 6.

How The College reacted to THE CRISIS.

The International Crisis caused a considerable amount of anxiety here at St. Egberts, as it did in most other Societies and Schools. Although the unusual diversion naturally aroused excitement among the boys, they nevertheless went about their work calmly.

The pessimists declared that war was inevitable; the optimists held that the crisis would be concluded peacefully. But whatever the personal thoughts, each boy was ready and willing to be of assistance and one or two were already rendering their services at "Gas Mask Fitting Stations". At an early date, all boys were fitted and duly received their masks.

The Rev. Bro. Aidan, our Director, wisely summoned all available parents, and in the School Hall, the serious state of affairs was carefully discussed and those who could not be present were informed by post. As a result, those boys whose parents so wished, were allowed to return home. For the remaining boys, preparations were being made for immediate evacuation. Fortunately, no such measures proved necessary; however, St. Egberts were ready in case !! Each boy had one or two thick blankets, a change of wear and the essential toilet requisites. It must be remembered that Chingford is not under the L.C.C. administration and so is not covered by the L.C.C. Schools Evacuations Plan. Hence each boy provided himself with enough rations to get himself safely to Highgate from whence the evacuation was to have taken place. A good number of day-boys were partaking in this scheme.

Now, thank goodness! the scare of war is over, but nevertheless, the College proved that it could tackle emergencies when they occur.

P. NAIDU. (Form 6.)



What year?

For our records, can you tell me what year this photograph was taken and the names of the missing players or correct any spelling errors. My thanks to Ken Carr for sending the picture in.

Top row: Don Maxwell, Alan Knight, Laurin Roseman, Bill Crisp, unknown, Bro Fergus

Bottom row: Ken Carr, unknown, Noel Corbett, unknown, Peter Hall

Obituary: Dennis Cook, 23/5/1925 – 9/3/2019

We were saddened to hear of the passing of Dennis Cook this year.

Dennis was one of the Association oldest members and featured in the Winter 2018 newsletter when Chairman, Peter Burke went to visit him. Dennis attended the College between 1933 and 1941 before being matriculated and joining the RAF for war service. At the end of the war he joined the Midland Bank and subsequently enjoyed a fulfilling career in the City before retiring aged 52.

Dennis married the cousin of former pupil and teacher, Peter Utting who has kindly contributed these words.

Dennis married my Cousin Margaret in 1951, which I remember well. Marg died last year and I conducted her funeral at Enfield crematorium. They were devoted to each other and spent many hours with the younger relations, especially my cousin Scott MacKillican. He was the son of Bob Mackillican, killed in 1944 near Arnham. Dennis and Marg were great fun, along with Marg's sister Deb, who was my God Mother. All have now departed this life.

Dennis is now at rest with his life-long partner, Margaret. May they both rest in peace.



The class of '65 from Andrew Piper

Archive material

Do you have any material from your school years that you want to donate to The Association so we can keep it all together in a safe place?

I am sure that some of you may have a box of material in the loft which will inevitably be discarded because somebody won't know what to do with it.

The Association is building up quite a collection of archive material, part of which will be put on the website, so we welcome as much material as we can so we can maintain the history of the Association. Ed

Email address

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

The OEA committee is very keen to communicate with its members

on a more regular basis than the hard copy newsletters allow and having your email address, if you have one, would allow us to do so.

If you have an email address then please email jefft@ntp.co.uk. Thank you.

Christmas Social on Thursday December 12th

A culinary delight awaits you at the **Annual Christmas Social** at the Upper Clapton Rugby Club, Upland Road, Thornwood, Epping CM16 6NL.

The event is from 1pm but you are welcome to arrive earlier but not before 12.30pm please as there is an exercise class beforehand which finishes at noon.

It is an expensive event to hold with the excellent buffet being the majority of the cost, so this year we would like

those attending to make a £10.00 per person contribution towards the cost of the event. This is an increase from last year but the committee feels that it is the best way of controlling costs without having to increase membership fees.

We do hope that you will attend as it is always an enjoyable event and well supported. If you have not been before then please do so as you won't regret it.



Membership

Enclosed you will find your membership renewal form for 2020 which we would appreciate you returning in a timely manner to our Treasurer, Hector Watts (address on form).

We have a target membership number of 100 members which for an organisation with a dwindling pool of existing and potential members we feel is very respectable. Indeed, if everybody renewed then we would achieve our target but unfortunately

some members forget to renew which affects our membership number. Please don't be one of them!

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 soon to be revamped website so your prompt payment would be very welcome.

Snippets

I was sorry to hear of the passing of Chris Buckley earlier this year.

I am sure that there has been several, but the only two players in my 25 years with the club that I am aware of who played for the football club and whose Father went to the College, are Mark Buckley and Mark Jessop. Mark's Father, Buddy also passed

away this year (Obituary to follow).

Chris Buckley had been a player for several years but was coming to the end of his playing career when I joined the club, before he turned his attention to refereeing. His son Mark played for the club for many seasons including several as First Team captain. *Ed*

The Old Egbertian Association

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