



The Old Maidstonian

The newsletter of the Old Maidstonian Society

No.21 - Winter 2016

President: Neil Turrell

Chairman: Richard Ratcliffe

Secretary: Brian White

Wanted - Secretary - See Page 16

Successes all round

In this edition of *The Old Maidstonian* we are pleased to report some important successes - academic and developmental (From the Headmaster) and social (From the Chairman).

FROM THE CHAIRMAN

As I write, Christmas is approaching rapidly and the summer holidays are now but a memory fading into the rear-view mirror of life. Senior Speech Day was an occasion of celebration and we have welcomed 132 new members from last year's year 13.

The guest speaker at Speech Day, Benjamin Wharfe (1994 to 2001), who is a management consultant, gave an inspirational speech about how MGS had shaped his career through university, then whilst working for Accenture with clients such as BP, Shell and EDF Energy. He branched out on his own a few years ago.



The Headmaster with the Mayor, Councillor Derek Butler, and the guest speaker, Benjamin Wharfe

The life blood of the Society going forward is youth and I am looking forward to working with Sam Coppard as incoming President in 2017 – he will be our youngest President for many years.

Before that we have Christmas and you will read elsewhere in this edition about plans for a get-together before the School Christmas Carol Service in All Saints' Church on 14th December, and plans for a function in London in February. I do urge members to support these events and shift our reliance as a Society away from just an Annual Supper on our social calendar.

Mid-term we held another very successful Quiz Evening, kindly organised for us by the Maidstone Supper at Seven Club, and huge thanks are due to our own John Clayton who stepped into the breach to be Quizmaster in the absence of the usual Master of Ceremonies. We raised over £800 for the OMS Trust Fund – money which enables us to continue to offer financial support to boys and recent leavers wishing to pursue community and other projects without much money behind them. Many thanks too to Mark Williams for organising an excellent Ploughman's Supper. The winning team (below) was 'The Sore Losers', with team captain John Bunyard.



The Sore Losers - Winners!

May I again draw your attention to the Mentoring Scheme and the Development Trust Fund? The latter will be a 'turnkey' for ambitious projects such as the new pavilion. I am sure that we all recall the somewhat Spartan facilities in the existing building.

The next generation of boys will have something much better and clean hot showers! Please have a think about how you can help regarding the key actions that we can take as Old Maidstonians to support the School.

Warm wishes to you all.

Richard Ratcliffe

THE MENTOR SCHEME

The Mentor Scheme is soon to be re-launched in the school, giving greater emphasis to explaining to students the value of having a mentor. The scheme is now also open to past students who may be at university or in the early stages of their careers. Meanwhile I would like to thank all those members who have offered their services as mentors. Whether or not you have been called into action, your presence on the list is important to the success of the scheme. The more mentors on offer, the better the match to the students.

Peter Weaver

FROM THE HEADMASTER

This year has started extremely well following some outstanding examination results that we received back in the summer. The outgoing Year 13 students achieved the best set of A-Level results the school has seen: 62.3% of all grades being A* to B and over 40% of students gaining a Russell Group university place. We are very proud of that year group and wish them well in the next phase of their lives. At GCSE, 47% of grades were graded A* or A, with over 50% of the year group achieving 5 A* to A grades out of their 10 subjects. This ranked MGS as the 4th best boys' grammar school in Kent. Well done boys.

Last year we saw significant change, both from a number of government initiatives that were beyond our control and from some that we chose to make ourselves. A number of subject areas have seen considerable change at GCSE and A-Level, with still more to come over the next year. Alongside these curriculum changes, changes have been implemented this year that will

have an impact on how we assess students' progress. National Curriculum Levels and GCSE grades are being phased out; some in fact have gone already, and are being replaced with a new numerical system. From next year, we will be acknowledging the progress that students make with a Progress 8 measure rather than the 5 A* to C benchmark that we have all got used to over nearly 30 years.

In September 2015 we were approached by the Local Authority to take an additional form of entry from September 2018. The town of Maidstone and the county of Kent are growing, and there is a need to find additional secondary school places at well-established schools; so we were asked to help. Taking extra students into the school requires a great deal of consideration and much of that went on last year, but welcoming more students to the school brings a number of opportunities. Conversations have taken place with the Local Authority, to ensure that whatever we do is right for MGS now and in the future, but taking an additional form means that the Local Authority will be providing an injection of capital

called Basic Need Funding to support the growth of the school; essentially we will be able to achieve our 10 Year Building Plan that we set out two years ago in the next three. There is still much to do, and these next few years will be very busy, but we are all very excited about how MGS is going to be developing.

Alongside these exciting building plans we have also been discussing in great detail some developments with our pastoral and house structures. This is not only so that we are prepared for an additional form of entry, but also because we want to see the House structure become much further embedded into what we do. We all have an affiliation to MGS, there is no doubt about that, and the students all have an identity with their year groups, but do they have a sense of belonging to their Houses? Some yes, some no; but we want all Maidstonians to feel part of a House community within the much larger MGS community. To date I have spoken in detail with every student in years 8 to 12 about the rationale behind the changes, and I am hoping, even though there are still going to be some anxieties,

that many of the students now understand more about what we are trying to achieve and why, and how we wish to do it. I will be sharing these changes with the Old Maidstonian community at next March's OM Supper and in subsequent newsletters.

Also, last year we looked at how we can continue to go on supporting the students in developing their mental toughness and resilience. Not only can this be achieved by having a supportive and flexible pastoral structure that meets the needs of all students, but also can be achieved by providing the right environment that helps develop one's character, ensuring we develop a level of resilience and grit amongst students that prepares them for what life throws at them. It is vital to ensure that MGS continues to have its own character which allows each and every student to feel safe developing their own. It is also important that we go on offering numerous opportunities within school to develop qualities such as

leadership, friendship, and teamwork; and that we ensure that everyone leads healthy lives, allowing people to make mistakes, fall down and even fail at things: it is when we make mistakes that we learn how to overcome difficulty. A group of staff who have particular responsibility for the welfare of the students have already embarked on a year-long training programme to understand more about how we can go on developing resilience and good mental health amongst the students. We hope that this will further enhance the everyday care that we extend.

Back in July we said goodbye to a number of members of staff who left for pastures new. Ms Mead left us to start a new English post elsewhere in Kent; Mrs Moore left us after one year as a Teaching Assistant; Mr Moorey after two years as Director of Rugby left the teaching profession to begin his new career as an Officer in the Armed Services; Dr Froud after being Head of English for five years retired to enjoy a new life in

York; Mr Welch moved to Walderslade School to be Head of Business Studies after teaching at MGS for six years; Mr Saunders also retired after teaching Classics and Latin for seven years; Mr Colciago left us after seven years to become Head of Languages at Highsted Grammar School; Ms Lang after eight years teaching Chemistry and being a Learning Manager retired to start a new chapter in her life in Ireland; and Col. Smith retired after being at MGS in some capacity for 37 years. He retired as a teacher back in 2007 but continued at the school as the Chemistry technician and Contingent Commander of the CCF. With the support of Mr Wadsworth who retired at the end of May, Col. Smith transformed the CCF to the position it is today. We thank him very much for his commitment and dedication to the School and wish him well in his retirement. We wish all these members of staff the best for their future and thank them for the service they have given to Maidstone Grammar School.



A BOX OF PARADOXES

(The Annual Supper speech by the President's guest, Roger Crittenden)

Like many recently I have been worrying about migration. My own worst nightmare is that amidst the backlash from the referendum, UKIP wins the next election and immediately sets about sending migrants back where they came from. You see Crittenden is a Saxon name, the etymology of which according to one source is several words which added together mean 'the pig farmer in the field over by the wood'.

So, my wife and I have spent the last two weeks in Saxony, looking for signs of our original homeland, just in case the repatriation of migrants extends back 1500 years. Unfortunately, we spotted no pigs in fields over by woods, on our cruise down the River Elbe from Prague to Berlin.

Not that Crittendens migrated only from Saxony to Kent. One made his way to the Alamo and fought for the Mexicans and was hanged for his trouble. On the plus side, a Lieutenant Crittenden was one of the last to fall at Custer's Last Stand. Out West there was a notorious Crittenden Gang but again there was also a Sheriff Crittenden who signed the warrant for the arrest of Billy the Kid, Dead or Alive.

Some Crittendens even made their way to Australia. On the Morningtown Peninsula immortalised by 'The Seekers', Gary Crittenden makes wonderful wine, though he has yet to acknowledge our lineage with a case of



his best Barbera. But then having Australian connections could be the result of transportation, rather the choice of a new start.

Take the case of the actor Roy Kinnear. When he landed in Sydney after the long flight looking a little the worse for wear, the customs official looked him up and down and said, 'Mr Kinnear, do you have a criminal record?' Shaking in his shoes, Roy replied, 'Sorry, officer: I didn't know it was still necessary'.

I was the first boy to get to grammar school from Barming County Primary. My first term contained the best and worst of what was to be a wonderful eight years. I was chosen to be one of the nymphs in Charlie Holyman's production of *The Tempest*: a modest role, but one which elicited more questionable offers than I have ever received since. It was coincidence that we studied *The Tempest* that term in our English lessons. Our English teacher set an essay on the play and I wrote it with enthusiasm and relish. The next week we received our efforts back. I blinked at the mark in red at the bottom of the last page: 20/20. I felt myself blushing with pride. The next minutes were a blur.

Eventually the teacher fixed me with his beady eyes. 'I believe,' he said, 'that Crittenden has a confession to make. Is that not so Crittenden?'

'Sorry sir' - I replied - 'a confession?'

'Don't waste my time Crittenden: stand up and tell me and the class the book you stole your text from. I wasn't born yesterday - I can spot plagiarism a mile off!'

I stood there trying inarticulately to protest my innocence. I couldn't even invent a text I could have stolen just to get off his hook - I didn't know any - beyond the text of Shakespeare's play.

Happily, there were many positive experiences in the classroom and beyond. From musical appreciation with Mr Julier, choir and choral society with Mr Tebbs, to drama with Mr Johnson as well as Mr Holyman and Bob Rylands, not to mention the latter's coaching I received in cricket. I learnt the fundamental lesson that our cultural existence is more than the icing on the cake of life. At no time was this truer than when I had the memorable experience of an exchange trip to Germany. One day, together with my pen friend, Jorg Jeremias, I cycled all the way from Göttingen to Kassel one of the towns in the Ruhr Valley decimated by the raids masterminded by Bomber Harris. As we reached the summit of the hill before descending into what was left of the town I stopped pedalling in a state of shock. It was already 1952 but nothing it seemed had been rebuilt. I thought I could still see smoke rising from the ruins.

The trip to Germany that did so much for me to sympathise with the fate of ordinary people everywhere, was organised by Kenneth Sawdy who was the one teacher who managed to make me enjoy learning a foreign language. He typified that special breed whose enthusiasm for their subject was infectious.

At University, the real damascene moment was when, as a delegate from Exeter University's United Nations Student Association, I spent a week in Paris. I played truant from an organised visit to NATO Headquarters to pack half-a-dozen cinema visits into one long day. It was 1961 and this was the time of the French New Wave. I was swept away by Godard, Truffaut, Chabrol and Rivette who radically changed my perception of what films could be.

After graduation, I spent a year trying to break into the industry. I applied to the BBC and got an interview. To my great surprise I was one of twenty chosen from over 1500 applicants for the traineeship in film editing. One morning, soon after starting at the BBC, I was crossing the car park at Ealing Studios. Coming towards me was a figure I half recognised. He smiled and said, 'Hello Mr Crittenden - so pleased to see you here - I

was determined to recruit a fellow Old Maidstonian given the chance – John Smith’s the name. Don’t hesitate to get in touch if you have any problems – can’t let the old school down can we?’

A former tea planter, Smith had returned to England and joined the administration at the BBC. He had been chair of my interview panel. It was a shock to realise that I had been a beneficiary of the old school network – something this son of a cobbler never expected.

As an assistant film editor, I worked for a wide variety of editors, on everything from *The Benny Hill Show* to Michael Bentine’s *Square World*; from *Panorama* to the *Tonight Programme*; from *Z Cars* to *Maigret*; from *Top of the Pops* to the *Proms*. The system meant that you could be allocated to anything and anybody. Towards the end of my training I was assigned to a particularly strange fellow. He was notorious for having been the editor on *Test Match Special* for the shortest period possible – less than one day. He had protested that he hated sport and knew nothing about cricket, but the front office insisted. Whether by accident or on purpose he managed to make a beautiful edit between two shots of a bowler and the batsman. Unfortunately, the bowler **and** the batsman were the same player: Garry Sobers – a miracle of filmic construction.

My next assignment was to the arts programme that some of you may remember: *Monitor*. Over the next three months I met many of the people who under Huw Wheldon’s mentoring, would become famous and for whom I would edit over the next several years. It climaxed with Kenneth Clark’s series *Civilisation*, for which I was a senior editor, also cutting Ken Russell’s best film for the BBC *Song of Summer*. No one to my knowledge here at MGS would have been aware of my career until, a film I cut received a glowing review in *The Times* including reference to ‘the exquisite editing of Roger Crittenden’. The film was *A Night’s Darkness: A Day’s Sail*, produced by Julian Jebb in 1970, a memoir of Virginia Woolf.

The week after transmission I received a letter from Bob Rylands. He admitted he hadn’t seen the film but had read the review and was curious to know if this was the Roger Crittenden he had taught. If so, he was delighted that I was moving in such circles and had clearly made something of myself! In my reply to Bob I told him about some of the other films on the arts that I had edited. But there was one film that I didn’t mention – one that had made the tabloids for all the wrong reasons. This was *Love of a Kind*, about the British and their pets, which was directed by Tony (Lord) Snowdon, then the husband of the Queen’s sister, Princess Margaret. In preparation for the work I was briefed by the Head of Documentaries who emphasised that discretion was paramount. He would be available day and night, 24/7, should any problems arise.

The film had to work. Not only Snowdon’s reputation but that of the BBC’s documentary department was riding on it. Situations had been chosen because they represented a quirky or even weird relationship between humans and their pets.

So, for instance we had two gay guys and their pet monkey having breakfast together and talking about their dependence on this substitute child; a young girl struggled with her oversize cat on the stairs; a woman carried her budgerigar in a cage each day to her beach hut to talk to it in private.

At a certain point, I was asked to bring a cut of the film to Kensington Palace. I had already been briefed on protocol if I happened to meet Her Royal Highness. She got wind of our arrival and we were ushered into the Grand Salon – big enough for a ballroom but containing only a few easy chairs and a grand piano. After the formalities, she offered me sherry. She fixed me with her disturbingly direct gaze and said, ‘Ice?’

‘Pardon me, Your Royal Highness?’ Ice in your sherry? I presumed that she was testing my drinking etiquette. ‘Oh, er, no thank you, Your Royal Highness’, I replied.

‘Are you sure?’

‘Quite sure ma’am.’

She frowned - at which I wondered if I should change my mind. Fortunately, she was immediately distracted by a thought: ‘Oh, it’s nearly seven – must listen to the news to hear about dear Bobby!’ It took me a moment to realise that she was talking about Bobby Moore, the England football captain, who that week had been arrested in Mexico City, accused of stealing jewellery from a shop. Her transistor radio was perched on the grand piano and she switched it on. We sat listening to the Archers in that incongruous environment. When the news came on we heard that Bobby had been released and we toasted the England team in sherry (no ice).

The following Sunday I opened the colour supplement to see a full-page advertisement for Harvey’s Bristol Cream, with the by-line: ‘Try it with ice!’ If only I had known that this was now the fashion a few days earlier.

One sequence in the film showed the Royal Family shooting pheasants in Windsor Great Park. I was told that no member of the Royal Family could be clearly identified actually shooting intercut with a bird falling from the sky. It had to be impressionistic. The sequence needed music and I hit upon the idea of using a pop song of the time: *This little Bird* sung by Marianne Faithful. I cut the scene to the recording and Snowdon loved it.

Then we learnt that this version would cost serious money to clear copyright, but Snowdon wouldn't budge. I had created a problem. What if, I said we persuaded another singer to record the song – for instance Julie Felix? There was no money for artists. How about a case of champagne from the Royal cellar? Done, said Snowdon and she accepted – perhaps intrigued by the prospect and we recorded her version at Riverside Studios. We emerged from the studio elated and Snowdon offered the three of us a lift in his Aston Martin to go for a celebratory drink. As we walked to the car, there was clearly something amiss. Parked by it was a police panda car, a police motorcycle and on the pavement, a bobby on the beat. As they saw who was approaching the Panda and the motor cycle sped off leaving the bobby to confront Snowdon. He had parked across the driveway of a resident who was unable to get his car out to go to work.

It was a necessary lesson for me. You can easily be sucked into the bubble of what is now called celebrity. There I was soaking up the pleasure of walking around with a top TV presenter, a folk singer who topped the charts and a member of our Royal family - faced with a man worried about getting to work and a bobby trying to do his job. Reality was never more vividly presented to me.

The most ironic experience was during the making of *The Last of the Mohicans*. I enjoyed a whole summer in the Scottish Highlands, editing on location with the largest crew and cast ever assembled by the BBC. The noise of warlike Red Indians, guns and cannon fire from my cutting room in a caravan parked in the grounds of the local hotel was so disturbing that the hotel's hens flew into trees and laid their eggs from a great height. The result was breakfast without eggs for the cast and crew. This produced a bill from the hotel of £100 to BBC TV Centre accounts department for 'loss of egg production'.

That summer provided me with enough anecdotes to fill a book about filming – something I was able to identify with very strongly when asked to write a book about Francois Truffaut's film *Day for Night* where he chronicles the making of a film. Some critics lambasted Truffaut at the time for presenting an unbelievable series of problems including nervous breakdowns, sabotage, betrayals, fatal accidents, and so on, but just from my own experience I know that he was not exaggerating. Apart from anything else the pressure all those involved are under creates a powder keg that can blow at any moment.

Truffaut actually said that it takes just as much effort to make a bad film as it does a good one and when you set out no-one can be sure which it will be. So, when some years later I saw the first outline of the proposal by a student of mine at the National Film School to make an animated film called *A Grand Day Out* about this strange northern fellow Wallace who talked to no-one but his dog Gromit and decided to build his own rocket to go the moon for a picnic, I can remember being amused but had no idea that this was going to be the start of a world franchise as big as anything of its kind in the history of the medium. It was only when I was walking with Nick Park up the grand staircase at Buckingham Palace some years later and we were accosted by a breathless Terry Wogan begging for Nick's autograph that the amazing nature of that phenomenon finally struck me.

I can honestly say that the forty years since my time at the BBC, enjoying the development of many talented filmmakers at the National Film School has been far more gratifying than anything I edited. And that's the most important paradox I have learned: that to teach is also to learn. Of course, you never stop learning and if lucky you encounter good teachers throughout life. The best I ever had, another film editor called Dave King, who was also my best friend, died earlier this week. I was his assistant for some time and without ever dictating to me he taught me the values of commitment dedication and going the extra mile. On that sombre note I would ask you all to be upstanding for a toast:

To our school –Sempiterna Floreat! Maidstone Grammar School.

Editors' Note: We are grateful to Roger for giving us permission to publish the article, above. We also apologise to him that for space reasons we have had to cut out one of his anecdotes. The editor has been edited! This probably proves that the [red] pen is mightier than ... ??

SCHOOL EVENTS

Christmas Get-together – Wednesday 14th December 2016

We are going to have a Christmas get-together before the Carol Service; this is likely to be at a pub in Maidstone. We are investigating a suitable venue, and will send details later. Recent leavers have in the past tended to meet in a pub beforehand anyway, so we can perhaps combine to make it a quasi-official event, with Neil Turrell attending.

MGS Carol Service at All Saints Church – Wednesday 14th December 2016

This annual event will start at 7.30 pm.

School contacts

The school can be contacted on 01622 752101, or by e-mail to school@mgs-kent.org.uk. Further details of all events are available on the school website <http://www.mgs.kent.sch.uk>

The Neil Turrell OM Reunion Day – Saturday 3rd September 2016

This was a great success, as can be seen from these photographs. The weather was fine and the burgers were good. We all enjoyed the reunion. Our archivists did us proud with a display of material from their attic and a showing of some fascinating film of MGS-past. The star of the show was, of course, Neil Turrell who rekindled many memories among OMs from his 'reign' and amused those of us who were not that lucky.



The Heads



Sir!



The chefs



Sam in action



Bar staff



Archivists



Old mates

'Informal Gathering' – February 2017

We are planning an early evening informal gathering in London, hosted by President Neil Turrell. This will be at the historic George Inn in Southwark. Further details will be emailed to members soon.

CHARITABLE DONATIONS THE EASY WAY

The OMS is registered with Easyfundraising, which enables supporters to donate, at no cost to themselves, when doing on-line shopping. All money received will go to the OM charitable trust (for details of this see our website). We hope that OMs will join Easyfundraising: the amounts raised per transaction are small, but the cumulative value could be considerable. Many major on-line retailers participate: for example, Argos, Amazon, Apple Store, John Lewis, M&S...

The effort required after the initial sign-up can be minimised by downloading a toolbar for your browser which automatically tells you when you are accessing a retailer which participates in the scheme and enables you to make your donation, once you have logged into your Easyfundraising account. You can find the download at:-

<http://www.easyfundraising.org.uk/raise-more/find-and-remind/>

For more detailed information see the following page of the OMS website:-

<http://www.oldmaidstonians.co.uk/fundraising/>

NEWS OF OLD MAIDSTONIANS

Eric Baldock (1966 to 1973) refers to the cover of the July 1967 *Maidstonian*, which was published (Page 6 *Old Maidstonian* No. 20) in the article by Icarus. He writes, 'That is me on the left-hand side. Giles Champion is sitting next to me, but I cannot recall the names of the other two, who were not particular friends. It was a posed NWN [Norman Newcombe] photograph!

Barry Evans (1953 to 1960) was also known as 'Garth' in the MGS Troop 'B' and Senior Scouts. He writes, 'Somehow - it's a long story - I ended up way up north on the coast of California, a minute's walk from Humboldt Bay. (Hence the small armada of kayaks and stand-up paddleboards in our basement.) Somehow, my journey took me to Queen Mary College ("dahn the Mile End Road" E1) to New Zealand to Canada to California, from civil engineering to marketing to authoring science books, to currently, writing three columns and teaching obscure classes. My wife Louisa (American, grew up around the world) and I also have a home in Guanajuato, Mexico. My goal in life is to have visited

more countries than my age, currently batting 74 for 73. Life is so good that I wonder if I was a saint in a past life and they gave me a pass on this one. Happy to hear from me old mates.'

baryevans9@yahoo.com.

Peter Evans (1950 to 1958), Keith Hearnden (1949-1957) and Peter Weaver (1950 to 1958) have been reminiscing about the performances of Bach's *St Matthew Passion* which took place in 1957, and which were mentioned in previous editions. Keith wrote, 'Your item brought back strong memories. I held a (rather nominal) position as student secretary of the choral society then, and was thus very involved in the event. It surprises me how clearly I remember the rehearsals and the performance. The musical insights I gained from the tuition that was an integral part of rehearsals I now recognise as the foundation of what has become a lifelong passion (forgive the unintended pun) for Bach's music - enjoyed both through an extensive library of recordings and live performances whenever they are offered in an accessible location. As an adjunct (an extremely important one!) I too joined the ranks of Old Maidstonians who later met and married someone from MGGS. We have now been married for 55 years and are soon to become great-grandparents.'

Peter Weaver replied, 'I was a steward and back room boy at both performances and, like Keith, was an instant Bach fan. I also remember the soloists, particularly my great friend Philip Langridge, then singing bass before he found his true metier. I often wonder what happened to Lindsay Heather, who had a lovely rich bass voice. Did he become a professional singer too?

'As for your romance - I think there must have been something in the air that weekend! (I happen to know that you were not the only ones for whom romantic intentions started with those concerts.) I wonder if David Cutforth knew the full extent of his influence.

'I thought you would both be interested in the attached details of the concert which I have copied from James Clinch's *Gaudeamus (An Account of Music at MGS)*.'

From 1957
Saturday & Sunday, March 30th & 31st
THE COMBINED CHOIRS OF THE MAIDSTONE GRAMMAR SCHOOLS
trained by Miss Alison Pope, Nigel Dodd, David Cutforth
in association with
THE OLD BARN ORCHESTRA
Leaders: Frederick Pryce, Doreen Clarke
Conductor
David Cutforth

The Passion according to St Matthew Bach

Soprano: MARY THOMAS
Contralto: LESLEY REID
Bass: LINDSAY HEATHER
Tenor (Evangelist): IAN STAMP
Tenor: PETER JEFFREY
Bass: PHILIP LANGRIDGE
Continuo cello: ALISON HARPER
Continuo piano: NIGEL DODD

Gaudeamus

FIRST CHOIR

SOPRANOS
 J. Baker
 P. Byrd
 E. Clarke
 A. Collins
 F. Crispin
 J. Durrant
 J. French
 M. Mullins
 P. Murray
 H. Taylor

ALTOS
 R.G.C. Fuller
 D. Hughes
 B.R.A. Jenner
 C.W. Phillips
 B.R. Van Bergen

TENORS
 A. Ashbee
Mr. K. Dray
 C. Francis
 J.P.T. Martin
 Mr. N.W. Newcombe
Mr. H.J. Piper
 E.A. Pries
Mr. J.B. Richards
 I.M. Robinson
Mr. R. Savage
 D.M. Webber
Mr. E. Wood

BASSES
 Mr. J.A. Blake
 B.J. Bonny
 Mr. W.J.C. Caley
 J.H. Crammer
 A.P. Fairhurst
 P.G. Fuller
 M.J. Fuller
 C.C. Haylor
 K. Hearnden
 B.F. Horton
 A.J. Knell
 D. Lambert
 G.I. Moore
 Mr. D.W. Pratt
 J.T. Price
 D.M. Ridsdale
 Mr. K.A. Sawdy
 D.G. Smith
 Mr. G.I.F. Thomson
 A.R. Young

TREBLES
 N. Ashwell
 J.R. Beeching
 A.E. Chantler
 B. Cornell
 M.J. Durrant
 P. East
 D.J. Griffiths
 J.A. Lavender
 A.D. Macfadyen
 G.C. Mantering
 P.J. Mansfield
 P.J. Moore
 P.S. Pain
 R.L. Smith
 M.J. Swaisland
 D.J. Trigg
 C.C. Wood

CONTRALTOS
 A. Amess
 F. Atkins
 M. Baker
 A. Beech
 M. Bowles
 Mrs. D. Cutforth
 E. Francis
 J. Forsyth
 A. Phillips
 W. Reed
 S. Russell
 A. Shrubsole
 M. Swain
 M. Wood

SECOND CHOIR

SOPRANOS
 E. Baker
 J. Bray
 V. Chainey
 L. Hopkinson
 M. Knight
 E. Moon
 J. Pain
 R. Stevenson
 J. Tuckwell

ALTOS
 J.A.G. Bartle
 G.G.S. Collins
 J.R. Day
 R.M. Haines
 A.C. Menzies

TENORS
 Mr. A. Coppen
 D.J. Cuckney
Mr. A. Drury
 C.J.M. Everill
 G.M. Foster
 Mr. T.P. Gutteridge
Mr. J.R. Haas
Mr. C. Hubbard
Mr. D.A. Payn
 S.G. Partis
 L.T. Sweetman
 A.R. Westwood

BASSES
 J. Atkins
 Mr. R.H. Baker
 I.D.G. Bartle
 A.V.J. Eley
 P.H. Evans
 Mr. V.S. Fawcett
 Mr. P.W. French
 R.J. Fuller
 A.J. Gannon
 J. Hewett
 Mr. R. Kemp
 J.E. Long
 B.J. Millen
 D.G.F. Money
 R.B. Moreton
Mr. G.E. Partis
Mr. N. Perry
 A. Rotherham
 B.E. Spillett
 G.B. Tester
 M. Thompson
 A. Trill

TREBLES
 R.A. Birch
 R.H. Bourne
 B.F.S. Clift
 M.S. Clift
 M. Craske
 P.J. Day
 R.S. Ely
 G.C. Johnson
 R.W. Lukehurst
 W.A.P. Lurcock
 C.J. Poynter
 P. Rolfe
 D.J. Sells
 D.J. Targett
 M.J. Taylor
 I.A. Trewin
 G.S.W. Tutleman
 K.E. Van Bergen
 B.A. Varney
 G.T. Waggett
 P.S. Wallis
 M.F. Wickenden

CONTRALTOS
 A. Bannister
 M. Chapman
 S. Ellis
 Miss C. Flawith
 M. Hayne
 H. Hones
 R. Jarvis
 A. Jones
 M. MacMaster
 M. Moore
 G. Pateman

(This is the chorus list as in the printed programme. It has not been compared with the Journal and obvious slips have not been corrected.
 The names in *italics* are those of 'friends' invited to sing with the combined societies.)

David Francis sent us two links from online newspapers which refer to his son, John Francis (2002 to 2009). An article about him also appeared in the *Kent Messenger*. John studied Sports Science and Coaching at the University of Worcester and is now working there for his PhD. The PhD is in conjunction with GB Wheelchair Basketball: John has been involved with wheelchair basketball for nearly four years, and he is Head of Performance Analysis for both the men's and women's teams. For the Rio Olympics, he was also the men's team manager.

<http://www.worcester.ac.uk/discover/sports-science-students-heading-off-to-help-paralympic-athletes-in-rio.html>

http://www.kentnews.co.uk/sport/maidstone_student_off_to_rio_to_enhance_performance_of_team_gb_wheelchair_basketball_teams_in_paralympic_games_1_4672277

Benjamin L C Smith (1979 to 1984) has pointed out an inaccuracy in our last edition, regarding the house system: 'It was stated that the system was abolished 'sometime in the 1980s which would imply that this was an action taken by Dr

Pettit. In fact, it was abolished in the late 1960s under Mr Moody who tried to modernise the school after the lengthy headmastership of Mr Claydon. I attended MGS under Dr Pettit and the idea of re-establishing the house system was mooted several times, but without success.'

Peter Stevens (1949 to 1954) wrote to say that there have been six Old Maidstonians in his family: his father (1923 to 1929); his uncle and Godfather (1925 to 1931), who is still alive at the age of 102; himself (1949 to 1954); his brother (1953 to 1959), and his two sons (1988 to 1993 and 1990 to 1995). His father and elder son are both deceased, but the other four are still alive.

ON THE LIGHTER SIDE

The editor has been reading and watching a good deal of Shakespeare recently, in common with many people who have been commemorating the great man's death in 1616. Here is a conundrum which may interest some readers.

Use the King James version of the Bible and look at psalm 46. Count in 46 words from the start, and you will find the word 'shake'. Count in 46 words from the end (ignoring the last word 'selah', which is irrelevant, as it is believed to be a musical instruction), and you will find the word 'spear'. It is suggested that the Bible was being edited in about 1610, when Shakespeare was 46, and some people think that he and possibly other famous writers helped with the editing, especially of the psalms. If he did so, this may be his little joke. Perhaps there are others to be found as well, or this may be one of those strange coincidences that can never be explained satisfactorily.

FROM OUR SPANISH CORRESPONDENT, NORMAN NEWCOMBE (PART 3)

(This is our final extract, which was edited from letters written to Hugh and Beryl MacCallum)

Problems with gas cylinders and plumbing which rear their ugly heads

Last time I went into the office of the butane-gas agency to order a new cylinder, I was baffled by the refusal of the man to countenance sending one without written evidence that I had a contract with the firm. This was, in fact, the 10th new cylinder I'd had from them, so why the demand hadn't been made on any of the previous nine occasions, I know not. In fact, I was saved by a happy chance: while I was expostulating, the 'phone rang and he took down a telephoned order for a cylinder from another customer; so! I smartly replied 'Well, now, what about his written evidence? If he can have one, why can't I?' Whereupon he meekly capitulated and took my order without another word. I think, in fact, that the Spaniards have the 'peaked-cap syndrome', as I call it, rather strongly - that is, when given any kind of official status (especially if uniformed) they feel that it confers upon them the right to be arbitrary over matters which normally they would be quite amiable about.

My plumbing is at the moment being decidedly temperamental, but it will have been forcibly cured by a *fontanero* before long, I hope. (I like this name for a plumber: it literally means 'one who deals in fountains.) Our local *fontanero* hangs out in the 'La Piedad' bar, and you stick your head round the door and yell for him. He looks up from his game of cards or draughts, asks what the trouble is, and then sends along his boy to see to it. The boy can get through the very narrow trapdoor into the loft where the tank is, which practically nobody else can, but I don't think he knows a tap washer from a house-brick. The problem simply is that when the hot water gets hot, it won't run. When it is cold, or even lukewarm, it will, but when it's hot it goes 'ker-guggle-splutt!' Nothing else happens, except that just occasionally, and quite unpredictably, the cold-water tap will run hot for two or three minutes. Then one has to start coaxing, and perhaps after a quarter of an hour or so of gentle blandishment, one can get the merest trickle, the tiniest thread, of hot water to start running. This will usually serve, if one is patient, to provide enough hot water to wash in, or even to shave in, but it is not very helpful when one wants a bath.

I had a rather fraught day yesterday. I'd been awaiting for about three weeks the promised arrival of some electricians to make a modification to my wiring, and had almost forgotten their existence. I rose as usual about 7:30, and shortly afterwards discovered that my bathroom washbasin had got itself blocked somehow. I set to work on it with rubber sucker-things and a long piece of wire, and in the process of working these with a good will, I swept a half-bottle of Dettol on to a tiled floor, where it did what glass bottles will do under such circumstances. As I was mopping it up, the doorbell sounded below, and Fred, Bert and Charlie (or more probably Paco, Paco and Paco) turned up to start on the electricity.

Moreover, the rubber gunge-extractor and the wire had no effect whatever, so I had to have recourse to what is locally known as *Agua Fuerte*, or 'Strong Water', which is nitric acid: you buy it at the grocer's shop. In England I would not dream of putting about a quarter-of-a-pint of nitric acid down my wastepipe, but it appears that it is the Done Thing here. Anyway, it worked, and my basin is now running again (though whether that means that the acid has eaten away all the piping and it's just going down into the foundations, time will no doubt reveal).

Residency poses challenges

(Towards the end of 1984, Norman had to renew his residency.)

I had to flog all round Malaga, getting various certificates and things relating to my renewal of Residence Permit - you get these for two years, so mine had more than expired. In a rather typical Spanish way, one official told me I needed a certificate of solvency from the bank and one from the British Consul as to my good character, then when I got back with these, having paid close on £5 to the Consul for typing about four lines, they said I only needed the bank one after all.

At the bank I went to the enquiry desk and was told I had to go to the first desk on the left upstairs. They said no, it wasn't anything to do with them - go downstairs and ask for Luisa. I found Luisa and she said no, it wasn't her department - go into the office and ask for Manolo. Manolo wasn't in the office, so I did a few other things and went back later, only to find that Manolo was now engaged with a chap who appeared to be cashing in his life insurance and getting the bank to invest it in British Telecom. The whole jolly operation took precisely one hour... still, I'm a retired man, so, what's the hurry?

Norman does not tolerate Spanish cats, and his mothering and medical skills are tested

I don't have to worry much about gardening, as my little plot is about 20 feet long and two feet wide (though I do own a couple of window-boxes and half a dozen flower-pots as well). For some time I was plagued by cats

of a most malignant nature, who thoughtfully tore things up as fast as I planted them, and urinated all over those which they were considerate enough to leave intact, so that these also perished by what was probably a most unpleasant death. However, I have discouraged them in a number of ways: 'Scent-Off' pellets, a lot of sharpened stakes fixed into the ground between plants, and a bucket of cold water kept handy by the door. All these have taken their toll of the marauders; anyway, the happy absence of cats has in fact enabled me to plant a rose, a bougainvillea and a hibiscus, all of which I hope will provide me with a bit of colour next summer. Come the spring, I shall plant some smaller things between them, and so, I hope, leave less scope for Our Feline Friends.

Much of my time in the last few weeks has been taken up in 'mothering' a couple who have just moved here from Cheshire. 'Mothering' is not to be taken too literally; for one thing, they are a little older than I am myself, and for another, I was not endowed by nature with the necessary equipment for motherhood. Nevertheless, it is the *mot juste* in many ways, for these two poor dears speak hardly any Spanish, and have been afflicted by a most trying series of complications since they arrived in September. First, the man was called back to England after a week or two to have an eye operation for which he'd been waiting for years. That left his wife alone to cope with workmen drastically reconstructing the ground floor of their house. He then returned, and almost immediately they ran into problems over the customs clearance of their furniture, owing to the incompetence of the British removal firm, which had given them completely wrong information.

Then the wife became ill (possibly food-poisoning, possibly the effect of all this excitement) so I had the unusual experience of going with another man's wife to interpret between her and the doctor during a fairly intimate physical examination. Finally, the removal people assured them that the furniture would be arriving on Saturday December 14th, and it in fact turned up on Tuesday the 10th, and after dark at that! One wonders what else can go wrong: still, it has made me very fluent in making complaints to bank-managers, builders, customs-agents, doctors, etc. Oh, and one other thing: they bought a new gas cooker which went wrong on the day after purchase, so I am also fluent, in gas-engineering language.

(Editor's note: unfortunately, we have no more examples of Norman's wonderful writing, but if any readers can supply any we will be very grateful. In the next edition, we will have some reminiscences of Norman from Tony Hocking, 1955 to 1962).

MAIDSTONE GRAMMAR SCHOOL 1833-1882 (PART 3)

The move from Corpus Christi Hall to Tonbridge Road by James Clinch

A paper in the Clerk to the Governor's records, summarising the negotiations at this point¹, states that in January 1867: 'The Town Council thinking it better to come to some arrangement with Mr Gould instructed the Committee to communicate with him and carefully arrange terms before anything was done'. This sensible instruction was complied with and the following Report to the Council was submitted².

"That in accordance with the instructions given by the Council at their meeting in November last your Committee have been in communication with the Reverend Mr Gould the Master of the Grammar School in order to ascertain from him what quarterly fee he would be willing to receive from the Parents of each Scholar, as a fixed charge to include all that is defined in the third Rule of the Rules Orders and Constitutions adopted and established by the Town Council on the 15th day of May 1844 – that the teaching of the French Language be added thereto – that no extra charge be made for fires lights stationery or anything else – but that the Master should be entitled to charge each parent for books actually supplied – and that the Master be entitled to receive Boarders not exceeding 30 in number – That Mr Gould has consented to the adoption of the foregoing terms on payment of the quarterly sum of £2.12.6 for each scholar, subject to the approval of the Charity Commissioners to the scheme suggested and to the proposed erection of a new school.

¹ Clerk to the Governors' Records (CGR) Paper marked TR/29.

² CGR Grammar School Committee Report marked TR/22, dated 30 March 1867.

"Your Committee are of the opinion that it will be to the advantage of the Inhabitants of the Borough that the foregoing terms be adopted.

"With regard to the sale of the site and building of the present Grammar School – the purchase of a new Site – and the erection of a new School and residence for the Master – and the raising of the funds for that purpose Your Committee are of the Opinion that this can only be effected by a united effort of a Committee formed partly from Members of the Town Council and partly from influential Inhabitants of Maidstone and its Neighbourhood who may take a lively interest in the project and are willing to take an active part in carrying the same into execution.

"30th March 1867

H.R. Cutbush (Chairman)"

The outcome was approval by the Town Council at its next meeting and the Committee was 'authorised to take part in such measures as may be necessary to carry out the objects therein referred to into effect'. The teaching of French, now added to the list of free subjects, had been a particular source of complaint at a council meeting four years previously because it was not taught by a Frenchman.

It is not clear from the papers that remain why the proposed site on the London Road fell through; there is a gap in both newspaper records, and in the Council minutes and Clerk's records. Other sites had also been investigated, for the Report of the Committee to the Council dated 4 February 1869³ states that long negotiations have been entered into with Mr Whatman for the purchase of four acres of land at the corner of the Sittingbourne Road. "These negotiations have however, owing to circumstances which it is needless now to relate, ceased; and your Committee have therefore been obliged to seek for another site."

However a site had been found by Mr Alexander Randall on the Tonbridge Road between the Railway Station and Bower Terrace. The whole of this area down to the railway line and behind Bower Terrace, some ten or eleven acres, was owned by Lord Romney and had been let in 1864 to a firm of nurserymen, Thomas Bunyard & Son. A copy of the lease exists in the Clerk's records⁴ and a reprint of the 1868 Ordnance Survey map of Maidstone (South), clearly showing the plot of land, has recently been published⁵. An Agreement for the sale of three acres of this land to Alexander Randall, Charles Arkcoll and William Laurence was signed on 1 February 1869⁶ and completion was expected by 1 March. The Report continues:

" ... your Committee will then be in a position to convey the same to the Town Council or such Trustees as shall be appointed, for the purposes of the School, and subject to the existing rules and regulations affecting the same, and to such terms as have been approved by the Town Council."

In reality, the land was not transferred and remained in the possession of the three purchasers.

The Agreement included conditions that there should be a wall, 4½ feet high, to be built on the north and east sides of the property, a fence or hedge on the west side and access guaranteed to the remainder of Messrs Bunyard's nursery; the wall and the fence had to be constructed within twelve calendar months. The only building permitted was a School and a residence.

Mr James Whatman, who was one of the two Members of Parliament for the Borough (Sir John Lubbock was the other), came in for considerable criticism from the editor of the *Maidstone & Kent Journal*⁷ who was in favour of the move to Tonbridge Road and believed the capitation fee to be fair. But:

" we cannot refrain from remarking upon the singular conduct of the gentleman who had originally consented to sell land for the new school. It is now no secret that Mr Whatman entered into negotiations for the sale of a site near the Militia Barracks. A better situation could not possibly have been selected; and it was thoroughly understood that the bargain had been settled. At the last moment, however, to the intense surprise of the gentlemen who had been acting in the matter, and who had supposed that

³ *CGR* Grammar School Committee Report marked TR/16 dated 4 February 1869.

⁴ *CGR*. A copy of the lease dated 26 September 1864 and marked TR/19.

⁵ Alan Godfrey Maps, Newcastle upon Tyne.

⁶ *CGR* The Agreement is marked TR/10 and paper TR/16 dated 4 February 1869 is the report of the Grammar School Committee to the Town Council.

⁷ *Maidstone & Kentish Journal* of 22 February 1869.

everything was arranged, except the execution of the necessary legal documents, Mr Whatman broke off the negotiations and refused to sell the property."

The sum agreed for the sale was £1,700 (over twice the estimate of 1867) and it was provided for by Mr Peale's fine donation of £1,000, separate amounts of £100 each from Mr Randall, Mr Laurence, Mr Cutbush, The Kentish Bank and Messrs T. & J. Hollingworth (paper makers at Turkey Mill), and separate amounts of £50 each from The Honourable Robert Marsham (Lord Romney's son), The Mayor (Mr C. Arkcoll), Mr W. Balston and Mr R. Balston. Further subscriptions were invited⁸ and arrangements were made with Mr Bunyard whose lease with Lord Romney required a year's notice to be given. The Charity Commissioners were also informed of the progress that had been made, although it appears that another set of Commissioners, the Endowed Schools Commissioners, would make the final decision. Their reply⁹ was in the affirmative but there was a warning that under the provisions of the Municipal Corporations Act, the Commissioners did not perceive how the Corporation of Maidstone can now properly act as the Trustees of this School. "This question creates a preliminary difficulty in the matter which should in the first be met and disposed of."

A local architect, Mr E.W. Stephens, had already drawn up plans for the new school. These were approved on 3 March 1869 and a plea for a larger schoolroom was agreed on 20 March. September saw the appeal for money, the Grammar School Committee now forming themselves into a Finance Committee, and in accordance with his agreement with Lord Romney, Mr Bunyard was given notice to quit by 29 September 1870. He replied asking for more time and reminded the Committee that a dividing wall was part of the agreement and building of this had not yet started.

By December there was some falling away of donations. A Report to the Council¹⁰ was considered at a Special Meeting on 8 January 1870. The *Maidstone & Kentish Journal* reported that:

"The Grammar School Committee had collected about £1,100, leaving about £400 still to be provided. They regretted that many influential inhabitants of the town had, up to the present time, withheld their support, but they had little doubt that when it was seen that the Council were unanimously determined not only to offer such assistance as they were able to do as a body, but also individually, they will be regularly seconded in their efforts by the other inhabitants."

This may, in part, have been a taunt at the Mayor who had already refused to increase his donation in September.

⁸ CGR A draft of the subscription paper is marked TR/3 and a printed version, TR/36.

⁹ CGR A paper marked TR/18.

¹⁰ CGR A paper marked TR/24 dated 10 December 1869

MUSINGS FROM THE PENTHOUSE

Despite my bewailing the loss of our great magazine in the last edition, I have to say that, boring though it sometimes was with all its listings and scores, looking back through past editions can give one a great sense of delight and pleasure. Before you cast doubts on my sanity, please consider the following, published in the 1897 July Edition.

Sir,

In your last number you made what seems to me an excellent suggestion that the Maidstone Grammar School should revert to its old title of Corpus Christi School. I will tell you why this seems to me an excellent suggestion; there is another School in the Town, which has, to some extent, appropriated our name. It is exceedingly awkward at times. To take a case in point: when I was coming back after the last (school) holidays, I called to a porter as usual to put my luggage on a cab. 'Grammar School,' says I. 'Girls' Grammar School?' says he. 'Do I look like a girl?' says I, witheringly, and drove off without giving him a tip. I saved my tip, but I was considerably annoyed all the same!

Yours disgustedly,

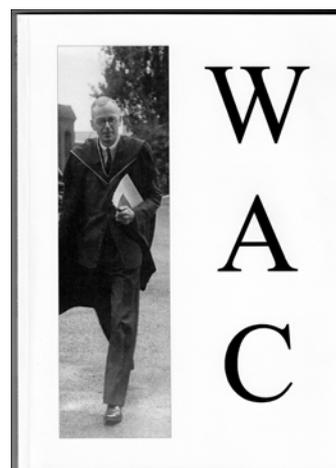
D.I.G.

Regrettably, the archive staff list only commences in 1898, so I am unable to tell if our disgruntled writer was staff or student (I suspect the former as the writer had been travelling by train).



Our dear sister school has been denigrated a number of times in the past. I have mentioned previously the recording of St. Matthew's Passion and I am reliably informed that it was a headmaster that many of you will remember, W. A. Claydon, who agreed to a joint venture between MGGs and MGS. Mind you, it was probably his great love of Bach rather than the union that swayed his opinion. W.A.C. was not known for a great love of 'the fairer sex' or 'the other sex' as he would refer to them. Whilst he agreed to having joint choirs, he was very reluctant and extremely snooty (quite undeservedly so I am told) about the rôle of the teacher, Miss A. Pope, who trained the girls' choir. I trust that those Old Maidstonians who attended MGGs before joining our venerable establishment appreciate their old school in the same way that we (hopefully) appreciate ours.

I have a confession here in that I never really appreciated W.A.C. when I attended the school – he was an image of terror as he swept down the corridors, his gown flying out behind him and causing us lesser mortals to press our feeble bodies up against the walls staring at our feet. In fact, I spoke to him only once and that was when he said farewell to me, and even then, he had to look me up on his list so that he could personalise his words. Since being part of the archive I have learned just what a great man he was and just how much he actually achieved for the school. However, his attitude towards girls was always felt to be hostile. One OM tells me that when he had finished at university he informed W.A.C. that he was engaged to be married; W.A.C. made the crushing comment about it being a waste of the OMs career! The great man, like all others, had his weaknesses! *(Please note that copies of the book, 'W.A.C.' are available should anyone want a copy.)*



Those of you who were able to attend the Neil Turrell Reunion Day on 3rd September had the opportunity to see the digitised videos of the cine films that were made in 1938 and 1971. I would like to get a DVD compiled incorporating clips from these films along with some of the clips that are on YouTube and possibly other films that people may have in their possession. One of the people responsible for shooting the 1971 cine film and the YouTube clips was Martin Passmore.

I seem to be focused on Staff in my musings but that was not initially my intention. However, just bear with me a little longer. In my contacts with OMs someone mentioned Ichabod and I wondered how he got his nickname. My original thoughts were from the Biblical character of the same name, whose name means 'the glory has departed'. I envisaged excited young pupils entering S. W. Johnson's classroom and the glory departing from them. My correspondent suggested another possibility:

I had always assumed that it was based on his appearance, which made me think of a rather surprised toad! Dipping into the internet, I see that there was a Disney film in 1949 combining two stories: 'The Wind in the Willows' (featuring Mr Toad) and 'The legend of Sleepy Hollow', in which 'the gangly schoolmaster Ichabod Crane' [an apt description of SWJ] falls for the beautiful Katrina van Tassel. As SWJ was appointed to MGS in or shortly after 1949 [it was actually 1952] I guess that the nickname got attached to him, although Disney's Ichabod character looks completely different. SWJ began learning to play the 'cello soon after his arrival, and I have a vivid memory of his toad-like eyes in his horn-rimmed glasses peering above the instrument. So, it looks like a completely incidental association of two quite separate ideas!

That got me interested in other nicknames. I had always known John Blake, scoutmaster supreme, as 'Tiddles' and on using that name outside his classroom whilst waiting for him to end teaching the previous group, earned me four hours' detention (two Saturday mornings lost!). However, he had previously been known as

'Milligram', the name attached to him because of his concern for precision, demonstrated when he meticulously divided a single fairy cake into seven identical portions to share amongst a patrol of scouts. Perhaps if I had stuck to 'Milligram' then my time would not have been lost.

Vernon Fawcett had the nickname 'Willy', apparently after some wag, waiting outside the locked Art Room when Mr. Fawcett had forgotten his key, shouted (yes you've guessed it) – 'Will he force it!' Perhaps you know why G. B. Phillips was known as 'Beta', or how 'Nogger' Knight got his name. What about other nicknames you were familiar with?

If you have any interesting stories or explanations, then please let us have them.

Icarus

(Editor's note: apparently, 'Beta' Phillips was so called because he was the second master. That begs the question of whether the Headmaster was referred to as 'Alpha': does anyone know if that was the case?)

(Note from Co-Editor: No, Brian - with initials like "WAC" there was no need to use Greek letters for a headmaster of that era! They were a great team whose nicknames usually sprung from schoolboy affection rather than malice. May they all rest in peace!)

OBITUARIES

It is with much regret that the Society records the deaths of Old Maidstonians. We extend our deepest sympathy to their families and friends.

We are told that John Foster (1933 to 1939) died on 3rd September 2016 at the age of 93, but we have no further details.

We reported previously on the death of John Skinner (Staff, 1958 to 1966) in May 2015. Readers will be sorry to learn that his wife,

Dorothy, also died on 6 October 2016.

Simon Peacock (1979 to 1984) reported the untimely death of Philip Thompson (1979 to 1985).

Benjamin L C Smith (1979 to 1984) reports that Marshall Vine (1954 to 1961) died on 4th August 2016.

Adrian Gaunt (1957 to 1963) reports that John Martin Vanderlure Wilmington (1956 to 1964) died on 11th April 2016, aged 70. He graduated with a BA from what was then St David's College, Lampeter in 1969, took a further degree at Oxford in 1969 and was ordained as a Roman Catholic priest in 1972. He served as Curate at St Mary Abbots, Kensington, from 1975 to 1983, as Rector of Perivale from 1983 to 1991 and as Vicar of Acton Green from 1991 to 2014. He retired in 2014 and was living in Hampton at the time of his death. This is a link to the details of his funeral mass:

http://www.allsaintstwickenham.co.uk/uploads/5/2/1/8/521848/requiem_-_jw_vers_2.pdf

Book Now!

The Annual Supper 2017

£18 per head

(Booking form with this Old Maidstonian)

Menu

Ham Hock Terrine
on a bed of baby leaves

Or

French Onion Soup (v)
All served with Crusty Roll & Butter

Boeuf Bourguignon

Or

Cod Mornay

Or

Vegetable Bean Cassoulet (v)
Served with Buttered New Potatoes, Haricots Verts
& Julienne Carrots

Tarte Aux Pommes

Or

Crème Caramel

Or

Selection of French Cheeses served with Biscuits

Freshly Brewed Coffee & Mints

WANTED URGENTLY - SOCIETY SECRETARY

After a number of years' devoted service Brian White now wishes to stand down as the Society's Hon Sec. We thank him for all his hard work in this rôle. We now need someone to take over this important committee post from Brian. If you would like to consider this please telephone Brian (01622 756660) or Richard (01622 682119) for more details.

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MGS Headmaster

MGS School Captain

MGS School Vice-Captain

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

14th December Carol Service

31st March, 2017 Annual Supper



The Old Maidstonian

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We Would Like to Hear From You Copy date for next edition: **27th February, 2017**

The Society is always very pleased to hear from its members. Please update us as to your post-school history, and we will publish it in The Old Maidstonian and on the website. If you would like to share with us some anecdotes about your time at the school then please do contact us. E-mail is a particularly convenient method of reaching us and is preferred.

MERCHANDISE

It has been agreed that the school will in future handle the sales of merchandise, adding our stock of items to their own. If you would like to purchase any of these items then please contact Mrs Sandy Smith in the School Office via email sandy.smith@mgs-kent.org.uk. Packages are available for multiple purchases; a small delivery charge will be added to items that require posting.



Large Umbrella - £22 Small Umbrella - £18

Packages available Cufflinks, large umbrella and parker pen £35, (£30 with small umbrella)



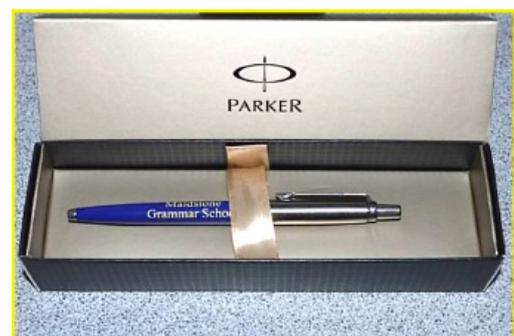
OM ties crested or striped - £7



OM Acrylic Scarf - £16



OM Woolen Scarf - £28



Parker Pen - £7



Cufflinks - £10

