

OLD MAIDSTONIAN SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER – COMBINED 2008

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and on Old Maidstonian matters please have a look at:*

www.mgs.kent.sch.uk
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Headmaster to retire

The School's Headmaster since 1992, Neil Turrell, has announced that he will retire from the position next summer.

Interviews for his successor will take place during the autumn with an appointment likely to be made early next year.

Jean-Marie Sanfourche

It came as a great shock to everybody that this much loved teacher of languages, French in particular, passed away on 9th October after a short battle with cancer. Many tributes have been posted on a 'Facebook' page entitled "Mr Jean-Marie Sanfourche RIP".

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Annual Supper & A.G.M. – Friday 27th March 2009

A 'secret agent'...?

This was the title of an article that appeared in the Summer 2007 Newsletter detailing a bit about the career of CHARLES DE SALIS (1929) who died on 27th February last year. Through a member of his family the Society has been given a copy of notes he made during one particular year.

For the whole of 1926, when I was fifteen, I kept a diary: jottings in a pocket book, but enough to allow me, seventy-seven years later, to recall what for me at the time was a year of exciting experiences.

We lived at that time at 215 Queen's Road, Maidstone, the end house of a row of small cheap houses built in a damson orchard. It bordered the farm attached to Barming Mental Hospital, where my father was employed as Occupation Officer at a salary of about £400 a year. He was in charge of workshops, concerts, social occasions, sport, etc. and saw himself as a pioneer in the science of Occupational Therapy for the mentally ill: he had had experience at a hospital for the shell-shocked immediately following the 1914 war. He was popular among staff and patients, and was universally known as "the Colonel", a rank he had earned during the war, but not being a professional soldier he had no pension.

I was in my third year at Maidstone Grammar School, then in its unlovely Victorian building in the Tonbridge Road, an easy bike ride from home. I was ahead of my contemporaries in arts subjects having been at an old fashioned prep day school on Tooting Bec Common called Cheltonia College: but woefully behind in science (not taught at the College) and a complete dud at maths. I had successfully taken General Schools at 14 but failed to get matric, which required a pass in maths. At fifteen, I was now to try again.

During most of the year of the diary, a school-friend, Colin Coates, boarded with us. Tall but very, very quiet and shy, he was my opposite: good at science and maths, and a wizard at constructing wireless sets. We shared a love of music: his uncle was Albert Coates, the conductor. His mother lived at East Farleigh, where he spent most weekends and where I often visited. Other close friends included Ken Wilkinson (with whom I kept in close touch until his death two years ago, 2001), Ronald Meredith, the star of the annual Shakespeare play and his elder brother John, and Philip Howe (who also lived into his nineties).

When the year opened, I was on a visit to Col Philip Bass and his wife Fanny, cousins who lived at 8 Madeley Road, Ealing. Cousin Phil took me to the National Gallery ("Lecture on early Christian painters: Duccio. V.G."), to see Sybil Thorndyke in Henry VIII, and to church ("Sermon: Haegel's philosophy – thesis, anti-thesis, synthesis"). In the evenings there was billiards with Cousin Harry, Phil's son.

Back at home I began to coach the son of the Barming Hospital Chaplain in Latin grammar. Ronald was a good sportsman but no good at Latin. After a series of lessons, I was rewarded with £1/1/0, proudly recorded as my first earned money.

My father enjoyed his bridge and there were occasional parties at home. On January 9th: "Walked by river – sunny. In evening bridge party (Harrises, Dr Forsythe) – preparations. Ginger wine for supper. They had port, etc! Sneaked sandwich. Saw another meteor."

School opened on January 14th, during a glorious snowy period, and there was 'very exciting' tobogganing down East Farleigh hill ("Steering very difficult. Heard more Chopin on wireless").

On January 8th I had noted: "N.B. for future. Russian boots in full vogue", and on the 17th "Verona (our daily) has bought Russian boots. Wears all day." These are the only references to fashion in the diary. The other notable events on the 17th are: "Heard Brahms Hungarian Dance No. 2. Chilblains bad in evening."

School life seems to have been dominated by three activities: I was school librarian, I took a P.T. class during morning break and rehearsals had begun for the annual Shakespeare play

at the end of the term. In my first year I had been Miranda in the *Tempest*; in my second I was a love-sick shepherd in *As You Like It*. Now I was to be Macduff in *Macbeth*. Mr Teversham, the Chemistry master, was the devoted and talented producer, and our productions had achieved good notices in the national press, to a large extent due to the talents of one boy, my friend Ronald Meredith, whose Ariel, Rosalind and (now) Lady Macbeth were outstanding. (In later life he was vicar of Dymchurch and produced Russell Thorndyke's plays on the smuggling gangs, to great local acclaim). My problem was that I was so much less aggressive than Miller, who played Macbeth. He clearly resented the fact that I was meant to drive him off stage during our sword-bashing encounter at the end of the play, and behead him into the bargain, and refused to give ground. On 15/2 I write "Fight very vicious. Fierce blow on knuckle by Miller". Performances began on 16/3 when "Miller broke my right thumb nail." This had the advantage that when I returned to the stage with 'his head' I was dripping real blood. On 18/3, he shifted his attack to my little finger. Despite this the production was a memorable success. Efforts to find a part for Colin failed: he was too shy, even for the Bleeding Captain, and retired behind the scenes to handle the thunder, lightning and rain (peas on a drum).

International politics makes a rare appearance on 26/1: "Will Russia have war with China?" and disappears again on 28/1: "No war between China and Russia".

The Literary and Debating Society was active: there was a reading of the Importance of Being Ernest; a paper on Francis Bacon; there was another on Boswell's Johnson and one by the headmaster on Jean Racine. There was a debate with Judd School, Tonbridge: "That Progress is a myth". The motion was lost by 13-66. "After that, home and prep."

Prep figures large, particularly maths prep. After a trip to Chatham to see F.R. Benson's Hamlet ("too old – but quite good"), "maths prep, in great rush but helped by Colin and Dad". On 12/3, "Old P. very fierce" (the maths master, Mr Proctor, of whose fishy eye I was mortally afraid). On 14/5, Old P. is reported to say: "I wonder if you're ever going to learn". But on the last night of *Macbeth* I received a copy of the 'Bible in Spain' from Mr and Mrs Proctor" which I still treasure.

To go back to half-term, which in those days was just Saturday morning and Monday off: I spent this with my grandparents and aunt at 10 Magdalen Road, St Leonards-on-Sea. The journey was slow: "To the bus station, but no bus. Then to the East Station, but no train. Then the West Station where train 6.30 via Tonbridge – an enjoyable journey. 9.00 reached No. 10". My aunt Adeline Augusta, of whom I was very fond, took me in hand. She brought me a grey pencil; took me to the 'Cinema' to see Martin Harvey in 'The Only Way', and afterwards to tea at the Maison Francaise ("saw some French people"). Little great-aunt Toppie called and "insisted on giving me a morphia and ipecac lozenge for my cough". All that was Saturday. On Sunday, to church "v.g. sermon on the three kinds of authority". "Walk, and occult discussion with Aunt Addie". (She had "second sight": in the Temple Church in London she saw a knight in shining armour leaning against a pillar, etc). On this occasion she gave me to read a paper she had written for the Hastings & St Leonards Egyptology Society entitled 'The Light of Egypt'. It began, 'Millions and trillions of whirling vortices'. I found the rest hard to follow and wonder if the Society did too. I record the following trips: from grandfather: 10/-; from Aunt Addie 2/6. I came home by bus (5.45-8.45).

When term was over, a large party from the School went by boat and train to Paris for a week, staying at the Lycee Louis-le-Grand and the Lycee Janson Saily. This was the second such trip I had been on, so I felt an old hand at the Metro, at guichets to book tickets for the theatres and cinemas and could even use the telephone. I record seeing two Moliere plays, a number of films and attending a concert at the Sorbonne which I still remember: Beethoven's Christ on the Mount of Olives and Rossini's Stabat Mater. And there was much revisiting of the main sights: the Louvre, Notre Dame, Sacre Coeur. We disliked the Lycee food, and quenched our thirst on citronade – real lemon juice, sugar, soda water and ice, obtainable inexpensively at cafes.

The rest of the Easter holiday was dominated by the visit of my second cousin Charles John Root, who cycled down from Forest Hill and stayed ten days. We cycled around exploring the local countryside; he met some of my friends, we went for walks, and in the evenings listened to music on the wireless. The weather was mostly wet or dull. He then cycled home and the summer term began.

The first part of the term was dominated by the General Strike. It seems not to have caused much major disruption to our lives but was livened by the fact that my friend Ken Wilkinson vociferously supported the miners (following his father, a schoolmaster. Both became true-blue conservatives later in life). The diary's entries on the strike are as follows:

Saturday May 1st: the Great Strike crisis: miners refuse peace

Sunday May 2nd: General Strike still imminent

Monday May 3rd: THE STRIKE: news on wireless all day

Tuesday May 4th: Long socialist and anti-socialist arguments with Wilky. He sides with miners! God's sunlight, etc. Long news bulletins on wireless: call for special police. 36,500 volunteers for work. A good many trains running.

Thursday May 6th: corps – no bolts in rifles, owing to Strike...saw British Gazette, government emergency paper. Good. Wilky says (of course) "Of all the rot..." London taxi men struck. Government will not negotiate till trade unions promise not to harm blacklegs.

Friday May 7th: They say that if Strike continues, trades unions will be bankrupt.

Saturday May 8th: Baldwin's speech. v.g. Had long argument (one-sided) with Wilky.

Monday May 10th: Strike continues as usual. News by wireless, Gazette and Worker.

Tuesday May 11th: R.D.M. put red book cover into P.K.W.'s locker with 'Bolshy' on it.

Wednesday May 12th: the Strike ends today at 1 o'clock. Frascati's Restaurant: Scenes exciting. Land of Hope & Glory, Cherry Ripe, etc., then gave three cheers for Baldwin.

Thursday May 13th: Strike situation worse. Men won't go back to work; employers won't take them; Baldwin's speech from the Commons v.g.

The men must have returned to work, however, as there is no further mention of the Strike. During the whole of this period school and life at home had continued normally: "fierce" maths lessons, O.T.C. parades and inspections, tea parties, walks and wireless programmes.

The latter part of May featured the Sports Day, at which I was a steward. I was as hopeless at rugby and cricket as I was at maths and no athlete, so was never a member of a competing team. But I recorded in the diary all the results, did odd jobs and took part in House activities: at the end of term I organised the House Supper and recited a W.S. Gilbert patter poem, while the popular school sergeant Bennett sang: "But I'll raise a bunion on his Spanish onion" to great acclaim. I did not lack for exercise however, what with walking and cycling and from the end of June onwards swimming in the Medway at East Farleigh nearly every day before school.

General Schools exams began at the end of June and before the end of July I learned that I had again failed to get Matric: however, as I had twice got General Schools it was decided that I would go into the VIth form in September and begin the Higher Schools course for which Matric

was not necessary. I had won the form prize and chose 'Fifty favourite Operas' by Paul England, which I still frequently consult. Although no opera fan, when I do listen to one I like to know what's going on.

There's no evidence that I was a voracious reader at this age. I mention only reading Borrow's Bible in Spain (the present from Old P.) and Shaw's 'Man and Superman', but without comment. Before term was over, Colin departed to become a W/T operator in the Merchant Navy. He came home for leave in September but after that I never heard from him again.

The O.T.C., meeting once a week, was an important part of my life. I had a new uniform (rather too large); equipment, buttons, rifles and bayonets had to be obsessively cleaned. There was an inspection in early July, and as soon as term was over we set off for the great event of the year, camp. This took place at Mytchett in Surrey, and lasted a week. We lived in bell tents and everything was done to create an impression of army life. For us, the trill was to find ourselves cheek by jowl with other schools, particularly the famous public schools: I remember the Etonians in their chocolate coloured uniforms and the Haileyburyians with their exaggerated Oxford accents. We were kept very busy. The entry for Saturday morning reads: "Fine. Was tent orderly. Horrible sausage fat to wash off. In morning, march in walking-out kit to Farnborough (4 miles each way) to see an excellent aero demonstration and a Vickers tank demonstration. A good march. 8pm night ops. Not bad. No blanks fired by our section! Loud singing by Moore and Co on the way home. Bed at 1am. The Prince of Wales inspected the camp; we came second in the P.T. competition and there was a kit inspection with praise by Brig. Gen. Chetwode. There was an exciting 'rag' between Dover College and Bedford: the latter won".

Back at home, I go to school to look at my exam marks. French, Latin and English my best subjects. Only 37 for Elementary Maths, hence no matric. But Wilky, a year younger than me, has matric!

Since June, letters had been exchanged with a French family to arrange an exchange. Mme de Gineste and her son Serge Bazin would receive me during the summer, it was decided, and Serge would return with me. For the first part of my stay in France, Serge would be away but Mme de Gineste would look after me in Paris for a few days, after which I would travel alone to the Gineste family chateau in the Languedoc where Serge would be staying.

I now drew out my Post Office savings, amounting to £11/17/6 as pocket money and set off on August 12th. Mme de Gineste had a small but charming flat in Passy and I was made to feel at home: relatives called and we called on relatives. I was entranced by the music of the French language as used in civilised conversation and longed to understand more of it. Mme de Gineste, kindly and motherly, took me about Paris. She had great faith in the newly introduced pedestrian crossings and taking me by one hand and raising her umbrella high we would plunge into the traffic, which squealed to a halt. We travelled a lot by tram, visiting stores and museums, and there was a memorable visit to the opera, where we saw Rigoletto, and to a Russian restaurant. A week later I took the night train, third class, from the Quai d'Orsay to Castelnaudery, changing for Revel-Sorreze, the local station about four miles from Garrevacques, where Serge met me.

The culture shock of arriving in rural Languedoc at the height of summer was considerable but wholly exciting and pleasurable. The chateau, of elegant red brick, dated from the 17th century (Louis XIII). It was not large but had all the right features: turrets, a perron and a park. The family had been lords of Garrevacques (a small village) since the Middle Ages, claiming kinship with the Plantagenets: that is, except for a period during which, as Protestants, they had had to live clandestinely in the Pyrenees. Serge's grandmother lived there all the year round, a lady of great distinction and quiet charm. She presided over the village council which decided on important matters such as the dates of harvesting and managing the water in the small local river. The peasantry showed her the courtesy due to her rank and I personally witnessed the visit of a farmer who came to ask her 'permission for the marriage of his daughter'. The family was not wealthy, the plumbing was basic and the grass of the park was cut for hay but not otherwise. Our daily soup had slices of bread in it and any remaining was put out in a bucket for

the village dogs ('Va manger ta soupe-soupe', one would say to them as one passed through the village). There was one modern touch: a tennis court.

My bedroom was large and lofty, with a four-poster, whose curtains had the same elaborate pattern as the wallpaper. There was a small dark cabinet de toilette, without plumbing but with a hipbath, known as 'le tub'. Next morning, the servant brought warm water in a jug which I tipped into the tub: to my alarm it ran out on to the wooden floor through a hole in the bottom. Clad only in a towel I went into the corridor to get help and found the maid. Unable to explain in French 'My hipbath is leaking', I led her by the hand to observe the flooded floor. 'Ah, ca coule!' she said, mopped up and produced a new tub.

Serge and I got on well though we had few interests in common. He affected an over-confident air but this was a façade, I discovered. Shooting in the woods and horse riding were his main pursuits on which I sometimes accompanied him. We never killed anything. He tried to teach me to ride but soon gave up: I was nervous and not very keen, I'm afraid. There was tennis and cycle rides, visits to friends and occasionally a trip, with grandmama, up into the nearby Montagne Noire (southern-most tip of the Cevennes) in grandmama's car, chauffeur driven. It was an ancient Panhard; the front wheels wobbled dangerously and punctures were frequent.

One day, alone on my bike, I headed across the plain towards the low line of tree-covered mountains. The road went straight towards the trees at which point I heard a strange sound: the tapping of hammers on metal. I came into a plane tree lined village street. Outside each house were magnificent copper vessels on which the inhabitants were working: it was a magic sight. Pushing my bike up the mountain road beyond the village I saw the green gleam in the rocks, denoting the presence of copper. There was a waterfall and I swam in the pool under it. It was all a magic experience. The village was called Durfort.

The nearest neighbours to Garrevacques and closest friends lived in a small, romantic chateau called Las Touzeilles. The salon had an ancient and beautiful tapestry with an elephant in it, the room called 'La chambre des elephants'. The family spoke with a strong 'accent du midi'. The son, about my own age, was a dark-skinned melancholic youth who never smiled and announced that he intended to become a monk.

Friends and relatives came to stay and we became quite a lively house party. Serge's sister and her husband were an interesting couple. He later became a leading science journalist in Paris and after the war I met them in Paris: she, now enormous, was a leading socialite with a salon – so she told me – but she did not invite me, so I can't confirm it.

We also visited Serge's father's relatives in a chateau some distance away: a complete contrast to Garrevacques. It was modern, ugly in my eyes, and the younger generation were over sophisticated. We played bridge under the trees and I was somewhat put off by the fact that French playing cards have no numbers in the corner. For lunch, I ate my first, and devastating, aioli.

The hedges were full of figs and blackberries. They were also full of 'aoutas', or harvest bugs, as lethal as Scottish midges. We bathed our legs in washing soda and water to calm the itch. In the heat, we hosed each other or went to dip in the little local river. On one trip with Serge I was able to try canoeing in a rushing stream: these canoes were called 'perissoires' and needed some handling.

On September 13th Serge and I started the journey to England. Spending the night in Paris, we arrived on 15th after a rough sea crossing ("Dejeuner on the train. Sea rough but was not sick. Serge was".)

If Serge was shaken by the contrast between his chateau and 215 Queen's Road he was too polite to show it. I record: "Serge likes his first sight of England" and soon took him to my favourite stretch of the Medway above East Farleigh where, on the opposite bank, hop picking had begun – Kent's answer to the vendage. Unfortunately, school began next day and I had to leave him to his own devices until the weekend, when he met my friends and on Sunday I took him on a day trip to Hastings, to meet my grandparents and swim in the Channel. Then my

mother took him to London where they stayed ten days. He returned for Christmas, which he and I spent exploring London, staying with my aunt Ethel Collins. My parents came up too; we had a successful Christmas and New Year together, went to several theatres (pit seats at Drury Lane for Rose Marie cost 3/6), and even to Windsor and Eton: in short, we did our best to return the hospitality I had received from him and his family. I met him once many years later – he had had a successful career in insurance.

I clearly enjoyed the Autumn Term, my first in the VIth form, where I was joined by Wilky, the Meredith's and other close friends. I was already developing literary tastes: reading for a paper on Shaw, recording the papers to the Literary Society (on William Morris (Wilky), on Parody (Moore), on Carlyle (Eastman), on Dickens and Christmas (R. Meredith),) acting in a scene from Moliere, reciting Shakespeare and attending a series of lectures at the County Hall by Walter de la Mare, speaking on 'Magic in Poetry'. I still remember the enchantment he put into the words of the nursery rhyme:

*How many miles to Babylon?
Threescore and ten.
Can I get there by candlelight?
Yes, and back again.*

But there was one sad event. Mr Teversham was diagnosed with TB and left for a sanatorium. This was to be the end of the annual Shakespeare play. We did manage the following Spring to produce Sheridan's 'The Rivals', with the generous help of an overworked G. B. Phillips, but this, I believe, was the last. It was however successful, with Wilky playing an inspired Mrs Malaprop. Mr Teversham survived to settle in a village in Cambridgeshire where a couple of us visited him some years later.

I never kept a diary again.



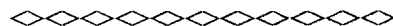
A contemporary...

...of Charles de Sallis was Arthur Ratcliffe, an uncle of the Society's Chairman, Richard Ratcliffe. Here are a few memories from a man of 97 years of age:

"We were in the same year along with a boy called Percy Wilkinson and all 'good mates'. Our (Arthur) house was on the Tonbridge Road just above the West Station opposite the Borough Council Offices, whilst de Sallis lived further up on the same side somewhere between Milton Street and the Walnut Tree pub.

On the day we left school in June 1929 it was very hot and we met up in Charles' garden where we became 'a little inebriated'.

After WWII, Wilkinson became the first Town Clerk of the (then) New Town of Crawley which was rather an achievement for a boy who left MGS to be articled to a firm in the town. I went on to read for a degree at LSE – the only one of the seven Ratcliffe siblings to have a university education. That first year of study saw me travel up to London each day from the West Station on the early 'workers special'; after that I rented a room in London to save on the travelling."



NEWS OF OLD MAIDSTONIANS

Simon BEDFORD-SMITH (1997), a Captain in the British Army received a Mention-in-Despatches in this summer's Operational Honours & Awards list for his duties in Basra. He was commissioned in 2005 and went on his first operational tour in 2007. Main duty had been on the front-line guarding convoys making vital supplies to troops around Basra's Palace and Airport. Currently overseas on a further training programme.

Dr David R EVANS (1983) worked on research projects in the Computer Science Dept. at the University of Nottingham after completing a Ph.D. in 1990. His specialist field is Electronic Publishing, especially PDF, Acrobat and PostScript. He is now working in his own partnership with a colleague dealing with similar software. Continues with his interest in music, especially choral, since the days of the MGS Music Society. He sang in the University's choir and now is with the Nottingham Harmonic Society – one of the best large choirs in the country (so others say). Says he has become a good runner (half marathons) over the last ten years and also cycles. Main sporting activity since 1992 has been rowing and sailing at Nottingham Boat Club – now the Nottingham Rowing Club – where he is the secretary.

Robert HEY (1979) now lives in Aberdeen where he is a Payroll Development Consultant for a large corporate software company.

The Rev. Giles LEGOOD (1980) took up the appointment of RAF Chaplain this summer.

Michael A LUTENER (1957) has been apple and strawberry growing in Marden for the

last 40 years but has now retired. Sails at Upnor in the summer. He is married with two (grown up) children and four grandchildren.

Michael MARRIOTT (1968) works in London as a Commercial Manager in the flavour industry. He is married with three grown up children; wife is a teacher at Oakwood Park G.S. in Maidstone.

James MATHIESON (2003) obtained a First Class degree at Brunel University in Industrial Design (summer 2007).

Rex NICHOLLS (1942) joined the Army in February 1943. *He writes:*

Because of my previous service in the School OTC, I was earmarked as a potential officer and after training was commissioned into the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment in Sept. 1944. That November I volunteered for the Glider Pilot Regiment and served as a Glider Pilot until June 1950, when I was recalled to my parent unit (QORWK), with whom I went to Malaya in 1951. From there in 1954 the Regiment went to Germany for two years and on return I went back to being a Glider Pilot. In 1957 the GPR merged with the Royal Artillery Air Observation Post Squadrons to form today's Army Air Corps, to which I then transferred. I eventually became a helicopter pilot having served in them both in Germany and Aden.

On retirement from the Army, I became a County Councillor in Wiltshire at a time when there was a strong move to abolish Grammar Schools. Together with a 'splinter group' of like-minded councillors, we fought the proposals, paying a visit to the then Education Minister (Sir Keith Joseph). We won the case and I became a Governor of the Bishop Wandsworth, and the Girls Grammar Schools in Salisbury. I served for six years in those capacities and then retired from them as I was given the very demanding task of setting up the Museum of Army Flying. I was Museum Director for six years.

For the past 24 years I have been Chairman of The Pilot Glider Regimental Association. Two of my fellow pupils also joined the GPR: one was *REGINALD GRAEFE* who was killed when en route to take part in the Rhine Crossing: his glider disintegrated in mid-air. The other was *JAMES KELMAN ROBERTSON* who was badly injured at Arnhem and taken prisoner. He died about ten years ago.

Paul OLDHAM (1962) stood down at the May elections after nearly thirty years service to Maidstone.

Julian PARISH (1978) continues to enjoy life in Paris and after 12 years living in France has acquired French nationality. (*He wonders if he is the first OM to do that...but definitely not something that his French teachers at MGS could have foreseen!*) He continues to work for Microsoft where he is responsible for the worldwide language strategy of the company's Office division. Remains much involved with languages and was elected to a Fellowship of the Chartered Institute of Linguists during 2008.

Tom PARSONS (2004) still plays cricket and signed a professional contract with Hampshire CCC in Spring 2008.

Adam TURNBULL (2001) graduated with a BA in Philosophy, Politics and Economics from Baliol College, Oxford, in 2004 and took a brief sabbatical to tour the United States on a travel bursary from his alma mater. Since returning, he has worked for the British subsidiary of the Societe Nationale des Chemins de Fer Francais in IT Project Management, and has been Honorary Secretary of the OM Society. After a few years of travel to New York on business, this spring he decided to stay there, taking up a Project Management position in IT Development at the offices of the SNCF in the US. *Visitors will be warmly welcomed on the Upper East Side, Manhattan.* Can be contacted at:
adamjturnbull@gmail.com

George WATTS (1961) is now semi-retired after 40 years in the IT industry. Works two days a week as an IT Technician in a primary school.

Mark WORRALL (1976) was awarded the O.B.E. in the Queen's Birthday Honours List for services to Politics, as Leader of Tonbridge & Malling Borough Council, and the Volunteer sector.

Scott WOODMAN (2001) is still with the RAF and now works at Brize Norton as a Captain on the Tri-Star fleet. As it happens, another OM *ADRIAN WOOLVEN (2001)* is also at the base as a Junior Engineering Officer on the VC10 squadrons.

---oOo---oOo---oOo---

Looking for...

The Society has had enquiry asking if the current whereabouts of an OM is known. Sadly, not a member but somebody might know:

Roger John Taylor (left 1985 ?)

Appears he was involved in a rugby tour in 1988. Possibly living in the USA.

Any news to the Treasurer, please.

---oOo---oOo---oOo---

OBITUARIES

It is with regret that the Society records the death of Old Maidstonians and our sympathy goes out to their families and friends.

Charles (Chas) BAILEY (1944) who lived in Formby, Lancashire, died peacefully on 23 January 2008, aged 81. He was Captain of School, played 1st XV rugby, captained 2nd XI cricket, played the viola in the school orchestra and won a Gunsley Scholarship to University College, Oxford. He joined the Navy in 1944, was commissioned and served in minesweepers in the Far East, before taking up his scholarship to read History.

After teacher training he taught at Merchant Taylors' Crosby for the whole of his career. He was involved with cricket, rugby and the naval branch of the cadet force. His interests were wide and scholarly. A music lover, he was a dedicated viola player in the Liverpool Mozart Orchestra where he met his wife, June, a violin player.

His wife, a daughter and a son survive him. John Bailey (1951), the youngest Bailey brother, another university man, predeceased him in 1999.

(written by Patrick Bailey, 1946)

Ian GASCOINE (1954) died on 21 January 2008, aged 71. From school he did his National Service and then worked at Aylesford Paper Mill for a while before joining the then Kent River Authority in Maidstone. That body later merged with Southern Water which led to Ian moving to Worthing where he ended his career and spent his retirement. Some years ago he volunteered to go to Africa with Water Aid, whose aim was to

help bring clean water to the native population. He contracted a very nasty disease which left him weakened but no less energetic for his many activities within the church and local politics. He continued to follow closely the fortunes of the Kent cricketers. He leaves a widow and three children.

(written by Robin Ambrose)

Thomas Buckhurst HOMAN (1939) passed away on 1st March 2008, aged 86. Rose to the rank of Rear Admiral in the Royal Navy (1975). Was Director-General of Naval Personnel Services 1974-78; Sub-Treasurer of the Inner Temple 1978-85.

Dan MICHEL (1999) was killed in a vehicle accident whilst travelling in Thailand 26/27 April 2008.

Brian PAGE (staff) passed away in February 2008, aged 78. He was brought up in Guisborough during the depression. He studied French at Reading University. Decided to devote his talents to practical ends and became a teacher with his first assignment being Maidstone Grammar School (late 1950s). Moved on to be head of modern languages at Leeds Modern School. In 1971 he moved to Leeds University to establish the central language laboratories. He was honoured by both the French and British governments for his lifetime work, becoming an Officier dans L'Ordre des Palmes Academiques and an O.B.E. In 2002, CILT, the National Centre for Languages, awarded him a prestigious Comenius fellowship.

BOOKS

There are several books that have been produced by the School or Society which can be obtained through the O.M.S.

WAC: Trials and Triumphs of a Grammar School Headmaster 1925 – 1965

A history of Maidstone Grammar School from 1925 – 1941 through the final Report of Headmaster Alfred John Woolgar, MA and from 1942 – 1966 in the Speech Day Reports of Headmaster William Arthur Claydon, CBE, MA

The book has been compiled by James Clinch

Cost £10.00 (postage an additional £2.50)

ISBN-10: 0-9552145-0-5

ISBN-13: 978-0-9552145-0-9

Guadeamus: An account of Music at Maidstone Grammar School

Published in 1997, this book is the definitive history of music at the School from the early-1900s with a prelude by Michael Tillet (OM 1932-29) and Postlude by David Leeke (staff 1989-2000)

The book has been compiled and researched by James Clinch (OM 1936-46, staff 1974-91)

Cost £5.00 (postage an additional £2.00)

ISBN-10: 0-9530861-0-0

A History of Maidstone Grammar School Combined Cadet Force (1906 – 2006)

Researched and compiled by Diana and John Caley the book was produced to commemorate the centenary of a Cadet Force at the School. It brought up to date the original history that the author's had written in 1981 at the 75th anniversary.

Contains many pictures along with thirteen Appendices of useful data and information.

Cost: 5.00 (postage an additional £1.50)

Not published with an ISBN

ANNUAL SUPPER & ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

**Notice is given
that these events will
take place on**

Friday 27th March 2009

**in the Main Hall & Room 3
at M.G.S. (Barton Road)**

**The Annual Meeting will
commence at 6.15pm**

**whilst the Supper
has a sit-down at 7.30pm**

Ticket: £27.50

**ALL OLD MAIDSTONIANS
ARE WELCOME
(use form on the back page)**

This year's President is
Malcolm MacCallum
(Professor of Mathematics)
whose father was a long
serving teacher of mathematics
at MGS in the 1960/70s

This will also be Mr. Turrell's
last Supper as Headmaster
of the School

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GARMENTS

TIES

There is a supply of both styles of Old Maidstonian tie and these can be ordered using the Return Sheet of this Newsletter.

The 'Crested' version is a Jacquard Woven Tie with all-over motifs of the crest in gold, red and blue on a navy background. It is of a polyester Rep and 54" x 3 1/8" in size. Cost, including postage, £8.50.

The 'Striped' version is also a Jacquard Woven Tie with a main colouring of navy blue containing angled stripes of gold, purple and white. It is of polyester Rep: 54" x 3 1/8" in size. Cost, including postage, £6.50.

BLAZER BADGE

The Society has obtained a large version of the OM's badge (approx 5" x 3") which is for sale at £15 each. If interested in this item please indicate on the Return Sheet.

OM SCARF

The supply has been exhausted and at present it is not being replenished. Sorry!



SUBSCRIPTIONS

There are two types of subscription available:

The 'Ordinary' Rate is £5.00 per annum and is due at the start of the year. This can be paid by cheque or cash but it makes sense to do it by Standing Order (from Treasurer).

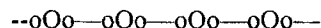
'Life Membership' can be taken out by anybody with the amount depending on age. This method means that you are "in for life" and an increase in subscription rates won't affect you. The current rates are:

Up to 30 years of age = £60
31 - 50 years of age = £40
51 and over = £20

Those Fives Courts...

Philip Sills (1971) writes about the School's Fives Courts:

Use of the Fives Courts must actually have lasted until somewhat later, up to at least 1971. I was a pupil (from 1964) and remember my friends and I playing Fives up to the time we graduated. I say the courts in plural because I'm sure I recall that there were two of them, right next to each other. They were kept locked up and it's true that they had fallen into disuse. You couldn't see inside the courts, so I knew next to nothing about them other than they were used for a game called Fives. One day I asked Alec (Tish) Stewart about them. He was dead chuffed that anyone was interested in them. From the back of a cupboard in his office he fished out some gloves and a ball and taught us how to play, which we did, as I said up until we graduated.



On show...

Phil Legg (1972) writes to say that Bob Rylands' medals are on display in the Regimental Museum at Shrewsbury Castle.



Newsletter....

Items for inclusion in future Newsletters should be sent to:

Denise Friend
Maidstone Grammar School
Barton Road
Maidstone
Kent ME15 7BT

