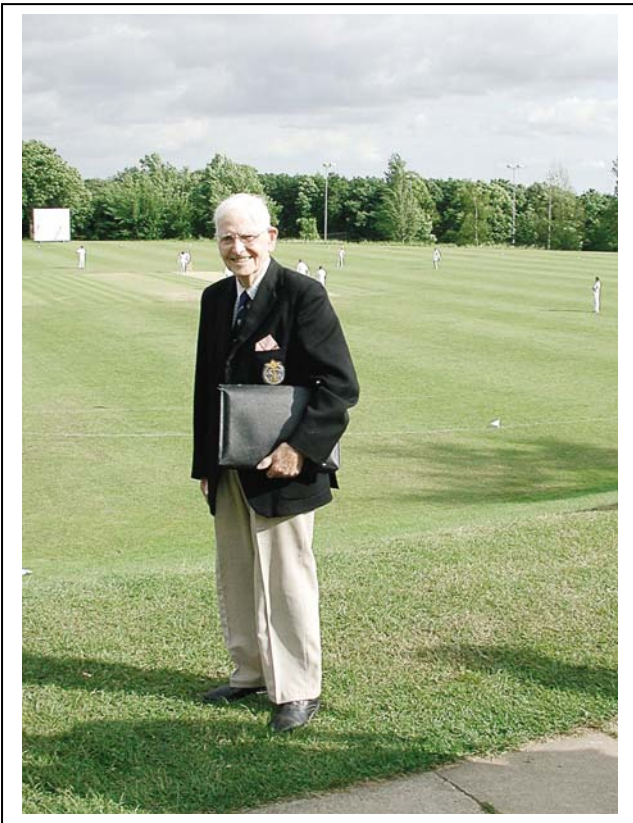


Over the Hill



January 2008

Obituaries.



Tom Smart (1915 - 2007)

Tom Smart as we all knew and remember him was really Stanley George Smart. He was the original, even the face of "The Old Boys" having gone to The Hill with his brother in February 1924, and been brought in by the founder, Mr Young. "Tom" was a Kingham Hill nickname, resulting from him peeping through to see if there were second helpings to be had from the kitchens in his old house Sheffield (when boys lived and ate in their houses). The brothers left together in 1929. 'Tom' loved the Founder and the foundation which became Kingham Hill School, and spent his life supporting it in any way he could. (His brother, who died a couple of years ago, didn't enjoy his time on The Hill; that's old boys - every one an individual.)

After Mr Young's death the Kingham Hill Old Boys' Association came into being through Mr Young's brother, and Tom was always involved. Having been Chairman a number of times, he became our honorary life President and was our original link with the Kingham Hill Trust. He was always an active KHOBA and latterly KHA committee member and was the force behind the establishing of our registered charity, the KHA Centenary Trust. A Trustee of our charity from day one he tirelessly raised funds whenever and wherever he could, launching our 200 club etc.

Proud of his time in Sheffield, and of being "the naughty boy", he told me he had been keen to serve as Mr Young's chauffeur but was encouraged to go to London via Latimer House. When asked he always said his career had been in insurance, although I am sure he had many other interests. He enjoyed his involvement with various societies and associations from the Masonic to The City, all of whom were made aware of his old school. Examples include being a life Friend of Saint Paul's Cathedral, a member of The Worshipful Company of Fletchers (a City Livery company) and of The Royal Society of Saint George, City of London branch. His obligatory military service had included Dunkirk, but again, this was not something many of us knew much about; more than just modesty I am sure.

Tom's funeral in his local church was memorable, and to many of us surprisingly very high church. It was well attended and possibly uniquely marked with floral tributes from The Kingham Hill Trust, Kingham Hill School and the Kingham Hill Association.

Tom leaves his loving wife, Kay, who was an invaluable support and ally throughout their many years together. Having been cremated in his school tie his ashes will be scattered on Kingham Hill. It is impossible to sum Tom up, but I know that the words "He loved this place" which are on Alf Jarvis's (an earlier old boy) plaque in the chapel speak for many of us and especially so for Tom.

Our memories of Tom are many, but our thanks and his legacies including KHA & its charity live on.

Mike Tadman

Editor's note:

I make no apologies for putting Tom's obituary on the front page. After all, it was only after it stopped putting obituaries on the front page that "The Times" started to become just another newspaper. If Alf Jarvis, the writer of the two books about the Hill and the Founder, was the recognisable face of the KHOBA to outsiders, Tom Smart, regardless of his committee title at the time, was the face of KHA.

When I first got involved with the Association in the early 1980s as a mere stripling of thirty years or so, I wondered who was this impossibly aged buffer who didn't seem to be able to remember anyone's name, referring to anyone not present as "our friend in....", and concluded that they kept him on simply because it was useful to have someone on tap who actually remembered the Founder. How wrong I was. I'm not sure whether the school would have made the Centenary of the Hill in 1986 such a big event otherwise, but Tom made sure that old boys of all ages were fully involved.

The rest of the committee had been thinking that we ought to be giving the Hill something to commemorate the occasion, but the Pavilion provided for the Hill's 75th wasn't even used by the weekly hairdressers any more. And then at one meeting Tom came in with the Centenary Fund. He had done all his research and legal checks and worked out exactly how it should work and who should be involved. It was such a good idea and we all jumped at it.

Then, almost immediately afterwards, he came up with the 200 Club. Again, he had done his sums and checked the legal position for a scheme by which if 200 people paid a pound a month, we could hold a draw after the Annual General Meeting with prizes of £200, £100, £50, and £25, and still leave £2025 for the Centenary Fund (income total 12 x 200 = £2400 less prize total £375). Prizes could be bigger or smaller according to the amount collected. This should have been a success, and it's not that KHS trains misers, but at the first draw, two winners (I think) announced that they wanted to put their winnings back into the Fund, and this may have given the impression that this was the proper thing to do, which took the fun out of it. Tom was always one for doing good by stealth, and not announcing ones own good deeds.

Initially the feeling in the committee was that the Fund should only be used for purchasing things for the Hill that it could not obtain from its own budget - the actual gift at the Centenary was a set of movable stage blocks, plus a pair of replacement windows at the back of the chapel, now in stained glass and very much Tom's idea - and there was a feeling that the whole Hill should benefit, although a minority felt that there was a case for supporting individuals. But after the Centenary was over, and after the Centenary Fund had slipped to the back of the committee's minds for a while, the Centenary Fund had always been intended to support pupils with financial problems, hadn't it? And as Mr Centenary Fund said so, that must have been right.

The old guy had been the first to move with the times. Councils weren't supporting pupils any more, the new orthodoxy being that troubled kids should stay in their

troubled homes, and the school's foundation money was running out.

Because of its nature, other people had to be involved in the running of the Centenary Fund. But just about all the work that could be done for it by one man alone was done by Tom.

So here's a suggestion for something we can all do to remember Tom Smart's work for the Association and the Hill: Pay £12 a year for a ticket in the 200 Club Draw. Or pay multiples of £12 for more tickets. And if you win, keep the money!

psj

DORIS BROWNHILL, a former staff member and Housematron of Clyde when it was the junior house, from 1935 until September 1937, when she moved down to the old Plymouth. She left the Hill in 1945. Doris died last September (2006) aged 106 at a Home in Sale, Cheshire, reports Geoff Ball, who had been in contact with her niece Audrey from time to time and is in frequent contact with Barbara Hargreaves who worked with Doris in both Clyde and Plymouth.

IAN WHITTERN (P+B 62-66) - known to his contemporaries at the school, of whom there are a number on the committee, as 'Midge' died in February 2007. Ian, who had attended the majority of KHA events over the last few years was in his 50s and suffered from a weak heart.

The funeral of LEO STANTON (P+C 1977-84) took place in Kent, and was attended by a number of staff, including Mrs Herringshaw and Mrs Chapman, former pupils of his era, including Patrick Pearson-Miles, as well as military comrades.

The Autumn Reunions.

It has always been a bit of a problem replacing the Old Boys v 1st XV Rugby Match. When I was a pupil a bunch of large Old Boys, most of whom were out of practice and in most cases playing their annual game, apart from Bill Mayes and a couple of others, would set out with the intention of defeating the school. The Old Boys had the weight and experience, but the school had the speed and agility, and were used to playing as a team and knew where the others were to be found, so in most cases it ended with a victory for the Hill and a couple of Old Boys being invalided off the pitch. Normality would then return to the school while the Old Boys moved on to the Crown and Cushion in Chipping Norton, where any benefits of their recent exercise would be undone by the Annual

Dinner. But then the powers that held sway in such matters decreed that, for the safety of the pupils, not the old boys, school teams playing former pupils should consist entirely of players over the age of 18. In the first term of the year, in a small school like ours, there wouldn't be fifteen pupils over eighteen, let alone decent rugby players. I seem to remember that there was also a restriction on old boys' teams that likewise would have made KHA teams impossible. Something on the lines of the Old Boys' players all being under 21, I think.

for people to wander round and talk in different groupings. When you think of it, one problem with sports event based reunions is that so many of the people that you'd like to talk to are stuck on the pitch.

The following are recorded as being present, but not everyone signed in.

Former staff:

Basil & Judith Benson (B 1954-62); Stewart & Brenda Brindley (C 1948-1958); Ralph & Elizabeth Mann (D 1963-73); Rev. Godfrey Nicholson (S 1973-88); Mrs Pauline Turner (N 1956-68); Tony & Sylvia Wells (P 1986-90, and N 1992-98) and James & Margaret Woolliams (P&N 1961-81).

Former pupils:

Simon Bellinger (S 1974-80); Robert Caldicott (-64), Frank Foster (B 1958-62); Eric Gordon (B 1933-38); Iain Helstrip (D 1961-65); Peter Johansen (P&C 1962-69) Bob Latham (N 1957-62); Peter Morris (S 1960-65); Keith Parsley (D 1947-54); John Timmins (S 1957-62); Ken Wingfield (N 1959-62); and Peter Worsley (N 1954-61).



Various attempts were subsequently made to arrange something in October, but with varying degrees of success. However, it looks as if this time we had a measure of success in our endeavours. I have to say that this was mainly due to the generation who left the Hill in the mid-sixties contacting each other, suggesting what could be done, and then actually turning up.



The first stage in the revival seems to have taken place a couple of years ago when I was asked to chair a "pub quiz" in the dining room between mixed teams including current pupils and staff and former pupils and staff. It seems to have been a success and I was asked to try it again in the next two years (presumably in the hope that I might get it right or simply because I provided entertainment in other ways than intended). Anyway, I seemed to get through my third quiz on 12th October without a large hook appearing from stage left and removing me.

Some of these people had not been back to the school for a number of years, and it shows the effectiveness of e-mailing the other former pupils that you are in contact with and saying "I'm going. Why don't you?"

The Sunday before, the mid-sixties generation had set up a straightforward, low-key reunion to which all ages of former pupil were invited. It started with a chapel service, and this was followed by lunch in the dining hall, and then an exhibition of photographs and other items from the archives in the Hall. This provided opportunities

You may ask why the quiz took place the weekend after the Sunday event. Surely the ideal would be for the autumn event to take place the day after the quiz, as a lot of people would be staying overnight in the area in any case. But in this case it was thought best for the Sunday to be one when the pupils were away, while the quiz required the pupils to be present. Personally, I'm not sure that

it's that good an idea to hold events while the pupils are away, not least because recent leavers will want to see old friends who are still pupils. But a leap forward has been made towards restoring the autumn reunion to its former glory.

psj

Editorial.

There are now a number of websites and magazines covering Kingham Hill activities, and some of you may be confused as to their respective purposes, and may be in the position of having some information or an article and not being sure of where to send it. To clarify the issue (I hope).

www.kinghamhill.org.uk is the main School Website, primarily aimed at showing what the school does to people who might want to place children there and anyone else who wants to know. It has a heading called "Friends of Kingham Hill", which gives links to:

Kingham Hill Association. This is the main KHA database, where you can update your details and find out where friends are. It's a subset of www.webalumnus/ and requires an ID and password, but tells you how to obtain these.

www.kinghamhillschooldays.co.uk. This is a new website set up by John Timmins, who has put an amazing amount of work into it. Here you can send in and see articles about what pupils and staff used to get up to in the old days (whenever they were) and what they've been doing since. Every time I look into it there is something new there. It's an open website, so you don't have problems with forgotten passwords and IDs.

But not everyone has a computer plugged in to the Internet. Some people find it easier to read black on white than flickering screens. So there are also magazines.

"The Hill" started off with a merger of the School Magazine and the KHA's "Hill and Beyond". At the time the school had the money and staff with the time to be able to include news and views from former pupils as well as the latest school news. However, it never seemed to receive as much input from former pupils as the "Hill and Beyond" had, and this, coupled with reduced resources on the Hill, led to a gradual reduction of the KHA section. While there is still space for news from former pupils, I suspect that it would be best

if these were people known to current pupils, either personally or by reputation.

"Over the Hill" was set up to do the same job as the schooldays website: to keep former pupils up to date with what the others were getting up to and to check whether their memories of the Hill matched those of other people there at the time. However, this is more for people who want their news to fall onto their mat regularly than to have to dive in and out of websites. It also suits people who like to start at the beginning and go on until they reach the end, and then stop, as opposed to having to choose alternative items all the time. However, it is likely to have much of the same news as the schooldays website, as we're not in competition with each other. However, the website allows longer articles to be included. A six page article about one person may be of great interest to those who knew him, but would take up a huge proportion of an eight-page magazine, and not be of great interest to readers of other generations, for whom the story would need to be shortened. So all three websites and all three magazines have their interlocking roles and purposes.

If this has left you totally confused about where you should send your news, the quick answer is that short news items about what you're doing now should be sent to "Over the Hill" (psj@globalnet.co.uk) and longer reminiscences to John Timmins for the schooldays website. (historian@kinghamhillschooldays.co.uk). We'll plunder each other's product anyway. It won't do any harm to send your article to both of us simultaneously, if you're using e-mail.

psj

Where are they now ?

(As attendees at the last reunion are listed elsewhere, this time round © now means that there is more to read about this person on the schooldays website. (FU) means that the news has been lifted from the Friends United Website - which trusts its members to tell the truth.)

Andrew Adonis (P&D 74-81) went on to Keble College, Oxford, obtained a doctorate, got involved in politics, and is currently believed to have a permanent job working in a large building by the river in central London. ☺

Michael Allen (P+C 60-67) still lives in Stoke on Trent and is Purchasing Manager for the Tungate Group. (FU)

Bruce Arnold (B 1945-50) lives in Eire, is Chief Critic of the *Irish Independent* and also a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, with at least 15 books to his name, including biographies of Charles Haughey and Mrs Thatcher, and a series of four novels featuring an unusual school that is strangely familiar. ☺

Mr **Basil Benson** is sadly unable to run about as much as during his days as PE Master, owing to a couple of hip operations, but he is still able to attend reunions.

Kelvin Bunyan (67-73) now lives in Chipping Norton. He is married with two children. He ran a welding company but has problems with his spine and was last heard of waiting for an operation. (FU)

Malcolm Brecht (P+C 75-83) moved on from the RAF Section to the RAF itself, becoming a Squadron Leader in 1995, Wing Commander in 1999, and Group Captain in 2005. He was last heard of in charge of RAF Brize Norton, apparently the biggest RAF station in the country, but his earlier job in charge of Basrah Air Station may have provided him with more difficult challenges. ☺

Mr **Stewart Brindley** lives in Llandudno. After leaving the Hill he became Deputy Head of a school in Sussex and a Headmaster elsewhere. The tradition of Gilbert and Sullivan performances on the Hill that he set up was still going strong in the 1960s.

John Caldicott (-1964) started off in the RAF, including Akrotiri, moved to the RAF police, and is now a ship security officer for P&O, living in Newcastle. (FU)

Phil Campion (-1986) was in the Royal Hampshire Regiment until 1992, and now works in the international security business, in places such as Afghanistan, Iraq, Pakistan, Israel and Gaza. FU

Christopher Ching'Anda (87-91) lives in Canada. (FU)

David Drake (C -68) works in the legal field in Sheffield. (FU)

Howard Evans (C -1970) is married with three daughters, still running, and qualifying as an adult nurse. (FU)

Fabian Foster (P+N 70-77) is an estate agent in Méze, near Montpellier, in the south of France. He still plays rugby. (FU)

Frank Foster (B 58-62) has kept himself up to date with the latest developments in computers, holding a European Computer Driving Licence, and has worked as a training administrator since 2001. ☺

Woyzek Gambaski (G 58-62) says that he has finally noticed that trouble follows him wherever he goes, and therefore has purchased a decommissioned lighthouse in the Outer Hebrides in which he is quietly contemplating the mysteries of life, the universe, and everything, and seems to be making some progress.

John Glover (D. 47-56) keeps in touch from Australia.

Iain Hay (-1978) Lives in Farnham, and is Director of Fleet Public Health for the Royal Caribbean Cruise Line. (FU)

Philip Hildesley (P+S 54-62) lives near Pershore ☺.

Tim Hildesley (P+B 56-62) has had an illustrious career in the Royal Navy. ☺

John Hillsdon (C -1964) works for the Radcliffe Science Library in Oxford. (FU)

Simon Howlett (79-84) went on to the University of Stirling, and now lives in Salisbury. Married with two children, he is a company director in the IT industry, and is learning to fly. (FU)

Ken Jones (B & St 37-41+) writes: I came to The Hill in 1937, Bradford Mr. R.E. Durrant. I shared a desk with John Hughes in George Bond's form three. I did make it to the fourth form but in the summer of 1941 I started work on the School Farm. I stayed in Bradford for a while then to Stratford, with Mr Bond. When Stratford was closed, I went to Mill House (Mr & Mrs Barlow - Tom Barlow was one of the Painters, then to Mrs. Morris, next to the Plough. In the spring of 1944 I joined the Navy. In 1949, after five and a half years service, the last 2 and a half of those spent in Ceylon, before my Discharge Leave was over I was on my way to Canada. I married a Canadian girl and we were able to buy a six hundred and forty acre farm in Saskatchewan. That might sound like a lot of land but it was just enough to support a forty cow dairy herd. We raised 2 sons and 2 daughters, and they in turn have presented us with

13 grandchildren and 10 great grandchildren. We retired to British Columbia, the Okanagan Valley. I lost my wife Kathy in 1999 so now I live alone. However my youngest daughter also lives in BC, not too far from me. In fact she does the emails for me. The oldest 2 children still live in Saskatchewan and one son's in Alberta. I usually make an annual visit to them but Saskatchewan is a sixty mile drive to the airport and then a 2 hour flight.

"I had no contact with The Hill over the years as I never expected to return to the UK. However I was invited to attend a Naval Reunion in 2004 and at that time my daughter in law discovered The Hill website. Somehow I thought the Old Boys Reunion was the weekend before that so I figured I could take in both. Well I was wrong but did visit The Hill and was graciously received. The names of Old Boys come to mind every now and then but the only ones I have met up with are John Hughes and his two older brothers, Robert and Pete. Both were in Bradford. Also Geoff Ball in Clyde who later worked in the Walled Garden. I remember a Saunders in Bradford but his Christian name was Desmond, it was mostly surnames in those days. Vancouver Island is a few hours from me but I would be interested to contact John Rose to see if we share any memories. I have to stay home in 2008 but expect to visit again in 2009."

David Kat (-72) has been married for over 25 years, lives in Stirling, and enjoys driving buses and coaches. (FU)

Martin Kerr (89-03) is a social worker (FU)

Emily Macavoy (99-06) is at Lincoln University studying English Literature. (FU)

M.A. Mitchels, M.A. (60-66) gained a Master's degree from the University of East Anglia, and spent most of his career teaching English (inc. Drama) and History at Woodbridge School. He has also travelled around delivering cultural lectures, and is currently considering doing so on cruise ships. He is married with three children, and with his wife he has produced a number of travel/heritage books mainly featuring East Anglia.☺

Peter Morris, Head Boy 1964-65 (and the cause of a Half-Holiday for the whole school when he obtained a place at Oxford University), is a barrister and lives in Bermondsey. Most of his work has been with trade unions, organising furniture and garment workers in east London

during the 1970s and '80s, and as Director of Policy for UNISON during the '90s, where he was involved in developing the case for a national minimum wage and co-ordinating the work of European Trade Unions on social clauses in public procurement contracts. Since being called to the Bar in 2000 he has worked on the admissibility of evidence derived from torture in other countries and edited the Blackstone Guide to the Asylum and Immigration Act of 2004. ☺

Chiduzie Nmecha (79-86) attended Aberdeen University and the Chelsea School of Pharmacy, and is a Pharmacist in North London. Married with two children, he still plays 5-a-side football most Thursdays. (FU)

Philip Ormiston (D -71) is a GP in Bolton, has four children, and is now a grandfather. (FU)

William Parker (C,D,N +St 33-1943) last visited the Hill in 2000, but then he does have the excuse of living in Mooloolaba, Australia, from where he sends New Year Greetings. ☺

He writes "I have kept in touch with a number of Old Boys from the era I was at KH and also some of more recent years who are doing a wonderful service through the new website and webalumnus. Those that do not use the internet service I keep in touch via 'snail mail'.

"I currently keep in touch with John Hayter, Bob Hughes, Bill Collett, Reg Ayers, Alan Caldwell, Robin Warner, Norm Taylor, and Peter Hiatt. I live close to Old Boy John Tait and we meet weekly for walks and a coffee at the Mooloolaba Surf Club.

"Since the 'www.kinghamhillschooldays' website has been operating I have been contacted by quite a few KHA members and I reply to any that make the effort to keep in touch.

"Mooloolaba is a very popular tourist destination and in the area known as the Sunshine Coast of Queensland, a lovely coast line and warm climate - no snow, but we do get our share of rain, often not enough."

Dennis Pye writes from Bacolod in the Philippines, where he has recently celebrated his 75th birthday. "We will be visiting the UK in April '08, God willing. We'll obviously make a point of calling in at K.H.S. with so many wonderful changes and fondest memories of years 43-49 and all the guys I knew then and miss.

"Sorry we couldn't get over for the Annual General Meeting, but it was good to see so many familiar names of attendees. Good to see 'us' old ones are still alive and kicking.

"I must try to get a copy of the Molde Concert - I am a fan of Keith Jarrett. Also interesting to hear about Guy Pratt. Will get a copy of 'My Bass and other Animals' - sounds a great read. Will also get the DVD of the Gilmour concert¹.

"I have now lived in the Philippines for 7 years as a 'Permanent Resident Alien'. My son Marcus is a motor racing journalist and driver and recently won in JADE sports cars at Brands Hatch. He also commentates for both TV and radio at race meetings all over the UK. Any former or current KHS people need not be afraid to approach him at meetings and introduce themselves. He's always willing to chat about racing in general, etc. My second son is a warehouse manager for Boots in Basingstoke.

"For myself, I am much involved in Religious studies, having recently attended a 3-day seminar in Ravi Zacharias ministries (deeply profound) and reading books by Chuck Swindoll, John McArthur, Michael Phillips, Dr James Dobson, Woodrow Kroll and Herbert Sala - what insights.

"I also collect DVDs to relax to and enjoy, including concerts by Jennifer Lopez, Steve Hackett, Mike Oldfield and the Michael Petrucciani Trio - to name but a few.

"Good to see Dudley Freeth mentioned. I last saw him at a gathering and we tried to look him up at his home by the river in Evesham, but he was out at the time. I well remember John Hancock's recollection of the snow as with Pony Club we fought our way to Churchill to get supplies.

"What about the potato-picking exploits? Flasks of cold tea and causing trouble by throwing small spuds at people on the streets as we passed. We were in real trouble, as potato picking was a good earner!

"Lorena, who worked in the UK for 25 years as a British Citizen, still calls England home, although she was born in Bacolod. She misses the fantastic countryside and cleanliness everywhere you go. Just look at the photos in our Mag.

"Having designed and helped to build 'Octagon' (the design is based around a central octagonal, two-storey hall,) I enjoy our gardens on all four sides, and it's peaceful, which allows for our reading and relaxations. We are both well, as indeed we hope all our friends are."

Madeleine Read (99-06) is married and now operates under the alias of Crisp. She works for Anglian Water Customer Services, but still does a bit of modelling. (FU)

Peter Rozycki (P&D 60-67) started off at teacher training college, but seems to have spent most of his time dodging the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. (See "schooldays" for full details.) He spent 7 years in the Penguin Books art Department, and survives by designing book covers. He currently lives in Plymouth. ☺

Bryan Shaw, (P&B ' 61-' 66). Still living "offshore" on the Isle of Wight. Married to Gill with two adult (sometimes) children and three grandsons. Proprietor of a business selling dried fruit, nuts, cereals and various other supposedly healthy foods. Principal hobbies are sailing in a 42ft. ketch and vintage vehicles, mainly 1930's era. Committee member of KHA.

James Stalker (99-06) lives in Andover. (FU)

Kelly Stalker (99-06) is currently studying. (FU)

Chris Stevens (60s) lives in Dagenham, married with three children, still supports Millwall, and owns a 20ft cruiser. (FU)

Andrew Swinbank (S 60s) spent 22 years in the RAF, and now works for the National Health Service in Exeter as an education contracts manager, with responsibility for nurse and midwifery training. (FU)

Belinda Teagles (82-89) is now Mrs Smith, with two children. (FU)

William Todhunter (P+D 63-67) served in the Royal Signals in Bahrain and then Krefeld where he met a German lady whom he married in 1975. He moved to Germany permanently in 1981. He currently works for a transport firm in Frankfurt, but spent most of his career in international telecommunications jobs, including BT. ☺

Mrs Pauline Turner lives in Wormschurch, sorry, Ormskirk, Lancs, but was still able to attend the reunion.

John Wheatcroft (-1983) lives in Kenilworth. He still does computer work on a freelance basis, but is getting more involved in the property business. (FU)

Mr James Woolliams lives in Kent, and recently has given the KHA Archives a boost, not just by assisting in sorting out the existing jumble of papers, but also by adding his personal archives,

¹ For those looking at David (Pink Floyd) Gilmour's Albert Hall Concert, Pratt is the Guy who moves. psj

which include a number of reminders of the RAF section of the CCF that he set up in the 1960s.

Stephen Worsley (P+N 65-69), the Champion Prune Eater of the 1960s, being the first to pass the 100 mark at a single sitting, (as reported in *the Daily Prune* at the time) moved on to an Engineering Apprenticeship, ending up with a BSc from Coventry. He moved to South Africa, and was Head of Technical Field Services for Anglo American PLC from 1976 to 2004. He obtained a further qualification from the University of South Africa in Pretoria in 1987, and is currently a consultant in Project Management living in Kwazulu, Natal. ☺

Music Review

U.F.Orb - by The Orb.

I have in front of me an excuse for advertising one of my favourite CDs. I bought it on 1st August 1992, but it has now been re-released. It is, after all one of those albums that future students of 20th Century music will be expected to know about, along with Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, Led Zeppelin 3, Thriller, The Stone Roses, Automatic for the People, and the others that not only worked as a complete sequence of tunes but also seemed to be in the collection of at least one of your mates if you didn't own it yourself. U.F.Orb has been given a 15th Anniversary reissue.

The big thing at the time was loud dance music played by DJs in unlicensed warehouses to an audience in a state of ecstasy. Quite often an area would be found to accommodate people returning to normality, with nice soothing New Age ambient music being played. But this didn't quite fit the bill. Musicians were old hat. The audience had been listening to DJs all night. What was now needed was a switchdoctor.

"When I originally formed The Orb with Jimmy Cauty, we created the genre "ambient house" for a reason - we didn't want to be labelled a New Age band, and we were fed up with listening to late 1970s chill-out music", says **Alex Paterson**, who was at Kingham Hill during the 1970s. "Things really started kicking off around the end of 1989; people were looking for fresh music to bring in the new decade. We knew a lot of the DJs on the club scene, and we were playing the back room at the Land Of Oz rave. Our theory was to play music that you couldn't dance to. We put a slogan on the

back of our 12" singles that read "ambient house for the E generation."

U.F.Orb is mainly electronic, but musicians are also involved, including **Martin "Youth" Glover** (1970s) and **Guy Pratt** (P&B 73-78). And despite the non-dance attitude, it sounds pretty rhythmic to me. Tracks flow fairly smoothly from one to the next, although they use different combinations of musicians and producers. It's a good one to plug into your ears when you return home from a lousy day at work topped and tailed by a stop-start journey. First it will let your tensed-up brainsprings gradually stretch back in to shape, and then those funky rhythms come to the fore, bringing back the energy needed to face the rest of the day. It's a CD that I regularly pull out and play, and if you're still wondering which was the CD in which Victor Lewis-Smith rings up London Weekend Television to say that Haile Selassie would like to meet Marcus Garvey at "Babylon and Ting", this is the one.

Dr Alex says "Listening to the reissue, it's almost like we've come full circle. Its blueprint has definitely had some influence on The Orb's next album, The Dream. We're working together with U.F.Orb's producer, Steve Hillage, again, taking the rhythms of the 21st Century and making them more squelchy. Ambient records are still important because everything is so fast in this world, you need time to switch off. I take nostalgia with a pinch of salt, but it's an absolute pleasure that what we did in those hedonistic times still lives on."

The quotations have been nicked from a recent newspaper cutting that I took without noting the paper or date, I'm afraid. The cutting also shows pictures of a white-haired old buffer with a military haircut, for some reason.

psj

Information Request.

Caroline Ashby, née Harris is trying to find out about her father Albert Harris. He was born in London in 1909 and died in 1976. He always told me that he was brought up in Latimer House in London and went to Kingham Hill School for his summer holidays. Does anyone have any information about either Albert Harris or Latimer House that I can pass on? Contact the Editor.

Kingham Hill School days reminiscences:

(A true story – only the names have been changed to protect the not so innocent.)

By Iain Helstrip

Part One – 1960 /61 If it's not nailed to the table – it's eaten.

I was on holiday quite recently and took Bill Bryson's book "The ThunderBolt Kid" as holiday reading. It stunned me just how close being brought up in the Mid West of the USA had so many similarities with my own youth in the UK.

Naturally, there were huge differences between these two cultures separated by a common language: - but Mr. Bryson's ability to remember details such as potato men. You must recall them, take one potato, and then you pierce the potato with silly coloured plastic ears, and noses and hats to create potato men. What amazing fun! I don't think I have thought of this sort of insignificant detail in close on 45 years. Hasn't the world moved...

Mr. Bryson did however get me dredging the pits of my own memory and of course Kingham Hill School Days was there in the forefront of my reminiscing. (www.Kinghamhillschooldays.co.uk).

It all started in the summer of 1960. My home was central London just a few minutes walk from the West End. I was a townie right through. My mother told me we were all going for a picnic in the country and taking a long time friend of the family. That was fine by me after all some nice goodies to eat and after all it was only for a day. A few days later the car was duly loaded and we set off to the country. I saw KHS for the first time, as it transpired this long time friend had her sons at the school. We were soon off the hill and found a nice spot to picnic in the sun. A massive spread of goodies and treats and fizzy drinks that seldom if ever adorned our table at home was duly laid out on the blanket. Woof and it had gone. I was stunned if it was edible it had gone in a flash of a moment. At the time I thought little of it, but I should have recognised the warning signs...

Time moved on, my life untouched by this visit to the country. My education (well attendance anyway as this can't be disputed) continued at Marylebone Church of England School on the Marylebone Road. Its name implied that it was of Christian persuasion - not something I ever came across. Anyway, one day my Mother gave me a note to take to my schoolmaster, which I duly did.

"So Iain - you will not be with us tomorrow". His voice boomed in front of the entire class of about 38 pupils. "Why is that?" I did not have a clue and I said so, but I did not have very long to find out.

The next morning saw my Mother and me on the train from Paddington to Kingham. I can remember little of the interview apart from Teddy being quite friendly. I was told of all the great things I could get up to at school, there were the sports, rugby, cricket, cross country running (all sounded very energetic - but I thought it best to humour everybody and just go a long with it) plus there were clubs, engineering and modelling. Plus there was scouts or CCF. Nobody actually mentioned doing anything academic.

Then I was told there was an entrance exam but it did not matter how I did as I was accepted it was just to evaluate my ability (they did not realise there was little ability to evaluate) - I was a victim a gigantic conspiracy. After my five minutes frantic preparation (more would have made no difference whatsoever) I was set pen to paper and flunked everything put in front of me.

Finally I was told that I was a candidate for L2 next September and would be welcomed to Clyde House.

I remember little of the remainder of that summer other than being frequently told just how lucky I was to be going to Kingham. I was going to have such a great time, and the list of activities was trotted out time and time again, and all in such beautiful countryside. I must have been very naïve not to realise that this was all being sold very hard. As autumn approached, the frenzy of activity in our tiny flat increased, and there was the sewing on of name labels onto the school uniform, shirts, vests, pants and short trousers. Hang on a moment SHORT trousers aghh. That can't be right I said to my Mother, but yes it was. Everything was new or almost new and itched and was horrible. My Mother had knitted grey long socks for me, to save some pennies. They itched more than anything else and would come to haunt me for weeks to come as will be revealed.

That fateful day arrived, and I was put on the school train at Paddington. I can remember very little of the journey other than being deposited at Clyde House by the school transport- not really feeling very happy.

I went into Clyde House like a lost soul. My name was not on the list of new boys; I was not part of Clyde House. I can remember thinking this was my chance, escape, escape but it quickly transpired there had been an administrative mistake I was to be a Durhamite and was quickly

marched to my house - mind you I would see plenty of Clyde over the next 3 months when visiting to retrieve my incorrectly labelled laundry.

So I was shown to Dorm 3 at Durham House. I was one of the last arrivals given my excursion to Clyde and got the bed next to the window, (that I subsequently learnt was open 24/7) and had the pleasure of being the closest bed to the school clock chiming out the hours, but also the window closest to the chimney that took the exhaust from the coke boiler. When the wind came from any direction, the smell of coke being burnt prevailed. I was quickly shown how to do hospital corners another new experience, and my bed:- where are the springs? Somebody had stolen them all I had was a two-inch thick mattress (which was not sprung) that resided on top of wooden boards, it had all the comfort and springing of a house brick.

This is another conspiracy I would never get any sleep, but this would be the last of my problems, as time would surely reveal.

Now for those readers that have difficulty recalling September 1961, top of the pops was:-

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 = Shadows - | Kon-Tiki |
| = Highwaymen - | Michael |
| = Helen Shapiro | Walking Back to Happiness. |
| 4. Billy Fury - | Jealousy |
| 5. Elvis Presley - | I feel so bad |
| 6.= Cleo Laine - | You'll answer to me. |
| = Connie Francis - | Together |
| = Del Shannon - | Hats off to Larry |
| 9. Laurie Johnston | Sucu Sucu |
| 10. Eden Kane - | Get lost. |

We went to the dining hall for supper. I tried to sit straight down, but there was grace - a completely new experience for me. Here was supper, or that's what Dixie Dean called it (Trade descriptions act was not in existence back in those days) then the mists cleared, there was clarity. Now I understood why if it was not nailed down it was eaten - and very quickly. There was only Tea to drink; now I did not drink tea then, and 45 years later I still do not. Aghh.

There was a house meeting that evening and I met the new house parents Mr and Mrs George Kingsnorth. It was their first term at Kingham too, and they tried to solicit some camaraderie on this basis. I was feeling very new, very lonely and not very happy and it was going to get worse before it got better, (which it did but you will have to wait for later editions for this). We were allocated housework jobs - another new experience in the making. I also was elected to the dubious, and, as I

would soon discover, rather foul, task of being 'sock monitor.'

Anyway, a fairly restless night sleep passed, and at 7.00 AM the alarm went off, dress quickly into jeans and off to housework for 30 minutes after which your handiwork would be inspected. As A junior I was given a duster and off I went another new and very unwelcome experience, (and I gave up counting the number of times I failed the inspection test over the forthcoming weeks).

Then there was breakfast. It was rather like supper, just less of it. Then it was off to chapel service. Then I met my classmates at L2. Autumn 1965. I can recall there were Francis Inman, Nick Thompson, John Burgess, Brian Williamson, David Earle, and Edwards and Sheldrick I am sorry that the given names fail me along with the remaining 7 or 8 names of the other class mates. Basil Benson was the form master. The reality was sinking in, and there were lessons as well. This was all too much.

The routine was:-

Monday. Chapel. Lessons. Lunch. Scouts. Supper. Prep.

I chose to go into the Scouts. Why? Because the thought of marching up and down in uniform being bellowed at sounded like punishment to me. Where as joining pyromaniacs anonymous sounded much more suited to my abilities, after all if you have to be outdoors then keeping warm by the campfire seemed smart. Plus the dress was more casual (usually jeans and shirt) as was the attitude towards everything in general.

Tuesday:- Chapel. Lessons. Lunch. Lessons. Supper Prep.

The less said about lessons and prep the better. I was like somebody sinking into quicksand - the more I struggled with it the worse it became for me.

I could not spell to save my life - and David Wetherill who took me for English revelled in applying the slipper for spelling errors plus having to write out the offending word 100 times.

Wednesday:- Chapel. Lessons. Lunch. Sports (Rugby.) Supper. Prep.

See above for lessons.

Now we come to Rugby - a thoroughly disagreeable experience. Now I have always been against blood sports (- that is unless I am holding the gun) but running around the rugby pitch partly dressed in the freezing cold chasing an odd shaped ball really did not come high on my list of

enjoyable things to do on a Wednesday afternoon. What was worse was there were a dozen or so bigger players ready to jump on top of you if you actually were thrown the ball and caught it. You would find yourself mashed into the mud. This was not great news, and once I had this sussed, I found the wing to be the safest place to be as the ball was least likely to ever get to you. It had to pass through a number of sets of hands first and with luck they would eat mud before you. Although entirely safe it was not.

Wednesday was sock day. I was sock monitor. This was a disgusting task of collecting up the 30 or so pairs of socks from your house and delivering them to the boiler room under the main kitchen for them to be washed. You would then collect the 60 or so socks that had been machine washed, you then had to sort them into the correct pairs and deliver them to your house and place them on the correct beds. This was a truly awful task, but it did have an advantage....

The area where the washing machine was housed was also where a number of the kitchen staff ate their meals. Often there was a bottle of tomato ketchup or daddies sauce left on the table - just waiting to be liberated to the main dining hall. Your evening meal laced with less than liberal quantities of either of these comestibles made your supper bearable - just.

Now, you may recall my Mother knitted my socks especially. And you would be shouted at (and even punished if you caught somebody in a foul mood) if you were wearing your socks at half-mast - quite noticeable with short trousers. My socks seemed to be getting quite snug, then a week or so later I could hardly get them on. Was I growing? This was a mystery. Actually it was the extra hot wash was causing my socks to shrink. But it got me punished more than once before I was issued with standard KHS heat proof socks -

Thursday:- Chapel. Lessons. Lunch. Clubs. Supper. Prep.

See above, above for lessons.

Now it came to Clubs. Now this had been one of my Mother's big selling platforms for me going to Kingham. I wanted to join the engineers club. I wanted to drive cars. I put my name down for engineers and was allotted the model club. It seemed that you had to be a 5th former or above for the engineers club.

So I was in the model club, which was overseen by James Woolliams. It met in the Scout loft store (the door on the left before the boys entrance to the Chapel- probably banned from use now by the Health and Safety busies). It had a "0" gauge train

line running around the perimeter in a poor state of repair. The first step was to put this into good order and fit for a train to go around the circumference of the entire loft. The second step was to get up steam and create mayhem. The time allotted for clubs was barely sufficient for getting up steam, so Mr. Woolliams took us down to the science labs and with the aid of a Bunsen burner the process was speeded up by preheating the engine. The steam train's methylated spirit burner was then duly filled and lit and we waited expectantly for steam. It finally came and the throttle on this steam train was opened and off it juddered down the track spilling methylated spirits behind it, which naturally caught fire. Now the model loft was of beautifully dry wood and there was this engine now hurtling down the track leaving devastation in its wake. (If you see entry for Scouts, you will see my already established membership for pyromaniacs anonymous).

Oh what fun. We did not play trains again for a very long time and only after the model loft (now known as a fire trap) had been fitted with fire extinguishers.

Friday:- Chapel. Lessons. Lunch. Lessons. Supper. Prep. Bed.

See above, above, above for lessons.

Saturday: Chapel. Lessons. Lunch. Games. Supper. TV. Bed.

Lessons:- I will close part one of my reminiscences with a memory of Teddy Cooper, taking the red herring bait with great aplomb and telling the story of "Albert and the Lion" in the way only he could. That is a happy memory.

See above for Blood Sports. (Rugby)

TV. Now this was THE night of TV. After grace was said at the end of supper there was a mad scramble for the door and to be one of the first in the main hall in order to secure a good seat (but not a great seat - as if you did get too good a seat you would find yourself turfed out of it and someone more senior taking it). There was then 2 hours of TV. My high spot of the week.

Sunday: Chapel. Lunch. Chapel.

Sunday saw an extra hour in bed. This was always appreciated. The housework was a lick and a promise with just sweeping and dusting taking place. It was then best suits for Chapel.

After Chapel, back to Durham to wait for lunchtime.

After lunch it was free time you could do anything you wanted but you were banned from the house between 2.0 and 4.0PM. The longest 2

hours I can ever recall especially in the winter months.

And that was the week that was.

Repeat 12 times and you come to the end of Christmas term 1961.

Then it was school report time.....aghhhh.

L2 Term order 13.

Number in class 14.

It said:-

Careless, untidy, inattentive, No effort shown. Pop, the only non-critical academic report said very good work".² Bless him because he saved my life at home.

A master said:- A very depressing report, I don't think he is lazy, (little did they know) I would like to think he is feeling his way and things will be different next term....

To be continued.....

Iain Helstrip

First Impressions.

For the first eight years of life, I lived in Vienna with my Attorney Jewish Papa and a beautiful young Roman Catholic Governess. There were absolutely no punishments of any kind in my life.

In 1938, Hitler paraded into Vienna and my Papa got worried. He contacted a Rich Jewish Merchant Banker in the City of London - Sir Charles Seligman and pleaded to have arrangements made for me to escape to England. Rich Merchant Bankers hate to part with their money so, through his contacts, Sir Charles found the endowed Kingham Hill School where he would not have to pay any fees.

In March 1939, my Parents and Grandparents said Goodbye to me at the Westbahnhof and put me on the Kindertransport to London. I would never see any of them again. In London, I was picked up and hustled off to Paddington Station for the Great Western train to Kingham. The train arrived at nightfall and the Warden, Rev. Horsefield and his German-speaking Sister picked me up and drove me to Greenwich House.

Next afternoon some boys were befriending me. We were playing outside the Greenwich House open kitchen window. We could see some freshly cooked scones on the kitchen table. My new found

friends encouraged me to climb through the window and steal a scone. As I was climbing in, one of the boys ran and reported me to one of the Staff - a young woman. She took me to the WC and showed me the large black Rubber Strap - the House Mother's favourite weapon. The Strap was a big shock to me as the idea of Corporal Punishment was completely new to me.

I wrote a letter, in German, to my Papa in Vienna and asked - "Why have you sent me to a School for Naughty Boys?"

I had arrived to the Realities of Kingham Hill School.

Hans Leistina

(See the schooldays website for a report on a better planned, though equally unsuccessful, food robbery in the 1960s.)

25 Years Ago.

(The following article has been lifted straight from the February 1983 issue of "The Hill and Beyond," amended only to correct such Optical Character Recognition-induced changes such as "Kill" for "Hill", "Fester" for "Master", "Arias" for "Arms", and the like.)

It has long been felt that this magazine-has needed more news about what is currently happening on the Hill, and that the best way would be to enlist a 'mole' from among the present boys on the Hill. Jon. R. Humfrey, of Sheffield House, has now very kindly offered his services, and his first report appears below.

Christmas Term 1982

1. New Boys.

Many new boys have joined us here at Kingham this term; more, it seems than ever before. There is certainly a sense of close community here, which seems to have helped new members of the School to settle in fast.

2. New Staff.

At the end of last term we said goodbye to John Essame, Housemaster of Norwich and Head of the Biology Department, who had been teaching here for 26 years. Mr Roberts has now become Housemaster of Norwich (Severn) and his wife the Housematron. In a way, this was not too drastic a change, as Mr Roberts spent one year as House Tutor, and thus knew the system well.

Mr and Mrs Harris have taken over Greenwich from Mr and Mrs Sutton. It is said that this came as

² With Reginald Durrant (Dickie", "Pop") as Art and Pottery Master, the report not to take home said "Excellent Brushwork" - as that meant he'd only let you sweep the floor. (psj)

a severe shock to the more unkempt members of the house, as Mr Harris is a man of military background.

Sheffield House has received the very young Mr and Mrs Kenworthy as the new houseparents. They have taken over from Mr and Mrs Harvey. Mr Kenworthy is now the School's General Science Master. Fortunately we are still privileged to see the Harveys and Mr Sutton on the Hill, as they are still teaching.

We welcome also Mr Bailey from Manchester as Kingham Hill's new Head of Biology, and House Tutor of Sheffield.

3. School Modernization.

The two School ponies, Top and Bottom, are suffering the inconvenience of moving house. Their previous home in the paddock next to Bradford Gate was invaded by bulldozers, JCBs and tractors at the end of last term. The paddock is being turned into three rugby pitches. This term, by looking at its freshly growing green grass and steep banks, one would find it hard to imagine it as a weed-covered paddock. Top and Bottom are soon moving into their new residence, which is in another weed-covered field behind Top School. They have been compensated by a lovely, solid, brick, stable with built-in feeding and drinking troughs. (The shower unit comes later.)

Mr Chapman, as head of the ever-growing CCF, must approve of the added CCF facilities. The area of land at the Music School end of the Administration Block has been used as the School's new CCF/Scout area. The CCF hut has had to be moved from its previous site as it was about to collapse. It now stands on solid concrete foundations. Next to this the new Scout hut has been erected. The Scouts, who have occupied the loft area in Top School for an infinite number of years, are at last having to move to make room for a new computer area. Behind the CCF hut there has been built a superb, professional standard, rifle range. It is far superior to the last one, which was taken down for the modernization of the workshops.

6R are now doing their second year of retakes. This scheme of 2nd year fifth formers being given a form to themselves and 6th form privileges was tried out successfully last year. This year it is again in existence, but with a whole new dimension. Mr Shepherd, the Warden, has organized a scheme in which on each Thursday all 6R 'men' are posted in various forms of employment around the Cotswolds. Hotel owners at the Hill and Langston Arms have kindly taken people on, as have Birdland in Bourton on the Water, and the Co-op and

Parker-Knoll Furniture in Chipping Norton. I work in a bookshop. This idea is fantastic, as nowadays experience is very important.

4. Music.

Most of our experienced musicians have left, and the violin section of the orchestra collapsed when Richard Priest and Malcolm Brecht departed. At the moment the orchestra is non-existent, although about forty new music pupils have begun to take lessons, and the school is redeveloping its music department rapidly.

5. Old Boys' Day.

This term's Old Boys' Day was certainly a great success, and on the Saturday morning the usual careers convention took place for 4th, 5th, and 6th formers. This is a relatively new practice wherein Old Boys in various careers kindly make themselves available in the School Hall for people to interrogate and learn how to get started and what careers to avoid or go in for.

In the afternoon the 1st School team played the Old Boys team in the traditional game of Rugby. The match was played with great enthusiasm, and we were glad to see so many Old Boys there. The match was a draw at 16 all.

The dinner this year was held at the School rather than at the Langston Arms in Kingham. In a way this is a shame, as the tradition in previous years has been to hold the dinner at the Langston.

6. Kingham Hill Every Day.

Things on the Hill are running normally, as the weather becomes colder and colder. The plantations and trees look absolutely beautiful at this time of year. The School is certainly fortunate in its setting. New boys must find the tales of wooden board beds and horsehair mattresses hard to believe as they live in a modern soft bed environment. The School has certainly changed even just during this term, with new buildings being put up. Every day now the School is a scene of much scaffolding, as all the moss-covered roof tiles are replaced by nice new ones.

We, here on the Hill, sincerely hope that more people will join the KHOBA.

Jon.R.Humfrey

This 1983 edition also contained a review of Bruce Arnold's third novel drawing from his experiences on the Hill, "The Muted Swan". However, the reviewer noted that while the previous two books might have taken actual events as their basis, those taking place in this novel would have become

part of the Hill's folklore if they had happened in reality.

* ? !

For those looking at the Committee Cast List in the September issue and wondering what the asterisks next to the names of some people actually meant, the quick answer is that they are also Trustees of the KHA Centenary Trust.

The Answers

(To the quiz questions posed in the last issue)

1. Alfred Jarvis wrote "50 Years of Kingham Hill".
2. Warren Hastings is buried in Daylesford.
3. Superintendents were in charge of boys' houses.
4. Sixty-three old boys died in World War I.
5. David Carpanini was the Art Master covered by Channel 4.
6. Magging was telling tales about other pupils to masters or prefects. Whether true or false, it was a crime that put you outside any Human Rights Acts and left you as fair game for bullies.
7. Douglas Horsefield was the first Warden.
8. Clyde House was the second one to be built.
9. Plymouth House was built for workshop trainees.
10. On 2nd September 21 extremely brave girls arrived on the Hill. (Not December as stated. There had to be at least one question to test your mind-reading abilities, didn't there?)

The 2007 quiz involved 13 teams of between four and seven people. There was a draw for first place between "Marshmallows" and "The Head's Hogs", with the latter team winning the play-off. "We Love JK" came third.

Just Words.

I have a confession to make. Owing to the timing of first trains on Sundays I didn't arrive on the Hill on 7th October in time for the start of the Chapel Service, so I waited outside. However, I noticed at one point they were singing "Guide Me, O Thou

Great Redeemer", only it sounded like the "Redeemer" had been replaced by "Jehovah", which sounded a bit strange to me. It also occurred to me that last time I had been inside the Chapel the new hymnbooks hadn't shown the music. Before, it had been hard to spend eight - or even five - years at Kingham Hill with eight chapel services a week without picking up how musical notation worked.

But then I remembered the alternative words to this particular hymn. I'm not sure who invented them, but my fractured memory suggests that the words arose after someone - I think it was Goodall - had managed to feed all of ten shillings into a fruit machine, either on a half-term trip to somewhere like Cheltenham, or while at a school camp on the Isle of Wight:



Guide me O thou one-armed bandit,
Pilgrim through this whole ten bob.
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Help me till I spend the lot.
Penny in and pull
Penny in and pull
Help me till I spend the lot (spend the lot)
Help me till I spend the lot.

psj

To return or not.

It has often made me wonder why some ex pupils return and some not. While accepting that those who choose to live abroad it is not necessarily feasible to do due to varying reasons and those who choose not to because of their experiences during their time on the Hill. Indeed we have members of the KHA committee who had

brothers attending at the same time who never set foot again once they had "escaped".

As in life we only really want to remember the happier times so perhaps our judgement is clouded to the positive side. We perhaps choose not to remember, for those in Plymouth House, the dark winter nights, running back through the Planny hoping not to be set upon by a vexed house prefect. Almost forgot that nobody got set upon, you just fell over a tree stump!!

Similarly at the start of summer term having to leap into a very cold swimming pool to be taught how to swim. Some inducement, and to that end I still couldn't swim when I left five years later. How about making a clay model to take home only to see Dickie Durrant give it a flying test, a terms effort wasted.

Obviously the good days outweighed the not so good otherwise Teddy Cooper would have spent his days charging about the country bringing back the absconders.

I am certain that the reasons why we return vary from each generation. From the early days when KHS was your home to the time when family break-ups were the main reason, until more recently when KHS became where you went to school.

My reason I suppose, other than being a KHA committee member, is to try to give back the support I had to somebody else in a similar situation.

Part of the reason for this article is to perhaps provoke others to express their thoughts and reasons along similar lines, which will in turn help to re-launch our newsletter.

Bryan Shaw (P+B 62-66)

We ARE Making a Difference.

Please help.

In addition to my role as Secretary of the KHA I am privileged to serve as a Governor of Kingham Hill School.

At a meeting of Governors at the school last Thursday - the 4th of October a paper was circulated showing the charities and trusts which are providing financial support to the fees of youngsters in need in the current school year. The Kingham Hill Trust is not shown, but there are a total of 24 other such organisations providing this support, which totals almost £92,000 per term. The Kingham Hill Association is not only one of the 24, but is the most generous, now contributing a little

over £18,000 per term. We are supporting 10 students.

Our generosity is only possible because we have the money - and because the Trustees of the Kingham Hill Association Centenary Fund, wholeheartedly supported by the Committee and wider Association have decided to contribute 20% of our assets every year to the school - primarily for fee support. We only have the money through two very generous bequests. Our income from regular standing orders is very small. Unless our assets are replenished, our ability to support youngsters - whose circumstances are invariably awful, will rapidly diminish. You can help - and please do. Just take a few minutes and drop a line to your bank. Set up a standing order for whatever you can afford. A fiver a month is less than most of us spend on newspapers, a tenner - less than we spend on beer. It could make all the difference. Most of us benefited hugely through our attendance at Kingham. Most of us - and our families, where we had families paid nothing for the education and care that we received. The need is as great as ever. Please - it may be an old-fashioned concept, but do your bit. Put a bit back into the pot which made your time at KHS possible. It is no exaggeration to state that you could make the difference between a youngster in awful circumstances being able to attend Kingham - or not.

David Monro is both the Chairman of the Kingham Hill Trust and a Governor. Mark Stanley-Smith is the Chairman of Governors. Last Thursday both of these gentlemen asked me very firmly, publicly and clearly to convey the deep gratitude of the Trust and the Governors to the Kingham Hill Association for the contribution that we are making. Martin Morris, the Headmaster expresses similar sentiments every time we see him. The contribution that we are making is hugely appreciated.

Let's keep doing what we're doing - and do more.

Keith F Targett

200 Club Results.

(Omitted from the previous issue. Apologies.)

"The 200 Club draw took place on 17th June 2007 and the result was as follows:-

1st Jim Woolliams	£ 100
2nd Leo Smith	£ 76
3rd Tom Chaloner	£ 50

4th Simon Briggs £ 26

Total income £504 Prize total £ 252
Not quite as good as 2006 but since the majority of the prizes were either returned as donations or purchase of entries to the 2008 draw we have done fairly well.

The book is open now open for 2008 so please send me your cheques for £12 made payable to "KHAGF"
Happy punting everybody.

Simon Briggs

(The original idea was a target of 200 people paying £1 a month (£12 a year) allowing for prizes of £200, £150, £100, and £50, with £2000 profit going to the Centenary Fund. We're not charging membership fees these days, so why not divert £12 a year to the Centenary Fund instead? More than one entry is permissible. psj)

KHA Goodies For Sale!

The KHA has the following items for sale. Profits go to the Centenary Fund.

KHA Ties £10.00

Lapel Badges (Butterfly Fix) £2.00

Parker Junior Pens £4.75 (Over £6 in W H Smiths)

Note Pads ("KHA supporting today's students at KHS") 80p

Cuff Links £5.00

Blazer Badges (Hand Woven in Wire) £15.00

NEW: Ladies' Scarves (Useable as Cravats) 9" by 54" in Polychine £13.75

LIMITED EDITIONS:

Centenary Ties (1886-1986 under KHS crest) £5.00

Ladies' Headscarves (White with KHS crest) 26.5" by 26.5" in silkene £5.00

It is possible to use the schooldays website to make payments by Paypal, but those of us wishing to keep the postmen in business can make out cheques to the Kingham Hill Association General Fund when buying goodies and joining the 200 Club. (Nat West Chipping Norton, Branch 52-21-31 Account 02945428). If you want to arrange straight donations to the Centenary Fund, make our cheques to the KHA Centenary Trust Fund, and standing order donations to the same bank branch, Account 02929554. We hope to get some formal forms to cover this sort of thing on to the websites soon.

Stop Press.

We have just heard that **Martin Morris**, Headmaster of Kingham Hill School since 2000, is moving on at the end of the Summer Term.

He arrived during a period of change and rebuilding on the Hill, and during his time the Hill and the Association came to realise their mutual interdependence and to give each other more help than before.

We wish him well for the future.

A new cheesemaker, Clive Curtis, has arrived on the Daylesford estate. This has given plenty of excuses for the staff at Neal's Yard Dairy near Covent Garden, and no doubt at other cheese shops, to test the quality of Daylesford Cheddar with customers and pronounce it still excellent. The December Observer Food Supplement gave it 5 stars.

Dates for your diary.

Saturday, 15th March, 2008.

0900 ? Short Service at Founder's Grave.

0930 Committee Meeting

1130 Memorial Service for Tom Smart

1215 ? Buffet Lunch ?

Afternoon Football: KHA v KHS

Evening. KHA welcome at the play "A Man for All Seasons".

Sunday 8th June, 2008

AM Daylesford Churchyard

then Annual General Meeting in the Hall.

also Display from the archives.

then Lunch

then Cricket Match and Ladies sporting event

1830 Chapel Service

(Remembering Rohilla ?)

1930 Barbecue

Friday 10th October, 2008

1900 Quiz (6th Form, KHA & Staff mixed)

Saturday 11th October, 2008.

Committee meeting plus ?

And, Finally

If you want to be sure that your news gets in to the April Edition of *Over The Hill*, send your news and articles to

P.S. Johansen

37, Mount Ephraim Road

London

SW16 1LP
psj@globalnet.co.uk
by 20th April, 2008.