

Over the Hill



April 2008

New Headmaster.

The new headmaster will be Nick Seward. He holds a BSc in engineering and is a Master of Theology. He arrives during the Summer Term. He was previously head of boarding at Magdalen College School.

The Hill is also in the process of appointing new houseparents for Plymouth and Sheffield houses.

Obituaries

Sir Timothy Hoare. A long time member of the Trust whose obituary, mentioning Kingham Hill, appeared in the Times on 12th February, though he actually died during January. His widow wrote that they had much enjoyed their visits to the Hill and missed them when he retired.

Robin Warner. We hear from Bill Parker that "Ex KHOBA member Robin A Warner passed away on 15th March 2008 aged 86. Robin Warner was at the KHS in my era (or earlier) 1933 to 1943 and I have been communicating with him for many years."

Improvements to the Hill.

Work is continuing on providing cabling for more Internet links.

There is a need for four sets of all-weather cricket nets. The Committee has agreed that some of the Centenary Fund money should be used towards this work.

A board remembering the names of former Wardens and Headmasters is in preparation.

Your Letters and News.

Mark Amis (P+D 69-75) is an artist based in Swindon. By the time you receive this magazine, but after it goes to print, he will have spent 24 hours in the Woodman Inn, near Faringdon. As if this were not enough of an achievement on its own, he will be spending the time converting a



How many of these are mentioned in this issue?

blank 2 by 1.5 metre sheet of canvas into a freehand painting of St George doing his bit to preserve rare wildlife, completing the job on St George's Day. On the first day he starts off with broad brush strokes, carrying out a running commentary, Rolf Harris style, and then gets on with the details during the night, finishing it off on 23rd April in time for a celebratory dinner and signing. The event is organised by the Swindon Rotary Club, and profits from dinner tickets, the sale of the painting, and a limited edition of prints will go to a charity that assists British Service Personnel injured in recent conflicts.

Bob Batchelor (P & B 61-66.) Lives in Johannesburg where he has a successful Safari business called "Infuduko". Interesting web site.

Andy Burrows. (Bradford 62-66). In contact after 43 years. Has been working as a mason (stone, not funny handshake) in various parts of Europe and Africa and is currently residing about 15 miles East of Glasgow but planning to retire in Morocco. Some of his time was spent in Denmark and as a result he has two Danish daughters still living there. (*Ah, the lure of those Danish mermaids...*)

Chaz Brenchley (C 70s) is still active in the Newcastle upon Tyne literary scene. He contributes to ghost story readings at the Literary and Philosophical Society, and therefore has two stories in "Phantoms at the Phil, vol. 3", a £10 hardback

just out. His short story "The House of Mechanical Pain" has been selected by Ellen Datlow for the "Year's Best Fantasy and Horror" anthology. Of his longer novels, the first two books in his "Selling Water by the River" sequence are now available in paperback from Ace Books.

www.chazbrenchley.co.uk

Carl Browning (S 50-56) e-mailed from Nelson, in New Zealand. "I'm hoping to be spending six months in UK from April because we celebrate in concert the 25th anniversary of the National Youth Choir of Great Britain which I founded. We are to perform in Birmingham Symphony Hall at 7pm on 13 April with guest artists, composers and conductors to include: The King's Singers; Sir David Willcocks; John Rutter; Eric Whitacre (a young and highly successful composer from LA); David Hill (relatively new conductor of the London Bach Choir); Greg Beardsell (Bournemouth Symphony Chorusmaster and other roles); Mike Brewer, Principal Conductor of NYC; and Carl Browning as Company Secretary but not involved musically etc.

"Further info is available on the Choir's website: www.nycgb.net ; and if anyone needs further info about my adventures, then it is all there on our New Zealand Combined Choir and Orchestra website: www.nzcco.snap.net.nz

"My wife and I visited **Stewart and Brenda Brindley** (Music, 1948-58) last September in their relatively new home in Llandudno. They are bridge players, so we felt very blessed to all four have something in common."

Bill Collett (B, D, B, N, S, St 1931-41), lives near Stratford upon Avon, and keeps in regular touch. "I am so sorry to hear of Tom's death. He was a wonderful gentleman and friend."

Woyzek Gambaski (G60-62) has just won his stationery firm's Salesman of the Year (2007-08) award for securing a contract to supply industrial-strength hand-cranked shredders to each polling station in Zimbabwe.

John Glover keeps in touch from Australia.

Luke Ilic (D -2003) is a qualified plumber and gas engineer in Leighton Buzzard. ☺

Denis Mead (B 1927-31) lives near Norwich, and writes as follows:

"I was sorry to hear of the death of Tom Smart, who was at the school during my own time, and I had the pleasure of meeting him many times again at reunions. I remember him as a chap who

was always cheerful, a good cricketer, and his enthusiasm for all events that took place at the Hill.

"Apart from dear old Tom there were few names I recognised, and certainly no names of boys who were on the Hill when my brother and I were there. Not surprising, perhaps, because I am now 90 years of age and my brother 93.

"Stan and I were both Bradford House boys during the time when "Nutty" Melton was in charge. We were both at the funeral of the Squire in 1927, and remember him well with great respect and affection. Alas, in these days there are few such men who would make such efforts for youngsters as he did.

Brother Stan lives in Sorell, Tasmania, Australia. He is still very active, and takes part in many activities with the local church. His wife died four years ago, but Stan has his family around him, and is at present living with his daughter, Margaret, who has just retired from work with the Leprosy Mission in Africa. Both of us served in the last war, Stan in the RAF and myself in the Royal Marines.

"I retired from working with The National Trust in 1982, and since then have been a voluntary worker for the same organisation. With my wife I sing with the Aylsham church choir, and I am also in a male-voice choir.

"I feel sure that the basic training for the life ahead of us that we had on the Hill taught us to keep active and part of the local community for as long as we are able. Certainly the things we were taught towards self-dependence served me in good stead when I joined the forces. I was able to offer to darn my fellow barrack-room mates' socks at 6d a pair, and even how to get the best shine out of a pair of service issue boots!

"Once a Kingham Hill boy - always a Kingham Hill boy!"

Dickon Morris (-2005) is at Brookes University in Oxford, and starts teaching at Giggleswick School at the start of September. ☺

Michael Ranson (1951) lives near Norwich, and wrote as follows: "Over the Hill" brought back many happy memories of Kingham Hill from my time there in the Spring Term of 1951.

"At that period, having graduated from Keble College, Oxford, the previous year, I was doing a Diploma of Education at the University Education Department. It was the normal practice then for students to spend the whole of the middle term at a school largely of their own choice. I opted for Kingham Hill, of which I had received

glowing reports, partly because it was near the University, where I was much involved in Athletics, representing Oxford in Cross County and on the Track. I used to travel over there quite often on my Corgi (a small 2-stroke scooter, designed originally for parachute drops.) It is possible that some boys from that era will remember it.

"Anyway, I was allocated to Durham House, and that the pleasure of working with the Housemaster, Tom Worrall, a delightful man, and his wife, Tig.

"It was so wet then that all team games were ruled out owing to waterlogged pitches. This meant that sport centred on Cross Country, which of course suited me well. So I worked hard on the Durham runners, and to my delight saw them win the Inter-House Cross-Country.

"As a bit of an interloper, I was still accepted with much friendliness by other members of staff. I especially remember Ray Metcalfe, John Litson, "Bow" Bowman, Colin Noble, the Chaplain, for whom I stood in taking Scripture when He was ill, and many others.

"I took mainly English. I wonder if anyone remembers some of my favourite poems: "Adlestrop", "Drake's Drum", the "Lake Isle of Innisfree" and numerous others. I found the standard of behaviour excellent and the boys a credit to the school.

"One gloomy experience was watching, on the new TV, Oxford sink in the Boat Race!! Apart from that, it was a most enjoyable time."

Terry Reed (P+S 61-6?) e-mails from Stoke on Trent. "I never read any book about the Founder, so am not in a position to comment on what is out there. Biography has become more detailed, to the extent writers try to explain their subject's motivations, not just events of their lives. I often wonder what the Founder was like as a person and what events and people shaped his life beyond his involvement with the Hill. Perhaps we will never know, or the material is just not there. Unlike his contemporaries of the Bloomsbury Set, whose lives are well recorded because they were all at it, writing diaries, letters and more. You get my drift? I suppose all books on the Founder are out of print."

Further to Ken Jones's request in the last issue to meet John Rose, **Bob Rose**, (D&S 37-44) John's younger brother, who lives in Cheadle Hulme in Cheshire, has mailed back to say that he should be able to arrange it for John to meet Ken. If anyone wants to contact Bob, his e-address is "bnjrose@hotmail.com".

Robin Scotter (Sh -2006) is training as a plumber in Leeds. ☺

James Stalker (B -2006) is an army infantryman who has spent 6 months in Iraq.

Kelly Stalker (G - 2006) lives in Andover, and lures people into purchasing insurance. ☺

Edmund Tresham (Sh 89-93) is now working for Stagecoach North-West in their commercial department based in Preston. He hopes to be able to attend the reunion in June.

Reunion 15th March 2008.



On 15th March a number of former pupils congregated on the Hill for various combinations of events.

For a start, as this was the Saturday before Founder's day, a service was held round the Founder's grave in Daylesford at 0930. As the first train that I could catch to Kingham arrived at 0915, I am grateful to Mr and Mrs Woolliams for meeting me there and providing me with a taxi service for the rest of the day. The weather was damp but not quite raining, so the Chaplain, Andrew Savage, was able to provide some well-chosen words and we had time to think about them.

The committee had time for the first half of a meeting before we all moved on to the chapel for a service in memorial of Tom Smart. While only some former pupils and staff were present, the chapel was well filled to the back door, without any pupils being present. Some words were also said in memory of Ron Gray (5?-6?) and a number of his contemporaries were present.

The opportunity was taken for Mrs Batchelor to present the school with a picture of a flypast over

the Hill, taken by her late husband while a teacher on the Hill.



After the service, Tom's ashes were scattered at the back of Top School.

An excellent buffet was then provided in the 6th form playroom (the old dining hall annexe area) for the old lags who remembered Tom and the recent leavers who had come to play football and swap notes with each other. No charge was made for this, but perhaps there should have been.

Afterwards the committee meeting resumed, while a team of younger old boys played the school. The result was Old Boys XI 4, School XI 3. It was a pity that the committee was still meeting, and there wasn't much of a crowd to watch. (The weather didn't help.) Thanks go to all those who turned up to play, and to Dickon Morris for doing the hard work of setting the match up.

At the committee meeting it was agreed that Tom Smart's role as a Trustee of the Centenary Fund would be taken over by Bryan Shaw.

In the evening, former pupils were invited to watch the school play, A Man for All Seasons, by Robert Bolt. The opening night the day before had gone well, with the prompters having absolutely nothing to say.

Given that when I was on the Hill, former pupils' events consisted of the cricket match in the Summer term and the rugby match in the Autumn term (followed by a dinner in the Crown and Cushion), it is quite a move forward to have such a packed programme in the Easter Term. It was also good to see so many recent leavers present.

Thanks to Tony Middleton for the photographs. The work involved carrying about considerably more than a mobile telephone.

psj

How it all started.

(The Kingham Hill Old Boys' Association, now KHA)

At a meeting at Daylesford House on 7th August, 1935, presided over by Mr Arthur Young, brother of Charles E.B. Young, it was decided to form the Kingham Hill Old Boys' Association. On 5th August, 1936 a committee was elected, thus founding the London branch of the K.H.O.B.A., based at Latimer House in conjunction with the Hill. Members would be restricted to boys admitted to or passed through Kingham Hill and over 18. (This has now changed to include all old boys, old girls, staff and other interested people.) The annual subscription in August 1938 was 2s 6d (12½p) with a 1s 6d entry fee. (Now in 2008 it's free.)

The headquarters were at Latimer House in London, with meetings and reunions both there and sometimes at Oak Hill College. Latimer House was founded in 10th March, 1894 at Fitzroy Square. In November 1938 this was replaced by the new Latimer House in Hanson Street, W1. As far as I can ascertain, this was a boys' boarding house, run in tandem with Kingham Hill, for those who were taught 'useful trades' in local firms, two of which the Founder financed: an engineering firm and a piano factory.

The objects of the Association were clearly laid out and published. It's worth noting that the first object states "to link together all the old boys of Kingham Hill by means of Annual Re-unions at Kingham Hill and in London, an old boys' section in the K.H. Magazine and in any way best calculated to achieve and promote the objects of the Association". Everything set out then still applies and is true today, except of course we now encompass 'Old Girls', staff, etc.

The magazine was free to members. A Benevolent Fund, called the Comfort Fund during World War II, was also set up on 5th August, 1937, with a subscription of 6d (2½p) per annum. This was to assist Old Boys and dependents in need, and was administered by a committee from KHOBA. £5.00 was held ready for use in urgent cases.

An Old Boys' Trophy, a silver medal, was to be awarded annually to the Boy on Kingham Hill who had done most for the Hill as leader at School, House and Sports. The first was given in 1937, and the second in 1946.

The first KHOBA Dinner took place at Leicester Corner Restaurant in October 1936, being the school's 50th Jubilee year. 44 old boys attended, plus the guest speaker, with Alf Jarvis being the Chairman and who as far as I can see was the driving force for some years. The programme appears very formal, with some 10 people involved in giving votes of thanks, Grace, Loyal Toasts, and Choruses! Songs, more toasts, Absent Friends, etc. The five course meal consisted of Clear Royal Cream of Chicken, Fried fillet of Whiting, Tomato Juice, Roast Saddle of Mutton, Brussels Sprouts, Roast Potatoes, Vanilla Ice Cream, Cheese & Biscuits, Coffee, all at a cost of 3s 6d (17½p). The balance sheet shows an expenditure for the evening of £8 0s 1d. Such is the march of time.

A Winter Reunion was held in December 1936 at Oak Hill College, where some 50 people attended. I note that home made cider was on the menu. (Oak Hill College was founded by the Founder in 1928 and is a Theological College and still part of the Kingham Hill Trust.)

It is worth noting that in 1937 the KHOBA Committee, as in 2008, were searching for ideas and suggestions, such as co-opting younger members to join, and asking for lapsed members to pay up their subscriptions. (This is not a problem for us now, of course, but in 2008 we do need money to continue to carry on our assistance to the School - so please get those donations in.)

The 2nd Annual Dinner was in October 1937 in London. 50 people attended at 5/- (25p) a head. The Menu was in French, and "Consommé Petit Marmite Crème de Volaille" makes the mind boggle. Again the programme appears to be quite formal, with 17 items from Grace by the Warden, Rev. D.F.Horsefield, reply from Mr Alan Young, cousin to the Founder, Songs, Choruses, Announcements, etc. I suppose we should understand that in those days the only family most Old Boys had was the KHOBA. I note that one S.G.Smart was present.

In March 1938 a ladies night for KHOBA members, wives and friends was held at the Royal Hotel WC1 for dancing etc at 3/- (15p). 81 people attended, and again one T Smart was present. Another was held in March 1939.

The 3rd Annual Dinner was in October 1938 in London. 56 dinners at 5/- (25p) each. No inflation yet. Again the programme seems quite formal, and included a Harmonica Recital from F. Dudley.

The AGM scheduled for 22nd September 1939, and the 4th Annual Dinner on 7th October 1939 were cancelled owing to the outbreak of war with Germany. I notice that the committee had hoped that all members would come along to discuss, criticise, and help the work of the Association. (No change there, then.)

It appears that in 1939 W. Meeden was Chairman and Alf Jarvis Treasurer/Secretary of KHOBA. From 1940 to 1943 there were no elections.

In February 1943 the KHOBA issued the first WARTIME NEWS sheet, set up informally and edited by J. Muggerridge and E.C. Bond. This was circulated to Old Boys in the Services and elsewhere. In 1943 there were 121 known Old Boys in the forces and 6 known as Prisoners of War: J. Clive, W. Rattice, K. Townsend, H. Widdows, C.Wiles, & B. Lewis. Every month a parcel was sent through the Red Cross to our known OB POWs.

We print an extract below from Sheet No 1.

"Our Comforts Fund is a fine piece of work very ably run by Harry Boyden, (address given). We are in touch with three O.B.s who are prisoners of war - Kenneth Townsend, Basil Lewis, and Harry Widdows, all of whom send greetings to K.H.O.B.A. Parcels containing books, chocolate, chewing-gum, tooth brushes and powder, toilet and shaving soap, and a couple of hundred cigarettes are sent to them about every six weeks. We also arrange for their families to send on our behalf things specially asked for, and one O.B. will be getting badly-needed footwear and underwear in his next parcel. Kenneth Townsend, who is studying engineering, has been provided with all the necessary books. Parcels have also been sent to Jack Burnett, who is an officer in the Navy, and to Denis Mead, who is somewhere out East. We should like to have more names and addresses of O.B.s in the Forces, so send those that you know to H. Boyden (address above) who also makes an appeal for funds to carry on the good work. The spirit of brotherhood should stir many to send a contribution, however small, to benefit those of our Members who have to keep cheerful in trying circumstances."

There were a further 8 Wartime News Sheets issued up to September 1945. We intend to publish further extracts in subsequent issues.

To be continued.

Mike Kent

Wartime Memories.

The first journey I made to Kingham from "Doodlebug Alley" was to have a lasting impression on me since it was my first sight of our War torn Capital. Yes, I had watched the bombers and the dog fights and had chased the unmanned flying bombs across the Sussex countryside in the wake of my older brother John. But seeing the devastation caused was quite awe inspiring.

My first term at Kingham was to teach me many things, such as how to darn my socks, polish my BOOTS (then part of the school uniform) and many other household chores. At the age of 6 one doesn't question these necessities but as the years passed I began to understand that in many ways the period which followed WWII was far more austere than the war period itself.

As Henry Ford once said "You can have it in any colour you like as long as it is black" the same adage applied to the everyday things of life. Things were scarce and choice even scarcer. However, whilst frugality was the order of the day we as Plymouthites never had a worry in the world since we were well fed and clothed. In fact I for one was as happy returning to The Hill after holidays as I was happy to go home for the holidays. One of the things that brings home the shortages of this period was sweet rationing, in fact almost everything was rationed, so Sunday evening in the kitchen at Plymouth was a great event when "Uncle" Reg and "Auntie" Ruth supervised the choosing of only two items each from a selection of liquorice "boot laces", Mars bars, tubes of Trebor fruits, Rowntree fruit gums etc,etc. These had to last the week and one had to surrender the appropriate coupons which were in Plymouth held in safekeeping by Reg Durrant, a bit of a responsibility! Which reminds me of my first term in upper school when I sent them to the laundry in my shirt pocket - I had to cadge sweets for the rest of term! I forget when sweet rationing ended¹ but it must have been about mid 1951 or 2 since I have still got my last issue of coupons.

One can only wonder what Catering Staff and Tailors Shop on the Hill had to go through to keep us fed and clothed. I am sure there were a few miracle workers there somewhere.

Simon Briggs.

¹ Has it? In the 1960s pocket money was sixpence, and all sweets brought into Plymouth at the start of term were impounded and put in the tin - which was only opened when we had been extra good, and restricted to four sweets per boy. psj

Forty Years Ago.

"The most striking change has again been to do with buildings as the year has seen the conversion of garages and chicken houses into the Frank Goddard Memorial Music Room, a room large enough to use as an orchestral rehearsal room and for class music. A fitting memorial to one who gained and gave so much pleasure from his music. The whole end of the block with the practice rooms and teaching rooms above now make a comprehensive music school of which any school would be proud.

"Following the building of the Music School, the former music room has become a sixth form work room, a highly necessary base for that increasing number of sixth formers who are not prefects and who felt harried from pillar to post just to find somewhere quiet to work. The name was carefully chosen because it was felt that some of those for whom it was intended envisaged a cross between one of the plusher lounges at the Savoy and a working men's club." (1968 school magazine)

25 Years Ago.

(Really)

"Now, here on the Hill, the sight of builders' equipment is more rare, and the scaffolding has vanished from around the buildings, leaving smart new roof tiles. Speaking of roofs, the green coloured towers that stood on the roofs of the School Hall and the Chapel have now been removed. One would take them for granted as one saw them every day, probably not even taking mental note. Now that they have gone one is struck by a stunning bareness when approaching Top School.

"The football/rugby pitches, formerly Top and Bottom's paddock, have developed well, and are now covered with rich green grass. (I hope Top and Bottom are not planning a big nosh up if they escape!) The ponies are both fine and happy in their relatively new residence. One of them, as a show of affection for Mr Gilmore, trod on his foot, and despite much shoving and pushing, took its time in getting off. Having had the bones in his foot crushed, Mr Gilmore seems to have made a good recovery."

(From an insider's report in the April 1983 Hill and Beyond by Jon Humfrey.)

Just a Question.

What did you gain from KHS to enhance life afterwards ?

I suppose that if your wish to learn was at the forefront then the path to academic success couldn't be better. Small classes with good facilities and best of all a dedicated team of teachers eager to assist you on the way to college or university.

It goes without saying that, of course, there were many if not the majority of us who left not knowing what we wanted to do. Career information was not good at that time unless you wished to join the Services. Fortunately I had made up my mind to join the Merchant Navy and spent the next five years travelling the world. Looking back it was about then that I realised how good KHS had been. Being academic was not really for me, could do the work, but somehow it wasn't that important.

What made life easier for me was that I had learnt to live with others, discipline, not missing being at home but being independent. Through life, so far, it is those qualities that have helped me most, along with a bit of stubborn determination.

I appreciate that the job market when I left in 1966 was a lot different than it is today. At least then you could leave a job on Friday and start with a different employer on the Monday.

So what did YOU gain from KHS and more to the point what can you give back to help others?

Bryan Shaw. Plymouth 61-62 and Bradford 62-66.

After 50 years from the Hill.

Kingham Hill Schooldays was just being designed by John Timmins-- Timmo to us who were at the Hill in the late 50's early 60's, and it soon had outside interest from Old Boys and Girls who were asked for various articles for the Web site.

John Timmins rang me one day about two years ago saying one of his contacts, a Ron Gray who lived in Oxfordshire, stated he knew me in 1959-62. I did get the Email address and had a reply; but then did not pursue it leaving it that we would meet up on one of the Old Boys/Girls days at the Hill.

We have all experienced the busy daily routines of family life and the months seem to fly by!! What happened next will remain with me for the rest of my days.

My daughter Clare lived on an estate in Bicester and had lived there for the past three years. In that time she had made very good friends with a couple opposite, who had two teenage sons. They were South African and simply adored our granddaughter since she was born three years ago; they were like a grandmother and grand-dad, always willing to help and calling-hoping to be asked to baby sit with Caitlin.

Over the three years we too had been invited to evenings and Barbecues with this lovely family, and I think we all know someone who, though you have only just met, you are totally at ease and feel you have known them for years.

It was a Friday night when Clare rang to see how we were, and it came up in conversation that I was visiting Kingham the next day. Soon after the phone call we got another call from Clare who was at the neighbours across the road, saying that their Step-Father Ron also went to Kingham Hill and that he knew me - yes it was the same Ron Gray who I had not realised had been my best mate over 50 years ago. We had passed in the street without realising until contact through *school-days*.

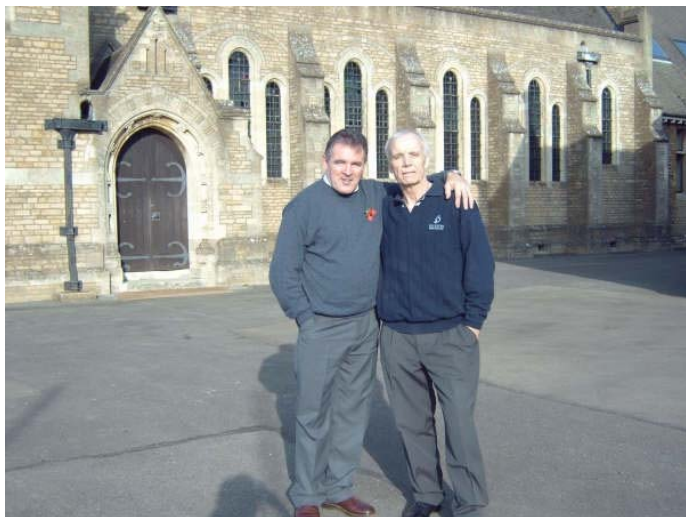
After that phone call I sat for a while in disbelief, it was if it was meant to be, because Ron told me after a long phone call that he had not been well and was having various trips to the hospital with stomach pains. It was barely weeks when I was told by Ron it was cancer and that there was no cure. Time was now short.

Although Ron had cancelled all other events in his dairy I had the great pleasure in meeting on the Hill in early November 2007. Lillian, Ron's wife, came too; and although he only had a few hours before his pain was too much, we relived those journeys from Leicester on the train to Banbury, and being picked up by the school bus.

Ron and I came from poor backgrounds, but Kingham Hill gave us the break in life that gave us the qualities to think of the wider picture of life, and for once in those four years the school gave us stability; friendship; values and the confidence to survive and find our own love within our own families.

Ron and I are so thankful to Kingham Hill School; don't leave it fifty years to come back. I want to thank all those who in the past and present have supported and worked to keep us informed of Kingham Hill School and what it stands for to this day.

Ken Wingfield MBE.



Ron Gray (right) died after this article was written.

Who Does What?

The KHA committee does seem to be a lot larger than it used to be, but to a great extent this is because we do a lot more things than we used to. However, it is for the people who turn up to the Annual General Meeting in June to decide who the committee members should be. If you think you can do a job better than the existing committee member who does it, persuade someone to propose and second you and turn up at the AGM.

The meeting on 15th March went on for a lot longer than usual, but firstly there was a lot more news from the Hill to absorb, and then we had to clarify two major points:

Now that subscriptions are not charged, should the old General Fund be merged with the Centenary Fund, with expenditure on the magazine and the website(s) being seen as running costs that ultimately bring in donations to the Centenary Fund? It was eventually agreed that we should try to arrange things this way, but first we would need to check the legal position to see if this was possible before putting any proposals before the AGM.

The roles of the old KHA website, the "Schooldays" website, and the magazine. It was felt that the Schooldays website would be used for

news and reminiscences, while the old website would be primarily used for keeping address details, so that we know where to post magazines and e-mails with news without filling "Schooldays" with the sort of details that would bring it under the Data Protection Act as well. Again, this needs some legal checking, but ultimately we'd like the websites and magazines to be working together rather than competing for news, information, and funding. Actually, we'd like this magazine to be available on the website, with the website holding longer articles and retaining information for longer. If people have the equipment to download this magazine from the website we'd rather they did that, but we will still print and send the magazine to those who want it to arrive through the post. (Personally, I will have to get some new computer equipment before downloading is particularly easy, and I don't see why people who find pen and paper - or a typewriter and adding machine - adequate for their needs should be obliged to buy a computer to get news from the Hill.)

Another area of work that is building up is the Kingham Hill Archives. There are numerous old documents and photographs piling up on the Hill. For example, in the 1960s there was a long line of school and team and prefects photos along the corridor, with the latest ones being added at one end, and the oldest ones being removed from the other, and there were also the annual house photos. It's quite fun for us ancient buffers approaching retirement to be able to look at photos and try to remember who was the guy next to you, and being reminded of the things you got up to. But with a lot more pupils than there used to be, not to mention a lot more history, the Hill is rather cramped for space to keep old documents in, and they don't have staff available to sort out duplicate and uninteresting items. Consequently the KHA is taking on the archive work, with Mike Kent and now Jim Woolliams as well involved in fishing out the most interesting items, putting names to faces, and making sure that they are kept in good condition, so that at reunions we can put out displays of former events on the Hill. It's also useful to find occasions to show current pupils what the Hill used to be like. (I suspect that if anyone had taken photographs of the wooden bedframes used in the 1960s, they would shock prospective parents, whereas their users, once they reached the prefect's entitlement to a spring bed, would insist on staying on wood.)

In practice, the committee consists of people who are prepared to do something to help the Association and the Hill. If people are doing something useful they tend to get invited to committee meetings whether they have been elected or not. This is because the rest of the committee need to know what they are doing, and they need to know what everyone else is up to, so that they can work together.

The Annual General Meeting takes place on the day when we hope that the most former pupils are about. However, they want to have a chance to meet as many of each other as possible, and don't want to spend too much time tied up in formal business at the AGM. Consequently the elections to the committee can be a bit rushed, mainly because we're grateful that anyone is doing the job at all.

So if you feel that the committee would work better with you on it, let us know whether you think you could do a better job than an existing officer, whether you could help out in an existing area for work, or whether you have something totally new to bring to the committee (in the same way that John Timmins brought in the schooldays website, that wouldn't have happened without him) don't be afraid to say so. If none of your friends are on the committee, don't worry. They'll become your friends, and we want people from as many age groups as possible.

Book Review
Selling Water By The River
by Chaz Brenchley

First of a two-book series, now out in paperback, this covers two parallel stories which don't yet meet. Rather like Buda and Pest (and Ankh-Morpork) two cities are on opposite sides of the river, with the posh conquerors in Maras, and the workers, slaves and beggars in Sund. In this fantasy world, the people of Maras were able to take over because they could manipulate the dreams of children (don't ask how) to bring a bridge into existence, by which they could suddenly cross the river and occupy Sund.

The bridge has an evil influence over what is beneath it - to the extent that beggar boy Issel sells fresh water from elsewhere by the river. He also finds that he can do strange things with the water. He is collected by a relatively respectable

citizen of Sund, who tries to train him in the use of those powers, and those of some other similar children. But his powers are far greater, and he finds himself being forced to take actions against soldiers that cause reprisals. At the end of this part of the story he is in a boat, with a couple of survivors, heading for Maras.

Meanwhile, on the other side, General's daughter Jendre thought she was intended as a bride-dreamer, but instead her little sister is dragged off to that job while she is married off to the Sultan. One of many wives, when he comes back injured, she is the only one who tries to help him, but he is then poisoned. She then tries to rescue her little sister, but is caught. It amuses the new Sultan to keep her alive.

Both characters are not in control of their lives. Decisions are made for them, but when they are able to take any effective actions, they have little control over what the effects can be. The short chapters, flicking from one lead character to the other, force the reader to keep remembering what each character had been doing just before, and this helps readers with dodgy short term memories, like me, to keep track of the plot. A definite atmosphere hangs over the story, and it isn't a simple case of good versus evil.

I've ordered "River of the World" from Amazon.

psj

CD Review:
The Dream
by The Orb.

The last issue included reports of an interview with Alex Paterson in which he mentioned that the next CD would be called The Dream. It is now out, and it is indeed a goodie. All tracks have composing credits including Kingham Hill denizens of the 1970s (Duncan) Alex Paterson and Martin "Youth" Glover plus an outside name, Tim Bran. Various outside vocalists are occasionally included, plus Steve Hillage, who was the new and unusual guitarist with Gong in the 1970s and is still active with System 7. Someone called David Nock is helping out with the programming and will be doing live percussion, but the David Nock who was on the Hill (N 71-77) confirms that this is someone completely different.

Martin has been rather in demand as a producer in recent years, but his involvement in each track

here can be noticed, with his funky and friendly bass lines holding all the tracks together, whether rap, dub, or space rock, or a mixture of all three. Various vocalists are brought in, but mainly for the sound and rhythm of their voices and not their words, and are kept down in the mix. They're not after top ten hit singles.

In these days when all music is compartmentalised but the best bands try to cross boundaries, I found this one in the Dance Department of the shop. Certainly when you're sitting at your desk it's hard to stop your fingers typing it out in rhythm.

There's plenty in it to enjoy.

psj

Goodies !



KHA memorabilia: pens, badges, cufflinks, post-it notes, headscarves (as modelled by Mrs Woolliams) ties, etc., can be seen on the Kingham Hill Schooldays website and ordered from Simon Briggs, 1, Denbigh Court, White Hill Avenue, Bexhill-on-Sea, East Sussex TN39 3RZ.

sdhrbriggs@talktalk.net

01424 844 238

Or come to the next reunion and see and buy them on the spot.

The website also features a CD of two chapel services: one of 9 lessons and carols from 1955 with Rev. Wilkinson in charge, and a chapel service from the 1970s recorded by Radio Oxford. This CD was produced by Lloyd Silverthorne and is available separately.

Part Two - Easter Term 1962. Spin in Overdrive.

by Iain Helstrip.

When younger, I feel fairly certain that you, like I, have will have opened a firework to get to the gunpowder, poured into a pile and have lit the powder for a reaction. Poof in a blinding flash, nano seconds and it's gone. Well, Christmas 1961 holidays went like that - only a lot faster.

That fateful day arrived, and the KH trunk appeared in my bedroom, and the colour grey was hanging from shelves, window sills - everywhere as a reminder in just a few short days I would be leaving the 'smoke' and heading for the Oxfordshire countryside.

I did NOT want to return to KHS, especially now I knew precisely what was in store for me. No amount of spin or persuasion from the family would convince me differently. The school report, which had not made an appearance since my return before Christmas ominously, reappeared behind the kitchen clock.

I was then quite forcefully reminded by the family that the report was a total academic disaster zone, but they kindly like some (but not all) of the masters put it down to simply settling-in nerves, and MUCH better results were required next term.

I tried to 'sell the argument' that we could not all come first equal, and that somebody had to come last. I had hidden talents; they had just been hidden particularly well. Let me just say, my arguments did not get me very far when the less than flattering comments about my efforts were reread to me. I knew I was in the dung, right up to my neck as from my perspective I had worked my socks off - (well I had compared to my last school) and my efforts were just to a different standard. The Easter term was not something to look forward to.

I did not want to go back - but that fateful day of the trunk being closed and that short journey to Paddington would soon arrive. However, recognising the inevitable, I was determined to return prepared, and over the last few days of the holiday my Mother's food store cupboard had been raided for condensed milk, biscuits, instant coffee, jellies and anything else that would help keep hunger at bay. My mother busied herself with sewing Durham 13 onto all my KH clothes. At least that would save the indignity of having to retrieve

my smalls from unfriendly Clyde House on a weekly basis.

I can recall the welcome back talk from George Kingsnorth. The usual lecture about bullying and he said "If you are unhappy and feel like running away - come and see me and I'll give you a ticket."

Well I felt like running away, but where to? That was the real problem and the pocket money cash stakes were all under the care of the housemaster. And it seemed a really stupid idea to me to declare my intentions, but if I could think of somewhere to go then I would bear that thought in mind. I was sock boy again - I asked myself what had I done to upset the Kingsnorths?

The same hard bed, the same form, the same dreary comestibles in the dining hall - Easter term 1962 was here, and there was no escaping it - oh heck (actually I think I said something much, much worse).

As far as academic schoolwork was concerned, I resumed where I had left off, and for the moment it escaped too much attention, although with my luck it was only a matter of time.....

The term brought new 'sports/games' horrors - the cross country run (well you had to run if masters or prefects were in sight), but cross country stroll was more my mark. I have an enduring memory of cutting the corner off the triangle, and being very careful to wait for other boys to pass so I could after my breather resume my place somewhere very near the back of the field.

The other memory I have is of the run when it was tipping down with rain John Turner in his PE kit driving his dark green Morris 1100 (It might have been an Austin and I never did understand why he wore PE kit) around the triangle leaning out the window and yelling somewhat enthusiastically for you to "come on boy". All right for him in his cosy warm car, I can remember disgruntledly thinking.

Talking of cars, the vehicles on the Hill that I can recall are:-

- Kingsnorths - blue Morris Minor estate.
- Essame - grey Hillman Husky
- Taylor - green Mini van
- Durrant - white Austin Cambridge (and a BSA bantam Motorcycle)
- Wetherill - Blue Ford 5CWT (Anglia) van
- Teddie - Green Ford Zephyr 4

Woolliams - Yellow/white Triumph Herald

I had not had a happy first term. There was a fifth form boy in Durham who had taken a dislike to me for reasons I can not explain to this day and had made life as difficult as he could through out my first term. He continued in the Easter term where he had left off. I had spoken to my elder brother about this over the holiday and he said regardless of his size "go for him". Brave words, I thought. It's not him that is going to get mashed. Well, I cannot recall what it was that made me snap but it was one evening after supper outside Durham on the concrete. This boy did or said something and I snapped. There was a fight and I went for an arm and fingers and bent and twisted with all the strength I was able to muster, as I got punched and gouged. There was a distinct snap, followed by a cry of pain and it was not me crying out. I was not falling for that "old one" and continued to twist until I was dragged off this fifth former.

I was frog marched to George Kingsnorth's study by the house prefects and given an almighty dressing down and was told he would not stand for bullying. He would punish me severely when he had spoken with the other boy who had been taken to the san. George Kingsnorth never mentioned the incident again. I assume he felt that I had done over somebody smaller than myself, when the situation was precisely the reverse. I always felt that my relationship with the Kingsnorths had plumbed even lower depths. The other boy was excused games for some while and had his arm in plaster and a sling for a good while, and he never bothered me ever again. I think because of this incident I gained a reputation of notoriety, which rightly (or wrongly, I leave the reader to be a judge of that) stayed with me for the remainder of my days at Kingham Hill.

Easter term brought exams and in a couple of subjects I demonstrated some improvement and moved away from the bottom 10%, but my term's work still remained stubbornly close to bottom. My luck had let me down; I had showed some improvement....but the academic side of my report still was not good. And comments like:

"Still very weak" - James Woolliams.

"A better exam result, but generally poor" -

Basil Benson

littered my school report. The threats were no longer veiled but were real this time. I was going to be made to work when I returned to Kingham for the summer term - (or so they thought) as I was going to be put on report.

The family were not happy and so ended term 2 and came the Easter holidays.

I only have one memory of the Easter holiday, and that was to be told that come the summer holiday I was not going to stay in London and be allowed the freedom to do as I wished but would be packed off to my Grandparents in Norfolk. The Countryside again - was there no escaping it?

MADE BY KINGHAM HILL - MY LIFE WITH AN OLD BOY.

By Elaine Kent

Michael Philip Kent aged 9 years, arrived at Kingham Hill School on 3rd of May 1951. He could neither read nor write, and had to take a special verbal test to gain entry to the school. He had lived with his mother, who had frequently moved about with her employment, so he had no experience of a settled education. One of his mother's employers recognised his need of a stable education and knew of a school in the Cotswolds that could provide it. So the headmaster of Kingham Hill School for boys was contacted and the special entry test arranged, which he fortunately passed.

The first three years of Mike's school life were passed at Plymouth House where Reginald "Dickie" Durrant and his wife Ruth were house parents. Formerly the Durrants had been missionaries in Uganda. Dickie, also known as "Uncle Reg" or "Pop", seemed to have a split personality which some say, was caused by malaria and resulted in unpredictable mood swings. He was the school Art master and a brilliant painter. His hobby was making puppets and putting on shows in the neighbouring towns and schools. Boys were encouraged to join in and help with performances etc. Alas only a few of the boys made the team, but Mike was one of them. The house tutor and form master of Plymouth House at the time was Colin Noble, who later perished on the yacht "Rohilla" eight years later.

Mike then moved up to Bradford House till he left Kingham Hill in June 1959. Francis Meerendonk was Bradford housemaster while Mike was there. His nickname was "Adolf", because of his Hitler type moustache. Mr. Meerendonk, along with Frank Ball, the Woodwork and Technical Drawing master, were

said by Mike to be the two great influences in his life. Their mantras, "second best is not good enough"; "no-one owes you anything, so get on with it!" summed up the ethos at Kingham Hill.

Mike's interests during later school years were taking part in all sport activities, the engineering club, the school choir and the art club. He loved playing as much sport as he could and was a regular member of the school rugby and cricket teams. He took part in the choir not only because he loved singing, but also because the choir was entered in the Three Counties Choir Festival, and that meant many trips out and about to surrounding venues for the cherubic choirboys. While in the art club Mike painted and fired some tiles of sea life that we have incorporated into our current bathroom. He was encouraged, along with other boys, to have a vegetable plot behind Bradford House. The housemaster's wife used the vegetables grown in the garden by the boys, during the school holidays. The engineering club was run by one of the masters on Thursday afternoon, (club afternoon), where the boys could tinker with old cars and motorbikes. He learnt to assemble the parts together after stripping the whole car or bike down to the basic nuts and bolts.

One school summer holiday Mike, then aged 11, had rheumatic fever and had to spend many weeks in the school sanatorium with Matron. There were a few boys who stayed at school all the time, as they had no homes to go to. So he was not the only boy at school during this time. When the local doctor and the school Matron declared him fit, he was allowed to stay with his grandparents for a few days in Gloucester.

Boys will be boys and there were many illegal activities that were available to the most daring in the school. Trout poaching from the river in Bourton-on-the-Water, Daylesford Estate and Cornwell Manor Lakes was a favourite pastime. Mrs. Meerendonk said the housemaster enjoyed his fish breakfast one Monday morning, but hoped he would not get any complaining phone calls from local landowners. He didn't. Not that time.

Bottles of cider were obtained from the back door of local pubs by obliging landlords. One landlady said that the Headmaster had been round to local hostelrys, warning that boys should not be sold alcohol. So she said that these bottles of scrumpie would have to be the last - for a few weeks. Homemade blackberry wine was brewed and consumed. Even distillation of fermented brown

sugar and raisins was made and drunk, causing one boy to miss Sunday evening Chapel, as he was unable to stand!

Hidden keys to the Gangers huts on the "Chippy Dick" railway line were found and then tea was brewed up in the huts. Most local farm buildings and church roofs were climbed in pursuit of jackdaw nests or just because they were there. Adventures abounded.

Mike acquired seven GCEs in a variety of subjects, but had no idea what he wanted to do when he left school. An old Kingham Hill boy who worked in a surgical instrument company in Mitcham, Surrey, wrote to the school informing them of a vacancy for a school leaver. So the careers master suggested Mike apply for this job. Dressed in his new suit, supplied to school leavers who had no other means of support, he went to the interview. He got the job and moved to Croydon in 1959 aged almost seventeen.

A room in the Croydon YMCA hostel was his first home on his own. Through a friend, I met him while attending one of the youth activities. We married three years after meeting when he was twenty-three and I was twenty-one in 1965. Three rooms and a shared bathroom was our first, rented marital home. Of course, I knew very little of his life at Kingham Hill, until much later in our marriage. So I did not approve when a motorbike was assembled on our rickety table in our living room, but it was our only transport for the first two years of our marriage, as money was scarce. As we lived on the third floor of the house, Mike insisted he made the doorbell too, that went outside the building from the front door all the way up to the top floor for everyone to see. I couldn't understand why we couldn't buy a doorbell like "normal" people. However, we worked hard, we saved hard and we eventually prospered. We celebrated our forty-second wedding anniversary last year.

Our two children were born in Hampshire in the early 70's. We had bought our first house by then and Mike had carved out a career in electronics. While working hard at his job over the years, vegetables were grown, motorbikes and cars fixed, house improvements and furniture were made, and home extensions were built. He made his own Hi-Fi systems, radios and metal detectors. In 1975 he even designed and built his own motorbike, using a Hillman car engine and putting it in a Norton motorbike frame, doing all the welding and machining of parts. He used to ride around our cul-

de-sac with the children taking it in turns to sit on the petrol tank (see photo).



Our children grew up hearing many stories of Mike's life and escapades at Kingham Hill Boarding School. So much so, that they called them "Farv's boring school" stories. Mike didn't join the KHA until he had reached his fifties and gained a different perspective on his school years.

My first visit to Kingham Hill School was after we had been married a few years. We were in the area one Christmas and drove into the school grounds. But there was thick snow and we somehow managed to get our car stuck in a ditch. The school Chaplain, Rev. Harry Wilkinson helped us retrieve our car and gave us tea in his drawing room. I was impressed with the quick-guided tour of the old Plymouth House. I learnt for the first time that Mike regularly had to take turns in cleaning the bathrooms when at school. Something he'd kept a secret and never done during our marriage.

My second visit to Kingham Hill School was many years later. I had become a Christian after the traumatic experience of the death of our third child at her birth in 1976, and realised on a subsequent visit to a KHA reunion, the significance and the influence of the faith of the founder of the school. Reading the book "Charles Baring Young of Daylesford" by Arthur Jarvis, gave me more insight and information about the school that had shaped my husband's character. We attended reunion days more often and our children, as they grew up, visited the school too, so they could see where and why all those "boring school" stories originated.



Being married to an Old Boy from Kingham Hill has affected our life in many ways. Mike always mended and serviced our cars as he thought, "Why pay someone else to do what you can do better!" We moved to a 400-year-old subsiding cottage in 1978 and he has re-built this home more or less single-handedly, as an extreme form of DIY (see photo). As well as continuing with his full-time job, he did all the wiring, plumbing, plastering and most of the brick laying, even drawing his own plans as we added bits on to the main house. The experience of living for a year in a large caravan in the garden with two small children and four cats, while the main rebuilding was done, would fill a book! We have always had homegrown vegetables over the years too, either in our garden or from an allotment near to Mike's place of work.

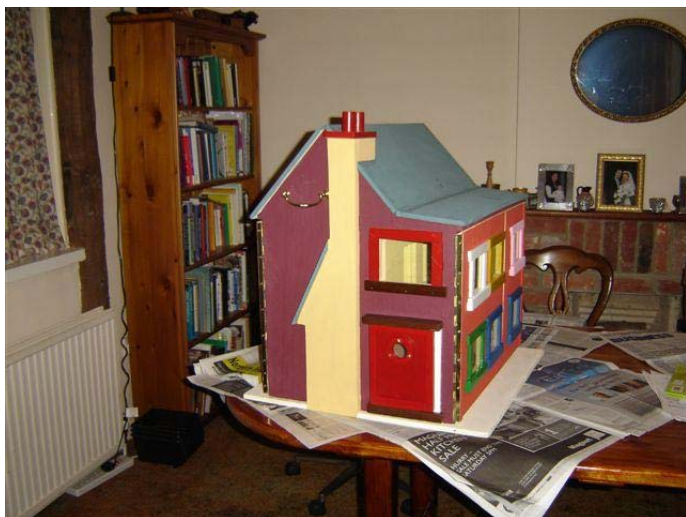
Without the benefit of a university degree, Mike achieved a responsible position as a project manager in a large electronics company. The multi-million pound contracts he managed for supplying equipment to the MOD/Royal Navy were a result of his leading and building a good team. All respected his practical hands-on ability, nurtured at Kingham Hill. Unfortunately, the pressure and stress of the job he enjoyed, led to a heart attack in March 2003, despite being fit by continuing his years of active sport. We celebrated his recovery to full health a few months later and embraced his early retirement with gratitude. Mike being Mike, he was on the golf course within a few weeks and six months later we went on a holiday of a lifetime to visit friends in Cape Town, South Africa and Christchurch, New Zealand.

Our friends in Cape Town are volunteer workers in a local church, leading a team of Social Ministries for the poor. They oversee a Health Clinic, a drug re-hab house, and a refuge for women. So they go

into the townships educating and empowering the people and teaching them skills to find work. We were privileged to go on a working visit with them. Their church also helps to build affordable houses with the Habitat for Humanity charity in black townships. While we were there, we were involved while nine houses were being built in one area, which were completed in two weeks. Each house, a bungalow really, had one black lead builder plus however many volunteers available. Mike worked as a volunteer the first year we went out to Cape Town. The following year he did the same, building one of ten bungalows in a coloured township. This time he had been "promoted" to co-lead builder with Lucas (see photo), who he'd worked with the previous year. It was a challenge for Mike to try to use and pass on his DIY skills, with the language barrier and the "African Way" to overcome. But he did it successfully while learning a lot too, and we enjoyed every minute of our time in South Africa.



I know Mike is immensely proud that both our children have had university educations in "non-wally" subjects (his words), and are more intelligent than him! He even encouraged me to start and complete a university Diploma in nurse training when both our children were at universities. During the holidays, he found it challenging to have three rebellious students living in the house! He has kept busy and active in his retirement by playing golf occasionally, growing vegetables yearly, and continuing to do DIY for our family and our friends; all for love and not money. Mike's latest project has been to build yet another house. This time in wood and he has been happily occupied for many weeks in his garage, creating a doll's house for our gorgeous granddaughter's recent second birthday.



After being the Sports secretary on the committee of KHA for a few years, Mike is now attempting to collate and organise the Old Boy archives with Jim Woolliams, an ex-Housemaster of the school. That job will keep some people very busy for a long time, but is a worthy cause for the benefit of future generations of Kingham Hill pupils and association members. As I've grown older, I realise more and more just how much the school and the Christian Faith of the Founder has contributed to the quality of my family life, and I am grateful to God for all I have received as a wife of an old boy.

A Kingham Hill Chronology.

(It's time to serialize it again.)

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| <p>1850 19th March. The birth of Charles Edward Baring Young, son of Charles Baring Young.</p> <p>185? Attended Blackheath Secondary School as a boarder.</p> <p>1862 Charles Baring Young bought Oak Hill Mansion in Southgate, North London.</p> <p>1863 Charles Edward Baring Young at Eton College.</p> <p>1868 Went to Trinity College, Cambridge, to study the Classical Tripos.</p> <p>1872 Awarded Bachelor of Arts degree.</p> <p>1876 Awarded the Master of Arts degree. He was now called to the bar, but there is no record of his practising as a barrister. He joined the committee of The Homes for Working Boys in London, an organisation then engaged in opening its fourth Home.</p> | <p>1882 Death of Charles Baring Young. Charles Edward inherited the bulk of his estate.</p> <p>1883 29th September. C.E.B. Young purchased the Daylesford Estate, which included Kingham Hill Farm, at the top of the hill, from Robert Nicholl Byass. Building work began immediately.</p> <p>1884 November. C.E.B. Young elected Conservative Member of Parliament for Christchurch.</p> <p>1886 14th September. Durham House opened. The Founder had a great deal of say in the plans, and personally chose the names for all the houses after a great deal of thought. The architect of Kingham Hill was Mr Howard Seth-Smith, subsequently President of the Architectural Association 1900-02; Mr R. Wiggall was Clerk of the Works, and the carpenter was Mr G. Lamb. There was no contractor, as the Founder directly employed local craftsmen. On this day the first boy, Walter Balfour, arrived. The first Superintendent and Matron of Durham House were Mr and Mrs A Hamerton.</p> <p>C.E.B. Young re-elected to Parliament.</p> <p>22nd December. There were now twelve boys in Durham House.</p> <p>1887 The laundry and the bakehouse, being the first parts of the workshop and office block, were completed.</p> <p>1888 18th July. Clyde House opened. The Superintendent, Mr Benfield, was a professional schoolteacher, and Durham boys came to Clyde for lessons.</p> <p>11th December. C.E.B. Young purchased Kingham Field Farm, lower down the Hill.</p> <p>1889 8th August. The farmhouse of Kingham Field Farm was reopened as a boys' house.</p> <p>1890 18th September. Sheffield House opened. Mr Collett was the Superintendent.</p> <p>1891 The census listed four houses: Durham, Clyde, Plymouth and Sheffield.</p> |
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From the Events Secretary,

Ladies, Gentlemen for your information

At the meeting of The Kingham Hill Association held at the school on March 15th, I had the honour of being elected as Events Secretary. The idea being that there is just one central point to collate event information so that the School- KHA - Magazine- and all the committee get the correct events information.

What happens next?

I shall be looking at the events for 8th June, so please liaise with me about any events you hope or intend to organise around that day, so that we can work together as one. I shall be contacting the school secretary, sports reps, chaplain and committee members for their advice about the timing and location of events (e.g. Cricket Match, Ladies' Hockey?). Three weeks before the event (around 18th May) the final timetable and details will be posted on the schooldays website. If you are able to let me know before the end of May if you are hoping to play, or just attend, it will help the school to arrange for numbers.

I will also be giving the magazine any reports and feedback that I get. It was good to meet up with the football side, who had left the school a few years ago, and that their effort was rewarded with a win: Old Boys XI 4 School XI 3 !-- Thanks to Robin and "co" for organising the match.

On behalf of the committee I would like to say how we much we appreciated the service in memory of Tom Smart and Ron Gray; many thanks to the Chaplain Rev'd Andrew Savage for the time he spent with us on Saturday 15th March.

Finally, our visits to the Hill are made so much better by the excellent hospitality provided; we have always been made very welcome. We convey our thanks to the kitchen staff, and the admin staff involved, not forgetting the sixth form for allowing us to invade their facilities.

At the Quiz Night on 11th October we would like to raise money by holding a raffle. It would be appreciated if any adults attending it brought a prize to be raffled (NB no alcohol prizes, please). Anyone not planning to attend this, but at the June reunion, is also invited to donate prizes, as long as they are not too heavy, bulky, or likely to whiff a bit four months later. Tony Middleton has agreed to assist me. Should you wish to contact him in relation to this or his excellent photographic work, he can be contacted at

e-mail: tony.@am-photographic.co.uk ,
tel.: 01638 8751 545. (Thanks, Tony.)

Thanks to all those who have supported the School and the KHA over the years. I look forward to hearing from you with your suggestions for events in mind. If posting details, my address is:

74 Claremont Drive,
Ravenstone,
Coalville,
Leics
LE 67 2 ND

Tel: 01530-812361. Mob:07826445244

Email: Wingers172@hotmail.co.uk

Ken Wingfield MBE. (Date 17/03/2008)

Events Sunday 8th June 2008.

- 0930 **Daylesford Churchyard.** Remembering the Founder.
- 1000 **Coffee - Meet in Top School Hall for:**
1. **Archives Display** (can you solve those missing names?)
 2. **Display of KHA ties/badges/pens** for sale and join the 200 club.
 3. **Information about the "schooldays" website.**
- 1030 **Annual General Meeting.** (School Hall)
- 1220 **Lunch.**
- 1345 **Annual Cricket Match** School v Old Boys & girls. (Cricket Pavilion Pitch)
1345. **Rounders Match.** School v Old Boys/Girls (Main Top School Pitch)
- 1730 **Sixth Form Bar Open.** (Dining Room Area)
Meet sixth form and say farewell to Martin Morris.

Forthcoming Events.

- 22nd June Speech Day
- 11th Oct Quiz Night/Raffle
- 12th Oct Autumn Reunion
- Feb 2009 KHA Dinner with Final Year Pupils
Details to follow.

And, Finally

If you want to be sure that your news gets in to the September 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 22nd August, 2008.