

THE COVID CHRONICLES

MEMORIES OF VE DAY

FIRST GIRLS IN SCHOOL

LOCKDOWN IN NZ

SOLAR DYNAMICS

HEREFORD CATHEDRAL SCHOOL

OH MAGAZINE 2020

PRESIDENT'S REPORT



Welcome to the 2020 edition of the OH Magazine.

Looking back to Old Herefordians' Day in December 2019 when Howard Tomlinson handed me the OH President's baton, little did I think we would be heading into a year that would prove to be at once the most eventful and eventless year in the club's recent history. Not being quite the wordsmith and orator Howard is, taking over the post from a man who had not only been headmaster during my years at HCS but also penned a book charting the entire history of the school (with a book launch in the Palace of Westminster) seemed rather daunting.

There is little to report in terms of OH goings on this year. The usual fixtures so many of us look forward to have been cancelled or postponed – OH sports, Old Herefordians in London events and, at time of writing, the 2020 OH Day and AGM looking unlikely to take place in their usual format. These occasions bring together Old Herefordians of all ages from across the country and for many are the only opportunity in the year to catch up with contemporaries but, while it is disappointing, we shouldn't lose sight of the bigger picture.

Covid-19 may have been to many an inconvenience professionally, personally, socially but we must not forget the OH members among us for whom the virus poses a greater risk than a few days off work, nor the OH doctors, nurses and other front line workers who have put themselves at risk to help others. The arts have felt the squeeze from lockdown and social distancing measures more than most and I'm sure there are many OHs keen to perform to packed music venues and theatres soon, and many more of us desperate to be entertained to distract our minds from the pandemic.

I'd like to extend a warm welcome to our newest members, who, despite strong A Level and GCSE results in such trying times, will have missed out on many of the social rites of passage past leavers have enjoyed. They, like many 'digital native' OHs who feel more comfortable with a keyboard and touchscreen than a pen and paper, will have found video calls second nature, although even after six months of Zoom quizzes, meetings and family catch ups, there's always someone who hasn't figured out how to turn the camera on. The OH committee meetings since lockdown have been conducted fairly successfully over video conferencing which has helped to keep the agenda focussed and efficient. However, there are some things pixellated faces on a screen will never replace and I'm sure we all look forward to the day we are able to meet, chat and drink en masse, be it in the Cathedral for the carol service or on the sideline of the pitches at Wyeside.

Ben Andrews
President, Old Herefordians' Club



An OH Zoom meeting during lockdown

FRONT COVER: Louise Shaw-Jones, OH 1996

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COVID CHRONICLES

Old Herefordians around the world have stepped into the breach in the fight against Covid-19. Here are some of their stories...

CALLED TO THE FRONT LINE AT HEREFORD HOSPITAL

Since leaving HCS in 2000 I have carried cadaveric torsos and limbs across rooms, held the hands of the dying, delivered babies on grass lawns, the best and worst of news. I share this not out of any bravado, but to convey the sense of shock I felt when shown the predictions of how the coronavirus pandemic might hit Herefordshire. This was not even the worst-case scenario. Furthermore dermatology, my medical speciality, was to go straight onto the front line, onto the coronavirus ward.

Dermatology, in Hereford, straight into the face of the worst pandemic known to modern medicine? Perhaps a joke, a mistake, had I missed something while worrying about social distancing and air flow in the stuffy and overcrowded meeting room? From dermatology to acute medical ward practice is perhaps like going from A level history, English and art to sports science, chemistry and maths overnight, with CCF during lunch. It soon became clear, however, that this was 'the plan' and why. The whole hospital was predicted in a few weeks' time to be full of coronavirus cases. More worrying, if possible, so were the corridors and car parks.

"They called us, and we went": Old Herefordians into the breach.

Dr Rahman (fellow dermatologist and OH) and I were soon on the ward – who would have thought it, two OHs, both dermatologists, returned to Hereford over 20 years since leaving HCS and now directly confronting Covid-19? It was a daily physical, intellectual and emotional act of defiance against the pandemic creeping our way. A scramble against the predicted peak. Adrenaline, academic interest of all types, sadness and fear – unavoidable from





the multiple media outlets: images and reports from as close to home as Italy. What might we bring home to our families, what if we couldn't go home?

So some tears, which have never come easily before, in the car on the way to the donning and doffing at work. The radio reports providing no hope, relief, reassurance or respite at that time. Then into scrubs, face tight and nose sore under the protective equipment. It is difficult to know how to react to or reflect on what we saw and did. This was a different time to anything we or anyone had experienced before and this was just the start.

However, we did enjoy our experience and made the most of it. Meeting and working so closely, at such a time, with medical colleagues of all grades and specialities, thinking in different ways, managing

conditions we last thought about years ago. The coffee was as terrible as I remembered on the wards, but after four hours in an FFP3 mask, it was like nectar. Then shift finished, out into the fresh air and bright blue quiet skies. Surreal walks in sunshine along Church Street past old German classrooms, into the shadows of the Cathedral now shut, along Castle Street past the monitor's common room. Each evening reading through journals online; the latest information on coronavirus, the next day discussing and implementing for real.

> I trust we won't have to go through this again. But if we do, I trust that we, or those like us, will go.

Dr Rahman bore the worst of the local epidemic, being on call over the long Easter bank holiday weekend. But by the end of that week the peak had passed and things were no worse than when we first started on the wards. A few days more for reassurance and we were stood down. What a relief, what a bullet our hospital and county (perhaps country) seemed to have dodged. At least when compared with the predictions, just a few weeks previously.

Some asked if we volunteered, with a hint of "why would you?" and "well, you asked for it". But we did not, we were called and we went. I'm not so sure otherwise I would have volunteered, afraid they might have laughed. I'll never know. But we were there, we presented and were prepared to stay for the duration. So now we are back in our usual offices. It's been a rollercoaster and taken some time to adjust; we are still adjusting back to office life.

It was a time of trust: in our government, our guidelines, our PPE, our training, our colleagues, ourselves. Most importantly the patients' trust in us. I trust we won't have to go through this again. But if we do, I trust that we, or those like us, will go again.

James B Powell, OH 2000

Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians (FRCP) and Clinical Lead for Dermatology, Hereford County Hospital

PHOTO STRIP (LEFT)

Top: OH medical students Toby Austin and Hugo Jobst (both OH 2015) doing their bit in the fight against Covid-19 on ITU in Leicester.

Middle: PPE protected selfie by Dr Sami Rahman, pictured with Dr James Powell: both have specialised in Dermatology and come back to work in Hereford.

Bottom: Charlotte Burdett and Matt McKay, who both left HCS in 2015, were going into their final year at medical school but worked shifts at Hereford County Hospital during lockdown.

SUPPORTING YOUNG PATIENTS

When the pandemic started here back in March, things were very uncertain. At Hereford County Hospital in paediatrics where I work, things changed dramatically. Not only physical changes to the ward, but also procedural changes.

Zippable barriers were installed along the ward, our uniforms changed, and we had to learn from the internet how to wear full PPE, and how to 'don' and 'doff' (put it on and take it off) for our protection. It is very uncomfortable and hot but thankfully we do not have to wear it for long periods.

It was very overwhelming and I did cry, along with some of my colleagues.

The ward was divided into two halves: 'clean' and 'dirty'. We had to start Covid swabbing and our doctors were moved to adult wards.

Everyone was on edge, waiting for the influx of Covid patients. It felt like the calm before the storm, which thankfully hasn't hit in full force here yet.

We have had Covid positive patients and parents on the ward, all of whom were discharged home. We now all wear masks for the entire shift, which we all hate.

It can be frightening for our younger patients and we are socially distancing from them and our colleagues. It is a very strange and different environment to work in now, which we are adapting to.

Nicole Hale
OH 1985

PHOTO STRIP (RIGHT)

Top: **Nicole Hale (OH 1985), Paediatric nurse**

> "I know my face mask is not on correctly!"

Middle: **Louise Shaw-Jones (OH 1996)**
"During Covid I was recruited as one of the nurses in Covid ITU, in King's College Hospital in Dubai. Myself and my team cared for ventilated and HDU Covid positive patients. A very intense experience wearing the PPE for a 12 hour shift, taking care of some of the sickest patients I've nursed in my 16 year career."

Bottom: **Kitty Glass (OH 2015)**
"I have been working on a Covid ward in Cheltenham General Hospital. As a physiotherapist, I have been getting people back on their feet so that they are safe to manage at home. Not quite the situation I expected to be in less than a year after graduating university but I have learnt a lot!"

LOCKDOWN IN THAILAND

I am writing this in July 2020, six months after the first Covid-19 case arrived in Thailand in January. In March I had intended to come over to Hereford with my daughter. Our flights with Thai Airways were booked and paid for. Extra journeys to South Wales and Yorkshire had also been arranged. Then the virus arrived in Thailand in January from China. Patti was going to attend a school in Hereford for the second time but, quite rightly, its headmaster informed me that Patti could no longer do this. Three of my former colleagues informed me that they did not wish to see me in case I had the virus and they passed it on to their elderly mothers. Inevitably, I had to decide to cancel our trip. Thai Airways have promised to give me a full refund of around £1,500, but they are going into a form of bankruptcy so I'll just have to wait and see! We were fortunate not to have arrived in England and then been unable to return to Thailand.

My day, in our lockdown, has become very routine. I rise early, by 5am, so that I can go for a long walk at dawn before it gets too hot. We are fortunate in living near a lake so I walk by the side of it, admiring the birds and flowers and greeting other early risers. Inevitably, I want to sleep early!

> Amazingly, every local household has been supplied, free of charge, with six large cans of mackerel with vegetables.

My day tends to focus on clearing away old rubbish, correspondence collected over the years, helping my daughter with her work, cooking new dishes for both of us, reading books and playing chess and Scrabble on the internet.

I decided that I needed to have something to look forward to, in the not-too-distant future, so, once a week, in early evening, I drive for a few minutes to a lakeside restaurant run by friends of ours. He is English, married to a Thai. I count down the days to going there! Quite a few lockdown rules have been broken.

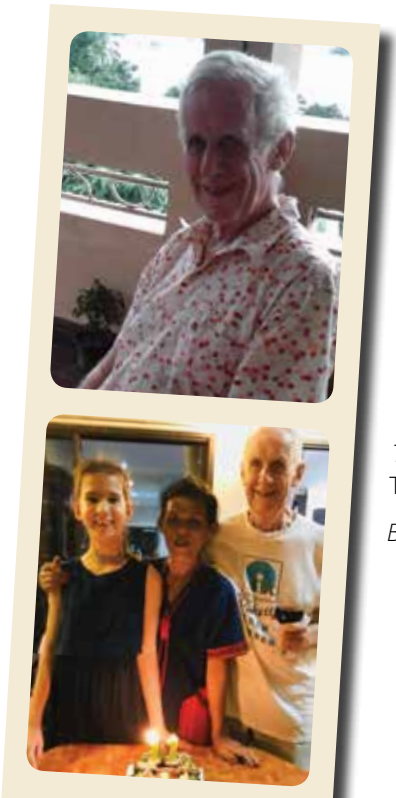
Amazingly, every local household has been supplied, free of charge, with a large packet of face masks, a large bottle of hand-cleansing liquid and six large cans of mackerel with vegetables.

My daughter's school has been closed since late February, but she is able to learn online through one of the 15 Government channels (one for each school year) plus her own school channels using Google Play. We deliver her homework once a fortnight.

> There are high hopes of a Thai vaccine soon.

The number of Covid-19 cases here in Thailand remain small. The reasons put forward are that, after SARS and MERS, Thailand is well prepared for dealing with viruses. We have an excellent medical service. Social distancing has been easy because it is already in place in many circumstances. Thais have little physical contact. They don't shake hands nor hug but *wai* (a bow, with palms together, is the standard greeting, not too close), instead. Face masks were compulsory wear from the outset. Lockdown occurred and the people responded well. International and domestic flights and rail travel and long distance buses have ceased. One can only post to England by surface mail. Our borders with neighbouring Malaysia, Myanmar, Laos and Cambodia are closed. Thailand is made up of provinces and many have closed their borders. Only essential shops and markets remain open. Bars and nightclubs have been closed.

If shopping, first there is hand-cleansing, then temperature check, then mobile phone or manual sign-in. People chat and joke with the staff while doing it.



Transfer of blood plasma from a cured patient to an infected one has been successful. So far, there have been over 3,000 cases and 58 have died. There are high hopes of a Thai vaccine soon.

Martin Nicholson

Head of Maths at HCS 1969–1987

PHOTO STRIP

Top: Martin Nicholson at home in Thailand

Bottom: Martin with his family

REUNIONS



2020 has been an irregular year in many ways and that has affected our ability to join together and celebrate friendship. Here are a few dates that weren't cancelled from the end of 2019.



LANDAFF DINNER

FIRST REUNION IN WALES FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS

Twenty-four people met on the evening of 3 October 2019 for a memorable dinner at Llandaff Memorial Hall, the first OH Reunion in Wales since the 1950s. The company included a former governor, two of the President's Heads of School and three couples who were married in Hereford Cathedral. They were well entertained by Paul Thorburn (OH 1981), the 100th captain of the Welsh rugby side, who gave an amusing account of his illustrious rugby career. Thanks go to Llandaff Cathedral School and our hard-working Alumni Officer, Helen Pearson. Given the huge contributions that the Welsh have made to HCS over the centuries, it is hoped that it will not be another sixty years before our next Reunion in the Principality.

Howard Tomlinson (outgoing President)

LEAVERS OF 1969 REUNION

James Morris, Tom Goodwin, Paul Tomlinson and Graham Lyke decided to return to HCS in December 2018 as a trial run for their 50th anniversary of leaving in 1969. They were joined by some friends, Stephen Lappage, Phillip Handscomb and Terry Mason.

The trial run was a success so it was decided to return in December 2019 for the 50th anniversary. Thanks to the OH magazine, word spread across the country and Europe and the original four were joined by Hugh Morris, Phillip Handscomb, Giles Greenwood, Mike Hay, John Westoby, Rob Powell (Head Boy 1968–69) and James McManus, who flew in from Rome for the weekend. We had a great time catching up on the last 50 years and reminiscing over our times at HCS. Eight of us carried on socialising throughout the evening and had a really good night.

The group would like to thank Helen Pearson, Julie North and HCS for all their help in organising the event and would recommend the Reunion experience to all former HCS students.





FOURTEENTH ANNUAL OHiL AUTUMN LUNCHEON

THURSDAY 17 OCTOBER 2019

A total of 25 OHs gathered for our usual buffet lunch beside the Thames on a relatively mild autumn day in London town. They included two surprise members who just happened to be in the capital to attend another engagement that same day. They were Fiona Mason (OH 1974), who likes to be referred to as Fo, and Graham Kemp (OH 1976). They were accompanied by Jonathan (Eddy) Edwards (OH 1974).

Apart from the above numbers, we welcomed three more guests. As has been the custom for many years now, we were once more joined from Hereford by School Development Director Claire Morgan-Jones and Helen Pearson, Alumni Officer, both based in The Old Deanery.

DULWICH PREPARATORY SCHOOL

A third guest? Back in the day when HCS was an all-male boarding school, with the Junior School (formerly known as the Prep) serving as an automatic 'feeder' for youngsters reaching 10/11 years of age (think that's now referred to as Year Six), Headmaster Jack Hopewell would have made an arrangement with certain other primary schools from which he would receive an annual intake of students. Dulwich College in South London just happened to be one of them, hence Mr Hopewell, with the blessing of the Dulwich Preparatory School headmaster, would accept up to 10 pupils annually if their parents were prepared to send their boys away.

So it was that one such Dulwich boy (who, in the end was *not* sent to HCS but to Magdalen College School, Oxford instead!), was invited to join us as our guest, having previously made the acquaintance of several OHs who were formerly from DPS.

Thus, by including our three guests, we were a total of twenty-eight people this time.* It is believed that a good time was had by all, including a small contingent who traditionally descend to the public bar downstairs to 'bat on' after our reunion comes to an end around 4pm.

Peter Fairman-Bourn

See Diary on page 47 for prospective OHiL 2021 gatherings...



*Numbers are quite encouraging but we would dearly like to achieve higher figures. **All Old Herefordians**, regardless of year group or whenever you quit school for the final time, are most welcome to attend these casual lunchtime gatherings. We have in the past welcomed as many as fifty people during the autumn, whereas our best ever turn-out was back in 2010, when we had *sixty* people present, some of whom were accompanied by their wives/partners. Indeed, that year there were *six* who travelled from overseas, including the USA, Australia and France.

YOUNG GUNS GO FOR IT

For our five-year reunion, the HCS leavers of 2014 organised a get-together at the Cosy Club in Hereford on OH Day 2019. It was a great way to catch up with old friends, some of whom hadn't seen each other since leaving school. We had a lovely three course meal before heading down to the racecourse to watch the OH rugby. Thanks to everyone who came this time – we hope to do something similar again soon.

Some of us have stayed in close contact but there were others there we hadn't seen since leaving school. No one represented the OH in the sports matches but some of the group have definitely played in the netball, football and rugby in past years.

Mitchell Henchoz



From left to right around the table: Sophie Preece, Flora Harvey, Jess Price, Serena Lindley-Adams, Aaron Kemp, Mitch Henchoz, Ben Butler, Dan Nowosielski, Will Helme, Henry Mason, Will Notley, Will Rogers, Alex Lovell, George Bolt, Oliver Layton, Sophie Hammond, Netty Watkins, Alex Rowberry, Darcey Jones.

OH DAY 2019

The usual hubbub of sherry in the Old Deanery followed by Christmas lunch in the Dining Hall. At this point plans are uncertain for OH Day 2020. Please like and follow the OH Facebook page for updates.




















VE DAY: 75TH ANNIVERSARY

The 75th anniversary of VE Day was not able to be publicly celebrated this year, although some people held small garden parties. Here we have gathered memories of life at HCS during the 1940s and 1950s of pupils who still remember VE Day as it happened for them.

The following memoirs came flooding in when Peter Fairman-Bourn put out word among his peer group. Thanks Peter and thanks to all OHs who shared memories of the ending of WWII.



Photo: Deanery garden, summer 1954. L to R: Roger Ashton, David Anwyl, John Bartlett, Alan Osman, Peter Fairman-Bourn.

KEITH RIPPIN (OH 1959)

Shortly after my birth my mother and I were shipped off to an uncle's decommissioned Motor Torpedo Boat on Loch Awe where we stayed for about a year.

My parents had left (I imagine they rented out) their property in Rannoch Road, Filton, as being too near a target for the German bombers, which used to follow the course of the Bristol Channel upstream when trying to bomb the BAC. A bomb did land in Rannoch Road and the leaded windows of our property were rendered concave by the blast, even though they did not actually break or shatter.

We moved to Clevedon in 1942 and I well recall the air raid sirens and the sound and beat of the unsynchronised engines of the German bombers as they made their way up the Bristol Channel. My mother, my great aunt (who lived with us) and I would then hide/shelter under the substantial kitchen table until the all clear was sounded. I also recall in 1943 (I think) moving for a time to my grandparents' shop in Swindon where they ran a newsagents business. I would accompany my mother driving the paper rounds and I remember driving past a burning car (Austin 7, I think) which had been strafed by the Luftwaffe.

I also remember every day it seemed (even at my then age) the fear of a bomb hitting our house during the air raids and the total relief (probably engendered by the adults) when the all clear sounded.

My overwhelming memory of D-day itself and the announcements on the radio was one of relief that we would no longer live in fear for our lives – also the street parties (usually for the adults) celebrating D-day, and the speeches and celebrations over the radio. My parents bought or obtained a bright red pedal car for me as part of the celebrations for D-day.

PETER DAVIES (OH 1946)

The cathedral's belfry captain, father of George Davies, one of the dayboys, taught a number of the older School House boys how to ring the bells during the war in Europe. This may sound strange as sounding the bells was forbidden during the war, except as a warning of invasion by German forces. However, George Davies' father had devised a way around this by linking each tied bell to its equivalent hand bell in the ringing chamber. We had learned a few of the simpler 'methods' by practising them on hand bells at Canon Moreton's house and later on the tied bells in the cathedral's ringing chamber. On VE Day, for the first time, we were able to sound the untied bells by firing them. 'Firing' means sounding all the bells (ten of them) at the same time and it makes a huge volume of sound.

On the following day we mounted our bicycles (George and his father on a motorbike) and set off to ring some of the bells in Herefordshire villages that had been silent throughout the war, starting at Eardisland and travelling back through North Herefordshire to ring at several other churches. I particularly remember ringing in the detached wooden belfry at Weobley.

Of course, we received some of the traditional local welcome in these villages, schoolboys though we were!

ALAN GOOCH (OH 1949)

The news of the formal notice of the end of the war in Europe came in the evening of 7 May and the following day was declared to be Victory in Europe Day. On receiving this news I recall some celebratory banging of desk lids and then marching out into the town for no particular purpose except perhaps to express some sense of freedom. It was after the hour when we were not supposed to be out.

The school chose its own day of celebration shortly afterwards, though I cannot remember exactly when. We were free to decide how we spent the day and nothing formal was arranged.

I could think of nothing more liberating than to go for a long cycle ride, which had the advantage of being inexpensive. Together with fellow boarder HK (Keith) Hill (who in later years took over the Prep School), I set off on the ambitious aim of getting to Gloucester and back. Neither of us had any concerns how we might cope with an emergency or accident, having only pennies between us and the only means of communication



General Inspection, Wyeside, 1957. The life of the combined cadet force (CCF) remains vibrant at HCS today.

were by public phone boxes at any of the places of habitation we would pass through. At least the roads were more or less totally devoid of traffic, private motoring having been suspended during the war.

We did indeed get there and back, spending little time in Gloucester, but it probably took about nine hours and was totally exhausting. On the whole it was overambitious and fairly senseless.

This account probably indicates a tame form of celebration but we had seen the end of the war in Europe coming for some weeks and a day out of school was a reasonably euphoric activity.

PETER FAIRMAN-BOURN (OH 1959)

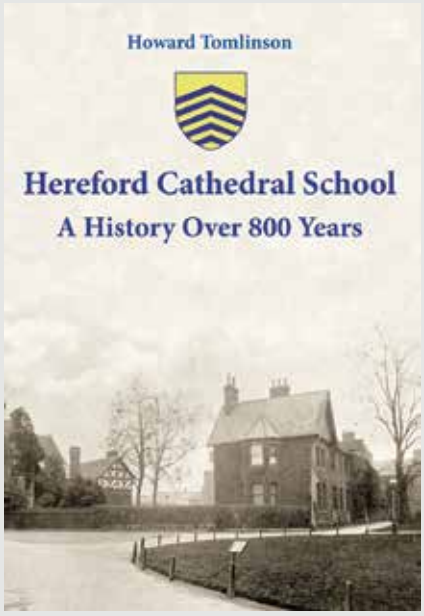
I was born in March 1942, hence don't remember much about the war years, let alone VE Day. My dad worked at the offices of De Havilland Aircraft Co. in Hatfield as a production engineer (he was partially paralysed, hence would have been excused from serving King & Country) so the airfield beside the factory and offices must have been a target, with much bombardment from the Luftwaffe. I do remember being whisked down to the cellar with my older sister Roberta (born 1940) whenever there was an attack. My mother would carefully place the two of us in a wicker basket as a kind of cot for safety.

V FOR VICTORY

Excerpt from Howard Tomlinson's *Hereford Cathedral School: A History Over 800 Years* (see below for details).

In spite of the inclement morning weather, Tuesday, 8 May, 1945, VE-day, saw much revelry in Hereford as in the nation at large. Bunting and the allied flags bedecked the city centre; a line of washing (representing the Siegfried Line) with the Fuehrer's effigy upside-down, hung across Church Street, its residents collecting over £40 of the £125 gathered for the 'Welcome Home Fund' over the two-day holiday; the cathedral was floodlit by 26 projectors, beaming upward lights totalling 6,000 candle power, which intersected to make a V for victory sign on the central tower; its bells pealed long and hard before and after the evening service; and lines of people irrespective of rank or station – men and women of the British forces, American and French allied troops and land girls – danced the Palais Glide, the Lambeth Walk and the night away.[1]

Although we know that the preparatory school lined up in the playground to make a V and an E in celebration of the victory, the change ringers helped in the peal and the choristers did their normal duty, during this day of celebration when all the local schools were given a holiday, the Cathedral School worked a normal day. Whether much actual study went on is to be doubted. On the following Sunday, however, among the special services of thanksgiving, Prebendary Green gave



belated recognition to the moment by preaching a sermon on 'victory' at the boarders' morning service.[2]

By this time Scott[3] would have known that he would not stay in Hereford beyond the end of the summer, although he delayed the announcement of his retirement until after half-term. His lot had been to see the school through the war.[4]

[1] *Hereford Times*, 5 May 1945, p.5; 12 May 1945, p. 5.

[2] There is no mention of VE Day in *The Herefordian* but John Bullock OH has made it clear that HCS was not given the day off. Prebendary RDR Green's sermon is listed in the school register of services.

[3] Christopher Fairfax Scott, Headmaster 1940–45.

[4] During the war, Harry Wardle accounted for games, books, exams and the OH Club fees, although the Headmaster's responsibilities for various payments were still considerable.

Howard's book is published by Logaston Press. Copies are available at Hereford Cathedral bookshop and from HCS (via Helen Pearson, Alumni Officer, e: development@herefordcs.com).

GROWING UP DURING THE WAR YEARS



The photo is of me at around four years old. It was taken in St Mary's Bay, Dymchurch. When we went there the following year it was barricaded and heavily mined.

An account by David Bland (OH 1951) of his recollections of life during and after WW2.

I think I was about three and a half at the time. We were a family of six (later seven) living in Upper Richmond Road, Putney. I remember walking beside the pram as I hated being carted around, particularly because it was useful for carrying home the shopping. It must have been on a Saturday as we were all out together. Hearing a noise above, we all saw our first and only Zeppelin immediately above us.

I was nearly five when war broke out and I remember that Sunday explicitly. We lived in Willesborough, Ashford, Kent where my father was the local parson of Willesborough Free Church. Previously he had been a missionary in the rainforests of Bolivia (Todus Santus) where my two older brothers Eric and Gordon were born. On this particular Sunday morning, having already attended Sunday School, as was the norm, we were then collected by my mother to be taken into the main hall for morning service – a double whammy! Halfway through the service the verger approached my father, muttering a few words, after which father climbed into the pulpit to announce that war had broken out and we were all to return to our homes to think carefully and prepare ourselves. The sirens sounded for the first time as we left to go home, but nothing happened!

DUNKIRK

I remember walking to the nearby railway line with my two brothers and sister Pauline to see trains pass by with soldiers and the wounded returning from Dunkirk. Many had bandages across their faces and some threw pennies out of the windows as we waved and shouted. I didn't realise or envisage what had actually occurred at that time until after the war.

BATTLE OF BRITAIN AND EVACUATION

I remember the very first air raid sirens being sounded when, despite warnings to the contrary, we all went out into the street to watch dog fights. Shortly after this period we took delivery of our Anderson Shelter, a very heavy, large metal table, which was erected in the kitchen.

Later, as the real risk of invasion emerged after the fall of France and the Low Countries, as children we were evacuated for the next six months, my brothers going with the Ashford Grammar School to Whitney, Oxfordshire. My mother slept on the floor of the local village hall until my brothers had been safely billeted and she had had a chance to inspect their new temporary home on a farm. They were very happy during their time in Whitney. However, Eric preferred to return with part of the school to Ashford, whereas Gordon remained on the farm. My sister was billeted with Uncle Jack and Aunty Dorothy in Sale Moor, while I lived with Grandpa Stuart a couple of streets away along with three of his daughters, my aunties, Lena, Flo and Eileen. One aunt came down to collect me from Ashford, escorting me to my Grandfather's house, also in Sale Moor, where I was well looked after. Grandfather took me to school for the first time and we both ended up crying! However, I soon settled down.

Manchester at the time was being bombed every night so before Grandpa went out on his rounds (as a Special Police Constable) he scooped me up from my bed and carried me down to the outdoor Morrison shelter. I had a special bed made up and was given a helmet and truncheon in case the Jerries landed!

BACK HOME AND DAYLIGHT ATTACKS

Once the scare of a possible invasion was over (three months later), my mother insisted that we all returned home. Life was very hectic, as we were bombed day and night. Going to school in the mornings on my own (no, parents didn't accompany their children in those days), I would try to estimate how many raids we would receive each day according to cloud cover. A clear blue sky meant possibly only one raid, whereas a cloudy sky would mean maybe three.

We used to listen to the news before going to school and if planes had been shot down near us, I would look round the corners in case there were German pilots still at large. Sometimes, if I set off a little earlier, I would take the longer way to school, crossing the fields to see the ack-ack positions and to talk to the soldiers about their night-time activities.

There was a six-month period early on when planes dropped their bombs as soon as they sighted coast. We could be in the playground and, hearing planes, would look up to see enemy aircraft overhead, with ground guns firing while bombs were being released. Our teachers would march us in an orderly crocodile up to the school shelter at the top of the hill,

still within the school grounds, where lessons continued. If the last raid went on too long and it was dark outside, our parents would then collect us as soon as the all-clear had sounded. We didn't do lessons after school hours so sang songs and played I-spy to pass the time away. On another occasion we all went to see my sister in a school play. We heard the warning, the lights went out and someone began singing those popular wartime songs for us to join in. We could all hear the bombing, etc., but no one left until the all-clear had been sounded.

THE NIGHT RAIDS

Once home after the evening meal we were all put to bed fairly early, old fashioned parenting, and just before 9.30pm I would start shouting down to see if we could come downstairs to get under our shelter in the kitchen where there was always a couple of mattresses laid out with blankets. It was a good ruse to come back down to the warmth of this room, but we were never allowed until the warning sounded and the action started. Father would then leave immediately on his rounds of the parish, something that scared us in case he was hit. In those days the clergy living in the danger zones were not permitted to enlist, as local morale had to be maintained.

Our mother, even with five young children and working as a sister in the operating theatre, was also asked to look after a small area as a District Nurse. One day she took us shopping in Ashford and showed us the roads in the catchment area for which she was responsible, part of which had been destroyed during a previous night-time raid.

HOW WE ATE DURING RATIONING

I think most days we had porridge for breakfast (except on Sundays when we had a fried breakfast), consisting of coarse ground oats which stood on a little range overnight and were ready to eat in the morning. Not the quick cooking oats we have today, although probably more nutritious. Remember there were no such things as refrigerators and most of the cooking was done on the range, which wasn't very big. We did, however, have an electric cooker in the scullery, but that was only used on a Sunday for frying and also to cook the Sunday Roast. On Saturdays mother would manage to find meat and cook dinner. It could be rabbit or whatever she was lucky enough to buy on our ration books as we always seemed to have a roast dinner on Sundays. Vegetables in season were not a problem as father grew all our vegetables in our very large garden and on his allotment. As children we were each allowed a little garden of our own to cultivate beside the house but we also helped out in the main kitchen garden and the allotment.

During school days we had hot meals, which I loved, and can still remember my favourite dishes. Because of this mother only had to cook meals at the weekend. This was just as well as she worked full time at Ashford Hospital and part-time as a local district nurse.

THE COMPLETE LOSS OF OUR 18-YEAR-OLDS

All the local boys in my father's bible class were called up and all without exception died or were killed in action over the following three years. When one parishioner's son, the local butcher, was drowned during his infantry training, his coffin was put into one of our front rooms until the funeral. His parents could not be expected to keep it at their home, as they would have liked, being the local butcher. I remember all these lads because they were always full of fun. One of them used to hare round corners on his bicycle with his hands in the air – very impressive to an impressionable six-year-old.

SPITFIRE SURPRISE



David Beresford (OH 1957) had always wanted to fly a Spitfire so it was a fantastic surprise when his son Michael and brother Keith (OH 1958) clubbed together to buy him a "hugely generous" 80th birthday gift – a flight over the English Channel.

David, who had tried to get into the RAF on leaving HCS but failed on the medical (he wears glasses), had achieved his commercial licences in his late forties, when he had left his first career as a Toyota dealership owner on Guernsey.

Considered old to be getting his pilot's licence, David went on to enjoy 16 years as a commercial pilot with Business Air until he was made redundant.

A heart bypass at 61 left him unable to fly but he was lucky enough to move into a training captain role with Jersey European (now FlyBe), a move he describes as "the best thing he ever did", as it allowed him to continue to train pilots in simulators after his bypass.



The one-hour flight saw David leave London Biggin Hill airport and fly over the English Channel via the Spitfire memorial at Dover before returning to base.

"We did a few loops and a victory roll," David said of the flight. "It's the most fun you can have.

"I'd do it again in a shot and would probably enjoy it more because I'd know what to expect."

OH NEWS



288 BAR & WOK

Cheltenham restauranteur Pak Wai Hung (OH 1991) swept up a prestigious award during the 2019 Observer Food Monthly Award ceremony hosted by Jay Rayner (from R4's *Kitchen Cabinet*) and Nigella Lawson.

The reader-nominated award for 'Best Cheap Eats' was presented to family-run independent restaurant 288 Bar & Wok, which opened in 2005 on Cheltenham's High Street. Asked about why he first opened 288 Bar & Wok, Pak said:

"To be honest with you, I had no idea what I was doing. I had no experience of working in a restaurant, let alone owning one. Thus, zero expectations because I didn't know what to expect. Having no prior experience of restaurants may have been an advantage because I was able to build the restaurant without any preconceptions and instead be customer led. My aim was to build a family local restaurant. We were in (what was) an unfashionable part of Cheltenham and that added to our local charm.

"I didn't open our restaurant to make a fast buck, hence we're now in our 15th year. I have always tried to recruit interesting front of house staff. There's nothing duller than a server who has no personality. Our training scheme is very simple: "treat each guest who comes into our restaurant as if they were your friends coming for dinner at your house". After 15 years I still consider myself an amateur who makes a few quid."



288 – COVID UPDATE

It was with a heavy heart that on 25 March 2020 we mothballed our little noodle bar. All the perishable food was packed and sent to the local Trussell Trust Food Bank. We then joined the rest of the country in lockdown.

We reopened as a takeaway only service on 10 May. We were heartened by the huge support from our guests (they had clearly become tired of cooking at home). Business was positive but I missed the social interaction with our guests and we couldn't wait until we could reopen fully as a restaurant and bar. That day was 4 July, along with the rest of country. It wasn't business as usual as we had to implement social distancing and hygiene measures. Business has slowly been building up with customers confident that they would be safe at 288 Bar & Wok.

And that's the current situation. We're fortunate that we could fall back on an established takeaway service and slowly grow the dining-in service again. What does the future hold? I have no idea...

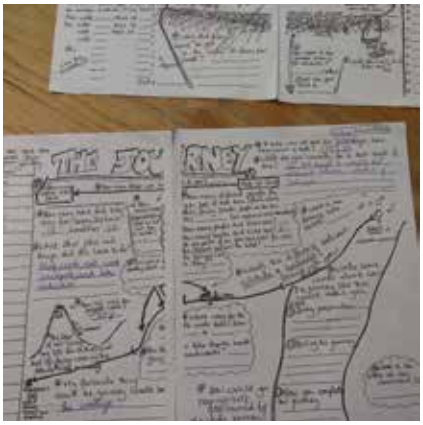


COVID HOME TEACHING HELP FROM KIKO

Kiko Matthews (OH 1997), whose Atlantic solo row was featured in the 2018 magazine, offered schoolchildren stuck at home during the coronavirus lockdown the chance to participate in an online Q&A. Former teacher Kiko provided worksheets in advance so the children could plan how they would approach the crossing or an adventure of their own.

Children of all ages asked Kiko about the birdlife and aquatic life she encountered as well as the scariest times and the best moments. In her usual candid style Kiko offered the children a gloves-off insight into 50 days at sea as well as encouraging them to believe they could achieve whatever they set out to achieve, no matter what their skillset.

The photo above shows Kiko carrying out a beach-clean in New Zealand where she now lives. Below you can see one of the worksheets for schoolchildren which she created as part of her Covid-19 home-teaching pack in 2020. Kiko spoke to HCJS at the 2018 Speech Day.





GOLD AWARD FOR OLIVER HUNT (OH 2014)

"On 27 November 2019, I attended the Duke of Edinburgh's award ceremony at St James's Palace in London. I received my Gold Award Certificate while meeting Prince Edward and Baroness Tanni Grey-Thompson, DBE. After years of hard work I felt immensely proud having completed all three sections and finally receiving my award."



RORY TURNBULL AWARDED QUEEN MOTHER SCHOLARSHIP

Former chorister and Boy Bishop Rory Turnbull (OH 2014), having gained a First in Theology and Religion from Oriel College, Oxford, has gone on to be awarded the Queen Mother Scholarship (2019) from Middle Temple. The Scholarship is Middle Temple's most prestigious major award.



FIRST YEAR CELEBRATED BY NEW BOARDING HOUSE... IN EXCEPTIONAL CIRCUMSTANCES

One of the greatest privileges of being the founding Housemistress was to create new traditions which I hope will one day become part of the heritage of Wilmot House. It goes without saying that one experience I hope will not become an annual tradition is the Covid-19 pandemic of 2020. Our students' families overseas had already been affected by the initial outbreak and many of the pupils' flights home for February half term were cancelled. As the global situation worsened it became apparent that Easter flights were also at risk. Many of our students managed to book last minute flights to see their families and after a few uncertain weeks only a handful of students remained at Wilmot House. Students travelling home faced daunting journeys involving various changes in international airports and solitary quarantine for 14 days before they could be reunited with their families.

The remaining four students proved to be robust and positive throughout the lockdown period. I cannot deny that it was a challenging time for us but we distracted ourselves with Easter egg hunts, walks, VE Day celebrations, 'virtual' guests for supper, cooking, jigsaws, quick cricket, birthdays, the arrival of Scamper the puppy, Zoom quizzes and even a night camping in the garden. This was not how we had hoped to end our first full year and it was with sadness that we were not



able to say a proper goodbye to our first cohort of Year 13 leavers. I am sure that I am not alone in hoping that normality will return soon and that I will once again be complaining about the noise in the boarding house, rather than the lack of it!

Pippa Fowler

Housemistress and Teacher of Mathematics



To enquire about international boarding at Hereford Cathedral School in Years 9–13 please contact Mr Stuart Higgins on +44 (0)1432 363 522 or email s.higgins@herefordcs.com.

BLACK LIVES MATTER

No one who witnessed the horrific video footage of George Floyd's treatment by the US Police could fail to be shocked and appalled by his subsequent untimely death. Readers will not be surprised to know that I received a number of letters from OHs, and from within our current school community, asking what contribution Hereford Cathedral School could make to help address the scourge of racism (and other forms of discrimination) within our wider society. Sadly, in some letters former pupils made reference to past cases of racism that they had experienced while at school.

Of course, the school has changed significantly over the years, but we are not complacent and recognise that there is a need to be continually vigilant.

Herefordshire is not a particularly multicultural county and some years ago I became growingly concerned about how we were preparing pupils for the increasingly globalised world within which we now live. The introduction of international students to our Sixth Form, who lived with local families as Homestay students was, in part, a means to address this shortfall in our educational provision. We knew that we had much to offer international pupils, but it was also clear that they had so much to offer us too. Furthermore, there is no better way to encourage tolerance and understanding than to introduce young people to a diverse range of cultures.

We now have a boarding house that accommodates up to 29 pupils from Years 9 to 13 and from across the world. The pupil body, staff, parents and Governors have fully embraced this initiative, and to date we have had students from China, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Spain, Thailand, France, Italy, Ukraine, Colombia, Switzerland, and of course, the UK. Following a recent trip to Nigeria I am hopeful that we will soon have pupils from Africa joining our community.

We cover many aspects of prejudice, discrimination, scapegoating and racism in our curriculum. For example, in Year 7 History pupils study the experience of the Jewish community in medieval England, continued in Year 9 with a study of the Holocaust, which also encompasses other minority and ethnic groups that were targeted (such as homosexuals, people with disabilities, etc.). Women's rights are also covered in Year 9 History as part of the 20th century political topics. There are many additional aspects in the GCSE History course, such as the treatment of racial minorities in Stalin's Russia, and the study of the Middle East. And last year, two Year 13 History students studied the role of the British Empire for their Non Examined Assessment.

In English, Benjamin Zephaniah's *Refugee Boy* was introduced for Year 8 to stimulate serious discussion of these issues, and *The Edge* and *Noughts and Crosses* are being considered in Year 9 as possible texts. One of the reasons we have retained the IGCSE English Literature is because it allows us to continue to discuss racism as a major topic in *Of Mice and Men* and *To Kill a Mockingbird* as well as challenging poetry from different cultures which is no longer available in mainstream GCSE Literature. We continue to look at reading lists followed in English to see what part this can play in helping to inform and educate pupils about discrimination.

We cover many aspects of prejudice, discrimination, scapegoating and racism in our curriculum.



With regard to PSHE we are always revising the programme to keep up to date with current and developing issues, and our current programme includes specific sessions on anti-racism. One OH sent me information about 'The Black Curriculum' which our PSHE Department is looking at.

We have introduced a new pupil-led forum called Equality, the function of which is to discuss issues that are of broad importance to us all.

In recent years we have also introduced a new pupil-led forum called Equality, the function of which is to discuss issues that are of broad importance to us all. Speakers facilitate discussion on topics as diverse as sexuality, racism and mental health. Equality occurs alongside PSHE, House, School and Sixth Form Councils, all of which support pupil voice. Chapel is also a powerful means to raise awareness of such issues and we will continue our programme of inviting speakers to address matters of concern. If any OH feels they may have something to contribute to Equality we should be pleased to hear from them.

Mr Paul Smith
Headmaster



"Mark's talk was fantastic. He discussed the ethos and values which the athletes, parents and boat club wish to hold, and how we can take responsibility for putting those in place. It was a fascinating talk that was loved by all whom attended. It was greatly appreciated and perfectly timed."

Ben Wellburn
Head of Rowing at HCS

POSITIVE VALUES



Mark Bellamy (OH 1981) admits that his profession wouldn't even have been on the horizon when he left HCS 30 years ago because sports psychologists were few and far between in the country. That territory has changed and most educational establishments (at Sixth Form College and above) as well as sporting teams now take a serious approach to mental health and psychological attitude.

Mark visited HCS to talk with the Head of Rowing, Ben Welburn, and to have a chat with the current rowers about how attitude can help within sport.

Mark is a performance psychologist, which means that he looks after anyone in the field of human performance. A lot of his work has been in sport and has involved three Olympic Games but he has also worked with the British Military, in education around positive mental health and in mentoring work within business.

"Effectively, sport got me started, but the scope of my work is wonderfully diverse," he says.

What I did gain from the school was an interest in lifelong learning.

"I had always played a lot of sport at the school, basically doing everything there was, but with a specialisation in squash. What I did gain from the school was an interest in lifelong learning and certainly the school provided a springboard from which to experiment with what the options were in working life.

"I was interested in psychology for a long time and did a degree in psychology initially," he explains. "I went on to work in sport as a physiologist for a time. Following a significant car accident in my late 20s I decided to see how far I could get in sport with working with elite athletes and returned to education in my early 30s to do a PhD. This gave me some of the skills needed to embark on a career as a performance psychologist.

"An interest in what underpins how things happen and how you can get the odds as far as possible in my athletes' favour has always been interesting, but more lately I have realised that a lot of what I do is working with people to get over obstacles and to create a life that is of value to them."

For further information about Mark visit: **markbellamypsychologyconsulting.com**.

ONE VOICE

RAF Flight Lieutenant Harriet Tadikonda, née Curtis-Lowe (OH 2000) relives her inspiration behind the *One Voice* initiative at the Department of Defence.

Nearly six years ago, I sent a rather spontaneous email around diverse societies in the British Armed forces, seeking volunteers to record a music single, while being followed by a documentary team. The response was immediate. At the time I had no funding, no support, I didn't even have a piece of music to record, but something deep was moving, like an ocean – the momentum was tangible.

That evening I was driving along with my children thinking where to begin, when a lorry drove by with the word 'symphony' written on the side. I said, "you have got to be joking" and yet it drove by again, and again... it was a sign. Several weeks later a five part symphony, interlinked by different religious calls to prayer, was ready to go. I had woken in the early hours of the morning or the middle of the night with tunes and words swimming in my mind.

> Every encounter, every experience shapes the future.

We then had the question of funding. I foresaw early on the gravity of the potential reach of the project, but persuading others of the vision was challenging and painful. Initially not a single door would open; I was actually laughed out of a room in Whitehall on one occasion. I recall afterwards feeling rather dejected, sitting outside, when a wild-looking homeless man came running towards me with something in his hand. As others moved away I waited to see what he had to say – his words are still so clear: "you are the first person not to run away from me. You are going to be in Downing Street". I remember smiling and saying that I was just a song-writer and probably quite a poor one judging by my day. He placed a pencil in my hand (which I have kept) and repeated, "you will be in Downing Street one day". Then he vanished into the crowd.



Several weeks later I was in a taxi, and I asked the taxi driver for a pen. He didn't have one and so I rummaged in my bag and pulled out a pencil... I was on my way to Downing Street, where I met Theresa May.

And so the incredible experiences have continued. One Voice ended up with a glittering array of supporters and ambassadors including Dame Judi Dench who is our patron. From the House of Lords and Parliament, and performing in front of an audience of 33,000 at the Diwali festival in Trafalgar Square through to defying the tide of fear and holding a massed children's concert in Manchester just weeks after the Arena bombing, it has been a remarkable journey. In June last year we held another massed concert with 2,000 children in Manchester and around 3,000–4,000 in eight different countries around the world (videos can be seen on YouTube). The members of One Voice have become a family, weathering the storms of life and indeed we have often stood together and looked on in astonishment as our project evolves.

My military career actually started at HCS. School is so much more than gaining an education. It shapes the moral choices that you make and the ambitions that you set. CCF left a deep imprint. I joined the RAF at 26 and have served ever since, now in a full-time cyber risk specialist reservist role based in the Peak District with my three children. I recall my admiration for Mike Moffatt and waking up before dawn to run up a misty hill on CCF camp.

No matter where you go or who you meet, you carry memories of your past within you. Both good and bad; both enriching and mortifying. As I walked back through Hereford recently it was alive with memories – many wonderful, many from my teenage years that I would rather forget – but every encounter, every experience shapes the future. One Voice drew on all those experiences.

People often ask what it was that inspired me to found One Voice. It is a question that has so many different answers, that I tend to tailor the answer

School is so much more than gaining an education. It shapes the moral choices that you make and the ambitions that you set.

towards the interests of the person asking the question. For those reading this article maybe this is the answer... while in Afghanistan I witnessed a lack of real understanding of Islam and so embarked on an MA to find answers. During the course of the degree in Islamic Studies I met a Sufi teacher who introduced me to Hazrat Mouinuddin Hasan Chisthi – a Sufi saint with a great message of love. It is this energy that runs through the One Voice initiative.

There is a place where fear and hatred are nothing but thorns upon a rose. Where our children can play without concern for colour, for creed or for religion. This is a city that we can build. We have One Hope, we are One Voice.

If you would like to bring the concept of One Voice into your schools or organisations, please do contact me. We are always honoured to receive requests and try to support every one, great or small. Please visit onevoiceinitiatives.com.

RAF Flt Lt Harriet Tadikonda (née Curtis-Lowe)
OH 2000



LETTERS

OH MICHAEL DONAGHY SENT IN THIS DELIGHTFUL COLLECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS













1) Group photo of dorms C and D. L–R: Bill Bromley, Wakelin, Adrian Dodson, Piggy Brown (in front), Stodge Donaghy, Des Whetter, Rog Rowland.

2) Pillow fight. L–R: Rog Rowland, Snowy White, Adrian Dodson, Stodge Donaghy.

3) Drummers Darley, Andrew Hancorn, Rog Rowland and Stoge Donaghy.

4) HCS CCF Band, on the march to Wyeside.

5) Mister P Bayliss (on stick), who took us for pure maths, refereeing Donaghy doing the long jump standard.

6) Andrew Hancorn and Michael Donaghy setting off for Duke of Edinburgh Award – a two-day hike up the bank of the Wye. Liaison with canoe owner, instruction and then canoeing down the Wye.

WELLIES IN THE WYE



Here is an image of myself and Michael Wilson, believed to have been taken in 1954. MDW is second in from the left. You can see the names of the other lads but I have no idea of the identity of the boy, third in from the right?

Regards, **Peter Fairman-Bourn**

If any readers can help Peter identify this unknown school friend please do email or write (see inside back cover).

A FABULOUS SELECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS SENT IN BY OH ALAN GOOCH







For me, to be writing a letter seventy years after these events has a fascination all of its own and I look at today's date with a degree of disbelief though I do not argue with it. However that may be, the opportunity to look at these pictures again and share them has been very pleasant.

With best wishes,

Alan Gooch (OH 1949)

1) L–R: Alan Gooch (OH 1949), Ken Hope (OH 1948), Ralph Spittle (OH 1948),

2) School Sports Day 1949, 100 Yards Race. L–R: Alan Gooch (winner), N Croudale, etc.

3) School Sports Day 1949: winning the long jump!

GETTING PREPPED



I am prompted by the letter in the latest *OH Magazine* from Clifford Winston Smith, my contemporary I believe in the prep school and certainly through the 'big' school to submit the attached photo taken I guess about 1950. He is standing at the right end. I recognise some from Old Deanery, namely Mendus and Crowley junior kneeling and Ian Johnson with folded arms standing next to me. I think I am the sulky looking individual standing second from the left. The boy standing next to CWS may well be a boy called Gray who was not in Old Deanery but was at the Prep School so the photo may be of a group from the Prep School.

Yours sincerely, **Victor FJ Jordan**

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS REVISITED (OR THE RAMBLINGS OF A PEDAGOGUE!)



I arrived at the Old Deanery in September 1953 and was shown into a dayroom comprising a single wooden bench and some lockers. To say the least, I began to wonder what was happening to me, having just left a comfortable home in Abergavenny. I was soon to find out as I was hurled into the austere regime of public school life in the 1950s.

I was promptly made aware of what was required from new boys. The monitors told us that we had to be their 'fags' (which was code for slave!), meaning that when they shouted 'FAG', you had to come running. Or else! We were expected to carry out many menial tasks, such as washing rugby kit; cleaning saucepans; shining CCF brasses and boots so you could see your reflection! We also discovered the strange practice of 'tonking' where, if a minor offence was committed, school monitors were allowed to cane unfortunate individuals. (Can you image that happening today?)



Food rationing was still prevalent during the early 1950s, hence portions were small. However, as time went on the meals did improve. For example, one morning saw the arrival of *cornflakes* for breakfast and when *chips* appeared on the menu, this caused great excitement! A normal breakfast used to comprise weak, watery porridge, tomatoes on toast plus toast with marmalade. To this day I still resist eating porridge, regardless of who cooks it!

Mealtimes were always supervised by one member of staff and, at the end of each long table sat one monitor who watched our behaviour. It varied between each senior in their approach to discipline. For example, some created mayhem as we were eating whereas others were just plain *bullies*!

I was placed in what was called the Long Dorm overlooking the Close, accommodating at least 24 boys, so this was a new experience for me. Over time I got used to sharing washing facilities but we were only allowed *one* bath per week! Window curtains were non-existent. It was considered healthy if windows were left *open* all year round! It became quite common for a boy occupying a bed next to a window to receive a dusting of snow during winter months!

The classrooms were all quite ancient. There were benches in Big School and in all other rooms there were rickety desks, complete with deep carvings of boys' initials on them.

The school yard used to have two large trees growing in the centre. By the time I joined HCS, all that was left was a large earthen mound around the spot where they had been felled. Boys used to refer to it as the 'Acropolis'. No such thing as Health & Safety regulations back then but it must have occurred to the Headmaster, School Governors and the local education authority that the very existence of such tall trees presented a problem that could have resulted in someone getting hurt in what was essentially our playground!



Next to the 'Acropolis' stood a mock Tudor two-storey building which housed changing rooms for the two day-boy houses. It was also HQ for the Combined Cadet Force (CCF) with an office for the Commander and space to store rifles and ammo, etc. It was also used by the Signals Squad (my callsign used to be *21 Alpha*). This was demolished in the 1960s and a new teaching block now sits on that spot adjoining Big School main entrance.

To restate the comment I made in a previous submission about life as a boarder at HCS... "Tom Brown's Schooldays – we could have rewritten it!"

John Bartlett



AMATEUR ARCHAEOLOGY



It was sad to see so many obituaries in the 2019 OH Magazine so thought it time to give an update on my retirement interests, before the next one's mine. I shall be 70 in 2020. In the 2012 OH Magazine I reported on my career as an architect, after leaving HCS and Cardiff University. This was unfortunately cut short after a heart attack in 2001 when I retired. I was able to pass on some of my experience, as a former Head of Property Services for South Gloucestershire Unitary Council, to two Housing Associations, of charities, providing housing and care to the elderly on a national basis. I was on the board of Hanover for five years and then Methodist for six, but gave this up a few years ago.

However, my real interest has been as a member of a small amateur archaeological team, Trostrey Excavation Group, based in Monmouthshire. As well as digging I was able to make measured surveys of any buildings found and interpret their probable use. After the first (2006–10), I prepared drawings and a report on this dig. It comprised a moated early Medieval manor house and chapel. I went on to research the history of the site which was first the manor of the son of the last king of Gwent, then a monastic grange and finally the manor of Sir William de Hastings. It fell into disrepair after the plague of 1349. The historical research is included in the report. In 2012 we carried out a further dig on the site excavating the remains of the mill to corroborate dates.

In 2011 we carried out a dig on a small Prehistoric camp site I found 'field walking' the neighbouring farm, near Usk, and in 2013–16 we dug a site near Chepstow where we discovered evidence of Bronze Age habitation and an Iron Age camp, previously unrecorded.

Reports of all these digs have been published in small numbers for record purposes and sold to dig participants, local libraries and various interested archaeological bodies and universities. The National Library of Wales recently bought a full set. Copies are also available on the internet for researchers and anyone interested in local history at www.trostreyexcavationgroup.org.uk under 'publications'.

John Bowler

Old Deanery House OH 1961–68

POSTCARD FROM THE FALKLANDS





Dear Old Herefordian,

Just returned to the ship having been to find Michael Forge's grave on the Falklands. He is buried in San Carlos Military Cemetery on the far side of the East Island.

The Falklands are so very much larger than we were expecting. Our car drove over 180 miles taking us there and back from Port Stanley. The countryside is pretty rough and it just made one think of what a tremendous feat it was to 'yomp' all that way.

Michael, as I am sure you know, was in School House with rest of us but left early to go to Welbeck College, the Army's Technical 'prep school' for Sandhurst. We both met up again there.

The small Military Cemetery at San Carlos is beautifully situated on the side of a hill overlooking the Bay. There are only about 16 graves there. The first photograph shows the gravestone (the poor fellow was only 40), and the second shows his juxtaposition to my other friend 'H' who amazingly is only one grave away.

We are now on our way up to 'Tango Land' – Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Rio, etc., returning at the end of March.

Yours ever, **Michael Parker**

HAPPY 90 YEARS!



Dear Mr Smith [Headmaster],

I still receive letters from your office in connection with Bursary Support and every time I get a letter from your end I am so greatly put in mind of former days as a pupil at the school from '41 to '48.

I am sending you this email to let you know that I celebrated my 90th birthday on the 8th May here in South Africa (under lockdown level 4 conditions). We managed to celebrate by having a Mad Hatter's Tea Party at home with my wife Nesta, daughter and grandchildren who were allowed to attend! (The grandchildren work from our daughter's home office and my wife and I live in the Cottage.)

I hope that you and HCS have weathered the coronavirus conditions well, we can only carry on in the strength of the Lord and try our best.

Yours sincerely, **John Hawnt** (Revd JCF Hawnt)

Photo: Revd John and Nesta (87 years old) who have been married for 67 years!



MATCHES & HATCHES



1 Nicholas Priday (OH 1992) married Beth Crowley in summer 2019 in Majorca. Photo (R–L): Tobin Godfrey, Ben Jarvis, Nicholas Priday, Edward Symonds and Barry Plane (all OH 1992) celebrating on the day before the wedding.

2 Anna Davies (OH 2011) married Captain Matthew Smith on 10 August 2019 at Saint Francis Xavier's Church, Hereford, with the reception at Whitney Court, Herefordshire. Anna's sister Helen Davies was a bridesmaid (in the background of the photo) and OH guests were Sophie Beckett, Neil Cockburn, Bethan Hunt, Marcus Law, Elliot Smith and Lisa Williams.



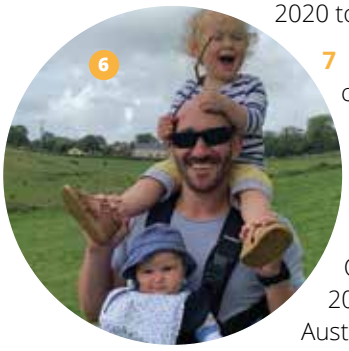
3 Kate Davison (OH 2003) married Matthew Lock on 20 July 2019. Kate did a veterinary degree at Liverpool, graduating in 2009, and is an equine vet working for Cotts Farm Equine, where she did her post grad internship. Matthew is a Transport Manager for Allied Bakeries. Both Kate and Matt are keen riders and enjoy eventing during the summer season. Kate fulfilled her dream of riding her home-bred pony Poppy to the church in Whitney-on-Wye.



4 Ellie King (née Glover) is very happy to announce her wedding to Joe on 3 August, in Worcester. Thirty people attended in total, and it was held outside on a gloriously sunny day. Not what they had planned, but a lovely day – very special and very much about them as a couple.

5 Francis Moore (OH 1996) and wife Clare celebrated the arrival of Alice Hannah Moore on 24 July 2019.

6 Hugh Campbell (OH 1999) welcomed Charlie on 5 February 2020 to join Sophie (b. 27 March 2018).



7 Robert (Tom) Campbell (OH 2001) celebrated Zachary, born 12 January 2019.

8 Rachel Campbell (OH 2003) announces the birth of Isla, born 1 June 2018, and Olivia, born 20 November 2019 – they live in Perth, Australia.





LOCKDOWN IN NZ



Running a radio station with Noel Edmonds is just one of the many things that came out of my six-week lock down in New Zealand...

We live an incredibly unrestricted life here – our family are all divers, ocean swimmers, sailors and surfers. We work very hard and play in the most amazing aquatic wonderland on our doorstep.

New Zealand has given Richard (brother to OHs Chris and Debbie Owen) and I the opportunity to explore lots of entrepreneurial ideas; it is a country based on a "know how, can do" attitude, and we have run with that to the full! We are deeply involved in our neighbouring Maori community and we live by our motto: "Make money, have fun and do good". Our businesses are wide ranging and always fun. Lockdown was never going to be easy....



Having lived in the Far North of New Zealand for 26 years, I still contemplated a mad dash back to the UK before our drawbridge came up. The thought of being potentially isolated from my ageing parents and all my siblings and locked down in a country 18,000 kilometres from what I still call 'home' was terrifying. Instead we managed in short order to get our three grown-up daughters off the super yachts they were working on and home to us.

Lockdown in the Owen Family was pretty intense! We had our adult children and some of their partners living with us for the first time in years. Our late addition son of 13 who was pretty used to being an only child suddenly found himself at the bottom of a very large pecking order, but apart from Jacinda Ardern's extraordinary leadership skills she found time to jump online in her PJs and give us advice on how not to kill our kids!

We have always been a fan of Jacinda, who has rented our home for her holidays over the last few years, and we have found her to be a wonderful tenant! As a leader she floored us with her honest and upfront leadership:





she transcended politics and we listened, all five million of us listened.

We stayed home, we didn't fish, play rugby, surf or take to the water and that is HUGE for New Zealanders. Personally I didn't question a thing about her directives, all the frustrating things about living on a small, isolated island finally came into positive play. We are Covid-free and business as usual albeit that no one can come and no one can go from our beautiful shores. While our ageing parents are holding up and my siblings' WhatsApp group holds strong, and I have finally sussed Zoom, I can live with that.

And then there is Noel Edmonds, who also rented our home for his holidays (though not at the same time as Jacinda!) During his lockdown he decided to gift New Zealand with some free airwaves to see who wanted to set up a post-Covid Positivity Radio station. He called me on one of my few really flat days for a chat and suggested I got involved. I said yes because he's the nicest guy in the world and it's fab to be in business with someone who spent years looking down at me from a poster on the wall; all adds to life's rich tapestry.



So I finish my missive by sharing that the best thing coming out of our lockdown was reconnecting as a family – we needed every bit of the six weeks for that to happen. Now we are moving to a coastal farm further up the road where all the kids can live and work alongside us – and there will still be heaps of room for Jacinda and Noel if they fancy a holiday!

Vanessa Owen (née Usher)
OH 1985



COMMON ROOM SHUFFLE



JESS BELLIS

Ms Bellis has taught History at HCS since 2001, when she was appointed as a part-time teacher. Since then Ms Bellis has taught across all year groups and been involved in history activity days, battlefield trips and a trip to Russia. Ms Bellis has also been a GCSE History Examiner. She is a conscientious teacher and the displays in her classroom speak well of the enthusiasm that she instils in her pupils. Ms Bellis's lessons have been well resourced and meticulously planned. In 2012, she became a full-time teacher and took on the teaching of History of Art. Ms Bellis has been an active member of the staff Professional Committee and played a key role in various committees that have addressed both academic and HR matters. Ms Bellis has also been a tutor who has supported numerous tutees over the years. Ms Bellis is moving on to Whitecross School where she is to be a Teaching Assistant supporting pupils with special educational needs. We wish her all the best in her new role.

CATHERINE BUCK

Mrs Buck has not been with us for long, but she has certainly made an impact since joining in September 2019. Mrs Buck came to us from Hereford Sixth Form College with excellent credentials and experience. Little wonder that she was quickly appointed to Head of Cornwall having served one term as a Physics teacher.



Mrs Buck's enthusiasm for her subject, teaching, pastoral responsibilities and pupils in general has been clear to all. Mrs Buck has decided to return to the Sixth Form College and we wish her the very best.

RALPH CARR

Mr Carr served his NQT year with us when he joined in 2017. He has taught Business Studies, Economics and been a Residential Tutor at Wilmot House. Mr Carr has been an excellent colleague; he is hard-working, diligent and under his leadership the A-Level Business Studies results have improved significantly. He has a strong rapport with pupils, and has thrown himself into the life of the School. In particular, he has supported a wide range of trips, has coached rugby, had great success with the Young Enterprise Team and forged strong links with PGCE providers. In his role at Wilmot House he has honed his pastoral skills and is well respected by the boarders and staff. Mr Carr leaves us to take up a teaching post at Queen Elizabeth Hospital School in Bristol, and we wish him all the very best.





SIOBHAN DE SOUZA

Mrs de Souza received a letter on October 10 1996 from her then Head of Department, which stated: "We decided that your job description should refer to you as a teacher of Latin, Greek, Classical Civilisation and Ancient History, Junior IT and keyboarding." That was five years into Mrs de Souza's time at HCS, having joined the School in 1991. The same letter referred to her keenness on "the Cricket Umpire's Course" and that "you enjoy the many hours you have spent at Wyeside". The letter ends: "We are indeed fortunate to have such a dedicated colleague in our midst" – well hear, hear to that! Mrs de Souza is first and foremost a scholar, with impeccable classical credentials, and I suspect she was quickly snapped up when her application landed on the Headmaster's desk. However, she

is more than a scholar: charismatic, inspirational, intuitive, fun, and kind. In 2000 Mrs de Souza became Head of Department, and although she relinquished the role in later years to concentrate on her outreach work, she finishes her time with us at HCS in the same role. During her reign, Mrs de Souza has overseen Latin and Classical Civilisation at GCSE, AS and A-Level, as well as GCSE Greek, a vast array of Classics Department extra-curricular activities including lectures, workshops, plays with Kaloi k'Agathoi (a mix of current, and OH classicists), 'Minimus' Primary Latin project and community Latin outreach. In recent years, Mrs de Souza has undertaken outreach activities with local junior and prep schools. We have all come to look forward to the infamous Classics Play, which is usually a parody of the Headmaster and the two deputy heads. It is a shame that she is moving to Moor Park School, but we hope that Mrs de Souza will be a regular visitor to HCS. We wish her the very best.



RHIAN FLOYD

Mrs Floyd became Head of Geography in 2007, having previously taught at Aylestone School. Mrs Floyd has been an excellent classroom practitioner, she is an enthusiastic and active geographer who provides plenty of enrichment for her students (ranging from model volcanoes to VR analysis of glaciation). A recent ISI Inspection highlighted her good feedback in marking, and stated that her department was very good in developing pupils' knowledge and skills. Mrs Floyd is caring, and keen to ensure that her pupils do well. She has been eager to involve her students in fieldwork, which has ranged from local trips to those as far afield as Iceland. Mrs Floyd has also been a keen supporter of the CCF, and a presentation she made to pupils at Whitecross School was important in establishing a successful partnership between our schools. Mrs Floyd has also run an active and successful Eco-Schools Committee, has supported two Houses as a Tutor and been a regular supporter of School Chapels. Mrs Floyd has been appointed to Cheltenham Ladies College, and we wish her the best for the future.



GABRIELLA GARDINER

Mrs Gardiner joined the English Department in 2017 from Bishop of Hereford's Bluecoat School. She has been an enthusiastic advocate of teaching and learning and has led various innovative programmes of staff training on pedagogy. Mrs Gardiner has inspired many of her colleagues with her ambition and excellent presentation skills. Mrs Gardiner has also been a keen participant of the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme. She has also been a Tutor in Stuart House. We congratulate her on being promoted to Assistant Headteacher at Five Acres High School, Coleford.



KATIE GEORGE

Miss George has been teaching in the PE Department since January 2019 to help support the department until the arrival of Mr Windsor's replacement in September. She has been an enthusiastic and loyal supporter of girls' games and we wish her all the best for the future.



KIRSTIE HALLAM

Ms Hallam took over the role of Head of Learning Support in September 2019 having worked as a SENCO in the state sector. She quickly adapted to HCS and offered excellent support to pupils and to subject disciplines, most notably Science. In her short time with us she has proved to be an excellent and well-liked colleague. Whilst Ms Hallam has enjoyed her time at HCS she has decided to reconsider her career options, and departs from us with our best wishes.



TOM HARVEY

Mr Harvey came to us in September 2018 from Gordonstoun School with strong references, and we were not disappointed. He has been an excellent and energetic appointment and we are sorry to be losing him. However, sadly for us 'affairs of the heart' mean that Mr Harvey is drawn to the London area. In his time at HCS he has thrown himself into the extra-

curricular life of the School, including the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme, CCF and sport in all three terms. Of course, he has been greatly involved in the busy musical life, which is typical of a Cathedral School. We were not surprised when he was snapped up for promotion at Sevenoaks School where he takes on the role of Assistant Director of Music and we wish him well.



CHRIS JONES

Dr Jones came to the Physics Department in 2010 and was later promoted to Head of Physics. He joined us from Hereford Sixth Form College and it was clear that he was a scholarly teacher with a passion for his subject. Dr Jones enjoyed academic success himself, and has worked hard to impart his knowledge and understanding to pupils across all year groups. He is a hard-working, diligent member of staff who has quietly and conscientiously led his department. He and Dr Rhodes once performed David Bowie's *Space Oddity* in Hereford Cathedral. Dr Jones was suitably attired for the astronomical appearance and we all learnt that he was clearly an adept guitarist. Dr Jones has led trips to CERN and run an Astronomical Club and was supportive of Dr Rhodes' Outreach Primary School Programme. Dr Jones now moves on to Hartpury College where he takes up Physics Lectureship.

HARRIET MAJOR

Miss Major joined the school as a PE Coach in 2014 and quickly established herself as a well-respected, hardworking and well-organised member of staff. She rapidly learnt the art of multi-tasking in a busy school environment and was a strong



communicator. Miss Major's drive for innovation led her to put in place new programmes for coaching rounders and hockey, and she was also placed in charge of netball. She meticulously planned and organised training sessions, fixtures, tournaments and tours. As a Tutor, Miss Major developed extensive experience of pastoral matters, and she applied her strong organisational and creative skills to events such as school discos. Whilst at HCS she gained an MSc in Applied Sport Psychology which highlighted her ambition and drive. We wish Miss Major well in her new role as Deputy Head of PE at Hereford Academy.



NICKY O'BRIEN

Mrs O'Brien joined the Geography Department in 2016 on a part-time basis and later took on some Psychology teaching, which she had previously taught at Hereford Sixth Form College. Mrs O'Brien is a well organised and caring teacher who worked hard in support of her pupils. Unfortunately, personal reasons meant that her time with us was curtailed, but the School acknowledges her positive can-do attitude and professional approach.



HELEN WALL

Mrs Wall retires from teaching this year having taught for over 37 years, of which 19 have been at HCS. She has taught Science and Maths, done some supply work in junior schools and has also worked as an Examiner in Science. However, her first subject has been Chemistry, which she has taught across all year groups at HCS. Mrs Wall is a well-accomplished teacher and there will be many pupils who are indebted to her.

In 2011 Mrs Wall was appointed Head of Stuart House and she has done a fantastic job in developing a supportive House spirit. Mrs Wall's leadership has ensured that she has a loyal band of supportive Tutors as well as tutees. She has made a significant impact on the development of pastoral care at HCS, as well as helping House activities – such as the House Shout, Sports Day, Year 11 Ball and Year 7 Induction days at Dinedor – to thrive. Indeed, the large number of Year 12 Stuart students who annually volunteer to support the Year 7 Dinedor camp bears testimony to how much they enjoyed this early experience under Mrs Wall's caring eye. She has also been a great support to her colleagues, and has served as Common Room President for a number of years. She has overseen various staff social events, and been proactive in supporting those in need. Mrs Wall has also been an enthusiastic supporter of School Chapel and the Christian ethos of the School.

She is the proud mother of two successful OHs. Under her lead, the School Quiz Club has punched

well above its weight. So, Mrs Wall has embraced all that one would expect from a consummate professional at HCS and we are all going to miss her very much.



HARRY WINDSOR

Mr Windsor, who left to join the Crypt School, Gloucestershire at the end of the autumn term, joined HCS as a Newly Qualified Teacher in 2012. In his time with us he was promoted twice, firstly to Head of Academic PE and then to Head of Cornwall House. Mr Windsor's rapid promotion highlighted how much we valued his integrity, professionalism and collaborative approach. Mr Windsor is a calm and measured man, who gets the job done without drama. He was well respected by staff, pupils and parents. He led a busy PE Department, and introduced BTEC Sport which is proving popular. Mr Windsor was committed to the extra-curricular life of our school and did a brilliant job as Master i/c 1st XV. We were sorry to see him move on, but having recently become a father, a post nearer to home with a shorter commute was bound to be attractive.

KATE WITTY

Mrs Witty joined HCS as a teacher of French in September 2019. Aside from teaching across all year groups she was also a Year 10 Tutor, and has developed a great rapport with pupils. Mrs Witty's subject knowledge is excellent and she has been innovative with enrichment activities, having set up a Year 10-13 French Society, organised a flamenco and crêpe evening and a penpal scheme with a school in France. We wish her all the best at Earl Mortimer College.



IT'S A SAD FAREWELL TO HELEN WALL

by Mark Jackson

It is very strange to think back to the autumn of 2000 when rumours abounded of a very strict Chemistry teacher arriving at HCS...Very strange because it is incredibly difficult to imagine a time when Mrs Wall was not part of the HCS community! Such is the impact which she has had upon the school in this time, that it is going to be extremely difficult to imagine HCS without her.

In her time at HCS, Mrs Wall has become renowned for her excellent Chemistry teaching; for giving up time for any student to run additional classes and lessons (even eating her takeaway school lunch whilst trying to lead such sessions!) and also for her outstanding pastoral care, first as a tutor and then as Head of Stuart House. If anyone was ever made for this job, then Mrs Wall is that person – a much respected and highly successful Head of House who hundreds of students will remember with gratitude and thanks.

In order to see Mrs Wall's devotion to her House, you only needed to watch her on Sports Day, at the Hull Cup or during House Shout where her considerable enthusiasm and energy encouraged any reluctant or



flagging Stuart House students to persevere! Very few of us will forget the moment in 2018 when Stuart won the House Shout competition and her pride and complete joy in congratulating George Butler who had conducted the Stuart House performances.

At the heart of Mrs Wall's teaching has been a genuine care and concern for the welfare of others – meaning that the pastoral care which she has provided has been truly outstanding and second to none. A generation of students, whether in Stuart



House or not, have benefited from this and, more recently, in her role as President of the Common Room, so too have many colleagues. Her wise words and sage advice have been much valued and relied upon by many – students and colleagues alike.

A widely recognised 'safe pair of hands', Mrs Wall has helped to run many school trips – to Iceland, New York (five times!) and to many different destinations with the school's Duke of Edinburgh group as well as countless day trips within the UK. Such is the respect and esteem with which she is held by colleagues. Her 'can do' approach, and overwhelmingly positive attitude, readily volunteering to help out wherever help is needed, has resulted in her giving up many hours of time above and beyond her timetabled teaching commitment. This has been to the considerable benefit of all at HCS.

Under her guidance, the school's Quiz Club has continued to flourish – with HCS teams regularly winning competitions and, on several occasions, reaching the national finals. The appeal and lure of lunchtime quizzes and using the school's buzzers proved to be too great for many students, with one ex-HCS quizzer since appearing on Mastermind!

Good schools benefit from impressive facilities, from excellent environments in which to teach and from hard working students. However, at the heart of a great school will always be great teachers and, without a doubt, with Mrs Wall's retirement, we lose one such person.

After twenty years of total commitment and dedicated service, HCS sadly says goodbye to Mrs Wall. We wish her a wonderful retirement but, above all else, we thank her for her selfless, dedicated service which many hundreds of students and dozens of colleagues will both recognise and acknowledge. There could be no better testament to her years of service at HCS. Happy retirement, Mrs Wall!

PUPILS' MEMORIES OF MRS WALL

EVIE GRIFFITHS

When I started in Year 7 she was my science teacher and we were asked to light a bunsen burner for the first time. I had never struck a match before and so became very stressed out and started crying in class. Mrs Wall was so supportive and set me homework to light some matches... Next lesson I informed her that me and dad had practised and we had struck a whole box of matches. On my last day at 6th form I returned my chemistry books and presented her with a box of matches in a pretty case and she burst out laughing. It meant so much to me that she had remembered the memory. I went out of the class and down the corridor after saying my goodbyes and could still hear her laughing.

She also helped me get a grade way higher than I was predicted in my mocks by dedicating so many extra lunchtimes and after school hours to explaining and re-teaching. It meant the world.

DAVE LIFELY

Although she branded me David 'no homework' Lifely (with good cause), I did enjoy being taught by her. Retirement well earned I'm sure, congratulations.

CLARE WATSON

I was in the army section in the CCF, and Mrs Wall joined us on a camp one year. On the first day of a three-day exercise, we were 'attacked' with colourful smoke bombs and Mrs Wall was kidnapped (exhibiting impressive acting skills)! It was up to me to lead a team in a mission for her rescue. Unfortunately, it was disastrously led and determined unsuccessful (my apologies). So it is somewhat miraculous that in subsequent years Mrs Wall was back in the classroom teaching me A-level Chemistry! For which I am truly grateful; Mrs Wall was an absolutely fantastic teacher.

BETHAN G

In Year 11 I went on the New York trip with school. On one of the busy days with lots of walking my boots were rubbing my feet really badly! Mrs Wall without a doubt in her mind took off her shoes and told me to give her mine... this was not only humorous to be wearing my teacher's shoes but the kindest thing she could have done! Thank you Mrs Wall.

VIDA THORPE

In our triple GCSE class three members including myself became her 'groovy gang' due to needing perhaps a little more help than the others! Mrs Wall put so much effort in and got us all A's and above! I don't know how she managed it! Thank you so much Mrs Wall.



O VALIANT HEARTS



100 YEARS ON: THE HEREFORD CONNECTION

Out of the ashes of the First World War our present day symbols of remembrance were created – the Cenotaph in Whitehall; the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior; the Red Poppy; the Royal British Legion; the Two Minutes' Silence marked by the sounding of the Last Post and Reveille; and significantly the music of remembrance. Exactly two years after the signing of the Armistice, huge crowds gathered in London to witness the unveiling of the Cenotaph in Whitehall by King George V. This ceremony was followed by the burial of the body of the Unknown Warrior inside Westminster Abbey. As the clergy processed up the nave of the Abbey, the choir sang the hymn 'O Valiant Hearts'. This hymn has a strong Herefordshire connection and conceivably its tune was composed as a tribute to a former Hereford Cathedral School pupil – Charles Noel Harris (OH 1914).

The words are by Sir John Stanhope Arkwright (1872–1954, see photo above) who was MP for Hereford from 1900 to 1919. 'O Valiant Hearts' first emerged in a collection of poems he published in 1919, under the title *The Supreme Sacrifice*. Sir John, who lived for many years at Hampton Court in Herefordshire, was a noted public speaker as you would expect from a barrister and politician. During the First World War he toured the country, giving recruitment speeches, and he wrote these poems on the many train journeys he took to engagements.

Above: Her Majesty the Queen lays a wreath at the Cenotaph in London during a Remembrance Sunday Service

The tune to which Arkwright's words are set was composed by the Reverend Dr Charles Harris (1865–1936), rector of Colwall in Herefordshire. It is believed Sir John first heard Harris' tune at a service in Bodenham Church, and recognised its potential as a war hymn. The combination of Harris' tune and Arkwright's words was an immediate success – the hymn was included in the national service of interment for the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey on 11th November 1920.

The composer's eldest son Charles Noel Harris (b. 1897), a keen sportsman and member of the Cadet Corps, left Hereford Cathedral School at the outbreak of war in 1914, then aged just 17. Following a short officers' course at Sandhurst he was commissioned into the Indian Army. Attached to the 125th Napier's Rifles, Lieutenant Harris was shot in the stomach while carrying a message from his Commanding Officer down the line during the second attack on Gaza in Palestine on 21st April 1917. His body was never recovered and today he is commemorated on the Basra Memorial in Iraq. One would like to think that his father wrote the tune (known in hymnals as 'The Supreme Sacrifice') as a fine everlasting tribute to his son's service. These days the hymn is rarely included in remembrance ceremonies and church services, perhaps because its words appear somewhat unfashionable, being patriotic rather than religious.

O Valiant Hearts, who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle-flame;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the Land you loved.

Martin Everett
OH 1959

Inset: Helen Pearson and Juliette Austen-Chandler curate this display each year in Hereford Cathedral on the occasion of the Service of Remembrance



Catherine Whittaker (left) and Diane Lidster cross the close as HCS sixth-formers in September 1970, setting in train a social revolution at the school

HALF A CENTURY, NOT OUT!

CO-EDUCATIONAL PIONEERS

Excerpt from Howard Tomlinson's *Hereford Cathedral School: A History Over 800 Years*, pp. 518–9 (see page 11 for details).

When two 16-year-olds, Diane Lidster and Catherine Whittaker, became the first two girls at Hereford Cathedral School in September 1970, although a huge break with tradition – 'after more than 600 years...one of Hereford's male strongholds has fallen to the fair sex' were the first words of the local press report – it was by no means a novel occurrence in the public school world.

Girl numbers at HCS did not increase overnight. Indeed, Diane and Catherine were not joined by any other girls during their Sixth-form careers. Surrounded as they were by 370 and more boys, and with (for their first year) no female teachers on the staff – they had a day-room to themselves in Number 1 when they were under the charge of Mrs Woods, the housekeeper – it must at times have been a strange existence, despite the Headmaster's claim that they had 'settled in most satisfactorily and without fuss.'...Towards the end of their two-year stay, the Headmaster rightly paid tribute to the two pioneers, 'for the start they have given us in this new departure, for the full part they have played in school life and for being who they are'.

Thereafter, there was a slow increase in the number of Sixth-form girls: four in September 1972, increasing to six by the end of that academic year; nine by April 1974; and 12 by the following September...

"The four of us who started in September 1972...were again novelties, spoilt to bits, included automatically as a point of honour in just about everything as 'the girls' rather than on merit. All the boys...knew who we were, while we hadn't the slightest idea who they were, especially if they were below us. We were treated very cautiously as potentially explosive material. Little preparation had been made or, possibly, it was impossible to plan for a gang of four. We were assigned seats in the cathedral choir stalls which necessitated clambering over a tomb each morning. We were given a grand Common Room over the entrance hall to Number 1...The uniform for girls was vague, and the instructions relayed through Mrs Woods...stated grey suits 'like secretaries going to an office' – a demand for subfusc that we young feminists thought hilarious as none of us ever intended going anywhere near an office. These were the days of the beat generation...We used Biba ochre eye shadow and maroon lipstick to get that intense, hollowed-out intellectual effect, and I remember Annie (Wignall)



Junior Entrance examination 1973: First girl candidates in Big School

striding through the door of Number 1 in her boyfriend's Sun Valley wellies, with distinctive red rubber sun patches. Pretty soon we won the case for trousers in winter.

...We constructed part of our own timetable to make good certain deficiencies. This is how we ended up taking pottery classes on games afternoons at the Art College... Certain masters also turned the gaps in the provision for girls into great opportunities. Mr Shave took us into the squash club... Mr Skinner set up a girls' rowing four and we thrashed up and down the river in vivid yellow t-shirts... Rowing did not prevent two of us being temporarily stranded on a canoe trip down the Wye... No-one in charge noticed. One really did sink or swim at HCS. Or catch up, in this case.

"It seems that all the teachers had other more serious interests beyond their allotted subjects and this was something entirely new to me. Mr Lancaster, apart from his expertise in history, was legendary for his composition of poems, classes on literary criticism and cycle-rides for inspiration... Subsidiary Art, it turned out, was simply the place where the first XV discussed rugby tactics... Dick Heald, it was said, taught maths so that he had ample time for music. He ran the madrigal group on Tuesday evenings and because my family lived so far out, provided there were no children in the san, I was allowed to stay overnight...

We had great affection and respect for the staff who had, it seemed, endless time and courtesy, provided one was witty and deserving... At my girls' school there was no banter at all between staff and pupils but at the Cathedral School wit and repartee were expected, indeed were the very lifeblood of the Debating Society...

We worked hard and did end up with good results.

"The school must have served 'us' very well: we worked hard and did end up with good results and places at the destinations of our choices... The experience made us very resilient and enterprising. I stayed on for a further term of a third year to sit the Oxbridge entrance... So it was that I, almost seventeen and a half, became the first girl at HCS to gain a place at Oxford, at Brasenose, to read Classics. I was informed by telegram on Christmas Eve, 1974." [1]

[1] I am grateful to Elizabeth Locke (nee Whittaker) for these reminiscences.

SEVEN YEARS LATER...

MUSIC & DRAMA

I was at a girls' school in Malvern and remember my first visit to the Cathedral School in order to meet staff and to be shown around. The school had been advertising places for girls. Music was an added factor in looking at Hereford. I was already learning piano and violin and hoped to go to music college after A levels, then on to teach piano.

I was aged 15 and thus far had achieved Grade 5 piano. I had no clue regarding playing the organ. By 1977 I had got as far as sticking the occasional pedal down in a hymn, and a music teacher had lent me some American harmonium books which I played for voluntaries.

I remember meeting Barry Sutton and him saying that there were no facilities for girls and no spare money for making any. He asked how I felt about this, and how would I get on in a largely boys school. I didn't know what to say except that I played in the Malvern Boys College orchestra and that was all boys apart from my violin teacher, Jane Page. I didn't think I was bothered. He was concerned that I might not like catching the train every day apart from Sunday. Robert Green also spoke to me about A level music and about organ lessons.



There were six girls in my Lower VI year. We completed the run of girls throughout the school, i.e. we were the first girls to be in that year group and it was the last year to have girls in it for the first time. We were Julia Budd (who went on to become Head Girl 1978–79), Virginia Chadd, Sarah Edwards, myself, Alexis Richards and Annette Wall. Our Common Room was just off the school yard, adjoining School House. I tended not to see much of the other girls as I was doing Art and Music and they weren't. Several of us were doing English Literature. Looking back now, I seemed to zoom in off the train, put all my stuff in my area in the common room and leg it into the cathedral for assembly through St John's door.

On a couple of occasions I would have a silent lesson if there was something on in the cathedral – this was very good practice in playing and doing the stop changes and manoeuvres in pieces, and amazingly effective. I had a couple of scary moments when I was asked to play for school assembly – I never told anyone at the time – but these were also thrilling experiences. Learning on that organ has stood me in good stead over the years for playing on any organ, big or small, particularly as all are different. To practise for my exams, I used to be locked in the cathedral all on my own after evensong, with the key to St John's door. When concluding practice I would turn out the organ loft light and be in pitch darkness walking round to the exit door, feel for the keyhole, lock up and run round the cloister to Ted Pannell's door, hear the key drop with a clunk through the letterbox and bolt for the last train back to Malvern.





Above: Hamlet, HCS 1978, final act. Annette Wall, Julia O'Kazma, Sandra Finch – members of the court, Yorick (Simon Ellis), Hamlet (Damon Hodgkinson), King (Paul Barnwell), Gertrude (Virginia Chadd), servant (Alexis Richards), Horatio (Neil Riding).

Right: Hamlet, HCS 1978, mad scene. Gertrude (Virginia Chadd) & Ophelia (Suzanne Watson).

Left: Robert Green walking from chapel at the end of term July, 1979. Having taught Sandra in 1979 he, through a chance meeting at Three Choirs Festival in Hereford, played at her wedding in 2015 at Hanley Castle Church – 'another special moment in my life'.

Lunchtimes soon became a ten-minute rush and off to orchestra, or music practice, or string ensemble with Dr Suttle, Gilbert Consort with Mr Rhodes and when Mr Briggs arrived, the chamber choir was formed.

A highlight of English Literature was putting on Hamlet for three nights in the Bishop's Palace in 1978. The English department also organised an evening of entertainment, of readings and music. I ended up singing the second tenor part in the madrigal 'The Silver Swan'; boys sang the other parts.

Things like rehearsals in the Song School for the carol service – which was where the choristers rehearsed every day – were very special. There was a big sense of ancientness and history and no girls having been allowed in there before.

My time, albeit brief, in the history of this school was very rich and life-enhancing and has enabled me to offer and do things in my musical life over the years since, which I would never have dreamed of doing.

Sandra Finch

OH 1977–79 (Cornwall)

CAPPUCCINO & CHIPS

I joined HCS in 1977 for sixth form in the last year group to have previously had no female students. Six girls joined that year. I was the only one studying Chemistry and Physics. At my first Physics lesson none of the boys would volunteer to do the practical task with me and it was down to Mr Rumsey to be my partner. Gradually the idea of a girl in the class became accepted and the boys relented.

Sports afternoons proved challenging with only six of us – we certainly were not allowed to join in with the boys or play rugby, cricket or row. We were very much left to our own devices, unable to do any girls' team sports with so few of us. I remember going for a sauna at the local pool sometimes, but also learnt how to shoot and played squash.

After five years at a girls' boarding school, joining HCS was a huge change and great fun both during school hours and in our free time. Café Ascari was our favourite after-school haunt – cappuccino and chips the usual order!

Julia Budd

OH 1978

THE BISHOP'S PALACE & HCS

Arriving for the sixth form and to board, I was one of the first girl boarders (weekly only then) at HCS and consequently was lucky enough to live at the Bishop's Palace, which was heavenly. Quite literally!

I fell in love with Bishop's family – the Eastaughs – and their fair-minded way of living and sense of fun. And I'm proud to say that Jamie and Katie are still my friends. Mrs Eastaugh made a wonderful home and was delightfully organised and calm. I loved living in this ordered household and her fair way of dealing with us three girls – Sally Riding, Janet, me – and her own children, inspired me to want to be like her.

I can honestly say being at HCS was the happiest time of my school career. I had been at a very strict, snobby and unfriendly-to-artists school for nine long miserable years prior and going to HCS was like walking in daily sunshine.

I loved the school, loved all my teachers – mostly! – loved Mr Sutton the headmaster who seemed to believe in me, which I found very odd but hugely affirming – and I loved the Eastaughs. All in all, I felt I had landed in clover.

I actually preferred being there than at my own home (parents divorcing) so if I arrived 'home' early, Mrs Eastaugh would invite me to join the family for Sunday supper – which for me was always a very special treat.

Being an undiagnosed dyslexic at HCS (perfectly normal in any school at that time) just didn't seem to matter to them or me. The school celebrated differences and unique talents – didn't expect everyone to be the same and I was never made to feel 'less than'.

> I loved the school. All in all, I felt I had landed in clover.

At my previous school my teachers would moan, "Oh why can't you be like your sister?" She had won a scholarship and could spell. But at Hereford my aural and oral abilities were encouraged... and nurtured.

I wanted to do a third year in the sixth form, ostensibly to retake my A's like my brother for better grades, but really because I just didn't want to leave.

However, disaster struck when, as a result of protecting the Bishop's chauffeur's wife for giving me a key and telling me I could go out very late one evening and enjoy myself – which I did, arriving back at 2am to find the Bishop was up, Mrs Eastaugh was up, my Housemaster Mr Brookes was up, Mr Sutton was up – I was expelled.*

I didn't dare tell them what Mrs Blah Blah had said and done as I didn't want to get her into trouble, so I kept schtum. Mr Sutton was lovely. He never told my father, who was highly critical of me: Mr Sutton kept it out of my report and said: "Acting for Belmont Abbey (the erstwhile local Catholic boys' school) and winning the county drama competition, compèring a county charity show for disabled children and being the first pupil to get into the National Youth Theatre, means you have done a lot for the school and I know how little your father thinks of your academic abilities, so I am not going to tell him."

And he didn't! Luckily I'd just finished my exams...

However, I have taught for 30 years and I am absolutely sure the wonderful experience I had at the caring, kind, pupil-centred Hereford Cathedral School enabled me to follow my dream of being an actress and inspire a lifelong love of good teaching.

Thank you, dear departed Mr Sutton; my wonderful English teacher Mr Grey; the very kind Mrs Eastaugh; and my brilliant friend Suzanne Watson, all of whom were encouraging and inspiring – thank you.

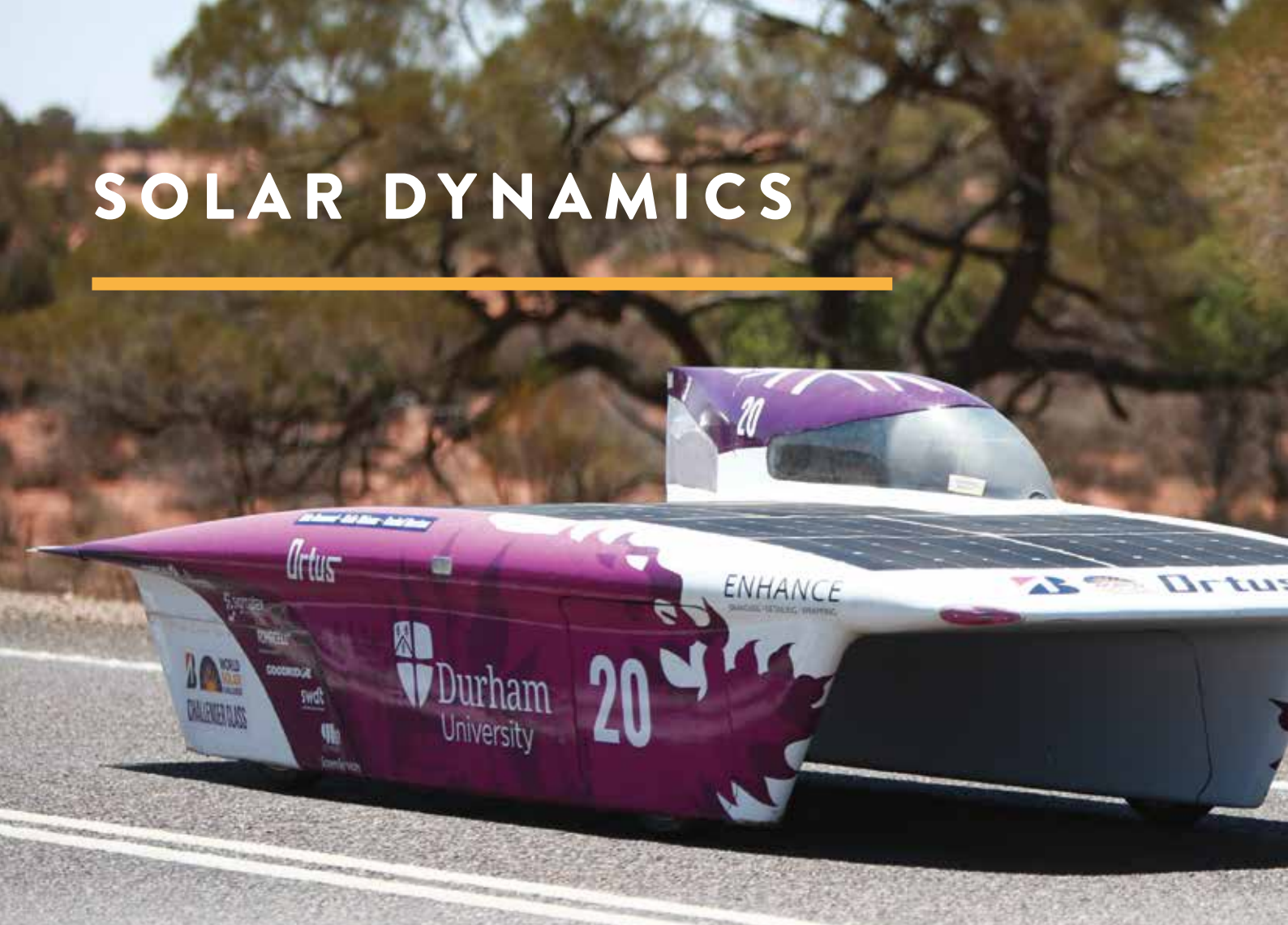
*Years later, while staying with Katie and Mrs Eastaugh, I told them the truth of what happened and Bridget (Mrs E) was lovely and said if only I'd told her she would have helped me.

Rachel Preece

OH 1981

Any other first girls out there with tales to share, we'd love to hear from you!

SOLAR DYNAMICS



Joe Papworth (OH 2015) has tripped the light fantastic, being part of the Durham University Electric Motorsport team that built and raced a solar-powered car to complete a 2,800 mile drive across Australia in the World Solar Challenge 2019.

The 50-strong team finished 14th overall but was the top British team to compete. Joe was part of the team responsible for the designing and maintenance of the electronics system that powered the vehicle.

The car, called Ortus, is made from carbon-fibre and uses a single custom-made in-wheel motor. It weighs just 178 kg and cruises on the highway using less power than a hairdryer. Its shape makes it so aerodynamic that its drag is comparable to the wing mirrors on a regular car.

We spoke to Joe about his adventures...

Who encouraged you at HCS?

I think my favourite and most inspiring teachers at HCS were Mr Priday (who taught me maths) and Mr Jackson, who taught economics.

Did you have a natural leaning towards maths and the sciences?

I was always better at maths and sciences than I was at humanities so I always knew that was the direction I wanted to go in, and I always enjoyed DT.

Previous team members have ended up working at Jaguar Land Rover, Porsche or McLaren – is this something you'd like to happen?

My sights are currently set on the armed forces but anything could end up happening. My aversion to large companies such as Jaguar Land Rover and Porche is that they are quite cut-throat and dehumanising environments. McLaren on the other hand seems much smaller and quite a nice place to work. Working in F1 is, however, extremely competitive and soon to be relatively underpaid due to new spending restrictions for 2021.

Did you foresee yourself getting involved in such projects; had you heard/read about them?

I first learned about this project on a university open



day and had wanted to get involved ever since, so as soon as I came to Durham I did. I would say to students trying to do similar things to just try and take opportunities wherever they can. There are a lot of them at Cathedral and most people, including me, regret not taking advantage of as many as they could have.

Were you part of the team that camped overnight with the car on its journey and, if so, what would you say about that?

Yeah, I was part of the outback team. It was an amazing experience and probably the highlight of the trip involved travelling down the 3,000 km Stuart Highway in the day and just camping by the side of the road wherever you finished at 17:00 (the race end time for the day). We would often use this time for repairs of things that had broken during the day using solar panels and batteries in our trailer to power our tools. We would then tilt the array on the car to point at the setting sun until it dipped below the horizon. We would get up around 06:00 the next day to point the array at the rising sun and set the car up for the next day. I would say the highlight was the penultimate day when the moon was below the horizon, so we were treated to the sight of some incredible stars (see photo).



The project bridged the gap between theory learnt in lectures and the practical aspect of real engineering — how do you feel this reflects on the ideals of the new university planned for Hereford (to integrate project-based learning within the curriculum)?

I haven't been following the development of the new university planned for Hereford that closely but my impression is that it will be more technically and practically focussed, as most new universities are. This is better for certain professions in my opinion, things which are lower down the design chain such as manufacturing engineering and maintenance engineering – I think there are more jobs available in these fields. The engineering done at most Russell Group universities, and it seems to become more so as you go up the league tables, has a much more theory-based approach which feels like a better springboard into academia rather than into industry. However, I think that many higher-up jobs in the industry require this type of education.

I would say to students – just try and take opportunities wherever you can. There are a lot of them at Cathedral and most people, including me, regret not taking advantage of as many as they could.



MINISTRY OF SENSE

Having worked at the World Commission for Environment and Development's Centre for Our Common Future in Geneva, inter alia, OH Ruth Jones returned to the UK in 1993 to train as an Art Therapist. Further study in the field means that today she is a Psychoanalytic Psychotherapist and a Diplomate in Comprehensive Energy Psychology, currently with an online private practice (www.ruthejones.co.uk).



Some might call it a mid-life crisis. I prefer to see it as living adventurously. A health scare a few years ago showed me that it's true, this really isn't a dress rehearsal and we only have this diem to carpe. In 2016 I started speculating. Africa had never been on my radar but Rwanda kept catching my attention, not because of the notorious events in the 1990s but because of the community-based approaches to health and social care. By the spring of 2017, I realised that I could stay at home researching or I could go and see for myself. At first it was literally a flying visit but I made time to go to a children's centre on the outskirts of the capital, to see if it really was as the website depicted. It was. I made arrangements to return for a longer spell in the summer to see if I could be useful even though I didn't speak Kinyarwanda, the local language.

This really isn't a dress rehearsal and we only have this diem to carpe.

The centre housed over a hundred former street kids, providing for their basic needs and education. There was a home farm, an art room and gallery, a library and games room, a suite of classrooms and a computer lab. What impressed me most, however, was the 'Ministry System'. The kids elected their own leaders in seven Ministries, each responsible for an area including health, education, social affairs and agriculture. Each Minister had an elected deputy and two further assistants. These Ministry teams were responsible for the day to day running of the centre, for welcoming and coaching new arrivals and for providing mentoring to the younger or disruptive kids. It was amazing to see how the place ran like clockwork and how much collaboration and cooperation there was between the youngsters. The staff were consulted when an issue was too difficult for them to manage alone, but that was not often. They used group discussions for making decisions and the culture of sharing and helping each other was palpable. There were some impressive artists and excellent traditional dance and acrobatics teams. That said, competitiveness did come out, no holds barred, on the football pitch! I decided I wanted to spend more time at this impressive centre to learn from what they were achieving.

Over the next three months I moved my work online and rented out my house, so by November all was ready. I was warmly welcomed by the staff team and youngsters alike. Rwandan society values courtesy and politeness, and visitors are received royally. Mirror neurones firing, I fell in love with the place and the people. I saw how hard everyone worked and how they took pride in a smart appearance. Slowly I learned that culturally Rwandans like to do a good job and fit in harmoniously rather than express opinions and take initiatives as the British are wont to do. And I started to see that the direction of travel of international funding policy and the





Rwandan Government was away from residential provision and towards keeping children close to their families and communities, meaning that the centre was on an unsustainable course. At first I was appalled (how could such a brilliant therapeutic model as the Ministry System not be appreciated) but then increasingly came to understand that in Rwandan society no one fares well in isolation, and the fundamental building blocks for survival are the extended family and community networks. By spending a long time, often years, at the centre, the youngsters lost contact with their families (the majority of street kids are not orphans these days) and so faced considerable problems when it was time to leave.

In light of this, I started to run staff training groups on understanding and preparing for change. I founded an alumni art club for the youngsters who wanted to continue painting after leaving the centre, and I collaborated with a leadership group of 20 older alumni to create an empowering network to support and connect the 600 or so young Rwandans who had passed through the centre since its founding in 2002.

If our HCS education taught me anything, it is to aspire and to live courageously, to think independently and set sights on what is worthwhile.

One of the kids at the centre was there because his family could not be traced and no one knew what else to do with him. He used a wheelchair after untreated Hydrocephalus left him unable to walk. Looking for different ways to support his special needs, he became a link with a nearby centre called 'Help for Disabled and Vulnerable Children'.

Christine, a physiotherapist, set up HDVC over 10 years ago when she saw there were no services for special needs children whose families could not afford private treatment. She took it upon herself to rent a house and offer cost-free physiotherapy. A woman with a huge heart, she created a supportive and welcoming centre, which has attracted volunteer psychologists, teachers and physio and occupational therapists from Rwanda and abroad. Christine employed a part-time teaching assistant, a caretaker and other staff when she could afford to do so from her paid physiotherapy work and from offering Airbnb in her family home. Over time, I found myself increasingly drawn to HDVC and this year started running a pre-school class to prepare some of the younger children to become able to access the state education system. I also set up sewing classes for a dozen of the mothers, to enable them to support themselves and their children (these families are among the poorest in the community).

Covid-19 has stopped the whole world in its tracks. I am writing this in quarantine in the UK. My hope is to be able to return to Rwanda before the end of 2020 when hopefully the pre-school will be allowed to reopen. If our HCS education taught me anything, it is to aspire and to live courageously, to think independently and set sights on what is worthwhile. In these times of impending turmoil, that's the best any of us can do.

Ruth Jones
OH 1982

OBITUARIES



PETER C CARTER
OH 1945–1949

The OH Club has been informed of the sad passing of Peter Carter, at the age of 88. The funeral took place in Tunbridge Wells on 14 January 2020. Peter entered the Cathedral School as a boarder just after the end of WW2 and was a resident in School House. At that stage the second boarding house called Old Deanery had not yet been commissioned. He played an active part in the life of the school, eventually becoming a House Monitor in his final year. Peter won 1st XV colours and it is reported in *The Herefordian* dated 1950 that: 'he became quite useful in the line outs'... presumably because of his height. It also states: 'he was quite aggressive in the loose'.

Peter took part in several extra-curricular activities, including the Debating Society and the Railway Club. He was also a member of the Dramatic Society, for which he would look after lighting and scenery for many stage productions in College Hall.

While at HCS, Peter joined the Combined Cadet Force, formerly the OTC, under the command of language teacher Lt Colonel ERB Gray TD. Meanwhile, apart from sitting his CCF Certificate 'A' exams, Peter ended his cadetship as an NCO, rising to the rank of Sergeant of No.1 Platoon.

On leaving school he went into agriculture.

Peter was a loyal supporter of his old school through his alma mater (the Old Herefordians Club) and attended many reunions over the years. The writer first met him at the Annual OH London Dinner in St James's Square, SW1, back in 2003. After an alumni sub-group was formed that same year, Peter, who lived with his wife Yvonne near Maidstone, Kent, became a regular attendee at almost all the casual pub gatherings that were staged in the City.



RHIANNON DAVIES

A year or so after my appointment as Director of Music at HCS, I was fortunate to be introduced to Rhiannon, who herself was fairly new to Herefordshire having previously enjoyed a distinguished career as a violinist and pianist based in Cardiff.

Rhiannon hailed from Llangattock, and was a former Gwent Young Musician of the Year, and an established and highly respected musician in South Wales. Soon after graduating from Royal Holloway College, she was head-hunted by Gwent (one of the finest music services in Britain), and was a founder member of the Welsh Sinfonia. As a highly respected young musician, Rhiannon's natural ability as a teacher meant that she was much sought after, and she quickly gained a reputation as a teacher with high standards and expectations who could get the best out of her pupils.

In her years in Cardiff she worked with the BBC on radio and television, and in particular with Rebecca Evans and also the producer Owen Money. She toured extensively with the Welsh Sinfonia while also concentrating on her work as a teacher.

Rhiannon was blessed with an extremely supportive extended family, and both her mother and grandmother were distinguished musicians and teachers. Family meant everything to Rhiannon and when she married in 2001 and moved to Hereford she was a loving and supportive wife to Robert, who was establishing his osteopath business in Kyle Street.

It was our good fortune that Rhiannon's thirst for high standards and real music led her to the Music School, which in her own words she soon saw as a second home. Keen to use her significant experience as a performer and teacher, it wasn't long before she was coaching piano trios, accompanying choirs and instrumentalists and teaching a significant number of our pianists, in addition to her private practice which she ran from home.

Rhiannon accompanied many of the great HCS and HCJS occasions, and the national and international competitions where our choirs and instrumentalists achieved outstanding success. Her innate and infectious ability to enthuse and inspire meant she was such a natural teacher and musician.

Believing wholeheartedly in the work and ethos of our Music School, Rhiannon was keen for both of her daughters, Amelia and Phoebe, to benefit from the cultural environment and opportunities here and we are all very proud of their significant achievements. They will, I feel sure, now be the fourth generation of distinguished musicians in Rhiannon's family, with Amelia having recently been offered a place in 'Ex Cathedra', the Birmingham-based internationally acclaimed choir.

Rhiannon was a performer to the end and gave her all. In March she would have played in the professional orchestra for the Karl Jenkins concert in the cathedral had it not had to be postponed, but she did accompany the HCJS choir just before lockdown. Sadly her three-year battle with cancer came to an end in late April and she is now at rest, and at home, in Llangattock with her husband Rob who tragically passed away last summer.

We all miss Rhiannon dreadfully, both as a friend and as a highly respected colleague who always gave of her best. We think of her remarkable, wonderful two daughters who are now living with Rhiannon's sister and family in the midlands, part of this wonderful extended family.

by David Evans, Director of Music at HCS



LIZZIE DUFFIELD, NÉE ATKINS, OH 1994–1996

Lizzie was one of those pure, genuine and beautiful souls that you rarely meet in life. Born on 17 June 1978, she grew up in rural Herefordshire with her mother Barbara, her father Haydn, and her four half-siblings. From an early age she fell in love with horses and with riding, an interest and passion she maintained all of her life.

After leaving Hereford Cathedral School she went on to read Environmental Science at Bristol UWE. After this she began her teacher training in Leominster where she met her future husband James Duffield. Lizzie and James married in a magical winter wedding in 2008 and went on to live at The Treehouse at Moor Park School, where they created a nurturing and loving home for the youngest boarders. While Lizzie was an integral and much loved member of the Moor Park School community, her love of teaching took her to St Pauls C of E Primary School in Hereford, where she was a dedicated and inspiring teacher and Assistant Head Teacher.

In March 2011 she gave birth to her twins, Alfie and Lotta, to whom she was the most natural, loving and devoted mummy.

Every year Lizzie and her family spent long summers in St Mawes – her spiritual home – a place where she felt at her happiest. In 2018 their family was joined by a little dog called Decca, a border terrier who stole Lizzie's heart and brought her much comfort.

Lizzie was diagnosed with melanoma cancer almost eight years ago, with the last two years of her life spent silently and determinedly fighting this disease. She was stoic and brave and protected her children until the very end. Her love for life shines on through her twins and through her husband. Many, many people lost a dear and wonderful friend the day that Lizzie died. I am painfully aware of the hole she has left in so many lives.

She died peacefully on 4 March 2020, surrounded by her family in Ludlow Hospital. She was buried next to her mother on a beautifully sunny day on 14 March at St Mary's Church in Pembridge. The overwhelmingly large congregation was a glorious tribute to how well she was known and loved.

She was bright, beautiful, wickedly funny, annoyingly clever and my best friend. Goodnight Lizzles.

by Lydia Underhill



JOHN DAVID HORSLEY OH 1960–1966

John sadly passed away on 11 August 2019 at the age of 72. Following an operation to remove a tumour that had been detected in his bladder, John had undergone extensive chemotherapy in the first half of 2019 but unfortunately the cancer could not be contained.

John was born in Woodford, Essex on 6 July 1947, the only son of Ted and Elsie Horsley. Ted was a senior chemist with Glaxo and Elsie was a secretary. John attended Dulwich College Prep School in Cranbrook and then went on to board at Hereford Cathedral School because his parents frequently travelled abroad.

On leaving HCS, John completed an external degree in Economics, Geography and French at the University of London (UCL). He often recalled his time spent in 'digs' in Enfield, with fellow students Fred and Queenie, while studying. He also spoke fondly of his holiday jobs, delivering Christmas post and working on the Lakeland ferries.

In 1969, John joined Coutts Bank, initially as a clerk. Given his aptitude for languages he progressed to the French department and embarked on a long career in private banking as a Client Relationship Manager in the international department. He was primarily focused on Portugal and Scandinavia.

He initially retired from Coutts in 1999 but before long went on to join Bank Sarasin, a Swiss firm, continuing in the same line of work until 2011. He was greatly appreciated by his clients and built a strong relationship with many of them over his entire career. Typically, he took an interest that went beyond a professional capacity, keeping in contact with many customers after retirement and continuing to advise them informally.

Outside of work he had met a Portuguese national, Maria Isabel Costa Pereira da Silva, and they married in 1971 in Lisbon, Portugal, before settling down in Rickmansworth, Hertfordshire. John and Isabel have two children, Sylvia Denise, born in 1974, and Alexander John, born in 1977. They also have four granddaughters; Jessie, Lara, Annabel and Isla.

John loved visiting India and was looking forward to another trip in 2020 as well as planned ventures to New Zealand, Chile and Thailand. Shortly before retiring he had purchased a plot of land in Azeitao, Portugal. He and his dear wife Isabel configured and built their dream home and garden, spending much of the year there exploring the area in his beloved Mercedes and enjoying the local food and drink. Sylvia and Alex with their respective spouses and children also spent many happy holidays together in Portugal in the family home.



ELIZABETH LOCKE, NÉE WHITTAKER, OH 1972–1974

Elizabeth, former Head of Religious Studies at HCS, died on 15 December 2018 at the age of 61.

She was born in Longden Rectory on 23 June 1957.

Her father was James Whittaker, a vicar, and her mother was Janie Whittaker, a Classics teacher. Elizabeth, also known as Toppy, was the third of four siblings, Kate, Mark and Andrew. As a baby she lay in her father's study while he worked and it was a family story that she did not speak at all until she was five, but then in perfect sentences.

Elizabeth went to the Bluecoat School in Birmingham and then to Shrewsbury High School, before the family moved to Almeley, Herefordshire. James was the vicar of Almeley Church where Elizabeth played the organ for church services. All four children were responsible for singing loudly to encourage the rest of the congregation during hymns. Elizabeth became one of the first girls to attend Hereford Cathedral School, alongside her sister Kate. She sat the entrance exam for Oxford and gained a place at Brasenose College, after spending time learning Italian in Perugia and travelling in Greece with her father and brother Mark.

Elizabeth gained her degree in Theology and travelled in the Middle East before taking up her first teaching position at Pocklington in Yorkshire. She then worked in Malvern Girls College for twelve years. While living in Ledbury, Elizabeth advertised for a lodger. This was how she met Simon. He replied to the advert and moved in. The pair married in 1994, in the Market House in Ledbury. Elizabeth and Simon had their daughter Cassidy in 1995 and their son Henry in 1997. Elizabeth was the most fantastic mother, and the children remember her reading bedtime stories and playing duets with them on the piano. The family loved to go camping at the Gower every summer and went on walking holidays in the Dolomites in Italy.

By this time, Elizabeth was teaching at Hereford Cathedral School, becoming Head of Religious Studies. Her pupils absolutely adored her. Her classroom was full of plants, homemade curtains and an old church pew, and pupils will remember lively philosophical debates over cups of tea and jelly bean meditations.

In September 2015, Elizabeth was diagnosed with a sarcoma tumour in her right leg. Despite this, Elizabeth was determined to enjoy life to the full. She retired from teaching, and her days were full of gardening, sewing projects and swimming. She studied poetry and Italian courses at the Open University.

The cancer returned, however, and this time Elizabeth faced an enormous change; the amputation of her right leg, hip and pelvis. She faced this with the utmost bravery and positivity, looking forward to a life without cancer, and determined that she would walk and do everything she had done before. She adapted to life with one leg as only she was able; with complete serenity. She was not at all daunted by climbing down a steep bank to swim in the River Wye, nor by climbing mountains in the Italian Dolomites.

Throughout her life, travelling was her passion; in the last summer of her life, she and Simon embarked on a road trip around Europe, spending two months in France, Germany, Austria and Italy. Elizabeth always travelled joyfully, with curiosity and enthusiasm.

However, the cancer once again returned, this time in the base of her spine. Over the autumn of 2018, Elizabeth spent time in St Michael's Hospice, Bartestree, before returning home until her death. Her funeral was held at Almeley Church, where she is now buried next to her parents.

by Cassidy Locke



MICHAEL B NORMAN OH 1956–1963

Mike Norman was in the Old Deanery from 1956 to 1963. He played rugby, fives and cricket for the school and held the record for throwing the javelin. Cricket was a lifelong passion for Mike. He was an extremely good all-rounder and for many years had a house where he converted a field into a full-size cricket pitch and formed his own team – The Dragons – made up of like-minded friends from Tunbridge Wells. It was, and still is, a highly respected cricket team.

Mike qualified as a chartered accountant in 1968 and spent much of 1969 travelling with another OH around Europe. This included some months working on the passenger liner SS Arcadia as a steward and waiter – an entertaining experience that he never forgot. The 'sailors' shared a flat in London for some four years and Mike eventually moved back to Tunbridge Wells.

He joined a small accountancy practice as a partner and continued as a sole practitioner after his partner retired. He was highly regarded by all his clients as a helpful, effective and friendly adviser, with a good sense of humour, who made a strong contribution to their businesses. Many of his clients became firm friends.

Mike was an active member of life in Tunbridge Wells. He played cricket, he was a trustee of charities, he helped organise and supported arts and cultural events and was active in the business community.

Mike had some relatively minor health problems over the past 12 months but a stroke in October came as a shock to his family and friends.

Mike was a much loved husband, father, brother, stepfather and friend. His widow Diana has received very many warm expressions of condolences and affectionate memories from friends and clients.



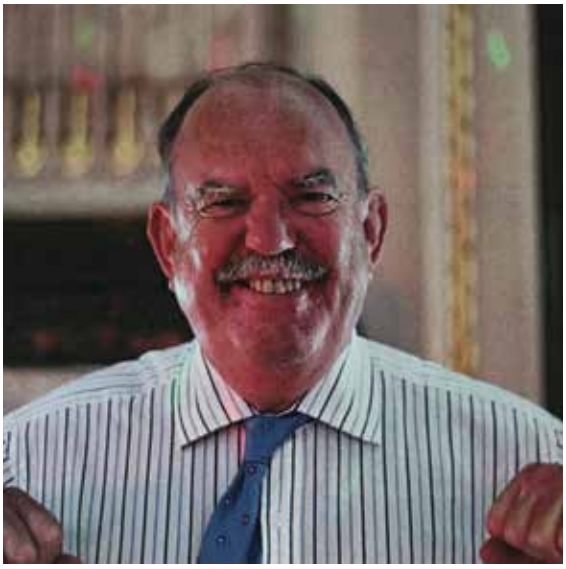
CARLTON ROCKE OH 1977–1982

Carlton passed away peacefully at home with his family and pets around him on 10 December 2019. The funeral service, attended by a great many friends and family, was held on 20 December in Inverness.

After school, and a business management degree from Napier University, Carlton worked for John Menzies/WH Smiths for most of his career. His work led him to move the length and breadth of the country, finally settling in his birthplace of Scotland in 1998, where he went on to work for BT and Blythswood, retiring from the latter on health grounds in 2018. From then he indulged in his hobbies, and as an avid gardener did his best to keep Thompson & Morgan seed merchants in business.

Another of his passions was football; watching and, in his younger days, playing in matches all over Herefordshire – even once playing on a pitch with a telegraph pole near the centre circle. He loved to learn and as a result he gathered a great general knowledge, an asset on any quiz team.

Sadly his health grew worse over summer 2019, deteriorated rapidly in the autumn and he died on 10 December. He was a big family man, and a much loved husband to Nikki, father to Sam and Thomas, grandfather to Lucas and brother to Leicha. His friends and family remember Carlton as a kind, caring, funny, generous and clever man. He is sorely missed.



HIS HONOUR JUDGE MERVYN ROBERTS OH 1954–59

My cousin John Mervyn Roberts died on 2 February 2020 after a long illness.

John went into the 4th form of HCS in September 1954 from Beaumaris Grammar School. He took his A level examinations in History and Modern Languages, winning the Dean's Prize for History in 1958 and the Bull Prize for French in 1959, and left the school for King's College London, where he read Law.

John was a sportsman, although I suspect more for the camaraderie than a driving ambition for success. He was chosen to represent the school in three very different sports. He rowed in one of the lower boats in several regattas; he played for the invincible 2nd XV in 1957, gaining his colours, and a commendation for his 'encouragement of the pack'; and he was one of those rare boys to be chosen for the school boxing team. How good a boxer he was we will never know since the one match against Monmouth School was cancelled due to an outbreak of mumps at Monmouth, and no boxing team was chosen again while he was at the school. He was one of the many from both boarding houses who went to Cardiff Arms Park to support Wales, and continued to do so for the rest of his life, his last visit to the Principality Stadium being in a wheelchair. While he was fit he was a keen golfer and race-goer.

John was sociable, and enjoyed the company of his friends more than anything else. He was, however, a member of the Dramatic Society, largely working behind the scenes, although coming to the front in House Acting Competitions; an active member of the Debating Society; an officer of the Somerset Society; and he was Head of School House in his final year.

He got his LL.B. at King's College in 1962 and was called to the Bar, Inner Temple, in 1963. He practised as a barrister for many years, largely specialising in insurance work. It was during this time that he underwent a name change. He was one of a group of young barristers, several of whom were called John Roberts. Allegedly, they drew lots as to who should be called John – he lost and so, while remaining John to his family and school friends, professionally, he became Mervyn Roberts.

In 1972 he married Philippa Critien and they had one daughter, Victoria.

From 1994 to 1999 he was a Recorder and in 1999 he was appointed a Circuit judge in the South Eastern Circuit, becoming His Honour Judge Mervyn Roberts. He was a member of the Criminal Injuries Compensation Board, and from 2002 a Member of the Parole Board, a position he continued to hold for some years after his retirement in 2011. He was elected a Governing Bencher of Inner Temple in 2007.

His success did not change him. On a visit to us shortly after he had been made a judge, my Swedish wife asked him about his role in the British judicial system which he explained enthusiastically. After he left my wife turned to me and said, "John is so humane". I can think of no better nor more fitting epitaph.

by David Roberts (OH 1949–56)

BARTHOLOMEW SHAW OH 1985

Search far, far and wide until you find the most wonderful...

Bart died aged 51 on 15 July 2020 from malignant melanoma. A brave man, he faced death as another great adventure.

Bart was an aesthete; his doctoring of the school uniform led to his fashion studies and a life long love of dandy dressing. At 6'7" Bart never sought to hide in a crowd. He was a beautiful man.

As a boy he was Robin Hood in Dinmore woods. In Tenby he was Black Bart the pirate. He was Hiawatha, Dick Whittington, Lear's fool, a wise man: Don Quixote in the best possible sense. He was an incredible storyteller and had many adventures all over the world. He learnt stilt walking at circus school, and performed and produced large-scale theatrical performances.



Bart was an explorer, seeking out exquisite places and unusual people. He walked up mountains for the love of views. He travelled through India and Nepal; at one point he was kidnapped and held for 14 days.

He had epic adventures forming trails across continents and encounters with extraordinary people. One of these adventures led him to a Portuguese cottage on the banks of a lake. His friends were the goat herd who passed each day leaving small presents of warm cheese and bunches of herbs, a dog called Tick and a thousand turtles which plopped into the lake as Bart swam towards them.

Bart had poetry in his soul. His vision of the world was deeply rural, incredibly social, and scrupulously fair. He always remained true to his ideals and beliefs.

His search of beautiful places ended back home in his beloved hills.

Of all the extraordinary people he ever met he was most fascinated by his precious and beloved children Solomon and Martha.

If we can think of a legacy for Bart it is to applaud our differences; we should stand tall, value freedom, dance hard and respect all things bright and beautiful.

by Jess Shaw (OH 1985)

POST SCRIPT



In 2019 we announced the publication of Nigel Stewart (OH 1977)'s *Colouring In*, which included a central character and scenes from Hereford.

His second novel was published earlier this year. *The Lines Between Lies* is a thriller set in Britain in 2017. It explores a divided, fractured society, and how those fissures extend into relationships, marriage, friendship, work and family. It also deals with the way social media and an online lifestyle expose people to situations they may be ill-equipped to manage, in spite of any strength of character or status. The political and sociological problems of this age are never far away: Brexit; terror; a president's sabre rattling – but their impact on the plot and main characters is to show how little those things affect those with limited engagement in activism. A key theme is the notion that the soft politics of many people are blind to the extremes around them. Above all, *The Lines Between Lies* takes the reader into a world where wealth and power are wielded covertly, to no one's benefit and with potentially fatal consequences.

Edward Clayton is naïve yet duplicitous. The fractures in his life are patched up by convenient affiliations, sewn with loose stitching: by his kids, social media, dating sites, and above all by his job. And, in all innocence, he does something that puts him at odds with the wrong kinds of people. His indiscretions cause eddies that drag him in to a muddy pool and, the deeper he gets, the harder it is to recognise where the danger lies. His obsessive search for the biggest fish with the sharpest teeth means he doesn't realise he's already been hooked and netted.



This is the second of three novels Nigel will release in collaboration with Purple Parrot Publishing. It's available from Amazon and major bookshops now.

Photo © Chris Nebard 2020



by Rosanna Gamble, Art Scholar

GOOD NEWS!

Please do share your results with the Alumni Office – we are always happy to trumpet your successes!

DAN NOWOSIELSKI (OH 2014)

graduated in 2019 with first class honours in Psychology (BSc) from the University of Chester and has begun studying for a Master of Research (MRes) degree in Psychology, also at Chester.

KATE BENJAMIN (OH 2017)

won the 2019 Michael Atiyah (essay) Prize while studying Maths at Oxford. Mr Taylor (Head of Maths at HCS) is incredibly pleased with Kate's wonderful accolade.

HENRY LOCKE (OH 2015)

gained first class honours in Computer Science from Aberystwyth.

ANNABEL GORST (OH 2017)

gained first class honours in Economics from Durham.

PATRICK MORGAN-JONES

(OH 2018) was awarded the Shaw Memorial Prize for top performing student in Business Economics (Level 2) from Queens University, Belfast.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

I hope you find plenty of uplifting news in this issue of the OH; it's been such a dark year in so many ways that it's important to focus on the positive and have fun where it can be found (sensibly).

Hearing about the successes of OHs around the world and on our doorstep always puts me in awe but it inspires me too: we can all make a difference. This year, more than ever, HCS is relying on the generosity of its alumni and it makes you realise, nothing can be taken for granted in this Covid-centric world.

Keep your eye on the Old Herefordians Facebook page to be updated regards future gatherings and keep in touch with the Old Herefordian with your news, births, marriages and adventures as we love hearing about them. We are now on Instagram @oldherefordiansclub.

We won't be meeting face-to-face for the annual OH Day in December but there are plans afoot for a virtual event with some of the usual fixtures: maybe have a sherry anyway on the day!

Here's looking to less bumpy times.

Julie North (OH1987), Editor
oldherefordian@herefordcs.com

OH ENQUIRIES

If you require information about the OH Club, please contact Alumni Officer Helen Pearson at:

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Please note that any personal opinions expressed in this publication are not the views of the Editor, the OH Club and Committee, or HCS.

OH Committee Personnel President **Ben Andrews**, Vice President **Juliette Austen-Chandler**, Secretary **Mark Ellis**, Treasurer **Gill Rivers**, OH Trust **Peter Williams**, Alumni Officer **Helen Pearson**, OH Editor **Julie North**

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DIARY 2021

5 DECEMBER 2020
OH DAY
See insert for details about virtual offering. Chess, AGM, sherry!

MARCH 2021
YOUNG OHiL DRINKS
Event to be confirmed.

22 APRIL 2021
FOURTH OHiL DINNER
Venue tba, 6pm for 6.45pm – www.ohil.org.uk.

13 MAY 2021
GOLF DAY
Burghill Golf Club

20 MAY 2021
ANNUAL SPRING LUNCHEON
Doggett's Coat & Badge, Blackfriars Bridge, London SE1, 11am–5pm – www.ohil.org.uk.

25–26 SEPTEMBER 2021
40TH ANNIVERSARY REUNION
(Postponed from 2020.) For leavers 1977–80. For further information please contact Damon Holliday on damon.holliday@live.co.uk or Steve Thomas on steve@scthomas.co.uk.

21 OCTOBER 2021
OHiL AUTUMN LUNCHEON
Doggett's Coat & Badge, Blackfriars Bridge, London SE1, from 11am – www.ohil.org.uk.

The above diary dates are correct at time of publication but may be cancelled or postponed due to potential ongoing Covid-19 restrictions. Please confirm in advance before attending.

The OH Club thanks OH Peter Davies (1942–1946), seen here on the left in this photograph with his wife Ruth, for their kind donation to the school of a painting by the artist David Cox (the Younger).



"My time at Hereford Cathedral School was one of the happiest of my life. I wanted to be able to reach out and give something back to the School and its next generations. Giving to the Bursary Fund seems like the most rewarding way to do that."

BEN FURNIVAL
OLD HEREFORDIAN 1992-99
BURSARY FUND DONOR



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per month for a year*, this would provide one 100% bursary place for a year *plus Gift Aid

For details, see **HEREFORDCS.COM/REACH-OUT**

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