



The Old St Beghian

July 2020

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From Our President Peter Lever (G 62-66)

Eleven years locked down (up!) at boarding school have been the perfect training to cope with the current situation!

The Suez crisis of 1956, the Asian flu epidemic of 1957 and the Big Freeze in the winter of 62-63 were all highly disruptive events. These past four months however have been a period that none of us is ever likely to forget or wish to endure again. The health scare has demonstrated the fragility of life and will result in a reappraisal of how we focus our lives in the future.

In April one of our most illustrious OSBs died at the age of 108. Alfred William Frankland MBE was the acclaimed father of allergy medicine. He attended St Bees between 1926 and 1930 on Foundation North. He was a consistent supporter and benefactor to the School Charity, particularly at the time of its demise. His life and accomplishments are an example to all OSBs and we should be extremely proud that he was one of our number.

He was frequently in the public eye, always smartly dressed, and more often than not sporting an OSB tie. He was a truly remarkable St Beghian.

While reflecting on members who are no longer with us, I remember Peter Michael Howard Brandwood, 'Brandy' (FS 61-66), whose obituary appeared in our January Bulletin.

Michael was a contemporary of mine, a member of the Lime House School gang, who came to St Bees in the early 1960s, Jack Tassell, Rolo Twitchin, David Rowlands and Jonny Turnbull also being members; there may well have been others, my apologies for any omissions.

Michael was a 'big guy', no need to jump in the line out, he just needed to lean in the second row of the scrum, but he was very competitive and hated losing! For me there were three particularly endearing features that Michael possessed. He was extremely kind, he was very fair, often standing up for the underdog, and he was committed to all things St Bees. It is a personal sadness that Michael never became our President. He was a true 'gentle man'.

This month the Society will be communicating with all members on a matter that requires your urgent consideration: the Society requires members' financial support to ensure its future.

For the past three years, as Society President and a School Trustee, I have devoted much of my time to keeping the dream of the new St Bees School alive, my wife would say 'all of my time'!

With Mark George, Chairman of the Trust, who demonstrates a religious dedication to the project, and Danny Wang, CEO of Full Circle, who has an insatiable appetite for his educational dream for St Bees, we have encountered many seemingly insurmountable problems. We have never entertained thoughts of failure. I now approach the current financial challenge to the Society with no thought of failure either.

The Society has been facing financial uncertainty for some time, complicated by the issue of Lonsdale Terrace, as alluded to in my President's report in the January 2020 Bulletin.

During the school's closure, the Society and the Guaranteed Trust Fund have financially supported the School Trust while also funding the outgoings on Lonsdale Terrace. The Society no longer receives income from the use of Lonsdale Terrace nor has it had any new membership income since the school closed. With ongoing uncertainty over the sale of the Terrace and the final financial outcome, the OSB Committee has decided to introduce an annual subscription fee for all OSBs, present and future, to support and develop the Society. There are a number of important considerations associated with this decision:

The need for the Society to be self-funding and not dependent upon financial support from the Guaranteed Trust Fund, whose financial resources, under its current articles, are primarily for the development of education at the school; the need to broaden the appeal of the Society to all age groups through a more proactive approach, with a greater inclusion of lady members; an expansion of the Society's role in embracing all the St Bees Schools, the UK 'mother ship' and the developing Chinese schools, combined with the necessity of fully engaging through social media with all members of the St Bees community, OSBs and

pupils, at home and overseas. These goals can only be achieved if the Society's own financial funding is secure.

The Committee proposes that the Society arranges for termly membership fees to be paid by all students attending the St Bees Schools, the one in the U.K. and those in China, which will automatically make such pupils members of the Society when they leave.

Together all these measures will help to finance the administration of the Society and provide the necessary financial resources to extend the Society's current social programme in a more diverse and creative fashion.

All OSBS are urged to sign up to a subscription, for without a high level of participation it is possible that the future of our Society will be in doubt.

Although OSB Day this year has had to be cancelled, it is envisaged that our new President, Howard Graham (FS 80-87), will take over from me on the 19th September and I wish him good fortune and hope that he derives the same pleasure from the role that I have had in the knowledge that he is a part of the school's tradition and history. It may be possible to hold an OSB event later in the year at which I can introduce Howard personally to OSBs. It had also been intended to commemorate the 900th anniversary of the founding of St Bees Priory Church. All this remains to be seen, but in the meantime, thank you to everyone for your support during the term of my Presidency.

Peter. G. Lever
President.

**Did you receive your July Bulletin by Post
instead of the usual Email version?**

If you received the Bulletin by post this time instead of the usual electronic version, please get in touch with us to ensure that we have your current email address. Following the last mailing we received a large number of 'Failed Deliveries' of emails and can only assume that email addresses have changed but that we have not been advised.

Please do get in touch with us on osb@stbeesschool.co.uk
if you wish to update your contact details.

If any new or existing OSB Members would prefer to receive the Bulletin
via email in future (with lots of additional photographs to enjoy)

Please contact: Pam Rumney on (01946) 828093 or osb@stbeesschool.co.uk

Calendar of Events

2020

July

August

September

Saturday 19th

St Beghians' Day - **Cancelled**

October

Friday 9th

London Informal Social

Friday 16th

Cumbria Dinner

November

Wednesday 4th

North East Dinner

Mid-month

Scottish Dinner

December

Monday 28th

Thomas Froggatt Rugby Match, Cumbria

2021

January

tbc

Hong Kong / Shenzhen Gatherings

February

March

tbc

St Beghian Society Committee Meeting

April

May

tbc

London Dinner

tbc

Cumbria Dinner

June

July

August

September

tbc

St Beghians' Day, AGM & Com. Meeting

October

tbc

London Social

November

tbc

North East Dinner

Late Nov/Early Dec

Singapore Lunch

December

tbc

Thomas Froggatt Rugby Match, Cumbria

OSB NOTES

THANK YOU

Thanks to OSBs for the tremendous response in providing articles for the July Bulletin. We are very grateful for the excellent material that has been sent in and we hope that you will enjoy reading this bumper edition. Please keep those reminiscences and updates coming!

Thanks also for the enthusiastic response we have received with regard to the names for the photographs on the Society website. We will endeavour to get all the information onto the website as soon as possible, but the response has meant we are a little behind at the present time. Please bear with us! Many thanks and please keep sending information or photographs in – it is all very much appreciated and helps to build an interesting and useful on-line OSB archive.

Tim Costeloe (G 67-72), now a retired art teacher in New Zealand, has been spending some of his 'lockdown' time sketching scenes in and around Wellington which give an impression of some of the things happening around him and how he interpreted them. Some of his drawings, which are well worth viewing and often quite idiosyncratic, can be seen at:

<http://www.st-beghian-society.co.uk/july20bulletin>.

Tim says, "The images were done to amuse myself as the world focused on only one thing. They are my take on what my government was doing and how my life was being impacted by it. I developed my love of things artistic at Loughborough University and then went off to teach in New Zealand, where I have been ever since the age of twenty four. I have married a Kiwi and have two sons, both involved in the creative industries. I retired very recently and now concentrate on doing the things which I have taught over the last thirty six years. My enthusiasms include sculpture, print making, ceramics and constructing unusual furniture, though I am not especially accomplished in anything."

Emma George (L 2010-15) - Through the Lens of Coronavirus.

"Last year, walking home from St Bees train station, I remember having an overwhelming feeling of nostalgia as I caught sight of a group of children walking through the school's grounds, wearing the blue-checked kilts I associate so heavily with my school days. It hadn't set in until that moment that St Bees was actually open again; that my school, which I and my friends fought so hard for, was again giving pupils the chance to experience a St Bees education. Being told the school was closing was undoubtedly an awful moment, yet even then we, as

pupils, banded together as one to fight for our school. I remember sticking up posters with my friends, putting together ‘Save St Bees School’ campaign videos, and working together to try and find a way to save the school we all loved (alongside doing our GCSEs!). It is a testament to St Bees that we were willing to fight for it - for our friends, who became family, the wonderful staff, location and so much more - and while we couldn’t keep it open then, knowing it is open now is a victory in itself.

Now, coronavirus has shut the gates of the school to its pupils - but this time only physically. Spiritually and technologically I can see that the school is thriving, despite not being involved in it myself. Walking past the other day, seeing the buildings empty again, gave a brief sense of sadness - unhappy memories of the years when that seemed to be its permanent state. But now that sadness is overpowered by hope and inspiration, knowing that pupils are learning online, and will again get to experience the wonderful educational and character-building journey St Bees will bring. I have no doubt that the school is different from when I was there myself, but the changes I have seen only seem to go above and beyond my memories. The foundations of care and commitment to students are still present, but have been enhanced by the new curriculum and international focus, which I would have loved to see.

St Bees School, for me, gives memories of extraordinary happiness. Some of the greatest memories I have include performing in school plays, playing hockey with the girls, school concerts, practising ambushes in CCF on Thursdays, and being able to take off your blazer and tie on ‘officially hot’ days. St Bees gave me the opportunity to partake in many things which I wouldn’t have had access to anywhere else, and opening myself up to those opportunities was important, as the more I got involved, the more I got out of it. It definitely made me a more confident person, and helped to craft who I am today. Despite the craziness of coronavirus, the fact that I can look at an empty school and be confident about its future speaks highly of the amazing work which has gone into it over the past few years. Having heard about the school from a young age from my grandpa - David Lyall - former Eaglesfield housemaster and mathematics teacher - it brings me such joy to see the school he treasured returning to its former glory. I look forward to hearing what impact the new generations of St Bees students go on to have in the world, as I’m sure they will be ones to watch.”

Have you recently changed your address? Have you got married recently?
Have any other personal details changed? Have you any interesting news?

Have you told us about it? If not, please do so now on:

(01946) 828093 or osb@stbeesschool.co.uk

St Beghian Society, St Bees School, St Bees, Cumbria. CA27 0DS.

Charles Hedley (FN 58-64) has written:

“Many are the times when my wife and I have said how very lucky we are to live where we do - about 200 yards from the sea on the north east coast at Whitley Bay. There are plenty of open spaces so near and we have certainly taken full advantage of them to have our daily walks. The beach has been high on the list, but sometimes when the ‘north wind doth blow’ we just head off inland instead. I have also been doing quite a lot of cycling as well - in fact it seems that I have been cycling all my life. When I was at St Bees we were very much encouraged to get out on our bikes and explore the Lake District, and I have many vivid memories of doing just that. I think in those days everyone had a bike. More recently I have joined with about a dozen like-minded folk for a weekend of cycling based at one of the Youth Hostels scattered about the Lakes. My wife, Gill, doesn't ride a bike so for me it is pure freedom!

I recall that my first ever bike ride from St Bees (autumn term 1958) was a trip to Ennerdale, and I was just bowled over by the beauty of the scenery. One of the things I remember about the bike ride was the incredibly steep hill at the top end of the village up towards Egremont. It was a very long hot walk but we did get to our destination eventually. Such an adventure for a thirteen year old! I certainly remember the Anglers Hotel, and what a fantastic setting it was in. It was criminal that it was subsequently demolished for no real reason. One of the highlights of the term was always being taken out for a meal (either by your own parents or someone else's) and I did once have one such meal at the Anglers.

Another time I cycled to Ennerdale with a friend and we dumped the bikes behind a wall and then climbed up Great Borne. It was a bit of a slog but the views from the top were worth it.

My favourite lake was Wastwater, and it still is! A good bike ride with that final freewheel from the top of the road beyond Gosforth down to that amazing view of the screes. Just magic. Over the years we climbed up Yewbarrow, Sty Head, Great Gable, and also Great End. On more than one occasion we cycled beyond Wasdale and over the top to Eskdale. Curiously we never managed Scafell Pike from school, but a few years ago I did get to the top of it with one of my brothers. I have been trawling through the grey cells and remember with some affection the bike rides over to the Loweswater, Crummock and Buttermere valleys, and also the steep hill (Fangs) on the way back. Another memorable ride was along to Cockermouth, then via Bassenthwaite to Borrowdale for a picnic lunch at Grange. Thus refreshed, we rode along the valley floor to the Honister Pass. I recall having to walk down on the Buttermere side until it became safe to ride. That was the first time I had ever had to walk *down* a hill with a bike. Then we rode back to school via the three lakes mentioned. Must have been mad!!
Ah well - we were all young once!”

In response to naming faces on the 1960 whole school photo and in supplying photos from 1964, Ivan Jones (FN 60-64) writes:

“There was no school photo in 1964. However as there were a large number of boys leaving that year, it was decided to do a house photo. I have attached the one for Foundation.

While I'm at it I thought I would add a couple of others from the summer of 1964. The picture of the men in conversation are governors. The man on the right is Mawson.

The picture on the beach is of interest. I don't think it has been mentioned before. So here goes. I hope I remember the facts. David Lord can confirm.

Every afternoon between two and four p.m. boys had to do some form of recognised sporting activity. In the winter and spring terms everyone was assigned to a rugby team based on age and ability. Not all teams were scheduled to play every day. So on these off days you had to find something else, squash, tennis, swimming (if organised). Failing that you had to do a cross country run. Each house set its own course each day. In the summer it was cricket instead of rugby. However, unlike rugby, if you were in the sixth form you could opt out of cricket and play beach hockey instead. I was never into cricket, playing or watching. Interesting that you couldn't opt out of rugby though. Opting out was only available to sixth formers and hockey could only be played when the tide was out. I took this picture on one of those occasions. There were few if any rules. The goal posts were clothes and touch was the cliffs on one side and the sea on the other. The sticks were walking sticks with no flat surface and there was no minimum or maximum number of players. You just divided the number of people who turned up into two teams.

The other picture is of the swim team at practice, lead by Gordon Stanion our Geography teacher. He was an interesting character. When he left school he won a place at OXCAM but he got called up for WW2. After the war he had to wait a year or so before he could go to university. Today we would call it a gap year. So he decided to go to Australia. He took a job delivering the mail. His route was Alice Springs to Darwin on a motorbike. Who would have thought? What an adventure!”

Photos may be seen at <http://www.st-beghian-society.co.uk/july20bulletin>.

Charlie Lambert (G 64-68) writes:

“Taking up the offer – or is it a challenge? – to write an article for the OSB Newsletter, I decided to use the perspective of 52 years since I left the school to look back and think about the lessons I learned which have stood me in good stead ever since. I came up with these - my Top Ten lifelong lessons from St Bees:

1. Don't set fire to the Lake District.

A group of us went to Wastwater on our bikes one Sunday in summer. Walking through the bracken we came across an unlabelled bottle half full of some liquid which, on sniffing it, turned out to be paraffin. This was the cue for one of the most stupid things I have done. 'Let's sprinkle some on the bracken and set it alight,' said I, thinking that it would be fun to see what happened and then we could stamp out the flames. Someone had a box of matches (can't imagine why) and in no time the fire leapt up, instantly defying our efforts to stamp it out. My next instinct was to run away, but glancing upward I saw that there was a distinct black spiral of smoke defiling the Cumbrian sky, a dead giveaway. 'Quick,' I said to the equally-horrified lads, 'pee on it!' We unbuttoned and thankfully produced enough to douse the minor inferno. An experiment with paraffin that I have never wished to replicate.

2. Don't bear a grudge.

I was selected for the tennis team's first match of the season in my final year. It rained and the match was cancelled. I was never picked for the team again. It wasn't my fault it rained – honestly! But I've got over this outrageous injustice now. Honestly, I have. Really. No, I mean it. I have...

3. Biology has its uses.

I am not scientifically minded and I only did biology for one term, in my first year, but it included one experiment which made a lasting impact. The teacher, Mr Jones, rigged up a glass u-tube with a cigarette clasped in one end and a small set of bellows at the other. He lit the cigarette and used the bellows to draw the smoke through the tube, replicating the action of a smoker inhaling. In a very short time the smoke, curling through the bottom of the u-tube, began to turn into a gloopy amber liquid which looked absolutely foul. The thought of having anything like that in my lungs was terrifying and I have never been remotely tempted to smoke a cigarette from that day to this. A brilliant lesson for which I am eternally grateful to Mr Jones.

4. Be like Tony Cotes.

Tony was my housemaster on Grindal. He could be tough, and like many others I suffered the ritual of being marched to the changing rooms to be caned for chattering after 'lights-out'. But Tony could also take the longer view; he was aware of life's bigger picture. St Bees was a staunch rugby school but a lot of us were crazy about association football and played at every opportunity. I can imagine many housemasters would have done everything to discourage this heresy, but Tony realised that this was nothing but healthy and he encouraged us. In the many ups and downs and difficult moments of decision since then I have tried to see the bigger picture, and be like Tony.

5. Where there's a Grass Patch there is life.

There was a decent-sized patch of grass outside Grindal, unimaginatively christened the Grass Patch, where we played five-a-side football - endlessly. It was brilliant. I went on to make a career in football.

6 Value the team ethic.

I valued being part of team groups, whether peeing on burning bracken or being part of the victorious Grindal team that won the Sports Day Cup in my final term. Being part of teams, or groups, and leading them, has been important in my professional life since school.

7. Have confidence in yourself.

I was lucky to be given two substantial parts in school plays, but even more so to have my proposal accepted to produce T.S. Eliot's 'Murder in the Cathedral' in the Priory. I am not sure who gave the final go-ahead but I suppose it must have been the Head, Geoffrey Lees. The support I got from the staff and also from the wives of some of the staff who got involved with making costumes was, now I think back, absolutely remarkable. The cast, all my fellow students, rose to the occasion magnificently, especially my mate Ken Davis as Becket. The whole thing provided me with experience and confidence, which was still lurking in the background when I went on to produce programmes for radio and TV.

8. Good friends are for life, not just for schooldays.

There were very few lads with whom I didn't get on at St Bees, but there were some who became close lifelong friends and we are still in touch today. There's no substitute for that.

9. Take chances when they're on offer.

St Bees gave me the chance to get into the one university that I really, really wanted to go to, Bristol. I got the results, went to Bristol, and many good things in my life opened up from there.

10. Don't get caught.

My waiting house was Eaglesfield. We used to play football (that sport again) on the rugby field across the road before having to be back indoors by 5.50pm for prep, which started at 6 pm. For reasons which now defy all logic, I reckoned we could grab an extra eight or nine minutes playing football if I wound the dayroom clock back by ten minutes, then when we eventually trooped in I would put the clock right before our housemaster, David Lyall, turned up. Recounting this ridiculous tactic now, I have no idea how I thought it would achieve anything, but it quickly went pear-shaped when I forgot to re-set the clock and David demanded to know who had been messing with it. I had to own up and was set for a beating, which was only averted when, fortuitously, he was called away to some other crisis and my misdemeanour was thankfully forgotten. The lesson, though, has always been remembered – don't get caught!

Charlie Lambert went on to become chief sports writer at the Liverpool Echo, sports correspondent at the BBC, and Head of Sports Journalism at the University of Central Lancashire. He is now retired and lives in Liverpool, but retains a close connection with Cumbria as chair of the Millom-based Norman Nicholson Society.

I have also included a photo of myself after winning the Middle Distance Tankard in 1968 - the trophy was awarded to the athlete who had the best combined results in the 800 metres and the 1500 metres, or as they were known then, the 880 yards and the Mile (that really DOES make it seem a long time ago!). The tankard was a lovely trophy which sadly had to remain at the school. I wonder where it is now?"

Photo may be seen at <http://www.st-beghian-society.co.uk/july20bulletin>.

John G. Lever (G 63-67) writes about 'The Magic Game'.

"I arrived at St Bees for the autumn term of 1963 in Meadow House, my way having been paved by my older brother. Under the auspices of the venerable Philip and Molly Lever, I was titled Little Lever, my older brother being under Mr Coates down at Grindal House. Unfortunately, the name was to stick, but of course it did not help that I was five foot nothing, if that, and rugby would always be a challenge throughout my short career.

I did however bring some sporting ability to the party as I could play a splendid game of fives, but more importantly, I was a cricketer.

My prep school Headmaster had been an accomplished slow left arm spin bowler who could turn a ball. He taught me all he could because I too was left handed. It was a rare skill.

And so cricket became my preferred game at St Bees and by the time I was sixteen, I could be expected to be given a spin before lunch for the first eleven, bowling from the Chapel end at whatever opposition was presented. I could also be asked to turn out for the masters in their evening games, education always being second to sporting ability!

Jack Holroyd our Head Groundsman was the man. Not only could he present a pitch but with his ankle length white coat, his trilby and his pipe, he was a formidable umpire. He had cut his spinning skills in the Lancashire League.

I had played for Cumberland at colts level and obtained my school colts colours before half term, usually playing on a pretty ordinary pitch somewhere near Eaglesfield where we played rugby for most of the year!

Of course Peter 'Butch' Broadhurst, our Director of Cricket, was really the man in charge and he could give the opposition out as soon as look at them. Team selection was his strength and it was so important that your face fitted. I do not remember his bowling much and he swung the bat like a blacksmith, but then of course his other love was his metal workshop.

Away matches were our forte as we had to leave, usually on Thursday, after an early lunch to arrive for a two-day game after a tortuous coach journey (or even a plane journey from Carlisle if to King William's College in the Isle of Man) and back on Sunday night after a couple of a quick pints in Keswick, but only if we had won, otherwise it was a dry ship with Butch in a filthy temper and everybody feeling sick. Jack's pipe to blame.

Cricket on the crease was always second fiddle to rugby. We all watched the rugby, compulsory of course, especially if the opposition was Sedbergh or Durham. The cricket audience was more fickle and the school scattered to whatever mischief they could get up to, wherever.

They were, however, happy days! But that reminds me - sometimes we had to come off as a mist suddenly fell over the cricket ground though we had appeared to be under perfect unremitting blues skies. It was condensation pouring from the twin cooling towers at the Nuclear plant at Sellafield. I presume we all survived, I am still here to tell the tale.

Sadly I never got my cricket colours, that fantastic striped blazer, as I departed St Bees after Lower Sixth, but they were great times. Jack and Butch set me on a course to a lifetime of enjoyment watching the game all over the world. It cannot just be taught, it has to be a gift, a love affair with a red leather ball and a piece of willow.

To Jack Holroyd and Peter Broadhurst thank you. It was all great fun.

My thoughts in retrospect of St Bees are being in the beautiful Lakes, so far from reality in many ways, the days were to be enjoyed, as long as you were not found out.

P.S. An anecdote of life in Meadow House on the housekeeping front from Philip Lever, housemaster, after evening prayers, 'Boys, we are not half way through this term and we have used three quarters of the lavatory paper allocation. May I advise you that one sheet is adequate, two sheets are plenty and three sheets are down right stealing!' "

Chris Lord (G 53-57) has sent in the following:

"I left St Bees at Christmas 1957 with six 'O' levels including maths, whose resit accounted for the extra term. I have blessed Algy Lyle many times for his tuition in Remove that last autumn term. After a week as a Christmas postman and four years in Barclays Bank DCO, I signed five year articles and qualified as a chartered accountant in 1967. Being put in charge of two dozen other accountants in the firm in which I had been articled, I found, after shining at nothing at school or in banking, that I had a taste for management. From 1971 until retirement I worked in manufacturing industry. I spent eighteen years with the UK subsidiary of an American aluminium company, moving on from accounting into production

and then general management. For eight years I supervised operations in France, Germany and the Netherlands as well as the UK, being based in Germany for two of those years; as well as enjoying the orderly way of life over there, we appreciated the easy travel opportunities afforded by no sea crossings. Changes in US management in the late 1980s, combined no doubt with my awkward nature, brought an end to fifteen happy years and in 1990 I moved out. I was lucky to find another job in the same industry. There I had another happy time, which came to an end after five years when the parent company sold the division which I had been running. I had two more MD jobs in progressively smaller companies, but these involved living away Monday to Friday and I retired in 1999. The contrast between the American and British styles of business administration was striking and I reckoned I was lucky to have had a long period experiencing the former. Retirement was great for a while: children settling down and producing grandchildren; plenty of travel; still able to exercise energetically. However, five years ago our oldest child died after battling for twenty months with acute myeloid leukaemia and that put the aches and pains of growing old into perspective. Two years before Nick took ill, our daughter Caroline had bowel cancer; a year before that my sister Jenny had blood cancer; four years ago brother Gerry (G 59-64) had a cancerous kidney removed; all of these are thankfully now in the clear, but this dreadful disease is all around us and I wish we could spend more time and money on removing the causes from the air we breathe, the water we drink and the food we eat.

The lockdown has taught me that swimming thirty slow lengths three times a week must have a surprisingly positive effect on general fitness. My struggles to compensate with longer walks, using an exercise bike and a small treadmill serve only to remind me of the creaky joints! As I'm sure for everyone else, shopping has become a major expedition: queue to get in, follow the one way system, don't dare to forget anything, queue to pay the bill and come back home."

Peter Lord (G 58-62) has sent a 'follow up' to his brother's article on Grindal in the last Bulletin.

"Though I followed on a year after my brother Chris, much of what he reminisced about in the last Bulletin I remember well. Although memory loss is certainly with me now, long term memory, particularly of those unique years is as clear as ever, not least the ghost of Sam Parkinson!

As a piano pupil of Donald Leggat (there lies another story), I often practised on the piano in Grindal dining room. As a result, for the last two years of my time at Grindal I had to play the hymn every night at House Prayers. SP would stand next to me throughout this brief Christian ending of the day. However, this eventually landed me in big trouble.

For much of my last term I took up smoking after supper, behind the bike sheds, with a fellow housemate - who shall be nameless. After our few minutes of 'adult behaviour' - as we thought it - precautionary cleaning of teeth and washing plus after shave took place. For some inexplicable reason about four weeks from the end of my last term, I became a little complacent and failed one evening to take the routine precautions.

To my horror, immediately after prayers had finished, as usual with me standing right next to him, SP addressed the whole house and ordered the member who had been smoking to report to his study immediately. Glaring at me as he left the room followed by the prefects, I knew his remarks were aimed at me. He was a non-smoker and had smelt my breath.

I won't go into any detail at this point, save to say I was with him for 10/15 minutes, when he tried hard to get the names of any other smokers. He did not succeed and a short while later the beating procedure took place with me the unfortunate target. I am still convinced to this day that his anger at not being able to extract the names of any other smokers (one) from me was reflected in the strength he put into the caning! I received six strokes of the thinnest cane imaginable, by which time I was probably in tears.

However, perhaps even now the ghost of SP lives on and with him perhaps earning the last laugh! By the third or fourth stroke of the cane, I swore, reaction from the excruciating pain experienced. When it was over, despite my distressed and humiliated state, I apologised and received the response: *'Candidly, you hound, you weren't the first and probably won't be the last'*. Anyone recall the phrase, 'Candidly you hound'?"

Eric Middleton (M 58-69) has sent what will be a chapter in his latest book since it contains the recollections of some OSBs about their 'Special Places'.

"Many of you found these places in the wonderful countryside of lakes, mountains and streams a welcome release from school! For a few, such as John Braithwaite or Darryl Davies, they were even to be found in my Chemistry lab, including 'Spider Diagrams'. (I was Head of Chemistry after Cyril Wood, from 1958-1969: I worked as a Christian and as a scientist.)

For an older generation who had travelled further, Alfred Hoyle described his special place: Lake Titicaca in the Andes: 'This is my place of complete relaxation, a place of peace, quiet and solitude - a complete rejuvenation - especially in winter as the lake is deserted. The water is deep blue, still, with just a whisper of a breeze. I am physically, mentally and spiritually refreshed. Once a wild deer slipped quietly into the water just a few feet away. It swam to a nearby beach, shook itself and started feeding on a leafy tree'. At other times Alfred

would take fish such as rainbow trout from the lake. Perhaps best described as a 'thin place' where heaven and earth are very close.

For some it was fishing in a nearby river, which formed memorable occasions, leaving school behind. It was this open air life at St Bees which Norman Hudson remembers. It gave him the opportunity to get up into the hills to fish in Ennerdale and in adjoining rivers. The silence of the hilltops with only the buzz of passing bees, or the sound of moving water breaking it, was another world. They provided a form of sanctuary, found within a bicycle ride's distance, and uplifted the spirits - 'almost spiritual' as some were to say. Norman was to find many wild places of a similar nature which uplifted his spirits. Many churches, such as tin shack churches in Madagascar or St Lucia, exuded vitality and a real sense of a super-natural power - 'thin places', as Norman said. Yet he really remembers St Bees from the places of beauty and tranquillity nearby.

A number of OSBs told me their special places were in the Orkneys.

Alastair often goes to Orkney for both work and pleasure. His favourite place of all time is to sit on the cliffs at Yesnaby on Mainland and gaze out to sea, knowing the next stop is the east coast of the USA. The cliffs are sheer, the stone is yellow and the wind can be just terrible- yet it is mainly so relaxing! His other favourite place is over the Churchill Barriers looking down on Scapa Flow.

Alastair and his wife are now still active as archaeologists, living in a medieval village in Galloway - perhaps a long stone's throw from St Bees.

Bill Roberts, one of my colleagues at St Bees, also finds something special in the Orkneys or Shetland. He and his family went to St Ninian's and walked across the tombola to where there were the remains of an old chapel - and felt this uncanny, heightened awareness. 'Not the only time I have felt something almost spiritual,' said Bill, who wrote a poem describing his feelings at St Ninian's Hoard.

Chris Pellant also wrote about special places in North Scotland: Achmelvich in Sutherland, and also in Inverkirkaig. Unusually, although I can personally identify with this, his special place was in Leeds General Infirmary, after he had been diagnosed with bowel cancer. Before the operation the professor of surgery talked about the possible prognosis. 'The worst was that I may only have three months left, but may be cured. When I had left the ward I lay and thought things over and almost at once had a weird feeling of calm and peace and knew that I'd be cured and be OK.' So, though not a special place like a mountain top or tranquil river bank, the experience then was almost spiritual and certainly life-changing.

One or two OSBs, such as John Hargreaves, wrote about practising mindfulness meditation, which had heightened spiritual awareness 'in a more general, non-religious way'. John had been a very keen A Level chemistry student and an excellent prefect on Meadow House.

It was George Robson who chose Old Bewick Church as his special place, four

miles south of Chillingham Castle. It is a real 'thin place' where time stands still. Old Bewick is located below a remarkably high and steep hill, which has atop it an ancient British hillfort. It is surrounded with ancient trees and just breathes history, serenity and a nearness to God. George also mentions Holy Island and Iona as further special places, which were very peaceful, yet often awe-inspiring. So many found 'places of presence' in the hills and mountains, streams and waterfalls of the Lakes. I have a photo of Dacre Watson on the top of Great Gable on one of our 'Three-quarter days'. There was often a spiritual dimension, which they couldn't put into words. They were reluctant to attribute it to the Holy Spirit, as up to that point they hadn't believed in God, but perceived there to be a presence they had not known before (despite compulsory daily chapel!). This wonder of heaven and earth being very close came from their own experience. For many it was music which provided special times and places – choir under Donald Leggatt or chamber music for William Alp, Robert Clerey or John Coles. After exploring special places with fellow pupils from my own school in Newcastle, I found I became overwhelmed just by people I met on the way, my dentist, barber, musicians, even boxers. Then one day I was turned round by talking to Darren, the British Gas engineer who had come to mend our boiler. We got talking in the garage, Darren and I. He had experienced the wonder of mountain tops, Scafell and Striding Edge as well as looking down from the nearby Roseberry Topping and High Cliff. These were 'thin places', almost spiritual. If the 'spirit', as he was happy to call this presence, was present from mountains to lakes and rivers, then it must be everywhere – even in this garage! We were struck by the thought, as if knowing it for the first time. The Holy Spirit is indeed everywhere! This was confirmed by others such as Jamie the builder and people I began to meet further on the way.

A journey into the presence of the Spirit and finding the reality of the Spirit? This set me really wondering about the presence of the Holy Spirit in everything, including St Bees' sport, music, craftwork etc. Even TA (Tom) Brown was 'excited by the poetry', as he cheered the fine moves of the 1st XV rugby team. I was later to meet the presence on a plane over the Atlantic, and was given the gift of healing. It was a future student, Josh, healed from dark spirits, who affirmed, 'I've more proof of the Holy Spirit than of new theories in ten dimensions!'"

Ivor Nicholas (SH 44-48) remembers VE Day in 'A Good Time for All':

"Each decade, two, three, four and more generations take on the legacies left by innumerable past lifetimes. So now, in May 2000, we celebrated Victory in Europe for the second time in a hundred years over Germany, this time over the

Third Reich in the bloodiest of wars imaginable.

What were you doing when victory was announced on May 8th 1945? That question is asked by grandchildren in 2020.

My belief is that most inhabitants aim at leaving their birthplace in a better state than on their arrival. Despite hardships and doubts surely most in the civilised world would answer in the affirmative.

Starting the second year at boarding school, a pretty tough prospect faced a fourteen year-old at St Bees in wartime. Surviving alone at a British public school, it was said, meant you were pretty well equipped for meeting many of life's tasks.

Fagging, (abandoned in the 1970s) for the first three terms, was comparable to being batman to an officer in the services. Joining the school Junior Training Corps was voluntary, yet nearly everyone did. The army discipline promised some concession during compulsory National Service to follow, providing the student passed Cert. T military exam. Wartime rationing dictated the school's menu, in fact this continued beyond 1953. Physical training was a lesson taught by a former army instructor; rugger and cricket, cross-country events, road- running, squash and Eton fives, became the daily routine, resulting in everyone being very fit to take on inter-school competitions with fixtures against Rossall, Giggleswick, Sedbergh, Stonyhurst, and King William's, as well as against local town teams reinforced by demobbed servicemen.

VE Day gave everyone a tremendous lift, celebrations taking over in the UK as well as overseas. A public holiday was announced, but not for us at St Bees, where early prayers and lessons went on as usual. Senior boys protested to teachers, 'surely a public school qualified us to have the public holiday day off?' Granted, that in that term there would be an extra three-quarter day to the normal two over the summer term. Meanwhile the population celebrated as you will have read in newspapers and television reports, rejoicing after the terrible continual battles on land, air, and sea, leading up to the surrender by Germany. Hope for the future was enormous.

Newspapers and radio were soon to emphasize, as Winston Churchill did too, that the war with Japan in the Far East still raged at its worst. Rumours around the school were that the fundamentally different views which existed between Russia and the West raised the dangerous possibility of fighting the Soviet Union, our ally in the European campaign. The Junior Training Corps (maybe then the CCF?) warned us to be alert for anything. More senior boys were leaving school to go straight into the army. I recall E. A. Appleton, who left after my first term in 1944, returning in uniform to St Bees and remembering me as a twelve year old practising piano on School House. My attempts at Chopin's Military Polonaise and Beethoven's 8th Sonata, he said, were favourites

of his army colleagues!

Thankfully, the Far East troubles collapsed when still in 1945, America launched two nuclear bombs against Japan. That settled it with the enemy's unconditional surrender.

In 1948 came the Berlin Blockade, and the well named Iron Curtain was stretched from the Arctic to Trieste, putting everyone on tenterhooks again. The rest is history.

Celebrations following the victory over Japan were immense, and wonderful street parties all over Britain and the Commonwealth generated enthusiasm for just being alive.”

Ivor has forwarded a photograph taken on Speech Day 1955, taken ten years after V.E. Day, showing J. C. Wykes on the Memorial Hall steps along with some prize-winners.

Photo may be seen at <http://www.st-beghian-society.co.uk/july20bulletin>.

St Bees Memories from Anthony C. Payne (M 67-01).

“Those of you who have been working as schoolmasters and mistresses will know that if you work at a small independent school you are likely to carry out a variety of roles. I certainly did not expect when I arrived at St Bees in September 1967 to teach German and French that I would be retiring from there thirty four years later, having at various times been a House Tutor, run the O level and GCSE examinations, written the timetable, organised speakers for the Travel and Copeland Societies (remember them?) and for the morning assemblies, run the school quiz team, sung in the choir and trod the boards in Gilbert and Sullivan, played in the orchestra and ended up as Head of Modern Languages, Commanding Officer of the CCF and President of the Common Room.

Not that I was an exception - any of my colleagues would be able to put together a similar list.

Many are the memories which made my time there worthwhile, but of all the activities in which I took part, the one which I remember with the greatest pleasure was the choir and orchestra tour, of which I organised eight or nine to the Rhineland and one to Prague.

The impetus for these came from Frank Bowler, who became Head of Music after the death of Brian Howard, and from Hugh Turpin, who succeeded him. I became involved as I spoke German, sang and was not bad at organising.

I realised that it was my task to deliver us to our various venues on time and in good shape, and to enable the pupils to experience various aspects of Germany, while Messrs Bowler, Turpin and Shirt were responsible for the musical side of things.

Particular memories?

- Arriving at the delightful spa of Bad Bertrich and walking into the impressive Marble Hall where we were to sing and hearing a stunned voice saying: ‘Are we singing in here, sir?’
- Being asked by one of the pupils in a girls’ school near Bonn if the choir would sing ‘Happy Birthday’ to one of their teachers as a surprise, and hearing the windows vibrate with the girls’ enthusiastic reaction when we did.
- Giving a concert on a Rhine steamer, competing with the ship’s tannoy as it played a German folk-song as we passed the Lorelei Rock.
- After one concert, having my arm grasped firmly by an enthusiastic lady who said: ‘*Das war eine himmlische Stunde!*’ (‘That was an heavenly hour!’)
- Explaining to a police officer, who was actually at fault after an impatient driver had hit our coach as he tried a sneaky bit of overtaking.
- Being told by one of our hoteliers: ‘Your school is the best ambassador for your country’.
- After teaching myself some Czech for our trip to Prague, finding that not only did our audiences understand my commentary but they even laughed at my jokes. And then, during our concert at a senior citizens’ home, being talked to at length by a lady who assumed that I was fluent in Czech, hoping my facial expressions matched what she was telling me!
- Also in Prague, listening to Will Alp on several occasions giving a five-minute off-the-cuff history lecture about an important aspect of what we were looking at.
- Most of all - hearing some of my pupils try out their German, discovering that not only did people understand these curious words when they said them, but *they actually understood the answer!*

I hope that those of you who came on the trips have similar memories!”

Robert Rew (FS 50-55) has kindly contributed the following reminiscences.

“I started at St Bees in January 1950 and my family moved from Scotland to Witham in Essex in the April as I arrived home from my first term. I promptly developed haematuria and was diagnosed with Acute Nephritis (Bright's disease). I was admitted to St John's Hospital, Chelmsford, where I stayed for the next twelve weeks. I was nursed flat on my back for a month then very gradually mobilised. I therefore missed the whole of the summer term and re-started in the September.

I remained at school until July 1955. Most of the time I thoroughly enjoyed it. They say that the more you put into something then the more you get out of it,

and this certainly proved to be true. I joined the choir and orchestra (I was continuing violin lessons which I started in Bournemouth aged about 6 or 7 and continued until I left school). I joined the Science Society and became involved with theatricals, mainly as stage electrician. I learnt from my predecessor, a senior boy named Marshall, and later trained my successor, Robert Hedley and 'phumph' Taylor. (What a nickname!). We initially made our lights out of biscuit tins and the switchboard out of rheostats from the Physics Lab wired with 1 in 7 (or was it 9?) Signals wire 'borrowed' from the Armoury. No health and safety regulations back then. Many times I put Foundation House in darkness; on one occasion whilst the housemaster, 'TA' (Brown) was hosting a dinner party in his flat. I was told later that he passed it off with the comment that it was 'only Rew playing with lights again!' My only problem was that when this happened I had to get the local electrician (? Taylor) out to repair the main fuse! In due time the Memorial Hall was built and we got proper lighting and a switchboard. I did a little acting, playing Kate in *The Pirates of Penzance*. Robert Hedley was Edith and Colin Kendall, Mabel. Colin's voice broke on the second night so Robert and I sang his part for him. My enduring memory of that production was Sam Ashton, as the Major-General, coming on to sing his patter song and driving his sword through the dais on which he was standing as he put his (second) hand on the top of his sword in the intro to the song. He nearly overbalanced onto the stage. I also became a school projectionist (with others), which resulted in our being able to watch the hired films several times as they 'needed to be checked for damage'. The films would arrive on a Friday and have to be returned the following Monday, which gave us time to see them before the official screenings. I saw *Richard III* seven times and *Henry V* about the same (the Olivier productions).

As a result of being in the orchestra I was taken, during my last couple of years or so, by The Headmaster, J. C. Wykes, who played the oboe, to play with the Cumberland Symphony Orchestra, who rehearsed in Workington. I went several times and thoroughly enjoyed the experience. I joined the Second Violins, which gave me a good grounding in orchestral playing. I was also persuaded to take up the double-bass. One of my friends, Richard J. B. Smith, played the guitar and wanted to start a dance / jazz band. He eventually persuaded me to try the double-bass (he argued that it was only a big violin) and we formed quite a reasonable group. Eddie Brooks - trumpet, Ian Homersham - washboard, John Ogden - rhythm (ie biscuit tin), and self - bass. Initially we also had a pianist and clarinettist whose names escape me. The pianist was taken ill suddenly one weekend and was unable to play for a few weeks. Richard, who was by then a Day Boy and coming in to school in his own MG, said he knew someone who could play really well but as she was a girl would have to be smuggled in under

the tonneau cover of the car! This duly happened as planned and Clare Robinson was smuggled into Barony and became our unofficial pianist. (See below). As you may have realised, at a school which was renowned for sport, particularly rugby, I, being distinctly anti team sport, had to find non-sporting alternatives, which I found in fell-walking, which I loved. Three or four of us would leave school after Chapel on Sunday morning and cycle to Ennerdale, Wasdale, Loweswater or Eskdale; climb a mountain or two, have high tea at a local pub or farm (Burnthwaite Farm in Wasdale was a favourite), then cycle back to school in time for Chapel in the evening. I did this on most weekends for almost five years. The only rule the school insisted on for these trips was that there had to be a minimum of three boys in the party: one to be the body, one to stay with the body and one to go for help. (Staff were never involved at any level.) I remember this rule only being 'used' once and by another group who were climbing Melbreak in Loweswater, when one boy fell and broke a few bones, luckily nothing major. A day or two in hospital sorted him out. Otherwise there were no accidents during my five years. There were several small groups who went climbing/walking, of which at least one pupil, Mike Thomson, went on to climb Everest and Annapurna with Chris Bonnington.

Whilst I was at school, King George VI died and the following year Queen Elizabeth II was crowned. The school was given the day off. A group of us cycled out to Eskdale to The Bower House Inn where we had been invited to join the publican and his family to watch the coronation on their television. I'm not sure how we managed to get the invitation but I think one of our group was a family friend and had organised the visit. The TV was small, I think a nine inch screen and in black and white of course. We watched the whole ceremony, which took several hours, but did have a short break during the Anointing, when we went off for a quick walk to get some fresh air and exercise. We did not miss much though and were soon back to watch the rest of it.

Being so far from home my parents were not able to visit very much. They restricted it to a week around Speech Day in the summer. They stayed in a local pub in the village at first but later went to The Anglers Hotel, Ennerdale. This was in a delightful situation right on the lakeside. Dad was in his element as they had a generator for their electricity, which was often breaking down, and Dad offered to fix it, which he did several times. Unfortunately the pub was demolished later; I don't know the reason unless it had to do with the fact that the lake became a reservoir for Whitehaven and Workington. It was a great shame. We used our parents as a free taxi service to take us to mountains that we couldn't reach easily by bike. The Hedleys were another couple who were taken advantage of in this way as well. I remember my parents taking us to Honister Pass and dropping us off. We then walked to Wasdale Head via Grey Knotts, Brandreth, Green Gable,

Great Gable Great End, Broad Crag and Scafell Pike. A good day!

I left school at the end of the summer term 1955 after going to my last CCF camp, which was at Catterick that year. As I was the senior cadet I was promoted to Cadet Under-Officer, which did not please Hunter, my fag, who had to take all the badges and stripes off my battle dress after he had so meticulously stitched them on only a few weeks previously! My CSM at the time was one of my close friends, Peter Brown, from Port St Mary on the Isle of Man. That corps camp was memorable as it was run by Col Carne and the ‘Glorious Glosters’. They, the Gloucestershire Regiment, had just returned from Korea where they had had a difficult time. Running the camp was supposed to give them a break! We had a good time at camp but I lost my voice after the Sunday parade trying to get my orders heard by Peter, who was bringing up the rear of the St Bees’ contingent. I went to stay with Peter shortly after this.

Follow-up: I qualified in Medicine in 1960, eventually becoming a GP, Police Surgeon (for twenty five years) and Hospice Doctor. I married Clare Robinson in August 1960. She sadly died in 1972. I married Doreen in 1974, who died in 2017. I progressed from the Cumberland Symphony Orchestra to play with The Hospitals Symphony Orchestra under Colin Davis for a while. I also played in ‘pit orchestras’ for several amateur musical shows. I retired from medicine in 1997 and we retired to Devon, where I still live.”

Photos may be seen at <http://www.st-beghian-society.co.uk/july20bulletin>.

Robin Rigby (FS 72-79) has shared some anecdotes of his time at school in the 1970s.

“On two occasions A.D. Johnston (SH 74-79) and I were granted an appointment with the Headmaster (G. W. Lees). These meetings were to discuss proposals which we believed would be of benefit to the school and its pupils.

The first meeting was to suggest that the school sanction a coach trip to Carlisle to see John Cooper Clarke. Our argument was that the works of John Cooper Clarke were on a par with Shakespeare, Keats, Shelly, Owen et al., and that Cooper Clarke would be remembered as one of the UK’s greatest poets. As a result, it would be beneficial for the school to arrange a trip to see him perform. The fact that Cooper Clarke was supporting Elvis Costello in Carlisle that night had little influence on our request.

Intrigued the Headmaster asked to see some of the poems the ‘Bard of Salford’ had published and said he would consider the request. Somewhat reluctantly we forwarded reviews of the ‘Punk Poet’s’ work along with some of his early writings. The response from the Headmaster came a few days later. It was a ‘No’! It should be noted that in July 2013, John Cooper Clarke was awarded an honorary doctorate of arts, in ‘acknowledgement of a career which has spanned

five decades, bringing poetry to non-traditional audiences and influencing musicians and comedians', by the University of Salford. Clarke's works are now taught in schools and have been included on the syllabus for a number of examination boards.

Our second meeting with the Headmaster concerned establishing a St Bees School Morris Dancing Side.

It all began when we found an album of Morris Dancing tunes which included the basic instructions of how to dance. Our initial attempts were pretty dire as we called out 'one, two, three, hop' in one of the Foundation South dormitories. However, fortune smiled on us and we were introduced to one of the West Cumbrian Morris Men stalwarts. He took pity on us and not only began to teach us properly but also provide the music on his concertina. We bought the entire stock of cat bells from every pet shop in Whitehaven, made our costume and began practising regularly by the Priory. The Team mainly consisted of Joe Brierly (FS), Jamie Jamerson (FN), Bill Henderson (FS), Chris Evans (FS), Adrian Johnston (SH) and myself (FS).

Having become fairly proficient and with a repertoire of half a dozen dances, we began to perform in the school's name. Our appearances at Speech Day and OSB Day were thoroughly enjoyed and, financially, embarrassingly rewarding. However, the 'coup de grace' was our trip to the Egremont Fair. With transport provided by the school and accompanied by the Music Master (Brian Howard), we not only danced in the streets of Egremont but also took to the pubs. The sight of several drunken West Cumbrian Morris Men taking one pub's piano out into the street whilst Adrian Johnston banged out some ragtime tunes still makes me smile.

If anyone has any pictures of the St Bees School Morris Dancing Team, I would be extremely grateful to see them."

Alex Riley (G 61-65) has contributed the following:

"I enjoyed reading Chris Lord's Grindal recollections from the 50s. I would like to add my own from the 60s. Also, I went round Grindal on Old Boys' Day in 2015, so saw how it ended up.

The physical layout remained as Chris described. Downstairs, to the left of the door, was the boys' only means of access to the house - a block of four studies. The first two housed the six prefects, then Senior Studies (four?), then Junior Studies (six?). My recollection is a bit hazy because I never made it into these exalted locations - except as a fag to one of the prefects. Chris made a point about just how lowly a life-form you were made to feel as a junior. At the 2015 reunion, one OSB introduced himself as William Hind. 'Goodness', I thought, 'The last time we had any contact you were a prefect and I was a fag.' It came as a bit of a

shock to realise that we were now equals. Time is a great leveller!
The toilets deserve a special mention. The Grindal 'bogs' were unspeakable. There was a pervasive stench of ammonia. On one side was a long urinal. On the other a series of stalls, none of which had a door. However, they were strictly segregated. First stall was for Baby/Junior Dayroom, second for Senior Dayroom, then one for the Studies and the last one for prefects. You could 'trade down', but not up. Juniors had to stand at the nearest end of the urinal. I'm astonished that these arrangements were ever acceptable, but by the 60s they were a shocking anachronism.

I believe that soon after girls were admitted to the school, Grindal became the Girls' House. I doubt the 'bogs' survived that change!

The fagging situation Chris described was unchanged in the 60s, except that prefects couldn't bellow 'FAG!' from the top of the stairs because they were in the new studies.

Grindal would have contained around 55 boarders, with perhaps eight more in the feeder houses of Meadow and Eaglesfield, where one usually spent one's first year. Grindal had a very strong esprit de corps, heightened by the considerable return distances we had to walk four or more times a day to get to the rest of the school. We knew we were the best house. (Similar logic would have applied at the other houses.) Inter-house team sports were fiercely competitive: rigger and cricket, of course, but even fives. For some reason, lawn tennis did not figure, though this had begun to change by 1965. All boys wore shorts all the year round. Grindal had a nether world in the basement which had concrete floors throughout. All boys went in through the rear side door, which was a floor below the front door. To the left was the block of four studies. On turning right you had the bogs on your left. To the right you went through an archway to a small, dingy, area where house notices were displayed, with stairs up to the ground floor. Beyond there was a corridor. To the left of the corridor was the boiler room where all manner of soaking, sweaty clothes would be left to dry off. The smell could be pretty overpowering. Beyond this there was a room in which bikes belonging to all boys on the house were stored. My goodness, but it was chaos! To the right of the corridor were two large changing rooms (Junior and Senior), each with a bathroom containing perhaps three baths and (though I can't recall this) surely a shower area. I don't recall being required to take a cold shower, so there had been some softening-up since the 50s. The changing rooms contained lockers in which each boy stored his games' kit. They were aromatically challenging environments.

I'm recalling this from a distance of over fifty years so there may easily be errors. No-one whinged. We were all in the same boat and somehow it all contributed to our feeling of being part of a team. Even the bogs!

Apart from having to do fagging for the first year, one's first term on Grindal was dominated by the Priv (short for Privilege) Test. For this one had to memorise an extraordinarily complex list of arcane privileges, whose only point was to emphasise to the learner (who had no privileges at all) just how insignificant he was. 'Gliding' was a case in point. School uniform required all three buttons of one's blazer to be done up at all times. Gliding permitted one to have some buttons undone. Now logically this should mean that one keeps only the middle button done up, but no! Fads would arise to have only the bottom button – or the top one (which looked dreadful) – done up. Or even two of them. The kinds of awards that permitted gliding were: school colours in cricket, rigger or athletics, being a prefect or in your fourth term in the 6th form. Very big boys indeed were permitted to 'fully glide'. This meant having no buttons done up at all. Gosh! School prefects (i.e. Heads of House) could do this at all times, house prefects only when on their house. The sheer pointlessness of these privileges was balanced by the vigour with which any breach was punished.

There used to be a barbaric ritual called a 'session' in which a hapless junior boy would be hauled into the senior study after supper and screamed at for ten minutes or so for some minor infraction, whilst forced to stare down at his feet (or he would be screamed at all the more). Certain boys were found to provide good sport and would consequently receive regular sessions. Mercifully this practice ceased at Grindal when I started there (but continued on Foundation).

Prefect beatings were by then a thing of the past at Grindal. In fact this only happened once while I was at St Bees, on Foundation (which confirmed our view that they were a bunch of savages). But punishment runs were very much the order of the day, starting with the simple 'Triangle' (or multiples thereof) up to a 'Sandwith', for which the prescribed time was an hour.

All food was eaten communally in the Dining Room. Senior boys on chairs near the door, plebs like me on benches further away. Distance from the door indicated one's status, or absence thereof. The housemaster, or failing that the senior prefect, would say Grace, normally in Latin. There was a great scandal once when the task fell to the head of Senior Studies, who uttered this: 'For egg and cheese and greasy toast, thank Father, Son and Holy Ghost.' The flipside of our hierarchical regime was that this boy was too senior to be punished. I dread to think what would have happened to any of the rest of us for such behaviour. Around the dining room were shelves, on which each boy had a jar of jam and also a 1lb jar with a green screw top on which his number was painted. This would be refilled with sugar every two weeks. I don't think these jars were ever washed. The jam jars had to last a term.

After the morning run we had breakfast. Normally porridge plus bread and jam, I think. Then to morning 'shed' (chapel) and a couple of lessons. Then back for

elevenses. Our Spanish cook, whose name I think was Maria, would dish up trays of bread and jam which we would fall on and stand around the dining room munching. I would normally put away six slices every day. Then back for more lessons then returning for lunch. Sport every afternoon. Then we'd go back to school for two more lessons, followed by supper. We were unbelievably fit! I never got the chance of thanking Maria, who lived in, for looking after us so well. The food was basic but wholesome. Boiled potatoes or mash accompanied every main meal, except chips on Friday and roast potatoes with Sunday lunch. I was never hungry.

By the 60s there was no .303 range any more, but there was a .22 range which I managed to find on my 2015 visit, though it was derelict. To fire live rounds from one of the Lee Enfields we lugged around in the Corps, one had to go to Corps Camp for a week near Aldershot at the end of the summer term. I went at the end of my second year and thought it absolutely brilliant fun. The Lee Enfield, a relic of WW1, had user-friendly features like a brass butt plate to go hard against your collar bone when you fired it on the range. The kick was unimaginable and as a fifteen year old I was unquestionably not man enough for it. We tried scrunching up our berets to use them as padding, but it didn't help. Our collar bones were black and blue afterwards. There was of course no question of anyone using ear protectors, though the noise was pretty ferocious too. The high point of the camp was getting the chance to fire Bren and Sten guns, the ultimate big boys' toys. Recently I saw a presentation on the local Cadet Corps. They showed a picture of fifteen and sixteen year olds on a firing range. They all had ear protection. I asked what weapons they were firing: air rifles!! And with ear protection! How times change!

I was very happy at Grindal. We were a real community.

I came back to the school a couple of times in the five years after leaving. There was a 60s Gaudy around 2013 which I had intended to attend, but eye surgery meant I couldn't drive. So I didn't get back properly until 2015, by which time the very sad news had broken about the school closing. I spent the Friday hoofing round all the old haunts and the words from 'Abide with me' kept returning: 'Change and decay in all around I see...' I walked up to Meadow House. I was exhausted! Did we first-years really cycle back and forth up that hill on top of everything else? It was sold off and divided into flats. On to Eaglesfield. Ditto. Both tuck shops converted into private homes. Two of the three fives courts seemed to be used as storage areas. But what I really wanted to see was Grindal. I had asked Pam Rumney if she could arrange for me to get a tour next day and she had arranged this. In the mean time I had a quick look 'round the back'. First thing was that our quirky outdoor, roofless, fives court had been removed from the field to the left. It was still perfectly usable in the 60s. Then I noticed the

studies block. It was a sorry sight, blocked-off and derelict. Maybe they had discovered asbestos in its construction, but this was a shock for me. I carried on to the house notice area. The staircase was clearly unused, as was the whole basement area. I was genuinely puzzled.

Next day was Old Boys' Day and was one of those perfect summer's days that in my memory used to coincide with threequarter holidays. The Headmaster made it known that Old Boys were not permitted to go round any of the school buildings, a truly extraordinary announcement to make on Old Boys' Day. (He later relented and allowed a guided tour, but we had all picked up on the message.) I went to Pam and asked what arrangements there would be for my Grindal visit. Pam made a phone call and was shocked to be told by the housemaster that I wouldn't be permitted to visit. How extraordinary! Pam remonstrated with him and eventually he backed down, saying that I should go and find one of the cleaning staff, who would show me some of the rooms, but that most of the building would be off-limits to me. In retrospect I was probably being naïve but I was genuinely shocked at his attitude. With no great confidence I approached the imposing front door and rang the bell. I waited ages. I was about to try again when the door opened and a young man came out. We were both as surprised as the other. It transpired that he was an American student in his final year. It would be his pleasure to show me everything. I have two abiding memories of my visit. The first was a boys' kitchenette with kettles and a microwave and signs in Chinese and, occasionally, English. So the boys used to either cook up a ready meal in the microwave or get a pizza in. Nearly all the boys in the house were from China, all of whom had gone back home when the announcement of the school's closure was made, leaving only my guide to stay till the end of term. The dining room and the various dayrooms had all been converted into two or three person study/bedrooms, as had the dorms on the first and second floors. There was a very agreeable suite of rooms that belonged to the deputy housemaster, so I assume that the actual housemaster had even better ones. In our day the deputy housemaster would have a small room in Lonsdale and would turn up when required.

So what few pupils remained in the school would all have lunch in Foundation, but other than that I could see no sign of communal living at all. I couldn't even see how they sorted themselves out after coming back muddy from rugby. Surely they couldn't tramp through the house to their rooms? Did they even still do sport?

I would be delighted if a recent member of the school could tell me how Grindal actually operated at this time. Was any use at all made of the basement area?

I am very grateful to have had the experience of belonging to the Grindal community when I did, but even more grateful not to have been there in 2015."

Bill Roberts - Dr William Roberts (M 58-62) writes:

St Bees on a Thursday Afternoon.

“What I remember most fondly about my time at St Bees was Thursday afternoons - activity time.

On appointment I had been talked into the CCF and my use of this privilege was to start a mountain rescue team, which practised on Thursday afternoons. I had been an instructor at the Outward Bound Mountain School at Eskdale and so I was primed at least in the essentials. We had odd days at Gatehouse (the Outward Bound school) up the Eskdale valley hauling a stretcher (with patient) up Ranks Bank; other days with a well-trained search team looking for lost walkers, and one special day with the Thomas stretcher bringing down a walker with a sugar deficiency from Hollow Stones. On one particularly memorable day I took two boys, whose names I sadly do not recall now, up the north climb on Pillar. This is not a very difficult climb but it does have a sensational top pitch in which the vital move - easy if you are tall enough - is out of reach if you are 5ft 8ins or less. I was so pleased to get up that climb that I forgot all about time and so was rather surprised to be met with a line of searchers at the top of Black Sail, who were looking for me because I was late back, and a bright youngster had raised the alarm. I found it difficult mounting a convincing explanation for Mr Wykes next day. Of course, I was younger then and a lot more foolish: I had been given a flare-pistol as part of my equipment as a leader of the search team and I thought that it needed testing. The flare shot off into the sky and landed in the coal yard by the railway line - to my confusion and with some danger of starting a fire. There were consolations, one of which was being sent on a glider course to Kirton Lindsay in Lincolnshire. I remember the thrill of the air rushing past as we jettisoned the tow rope and the bump as we landed.

My time in the CCF did leave me with a heightened sense of awareness of the value of the military, in particular of the St Bees hero, Capt Leefe Robinson. It was an extraordinary coincidence that my parents lived at Cuffley, outside London, where Capt Robinson had brought down the first zeppelin. Of course I walked up to the memorial on Plough Hill in Cuffley in the fifties, and again a few years ago when the 100th anniversary of the shooting-down occurred. One other event I suppose that I should mention, since it was such a remarkable thing at the time, is a debt I owed to Donald Leggat, who was the extremely talented music master and who shared the house at 11 Lonsdale Terrace. One evening Donald was probably on the point of complaining about the noise I was making. Fortunately, he came upstairs to my bedroom and found me moaning and unconscious. He raised the alarm and probably saved my life. I was shipped off to Workington hospital, where I remained unconscious for a fortnight. Later I was visited by a doctor friend, who had me sent down to a London hospital, where I

was properly diagnosed and operated on. A piece of plastic was put in my aorta and I have lived on happily ever since.

One further event I should have mentioned but nearly forgot is that I met my wife-to-be while at St Bees and that is a debt I shall always be glad to acknowledge. I spent only three years at the school and wish now that it had been longer. It was a formative and important time in my life: I loved the school then, I made so many good friends, and I hope so much for its future.”

Dr Thomas Tuohy (SH 64-67) has sent in some details about an Arboretum he has created in Beckermat, Cumbria.

In 2001 Dr Tuohy, dismayed by the loss of farmland and natural habitat to building development, bought three fields in the centre of Beckermat, in the area known locally as Little Mesopotamia, and began the planting of what has now become more than five thousand trees and shrubs, many of them in hedgerows. The central area has been retained for sheep, while the plantations and other landscaping features reflect his interests in classical history and culture.

The initial motivation was to plant trees to improve the environment and provide a haven for wildlife and threatened tree species such as ash, horse chestnut, oak and larch. In 2019 the site was granted charitable status as a conservation organisation with the aims of protecting and developing the site as a high value environment for wildlife and the promotion of biodiversity. More on all this, including details of access, can be found online at

www.littlemesopotamia.co.uk.

An interesting feature of the site is that Dr Tuohy has dedicated many of the trees in the various sections after his friends and contemporaries at Seascale Preparatory School (1959-1964) and St Bees School (1964-1967).

Since some of the individuals will be unaware of their commemoration, a list of them follows:

Rupert G. Atkinson, Christopher J. Bean, John M. Bell *, David Bryson *, Nicholas J.V. Curry, André J. Dufaye *, D.A. Elston, David L. Farrall, Martin Hazen Field *, Mike Gascoigne, William J. Haigh *, Nigel A. Halfpenny *, Richard J. Hall *, Keven C.E. Haywood, L.T.G. Hughes, David C. Hunter, James S. Jacques *, Anthony C. Lamb *, Nazir Lalani *, Steve F. Moss, Nicholas J.K. Normanton *, Edward W. Phillips and John R. Phillips **, David A. Spira, Roger J. Swales *, Christopher R.C. Tetley * and J.P.S. Walker.

Those marked with an * are from Seascale Prep School and are largely in the Birch Walk in Schifanoia. There is a concentration of some OSBs in the Ephebe's Narthex, a group of Corsican Pines leading into the Platonic Academy, but they are found in other parts of the arboretum too. Two masters have individual trees: A.N.R. Dearle and Sam (and Margaret) Parkinson. Although

Thomas has not seen most of these people for over 50 years, he still has vivid and distinct memories of them. He also remembers many others and “would be happy to include their names in a section of the holly hedge, if they would not considered it *infra dig* to be part of a hedge!”

John West (SH 61-64) was prompted to make the following observations while trying to identify faces from a whole school photograph from 1963:

“252 is Colin Entwistle. Colin was born in Oswaldtwistle! We were at Huyton Hill together and always went cycling on three-quarter days at St Bees; among other places, to Grange over Sands and to Gretna Green.

254 is Jonty Campbell, cross country runner extraordinaire! He was in the junior running eight. I was first reserve. We did a practice run the day after an inter school run (which he had won I think); obviously those who had taken part weren't trying hard - except Jonty. As first reserve I expected to win, but he was so competitive he still beat me! I remember reading out a road test on the 1964 Zephyr 4 in big dayroom. The report said how underpowered it was and then listed other faults. After I had derided it for about five minutes, Jonty said quietly 'We've got one of those.' Oops!

286 is John Nevin. John also went to Huyton Hill and was a great musician. Despite this, he managed to get on the wrong side of Don Leggatt, because he went to the wrong room and was therefore late for his first music lesson. We are in contact on Facebook, he now lives in British Columbia. I remembered John telling me when we were at Huyton Hill that he had met Neil Sedaka by chance on a bus when he lived in Brazil and I recently asked him about it. He replied: 'Yes, I remember the encounter with Neil Sedaka well. He was appearing at a radio station in Rio around 1959 and my mother took me to see him. But when we got there the place was crowded with screaming fans and the show was over. On the way back, by some fluke, there he was on the bus so I introduced myself and had a chat. He gave me his autograph. Still have it somewhere. I was listening to pop then as a relief from my classical lessons.' Strange to imagine Neil Sedaka on a bus, even in 1959!

The Matron on School House in about '62 -'64, whose name I'm ashamed to say I can't remember, but I'm sure wasn't the one in the '61/'62 School House photo on the OSB site, was Rushwaldy's Aunt (A.D. Rushwaldy, Hostel, No.89 on the 1963 whole school photo). Rushwaldy was full back on the first XV.

We used to be allowed two newspapers in Big Dayroom and I think we had either the Mail or the Express, plus the Telegraph. The Telegraph contained all the reports on schools' cricket and rugby. One such report was to the effect: 'High flying Sedbergh's rugby team has little competition among Northern Schools, only

Rossall can hope to beat them. They play Rossall in two weeks. Meanwhile they play St Bees.' What a match! Rushwaldy was on fire! His kicking was inch perfect, his tackling was supreme. Obviously he didn't win the match single handedly, but he was the stand-out player. Matron was ecstatic! The catch phrase around school for several days was 'Meanwhile, they play St Bees.'

One of the things the juniors dreaded was a 'session'. This was a particularly nasty 'Star Chamber' Court. I can't remember what earned you a session, but several seniors would gather in a study and you would wait in the corridor with others, listening to boys being grilled and humiliated. 'Look at the floor boy!' while they made fun of you and asked you the full team for the first XI or XV, including initials. I remember looking up at Duncan Peel, who was actually a great chap normally, and him shouting at me. I have an unfortunate habit of laughing if I am nervous. It wasn't the thing to do in a 'session'. For some reason he said something about my legs. I laughed again. 'Do you think you've got good legs?' Oh dear, more laughter. Actually, they all started to laugh and that defused the situation. They then asked me team names and positions. Because I was interested and knew them, I got away without further harassment. It must have been hell for academic types, who neither knew nor cared!

I left at sixteen and many of my contemporaries were determined not to continue fagging and 'sessions'. I understand that they were quite successful and that life became easier for new boys.

I recently asked Michael Graves, a Huyton Hill contemporary, who went to Rossall, whether they had similar things and whether it changed in his time. He replied: 'Rossall had school prefects (called monitors) and house monitors. School monitors could give you a 'parade', which involved a run at the crack of dawn (often in the dark and the rain). House monitors only gave you unpleasant chores to do in the house. I don't remember things changing at Rossall during my time but I believe they did in the year following my exit. Our Star Chamber was known as 'the fagging test' where new boys were expected to answer questions about the various houses, who the house masters were, all master's nicknames, school institutions etc. While answering these questions, they had stuff thrown at them by the prefects and were generally taunted and teased. Anyway, I believe this and fagging stopped after my time but it may not have been a whole school reform, just a house by house change which presumably eventually enveloped the school. It's over half a century since then and the system is considerably softer all round. Were you called by surnames only at St Bees? I believe you wore shorts too. Mustn't apply today's values to yesteryear's actions, I suppose. I tend to consider that we are too protective of the young these days which makes them risk-averse, arguably a downside of Health & Safety culture.'

Certainly senior boys could award punishment runs. One of the fagging duties on

baby dayroom was to take the post from the box on the windowsill in the corridor down to the postbox, which was somewhere on Priory Road I think. I gathered up the post, but must have dropped a letter in the corridor. I found it later on, but not realising I'd been the one who'd dropped it, instead of just putting it back in the box, I made the mistake of handing it to Crowther, whose writing I recognised and said something like 'Oh, you must have dropped this!' He went ballistic and said it was an important invitation to another school for a cricket match. 'I posted it, so you must have dropped it when taking the post.' I can't remember what the next punishment run 'up' from a triangle was - a 'Sea Mills?' Whatever it was, that's what I got!

I hated the CCF. By Sunday night a little cloud formed over my head at the thought of the coming Tuesday. I would go down to the changing rooms to clean my kit, then say, 'Oh, I'll do it tomorrow', then not do it on Monday either. I used to get into awful trouble (from Hedley of Hostel, who was our 'Platoon Commander', or whatever it was) for not doing my kit. Someone suggested you could 'oil' your toecaps to make them shine. Like a fool I tried it. What a mess! Jonathan Roberts would stand next to me, immaculate, with perfectly shined boots and creased trousers – some contrast! Luckily I played the bugle, so that helped. I was in one of those teams that did a display on Speech Day. That got me out of some things.

I was lucky having an older brother to warn me about things, although others might disagree, I was told by Andy to avoid the choir at all costs. He said that it took up your every spare minute. I had quite a decent voice until it broke, but I sang way out of tune at the audition we all had to take, where Don explained that he only got one or two terms out of the younger students so it was obligatory. R.A. Ward (was it Robert?) told me that he'd been in the choir until his voice broke. Don said to him, with a big smile, some months later 'Ah, Robert, your voice will have settled down now, you'll be coming back into the choir of course, won't you!' 'Ah, no thank you sir, I won't.' Smile turned to frown. 'Alright Ward, cut along!'

I did like the Priory services though.

I was saddened to read a couple of years ago that P.F. Thompson, cross country runner only second to the legendary G. Nigel Boucher, had died flying his jet. He came once to Old Boys' Day in an open top, left hand drive jeep, which he had bought in London the day before and driven up overnight. There were definitely some characters back then!"

John Wilkin (SH 55-60) reveals: The case of the missing road sign.

“When I started at St Bees in 1955, there was a road sign near Foundation indicating the presence of a school; it consisted of the old ‘Torch of Learning’

symbol. Around 1957 the council replaced this with a new sign showing a young girl and boy running across the road. Naturally, this did not go down well in the all-male St Beghian community, and overnight it disappeared.

During the next weekly school assembly in the Memorial Hall, the Headmaster, James Wykes, referred to the disappearance of the sign, suggesting that it was an understandable gesture, but made it clear that such a gesture should not be repeated. The next day, the new sign had been reinstated. I never knew who was responsible; perhaps those involved would now reveal themselves?"

Photos may be seen at <http://www.st-beghian-society.co.uk/july20bulletin>.

Dangerous Times in School Holidays - By Don H. Williams (FN 61-64):

"Winters were quite severe during my early teens. Just five miles from St Bees, quite close to where we lived in the village of Beckermest, we often spent time sliding across the ice of a frozen tarn. It was just a short distance to the tarn along a farm track. Rummaging in an old tin trunk stored in our garage I found some very old 'clip on and screw tight' ice skates. My grandmother had told me about a time when the River Tees had frozen with such thick ice that grandfather skated on the river four miles from Yarm to Stockton. I thought that these old skates must have been used by him. They clamped and screwed onto my school CCF boots without a problem. Skating on the tarn became a whole new experience, dodging around sledges, metal trays and an assortment of other inventive sliding gear. The best times I recall were when I was skating during the early evening when the sun was setting and everyone else had gone home.

The ice was very thick but whilst the temperature had been rising the ice was slowly rotting. It wavered beneath me as I skated but not to worry, I reminded myself, it was thick enough. I stopped in the middle of the tarn thinking it was time to pack up. I heard no sound of ice cracking but quite suddenly an almost circular block of ice gave way beneath me. Instantaneously I was in the freezing water. On my way down instinctively I must have outstretched my arms. I was at least momentarily suspended with arms, head and shoulders out of the water. Thoughts flashed through my mind as to what might happen next. I dearly wished that there was someone else around. Without any help my only option was to gingerly raise myself by spreading and dispersing my weight across the ice. Thankfully, I inched myself up and away from that broken ice hole. Was I pleased to reach safely the side of the tarn? I was shaking not just with cold but with the fear of what could have been. Needless to say, on arriving back, the warmth of being home was intensely wonderful.

I did enjoy our time living in Beckermest village. Initially the family moved into a large flat, part of a huge Victorian house 'Yourity', owned by Colonel Jim Booth, who had retired from managing the local iron ore mine. During my first school

holiday at 'Yourity', the Colonel gave me his vintage German Diana .177 air rifle. With its large buttstock and lengthy barrel, this old 'Betsy' snapped open with a hugely strong spring. It was not long before I was a crack shot. From shooting the heads off matchsticks I progressed to taking pot shots at starlings and spuggies. One of these unfortunates tumbled down a chimney into the hearth whilst the colonel's alarmed maid was cleaning the fire grate. With my preparatory school friend, David Hird, also from Beckermest, as well as air rifles we also knew shotguns. Harecroft Hall's headmaster, William Dunlop, used to allow some pupils the use of his shotguns to cull the school's beech wood rook population. Having spotted a pheasant on the lawn, with Dunlop's permission, I remember Redway and Hird shooting it from a dormitory window. Annie, the school cook, later prepared the bird for both Hugh and David to eat at dinner. After Common Entrance examinations both Hugh Redway and I went on to St Bees while David went to Eshton Hall School. However, during school holidays David and I still 'knocked about'. Shooting was definitely 'in our blood'. For some reason we had decided it was time to do some 'rough' shooting. We planned that David would use his father's .410 shotgun whilst I would lay my hands on a double hammer 12 bore. Complete with Eley Kynock cartridges and other ammunition this gun was kept on my father's wardrobe along with a .303 Royal Enfield rifle, once belonging to my late grandfather. Neither had been used for years. Moving carefully through the house I smuggled out the shotgun in two separate pieces with a pocket full of dusty cartridges. Once fully armed we were both ready to tramp the fields for whatever game we could bag. Gun licenses or knowledge about gun proofing was not considered. I had noticed a slight dent in the barrelling of the old shotgun but this didn't seem significant! From one field into the next we stealthily walked with only the odd startled snipe snaking up into the sky before us. Shot after shot we took but without gain. Happily, the greatest luck I had was when I discovered the old shotgun had not been proofed for yonks. So it was that on this 'rough shoot' day my first shot could have blasted off in the gun to be my last!

School holidays were also a splendid time for us to go salmon fishing on the River Ehen. This particular sunny day we walked almost to the estuary. Together we both carried spinning rods. David remembers when he put his rod tip over the river's edge, wiggled the blue and silver minnow in the water, and suddenly a ten pound salmon took the bait. With a relatively lightweight line, landing this size of fish seemed a big problem. David recalls that I quickly offered a solution. It seemed so simple when I climbed into the river, put my hands around its tale and landed it. Without further ado David had the salmon in his fishing bag, slung over his shoulder and on his way home. Even though it was getting late and I was on my own, I was determined to take a salmon back home myself. I didn't have to

wait too long. It nearly caught me, that is, by surprise. This fish was some fighter. It had me almost over the bank and in the water twice as I played it along the river. At last, shaking and with more than just a sigh of relief, I reached a point down river where I managed to beach this exhausted seven pound salmon. Equally exhausted I also realised how lucky I was that my fate was not to end that day alone in the river... No more tales!"

Snippets.....

Michael Mahoney (SH 93-96), who now lives and works in the USA, has made something of a niche for himself in the world of mushroom growing. For an account of his work see: <https://littlevillagemag.com/local-growers-supply-area-restaurants-and-grocers-with-specialty-fungi/>.

Military buffs may be interested in reading *Fifty-First Field The Story of the 51st Field Regiment, Royal Artillery (Westmoreland & Cumberland Yeomanry)*, in the Second World War, which has been written by OSB **Thomas Thompson (FN 44-48)**. It can be obtained from the Museum of Military Life, The Castle, Carlisle CA3 8UR. Or by email to enquiries@cmoml.org

Notification of Deaths (Since the January 2020 Bulletin)

AFFLECK, R.S. (Robert)	Died 10.01.19	SH 53-59
BOULTER, H.J. (Hugh)	Died 26.06.20	SH 53-58
CHAYTOR, J. (Jonathan)	Died 18.04.20	FS 51-54
DAVY, C.A.E. (Tony)	Died 28.12.19	FS 42-45
ELDRIDGE, J.R. (Julian)	Died 13.05.20	G 51-56
ELLIS, J.C. (John)	Died 14.04.20	FS 45-50
FRANKLAND, A.W. (Bill)	Died 02.04.20	FN 26-30
LAWSON, D. (David)	Died ??.11.19	F 55-59
MIDDLETON, M. (Maurice)	Died 22.01.20	G/DS 43-48
PEARCY, J.D.R.B. (John)	Died 03.05.20	SH 53-58
PEARSON, J.L. (John)	Died 01.05.20	SH 51-55
STRINGER, R.D.B (Robert - Bob)	Died 06.06.20	FS 57-61
WIGGANS, M.T.R. (Michael)	Died 14.05.20	SH 45-51
WILSON, H. (Hill)	Died 01.05.20	FN 42-44

OBITUARIES

Robert (Bob) Affleck (SH 53-59).

Robert's brother, Bill, has sent in the following.

“Robert (Bob) Scotson Affleck was born in Kelowna, BC on March 9th, 1941 and died, aged 77, on January 10th, 2019, aged 77, at Bradford Woods, Pittsburgh, USA.

He was the beloved husband of Sylvia; wonderful father of John (Fae) Affleck and Elisabeth (Carl) Johnson; dear brother of Bill (Joyce) Affleck.

Bob was born in Canada and came to England at the end of the war. He grew up in Cumbria, went to Seascale Prep School and then on to St Bees School in 1953 and subsequently to the University of Sheffield from where he graduated with a degree in Mining Engineering.

He and his family were moved by his company to the USA in 1981 on what was supposed to be a short-term assignment, but his company changed hands and the family settled in Bradford Woods. Bob was very involved in the local church and in the Greater Pittsburgh MG Club, sharing his passion for vintage cars with the other members. A main, long term, interest of his was the restoration of the 1938 HRG Airline coupe which came with him from England in pieces and was rebuilt to run for the first time under its own power for 45 years in 2010. It was sold for \$253,000 in 2013.”

Photos may be seen at <http://www.st-beghian-society.co.uk/july20bulletin>.

Richard Atkinson (FS 76-80).

Peter Harper (FS 78-82) and Darryl Davies (FS 62-68)(M 75-07) have contributed the following.

“Richard died on Saturday, 4th January 2020 after suffering a heart attack at Keswick Rugby Club (his second home). He would have been 57 years old this May.

He was born in Welwyn, Hertfordshire, to parents Doug and Olga, who were serial entrepreneurs and successful business people in the tourism industry and in property development.

He attended boarding school at Arnside and then at St Bees from where he left in 1979 after taking his O 'Levels. Richard would be the first to admit that he did not have a very distinguished academic career, but St Bees had provided him with many other life skills and a great love of rugby. He captained the 2nd XV, coached by Darryl Davies, who bore witness to the enthusiasm he had for the game. On one occasion, when St Bees were playing Keswick School, the referee did not have a full grasp of the laws of the game. Richard spoke with the captain

of Keswick School and they both agreed to abide by the laws for the rest of the game, which both sides duly did. Richard was chaired off shoulder high by both teams.

He started representing his beloved Keswick Rugby Club in 1978, eventually retiring in the early 2000s. As a player he was always committed and was a solid and reliable prop forward. For such a big man he had also developed a skill for place kicks.

Richard enjoyed travelling all over England and Scotland and played a big part in the tours to Ireland (1986), Cyprus (2001) and Spain in (2003). Great memories and friendships were forged on these tours but none greater than the early ones with Corstophine Rugby Club in Edinburgh. A unique relationship developed between the two clubs, and Richard subsequently organised their 40th anniversary dinner and rugby weekend. The connection with Corstophine led him to strike up lifelong friendships with people in Edinburgh, where he regularly visited with his family, hence the attendance of such friends at his funeral.

He was known as a gentle giant and a loving family man with a big heart, who was generous with his time and efforts on behalf of others. His first marriage didn't work out but they were blessed with a son, Matty, of whom Richard was rightly proud. Richard later found happiness after meeting and marrying Sayfon (known as Fon) in Thailand before moving back to run their guesthouse 'Shemara' in Keswick. Richard and Fon were delighted with the arrival of their daughter, Jasmin, and the whole family were involved in the running of the guesthouse and their 'Taste of Thailand' restaurant, which at one stage was number one on Trip Advisor for restaurants in Keswick.

Richard and Fon returned to holiday in Thailand on numerous occasions to visit Fon's family. It was not long before they built a house in Fon's home village. Richard made great friends there and was affectionately referred to as 'King Kong'.

He served in many roles at Keswick Rugby Club. He had been club captain, chairman, junior coach, and latterly was in charge of marketing and sponsorship. He was very innovative and proactive in pushing the club forward and helping others. He started the Keswick Old Boys' annual reunion and was a volunteer and supporter of the highly successful Keswick Beer Festival. He was also involved in organising the Keswick Half Marathon from its inception in the 1980s. To many he was the face of Keswick rugby and secured many sponsors.

All of us that have been privileged to know him realise that we have lost a great family man, good friend and dedicated loyal clubman. His honesty, his ability to laugh at himself, and his quick and clever wit, will be sorely missed.

RIP Richard.”

John Clough Ellis (FS 45-50).

The following notice was submitted by John's niece, Moira Ellis.

“John Clough Ellis, was born in Formby, Lancashire 7th February 1932 and attended St Bees from 1945-1950. Following his years at the school, he was called up into the Royal Artillery 73rd Heavy Anti-Aircraft (HAA) regiment at the age of 18. He served with the British Army in Egypt for two years. During those years, John met up with his brother, David Ellis (Foundation South 1944-1949), in the Suez Canal Zone during the disturbances. The brothers were only approximately 20km apart and used to gather with each other and with some Formby friends.

In 1953 at the age of 21, John met his future wife, Barbara Cartwright, at an evening dance ball in Bootle in Liverpool. In February of 1955 he began working with an import company in Nyasaland, now known as Malawi, Africa. Barbara joined him later that year and they were married on the 17th of December 1955. In 1959, after his four-year contract expired, John returned to England. He was offered a position at the end of 1959 with Shell Ltd in Bulawayo, Rhodesia, now Zimbabwe. He was then transferred to Blantyre in Malawi in 1968 where he had some amazing adventures such as walking down hippo trails and encountering crocodiles in Lake Shire, while ending the day with a gin and tonic and his favourite piri piri chicken at the local Limbe Club.

After transfer to Port Elizabeth, South Africa in 1971, he moved again, this time to Cape Town in 1978 where he remained for the rest of his life, having worked in various sales management positions for thirty four years.

On his retirement in 1992, he and Barbara travelled extensively to Namibia, Okavango in Botswana and Kgalagadi Transfrontier Park as well as on trips home to the UK, Israel and Turkey. Due to the climate in Cape Town, John actively played lawn bowls throughout the year.

He was famous for his funny limericks and could rattle one off on the spur of the moment, leaving friends and family in stitches.

John passed away in South Africa on the 14th of April 2020. He is survived by his dear wife Barbara, his son Peter (m. Mandy), his son William (m. Sheila) and his four grandsons Gareth and Justin, Dylan and Matthew.”

Photos may be seen at <http://www.st-beghian-society.co.uk/july20bulletin>.

Dr A.W. ('Bill') Frankland, MBE (FN 26-30).

We are sorry to report that our oldest OSB, Dr 'Bill' Frankland died on 2nd April in the Charterhouse, London at the age of 108 following a short illness. He had a remarkable life. In a medical career which lasted over eighty years he became a world renowned allergist, the oldest survivor of a notorious Japanese POW camp, a research colleague of Sir Alexander Fleming's, a pioneer of the effects of pollen

on human health, the oldest guest on Desert Island Discs, and in his retirement he was a consultant at Guy's Hospital, and the recipient of an MBE, as well as other awards. Throughout his life he was a committed Christian.

He was born, one of identical twins, in Sussex in 1912, his father subsequently becoming the vicar of Dacre in Cumberland. Following time at Rossall School and Carlisle Grammar school, 'Bill' entered St Bees School in 1926 and left in 1930 for the Queen's College, Oxford where he had won an exhibition to read Natural Sciences, and from where he graduated in 1934 to complete his medical training as a doctor by 1938. He thoroughly enjoyed his time at St Bees – he was a talented athlete as well as being highly intelligent – and cherished a remarkable fondness for it throughout his life. As a frequent visitor and generous benefactor to the school in his later years, he was regularly seen in media interviews proudly wearing his OSB tie for all to see. We have in the school archives a tape recorded account of his time here in the 1920s.

In 1941 he married Pauline Jackson, a colleague from St Mary's Hospital, Paddington. However, as a member of the Royal Army Medical Corps he was quickly posted, with the rank of Captain, to the Royal Warwickshire Regiment and sent to Singapore. On arrival the toss of a coin sent him to Tanglin Hospital rather than Alexandra Hospital. Thus fortuitously he avoided the massacre of the staff and patients there when it was overrun by the Japanese. There followed, 'Three and a half years of hell' in a Japanese prison camp from which he emerged weighing six stone. It was a period about which he remained silent for decades, choosing rather to think about his future life and career rather than dwelling on the hideousness of the immediate past. On the way back to England his luck held again when one of the three planes on which he and the men who were returning home crashed. He is on record as saying that he is a difficult man to kill!

On repatriation he returned to St Mary's, where he became Sir Alexander Fleming's assistant, and began his long and distinguished career in the management and treatment of allergy (the Allergy Clinic at the hospital now bears his name). His studies on pollen, for example, eventually led to the production and publication of the daily pollen count in the media (a boon for hay fever sufferers) as well as the development of allergen immunotherapy as a means of reducing susceptibility. In a private consultative capacity he once examined Saddam Hussein for a suspected allergy, but his diagnosis concluded that forty cigarettes a day was the actual cause of the problem! Nor was he reluctant to use himself as a guinea pig in the interests of his research, at one time allowing himself to be repeatedly bitten by a particular insect to discover if he could build up immunity through the frequent exposure. The culmination was anaphylactic shock and an emergency injection of adrenalin! Interestingly, like Fleming, he

became very sceptical about the long term use of antibiotics, correctly foreseeing the likelihood that bacteria would adapt to nullify their beneficial effects. During the twenty years following his retirement he worked as an unpaid consultant at Guy's Hospital specialising in peanut allergies, and he continued to publish scholarly papers and advise allergy sufferers to the end of his centenarian years. His activities in these latter years included appearing in court cases as an expert witness and driving his car until the age of 102. He lived in an apartment in London for most of this period until confinement to a wheelchair, when he was 106, led to his moving into the Charterhouse, where he died. An excellent biography of him was published last year, 'From Hell Island to Hay Fever' by Paul Watkins; it is well worth reading.

Dr Frankland is survived by his three daughters and one son.

Photos may be seen at <http://www.st-beghian-society.co.uk/july20bulletin>.

Robert J. George (FS 71-78).

The following was written by one of Robert's colleagues and has been kindly submitted by Mark George (FS 71-78)(M 02-15), Robert's twin brother.

"Dr Robert James George, known as Rob, Consultant Anaesthetist at Dr Gray's Hospital in Elgin, Moray, died suddenly while out walking on Saturday 12th October 2019. He had a distinguished career as an anaesthetist, working in Leeds, Hull, Gibraltar and Elgin as well as tours overseas with the army in Kosovo, Iraq and Afghanistan.

Robert was born on 19th February 1960 in Whitehaven, Cumbria, two minutes before his twin brother Mark. He started life living in a caravan and declared at the age of three that he wanted to be a doctor when he grew up. He was schooled at St Bees from 1971 to 1978 and excelled in nearly every subject except Art. This annoyed Robert greatly as his twin was an accomplished artist. Robert joined the RAF cadets becoming the chief cadet in his year and achieved his glider pilot's licence while still at school. For university he secured a place at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to read medicine, quite an achievement for a boy who started out in a caravan. He worked hard, and played hard, at one point breaking his leg and hobbling around on it for two days before eventually going to the hospital. Whilst he was still at Cambridge, he became a dad to Helen and then two years later, twins Sarah and Iain came into the world. After university the nomadic lifestyle started as Rob moved around to gain experience as a junior doctor. Eventually he settled on paediatrics, spending some time at Yorkhill Hospital in Glasgow, before several years at Sheffield Children's Hospital. He then decided to change to anaesthetics, which took him to St James's Hospital in Leeds, around the time that the TV documentary, Jimmy's was being filmed. Rob loathed the

thought of being on TV so every time anyone pointed a camera at him, he let out some rather fruity language so that they wouldn't be able to use the footage! After Leeds, Rob moved to Hull. He became a consultant and at the same time was in the Territorial Army. In between he also did stints as a locum working in Gibraltar. In his years in the TA, Rob rose to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and served in Kosovo, Iraq and Afghanistan. Some of the trauma he witnessed stayed with him forever. He also recalled the kindness of the locals that he met, especially in Iraq, where they were often invited in for 'chai'.

At one point, strictly against the rules, Rob took himself off by taxi to Basra to visit a local hospital to see conditions for himself. What he found was from the dark ages and he was so moved by what the medical staff had to contend with, that he got in touch with his own hospital in Hull and arranged an appeal to get supplies sent over.

When Rob came back from Afghanistan, he needed to escape from the world for a while, and in 2004 he applied to work in rural Moray. By this time, he had met Michaela and they found their idyll on the banks of the River Spey where they lived with their three dogs. He enjoyed the wilds and attending the local Highland Games. Months and years of DIY adventures followed as they began their quest to get off the grid.

While in Elgin, he worked hard in a small close-knit team delivering elective and emergency anaesthesia as well as doing inter-hospital transfers to Aberdeen and beyond. Rob was a great colleague and completely unflappable whatever the emergency. Although multi-talented he didn't flout his intelligence or his talent for anaesthesia. If you were stuck, he'd help you out. He was quiet and unassuming and had a fantastically dry sense of humour with a cheeky fleeting smile. He was unique, one of a kind. He treated everyone as an equal and never stood on formality.

Rob had strong views on politics and was a campaigner for the downtrodden both human and creature. He became vegan and supported animal rights as well as supporting the Scottish Green Party. He practised what he preached on the environment with a green car and a green sustainable off-grid house. He was a skilled cook and the coffee room in theatres got to experience his cakes, tagines and curries. He was an avid reader with a limitless thirst for knowledge, reading everything he could about WW1 and WW2. In the last year or so Rob had been on quite a few adventures, submitting numerous Munros including Lochnagar, Schiehallion and Ben Wyvis.

Rob had worked at Dr Gray's for fifteen years. He was only 59 years old. He leaves his mother, Eileen, his twin brother Mark, his three children, Helen, Sarah and Iain; two grandchildren, Ruairi and Iris, and his partner Michaela."

Lois Howard (1930-2020).

We are sorry to record the death on the 21st March in Mirfield, West Yorkshire of Mrs Lois Howard, the wife of a former Director of Music at the school, Brian Howard (M 65-83). She was for many years a resident in St Bees and, reflecting her deep Christian faith, a stalwart of the Priory Church. Sarah Maybury (nee Howard), eldest daughter of Lois, has informed the Society that it is hoped a Memorial Service will be held in the Priory when restrictions allow.

John Laird Pearson (SH 50-55).

We thank his brother Mark (SH 56-61) for the following details.

“John died on 1st May aged 82 years. He lived on the Wirral and worked all his life in Liverpool, firstly for J. Bibby & Son and then with the metals company Lonmin. Apart from his career in accountancy, he took great interest in a variety of sports, particularly cricket, rugby and especially golf, which he played as a keen club member. He will be greatly missed by many.”

Photo may be seen at <http://www.st-beghian-society.co.uk/july20bulletin>.

Michael Wiggins (SH 45-51).

Ian Wiggins has sent in the following regarding his late father.

“It is with sadness that I announce the passing of a former pupil of St Bees School Michael Thurston Richard Wiggins (SH 45-51) on 14th May 2020.

A loving husband and father of three children he passed away at the age of 86. Michael was born on 20 June 1933 in Tynemouth, Tyne and Wear, to Mary and Frank Wiggins. He went on to graduate from university and became a chartered electrical engineer. On 25 March 1959 he married Elizabeth Florence Roddick. They raised three children, Neil, Jane and Ian.

Michael served for two years in the Royal Navy in the Education Branch, as part of his National Service. During his engineering career he worked in Weybridge, Surrey, Edinburgh, Hong Kong, South Africa and Stafford. The latter being where he ultimately settled and retired.

Michael had a passion for photography, hiking and squash; these were pastimes and sports which he maintained well into retirement and which brought much pleasure to him. He also enjoyed a deep love of classical music. He was well known for his attention to detail and generous heart.

Michael was preceded in death by his wife Elizabeth and also his daughter Jane. He is survived by his eldest son, Neil and also Ian, together with his grandchildren; Keren, Jamie, Lauren and Annalise.”

OSB SHOP

For range of items on sale - www.st-beghian-society.co.uk/School Shop.htm.

SCHOOL NOTES

Message from the Headmaster

By Roger Sinnett

Greetings to you from the *alma mater*. We are approaching the final stretch of the school year at this exceptionally challenging time, and it is probable that most of us have had a little more time to reflect on what is important in life. Have we been fundamentally changed by Covid-19 or is it our perspectives that may in some way have changed? Are we reassessing what we consider important in life? I should like to pose a question to you. St Bees School may have existed for centuries and been the *alma mater* of thousands upon thousands of students through the years, but now in 2020, is it still the same school with a similar ethos to the school you attended back in the day? Has the closure and reopening changed it in any way? Is there a silver thread that continues unbroken through the years? As Headmaster it is my duty to ensure that a St Beghian is defined by the same qualities of character as was always the case.

It is a sad reality for many children that their school time was simply a phase they had to get through in order to attain adulthood - similar to adolescence or puberty. Their schooling may have left a few memories and a yellowing paper stating their exam grades, but did it truly create the bedrock of success for their future lives? Did it 'form' them?

In establishing St Bees School in 1583 Edmund Grindal had an educational vision which for us forms that unbroken silver thread which links the past with the future. To provide: *a stimulating, inclusive and safe environment in which every child is valued as an individual, and nurtured to realise their own unique potential*. In the latest chapter of St Bees School's journey, that vision remains as strong - if not stronger - than it has ever been. Our mission is to prepare our students for the challenges of tomorrow's world and to achieve this we have chosen rather a different route to that taken by most other schools. We emphasise the nurturing of each student's maturity through the development of their character. A student's maturity enables them to take increasing responsibility for their own performance; provides the impulse to learn well from *within* rather than *without*, and is the outcome of a strong character. This maturity drives academic attainment. In this way we achieve high academic attainment in balance with strong character attributes. The silver thread remains unbroken. Its course is fixed on future horizons - a future in which many of the jobs our students will be doing have not yet been invented. Academic knowledge has a short shelf-life. Character is key.

So a new generation of St Beghians is in the making and will emerge into the

world, strong in character and confidence. It is hoped that the St Beghians of yesteryear will embrace our newly hatched St Beghians, providing them with the support, guidance and opportunity that such an alumni network can achieve. St Bees is reborn under the principle of 'fusion'. Fusion of West with East. Fusion of academics with character. It is the fusion of our alumni with the new generation of St Beghians that will serve to inspire all who come after. That is the purest form of legacy.

Marketing: Behind the Scenes

By Ceara Hayden, Head of Marketing and Admissions

Hello. It is with absolute delight that I introduce myself as the Head of Marketing and Admissions here at school. Now in situ for a year - I can certainly testify that it has been one mammoth rollercoaster of a ride - but one where I wouldn't have changed anything at all. Well - perhaps not breaking a hip and having major surgery or dealing with a global pandemic might have made the job easier - but life is full of surprises and that's what makes it interesting.

My first task on commencing the role was to rebrand the entire school. As you do. And we did. Following a summer of design consultations and approval-seeking from all sides, our new logo and branding were born. We were highly conscious of keeping the heritage of the school prominent, so the crest needed to stay. At the same time, we wanted to reflect our evolution. We were a school rising from the ashes of a proud and historic past - but fundamentally a new school. A fusion school where past meets future. Alongside the new crest came colours, fonts, a new strapline - Where West Meets East - all underpinning our new philosophy of producing future global citizens, though with the past and heritage still firmly as foundations.

Task complete, this then led to a summer of creation. A new website. New prospectus. New promotional materials. We were ready, come September, to hit the ground running.

I'm not going to lie. Marketing St Bees is not an easy job! Yes, we know its beauty, its offerings, its opportunities. But we lie on the West Coast of Cumbria. We are the furthest settlement from a motorway. And we only had fifteen students. The top three questions we get asked in Admissions?

1. Where are you/where's the nearest city?
2. How much does it cost?
3. How many students do you have?

Here, we don't see these as weaknesses. These are our strengths. Location - the safest place in England, on the fringe of the Lake District National Park with a beach on the doorstep. Fees - reasonable compared to other boarding schools and

with hugely competitive and incentivising discounts (did you know that as an OSB, your children receive a discount?). Student numbers - yes, fifteen, but with fifty in September. And look at their intensive schooling, the strong mentoring they receive. Each and every one of our students is an individual, not a number. And so we grew. In the space of six months, we tripled our numbers for the coming September - half of whom were obtained whilst working remotely on 'lockdown'. And that is due to the fact that the school is strong. Stronger than it has been in a long time, and with a strength that is only set to grow. And parents can see that. Our unique fusion school, with global outlook and forward looking mind set is what is needed in our society - needed now more than ever.

This was never more solidly proven than when 'lockdown' hit and our students moved seamlessly to learning remotely online, via video conferencing. The feedback has been overwhelming and we are fully aware of how this has resulted in our students further excelling in resilience, independence, confidence and an awareness for others - skills that will prepare them for life.

And so we continue to grow and leap from strength to strength. With a cohort of fifty plus for September, with students from the UK, Romania, Germany, Turkey and China coming - thirty of whom will be boarders, the next chapter of St Bees will and can only be bigger and better. We look forward to welcoming you to join us for the ride.

Mark George, Board Chairman
has submitted a 'View from the Top'

On every fell walk there is a point when the going is tough and your lungs are bursting, where you contemplate turning round. Well there is for me anyway. And the reason I don't turn round is the view from the top is always magnificent and the sense of achievement palpable. I feel a sense of contentment and satisfaction in fell walking.

There has been an analogy in my mind these last four years, since St Bees School announced closure, to the psychology of a long fell walk. Only this one has had multiple points at which it would have been so easy to stop and turn round.

However the prize for keeping going, the reopening of the school and a sustainable future, has kept us all focussed on reaching the summit. And we are nearer to that summit than we ever have been as I write this note.

The 6th of September 2018 was a great day when the school reopened its doors. I was in China in October 2019 supporting Full Circle at the launch ceremonies of their first two St Bees Schools in China. Both of those schools are, despite yet another challenge thrown up by the coronavirus, in line to open in September 2020, another key milestone. And the school here in St Bees looks like having 50

pupils, many from overseas, continuing the growth of the school and its reputation.

The children here at St Bees are happy and loving their time at the school. A new generation of Old St Beghians is receiving an education that does justice to that which the readers of this publication look back on. As current Chair of the charitable trust set up in 1583 by Archbishop Grindal, and on behalf of the Trustees, I would like to thank the children, their parents, the staff, the leadership team, Full Circle and the myriad of others who have contributed to bringing us this far up the mountain. Life will continue to throw obstacles in the way - who would have thought a global pandemic would have added to the risk of sustainability - but we can sense the summit and everyone involved I know has the resolve to get there and reap the rich rewards that will flow from achieving our goal.

200 Club

The latest draw for the 200 club was made at the St Beghian Society Committee Meeting on Saturday, 7th March, 2020. The lucky winners are listed below:

£40	1	Bill Dove	£20	16	Judy Hunter
£40	61	David Lord	£20	68	Pam Rumney
£40	62	David Johnston	£20	25	Terence Mayne
£40	66	Dacre Watson	£20	51	Andrew Johnston

Since last September our membership has dropped slightly and we currently have 55 members. Once again, this is very disappointing. I try to encourage new members by sending out a Direct Debit form to all the winners. A few new members do join, it has to be said, but sadly some of our older ones pass away. Remember, it is possible to have more than one number in the draw.

In the bank we currently have £4,258.70. I have recently handed over a cheque for £2,000.00 to help with the ongoing costs of the Society. With the prizes for September due to be £320, in real terms (I like to use government jargon!) we have £1,938.70.

I should like to thank all those who subscribe to this worthwhile cause. Note that for as little as £2.00 per month you are entered into two draws per year - one in March, the other in September. The top prize is currently £160.00, but the more members we have, the bigger the prizes. There are also prizes of £40 and £20. Not only will your membership help you win prizes, it will be helping the St Beghian Society. Please help me to recruit new members.

You can contact me on darryl.davies1@btopenworld.com for further information and an entry form.

Darryl Davies.

St Beghians' Day 2020

Cancellation of OSB Day/AGM 2020

Unfortunately, Government restrictions because of the Covid-19 Virus mean that we will not be able to organise an OSB Day at school in September this year. Regrettably, therefore, we have decided that OSB Day on 19th September will have to be cancelled. We are sure you will agree that the safety of OSBs and the school community is of paramount importance at this time and are confident that you will understand our decision.

A consequence of this will be that the AGM of the Society, which usually takes place on that day, will not now take place. The main items of the agenda would have been a report on the Society's financial situation and the election of officials. The former of these has been covered in the statement regarding the Society's future written by the President and can be found in the present issue of the Bulletin.

In the current circumstances your Committee unanimously recommends that the election of the new President, Mr Howard Graham (FS 80-87), and the re-election of the officials, as shown below, should be approved without a formal vote by members. Unless we hear from you to the contrary, we will assume that you agree with this arrangement.

However, if any member of the Society has any objections to the election/re-election of any of the officers named below, please contact the Secretary on osb@stbeesschool.co.uk or (01946) 828093 or write to: The St Beghian Society, St Bees School, Wood Lane, St Bees, Cumbria, CA27 0DS.

Recommendations to the AGM for officer elections:

President	Howard Graham (FS 80-87)		
Committee	Sara Calvin, Alastair Lord, Anthony Wills and Anthony Fox		
Treasurer	David Lord	Secretary	Pam Rumney
Golfing Secretary	Tom Wright	Accounts Checker	Jason Spires

Additionally, we do currently have vacancies on the Committee and would be interested in hearing from any OSB who wishes to become involved. Please contact the Secretary, as above.

However, if at some stage before Christmas we feel that the Covid-19 situation has improved and that Government restrictions allow for a gathering to take place, we will endeavour to organise some kind of appropriate OSB event. We will provide information and updates about such an occasion on the Society website and electronically, via email, to OSBs. Please let us have your email address for mailings such as this, if you have not done so already.

BRANCH NOTES & EVENTS

Forthcoming Annual Dinner and Other Dates:

Asia - Hong Kong and Shenzhen

If you are interested in attending dinners and get-togethers in Hong Kong and Shenzhen, please get in touch with Laurence Gribble, James Rebert or Chris Ma: Facebook Group: “Old St Beghians in Asia”

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/480912405435555/> or

E-mail: OSBinAsia@gmail.com

WhatsApp: +44 7930 258791(Laurence Gribble).

Cumbria Dinner

The West Cumbria Dinner will take place on **Friday 16th October 2020** (subject to government guidelines), 7.00 for 7.30 pm, at Armathwaite Hall, Bassenthwaite Lake, near Keswick. The cost will be £30.00 per person for a three course meal, plus, we hope, a champagne reception and wine on the table. Of the sixty places available, forty five people have already booked to attend and a further ten have expressed an interest; therefore early booking is advisable.

Please contact Darryl Davies for further information or to book a dinner place (if you cancel before 1st October 2020, you will receive a full refund): darryl.davies1@btopenworld.com or 07970 180751 or 5 Marlborough Avenue, High Harrington, Workington, CA14 4NW. Payments must be received as soon as possible to confirm reservation and guarantee a place. Cheques to be made payable to ‘West Cumbria Branch OSBC’ or by BACS payment (Sort Code 01-09-54, Account number 83707689).

Accommodation is available at a reduced rate of £150.00 per room (including breakfast and the use of leisure facilities). **Please book accommodation directly with the hotel:** Leeann at leeann.lennox@armathwaite-hall.com or 017687 88909.

London Dinner

It is with regret that due to the current situation, the London Branch Dinner at the RAF Club will not take place in 2020. However, it is hoped that the next London Dinner will be held in **May 2021**. Please look out for further details in the next Bulletin and also on the Society website and Facebook pages.

For further information or to express an interest in the 2021 event please contact: Graeme Bagnall at baggers@talk21.com / 07778 301584 or Martin Birkett at martin.birkett@gs.com / 07788 713039. In the meantime, please join us at the October London Social for informal drinks with food – see details over.

London (Informal Gathering)

It is hoped that there will once again be an informal social get-together at The Pepys pub/restaurant (Stew Lane, EC4V 3PT) on **Friday, 9th October 2020**. We will reassess the situation nearer the time and post any updates on Facebook and the Society website page as well as emailing those for whom we have contact details. If you fancy eating and/or drinking or even just catching up, please do call in and join us. **Nicola Shannon (nee Metcalfe-Gibson) (L/G 78-85) would love to hear from you** if you are interested in attending - nicmetcalfeshannon@gmail.com or 0776 619 5468. Do get in touch, so that any updates can be circulated to you.

North East Dinner

We are hoping to proceed with the North East Branch Dinner on **November 4th 2020** at The Northumberland Golf Club, High Gosforth Park, Newcastle, NE3 5HT, as arranged. Of course, we will have to be guided by the Government restrictions at the time, but hopefully, by then, it will be possible to go ahead as planned. **For further information please contact** Bill Dove on (01274) 585147 or williamdove15@yahoo.co.uk.

Scotland Gathering

The Scottish old St Beghians plan to arrange a get together in **November 2020**. By then it is hoped that social distancing will be past us and we will be able to share our experiences during the lockdown over a nice glass or two with a pleasant meal. Keep an eye on the Society website and Facebook page regarding the date and the place, which will depend on suitable venues being allowed to re-open for business. If you are interested, **please contact** Tim MacKay, the organiser, so that he can get in touch with you nearer the time, once the situation and plans become clearer: timmackay5859@gmail.com or 07850 082583.

Singapore Lunch

A Singapore Lunch is tentatively being planned for **late November early December 2021**. All OSBs and partners, whether living in the Singapore area or not, are more than welcome to attend.

If you are interested in joining us or would like further information, **please contact** Duncan Merrin on duncan.merrin@fullcircle.biz.

The Sixth Annual Thomas Froggatt Memorial Rugby Match will be held at Egremont RUFC on **Monday 28th December 2020**, kick-off at 1.30pm. 2019 saw the widest representation of year groups present so far and the organisers are keen to build on this for the 2020 event. Keep the date free and we look forward to seeing you there.

Branch Secretaries:

Please find below/over a list of Branch Secretaries. If you are interested in attending a Branch dinner/gathering or require any other information, please contact the appropriate person. In addition, if you are living in another Branch's area temporarily, due to work or university for example, it would be helpful if such members were to contact the relevant Branch Secretary.

Asia: Laurence Gribble, James Rebert and Chris Ma:
E-mail: OSBinAsia@gmail.com or Facebook Group: "Old St Beghians in Asia"
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/480912405435555> or
WhatsApp: +44 7930 258791(Laurence Gribble) or WeChat: laurence358499.

Bristol & West: Currently Vacant.

If you are interested in assisting with this position, please do get in touch.

Cumbria (South): N.J.V. Curry (Nick),
95 Appleby Road, Kendal, Cumbria. LA9 6HE. Tel: (01539) 728808.

Cumbria (West): D.W. Davies (Darryl),
5 Marlborough Avenue, High Harrington, Workington, Cumbria. CA14 4NW.
Tel: (01946) 831650. Email: darryl.davies1@btopenworld.com

Liverpool: I.J. Braithwaite (Ian),
Bramble Grange, Belle Vue Lane, Guilden Sutton, Chester. CH3 7EJ.
Tel: (01244) 300565. Email: ijb.1@virgin.net

London: Please see Forthcoming Dinner Dates above for contact information.

Manchester: R.P. Calvin (Roy),
The Lymes, Priory Road, Bowdon, Altrincham, Cheshire. WA14 3BS.
Tel: (0161) 928 9812. Email: rcalvin1@googlemail.com

North-East: W.E. Dove (Bill),
3 the Rowans, Baildon, West Yorkshire. BD17 5DB.
Tel: (01274) 585147. Email: williamdove15@yahoo.co.uk

Yorkshire: S. Crossley-Smith (Steve),
Garth Cottage, Moor Park Way, Addingham, West Yorks. LS29 0PZ.
Tel: (01943) 830640. Email: crossleysmith@btinternet.com

Scotland: Please see Forthcoming Dinner Dates above for contact information.

Golfing Society (OSBGS)

Old St Beghians' Golfing Society 2020

The current situation means that there is no OSB golf news to report. We are waiting patiently to see if events that were cancelled due to the lockdown will be rescheduled for later in the year. It is hoped that the Halford Hewitt 2020 competition, for example, may be rescheduled and we will give further news in due course. As an OSB team we are trying to keep in contact and did have a Zoom call during lockdown.

Photo may be seen at <http://www.st-beghian-society.co.uk/july20bulletin>.

Meanwhile at St Bees, the St Bees Golf Club itself is looking in fine condition following the recent reopening. Bill Douglas (Club Secretary), Craig Morrison (Greenkeeper) and Ian Wright (Club Captain) have done a great job with implementing the necessary new rules and regulations for safe play and socially distanced golf. We can also report that the course is in superb condition, potentially the best it has looked for years!

Visitors can now play on the course and the Club has also recently promoted a new deal of £60 for one month's unlimited golf to encourage new members to join. The deal is limited to the first 100 people to sign up. We shall see what the take up is.

Tom Wright (Secretary)

Contact Details:

Michael Coffey, President – Michael@golfclubsec.co.uk.

Tom Wright, Secretary – tomosbgolf@hotmail.com.

St Bees Golf Club

For further information:

Club Secretary: Bill Douglas 01946 822573 or secretary@stbeesgolfclub.co.uk

Membership Secretary: Clive Hayes 01946 66003 or membership@stbeesgolfclub.co.uk

Club Captain: Iain Wright 07711 324676 or captain@stbeesgolfclub.co.uk

For any other **general enquiries** please email: info@stbeesgolfclub.co.uk

Additional events are sometimes arranged between Bulletin issues.

Please do let us have an **email address** if you have one, so that we can inform you of such dates as they arise or, alternatively, do 'follow' us & keep checking the Society's website and Facebook pages for further information.

www.st-beghian-society.co.uk & <https://www.facebook.com/osbsociety>

SOCIETY OFFICERS:

President:

P. G. Lever (Peter)
(G 62-66)

President-Elect:

H. J. Graham (Howard)
(FS 80-87)

Treasurer:

D. F. Lord (David)
(SH 60-65)

Secretary:

Mrs P.J. Rumney (Pam)

Committee:

R.P. Calvin (Roy) (SH 79-83)	R. Hall (Richard) (F 64-68)
Mrs S.J. Calvin (Sara) (G 77-84)	A.T. Johnston (Andrew) (G 68-73)
D.W. Davies (Darryl) (FS 62-68)	A.D. Lord (Alastair) (SH 90-95)
J.M.W. Dunn (John) (FS 64-69)	A.J.H. Reeve (Tony) (M 89-08)
A.P. Fox (Anthony) (G 62-67)	M.N. Roberts (Mark) (SH 93-95)
A.J. Haile (Andy) (F/SH 76-83)	A.J. Wills (Anthony) (F 60-64)

Trustees:

R.P. Calvin (Roy) (SH 79-83)	N.A. Halfpenny (Nigel) (FN 62-67)
J.G. Craig (James) (FN 75-82)	D.F. Lord (David) (SH 60-65)

If you are interested in being involved,
please contact the Secretary or any of the above members.

The next St Beghian Society Committee Meeting – tbc.

The AGM and St Beghians' Day, 2020 – Cancelled, see notice inside Bulletin.

Copy Deadline: As the target month for the next issue of 'The Old St Beghian' is **January 2021**, the Editor would be most grateful if Branch Secretaries and other contributors would let him have their notices and reports by **30th Nov, 2020**.

The St Beghian Society, St Bees School, St Bees, Cumbria. CA27 0DS.

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Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/osbsociety>