



# The Maroon

2009

The Year Book of the Old Bordenian Association

## CONTENTS

The President's Letter	7	Hockey Club Report	30
Annual General Meeting 2008	8	Football Club Report	35
Constitution	9	Like father, like son	40
Officers and Committee	11	The Wellards	40
Accounts and Treasurer's letter	12	The Hightons	43
Obituaries	14	The Popes	45
New Memorial Honours Boards	16	The Lamings	50
Editorial remarks	17	If the cap doesn't fit...	53
Annual Dinner 2008	18	20 Years in the Peak District	55
Sheppey Reunion Dinner 2008	21	Marathon Man Extraordinary	57
Golf Challenge Match 2009	21	The Companionship of....	59
Six of the Best	22	From the Head's Files	60
OBA Website Report	28	Membership List	63

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# THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Dear Old Bordenian,

Old Bordenian Committee Members continue to take a strong interest in the development of the School, as well as organising social and sporting events for the Association. They were pleased to hear that the School received a favourable Ofsted report that indicated good strengths in all significant areas.

My thanks, again, for the Association's support for one of the School's latest projects to improve the learning environment for the pupils, the refurbishment of one of our two Art Rooms. This, alongside the refurbishment of the Music Room, formed the core of last summer's major projects.

The House System was recently re-established and is proving very popular. House names were selected that fit Sports College status and have international status. So Lords, Wembley, Wimbledon and Twickenham have come into being.

I mentioned in last year's President's Letter that 25 coastal schools in Kent had been informed that they would be included in a major national project to rebuild secondary schools for 21st Century learning. This project, Building Schools for the Future, has now reached fruition for 10 schools where planning has finished and construction has begun. At the time of writing this report, Sittingbourne schools are due to begin discussions with architects in the summer of 2009. More information will be made available on the Old Bordenian Website when it is available, along with other newsworthy items from the current life of the School community.

I hope that many of you will be able to attend the 2009 Dinner and look forward to meeting you at the School in May.



H.S. Vafeas

# ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 2008

**Members present:** H. Vafeas (President) in the Chair, N. Hancock (acting Hon Sec), P. Taylor, K. Sears, S. Caveney, B. Gilbert, R. Harris, S. Rouse, D. Palmer

**Apologies for absence:** A. Snelling, J. Macrae, P. Lusted, G. Barnes

**Minutes and Matters arising:** The Minutes of the Meeting held on 5th October 2007 were agreed and signed as a correct record. No matters arising

**Correspondence:** An email to the Head from John Macrae about his health was discussed.

**Treasurer's Report:** Neil Hancock said subscriptions had slightly increased over the previous year's figure. Advertising income had held up well. The 87p under 'Subs' included the conversion cost of U.S. Dollars. Postage expenses had been kept down by Committee Members delivering many Maroon Magazines by hand. The Accounts showed large donations to the School, thus reducing our remaining funds substantially. The Headmaster thanked the Association for the two donations. It seemed there were some errors on the new Remembrance Boards, which he would ensure were rectified. The Accounts were duly accepted.

**Membership Secretary's Report:** It was reported that there were currently 60 Life Members, 359 Annual, 32 Students, 5 Honorary, 8 Staff – a total of 464.

**Football Report:** The 5-a-side teams were now down to 1, combining the veterans and younger members. The annual reunion match – 11-a-side – produced an age total of over 1,000 for both teams! Full details and photos were shown on the Association Website.

**Hockey Report:** We put out 8 mens teams and 2 ladies on a regular basis. We now have a mens coach who is a New Zealand ex-international player. Success on the field brought further recognition as the Hockey Club has been named as a Junior Development Centre for 13-year olds ; Canterbury, Maidstone and Rochester are the other Centres.

**Editor of The Maroon:** Graham Barnes proposes to include some nostalgic articles from Members and from the two Sports Sections. It will be a larger Magazine than last year's, being the last full issue in paper form. The Website will be our main source of communication thereafter. The despatch will be timed before the Annual Dinner on 16th May 2009.

**Dinner Secretariat:** The Meeting was reminded of the new date for the 2009 Dinner

**Website Report:** Members had received a recent demonstration of the speed and development of the site from Ryan Jarrett and were most impressed. The Headmaster thanked Dave Palmer for all his efforts to date.

**Constitutional changes:** Draft form slightly amended and agreed – see final version elsewhere.

**Election of Officers and Committee:** The following appointments were agreed :-

*President:* Harold Vafeas, Neil Hancock took the Chair for this election and proposed from the Chair

*Vice-President:* Graham Barnes. Proposed Shaun Caveney, seconded by Rick Harris

*Treasurer:* Neil Hancock. Proposed Shaun Caveney, seconded by Barry Gilbert

*Assistant Treasurer:* Ken Sears. Proposed Harold Vafeas, seconded by Dave Palmer

*Hon. Secretary:* John Macrae. Proposed Ken Sears, seconded by Barry Gilbert

*Membership Secretary:* Rick Harris. Proposed Peter Taylor, seconded by Simon Rouse. Rick wishes to retire, so at the Annual Dinner we will seek a volunteer to replace him.

*Dinner Secretariat:* Peter Lusted and Alan Snelling. Proposed Shaun Caveney, seconded by Rick Harris

*Editor of The Maroon:* Graham Barnes. Proposed Dave Palmer, seconded by Rick Harris

*Advertising Representative:* Keith Shea. Proposed Shaun Caveney, seconded by Simon Rouse

*Website Representative:* Dave Palmer. Proposed Shaun Caveney, seconded by Barry Gilbert

*OBA Governor:* Alan Snelling. Proposed Simon Rouse, seconded by Peter Taylor

The following were elected en bloc, proposed by Harold Vafeas, seconded by Rick Harris:

Peter Taylor, Simon Rouse, Shaun Caveney, Barry Gilbert, Bryan Short, Michael Pack

*Football Representative:* Keith Shea

*Hockey Representative:* Neil Hancock

*Accounts Examiner:* Alan Wilson

**Any other business:** The Committee Meeting dates for the coming year were agreed as follows:

Friday 28th November 2008 ; Friday 6th March 2009 (to despatch The Maroon) ; Friday 19th June 2009 ; Friday 2nd October 2009 – also to include A.G.M.

Annual Reunion Dinner Saturday 16th May 2009 ; Sheppey Dinner Saturday 14th November 2009

There being no further business, the Meeting closed at 9.17 pm

## THE CONSTITUTION OF THE ASSOCIATION

(revised in October 2008)

1. The name shall be OLD BORDENIAN ASSOCIATION
2. The following shall be eligible for membership of the Association:-
  - (a) All those whose names have appeared on the Roll of the School
  - (b) Past and present members of the teaching staff of the School
  - (c) Past and present members of the School's Governing Body
3. Honorary Life Membership of the Association may be conferred if it is considered that services have been rendered to the Association or to the School which merit the award of this distinction. The conferral of an Honorary Life Membership shall be at the discretion of the Committee
4. The objects of the Association shall be as follows:-
  - (a) To hold reunions, to foster good fellowship and a corporate spirit amongst membership
  - (b) To arrange sports and various activities for the members through recognised sections whose members should normally be paid-up members of the Association
  - (c) To assist the School and its organisations financially and in other ways
5. There shall be free membership for the first year after leaving School and thereafter the subscriptions shall be as fixed at the AGM from time to time and as published on the Old Bordenian website. Annual Members and Honorary Life Members shall be entitled to a card of membership and full website access. No further Life Members, except Honorary Life Members, shall be accepted for membership.
6. All subscriptions shall be due on June 1st each year.

7. Where a member is in arrears for more than one year membership shall lapse.
8. The funds of the Association shall be administered by the Honorary Treasurer, and all cheques shall be signed by the Treasurer and either the President or the Honorary Secretary.
9. (a) The Annual General Meeting shall be held at the School in October  
 (b) If there are any special items that members may wish to include in the agenda, these must be submitted to the Honorary Secretary at least two weeks in advance.  
 (c) Notice of the Annual General Meeting shall be published at least three months in advance on the Old Bordenian Website.  
 (d) The Treasurer shall prepare the Association's Annual Accounts made up to 31st July each year and have them certified by an Examiner appointed by the Committee and shall present them to the Annual General Meeting for approval.
10. The Officers of the Association, all of whom shall be Honorary, shall be elected at the AGM.
11. (a) The affairs of the Association shall be controlled by a Committee consisting of the following:- The President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Assistant Treasurer, Secretary's Assistant Secretary, Membership Secretariat (two members), Dinner Secretariat (two members), Editor of the "Maroon", Advertising Representative, Website Representative, OBA Representative on the Board of School Governors, six other members and a subscribing member nominated by each of the recognised sections.  
 (b) The Committee shall have the power of co-option. Co-opted members shall have the same voting rights as Committee members.  
 (c) Any member who fails to attend, without good reason, at least one Committee meeting between one AGM and the next shall be deemed ineligible for re-election.
12. Seven members of Committee shall constitute a quorum for both the Committee meetings and the AGM
13. The Committee shall have the power to set up various sub-committees and co-opt to them additional members from within the Association.
14. All minutes, reports and proceeding of sub-committees, duly signed by the Chairman, shall be presented to the Committee at its next meeting.
15. Extra Ordinary General Meeting. The Committee may call an Extra Ordinary General Meeting on the written application of ten fully paid-up members of the Association.
16. With reference to any additions or amendments to this Constitution, notice shall be given in writing to the Honorary Secretary at least fourteen days prior to the AGM.



*Sittingbourne Heritage Museum, currently situated in East St and a registered charity, is dedicated to the preservation of our history for this and future generations. We have over 500 Members, but we believe that many other people would belong if they knew more about us!*

*In particular, we would welcome input from people who could apply their experience, business acumen or plain common sense to our management committee which meets but a few times a year. If you are even vaguely interested, please contact Allen Whitnell on 07768 793727 or by email to [enquiries@sittingbourne-museum.co.uk](mailto:enquiries@sittingbourne-museum.co.uk)*

# OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE 2007-2008

<b>President:</b>	H.S. VAFEAS, Borden Grammar School, Avenue of Remembrance, Sittingbourne, Kent ME10 4DB. Tel: 01795 424192. Email: hv@bordengrammar.kent.sch.uk
<b>Vice-President &amp; Editor of The Maroon:</b>	G. BARNES, 9 Cross Lane Gardens, Ticehurst, East Sussex TN5 7HY. Tel: 01580 200678. Email: grahamjbarnes@bbmax.co.uk
<b>Hon. Treasurer:</b>	N. HANCOCK, 28 Uplands Way, Minster, Sheppey, Kent ME12 3EH. Tel: 01795 663887. Email: neilshancock@aol.com
<b>Assistant Treasurer:</b>	K. SEARS, 41 Winstanley Road, Sheerness, Kent ME12 2PW
<b>Hon. Secretary:</b>	J. MACRAE, Park House, 1 Highsted Road, Sittingbourne, Kent ME10 4PS. Tel: 01795 425364. Email: john.macrae@talktalk.net
<b>Hon. Membership Secretary:</b>	R. HARRIS, 21 Hill Brow, Sittingbourne, Kent ME10 1UW. Tel : 01795 422384
<b>Membership Development Secretary:</b>	C. LAMING, 5 Roonagh Court, Sittingbourne, Kent ME10 1QS. Tel: 01795 426996. Email: Chris.Laming@POferries.com
<b>Hon. Dinner Secretariat:</b>	A. SNELLING, Ufton Court, The Paddock, West Ridge, Sittingbourne, Kent ME10 1UH. Tel: 01795 471300. Email: ufton@lineone.net. P.LUSTED, Bowerland House, Pilgrims Lane, Chilham, Kent CT4 8AA. Tel: 01227 730233. Email: peter@lusteds.freeseve.co.uk
<b>Website Representative:</b>	D. PALMER, 6 The Fieldings, Sittingbourne, Kent ME10 4HA. Tel: 01795 422840. Email: david.palmer@berr.gsi.gov.uk
<b>Maroon Advertising Representative:</b>	K. SHEA, 46 Water Lane, Ospringe, Faversham, Kent ME13 8TX. Email: keith.shea@crmanagement.co.uk
<b>OBA Governor:</b>	A. SNELLING

## ***Other Committee Members:***

S. CAVENEY, 15 Cress Way, Faversham, Kent ME13 7NH  
B. GILBERT, 7 Dave Croft, Tunstall, Sittingbourne, Kent ME9 8LQ  
M. PACK, Tithe Barn Bungalow, Carriers Road, Cranbrook, Kent TN17 3JU  
S. ROUSE, 51 Galena Close, Sittingbourne, Kent ME10 5LB  
B.R. SHORT, Wykeham, Hearts Delight, Borden, Sittingbourne, Kent ME9 8HX  
P.M. TAYLOR, Kinsarvik, Westcliff Drive, Minster, Sheppey, Kent ME12 2LR

***Hockey Representative:*** N. HANCOCK.

***Football Representative:*** K. SHEA

***Accounts Examiner:*** A. WILSON

# ACCOUNTS - YEAR ENDED 31 JULY 2008

## General Account

	2008		2007	
	£	£	£	£
<b>INCOME</b>				
Subscriptions		4450.87		4349
Sale of ties profit		57.00		-
Dinner/Raffle profit		118.50		178
Interest received		<u>205.07</u>		<u>120</u>
		4831.44		
 <b>EXPENDITURE</b>				
Cost of Maroon	2298.00			
Less advertising	690.00	1608.00	1143	
Maroon postage		330.98	283	
Website		131.23	24	
Clock repairs		89.00	-	
George Dawkins Cricket Bat Awards		100.00	180	
General expenses		50.21	42	
Memorial donation		<u>25.00</u>	-	
Total		<u>2310.42</u>		
Gross Profit		<u>2521.02</u>	2837	
 Less donation for Art Room				
New Remembrance Boards		5000.00 (6th Form Room)	7000	
		<u>1200.00</u>		
Thus overall loss		<u>3678.98</u>	4163	

## Balance Sheet as at 31st July 2008

### Financed by:

Total funds at 31/07/07	£6024.59	Stock of ties	£373.80
Less loss for year	<u>3678.98</u>	Bank current account	200.15
	<u>2345.61</u>	Maroon advertising revenue due	690.00
		National Savings Bank	416.08
		Staff Commemoration Fund	236.00
		Cricket Bat Fund b/f	529.58
		Les Cricket Bat	100.00
			429.58
		Total	<u>£2345.61</u>

Signed : N.S. Hancock (Hon. Treasurer)

I certify that these accounts accord with the books and records made available to me

Signed : A. Wilson, Accounts Examiner 30.09.08

# **The Treasurer gives money away!**

What is this, you say – the man must be mad. It is not a Treasurer's traditional role ; collectively they are known as tighter than Fort Knox. Let me explain.

Since its foundation, one of the main objects of the Association, enshrined in our Constitution is “to assist the School and its organisations financially and in other ways”, so the actions of your Committee focus on this. In recent years, our donations have covered :

1998 £3,000 for Library refurbishment  
2000 £3,000 for Belt Sander Tool  
2002 £2,000 towards cost of AstroTurf Hockey Pitch  
2003 £3,000 ditto  
£500 for repairs to quadrangle fountain  
2004 £2,000 towards Hockey Pitch/Pavilion project  
2005 £550 for commemorative plaque  
£1,000 for Postage Franking Machine  
2006 £1,534 covers half cost of Commemorative Clock repairs  
2007 £2,000 contribution to funding Specialist School status  
£5,000 furnishing new Sixth Form Common Room  
2008 £5,000 for refurbishing Art Room  
£1,200 new Remembrance Boards in Vestibule  
Total £29,784 over 11 years

Our School report might have said “Not bad, but could do better if he tries”.

This then is the prime reason why the Association needs to continue with the concept of an annual subscription, even when the paper Maroon Magazine has ceased and all the news is covered on the Website. The Maroon is our main expense (£1,600 after advertising revenue) and its disappearance can only mean that we have the potential to increase our donations to the School. So clearly subscriptions are our lifeblood, and we hope that all Association Members will continue to give us their support, so that we in turn can continue to support the School.

I have many back copies of The Maroon, the first being the 9th Edition (1945). It had 36 pages, surely very good during a time of rationing. The Accounts showed receipts of £28.3s.4d, with expenses of £26.2s.6d, including Maroon printing costs of £17.0s.1d. Annual subs were then 4 shillings (20p) with Life Membership 2 guineas (210p). How inflation changes everything!

The Maroon is part of the Nation's and the School's history. This Issue recorded the return of 5 Old Boys from P.O.W. Camps and the award of numerous medals. Several Old Boys wrote from bases overseas to George Dawkins, our long-term Secretary. The annual cricket match saw D.A. Jarrett score 16 before being bowled by R. Weller who finally took 5 for 34, W. Wellard 3 for 31 and B.J. Allard 2 for 34. Brian Allard was run out for 16 and J.R. Allard hit wicket for 5. Such is the stuff of memories and talk at School reunions! We very much hope all readers will continue to support the Association and School in any way they can.

Finally, a brief reminder of our Treasurers over the years :

To circa 1950, John Taylor ; then Bill Wellard to 1960 ; Jim Stead to 1970 ; Peter Taylor to 1987 ; Trevor Ingram to 2001 ; Neil Hancock to date.

Not bad, only six Treasurers over 60 years!

**Neil Hancock**

## OBITUARY BRIGADIER JOHN CLEWOW

Almost certainly the Association's oldest Member, John Clewov died on 17th November 2008 aged 97. This is what his daughter said at his funeral :

"He was an extraordinary man – a wonderful husband and father. He had a brother and sister younger than himself, both now deceased. He was a convert to Catholicism. He married my Mother in 1935 and they enjoyed over 68 years together until she died. When asked recently how long he had lived in the house in Old Coulsdon, he replied (tongue in cheek) 'Over 60 years and only had one wife!'

His achievements were many, but he would not really want me to blow his trumpet – he was a very humble man. He was an outstanding mathematician, gaining a 'First' at St. John's College Cambridge in 1933, after which he taught maths at Purley Grammar School. In 1934 he joined the T.A. when he foresaw that another war with Germany was possible. From 1944-1947 he was employed on armament design and development, and took part in post-war investigation of German guided missile activities. He witnessed the aftermath of the horrors of the concentration camps and was never able to face returning to Germany again, although he continued to keep in touch with his German friends.

His regular army career spanned 1947-1957. He was promoted to Brigadier at the comparatively young age of 41. In 1948 he was sent to America attached to the USA Army for training on guided weapons. Between 1949 and 57 he held senior managerial posts when he was seconded to the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, then to the Ministry of Supply and to the Fairey Aviation Company. He returned to the Ministry of Supply as Director of Guided Missiles.

When he retired from the army in 1957 he was invited to become Chief Engineer at Vickers Armstrong (Aircraft) Company. From Vickers he joined G.E.C. and was given the opportunity to move from military to civil work as Engineering Director, but in 1963 he accepted in the interests of the Company the post of Director of Defence Projects, where he had line responsibility for 2,800 people organised in three defence divisions. Before he finally retired, he worked for the Science Research Council in London.

Although he held such high profile jobs, he had many other interests. He spoke at least eight languages and was a Latin scholar. His spare time activities were Mathematics, languages, reading, chess, bridge and walking. He had used a computer for over 25 years and when it broke down irreparably in 2004 he bought a new one. He was then 93! During his working life and when he retired he worked tirelessly for Amnesty International. For several years he had a group of volunteers indexing books for the blind. For over 25 years he ran a bible class once a month.

He became less mobile in the past four years and agreed to have live-in carers who were, almost without exception, excellent. He continued with his reading and other interests and enjoyed the visits of his many friends. When he became ill in April and needed a high level of nursing care, I had to make the very difficult decision (the hardest of my life) to arrange for him to go into a nursing home. He spent 6 months in Oban House and was very happy and settled. The carers loved him and I was able to go in and out on most days.



Just over a fortnight ago he reached the age of 97. He was in great form and his usual humorous self. His illness was sudden and unexpected but I thank God he died peacefully and that I was with him. Finally I quote from something he wrote in Latin and translated in the front of a book - *Each has his day : brief and irretrievable is life's span to all, but the task of Virtue is to prolong it by deeds of fame. Aeneid x 467.* May he rest in peace”.

Brian Short adds “John won a scholarship to Borden from Mile Town School, Sheerness, and entered the School in 1923. He left in 1930 as a scholar of St John’s College, Cambridge. He benefited from the mathematical teaching of the Headmaster, William Murdoch, who taught all the sixth form mathematics – Sir Stanley Hooker had been a slightly earlier pupil. His career took him out of the area, but he kept in touch right to the end. John and his daughter Mary hosted the Centenary Ball in 1978. One day a taxi arrived at the School containing a large consignment of books for the School – and very fine volumes they were. His response to appeals was always prompt and generous”.

## OBITUARY BOB DAVIS

Bob Davis, without any doubt, was the iconic figure at Borden in the late fifties. Blessed with a fine physique, he was a magnificent sportsman. His main love was football but he could seemingly turn his hand to any sport. Although he never liked cricket, he scored the only century of our period at the School. He could throw a javelin a fair distance, and hockey and tennis came easily to him.

He was no fool in the classroom, but what singled him out from the rest of us was his iconoclastic attitude to life at Borden. There was a James Dean-type of rebelliousness about him, yet he became Head Boy because George Hardy recognised his cult status. It was a job he did almost casually but all respected him. I think many of us were in awe of him.

After School however, this huge talent never really developed. He played football for Sittingbourne for quite a few years and he became a good golfer. He married and there are three children. Divorce arrived and Bob Davis then tended to drift. He never found a job which interested him enough to push himself. We often wondered ‘what Bob was doing’. That streak of rebelliousness never left him. I had not seen him for ages, but when I heard of his death, an enormous feeling of sadness and affection overwhelmed me. We look back thinking who were our heroes and Bob was the first of my life.

‘The Road not Taken’, a poem written by the American poet, Robert Frost, finishes :

*Two roads diverged in a wood, and I -  
I took the one less travelled by,  
And that has made all the difference.*

**Richard Witts**

Alan Wilson also has many memories of Bob. These are just a few of them:

- *staying behind after school to watch the 1st XI practise. Bob received the ball on the half-way line on the lower field, catching it on his foot and holding it there for a couple of seconds before tossing it up and volleying it at the goal. It hit the crossbar, which reverberated, such was the power of the shot – and let’s remember this was a full-size pitch.*
- *a last-minute gap in the Arts Festival programme which Bob and Tony Crosse filled (Tony on guitar) singing the Everly Brothers song “Dream”. They received rapturous applause.*
- *my first 200 x 8 given by Bob for running across the corner of one of the quadrangles rather than walking round. Bob commuted the punishment to 200 x 6 when he saw my shocked and rueful first-former facial expression!*



## **New Memorial Honours Boards**

Despite diligent research over many years, it is remarkable how many Old Bordenians there were who perished in the 1939-45 War in the service of this Country and yet whose sacrifices remained unrecorded by the School or the Association. As these omissions came to light, their names were added to the old Memorial Honours Board in the main vestibule of the School – until there was no room left for further additions.

Last year, therefore, the Committee decided to put this right, and commissioned a new Honours Board which has now been installed. It contains 42 names in alphabetical order, except for the last one, N.A. Monday, whose death during the War was unknown to us when the new Board was prepared.

At the same time, it was decided to commission another new Honours Board commemorating those who fell in the 1914-1918 War, and the two Boards are adjacent to each other in the vestibule. We have the names of only five Old Bordenians who are known to have been killed in First World War – which in some ways is remarkable when you reflect on the appalling number of casualties in France, Flanders and elsewhere. However, the School roll was much smaller in those days, and of course at this distance in time we are less certain that our records are complete. If you know of any names not recorded on either Honours Board, please contact the Secretary.

Each year, the Roll of Honour is read out at a simple Service of Remembrance attended by representatives of the Association, the staff and the pupils. It brings home the extent of the sacrifices made by Old Bordenians – mostly young men who in the normal course of events could have looked forward to years of fulfilment like most of their more fortunate contemporaries.

# **A ‘fin de siècle’ moment**

Well, all good things come to an end, it is said – with the possible exceptions of the odd Schubert Symphony and one of dear old Gerry Black’s shaggy dog stories – and now it’s the turn of The Maroon. After seventy-one consecutive editions, it is about to be interred in the mausoleum of history.

Like most Old Boys, I am sure, I am rather saddened by this. No longer each Spring will we be able to turn the pages eagerly until we come to the List of Officers and Committee or the Annual Accounts; no longer can we participate vicariously in the adventures of Old Boys who have swum with dolphins or gone by skateboard over the Andes. Nobody likes to see a well-meaning and useful institution of such longevity disappear for good.

Casting around for ideas on how I might fill this last edition, I spent some time in the School archives, combing through the earlier issues. This was a rewarding experience. Sobering, too. In 1938, for example, the annual Membership Subscription was two shillings (10p to you) and Life Membership an extortionate £2. 60p. As recently as 1970, a full-page ad cost £4. Even more anachronistic is an item by “Jacobus” who – appealing for donations to the OBA Scholarship Fund – wrote “If 112 old boys agreed to subscribe the cost of 30 cigarettes every year for five years, we should have enough to give a deserving boy the benefit of a secondary education in one of the best schools in Kent”. Hmm! That’s one way of encouraging people to give up smoking, I suppose.

My favourite is an item which appeared in the School Report (I forget in which issue) which read “At the December Meeting of the Junior School Society, Spice gave a lecture on “Chemistry at Home”. He showed us how to make a condenser out of an oil can and a few pieces of rubber tubing, and also performed many experiments in which gunpowder could be used. Those present were allowed time to take notes and so repeat the experiments at home.” I bet that would go down a bomb with the Health & Safety chaps nowadays.

On a less frivolous note, I found it intensely poignant to read articles by, or about, contemporaries who are no longer with us – Gerry Hooker and Ron Jarrett, for example : lives which were so full of promise and indeed achievement but which cruelly came to premature ends. It was like watching a tragic film for the umpteenth time ; you can’t help hoping it will end differently, but you know it won’t.

I can’t help regretting, too, the passing of conventions and lifestyles which seem extraordinary to us today. In March 1939, no fewer than 150 Old Boys plus their wives weaved their terpsichorean spells on the dance floor at the Annual Dance, and in the same year, the six toasts at the Annual Dinner were “suitably interspersed with items by Miss May Dumas LRAM, ARCM (piano), Miss Lucy Borras (soprano), Tom Haffenden (ventriloquist) and Mr Ralph Smith (baritone).” What physical and mental stamina Members had in those days!

Enough of this nostalgia. Let’s look forward – because there is a great deal to look forward to. I am intrigued and very excited by the potential of the OBA Website, not only to fill the shoes of the Magazine but to do so much more in maintaining links between the School, the Association and its Members. You can read more about this elsewhere in this publication. In a few years from now, I confidently predict we shall all wonder how on earth we managed to get by on such an insubstantial vehicle of communication as The Maroon.

**Graham Barnes**

# ANNUAL DINNER 2008

This year we aimed for an environmentally friendly meal and a neutral carbon footprint. Judge for yourselves and see the full Environmental Report below:-

All food remaining was recycled – we hope the boys enjoyed their shepherd's pie for Monday lunch. Smoking was banned – even in the bike shelter. All wine left was mixed together, rebottled and sold on Ebay. John Lifton, who had travelled from New Zealand, intended cycling back.

Our numbers were boosted on the night to 96 by 5 unexpected guests, whose cheques and forms had not arrived, despite being hand delivered! Fortunately a quick word with the caterer, five seats and a table and normal service was resumed. If you thought you were lacking a roast potato or slice of beef, now you know why. It goes without saying that the caterer was instructed to ensure that Alan and I received full portions!

In view of John Lifton's epic journey, he was invited to say a few words, and told us it was his first visit to the School in 61 years. He had qualified as a vet in London and subsequently emigrated to New Zealand. He was grateful for the broad education he had received at Borden and was delighted that the School now had special status for sport and languages.

Our guest speaker was Marion Minhall, a recently retired teacher from the School. Having been educated in New York, she met her husband in London and moved to Sittingbourne for house price reasons. She had become one of only two women teachers at Borden in 1984, having taught at other local schools on short term contracts. She spoke fondly of the “naughty chair” outside Bryan Short's room where she had sat after her interview, and of the “Gents' Club” also known as the Staff Room where a 12-year long game of bridge continued next to “Cynics' Corner”.



We were privy to amusing tales and memories of her school colleagues that are best left unprinted for fear of possible legal action. She always had a problem remembering names, so invented her own versions as reminders, such as “the tall one with curls”, “pixie” and “the short one”. Her speciality subject was English but at various times she had stood in and taught Biology, History, Maths and had gone on field trips, as well as being involved in school drama productions. Her career had seen her become Head of Lower School and she was especially proud of the Debating Society which had seen the School perform against Oxbridge and become runners-up in the English Speaking Finals. She and Gill Regan had been the first women at an Old Boys Dinner and both were now regular attenders. She had, she told us, enjoyed every day. Graham Barnes presented her with a bouquet of flowers from the Association.

Responding, Harold Vafeas said that Marion had been a key figure in the School. When he met her for the first time, she had explained to him very quickly his priorities – one of which was a Tarmac play area to allow the boys to let off steam. He was very grateful to the Old Boys who had personally contributed to the new School Library and thanked the Association for donating funds for the Sixth Form Common Room which the boys had much appreciated. In ending, so that everyone could catch up on conversation with colleagues old and new, he encouraged everyone to use and contribute to the new website ([www.oldbordenians.co.uk](http://www.oldbordenians.co.uk)).

Thanks once more are due to John Macrae, our MC for the evening, to Barry Gilbert for helping in the morning and selling OBA ties in the evening, to Cliff Cork for organising the bar again, to our caterers for another splendid meal and to our tireless caretaker, Tim, who works so hard behind the scenes. This year John managed to unearth in the archives a copy of Bill Usher's entrance form to the School which was duly presented to him.

**Peter Lusted and Alan Snelling**

*Present at the Dinner*

President – Harold Vafeas

Guest Speaker – Marion Minhall

1940s – Graham Barnes, Denis Jarrett, Bill Wellard, Ray Hill, Derek Munson, Bill Usher, Brian Tyler, Ken Sears, John Bishop, John Lifton, Bob Doucy, Ken Heaver, Stanley Evans, Frank Cassell, T Clinch, Peter Bedelle

1950s – Andrew Edney, John Watson, Robin Bush, John Godfrey, Alan Forster, John Harrison, F. Dinage, Tony Whibley, Dick Baker, Alan Cordell, Tony Akehurst, Peter Allen, Shaun Caveney, Barry Gilbert, Ian Hazell, Keith Fairbrass, Ivor Jones, Terry Saunders, David Hancock, Roy Brunnsden, Neil Hancock, Alan Eyles, John Macrae, Alan Hill

1960s – Richard Harris, Alan Snelling, Roger Usher, Greg Pope, Martyn Calder, Peter Lusted, Mike Pack, Roger Goodger, Steve Goodhew

1970s – Cliff Cork, Terence Roberts, Keith Shea, Andy Bushell, Dave Palmer, Stuart Jarrett, Phil Bryant, Steve Saunders, Rob Kemsley, Ken Coker, Paul Bedelle, David Ozanne

1980s – Where are you all?

1990s – Matt Norris, David Whitehead, Adrian Rose, Matt Nelson, Stuart Williams, Steve Barton, James Love, John Gibbard, Ryan Jarrett

2000s – Alexander Earl, John Friday, Matt Freeman, Anthony Eldridge, Paul Hayler, Sam Barnes, Jim Costen, Michael Pope

Staff – Bryan Short, Anna Louise Taylor, Karine Bailliez, John Hearn, Terry Veal, Christopher Minhall, Ruth Minhall

School Governors – Nick Verrall, Phil Bromwich

Hockey Club – Stuart Goodhew, Tim Ford, Robert Barnes, Andy White, Giles Ford, David Crombie

Following new environmental regulations issued on 1st April by DEFRA in accordance with current EU legislation, we now have to give an 'Environment Report' on our Annual Dinner. Therefore, we hope you will find the following details of great interest:-

#### Emissions to air

1. Greenhouse gases – no greenhouses were involved in the event
2. Acid rain, Eutrophication and Smog Precursors - the kitchen area was moderately eutrophic, as were some of the guests
3. Dust and Particles- considerable quantities of these were found in the Bar area, due to some Old Boys opening their wallets
4. Ozone Depleting Substances – the speeches were all within standard tolerances
5. Volatile Organic Compounds – increased after 9.30 but were within EU guidelines
6. Metal Emissions to air – money was thrown into a pint glass for the Sweep, including a 1lire coin, a Babycham bottle top and a flat watch battery



#### Emissions to water

7. Nutrients and Organic Pollutants – the quality of beer served by the Bar Staff was of the standard diuretic type and was quickly disposed of in the usual manner
8. Metal emissions to water – only spoons were used to stir coffee

#### Emissions to land

9. Pesticides and Fertilisers – most probably but we will not explore this matter further
10. Metal emissions to land – several items of cutlery were dropped by Old Boys but recovered quickly
11. Acids and organic pollutants – some of the wines bought by Old Boys need to be checked in future
12. Waste (Landfill, Incinerated and Recycled) – 23.5 Yorkshire puddings, 6.5 litres of minestrone soup and 11 half-eaten mints
13. Radioactive Waste – traces of radioactivity were found on the clock (Mick Pack please seek medical treatment at once)

#### Resource use

14. Water Use and Abstraction – all drinks were at full alcohol strength
15. Natural Gas – normal EU levels were achieved but this was more apparent after 9.30 pm
16. Oil – Malibu was not on sale at the Bar
17. Metals – only the caterer's cutlery was used
18. Coal – 2 carbon footprints were found in the new Library but the Caretaker cleaned them up
19. Minerals – Coco Cola, 7-UP, Fanta and Bitter Lemon were available at the Bar

## **SHEPPEY REUNION DINNER 2008**

We met again at the Sheerness Masonic Club on 15th November. The number attending was lower at 23 (Ivor Jones was sick on the day). A good number of apologies were received, many with promises to attend next year, so we shall certainly continue to meet.

The best apologies were from Tony Crosse, entertaining on a cruise ship in the Caribbean, and John Godfrey, visiting his daughter in Dubai. John Watson, therefore, did not have Tony's usual rendition of "Sweet Georgia Brown", but the evening passed off very well, with much talk of the old days.

As usual, we were well looked after by our caterer, Joyce Boulton, and the Bar Staff at the Club. The room we use is very good for our needs. Those present were :

Graham Barnes, Bryan Short, Rev. Stanley Evans, Alan and Ray Hill, John Watson, Derek Cox, Alan Forster, Derek Munson, Tony Akhurst, Keith Scott, David Hancock, Shaun Caveney, Ian Hazell, Terry Saunders, Keith Fairbrass, Ken West, Alan Eyles, Richard Harris, Roy Brunsdon, Peter Taylor, John Ford, Neil Hancock

We reconvene at Sheerness again on Saturday 14th November 2009. Please make a note in your diary and bring along other Old Boys.

## **SCHOOL V OBA GOLF CHALLENGE**

What was until recently the Annual Golf Challenge Match between the Association and the School for the Gerry Black Trophy will be revived this year. The venue was not finalised when the Maroon went to press, but the date is Friday 10th July with tee-off probably at 4.00pm. Full details will be available shortly. It is unfailingly a very enjoyable occasion, and any Old Boy interested in being humiliated (but entertainingly humiliated) by willowy youngsters who hit the ball further than most people go on holiday should contact Simon Rouse at rousesimon@aol.com

## **A big thank-you to all our advertisers**

In acknowledging the debt of gratitude which the Association owes to so many people who have helped with the production of The Maroon over the years, we should not forget our loyal band of advertisers, many of whom have supported us since the Magazine began to carry advertising back in 1948.

We could, of course, point to the huge spending-power and trend-setting influence of Association Members in an attempt to emphasise the cost-effectiveness of Maroon advertisements, but that might be over-egging it a bit! It is significant, perhaps, that many of the advertisers are Old Boys.

We do genuinely hope that the bread which they have cast on the waters has, or will, come back as a three-tiered cake, but that will be difficult to prove. What remains beyond doubt is the vital role which advertising revenue has played in making the Maroon a viable financial proposition. A resounding thank-you, therefore, to each and every one of them – and good fortune in the future.

## SIX OF THE BEST

There are very few Former Pupil Associations who have produced – without a break - an annual magazine for over 70 years, and that says a great deal about the Old Bordenian Association and the loyalty of its Members towards the School. However, it also says something about a succession of dedicated individuals who have edited The Maroon.

Remarkably, there have been only six of them since its inception. Well, five really, plus one undertaker (I'll come back to that later). That suggests to me that either they enjoyed the task so much that they were reluctant to relinquish it, or that the job stuck to them stubbornly like Sellotape or dandruff and they couldn't get rid of it. A bit of each probably. But whatever the reason, the stamina of these men provided the stability and continuity that any publication needs.

It is no surprise that they have all had to face and overcome the problems that are endemic to editorship : contributors who for good or bad reasons break their promises, the invidious task of cutting or padding out items that won't fit into a finite space, the spectre of late delivery, the constant battle to keep down the costs of production, and so on. At the same time, each one has put his own imprint on the Magazine – either in style or content or both – and in this final edition of The Maroon it seemed appropriate to look back at their achievements.

### **George Dawkins 1937-48**

George Dawkins was the father of The Maroon. Perhaps I should say 'progenitor', because one supposes new magazines arrive – like an amoeba - as a result of a sexual reproduction. (Isn't it amazing how all that information learned by rote at School sticks in the mind? Mark you, the breeding habits of amoebae were the nearest we got to formal sex education in my day. It was heady stuff!).

Until he produced the first edition, the O.B.A. (founded in the 1920s) had to be content with 2 or 3 pages in the School Magazine, "The Bordenian", in return for which it paid the School one shilling per issue per Member! Looking at some of those old issues, I am not really sure the O.B.A. had value for money!



To appreciate the full significance of what George Dawkins did, you have to imagine (or, if you are over 75, remember) a world turned upside down by the War, in which there were very few communication options. People, in alien and hostile situations thousands of miles from home, often yearning to stay in contact with what was familiar and emotionally constant, couldn't resort to emails or blogs or texting or mobile phones. Letters, therefore, were of prime importance. This was the golden age of the 'Pen Pal', and George was the Pen Pal *par excellence* for dozens and dozens of Old Bordenians. In fact, at peak he was receiving – and answering – over 100 letters a year!

I was always slightly afraid of Mr Dawkins (I wouldn't have dared to call him 'George'), but like most boys I had a great deal of affection and respect for him, too. Beneath the gifted teacher and the disciplinarian was a kindly and sensitive man who understood the needs of the moment, and under his editorship The Maroon reflected those needs superbly.

I still find it miraculous that any such magazine appeared at all. The Headmaster and Staff faced all sorts of disruptions; another School billeted for a short time at Borden, and 65 of its own pupils whisked off to Wales, Staff joining the armed forces and the difficulty of finding replacements, a shortage of materials, the compulsory black-out, air raid warnings, trying to teach in air raid shelters and so on (an article by Edwin Westacott elsewhere in this Edition touches on some of these conditions). Finding the paper required to print The Maroon must have been a problem in itself ; finding the time to compile the Magazine amid the general chaos was possible only for someone as organised and dedicated as George Dawkins.

## **Denis Jarrett 1948-74**

It is difficult to overstate the contribution that Denis made to The Maroon. Not only was he in the editorial chair for over 25 years but he took what was essentially a news sheet and turned it into a professionally written and professionally designed magazine, complete with advertisements and photographs.

Nobody is a greater enthusiast for Borden than Denis, a commitment which he is still demonstrating as a School Governor, and this shines through in every edition he produced. Without exception, they were thoughtfully and immaculately structured, and enlivened, of course, by his own prose. When I asked him for his own reflections on his 27 years in the job, this is what he wrote.



“George Dawkins did not profess to be an editor. Rather, he said, he was a correspondent, a role he performed brilliantly during the war years. When I was asked to take over, I accepted provided that future Maroons should be illustrated, with advertisements bearing the cost. The Committee was affronted (if not outraged) at my meddling in this way. What sort of pornography had I in mind? And what lurid adverts might despoil the Maroon’s virginity? It was not easy for the resident editor, who was in at the birth, to hand over to a youngster who only yesterday, it seemed, had sat obediently at his feet in his Physics Lab.

Eventually consent was obtained. I was to be responsible for obtaining advertising space with School or Association links. So my first edition in 1948 carried sixteen of my adverts, and one of those still remains in every edition. Later, an exceptionally loyal and generous Old Boy regularly paid for the photographic blocks, enabling the advertising revenue to help sustain the production costs of £22.3.9. Today that figure is somewhere in the region of £1,142.

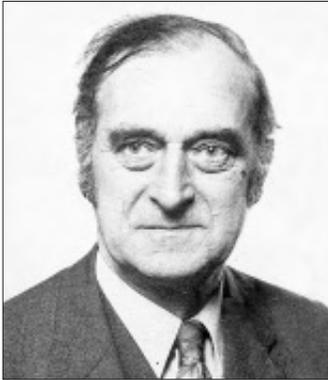
The rest is history. Twenty seven years of it. A quarter of a century! Ye Gods, am I that old? Nevertheless, years that I have treasured, and if you read my regular editorial pieces you would know of my deep affection for the School, its Staff, the Association and all that they represented.

I once wrote that the Editorial Chair is parked somewhere between frustration and delight. By now, Graham, you will know exactly what I mean. This piece, for example, is exactly what you didn’t want, hoping instead for an explanation of how, in turn, I outraged Desmond Ponton and George Dawkins. Or the shameful revelation why Frank Horlock (P.E. Salt) ate his lunchtime sandwiches in the assembly hall. *(Can I have 600 words about that in 10 days’ time? - Ed).*

I must stress that Charles Harris and I worked enthusiastically together in compiling each edition. It was a joyous marriage that shaped the format of the Maroon for years to come”

Denis's reference to Charles Harris is timely, because the Harris family has played a central role in the history of The Maroon. For many years Charles not only printed the Magazine (at a cost considerably lower than the commercial rate, I suspect) but gave invaluable help to successive editors in its layout and compilation. Apart from relieving them of anxiety and work, he saved the Association a great deal of money. Rick carried on this tradition where his father left off, and in recent times has continued to mastermind the complexities of the distribution arrangements. We owe both of them a huge debt of gratitude.

## **Ken Goddard 1975-87**



Denis was a difficult act to follow, but Ken Goddard quickly established a style of his own. His attachment to the Association and the School was never in any doubt: he sent two sons to Borden and took over from Frank Bishop as the OBA representative on the Governing Body! And despite long periods away in the Royal Navy, he maintained close contacts with Sittingbourne throughout his life.

This was evident in his inimitable column entitled "Of This and That..." which appeared in every issue. It was full of news of Old Boys - their careers, their family lives, their travels and their achievements. Ken had a reporter's nose for news. I get the strong impression that he didn't wait for news to come to him - he went out and found it.

Perhaps he had more time to do this than some of his predecessors, because Charles Harris was made responsible for collecting 'routine' items, leaving Ken free to deal with special features. There were more routine items in those days than there are now. The Annual Old Bordenian Dance was still going strong, as was the Dramatic Section. With not one but two Old Bordenian cricket sides and two football teams, even the sporting entries were more substantial than those of today. Why have the Association's activities contracted so much, one wonders? Fewer Members living locally, the increased pressures of work and domestic life, the lure of television and the internet, too much comfort food?

I am not suggesting that the job of Maroon Editor was any easier in Ken's day - he was always appealing for what, using a current cliché, might be termed a more 'proactive' response, but he seemed to have things firmly under control, as befits someone with a Royal Navy background. At the 1976 AGM, for instance, he reported "that all was well in hand for the next Maroon and that the last had been produced without undue problems". Bryan Short confirms that he was "absolutely indefatigable" in chasing possible stories and contributors, but he did so with such disarming charm and guile that the victims didn't always realise what was happening to them until it was too late!

This entry appeared in The Maroon just after the War in connection with an appeal for funds for the War Memorial: "We beg of you for very serious consideration of the appeal and to donate as large as possible, so that the committee can proceed immediately with the scheme for the satisfaction of the desire to provide a memorial worthy of the Association". This could have been written by John Prescott, but never Ken Goddard! He had a gift for producing lucid, highly readable prose. You might think that the Navy's traditional communication media - Semaphore and Aldis Lamps - might encourage terse, staccato language, but Ken's news items were always linked by free-flowing phrases, often accompanied by wry comments and witty asides.

## **Bob Jenkins 1987-96**

Bob Jenkins could write, too - although he has always denied it. In his first editorial, he recorded - rather gleefully, I thought - that the great Cliff Beer told him "he had a crude and elementary style". Well, either Cliff was wrong or Bob was a late developer. Or perhaps Bob should have taken it as a complement. The artist Beryl Cook painted simply, but her work was widely admired and understood; good writing rarely involves complexity. However, as we all know, Bob doesn't "do" complements. He is the most self-effacing and modest man you are ever likely to meet, but in truth - unlike Winston Churchill's verdict on Clement Attlee - he has little to be modest about.

Editorship of The Maroon was the culmination of nearly a lifetime's active involvement in Association affairs, as a Committee Member, Secretary and sportsman. The picture below shows him after a recent reunion of some of those who played for the Old Bordenians against the School 2nd XI in 1978 (he's the good-looking one on the right). This stood him in good stead as Editor. He knew everyone and everyone knew him, and although, like all Maroon Editors, he still had to work tirelessly at harvest time, he was particularly successful. The 1991/92 Edition contained 16 'non-routine' articles from alumni, which is about twice as many as most Editors have managed to garner. After a while, he virtually stopped writing editorials, but not, thank goodness, his gentle comments on the news. Speaking of Frank Cassell's appointment to the Order of the Bath, for instance, he speculated whether "this entailed testing the temperature of HM's water or handing her the royal loafah".

On his appointment in 1987, he wrote "I see myself as a very temporary stop-gap until a more talented individual emerges", and he announced his resignation in 1993. And in 1994! And in 1995! We persuaded him to carry on only by promising that the Committee would do all of the article-chasing, which of course it didn't! He was mollified up to a point by his new title of 'Managing Editor', but the camouflage couldn't deceive him indefinitely. The 1996 edition was put to bed with the help of Rick Harris.



## Chris Laming 1997-2006

Rather than try to summarise Chris's editorship, I think it is far better if he tells you about it in his own words.

"It was during a period of so-called gardening leave that I got a phone call from Bryan Short inviting me in to school for a cup of tea and a chat about me becoming editor of The Maroon. He was clearly desperate.

All of my instincts told me to run away as fast as I could, but I found myself being gently persuaded through a haze of pipe smoke that I was the ideal man for the job. Bryan was terrific at that sort of thing and I came away not quite knowing which of these had landed me in it:

- 1 That I was local
- 2 That I was available
- 3 That my brilliant academic record had made me stand out (seven O levels after two attempts)
- 4 That I had started my working life as a reporter on the *East Kent Gazette*
- 5 That there was no-one else



Well, at least I did have some time on my hands and I had once worked as a production editor at the *Kent Messenger* Magazines Division so I agreed to give it a go. I think Bryan was relieved but I suspect he may have had his fingers crossed when my first edition was due in January 1997.

My old school chum and former colleague on the *Kent Evening Post*, John Hammond, was inveigled into helping out as he was running a small desktop publishing company and had contacts in the local printing world – the very sad demise of Harris Printers coincided with my arrival, so we were forced to go elsewhere. With John doing the type-setting and production, all I had to do was wait for the articles to come rolling in, which of course they never did. In this context, editing the Maroon was a bit like being a bonsai grower: you waited for a very long time for not very much to happen.

Still, Bryan was working away in his background haze, and, slowly, bits of scrappy paper started to arrive from his contacts, necessitating an almost complete typing job of everything that finally ended up in print. There was no email and little compatibility in those days between various computer systems and so everything I had typed on my home PC had to then be re-set by John Hammond on his Apple Macintosh, which was all very time-consuming.

It also led to some glorious errors that, in spite of our best proof-reading efforts, made it through into the finished magazine. The most memorable of these was a line contained in the 1996 AGM report referring to problems extracting the membership list from a school computer. It should have read "the run was aborted" but appeared in print as "the nun was aborted". Oops.

In general, correspondents were pretty reliable at generating copy when they said they would and I experienced very few let-downs, such that it was possible for a good few years of my tenure to produce quite chunky magazines upwards of 60 pages or so. Never mind the quality. Although I always tried to remain faithful to Charles Harris's smart layouts, with black thick and thin reversed out headings over the standing copy, I did tinker with fonts and single column type-setting and I also introduced "turns" where an article too long to fit on a whole page would turn over on to another page at the back of the magazine. I always imagined that Charles would have been, shall we say, less than happy with this, and more likely to have produced a scalpel, but I did it anyway.

For the front covers I decided to move away from Bob's college stripe trademark to full bleed colour which led to a succession of school building and playing field pictures. Steve Wright once expressed amazement that I always seemed to capture my scenes on sunny days with blue skies. I didn't let on that all the pictures bar one were taken within 10 minutes on the same crisp autumn morning when I staged a one man photographic commando raid on the school premises.

On the advertising side we were blessed with some very generous supporters, most of whom were either Old Boys themselves or whose businesses had strong links with the school and, in a weak moment, I agreed to also take on the sale of the adverts in addition to the editorship. I did this for the simple reason that I couldn't stand the thought of being held up at production time by late adverts or the promise of adverts that were never going to arrive. By doing it myself I knew where I was and, to be honest, it didn't take much time to send out the order forms, get the copy in and process it, lay out the ads, send them back to the advertisers, wait for the corrections, send out a printed magazine and an invoice and get the wife to bank the cheques. No time at all really.

By the time my second Maroon was on the stocks I had moved back into real employment and, through extreme luck, the company I was working for had its own printing works in the basement. This meant all of my subsequent productions were printed in tandem with my day job but when the print works eventually closed I decided to call time on my editorship as I couldn't see a way of continuing given burgeoning career demands.

Being Maroon Editor for 10 years was an experience I enjoyed, not least because I knew the Magazine meant so much to so many people and, as Denis Jarrett always reminded me, was one of the two great pillars of the Association (the other being the annual dinner). Denis also wrote the most touching thank you letters when each new magazine appeared and was always coming up with good ideas for articles – the Maroon was always Denis's at heart, hence his great support.

Everything that has mattered to Borden Grammar School over seven decades is contained within the pages of The Maroon and I'm pleased to have played a minor part in recording and presenting a chunk of that long story." *(Correction ; for 'minor' read 'major' - Ed)*

## **Me 2007-09**

I do rather tend to administer the kiss of death to most enterprises in which I become involved. Within four years of becoming M.D. of an ad agency, I decided it wasn't viable and sold it. Later I became Chairman of a venerable advertising club. I did the same to that. And here I am in The Maroon Editor's seat... What a blessing I didn't decide to become a doctor!

I can't think of a more improbable editor for The Maroon. I was 80 years old when I began, a time of life when it is usual to spend most of your waking hours looking for your glasses or rocking gently to and fro until you have enough momentum to get up from the settee. It was 62 years since I had left the area so I had no line through to any local news. And I was a computer illiterate. If you think that doesn't matter, you don't know today's printing world! I did have one unique qualification, however – I was an editor in a previous incarnation. Reading through old copies of The Bordenian, I learned to my astonishment that in the mid-1940s Peter Kitcatt and I edited the School Magazine! Do you know, I have no recollection of that whatsoever – which shows it's quite true that the brain can obliterate extremely painful memories. I do not anticipate any such catharsis with The Maroon because, as a lifelong masochist, I've enjoyed editing it enormously!



**Graham Barnes**

# OLD BORDENIAN ASSOCIATION WEBSITE

[www.oldbordenians.co.uk](http://www.oldbordenians.co.uk)

It has been a very busy and successful year for the OBA Website. As promised in last year's Maroon, the redeveloped site "went live" in February 2008 – for older readers out there, this is technical jargon for started working! We have continued to add articles to the site regularly throughout the year. Many are Old Boys' reminiscences or articles of an historic nature from our expert, John Macrae. So don't think it's just for the younger generation! The two pictures below from recent articles illustrate the old and the new - the picture of the School is the old!



You will have read Graham Barnes' editorial. I agree it is sad that a tradition such as the Maroon is no longer sustainable in this day and age, but the Website has the ability to provide much more information to Association members in a much more timely fashion. As an example, if you haven't visited the site, you will only now be reading about the 2008 Reunion Dinner. Pictures and a report were available on the site as soon as it had been written within weeks of the event. In addition, a number of the School photos hanging on the walls of the upper corridor are also available to view, which couldn't possibly be printed in the Maroon. We are working towards more of these as time permits.

However, I know for many of you, reading articles on a screen can never take the place of the printed page. That is why we are developing a printed digest that can be sent out on an annual basis to those requesting it from 2010. It will contain major articles published during the year. I would hope the take-up of this digest will be minimal – the more copies we have to produce, the less money there is for us to donate to School projects. Whilst money is not the driving force behind the cessation of the Maroon, a glance at the accounts shows that it costs about £1500 to print and distribute the Magazine - money that can be spent elsewhere providing the Website meets the information needs of members.

We have added features to the site as the year has progressed. When it began it was open to everyone, to give it as wide an audience as possible. We are now asking visitors to register, free of charge, to be able to access full stories. The home page generally has only the first paragraph or so of each article. Registration is

**New Users Registration**

Choose a Username \*

First Name \*

Last Name \*

Address \*

Address 2

City \*

State (or Province) \*

Zip (or Postal Code) \*

Country \*

Day Phone \*

Email \*

\* Required

simple. An example of the registration form is shown here, although this may change slightly over time. At present, we are not restricting membership, but in future we intend to restrict some areas of the site to members only, whilst leaving at least the home page open to all. The registration process is the first step towards this.

Articles on the site are published in chronological order, with helpful toolbars on the right hand side to guide you to areas of interest – a screenshot of part of the toolbars is shown here. Again, this has been developed during the year as we have learnt what visitors want from the site. Two welcome additions to the site are i) the ability to receive an email when a new story has been added, avoiding the need to visit the site every day to check whether new articles have been added and ii) the ‘Recent Comments’ box, which allows you to monitor the comments that visitors have made on individual stories - often adding an extra dimension to the particular story.

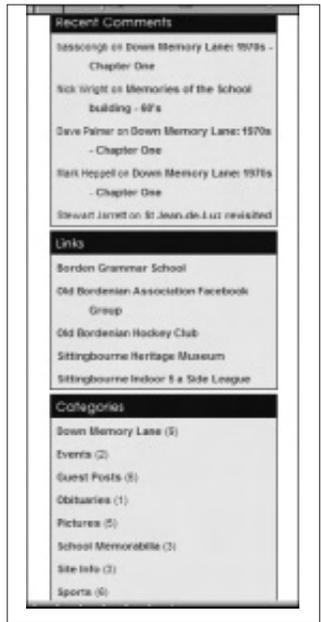
I encourage you to add your comments and share your experiences related to any of the stories published on the site. This is a feature which isn't possible in the Maroon - a letters page isn't really viable in an annual publication. Be aware, though, that any comments left won't appear immediately, as they will be subject to moderation to ensure nothing that is defamatory or could potentially cause distress is published. Adding comments to a story is a simple process; you will find a comments box at the bottom of every story published. Just type your comment and click ‘Add comment’.

In addition to comments on existing stories, we would love to hear from anyone with an interesting story to tell. If you would have written an article for the Maroon, why not write one for the website? Just email your story – with pictures, if available – to webmaster@oldbordenians.co.uk and we will do the rest.

Finally, the best way to learn of the benefits of the Website is to experience it for yourself. And to get as many as possible to register on the site, we are holding a competition for all members, with a bottle of wine on offer as a prize for the winning entry to be drawn at the OBA Reunion Dinner on 16th May 2009. If you win and are not at the Dinner, we will donate £10 to a charity of your choice. Email your entries to webmaster@oldbordenians.co.uk by Thursday 14th May 2009. There are three questions with the answers all to be found on the Website. They are:

1. In “The old building and the move to Remembrance Avenue (Pt 3)”, when were the modern photos taken?
2. Who wrote the “Dib Dib Dib” story?
3. What was the average age of the players in “1,000+ Years of Old Bordenian Veteran Footballers”?

Happy surfing!



**David Palmer**  
OBA Website Committee

# OLD BORDENIAN HOCKEY CLUB

## **A brief history**

Old Bordenian Hockey Club has become a key component in the sporting life of Swale and, indeed, of Kent. It is thriving and successful and the Club has plans to develop still further and to achieve even greater prominence. That, in a nutshell, is where we stand today. It is, however, good periodically to reflect on the past and to be mindful of what we owe to those who, over the years, have made their contributions to the life of the Club and to its evolution. When our esteemed Editor, Graham, suggested that the OBHC report for this, the final printed Maroon, be in the form of an historical review, it seemed to be a fitting opportunity to look back and pay some tributes.

Some sections of this report have appeared in a previous Maroon. However, this review would be incomplete without them.

The idea of forming an Old Bordenian team occurred to Ernie Millen and Ron Jarrett when they met up in late 1939 and early 1940. It would appear that there was no formal structure to the Club at this time and a few ad hoc games were arranged. Ernie Millen recorded that, at the beginning of the Second World War, he and Ron Jarrett shared thoughts on putting together a hockey team and arranging a few fixtures. Ron, back from Oxford, and Ernie, also back from college, during the Christmas holidays of 1939 and the Easter holidays of 1940 arranged games against Borden Grammar School, RAF Eastchurch and RAF Detling. The two latter names serve to cast our minds back to very different times.

It is a matter of great sadness that Ron Jarrett, a very talented sportsman, lost his life in the service of his country during the War and did not, therefore, witness the flourishing of the Club which was founded on those thoughts which he shared with Ernie Millen. We are pleased to record, however, that Denis Jarrett, another founding member of the Club and brother of Ron, has witnessed the expansion and success of the Club to the present day and, as a vice-president, remains one of our most committed and loyal supporters.

On his release from the army in the summer of 1945, Ernie set about developing the idea of setting up the Old Bordenian Hockey Club. His brother, Aubrey, took on the role of Fixtures Secretary and Gerry Hooker and Ernie sought out the players. The nucleus of that team comprised Ernie Millen, who captained the team, Aubrey Millen, Gerry Hooker, Denis Jarrett, Brian O'Connell, Leslie Bryceson, Roy Foster, Derek Munson, Bill Highton, Bernard Ward, Brian Allard, Roy Hill and Bill Usher. It must be mentioned that Bill Usher played in one of the celebration games which commemorated the Club's fiftieth anniversary in the 1995/96 season and, furthermore, scored his team's goal in the 1-1 draw! In all, thirty three players were called upon in that first season, some still in the services and playing when on leave. The first game, against Old Williamsonsians, resulted in a 7-2 victory in which Derek Munson scored a hat-trick. Eighteen games were arranged, of which only one was lost, that being 1-0 to the Royal Marines at Chatham. Alan Highton umpired throughout the season and Mr Holness, the groundsman, prepared the pitch and looked after the hockey balls.

Teas were taken in the upstairs room at Smith's, which was a restaurant in Sittingbourne High Street near to Burton's, for which a charge of 2/6d (12 ½ p) per player was levied, the umpires' teas being provided at no charge to them. All travelling was done by public transport. A very enjoyable and successful season was celebrated with a dinner at the Bull Hotel in Sittingbourne.

The Club's first Annual General Meeting was held in September 1946 with Mr George Hardy, headmaster of Borden Grammar School, in the chair. Ernie Millen stood down as captain as he



*Apologies for the quality of the photograph – you can see that this 1945-46 team was talented from the flare in the foreground!*

*Standing: John Highton, Bernard Ward, Roy Hill, Aubrey Millen, Jim Bedelle, Brian Allard, Alan Highton. Seated: Denis Jarrett, Norman Brand, Billy Cervetto, Gerald Hooker, Bill Usher.*

was unable to play regularly and Gerry Hooker took over, with Aubrey Millen as Hon. Secretary and Brian Reynolds as Hon. Treasurer. In the summer of 1946, the Club became affiliated to the Kent County Hockey Association.

Such was the concern on the part of Sittingbourne Hockey Club, the only hockey club in Sittingbourne prior to the formation of Old Bordenian Hockey Club, at the prospect of losing some very talented players, that a meeting of representatives of both clubs was requested. The representatives of Sittingbourne HC argued that the town could not support two hockey clubs and asked that those whose idea it was abandon their plans to form the new club. This course of action was not followed.

Through the fifties and into the sixties, Old Bordenians were undoubtedly a force to be reckoned with in Kent hockey. Until, that is, several players drifted over to another local club, the name of which escapes me for the moment. When I started to play regularly for Old Boys, in the early seventies, I enjoyed listening to the bar stories of the past as recounted by the senior players but I could not ever pin down the precise reasons for the departure. The speculation was that perhaps they were fed up with not having a good quality home pitch and, perhaps, the OBs' lack of a clubhouse of their own at that time. Whatever the reasons may have been, the departures had an adverse effect on the Club's fortunes as some of the best players had gone.

A short digression here, if I may. One such bar story which amused me and sticks in my mind is that of a day at the Thanet International Hockey Festival which was held at the end of season. On this day, sometime in the 50s, Martin Neeves, the first team goalkeeper, had apparently spent a considerable amount of time, and, we must assume, money in the beer tent and, when faced with an oncoming centre forward racing into the D, stepped smartly aside and doffed his cap as the ball was fired into the net!

Through the late sixties and until the late seventies, conspicuous success was absent in the Club's performance. A body-blow occurred in the early seventies, 1971 I believe, when we were informed by Bowaters that the truly excellent grass pitches in Kemsley, some of the best in the County, would not be available to us as the sports ground was to be closed. To compound the problem, the news arrived just before the start of the new season. At a hastily convened committee

meeting, one member suggested this signalled the end of the Old Bordenian Hockey Club. Fortunately, a small group of us were of the view that this would not be allowed to happen. Mr Short came to our rescue with the offer of the Sale Field pitches and we were back in business.

What was certainly evident through this period, however, was a great club spirit and, without doubt, some great times were had. Many are the stories which could be told, from a great weekend visit to Cambridge (where we played Trinity College, the game having been arranged by alumnus Richard Yelland, and we won 7 – 0, three of the goals scored by our “keeper, Dick Smitherman who for some obscure reason was playing on the left wing, and a 2 – 1 win against Kings Ely, where the venerable Richard Witts was teaching at the time) to annual winter “brass monkeys” trips to Thurrock where, on one occasion, after a dispiriting match, as we huddled in the changing room, hardly a word being spoken, the changing room door flew open and a voice proclaimed “Here’s your tea lads, see you next year!” as a re-sealed loaf package of spam sandwiches winged their way inelegantly to the centre of the floor. A trip to Old Merchant Taylors in Middlesex where, before the game, our genial hosts plied us with beer and fed us lunch and then, having struggled up the slope to the pitch, we were thrashed in the game. Only when looking back later did we realise that our hosts had been rather abstemious in the bar!

Things started to change in the late seventies when the first of a very talented generation from Borden started to play for the Club: the names of Robbins, Willis, Ford, Elgar D, Lane, Elgar M and Champion started to appear regularly on the 1st X1 team sheet and, with the advent of league hockey, the 1st X1 started to move up through the divisions: I remember three consecutive years of promotion.

Still, however, despite having a home pitch at Borden, we were a peripatetic club with regard to our social facilities: The King’s Head, The Britannia and The Fox and Goose all having been home venues at various times. Needless to say, there are numerous stories to be told about events at those hostelries, but here is not the place!



*The 1949-50 Team:*

*Standing: David Cross, Alan Priston, Bill Wellard, Martin Neeves, Geoff Cook, Brian Reynolds.  
Seated: Bob Smith, Gerald Hooker, Denis Jarrett (Capt), John Allard, John Woollet.*

Our wandering days came to an end in 1985 when we entered into a partnership with Rodmersham Cricket Club. The cricketers needed dual sport usage of the ground in order to raise funding for a pavilion and we were delighted to have an excellent playing surface and a clubhouse on the same site. The partnership served us, and the cricketers also, we hope, well for the next twenty years. Not long after our arrival at Rodmersham, however, the seeds of our future departure were sown when, in 1988 in Seoul, for the first time in an Olympic Games, an artificial grass pitch was used for hockey.

From the mid-1990s, hockey began to be played increasingly on an artificial surface. Eventually, we had no option but to play higher X1s' games on Astroturf, as it was, and still is, although erroneously, known. We secured some slots on the Westlands pitch but, as the Club expanded, it became clear that we had to have our own pitch if we were to be able to expand further and bring to fruition the many plans which we had for the Club.

I vividly remember the moment when I announced in my annual dinner and dance speech that we had to plan seriously to build our own synthetic grass pitch: there was a silence, followed by a fair amount of chuckling. This I understood: it clearly seemed to many to be a pipe dream and way beyond the realms of possibility. But we had to do it.

There followed nearly five years of frustrating negotiations in trying to build a pitch on the land on the opposite side of Bottles Lane to the Rodmersham clubhouse. It is astonishing that honest endeavours to make a major contribution to the sporting facilities of the Borough were thwarted by rather weak arguments from some quarters and, at times, underhand tactics. A refusal to grant planning permission, after a long campaign, dealt the final blow to this project.

Within a week, however, a message from Steve Wright invited me to explore the possibility of building a pitch in partnership with the School on the school site. Four years later, in 2003, the pitch was finished and in 2004, the pavilion was completed beside it. This was a £1.1 million project, the main funder of which was Sport England, through National Lottery funding, but greatly assisted by other generous grants and donations from other organisations and quite a few donations from Old Boys. In addition, donations from Old Bordenian HC members totalled in excess of £100,000. Pitch and clubhouse side by side on same site – few have it – with hindsight, the perfect solution and the best site.

Mention must be made of two people whose hard work and dedication carried the Club through many years. Frank Hales served as captain of various teams, Treasurer and Chairman. Many are those who will remember hair-raising journeys to or from games in Frank's car. He took no prisoners on the road in those days. One of my many recollections involving Frank was in a game on the Sale Field against Cliftonville: the Cliftonville captain, a talented player, tried to demonstrate his belief in his superior skills and somehow Frank ended up on his backside. As Frank shaped up for the subsequent 16 yard hit, his eyes fixed on those of the opposition skipper, beside whom I was standing, I saw the red mist descending. At the moment of impact of Frank's stick and ball, I stepped smartly to the side, anticipating, correctly, the flight of the ball at a searing pace as it missed its target, the head of the Cliftonville skipper, by a hairsbreadth! Frank resigned from his job at the BBC in 1978 and took up a post at a mining company in Zambia. Before leaving, he persuaded Allan Priston not only to return to the Club, but also to replace Frank as Chairman. This was an inspired move and Allan led us superbly for the next seventeen years. A brief recollection of Allan, if I may? Shortly after taking up his post as Chairman, he umpired an evening game at Nonington College (at which, incidentally, I first met my dear wife, Lesley). As was traditional in those days, after the game, we identified a pub to be visited on the way back, in this case The Windmill in Faversham. I set off in my car at quite a pace, leaving Allan's car trailing behind. Not until we reached a dual carriageway did I discover that Allan was behind only because we had been on country lanes and, with a two-fingered gesture, he zoomed past, not to be seen again until our arrival at The Windmill. I had not known Allan before this but I knew from that race (and gesture) that we would get along very well.

The partnership of Old Bordenian HC and the School works extraordinarily well, as it should, and to the benefit of both parties.

Old Bordenian HC and Rodmersham Ladies HC (formerly Bowaters Ladies) shared facilities at Rodmersham and, to all intents and purposes, were a merged club but had retained their individual names. Shortly after the completion of the pitch, the clubs formally merged. This was a logical step and the merger works well to the benefit of both sections.

Since the completion of the pitch/pavilion project, the Club has been at the forefront of the development of hockey in Kent. We were the third club in Kent, and the fourteenth in England, to receive England Hockey "Clubs 1st" accreditation and this we have held for four years. This is recognition on the part of England Hockey and Sport England that the Club maintains high standards in child protection, junior coaching and the general provision of hockey for junior members. We have a Club/School Partnership and, in partnership with BGS, Kent Sports Development Unit and Swale Borough Council, we jointly fund the post of Swale Community Hockey Coach. We have been designated a Junior Development Centre, one of five in Kent, as part of the England Hockey initiative known as the Single System which will ensure a consistent approach to the delivery of junior coaching throughout England and, staggered over several years, will replace the County hockey structure. We have twenty eight qualified coaches, of whom twenty two are Level 1, four are Level 2 and two are Level 3, and one of the Level 2s is actively working towards his Level 3 qualification. I can confidently say that very few clubs in the County have such a strong coaching structure and this bodes well for the future successes of the Club. Moreover, we have attracted as our men's 1st X1 player/coach a former New Zealand international, Darrel Cassidy, who, I have no doubt, will take us on to a new level.

There is still much to do and we have still more plans which we believe will maintain and further enhance the development of the Club and the development of hockey in Swale.

This review would be incomplete if mention were not made of our two current longest serving playing members and our oldest playing member. Michael Bennett, a former 1st X1 captain, captain of so many other Club teams that we and he have lost count, groundsman in many of the grass hockey years at Rodmersham, will complete his fiftieth playing year this season and Neil Hancock, former Hon Treasurer for twenty eight years and, for some years now, donating many hours to the maintenance of the pitch at Borden and playing in his forty seventh year for the Club. Jindi Dhillon, age 73, an Olympian for Kenya in the 1956 Games in Melbourne, is still playing regularly despite having had a quadruple heart by-pass a few years back.

The quest for success on the part of some clubs has meant the sacrifice, to varying degrees, of their club spirit and ethos. I am pleased to be able to report that this does not apply to Old Bordenian Hockey Club. The club spirit has never been stronger. It is a genuine pleasure to be a member of this Club. Perhaps this is summed up by some words from a long standing member when chatting to a new member: "Once you have walked through those doors (of the clubhouse), you will not want to walk away". I could not put it better than that.

There is no doubt that I have omitted to mention many names, either for reasons of space or because they were not known, or not known well, by me. For this I apologise. Please be assured that your contributions to the Club are very much appreciated.

**Alan Wilson**

# OLD BORDENIAN FOOTBALL CLUB

## **Old Bordenians to Veterans to Geriatrics - the boys done good**

As early as 1926 it was hoped to start an Old Bordenian Football Club, but nothing materialised. The first match (apart from the annual game against the School) was played against the Old Anchorians (Gillingham County School Old Boys) on November 5th 1927, and the return game in March 1928. The next effort was in the spring of 1930 when three friendly matches were played.

During the 1930-31 season three friendly matches were played against the Kent Farm Institute and two against the "East Kent Gazette" F.C. At the Annual Meeting on 4th July 1931, it was confirmed that an Old Boys F.C. had been formed at a special meeting on 25th June when H .E. Smith was elected secretary and Ango Ponton captain.

The first minutes available are of a meeting held at the School on 20th July 1931. There was an attendance of six and various propositions were made which put the Club on a competitive footing. A further meeting held at the George Hotel on August 21st and attended by eleven members really got the Club moving and from that point it was an active member of local football. At the 1932 Annual Meeting Roy Cole was elected captain, a position he held until 1958. In 1935 Roy became secretary and from then on was the main prop of the Football Club.

Throughout these years the playing record of the Club had gradually improved and the 1936-37 season was the most successful the Club had had. They won Division II of the new Brompton and District League, the East Kent Secondary Schools Old Boys' League and the Sittingbourne Charity Cup. The full playing record was Played 35, won 27, drawn 6, lost 2. The New Brompton League table was as follows:-

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Old Bordenians	18	17	0	1	82	16	34
Sheppey Res	18	15	0	3	55	17	30
Minerva	18	10	3	5	48	42	23
Lloyds 3rd XI	18	10	2	6	40	33	22
Minster Hills	18	9	4	5	51	39	22
Milton Athletic	18	7	4	7	56	48	18
Sheerness Garrison	18	5	2	11	41	61	12
S.E.E.D.	18	5	1	12	36	53	11
C.T.G.W. Res	18	4		2	12	42	73
Junior Invicta	18	0	2	16	21	87	2

The East Kent Gazette of May 8th 1937 carried a three column spread of a report of the Sittingbourne Charity Cup final when the Old Boys beat Minerva 4-1 together with details of the season and the photograph which appears on the next page.

The following season the Old Boys won the Sittingbourne Charity Cup and this proved to be the last pre-war effort of the Club as hostilities put paid to football as an organised Club until 1946-47 when the Cup was again won.

For the next few years the playing record was just average until in 1952-53 the East Kent Old Boys Cup was won to be followed with the Sittingbourne and Milton District League Championship in 1953-54. This successful run was maintained in the following season when the Old Boys were runners-up in the Sittingbourne and Milton District League and the NewBrompton League. This



*The 1937 Team. Standing: S.Callaway, J.G.Overy, K.C. Foster, E.L. Bush, E.J. Bush, C.W. Harris. Sitting: L.Luscombe, F. Knowles, R.G. Cole, L. Lukehurst, W.G. Taylor. A regular player missing from the photo was C.G. Cole who was playing cricket for Kent.*

season saw the Club awarded the New Brompton League Sportsmanship Cup – the first time in the Club’s history that it had been honoured in this way. The 1960-61 season was also reasonably successful, winning the East Kent Old Boys’ Cup, reaching the final of the Sittingbourne League Cup and being awarded the Sheppey League Sportsmanship Cup.

At the annual meeting on 29th September 1961 Roy Cole relinquished the office of secretary after 25 years. Jeff Spice was appointed and carried out the duties until 1967 when he was succeeded by John Collins. From 1961 onwards fortunes were of a varying nature with the Club awarded the Sittingbourne and Sheppey Combination Sportsmanship Cup in 1965-66. From this point on difficulties in keeping the team going gradually increased until at the annual meeting in 1971 it was decided to call it a day and after 40 years of varying fortunes the Football Club closed a very interesting chapter of Old Bordenian history.

Much of the early success of the Football Club was mainly due to Roy Cole as Hon. Secretary, player and captain for over thirty years – a truly wonderful record. The Club was also fortunate to have had several players who turned out regularly for periods of from ten to twenty years.

Only two years passed before the efforts of Mike Pack, Greg Pope and Peter Lusted saw the Club reformed and entering the Combination division of the Medway Area Sunday League in 1973. The squad consisted of mainly Old Boys, a couple of boys from the School and a few friends. Finishing third in the division the Club was promoted and within a couple of years a second team, under Roger Goodger, was started which played in the Sheppey Sunday League. Many memories exist including one game where due to a car breakdown the opposition started with only seven men. Almost immediately an Alan Snelling tackle reduced them to six and we went into a quick 5-0 lead. The missing players arrived and we hung on to win 5-4.

The first team continued moving up through another four divisions before winning Divisions 3 and 2 in consecutive seasons, remaining unbeaten in the League for both those years. As a result of this success the team was promoted to the Premier Division. After several years finishing in the top half

of the Division the second team also moved across to the Medway Area Sunday League to seek new challenges. We were grateful to Bryan Short for allowing us to use the School pitch and for some of us it brought back memories of school and those early Latin lessons from Ken Booth where we learnt those important football verbs – vasto, vastare, vastavi, vastatum, and jingo, jingere, squeaksi, smackbum. The first, often used by the Julius Caesar First XI, meant to “lay waste”, whilst the second loosely translated meant “the half back passed the ball to the winger who rounded the full back, centred and the centre forward rose in the air and nodded home”. Whilst we were not averse to following Caesar’s tactics on occasions, we preferred the more poetic route to goal.

Local football is very dependent on referees giving their time in what appears an often thankless task. We generally enjoyed good relations with our refs who ranged from bad to excellent. One did leave us lost for words however after a particularly physical affair in the Kent Cup against one of our former mining villages. In the very first minute our goalie, Andy Mattocks, comfortably collected a cross only to have an opposing forward throw himself at him a good ten seconds later, leaving him requiring attention. This set the scene for the match and we eventually lost by one goal. In the changing rooms afterwards the referee said to us “you were doing really well until they started kicking you about”. Was this the start of the current “Respect” policy being preached by the FA? Clubs were expected to provide their own reports of matches to the local press although the League Secretary always provided full scores and league tables. They were not without the odd mis-print, and one away game which ended 0-0 although we did everything but score, was reported in the paper as 0-1/8, a meagre return for our efforts!

Near the end of the season, previously postponed matches had to be played mid week, and it was not unusual to find a group of smart, refined young men in suits assembled at a changing room in the backwater of the Medway area, having made all sorts of excuses for leaving work early so that they could embark on a mystery adventure with British Rail from London or elsewhere. Changing into football kit saw changes in character akin to Clark Kent into Superman, and no doubt also

*The 1976 squad. Rear: Nigel Snelling, Alan Snelling, Colin Hills, Lee Orgill, Brian Nottle, Steve Jarman, John Jonstone, Peter Webb.*

*Front: John Keys, Mike Pack, Greg Pope, Jamie Henley, Rob Wiberg, Peter Lusted*



fueled by often being greeted by the opposition as “Old Bordonians”, many points were won in these encounters. The young men never looked so refined in their suits afterwards!

Over the years, natural turnover in players occurred with boys going to University or job changes meaning moves away. It was rare however for players to move to other local clubs and many remained with the Club for their entire playing career. Fortunately agents had not made an appearance at this level and no unreasonable demands were therefore made on players to open boutiques, write biographies or be caught in flagrante delicto. The main concerns were trying to get up on a Sunday morning after a lively Saturday evening, paying the match fee and putting up the goalposts! We actually started one away match and after ten minutes had to stop and dismantle our goals, as apparently the several sets of posts and bars had become mixed up and the teams on one of the other pitches had just been unable to assemble the remaining pieces into real football goals. Clearly MFI produced more than just household furniture.

Unfortunately an influx of new players had seen the percentage of Old Boys in the first team drop and success had been to the detriment of club atmosphere and team spirit. It was felt that this needed to be resolved so it was decided in 1981 that the Club would continue as one team only in Division 6, leaving those players that wished to continue in the Premier Division under another name. The move was the right one and the team, comprising mainly Old Boys with other long standing club members won Division 6 that year.

In 1983 a friendly match was arranged between two teams of players who had played for the Club. On this occasion it was “Young” Old Boys against “Old” Old Boys, but the concept of a reunion match continued for many years, usually on Boxing Day. In this same year, after running the Club since its reformation Peter Lusted handed over the reins to Martin Graham, but had to step in again as Martin’s work took him out of the area.

Paul Chappell then took on this role for three years before Nick Gimson stepped into the firing line for the next five years. The team again moved through the divisions and having finished second in Division 1 was promoted to the Premier Division once more. The next few years were tough and relegation was only just avoided twice. Phil Griffiths then took the hot seat in 1992 and the team had some good finishes only missing out on promotion to the Senior Section by 4 points in 1995. Phil stayed in charge for 5 years before Kevin Irwin took over for a short while but problems attracting sufficient players were causing difficulties on the field and the Club again finally came to an end just before the new millennium.

You might imagine the story ends here, but although you can’t teach old dogs new tricks, they can certainly put on football boots and race, well OK amble, around a football pitch. Thanks to Alan Snelling, the Old Boys played occasional games as a veteran team. These were due to end in 2001, but enthusiasm dictated otherwise and the latest one was played on the School pitch in September 2008, involving just former players in both teams. Tony Clayton, who had taught PE to many of them, came to watch and claimed credit for the quality and longevity of his “boys”. We recall he was less complimentary during lessons! Keith Shea is equally responsible for refusing to let players hang up their boots by organising 5-a-side teams. In 2001, and at an age when regular 11-a-side football was too onerous, we joined the Faversham 5-a-side League and enjoyed the more manageable 24 minutes of football once a fortnight. 8 years on, we are still going strong but now back in the Sittingbourne 5-a-side League (where we played for a couple of seasons in the late70s). We still turn out for 1 or 2 veteran’s 11-a-side games each season, too.

Over the last 35 years, the Club has won various trophies, but it has also won the Sportsmanship Trophy many times, showing that success and sportsmanship can go hand-in-hand. No doubt, the obligatory after-the-match analysis at the nearest hostelry has also paid dividends.

Thanks are due to too many people to name in full but mention should be made of everyone who took on the role of running the Club, Bryan Short for his support and allowing us to play again on the



*2008 Veterans. Rear: Paul Bedelle, Matt Morris, Kevin Cope, John Kingsnorth, Andy Bushell, Alan Abery, Cliff Cork, Peter Thompson, Peter Lusted. Front: Alan Irvine, Mark Spree, Keith Shea, Neil Redmond, Alan Snelling, Mike Pack, Rob Kemsley, Jamie Henley*

School field, the School staff who helped us with access to the School, pointing schoolboys our way, or by playing, particularly John Weekes, John Macrae and Neil Redmond.

This is only a short factual report of the Old Bordenian Football Club and it is the intention to add more details, names and photos to the website so that these records and memories are there for posterity. The early years of the Club are taken from an article by Charles Harris in a previous Maroon, and the details after that have been compiled by Peter Lusted, Alan Snelling and Keith Shea. We do however encourage everyone who played for, or had involvement with, the Club to send in your memoirs and photos – remember the performances get better with each telling of the story! As a starter we have added a few thoughts of our own.

Peter Lusted's comments – I feel privileged to have played firstly with the Saturday team from 1968 and then to have been involved in reforming the Club in 1973. Particularly pleasing is that I know and have played with Old Boys from all the different eras right up to the last veterans game in 2008 , and likewise all the Club secretaries from Jeff Spice's time in charge. The camaraderie of all the different age groups has been exceptional which is why we can still organise such games and get such a good response from former players of all ages. We are in the process of asking the FA to allow zimmer frames to be used in football matches!

Alan Snelling's comments – The best thing about playing for the Old Boys was the use of the large School pitch. Most of the team had grown up with the pitch from schooldays in the 1960's. The pitch was always in excellent condition (I spent of lot of time sliding along it) and in the 1970's it was one of the largest pitches around and visiting teams were surprised at the size and also the slope. We were never the fittest nor the most skilful of teams but we had a terrific spirit. In the late 1970's most players were roughly the same age and there was a real competition for places and the outcome of team selection meetings on a Tuesday (after training) was eagerly awaited. I have discovered some old photos and will be putting them on the website soon.

## **Like father, like son?**

It is hardly a revelation to remark on the considerable number of Old Bordenians who, usually after a gap of 25 or 30 years, have been followed by their sons at the School. For this final issue of *The Maroon*, however, it occurred to me that it might be quite interesting if we were to invite fathers and sons to 'compare notes' – to see what differences and similarities there were in their recollections of school life. I even thought that, if we chose pairings that covered most of the decades in the past 70-odd years, we might end up with a sort of anecdotal history of the School, written by the foot-soldiers rather than the generals.

Well, it hasn't quite worked out like that! At least, I don't think it has. There are several common threads, of course, none of them particularly surprising – the increasing informality in pupil/staff relations as the years go by, for instance, the expanded facilities and opportunities for learning, the undiminished appetite for 'horsing around', and so on. But it would need a more discerning and determined brain than mine to identify all of them and produce a coherent analysis.

I suppose one could view the Old Bordenian Association as a sort of Borden Grammar School Fan Club, albeit a little more discerning and less manic than most fan clubs. But not all of the contributors see their school days through rose-tinted spectacles – and that shouldn't surprise or dismay those who do. I offer these articles for what they are: the memories of nine individuals of some of the highlights and lowlights of what was an important, formative experience for each of them. I should be surprised if any Old Boy could not recognise and enjoy at least some of them

## **The Wellards**

### **Bill (1936-42)**

I entered Borden in 1936 when the School was relatively newly built – little realising that six years later I would be sleeping in the Secretary's office on fire-watching duties! I was impressed by the Staff in their gowns, the austere figure of the Headmaster (W.A. Claydon) wearing his mortar board, the quadrangle and the individual lockers we were allocated in the corridors. The atmosphere was one of smooth efficiency – a direct contrast to the shambles of the previous regime according to anecdotes passed down. The 2a I joined under Ashby had 27 pupils, of whom only 9 came from the mainland. All the rest came from Sheppey – must have been the diet of fish made them so brainy.

The Staff were helpful and I thought genuinely proud of the School. Most I recall with pleasure: Goff, genial art master; Higson (Maths), brilliant scout master of the School troop (I found myself using some of his fieldcraft techniques when training sepoy recruits in India in 1944); there was undisguised rivalry between Dawkins (Physics) and Highton (History) on the subject of cricket coaching at the School; the academic looking Beer (English); the debonair Howard and the diminutive Snelling of the French Dept.

The one eccentric member of staff was Tempany (English), always dressed like a character from the previous century, whose delight was to give each boy an outlandish nickname – some of which stuck for life. The only practical subject was woodwork, taught by Hadlow who was rumoured to have only one eye... so if you messed up your dovetail, you stood on his left side and avoided rebuke. There was also the ex-army P.E. Instructor, Horlock, known as the 'Old Salt', who came on an antiquated motorbike and spent his lunch hours chatting with us on the ornamental wall at the back of the School. It was understood that he wasn't allowed in the Staff Room – perhaps his bridge wasn't up to much!



Everyone wore uniform: blazer, badge, tie and the distinctive cap with its yellow quarters – something of a magnet for jokes in the east end of town, where B.G.S. stood for “baby girls school”. The prefects’ cap was navy blue with two yellow lines around the back. Rules were strictly applied - I recall being reprimanded once for not wearing my cap on a Saturday morning. Homework really was a shock to me in my first year – quite a novel experience (3 subjects of 30 minutes a night). It was on the basis of how arduous their assignments were that the popularity rating of the Staff was assessed. Later, of course, we came to enjoy the study involved.

We sat exams called School Certificate, where a passmark was 40%, a credit 50% and a distinction 75%. I seem to remember that five credits covering English, Maths, a language, a science and History or Geography gave one exemption from matriculation, whatever that implied. The Sixth Form exams were for Higher School Certificates.

1940 saw the trenches for the air raid shelters being dug in the lawns (now the car park) and capped by thick concrete. Bombs fell randomly in Park Road and Remembrance Avenue close to the School and of course elsewhere in the Town.

By 1941 most of the Sheppey contingent had been evacuated to South Wales and those of us remaining accepted some refugee pupils from the Medway towns and Chatham dockyard area. From 1942 on lessons were at times interrupted while we were drafted into the fields of nearby farms to pick crops and help with the harvest under the supervision of a member of staff. To our infinite delight, some 5th and 6th year lessons in English, French and History were taken at the County School for Girls based in Brenchley House.

I am grateful for the formality of the education I received at Borden and in particular to the O.B.A. which, under the guidance of Geo Dawkins, kept in touch with Servicemen and provided on our demobilisation easy opportunities to renew acquaintance with the friends of our schooldays and get involved in the plays, dances and sports teams which the Association promoted at that time.

## **Phil (1979-84)**

Among the Staff, John Macrae and John Weekes stick out in my mind – both tried to bring a little humour to the world. John Mac was an excellent physics teacher and went the extra mile to secretly help a number of us with ‘A’ level maths, even though he was not our teacher.

Too many Staff, however, still taught by dictation, a practice that seemed dated even at the time. I dreaded these subjects as lessons consisted of frantically scribing notes until my hand ached. Unsurprisingly this form of ‘teaching’ has now died out! I also remember the laughably out-of-date maths syllabus – being taught to use slide rules and trig tables at a time when most of us already had calculators on our desks that made such things anachronisms.

I was one of the first to take Computer Science at A level, having become interested via the first mass market home computer, the Sinclair ZX81. An English teacher called the A level exam ‘Computer Games’, which made us laugh at the time but looking back you could see why he felt it might be a passing trend and a bad choice of course for university! Hindsight shows it to have been a wise choice, as computers have been a key part of my career ever since leaving School, and are now a part of most people’s lives in one way or another.

If you weren’t great at sport, your options seemed to be cross country running with the overly enthusiastic English teacher, or playing hockey. Cross country was the far better option, as it effectively meant drinking tea at a friend’s house whilst listening to music. I still can’t believe we got away with that stunt so often! It did nearly go wrong once when a group of us did surprisingly well – clearly not enough tea that time!

Of School trips, the geography field trip to Swanage sticks in the mind, due to mud, rain and more mud. It was with a wry smile that I greeted my own wet and cold son back from his recent trip to Dorset...Perhaps that’s the way all field trips are? I recall a group of us sheltering from driving rain in a lonely, unlocked church to have our packed lunch – you can’t imagine that these days.

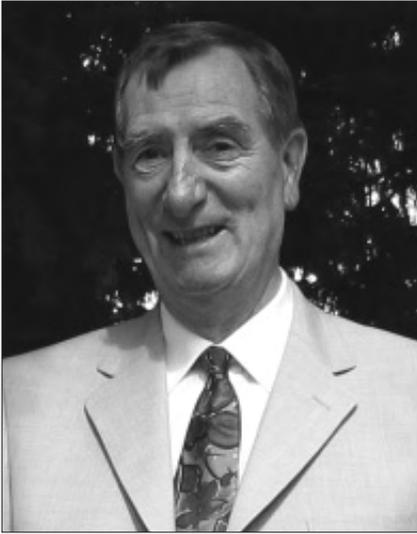
There seemed to be a permanent tension between (some of) the teachers and pupils over top buttons and the size of ties/knots; I’m sure this remains an enduring situation in all schools. Using the narrow end of the tie at the front and pulling the wider end into your shirt was the big fashion statement of the day. It’s good to see some things never change though, when you’re confronted with a ‘peanut’ in your own child’s tie. What has died out. I’m sure, are chalk stripes down the backs of blazers and choking people with chalk dust from board rubbers. You can’t do that with an interactive whiteboard! The other big fashion statement was the wearing of Doc Martin’s boots – the more lace holes they had, the cooler they were (apart from when it came to changing for PE!).

Cycling to and from School down the A2 with no helmets or lights whilst wearing dark clothes, it was amazing nobody was killed, especially as the safety situation was not helped by it being a Tour de France style race each evening, including slipstreaming lorries slowed by Snipeshill. The speed could be useful, though, when passing the pupils of St Johns....

My fondest memories include subtle rule breaking, such as creating sulphur dioxide clouds, exploding pencil sharpeners, classroom clocks set fast, board rubbers glued down and home-made wine which, one Sports Day, helped bring a smile here and there and was appreciated by different members of staff in different ways, ranging from indignation to indifference. Clearly there was no point in making the effort with the teachers who showed indifference!

The School provided some lasting friendships for me. I still keep in touch with some good friends, though not from within the Association.

## **The Hightons**



### ***Peter (1939-47)***

For some reason my father decided that I should go straight from Ufton Lane Primary School to BGS while most other boys went to St. Michaels School for one or two years. I suppose it was a type of intermediate school. War was declared on 3rd September 1939 and I started at BGS a few days later just five weeks after my tenth birthday. I knew a bit about the School since my dad was Herby Highton who taught history. Along with the other new boys, I was sent to the art room and was a little surprised to find we all had to wear plimsoles to avoid damaging the wood block floors.

Sheerness boys attending BGS should have the opportunity to be evacuated. My father was put in charge of the evacuees and my mother, brother and I went with him. In June 1940, two months before my eleventh birthday, we undertook a long train journey and ended up in a village hall in Pengam, South Wales, where a group of ladies were each allocated one or two boys to take home. The late John Young and I went to Pengam. My brother went to the village of Cascade and my parents went to Gilfach. We spent two years at Lewis School, Pengam, being taught in some subjects with the Welsh boys and in others as small groups being taught by BGS staff. We did not do any PE and did not play rugby with the Welsh boys. When I returned to the lower fifth form at BGS in September 1942, I found that in some subjects we were at different stages from the boys who had not been to Wales. It was difficult to catch up in some parts of a subject and boring to find that we had already covered other parts.

I discovered the game of hockey and quickly started to play it fairly well. I think I made the first eleven while in the Upper Fifth, playing left back. This was my favourite sport which I continued to play at University and for the Old Boys. I was also involved with scouting and was a member of the 3rd Sittingbourne BGS troop, eventually becoming troop leader.

In June 1944 I sat the School Certificate exams with Doodlebugs occasionally flying overhead. By then we had learnt that as long as the engine kept running there was no danger. If it stopped, however, take cover! That Summer, a group of us spent some time helping with farming at Sheldwich, near Faversham, sleeping in a school hall. I was cherry-picking most of the time, and

when we heard a doodlebug coming we climbed to the top of the ladder to get a good view to see if a Spitfire could catch it and tip it over.

One of my hobbies was cycling, and when I was 15 my brother and I cycled to North Wales to stay in youth hostels. First stop was Nottingham where my grandfather lived, a distance of 170 miles in one day. There was little traffic on the Great North Road in those days, which was fortunate because I went to sleep and fell off on the grass verge! After a day's rest, we went to the Wirral to pick up a friend and then on to Mold In North Wales. (In 1939 petrol was 11d per gallon or 1p per litre). Another memorable cycling trip was to Normandy at Easter 1947 with Jimmy Howard in charge. The Auberges de Jeunesse were a bit primitive at that time and the roads were rough, having been filled with coarse aggregate. We were lucky to meet some British sappers who were salvaging parts of the ships scuttled to form part of the Mulberry Harbour at Arromanches and they took us on a trip round the harbour in an amphibious 'DUKW'.

Once again, I was cycling round North Wales, this time with the Doucy brothers, Bob and Alan, in 1947 and when we arrived at Llangollen Youth Hostel on Monday evening, I found a message from my dad that I was to report to Maidstone Barracks to begin my national service on Thursday. We cycled 240 miles in two days.

I sat the Higher School Certificate exams in maths and physics in June 1946 when I was not yet 16. At that stage I was too young to start at a university or to do my national service so I stayed in the Upper Sixth for a second year. This was a bit boring, repeating the same subjects, but I did improve my results to obtain three 'goods' – probably equivalent to B grades in today's A levels.

George Beynon and I were sent over the road to the girl's school to learn some extra maths, hydrostatics, under Miss Ledger. On the way into the School we had to pass a glass conservatory where the girls were changing for PE. George kept his eyes straight ahead but I seem to remember getting a good look at some navy blue knickers!

As with my son, David, it was sometimes a bit awkward having my headmaster as a close friend of my father but that was a situation I learned to live with. Mossy Miller taught me maths in the Fifth Forms, but when he left in 1944 George Hardy taught maths to the Sixth Forms. It was always a bit strange having my father teaching me and he always bent over backwards to make sure I was shown no favouritism. However, I enjoyed my time at BGS and Lewis School Pengam, and the education I received has stood me in good stead ever since.

## **David (1967-72)**

I joined in September 1967, in the Third Form, having already been to Gravesend Grammar for two years. I did not have the traditional fears of first day at 'big school', therefore, but it is still difficult for a 13-year old boy to move away from friends and start again.

I had two 'significant' grandfathers in the Town - Alan Highton, Headmaster of Westlands, and of course previously Deputy Head at BGS, and David Doughty, Manager of Sittingbourne Mill, in those days the biggest employer in Town - so I had paternal warnings not to let the family down!

My father's side of my family obviously had very close links with the Hardy family, so it was slightly strange to have 'Uncle George' as my new Headmaster. This was only for one term, because Bryan Short arrived in January 1968. I found Bryan very particular about our appearance and I was continually in trouble for wrong coloured trousers or waistcoats (which were briefly fashionable for 15-year olds in 1969!) and predictably for hair too long. I was also caught smoking in the toilets between Assembly and first period, and I believe three of us were pioneers of the punishment of sanding down desktops which had graffiti carved into them.

I was very disappointed to move from a rugby playing school, where I had been in the U12 and U13 teams, to a school playing hockey and football. Although I had spent my early years watching Dad play hockey on a Saturday, the game held no attraction for me. As for football, I enjoyed it but lacked the skills to be a star. I did play 3 games for the First XI in the Upper Sixth, but then got dropped back to the comfort of right back for the Seconds. I went on to be a founder member of Sittingbourne Rugby club in 1976, after I returned from Bristol University, and only stood down as President in 2008.

I also managed a year as the sixth best player in the School Tennis Six, under the tutelage of Ronnie Baguley, our Geography teacher, whose greater claim to fame in my eyes was understudying Nigel Starmer-Smith as Harlequins scrum half.

Sniffer Snelling had to suffer my attempts at French – three people who got higher marks than my 26% in the mock O Level decided to drop the subject and I squeaked through with an EF, meaning I had failed an embarrassing oral test with an F, but somehow managed an E pass overall. I recall Mr Snelling was as shocked as me.

Despite being the son of a scientist, History was my best subject. I really enjoyed A Level, with Bryan Short endlessly entertaining on the Gladstone-Disraeli rivalry, and Taff Davies cantering through both US and European History from 1770 to 1870. Paul Draycott, Andy Murray and I continued the School's tradition in the Canning Trophy, winning it two years running.

I also did Economics and Mathematics (despite Terry Veal's warnings) at A Level – I needed the Mathematics for my Economics and Accounting Degree and scraped a C to get them. My grades of A, B and C would not get me into Bristol today, but let's avoid the debate on whether A Levels are easier now. I was not really a cricketer, so my summer sports efforts were directed mainly toward athletics, and I represented the School at javelin. I do remember a Sports Day when I had to do long jump, high jump, 200m and the hurdles as well as javelin.

It is one of my great regrets that I have not kept in touch with my School or University friends. After returning from Bristol, the Rugby Club dominated my social life, and I have good friends of 30 years' standing through that. I enjoyed the 20-year and 25-year reunions which Cliff Cork was instrumental in organising, and I am rather shocked to realise the next significant reunion date would be 40 years in 2012. I hope that such an event could be put together and would happily help to organise it.

What did the School do for me? In hindsight, it provided a pleasant and encouraging environment for my learning and development – without the pressure of an academic hothouse. The standards of behaviour and level of expectation that were implicit in daily life within the School were important in influencing me – even though I tended to be at the irresponsible end of the spectrum now and then. It was five years which I much enjoyed – but not the best years of my life. I always feel it is a little sad when people say that.

## **The Popes**

### **Greg (1962-69)**

My first day at Borden was somewhat daunting as I had spent the previous three years at school in Gibraltar where my father had undertaken a three-year period of duty in the Dockyard immediately after the closure of Sheerness Naval Dockyard.

As a Sheerness boy, I was pre-armed with a British Rail season ticket. There were a cluster of boys in their brand new Borden uniforms and I was heartened to see 3 or 4 boys whom I knew

from Delamark School, Sheerness when I had attended there 4 years earlier. Whilst lining up before being admitted to School, I remember one particularly tall student who appeared to need a shave. I took him to be a prefect, but when he sat down in 1 East with the remainder of us small boys, I was somewhat shocked to find that he was only 11 years old, the same as us. Overall the School seemed huge and imposing but I have no particular recollection of being ill at ease. Being in 1 East, our Form Master was Roy Hill who generally made us welcome.



Staff: Having started in 1962, George Hardy was still in charge of operations. As a very tiny 11-year old, he seemed huge and very frightening. Although he had a very kindly side to his nature, we were told that he had been a rather proficient boxer in his earlier years and I always tried to ensure that I did not fall foul of the 'Head'. We were blessed, I think, in still having the nucleus of the School Staff who had all been there for years, in particular I think of Stan Ashby, Reg Goff, Roy Hill, Jimmy Howard, Eric Snelling, John Weekes and Frank Nichols. Some were more scary than others, but looking back with hindsight, they were all highly professional and knew exactly what they needed to do to generate the best results from 'their boys'.

Fellow pupils: We very quickly established a circle of friends, largely based I think on sporting activities. There seemed to be a group of about 16 or 18 pupils who managed to comprise all of the under-13's teams in football, cricket or hockey. I think this drew us very closely together and a number of us now still keep in touch on a regular basis. Most of this, I think, was borne of 7 long years at Borden being side by side, not only in the classroom but also on the field of play.

Sporting memories: Being an avid sportsman throughout my time at Borden, there are too many events to recall but from my earlier years I do remember being a regular player for the under-13s. The football team was run by Ken Booth who delighted himself on a Monday morning by regaling the class with details of the under-13s results. Any member of the team would have to stand at the front of the class and would receive as many cuffs around the ear as the goals we had conceded the previous Saturday. Unfortunately, this occasionally ran into double figures but somehow it never suppressed our enthusiasm.

Moving on to the Sixth Form, I do recall a particular afternoon on sports day. As Captain of Barrow House, we came to the final of the 4 x 220 relay for senior boys. This was the last event and the whole House Competition depended on the outcome. Barrow had a particularly good team and we had no doubt that we would win, but were simply hoping to break the record. I ran the last leg and received the baton at least 80 yards clear of the second team, School House. As I ran up the back straight by the cricket nets, I pulled a hamstring and virtually came to a stop. Chris Jenner, who was running for School House, suddenly realised my difficulty and ran with all speed to try to catch me. I continued to hobble around the top bend and ended up hopping over the line barely a yard in front of him to win the final event and with it the House Competition. Needless to say, it bugged up my leg for weeks but it was something that I will never forget.

School dinners: Being a Sheerness boy, it was impossible to go home for lunch and therefore throughout my 7 years at the School, I stayed for school dinners. Whilst there were quite a number of complaints, I always thought School dinners provided excellent food although it did

depend upon the table you sat on, as often the Prefect in charge would unilaterally increase portion sizes to increase his intake. I cannot now recall all that appeared on the menu, but two of the favourites in the dessert line were rice and gypsy tart.

Sporting activities: Most of my extramural activities were in the sporting sphere and involved representing the School at football, hockey, cricket, athletics, swimming, tennis and basketball. Whilst I enjoyed all sports, probably my favourite looking back was cricket week during the summer term and in particular the games against the Old Boys. I recall that we were blessed with glorious sunny weather for the two or three years that I played in the First XI, and on reflection I think that they were 'the very best of times'.

The other favourite was basketball because we played with Tony Clayton, a member of staff, and competed in a men's league. This was out of school hours on weekday evenings and the games took us all over North and Mid-Kent. I do recall a particular match against one of the army regiments near Maidstone. I had just passed my test and was driving myself and four other team members. As I overtook a 40-foot articulated trailer, the car lost power and somehow the lorry, my car and a car coming in the opposite direction managed to squeeze by on the Sheppey Way. I think that was as close as I have ever come to death, and it scared the living daylights out of us. I think we lost the match as I guess our thoughts were more focussed on a safe journey home.

Homework: I have to say that throughout my years at Borden I was pretty determined to do well and always knuckled down to doing homework. I was not the most brilliant of students and sometimes I could spend hours on a Saturday morning wrestling with a problem in geometry which no doubt Tot Weekly could have answered in a flash. I'd normally have a eureka moment and get the answer but it always irritated me that there were other members of the class who could do it in twenty minutes. In the Sixth Form I managed to religiously carry out all my assignment work during free periods which meant that I never really spent any more time at home doing homework. On the whole I think it did me a favour as I was very self-disciplined when I went on to University to read Law and had reams and reams of legal work to plough through.

What BGS did for me: As I now approach 60 it is perhaps a little easier to look back over one's life and reflect on the ups and downs. Whilst we all from time to time would have had bad days at school, my general recollection of Borden was 7 very happy years where I made an enormous number of good friends, many of whom are still good friends today. It provided me with a rounded education highlighting the important aspects of life and was the most important stepping-stone into adulthood. I was delighted that Borden remained a Grammar School so that both my sons, David and Michael, could follow me. I was also immensely proud when my son Michael was appointed Head Boy following in my footsteps 34 years earlier when I was Bryan Short's first Head Boy upon his arrival in 1968. It is because I hold the School in such great affection that I have served as Secretary of the Association and as a Governor for a number of years. I hope that in a small way I have contributed to the success and reputation of the School and the Old Boys.

## **David (1995-2000)**

Belonging as I did to the final year of children to do the 13+, I had already spent two years at Fulston Manor prior to transferring to Borden in the summer of 1995. To characterise the two schools as "different" would be a hefty understatement. Arriving at Borden to find that teachers still wore gowns, addressed you by your surname, coupled with the fact that you had to stand when they entered the room, was a world away from the relatively relaxed atmosphere at Fulston.

I was placed in Barrow House, and given the Form Tutor Mr Hagar, a stocky PE teacher who soon gained the nickname "Pie-Man". The first day was spent renew acquaintances from both Fulston and my Primary School, as well as christening my soon-to-be best mate "Cuthbert" because he looked like he should be called "Cuthbert".

Staff: Ah, the Staff. Some young, many old, including several who had taught my dad many years previously. I would classify myself as a “Marmite” student: they either loved me or hated me, although I fear there were more in the latter camp than the former! Mrs Minhall’s allowance of tea and biscuits was always going to stand her in good stead in terms of popularity. Mr Smith remained very popular with myself, principally because I never had him as a teacher, and his legendary outbursts used to stop our Geography lessons in the next room because our teacher couldn’t make himself heard over the ranting. You did, however, get a sense that the vast majority of teachers really cared about your education. They were on the whole vastly knowledgeable about their chosen subjects as well as being very approachable and willing to answer questions.



Homework: Something I never came to grips with was homework. A legacy from my days at Fulston, I could talk-the-talk in the classroom, but when it came to the actual writing part, I just wasn’t interested. If it was a subject I didn’t enjoy or if I didn’t get on with a particular teacher, then homework became almost non-existent. More often than not, homework would be attempted (but rarely completed) in form time before the lesson when it was due.

Discipline and punishments: My area of expertise! I wasn’t naughty or disobedient at school, just very lazy. As a result I saw the four walls of the detention room on a far more regular basis than most of my mates. I even had to suffer the indignity of two Saturday detentions in full school uniform from 9am-12pm. Inevitably this is where most of my homework was actually completed. Lines had slowly started becoming a thing of the past – the teachers had started to twig that pupils really did sellotape together 5 pens to write their lines in swifter fashion. There were two newer punishments. A certain art teacher used to dish out bizarre essay titles for you to complete, such as “A Day in the Life of a Ping-Pong Ball”, whilst another used to make you dot graph paper, filling each box with a dab of ink, which is a very, very boring exercise.

Sporting achievements: I was a hopeless sportsman. One of those kids that would turn up to practise, with no real hope of ever pinning down a place in any of the School teams, but kept turning up nevertheless. The footballing gene obviously skipped a generation in our family – I was, and remain, a pretty poor goalkeeper. I try hard, get myself covered in mud, and make the occasional save, but at 5’ 9”, I was never going to make a profession out of it. I did get a name as a net minder for the School Hockey Team, but quickly got dropped after a 3-1 reverse. My Devon Malcolm-esque batting technique didn’t find favour with the cricket team either, especially as I couldn’t bowl for toffee.

School Uniform: Infinitely preferable to the Fulston Manor uniform, Borden’s felt somehow classier. The colour scheme of navy and gold was a winner ; although once we reached the Sixth Form, it would have been nice to have been given more choice than just losing the school badge. I was weaned off wearing white socks after the first few tellings-off, but the top button of my shirt remained steadfastly undone throughout my Borden career.

Extramural activities : I was always keen on drama, and not just because it meant you got to leave lessons early in order to rehearse. I appeared in several School plays and took part in the Debating

Society on a couple of occasions. The band I was in also played a couple of times at the School, although looking back I think we were more tolerated than enjoyed!

What BGS did for me: I look back and realise I genuinely enjoyed my time at Borden. I made many friends, and learnt far more than I would have done if I'd not taken the 13+ and transferred schools. I believe the School gave us a good grounding for the choices we made in the future. I have fond memories of lounging on the boundary watching Staff v Prefects cricket matches, scoring during an inter-house football tournament, having the opportunity to learn Spanish, to name but three. Even though I didn't scale the heady heights of Head Boy-dom that both my dad and younger brother managed, I still spent 5 great years at the School, and never got the chance to say thank-you to the people who tried their hardest to send us out into the real world as decent, well-rounded individuals.

## **Michael (1996-2003)**

First impressions: My God, this place is huge! How will I ever find my way around? The School had a strange musky smell to it. The whole place had an aura of authority, a history. It was like stepping back in time. Meeting my Form Teacher, Mr Swann, in H1 (a relatively modern classroom), I remember his jacket. It looked like the static you get on an untuned TV. We were given a maroon hymn book that day. I never lost mine but my brother did and I got told off for it! I remember thinking how hard this would be and how I would never get a house point!

Staff: *Mr Short*. Had little interaction with the Head, except when he stopped me in the corridor for running and asked my name. "Pope, Sir", I said, to which he replied "I knew your father" whilst patting me on the head.

*Mr Dean*. Did a cracking impression of my History teacher, the snorting laugh, the large gesticulations and the booming voice "Now put your hand down and listen to what I've got to say!" He made history interesting, but I really can't remember much about the French Revolution. I think I spent a lot of the lessons perfecting his mannerisms for the Drama class.

*Mr Cole*. Never sit in the front row of his class. He could hit a cheek from 10 yards and not just with chalk... His field trips were always fun. He once got his head trapped in a set of tube doors when attending a conference in London. Well, he was a giant of a man!

*Mr Leake*. This squeaky-voiced science teacher got my name changed to Mickey. He was Mike Leake, and I chose to be called Mike Pope (post Short era). The "naughty" boys nicknamed him Mickey Leake and decided to do the same to me. This name caught on and once my friends started calling me Mickey I was stuck with it. Thanks Mr Leake!

*Mr Veal*. Great teacher. Made maths bearable for a while. I remember him getting us to write down N O N E S E T for our Christmas homework. It took a few seconds for the Class to twig.

*Mr Smith*. Never had him (Economics wasn't for me). School legend, but I never experienced his gifts as a teacher. A walking encyclopaedia.

Sporting memories: I was competitive, but awful at sport, and yet I still represented Borden at football, hockey and cross country. House football was always eagerly anticipated in our class. The B team was always stripped of any talent, however, by the A team, so the "left-overs" slugged it out as best we could. I was in goal for 2 years. Came to my senses and scored the odd goal.



We never won though. It always seemed to rain, too! I liked Cross country runs for some bizarre reason. I was quite good, too. Normally finished in the top 10. In my 2nd year, I actually won it. This was a real brains-over-brawn situation though, as most of the field ran the wrong way even though we had talked the team through the route before we set off. I went the right way and the rest is history!

School uniform: Loved the blazer with a great badge. Unfortunately I never got to wear a red prefect tie. I was honoured to be School Captain but spent my time in a Burtons suit rather than the School colours.

Discipline: I got only a few lines and an essay while at Borden. Thanks to a heavy snowfall, I escaped the one occasion I would have got a detention (I'd forgotten my homework for a second time). The Gods looked kindly on me I think, but then as long as you did your work and kept reasonably quiet you were fine.

School Plays: I was never happier at Borden than when I was treading the boards. I managed to squeeze in 5 plays whilst I was there. Sadly my brother and I never got to act together – that would've been a sight! My favourite was probably "A Journey's End" in the summer of 99. I had the lead, it was a fantastic production and the cast got on really well. Mr Orchard and Mr O'Brien taught me a lot about acting even though I never studied Drama at the School.

What BGS did for me: Gave me massive confidence in myself. Taught me self-discipline and gave me organisational skills. Gave me a brilliant set of friends a lot of whom I still see when I am back in Sittingbourne. The School helped me to get where I am today at Drama School, and as I continue to learn the art of acting, I have a locker full of memories upon which to draw.

## **The Lamings**

### **Chris (1968-74)**

It was the widely-rumoured "first form hunting season" that filled me with a certain dread on entering Borden in September 1968, not to mention the various punishments that could befall the unwary young pupil either in school or out of it.

What with the threat of detentions from the masters and prefects and "three hundred eight" or other laborious writing punishments that the prefects were able to lob out like confetti, a naïve young fresher could find himself in trouble for not wearing a cap outside School whilst in the First or Second Forms, an offence, I recall, punishable by death.

It was all such a departure from my junior school at Canterbury Road and by comparison was very daunting and formal. For instance, nobody at Borden had a Christian name, the masters wore very strange gowns and had a private staircase to the first floor. There were pips and roll calls to help marshal the day, huge assemblies every morning and mountains of homework.

In Form 1 X we were all given new hymn books on our first morning. I placed mine in my desk in our form room and was a bit flustered to find it had disappeared on my return at lunchtime – I didn't know, and nobody had told me, that different lessons were given in different rooms and that we were required to move around the School. Some older and wiser pupil had made a nice little killing rifling 'my' desk that morning, although, by way of compensation, the street value of new hymn books probably wasn't that great even then. The Deputy Head, Mr Ashby, was very sympathetic as he gave me a mild ticking-off for losing the original before handing me a dog-eared replacement. First lesson learnt.



We all seemed to get into the swing of things pretty quickly and it wasn't long before I had made a bunch of new friends to supplement those others from Canterbury Road who had arrived with me in the initial intake: Malcom Lucas (subsequently appointed Head Boy), Larry Clemons, Bob Field, Nigel Balm, Stewart Jarrett and Pip Bryant.

Together we all faced the challenge of keeping the staff happy, simple if you handed in your homework on time and got most of it right. For the most part I did fine except for the dreaded sums, but my Form Master, John Hearn, was a patient maths and physics teacher who had every right to be utterly exasperated by my lacklustre efforts. It was the brain, sir!

Other staff of note from my early days: a wild bloke named Hindle (chemistry), 'Scruff' Bates (English), 'Chooch' Mills (history), A.C. 'Jimmy' Howard (French), my favourite master 'Sniffer' Snelling (also French), Roger Lerpiniere (maths), Ronnie Bagley (geography) and 'Stubby' Kaye (music). Oh, and not forgetting 'Cass' Clayton (PE).

I managed to get into the School Choir quite early on and by the end of the first year was in the offstage chorus for the September 1969 production of *The Pirates of Penzance* over at Highsted starring John Ford, Ian Baron and Ian Barber, who was so good that he went on to join the D'Oyly Carte. I discovered even at such a young age that there were certain compensations for suffering the hardship of singing and acting in these combined grammar school annual performances (emphasis on 'combined') and I ensured I made the cast every year from then on.

By the second year, my friend Nigel Balm and I were competing in the School Arts Festival. We wowed them with our recorder duet, *Air* from Handel's *Water Music*, but then Nigel thrashed me into second place in the solo singing with his strong performance of a dirge I have hated ever since, *A Soldier Boy to the War is Gone*. Luckily the Arts Festivals were cancelled after that or our own war might have broken out.

I enjoyed my time at Borden. In retrospect, I could have, and undoubtedly should have, worked a lot harder. But what I was taught went into my thick skull for the most part and has remained there ever since. For me it was a happy place and it provided the foundations for a successful

career. Thirty years after I first entered the hallowed halls, my own son, Mike, managed to gain a place at Borden where things were clearly a bit different: Christian names were in, uniforms were out, there were even girls sitting at the next desk. How times change.

## **Mike (1998-2005)**

I've only been away from Borden for little over three years and even looking back now it seems like a lifetime ago. I remember my first day being full of nerves, wearing a blazer much too big for me and thinking about how clever everyone was. Having felt like I'd outgrown primary school, I was hungering for something new and Borden fitted the bill nicely. I'll always remember being so impressed by the computer rooms, the science labs and the toilets, simply because of their sheer size I think!

I was never particularly good at maths and in Year 7 I dreaded my double period on Wednesday mornings. Strangely, this fear hasn't become any easier to deal with and I'm sure I'd feel much the same way nowadays. However, I always enjoyed English lessons and one of the highlights of my early school career was being taught by Mr Howell. He encouraged personal reading and one afternoon a week we were allowed to bring in our own books and read them. The fact that very little reading got done made this all the better.

There were three excellent school trips. In Year 8, I had the pleasure of skiing in the Aosta Valley in Italy. The excitement of that journey is something I'll never forget, along with the freedom we were given when we were there. Upon arrival we were given permission to explore for a few hours, which culminated in a sprint across a field and getting into a bit of mischief. The following year we headed back to the same place to improve our skills. In Year 10 we visited the Loire Valley where we soaked up some city culture and sunshine.

I was lucky enough to partake in Borden's sporting tradition by playing hockey at the weekends for the Old Bordenians at Rodmersham. This was a mixed blessing as although I got selected as goal keeper and was told I could have a great future in the sport, the trouble was that wearing all my gear none of my other team mates recognised me after the game. I have that up as a bad job and moved on to sailing with fellow classmate Toby Orpin, and we enjoyed some success on the national sailing circuit.

I took the trouble to steer clear of all forms of punishment during my time at the School, but in my final days decided to show them what I was made of by dying the front half of my head peroxide blonde. Mr Robbins found this particularly distasteful and ordered me to sort it out immediately, which naturally I did. Thus ended my five minutes of rebellion.

I was never a great academic (it apparently runs in the family) but I did sufficient to get through my GCSEs and A-levels. This led me to a degree course in Computer Science at the University of Kent and I am currently in my fourth year having had a year in industry

In the few years I've been away, the School has changed rather dramatically. I can see by walking past that along with the Astroturf there's a new hard play area and I've been informed that the quadrangle has been halved in size to make way for an extended library.

I've already got very fond memories of the place. I know that Borden shaped me and as I head off into my future I'll remember friendships made and all the characters, both staff and pupils, that I came across.

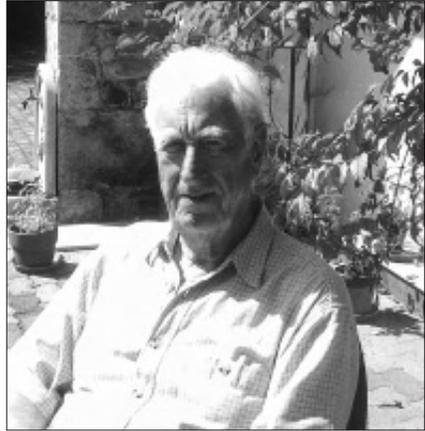
# **If the cap doesn't fit, wear it anyway**

**by Edwin Westacott (1940-45)**

The first time is unforgettable, isn't it? Every detail remains clear and sharp, whereas all those that come after fade inevitably into formless, hard-to-remember-in-detail generalities. My first time was in the French Room at Pengam Grammar School, when, with a handful of others, I was in exile – or “evacuated” as we used to say. I was showing off as usual, standing up and hurling bits of chalk at the Welsh foe when, without warning, a sudden blow, just under the ear, all wrists and timing, lifted me up onto my toes. My black, gold-banded socks concertinaed, and, while I bounced up and down before coming to rest, I had time to wonder what had hit me as a voice murmured, “We don't do that sort of thing at Borden.” The Welsh subsided with a rebellious but carefully anonymous mutter, then silence ; the English looked as if Mafeking had been relieved all over again. We had, for the first time, made contact – some of us more than others – with a real Borden teacher, one come over to take over for somebody for a couple of weeks, possibly the benign “Herbie” Highton who never resorted to violence. The baleful Welsh – “This School began its downhill slide on...”(and then the date of the arrival of the Borden contingent) – were aware that things had changed from the moment this suave newcomer glided silently in and acquainted me for the first time with swift, unquestioned justice. I welcomed with pride the sacrifice that I – albeit unwittingly – had been called on to make.

Back home in Sittingbourne, there were other great moments of this nature, but never again one so fine and so ennobling. Some of those who dealt it out, of course, were just spiteful. Others, though, were of a far different, more gentlemanly, calibre. No spite and therefore no resentment. You'd been caught, you were punished and, without any recrimination, the lesson went on and respect remained untarnished.

Once, while finishing off a rather splendid drawing of a rising sun, I suddenly found myself wondering why one side of my head had gone numb as I floated through the air from the top of



a lab stool, and thence to the floor where I bounced a couple of times on my coccyx. Another handful of brain cells tumbled out of my ear and ran for cover, dragging their wounded along with them. The teacher, smiling down at me, whispered , “Get on with your work, Westacott.”

And once, a real connoisseur's item, when the Art Teacher, a man who never ever laid a finger on anyone, was thoroughly incensed by an act of minor – and I think unintentional – bullying on my part (Sorry, P. Baker, 1940-45. I really didn't mean any harm, but it still preys on my mind more than sixty years later). The lesson was over and we were sitting waiting to go out and I, never one to sit in idleness when the chance to play the fool presented itself, was abstractedly painting Baker's ear-lobe yellow when I was spotted. Out to the front, and then, to everybody's shock and horror, after delivering me a very full and effective lecture, he rounded it off with a clout. I think he was as surprised as I and the rest of the class were. But the shame that overwhelmed me....

For a very brief period, one merry jape was to let Satan, the groundsman, trudge to the middle of the cricket pitch after turning on the sprinkler, then turn it off so that he had to traipse all the way back to turn it on. This went on for several

days until, one day when it happened, there were two sharp cracks and a brace of startled boys rose like pheasants out of the bushes, lifted on high by a teacher who had loyally come to the aid of his old batman and dealt out swift justice. No, I wasn't one of them.

But it wasn't all clouting. Wartime life at Borden was something to be wondered at, looking back at it from the present day. Things happened that just wouldn't be countenanced nowadays. "Coke heaving" duty at break, when groups of boys would report to Satan, be given shovels and put to moving mountains of coke into the cellar. When Satan went, we'd spend the rest of break sliding down the chute, destroying the seats of our trousers and getting blacker and blacker. What did our mothers think when we came home filthy in our precious, clothes-couped School uniforms? Somehow they kept us looking smart in spite of our efforts to undermine this. Patches were applied and worn without shame, following the example of George Hardy who once hoicked up his jacket during Assembly to demonstrate proudly the elegance of his wife's needlework.

Caps – unrationed but difficult to come by – were snapped up regardless of size. "Don't worry, you'll grow into it." (That's not true, is it? Not at twelve years of age?) To be caught not wearing one meant disaster. When I returned to Sittingbourne to teach, long after the war, I still felt nervous if I went out without my cap and only my wife's insistence stopped me buying one when we went shopping. I'm not sure, but I think I wore one on my honeymoon. I'll ask.

Prefects' caps were even rarer and I imagine even harder to come by, not that that was a problem I ever had to face. They had, I remember, tassels and gold stripes that went round the back of the head. Whoever dreamed those up? I don't recall ever seeing one actually worn, only presented. Perhaps there was only one which was brought out for ceremonial occasions.

On the last day of each Summer Term, as the train crossed the Swale, clouds of caps – not the prefect ones – were sent sailing out of carriage windows, and floated out to sea. Not mine. I knew that one day somebody would catch me without it.

So many opportunities to play the fool and all irresistible. Holding the sides of the gasmask during drill to produce obscure but untraceable noises. The masks were fairly useless anyway, having been used to hurl into trees to bring down conkers. Practising taking refuge under the desks in case bombs hurtled down out of the sky. What a heaven-sent opportunity for a classroomful of adolescent idiots.

And the air-raid shelters. Out we'd shamble into those damp, concrete-lined zig-zags and hide away as far as possible from any contact with the teacher who was gamely trying to continue with his lesson. We had better things to occupy our minds, such as practising imitations of Felix Mendelsohn's Hawaiian Serenaders. You make a sort of "nerring" sound through your nose, then pinch and unpinch it to the tune and rhythm of "Aloha Hey" and finally convince yourself that it sounds like a guitar. What erotic and unexplainable dreams of Dorothy Lamour, sarong plucked lubriciously by a Pacific breeze as she ran splashing through the surf must have crept into the minds of teachers, conjured up by the sounds of our Hawaiian band? Very few, I should think.

Carriage feasts under the benevolent eye of Peter Kitcatt, our carriage prefect, always unruffled, always in charge. We looked forward to these for days, but what was there to feast upon? Sweets and chocolate were rationed and rare. Perhaps we roasted and ate First Years. We were always hungry and watched with ravenous eyes the table prefects doling out what always seemed to be a glutinous, brown stew, composed of eighty per cent carrot, each of us ready to moan and whine if anyone got more than we did.

I suppose it was a dangerous period, but I don't remember anyone taking it seriously. Did those huge glass carboys, lashed to the girders of the Ferry Bridge, really contain explosive designed to destroy the connection to the mainland, and would this really hold up the advance of the Nazi hordes any more than removing the signposts from country lanes? Would we look up one day and see a skyful of nuns floating down towards us? There were enemy aircraft and there were doodlebugs and barrage balloons which would occasionally break loose and romp skittishly out to sea – if you were lucky, pursued by a Spitfire

– and anti-aircraft blotches in the sky, but they were only laid on for our entertainment.

One of our number, Ernie Page, had really seen it though, on Malta, and had endured terrible bombing which left him with a stutter which reduced us all to helpless sympathy as he struggled gamely towards the end of a sentence. But he was never anything less than cheerful for all that.

Wonderful moments of helpless laughter which, in my dotage, still seem amusing. “Practical Chemistry for Schools”, a slim green volume written by our Chemistry master, Haydn Preston. Block out the “d” and the “n” of Haydn and the “n” of Preston and “Hay Presto” - what do you have left? And Mr Highton organising the school entrance medical at which one parent recounted her son’s seemingly never-ending list of ailments, ranging from Acne to Lepsi-Pepsi Colacamitis. He listened patiently, walked to the door of the medical room, then

paused and said solemnly to the boy, “Now don’t you go catching anything while I’m out of the room, will you?”. I never came up with anything half so good as that throughout my career.

My last clear memory of Borden – Sports Day 1945 – dragooned into the 440 yards or something (metres hadn’t been invented in those days, we had real distances), I had sobbed my interminable way round the track, swathed in a miasma of coughed-up Woodbine smoke and heaved myself over the line last, hours after anybody else. Graham Barnes had managed to find the perfect skive, leaning back in a chair announcing the results on the Tannoy system. He had already given the result before I actually hove into sight, but found time to add languorously for the benefit of the entire school and probably a large part of Sittingbourne, “Westacott of Swale also ran”.

How prophetic!

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## **20 years in the Peak District**

**by Rev. Arthur Hack**

“Control those coughs!” This frequently uttered command from Headmaster Bryan Short at the start of assemblies always seemed pretty unrealistic to me in the face of yet another ‘flu pandemic sweeping through the School, especially when delivered from the stage in the New Hall, doubtless the only gym in Kent where half the floor area was taken up by a grand piano. This of course was over twenty years ago but represents just one of the abiding memories for me of those heady days spent in Kent teaching at BGS (1975-89). The other one (!) was being asked at my interview for the R.E. Post whether or not I already possessed an academic gown, followed by spending an hour out at the cricket nets, all of which suggested to me that I must be in with a shout. So why this appearance now in the Maroon? The aforementioned BRS graciously attended my ordination at Lichfield Cathedral in September and subsequently invited me to reflect on my 20 years of “life after Borden”. So, at the risk of offending lots of my former friends, here goes.



The decision to leave the Garden of England was eased by the location we were about to

come to in the stunningly beautiful Peak District village of Ilam. Becoming Warden of Dovedale House, the diocesan youth hostel, represented a big departure from the teaching rigours and eccentricities of Borden ... but enough about colleagues in the senior common room. At first we hated it here and wondered why we had ever allowed God to talk us into moving. However, all that began to change once I relegated my gown to the fancy dress box and stopped handing out detentions to the children for their field-courses and church weekends. Gradually locals began to forgive us for being from "dan saff" and quite rightly so with Linda hailing originally from Derby anyway "me duck". In recent years we have read with amusement the comments posted about her by her former (BGS) pupils on "Friends Reunited" ... unlucky lads ... for you just a boyhood fantasy! Another reason for our being accepted by the community came in the shape of our two young children, soon to become three, especially because when William began at the Village School he was the intake that year! It seemed strange to reflect that if we had remained in Kent they would by now have all been through Borden, which would have been particularly interesting for the girls. William is now twenty-two and following on the family tradition of teaching, and Cordelia (20) is studying how to be a rock star at Scarborough (or anywhere else for that matter). Lucy (18) is hoping to do sport at university, majoring in athletics and hockey. Linda is the headteacher of a large Primary School in Rugeley, a former Staffordshire mining town unfairly labelled "the pits". Her contribution to the School and the community there has been immense.

Sport for the old man? Too much praying brought about a premature end to serious hockey due to dodgy knees but the cricket carries on. I play regularly for the Lichfield Diocesan Clergy XI, actually much better than it sounds, teams being "blessed" with sports "blues" and the occasional county player. This season we played away against Worcester at the County Ground, actually not under water for once, with yours truly putting bat to ball a la Graeme Hick (I.e. Hack). As well as great wickets on which to perform, the banter-sledging is of an excellent quality with many a verse of scripture making an unscheduled appearance.

As I write I find memories flooding back, and when I pour over those old whole-School

photos, the ones with the same lad on both ends, I find myself putting names to faces. As each subsequent rogues gallery appeared I never seemed to get any closer to the bloke sat in the posh chair in the centre, although that may be accounted for by my preference for the foreign language assistants perched next to the prefects (until Linda came along that is). We made a pilgrimage to Kent the other year for the opening of the new pavilion, all very nice unless you still hanker for the splinters in the floor of the perfectly good old one. Doubtless the apes-match fare presented to visiting hockey teams playing against the Old Bordenians is now excellent but surely unable to hold a candle to the baked-bean-laden catering traditionally on offer in the good old days at the Fox and Goose at Bapchild ... perhaps best to leave naked flames out of this? As a fully paid-up "Grumpy Old Man" I was shocked and stunned to discover that someone had plonked an Astro turf on my lovingly manicure 1st XI cricket square. I'd like to see someone hit the clock tower whilst batting from the Sale Field ... or has that greenery been replaced with yet another computer suite?

This area boasts spectacular scenery of course, all the more challenging when it comes to whizzing around the six churches of the benefice to take Sunday services. I miss many things though : fresh cherries, cricket at Rodmersham, the creek, the odd hurricane, the debut (yellow) school minibus and the sweepstake on which member of staff would prang it first, manning the barricades at School discos, winning the Borden Hockey Tournament, winning everyone else's hockey tournaments. Fondly I recall some significant BGS moments, notably managing to occupy H1 with its commandeered TV set for Ian Botham's entire match-turning innings against the Aussies, despite being joined by about 50 others who also should have been somewhere else! Then of course there was the mind-blowingly brilliant idea to take the whole School across the Channel for the day in Centenary Year ... did everyone make it back by the way? Top of the list however will always be the people who made life so interesting and such fun. We still have regular contact with Bob Sutton who also came along to witness the Cathedral event. The decision to become a Reverend was an awful long time in the making but 20 years on from Borden I now find myself in a very different type of gown.

# **Marathon Man Extraordinary**

Many of you may have heard a little about Philip White's extraordinary fund-raising odyssey. For those who haven't, let me just say briefly that Philip – an Old Boy who was at School from 1982 to 1986 – had a daughter, Sarah, who was born with cystic fibrosis, a cruel disease for which there is, as yet, no known cure. The story of how Sarah fought the disease with quite astonishing courage and cheerfulness is at once tragic, inspiring and intensely moving. The outcome, alas, was always predictable and she died towards the end of 2007 at just 17 years of age.



Philip, like many bereaved parents in such a situation, was determined to do something practical in his daughter's memory – in his case by raising money for the Cystic Fibrosis Trust. He decided that sponsorship through marathon-running offered the most promising potential, despite the fact that, in his own words, he was “a committed non-runner”! What makes Philip's saga so remarkable was – and is – his choice of marathons. He decided to enter what are commonly regarded as three of the toughest runs in the world: the Big Five Marathon in the scrubland of the South African savannahs, the Polar Circle Marathon in Greenland and the Tenzing-Hilary Marathon at altitudes of up to 17,500 feet in the foothills of the Himalayas! And he set himself the daunting task of raising at least £25,000.



He was effectively starting from scratch, and with his first challenge frighteningly close, he embarked on a rigorous and time-consuming training regime ; it's hardly surprising that it was not injury-free! In fact, before the Big Five, he had time for only three trial runs if you can call them that – half-marathons at Seaford, Hastings and Paddock Wood – where the terrain and conditions were not exactly comparable with those he was due to face! At the same time as he was getting himself in shape physically, Philip gradually built up a small army of dedicated helpers to generate the vital publicity, the fund-raising events and merchandising (including greetings cards and his and hers nude calendars) which would be needed if he was to reach his target.



He duly arrived in the Limpopo Province one day last June. The Race, run on sand, stones, gravel, rocks, asphalt and earth, proved to be every bit as tough as all the Jeremiahs said it would be. Near the beginning, competitors had to negotiate a hill which dropped by 1,600 feet over a distance of 1.8 miles – so steep in places that a zig-zag course was necessary. This was followed by 5 miles of energy-sapping sand where it was helpful to tread in the tyre tracks made by safari jeeps. As the day wore on, it became progressively hotter, and although there were frequent watering stations where refreshment and medical help were available, an interminable climb up the Yellow Wood Valley, during which he was reduced to a speed of little more than one mile an hour, tested to the limits both his physical and mental stamina. Not even the stunning views could entirely compensate for the blisters. He finally completed the run in 6hrs 2mins, not bad for a maiden marathon in those conditions.

The Polar Circle Marathon, which took place on 18th October, could hardly have been more different. The scenery was again spectacular, this time with mountains, empty fjords, great lakes and glaciers, and the course again immensely challenging, with steep climbs and descents and deep snow which, as he said, “really tested his quad muscles”. Part of the run

was on the icecap itself which the Organisers describe as “the silent Arctic desert” and where runners had to “work harder than normal with each stride”. Again, Philip made it to the finish, this time in a personal best time of 5hrs 49mins.

Two down and one to go! The Tenzing-Hilary Marathon is scheduled for 29th May 2009 in Nepal. It starts close to Everest Base Camp at 17,500 feet and follows tough mountain trails – with two steep climbs and through snow and ice in the upper parts – to finish at the Sherpa Town of Namche Bazaar at a mere 11,000 feet! Apart from contending with the elements, the main enemy of competitors of course is the high altitude. It hardly needs saying that Philip takes with him the best wishes of the Association – for the run itself and for the achievement of his financial goals.

At the time this is being written, the target of £25,000 is well within reach, but that figure is the minimum, not the maximum ; so, if anyone wishes to make a donation to the Cystic Fibrosis Trust, the easiest way to do so is via the Website: [www.something4sarah.co.uk](http://www.something4sarah.co.uk) An alternative website is [www.justgiving.com/something4sarah](http://www.justgiving.com/something4sarah)

**Graham Barnes**

# **The companionship of the long-distance runners**

There must have been a bit of nutritional value in those School Dinners after all, because this year – for the first time – there will be two Old Bordenians in the Flora London Marathon on 26th April, Peter Taylor (1958-65) and Mike Pack (1962-69). They are remaining tight-lipped about whether they will be running as a team, as the Kenyans and Ethiopians often do – it would be foolish to declare your hand to the opposition. Suffice it to say that both of them will carry our very best wishes.

Peter Taylor is an old hand at marathon running. This will be his *twelfth* participation, no less, in the London Marathon, which itself is pretty remarkable. His PB is 4hr 40mins, but he ran the first ten in under 5 hours, which is not much more than it takes many of us to get round Sainsburys.

He has run for various charities, including St John Ambulance and the British Red Cross, and raised a staggering £26,185 altogether. This year his Charity is again the Multiple Sclerosis Resource Centre, which provides unbiased information and advice to anyone affected by MS.

If you would like to make a donation, you can do so on the MS Resource Centre Website or by sending a cheque via Peter at Kinsarvik, Westcliff Drive, Minster-on-Sea, Sheppey, Kent ME12 2LR

Mike Pack, in contrast, will be making his first appearance in this Event – indeed it will be his maiden full-length marathon. Veteran of five Great North Runs in 2000-2004, he keeps fit not least through his daily postal round - although this doesn't usually involve running 26 miles 385 yards.

Mike's son is in the Army with the Gurkha Regiment, so his chosen Charity is the Gurkha Welfare Trust, which provides financial, medical and community aid for Gurkha ex-Servicemen and their dependants living in Nepal.

Anyone wishing to make a donation can do so via Mike at Tithe Barn Bungalow, Carriers Road, Cranbrook, Kent TN17 3JU. With Mike on the job, you can depend on its safe arrival!



## FROM THE HEAD'S FILES

<b>Stephen Broughton</b>	MMath Hons Mathematics, Newcastle University
<b>Charlotte Coles</b>	BSc Hons Speech and Language Science, Newcastle University
<b>Ravi Das</b>	First Class Degree in Psychology from UCL
<b>Daryl Jury</b>	First Class Degree in Geography from UCL
<b>Thomas MacKay</b>	Honours Degree from the Department of International Politics at Aberystwyth University
<b>Scott Matthews</b>	BA Hons Business and Economic Studies, Newcastle University
<b>Kahn Roach</b>	First Class Honours Degree in Psychology from Brunel University
<b>Marc Stewart</b>	Studying for Master of Studies Degree In South Asian History at Lincoln College, Oxford, after graduating from Durham University with First Class Honours Degree in History
<b>Scott Thompson</b>	Has completed 2 years at University and will be working at BP for the next year
<b>Alexander Wardrop</b>	Left Borden in 2006 for St Edmund's School in Canterbury. Has achieved four A Levels at Grade A and is now helping to run a theatre company in his Gap Year, prior to entering University of Kent to study Drama

### LEAVERS 2008 YEAR 13

<b>Alexander Adie</b>	BA (Hons) Modern Languages and Business & Management University of Manchester
<b>Ranjit Atwal</b>	MB BS Medicine University College London
<b>Michael Baxendale</b>	Art Foundation Course University College for the Creative Arts
<b>Scott Baxendale</b>	BSc (Hons) Psychology Southampton Solent University
<b>Benjamin Bishop</b>	BA (Hons) History and Politics University of Kent
<b>Samuel Blackwell</b>	BSc (Hons) Sport, Exercise and Fitness Science University of Kent
<b>Charles Boyle</b>	BA (Hons) Film Studies and Drama & Theatre Studies, University of Kent
<b>David Brimer</b>	BBA Management including a year's work placement University of Lancaster
<b>Dean Brown</b>	BSc (Hons) Zoology University of Southampton
<b>Jordan Buckner</b>	Foundation Course Product Design University College for the Creative Arts
<b>Jonathan Burch</b>	BA (Hons) French and Spanish Royal Holloway University of London
<b>Ryan Burns</b>	Employed Spotlight Ltd
<b>Richard Carden</b>	BSc (Hons) Computer Science with a year in industry University of Kent
<b>Joseph Case</b>	M Eng Civil Engineering University of Manchester

<b>Hal Catlin</b>	Gap Year
<b>Gary Chapman</b>	Professional Chef's Course Thanet College
<b>Nicky Cheng</b>	BA (Hons) Interior Architecture and Design University College for the Creative Arts
<b>Patrick Coffey</b>	BA (Hons) History University of Sussex
<b>Simon Cuthbert</b>	BA (Hons) Financial Services University of Suffolk
<b>Jack Davies</b>	Seeking employment
<b>Sebastian Davies</b>	BSc (Hons) Commercial Management and Quantity Surveying University of Loughborough
<b>Jamie Dempster</b>	BSc (Hons) Geography University of Southampton
<b>Nicholas Dye</b>	BA (Hons) English and Film & Theatre University of Reading
<b>Peter Easton</b>	BA (Hons) Forensic Investigation Canterbury Christ Church University
<b>Christopher Foster</b>	LLB (Hons) Law Kings College, University of London
<b>Thomas Godkin</b>	Gap Year, then M Eng Engineering Kings College, University of London
<b>Patrick Hall</b>	Foundation Course University College for the Creative Arts
<b>Bradley Harrad</b>	BA (Hons) International Business with Spanish Kingston University
<b>Patrick Ireland</b>	Gap Year – will be applying to University in 2009
<b>Benjamin Kelly</b>	BSc (Hons) Sport and Exercise Science University of Bedfordshire
<b>Reece Kent</b>	BSc (Hons) Accounting and Finance University of Kent
<b>Alexander Kingsley</b>	Gap Year – will be applying to University in 2009
<b>Tracy Kirabo</b>	BA (Hons) Law University of Aberdeen
<b>Andrew Kitney</b>	BA (Hons) Business Management University of Greenwich
<b>Aaron Lamb</b>	BA (Hons) Product Design University College for the Creative Arts
<b>Nicholas Le Masonry</b>	BSc (Hons) Multimedia Technology and Design University of Kent
<b>Christopher Lehane</b>	BSc (Hons) Biomedical Science University of Leeds
<b>Qian Li</b>	BSc (Hons) Biochemistry University of Reading
<b>James Martin-Young</b>	BSc (Hons) Business Administration University of Bath
<b>Shaun May</b>	LLB (Hons) European Law University of Warwick
<b>Timothy McCrow</b>	BSc (Hons) Sports Nottingham University
<b>Stephen Meadows</b>	Not known
<b>Alexander Millington</b>	Seeking employment
<b>Richard Moakes</b>	BSc (Hons) Forensic Chemistry University of Kent
<b>Samuel Mumford</b>	BA (Hons) Police Studies Canterbury Christ Church University
<b>Nicholas Page</b>	BSc (Hons) Sports Science University of Kent
<b>Michael Palmer</b>	BA (Hons) Three Dimensional Product Design University of Plymouth
<b>Dhanish Patel</b>	BSc (Hons) Industrial Design and Technology Brunel University

<b>Kieran Patel</b>	BA (Hons) Digital Media Development Bournemouth University
<b>Thomas Payne</b>	M Eng Wadham College Oxford
<b>Jodie Phillips</b>	BA (Hons) Human Resources and Psychology University of Portsmouth
<b>Matthew Rayner</b>	BA (Hons) History and Economics University of York
<b>Paul Reynolds</b>	BSc (Hons) Biology University of Manchester
<b>James Robinson</b>	BSc (Hons) Equine Sports Science University of Lincoln
<b>Jonathan Rudland</b>	BSc (Hons) Science and Sports Psychology University of Bedfordshire
<b>Anand Sahota</b>	M Math (Hons) Mathematics University of Surrey
<b>James Sargeant</b>	BSc (Hons) Industrial Design and Technology Loughborough University
<b>Peter Seabrook</b>	Officer Entry Royal Navy
<b>Christopher Self</b>	MSci (Hons) Physics with Theoretical Physics Imperial College London
<b>Jennifer Shannon</b>	BA (Hons) Music and Entertainment Industry Management University of Hertfordshire
<b>Amy Simmance</b>	BSc (Hons) Applied Sports Science and Coaching, The College of St Mark and St John
<b>Liam Siva</b>	BA (Hons) History University of Portsmouth
<b>Jamie Trace</b>	BA (Hons) History University of Sussex
<b>Andrew Walker</b>	Engineering Foundation Course University of Liverpool
<b>Richard Warren</b>	BSc (Hons) Environmental Science University of East Anglia
<b>Jordan Weller</b>	Gap Year (working as PE Technician at Borden Grammar School)
<b>Luke Williams</b>	Continuing Drama Course Fulston Manor School
<b>Paul Williams</b>	Gap Year
<b>Christopher Wilson</b>	BSc (Hons) Microbiology University of Surrey
<b>Christopher Wood</b>	MSci Chemistry Imperial College London
<b>Lucy Wood</b>	BA (Hons) Applied Criminology and Forensic Investigation Canterbury Christ Church University
<b>Liyang Wu</b>	B Eng Engineering Loughborough University

# MEMBERSHIP

<b>A</b>		Barry, T.B.	1967	Broster, H.	2006
Adie, A.	2008	Barry, G.E.	1978	Brown, D.	2008
Ager, B.D.	1954	Barton, D.C.	1981	Brownridge, J.P.	1974
Akehurst, A.J.	1955	Basyuni, K.	2005	Brunsdon, R.F.	1958
Allard, B.J.	1945	Basyuni, S.	2005	Buckner, J.	2008
Allchin, J.	2004	Baxendale, M.	2008	Buckwell, B.J.	1944
Allen, P.W.	1957	Baxendale, S.	2008	Burch, J.	2008
Allinson, D.J.	1990	Beck, P.G.	1984	Burns, R.	2008
Amos, N.T.	1954	Bedelle, P.R.	1949	Bushell, A.P.	1973
Andrews, J.R.	1949	Bedelle, P.C.	1976	Butcher, J.	1981
Angove, D.	2008	Bedelle, S.J.	1974	Button, D.F.	1946
Appleby, P.	2001	Bee, S.N.	1977	Byrne, L.J.	1992
Atwal, R.	2008	Bell, C.J.	1984		
		Bellamy, G.L.	1987	<b>C</b>	
<b>B</b>		Bennett, S.	2002	Calder, M.R.	1969
Bailey, A.P.	1964	Bethune, I.	1974	Calver, D.J.	2002
Bailey, M.G.	1988	Beynon, G.E.	1947	Calver, C.M.	1979
Bailey, W.D.	1983	Beynon, E.G.	1944	Cantor, B.W.	2006
Baker, S.	1956	Bishop, J.	1946	Carden, R.	2008
Baker, N.	1984	Bishop, B.	2008	Carey, D.	1966
Baker, F.E.	1952	Blackmore, A.R.	1965	Carey, G.I.	1996
Baker, D.A.	1945	Blackwell, S.	2008	Case, J.	2008
Baker, P.J.	1945	Blakely, I.G.	1976	Cass, R.A.	1999
Baldock, B.E.	1954	Bond, N.	2008	Cassell, G.J.	1961
Baldock, M.R.	1988	Bond, A.D.	1981	Cassell, F.	1948
Ball, W.M.	1987	Bowra, D.A.	1973	Cassell, A.J.	1988
Ballard, R.D.	1968	Box, D.	2008	Cassell, W.R.	1957
Barnes, G.J.	1944	Boylan, J.	2008	Catchpole, R.H.	1944
Barnes, R.J.	1977	Boyle, C.	2008	Catlin, H.	2008
Barnett, J.R.	2007	Briant, A.N.	1993	Caveney, S.P.	1956
Baron, D.I.	1969	Brimer, D.	2008	Challans, B.P.	2006
Barr, K.G.	1949	Bromwich, S.D.	1992	Chandler, C.S.	1959

Chapman, G. 2008  
 Chelton, L.W. 1950  
 Cheng, N. 2008  
 Chesson, W.M. 1978  
 Chittenden, B. 1950  
 Christopher, P.S. 1976  
 Clack, W.H. 1938  
 Clancy, J.C. 1959  
 Clark, R.J. 1982  
 Clemow, J. 1930  
 Clout, D. 1959  
 Coffey, P. 2008  
 Coker, K.W.F. 1977  
 Cole, J.N. 2000  
 Collier, M.A. 1973  
 Colthup, D.J. 1956  
 Cooke, M. 2008  
 Cooper, F.T. 1940  
 Coppack, C. 2008  
 Cordell, A. 1953  
 Cordier, B. 2001  
 Cordle, P.L. 1963  
 Cordle, M.E. 1968  
 Cork, C.G. 1972  
 Cornall, R.J. 1982  
 Cornwall, R.M. 1973  
 Cory, B.J. 1946  
 Costin, R.G.C. 1957  
 Cotton, P.F. 1958  
 Cox, D.J. 1946  
 Croll, L.B. 2000  
 Cross, D.B. 1946  
 Crowne, M.S. 1982  
 Cull, I. 1984  
 Cuthbert, S. 2008

**D**

Dammers, R.I. 1976  
 Dane, M.C. 2000  
 Davies, E. 2006  
 Davies, J. 2008  
 Davies, S. 2008  
 Day, R.J. 1988  
 Day, A.J.L. 1931  
 Deacon, R. 2005  
 Dempster, J. 2008  
 Dennis, J. 2005  
 Dickson, S.R. 1974  
 Dickson, N.K. 1974  
 Doucy, B.V. 1964  
 Doucy, R.H. 1947  
 Dowding, J.R. 1973  
 Dowland, W.H. 1920  
 Dracott, P.C. 1972  
 Dunn, D. 2006  
 Dye, N. 2008

**E**

Earl, A.R. 2000  
 Eastman, M.G. 1941  
 Easton, P. 2008  
 Easton, M. 2008  
 Edney, A.T. 1950  
 Edwards, S.J. 2002  
 Edwards, A.J. 1998  
 Edwards, P.V. 1962  
 Eglinton, C.H. 1963  
 Elgar, M.R. 1981  
 Emmens, D.J. 1999  
 Essam, C. 2008  
 Evans, S.M. 1948

Evans, L. 2008  
 Evans, N.H. 2002  
 Eyles, A.T. 1959

**F**

Fairbrass, K.H. 1957  
 Farnworth, S.E. 1968  
 Faulkner, J. 1956  
 Field, R.M. 1975  
 Fisher, N. 1988  
 Fletcher, C.I. 1962  
 Ford, T.M. 1975  
 Ford, J.C. 1970  
 Ford, G.C. 1979  
 Foreman, J.W. 1996  
 Forster, A.S. 1951  
 Foster, C. 2008  
 Foster, G.P. 1978  
 Fowle, D.J. 1951  
 Fowler, A.R. 1930  
 Fraiser, J.S. 1987  
 Francis, C. 1979  
 Frewin, T. 1965  
 Friday, J. 2002  
 Friend, D.W. 1986  
 Frost, A.R. 1998  
 Frostick, M. 2005  
 Fry, H.G. 2005  
 Fuller, G.W. 1980

**G**

Gale, J.D. 1985  
 Gallacher, S. 1982  
 Gay, S.M. 1976  
 Gebbie, D. 2008

George, K.S.	1945	Hancock, N.S.	1959	Holbrook, G.S.	1959
Gibbard, R.J.	1996	Hancock, C.S.	1990	Holbrook, T.H.	1943
Gibbard, J.M.	1996	Hancock, S.J.	1986	Hollis, D.J.	1962
Gilbert, B.	1956	Harding, L.R.	1973	Holmes, L.J.	1950
Gilham, G.J.	1935	Hardy, A.	Hon.	Holton, A.B.	2000
Gilham, R.	1941	Hargrave, D.F.	Staf	Homer, D.	2008
Gillett, M.J.	1954	Harrad, B.	2008	Horne, T.A.	1999
Girt, S.	2008	Harris, S.R.	1997	Howard, A.J.	1948
Glass, J.	2008	Harris, A.W.	1993	Howell, D.J.M.	1983
Glazier, D.	2008	Harris, R.C.	1961	Hughes, V.G.	1960
Glover, P.A.	1990	Harris, A.P.	1956	Hughes, R.T.	1967
Goddard, D.C.	1977	Harris, R.W.	1963	Humm, C.J.	1994
Goddard, I.K.	1969	Harris, G.	2007	Hunt, S.	2005
Godfrey, J.	1951	Harris, G.	1971	Hutchings, W.G.	1942
Godkin, T.	2008	Harvey, D.J.	1981	Huxtable, J.P.	1984
Goodger, R.G.	1969	Harvey, P.J.	1984	Huykman, A.J.	1991
Goodhew, S.A.	1969	Hatt, D.	2006		
Gourley, J.	1963	Hattie, G.	1938		<b>I</b>
Graham, M.	1981	Hawes, R.C.	1964	Illingworth, G.J.	1986
Gransby, J.	1997	Hayes, P.A.	1964	Illsley, G.L.	1987
Gray, J.	2007	Hazell, I.D.	1957	Ingram, T.J.	1971
Greenwell, D.J.	1987	Hearn, J.F.	Staf	Ireland, P.	2008
Grice, L.P.	1941	Heaver, K.F.	1947	Ivory, J.	2008
Groombridge, P.L.	1948	Hemsley, D.A.	1953		
		Heppell, T.R.	1971		<b>J</b>
	<b>H</b>	Herbert, J.	2007	Jacobs, A.A.	1943
Hagan, S.J.	1992	Hibben, J.F.	1943	Jarrett, D.A.	1941
Haines, M.A.	1982	Highton, A.P.	1947	Jarrett, D.M.	1980
Hale, J.B.	1942	Highton, D.P.	1972	Jeffery, P.L.	1968
Hales, D.J.B.	1948	Hill, A.W.	1955	Jenkins, R.W.	Hon.
Hales, F.W.	1957	Hill, R.G.	1943	Jenkins, T.E.	1987
Hall, R.	2008	Hipkins, J.C.	1993	Jenkins, D.J.	1978
Hall, P.	2008	Hobday, E.C.	1946	Jest, S.G.	1936
Hampshire, M.	1977	Hodge, P.F.	1950	Jeyaratnam, J.	1990
Hancock, D.J.	1957	Hodges, D.A.	1962	Johnson, P.J.	1984



**O**  
O'Connell, B.V.J. 1941  
O'Connell, C.J. 1989  
O'Donoghue, L. 2008  
Ottaway, T. 1981  
Ozanne, D.L. 1977

**P**  
Pack, M. 1969  
Page, N. 2008  
Pain, B.E. 1968  
Paine, W. 1967  
Palmer, M. 2008  
Palmer, D. 1973  
Parker, S.N. 1988  
Parkin, P.I. 1995  
Parkin, R.M. 1992  
Parsons, D.A. 1967  
Partridge-Dyer, B. 2008  
Patel, K. 2008  
Patel, D. 2008  
Payne, T. 2008  
Pearce, A.A. 1967  
Pearce, F.L. 1964  
Pearson, E.E. 1937  
Penfold, F.K. 1974  
Perkins, A.L. 1994  
Petts, G.W. 1982  
Phebey, P.A. 1998  
Phillips, P.F. 1982  
Phillips, J. 2008  
Pierson, E. 1939  
Pollard, N. 2007  
Poole, J.H.G. 1943  
Pope, J.J. 2007

Pope, G.V. 1969  
Pope, B.M. 1957  
Poplett, N.D. 1984  
Prichard, D. 1949

**R**  
Rayner, M. 2008  
Rea, B.D. 1997  
Read, B.T. 1966  
Reece-Mills, J.D. 1988  
Reed, D.J. 1988  
Regan, G.M. Staf  
Reid, S. 2008  
Revell, F.C. 1936  
Reynolds, P. 2008  
Reynolds, S.K. 1974  
Reynolds, B. 1940  
Rickard, A. 1949  
Rigden, D. 1957  
Rigden, S. 1980  
Robinson, J. 2008  
Roche, S.W. 1968  
Rose, A.J. 1993  
Rouse, S. 1975  
Rowswell, B.K. 1964  
Ruane, P.J. 1984  
Ruddock, J. 2008  
Rudland, J. 2008  
Russell, R.A. 1983

**S**  
Sach, D.T. 1974  
Sahota, A. 2008  
Sanders, E.J. 1998  
Sargeant, J. 2008

Saunders, T.C. 1957  
Sayer, A.C. Hon.  
Schofield, S. 1921  
Scott, K.N. 1981  
Scott, K.I. 1955  
Scott, N.J. 1984  
Seabrook, P. 2008  
Sears, K.A.E. 1945  
Self, C. 2008  
Sellar, A.G. 1988  
Seymour, M.W. 1985  
Shannon, J. 2008  
Sharman, J. 2005  
Shaxted, S. 2007  
Shea, K.W. 1974  
Sherlock, J.E. 1959  
Shiels, M.J. 1986  
Short, B.R. Hon.  
Sikdar, M.K. 1990  
Silk, P. 2008  
Silvester, R.J. 1999  
Simmance, A. 2008  
Simmons, D.R. 1986  
Simmons, D.G. 1952  
Sims-Williams, N.J. 1968  
Siva, L. 2008  
Smith, J.M. 1979  
Smith, A.T.R. 1972  
Smith, J. 1937  
Smoker, R.A. 1977  
Snelling, A.J. 1967  
Spall, P.J. 1970  
Spice, W.E. 1925  
Stevens, R. 2005  
Stew, J.R. 1992

Stupples, J.V. 1941  
 Such, P.J.I. 2002  
 Sutton, D.J. 1967  
 Sutton, R. Staf  
 Sutton, W.B.J. 1944

**T**

Tame, D.A. 1937  
 Tapsell, S. 2008  
 Taylor, P.F. 1963  
 Taylor, C.J. 1979  
 Taylor, P.M. 1965  
 Taylor, A.J. 1944  
 Teale, T.J. 1939  
 Terry, C.J. 1988  
 Thilthorpe, R. 1961  
 Thirkettle, E.W. 1938  
 Thomas, H.L. 1955  
 Thomas, M. 2008  
 Thompson, R.L. 1937  
 Thomson, R.J. 1981  
 Tolhurst, G. 2008  
 Trace, J. 2008  
 Tummon, K. 1978  
 Turner, J.D. Staf  
 Tweedy, D. 2008  
 Tyler, B.E. 1946

**U**

Usher, W.E. 1944

**V**

Veal, A.T. 1989  
 Veal, T.W. Staf  
 Visser, J. 2005

**W**

Wade, M.D. 1994  
 Waghorn, L. 2008  
 Walker, A. 2008  
 Walshaw, N. 2008  
 Ward, A. 1947  
 Ward, B.A. 1944  
 Ward, M.F. 2006  
 Waring, I.A. 1995  
 Warner, B.T. 1995  
 Warren, D.N. 1998  
 Warren, R. 2008  
 Warren, C.J. 1985  
 Watson, J.M. 1950  
 Way, J.D. 1987  
 Webb, R.J. 1988  
 Weekes, J.H. Hon.  
 Wellard, W. 1942  
 Weller, R.F. 1948  
 Weller, J. 2008  
 West, K.W. 1961  
 West, J.M. 1963  
 Whatson, R.N. 1938  
 Wheatcroft, E. 2005  
 Whibley, A.G. 1952  
 Whiddett, H.W. 1931  
 White, P.T. 1986  
 White, A.J. 1977  
 Whitebread, J.P. 1994  
 Whitnell, A.J. 1972  
 Whitnell, S.D. 1947  
 Wigg, N.E. 1948  
 Wilde, A. 2008  
 Wildish, M.F. 1970  
 Wilkins, G.D. 1974

Williams, J. 2008  
 Williams, G.M. 1944  
 Williams, S.B. 1993  
 Williams, P. 2008  
 Willis, N.J. 1980  
 Willson, C.N. 1975  
 Wilson, A. 1966  
 Wilson, C. 2008  
 Wilson, R. 2008  
 Wilson, J.A. 1992  
 Witts, R.G. 1961  
 Wood, L. 2008  
 Wood, C. 2008  
 Wood, S. 2008  
 Woods, N.R. 1981  
 Worsfold, A.C. 1940  
 Wraight, A.J. 1946  
 Wright, G. 2005  
 Wright, J.S. 2007  
 Wright, S.M. 2000  
 Wright, S.N. Staf  
 Wu, L. 2008  
 Wyver, N.A. 1971

**Y**

Yates, M.J. 1966  
 Yelland, D.C. 1974  
 Young, M. 1986  
 Young, T.J. 1969  
 Young, D.R. 1956

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